Tilted Mercy

by LittleAngelCassie

Summary

The sins of the past never stay buried; Dean’s spent years trying to suppress the memories and nightmares that chase him relentlessly. The now 35-year-old Omega entered the BDSM lifestyle seeking penance for his crimes against humanity hoping to rectify all his wrongs through his own pain.

After a particularly frightening encounter, Dean agrees to try a different approach to his self-atonement. Compassion was never in the cards until Castiel Novak showed up at his door, pushing Dean’s boundaries and forcing him to face this new reality that includes a possible future with the handsome alpha.

Welcome to a new world twisting ABO and BDSM, where somewhere between retribution and redemption lies … Tilted Mercy.

Notes

Hey there! I hope you are all ready for one wild ride. For those who are new, this is a WIP that will post every Thursday and Sunday until its done. Please, mind the tags. This story
does explore many aspects of the BDSM lifestyle. I will put any possible trigger tags in the end notes so check those if you need them.

Love you all!

XOXOXO - Angie
Darkness engulfs Dean as he slides to the left, barely deflecting the strike to his shoulder. He returns with a jab to his opponent’s ribs, catching the groan as he smacks bone. Dean listens intently for the footwork of the other omega. The thrill pounds in his veins as the next punch knocks him to the side, but Dean’s not down yet. The black scarf over his eyes slips, flooding his senses with light. He has little time to react before a kick almost slams into the back of his right knee. Thank God Dean hears it first and jumps, allowing the other man to miss entirely.

“Come on, Kev, you can do better!” Dean taunts, re-tying the blindfold tighter on his face. Mixed Martial Arts Boxing is ten times better with no sight.

Kevin takes his words to heart, landing a blow perfectly on Dean’s chin. He hits the mat with such intensity his teeth ache from the impact. Sweat soaks his Dallas Cowboy’s t-shirt and royal blue basketball shorts. A heavy scent of omega permeates throughout the gym.

The sting of the strike sends spikes of adrenaline over his body. Wicked pain creates a powerful smile on his lips; he craves the sensation. Removing the fabric, Dean opens his eyes and takes a moment to focus on the rafters of the open loft ceiling. Once he’s caught his breath Dean rolls to his side, spotting the proud look on his friend’s face.

“You’re not supposed to lean into it, dummy.” Kevin grins, reaching out to help Dean back to his feet. “What’s with you today?”

“Just having fun,” Dean quips, rubbing the sore spot on his jaw. Damn, he forgets that a deadly trained blind guy can hit the mark with crazy accuracy.

Kevin counts his way back to his corner of the boxing ring, snagging a water bottle with the gym’s name emblazoned across the side; Tran-sfigure Omega Fitness. The snug, darkened work-out goggles hide the worst of his friend’s injuries. Kevin never leaves home without something hiding the severe scars across his eyelids, not to mention the sunken skin of his eye sockets revealing the man’s complete lack of eyeballs. Grabbing his own matching water bottle, Dean hydrates before helping Kevin down and leading him towards the offices on the second floor. Kevin really doesn’t need a guide; he knows every inch of the space. However, after tripping over free weights and nearly cracking open his head, the guy learned that his clients are financially needed but also idiots.

Once inside Kevin’s spacious office, Dean strips off his shirt throwing on a fresh one from his gym bag. His friend tosses him a bag of ice for the blossoming bruise. Dean startles when Becky Rosen, fitness center manager extraordinaire, pops her head in without knocking.

“Kevin, when you’re done playing with Dean I have checks for you to sign.” She sighs, annoyed that Kevin takes time away from the business to workout with him several times a week.

Playing means an entirely different thing to Dean, so he can’t help adding, “We were sparring, not playing, Becky.”
She gives a tight smile, “Potato, pohtahto. This is a workout facility for Dallas omegas; not sure we even need that atrocity taking up so much valuable space.”

“Becky, it’s my place,” Kevin admonishes, “and Dean’s my best friend. He wanted a ring he gets a ring. Are we clear?”

“Of course, sir. Just saying that the spot could be used for some of the newer fitness crazes to bring in more clientele.” Becky’s been harping on the topic since they opened just under a year ago.

Dean shakes his head, “Oh hell no, I will not be seen in a place that teaches stripper pole classes.”

“They are very popular!” Becky huffs, dropping several files on Kevin’s desk before exiting loudly with a slam to the door.

An alarm goes off on Kevin’s watch, “Time for me to head down the street. Wanna walk me?”

“I will go to the door, but I’m not going inside. That woman gives me the creeps.” Dean leans against the door while Kevin cleans up for his appointment.

“Ms. Talbot is an excellent therapist,” Kevin explains. Dean’s certain that if the other omega still had his eyes they would be rolling. “She has top clearance with the Agency, so I don’t have to edit my discussion. Our retirement package pays top dollar for mental health care fees.” He knows what’s next before it even leaves Kevin’s mouth. “You could come in for a second see when her schedule is free.”

The two men head out the back entrance and down the fire escape into the alley. A strong wind whips between the buildings, giving Dean a chill. He really should have brought something heavier than his black sweatshirt. Dallas gets cold in December. Glancing up, the grey skies can’t even sour his mood. The slow tap, tap of Kevin’s cane is the only other sound.

The office building is only a few blocks over, so in no time he and Kevin are standing in front saying their goodbyes.

“Hey, last chance to come inside.” Bless his friend, always attempting to find a healthier route for exorcising Dean’s demons.

Pulling the shorter man into a hug, Dean whispers, “You have your therapy, and I have mine.”

“Please don’t compare what you do to me seeing Talbot.” Kevin steps away, opening the door. A whoosh of warm air blasts over Dean’s face. His friend turns back, “Wait! Is that why you are so chipper today? You’re meeting someone new?”

“I am not chipper. I never chip.”

The door swings shut as Kevin’s parting words blow out, “You chip, Dean, I’ve seen it.”

“Fifteen minutes north up Inwood, and Dean’s turning into his neighborhood. The homes are massive
Dean’s ranch style houses spread over large amounts of prime sought-after real estate. His residence is not the biggest by far, but it included a four-car garage so the hefty price tag was worth it. He pulls Baby into her special spot, glancing over at the two other cars.

Dean runs his own classic car restoration business from home. Right after he moved in, Dean paved over half the back yard and built a state of the art body shop that he lovingly refers to as "The Shed." It’s a pretty nice gig and after a few years he’s developed a reputation in the international community that has people on a waiting list. He only does two cars at a time because this is really just for fun. Parked next to his Impala is a nearly finished pristine 1987 Bentley Continental and on the other side the beginnings of what will one day be an amazing 1968 Ford Mustang Shelby GT350.

The front door has barely shut when Dean hears the clicking of Louis Vuitton heels. While flipping through the mail Dean catches his assistant swagger into the room. Meg Masters pauses next to him in a black mini skirt, black silk blouse and those famous red stilettos. In her glory days she had several centerfolds in PlayAlpha magazine; after a car accident left her back and left thigh littered with scars she had to change careers. Her official title is business manager of Winchester Restoration, but truthfully she runs everything Dean related.

“You were supposed to be back at 11 for a conference call with the Shelby owner to discuss color choices.” She talks while tapping away at her iPad. Meg gives multi-tasking a bad name.

Dean rolls his eyes. “Did he email you his final choice?”

“Yes, but he wanted your professional input first.” Her long red nails fly over the iPad screen. “He went with the white you discussed last week.”

“Shocker!” Dean chucks the envelopes back in their basket because it's all bills, which Meg pays, so nothing for him.

A rumble from his stomach reminds Dean he hasn’t had lunch yet. The clicking noise trails behind him as he strolls into his master chef kitchen, reason number two for his house. Totally top of the line and black from the appliances to the marble counters and slate floor. The walls are bright white to contrast and brighten the room along with the huge bay window facing the backyard. It’s an open floor plan that includes the kitchen, dining area and den; no walls to separate, just big and open like Texas.

Dean pulls out the makings for a roast beef hoagie when Meg interrupts his sandwich-making zone. “I got the list from,” she pauses for dramatic effect, sighing as she says, “Castiel. Do you want to go over his requests now?”

“I assume it’s just be naked at 8 p.m. and know your place.” Dean bites into his creation as he peeks up at Meg.

“Nope, this one is different. Lucifer wasn’t kidding when he said he matched you with a real winner this time.” Meg returns to typing on her device as she continues, “are you sure you don’t want to see the picture?”

Shrugging, Dean plops down on the black leather sofa facing the big-screen TV. “This isn’t about looks Meg and you know it. So share with me these demands from …Castiel.”

“Well, if you don’t want him as your Dom, I’m asking for an early birthday present?” She sits down next to him, kicking off her shoes as she tucks her feet under her bottom.
“Can we please just get to the list? It’s nearly noon so if it's anything that requires time to do like an all body waxing I got to get on it.” Dean takes another bite, hoping that it's not a request for no hair. Waxing was created by the devil himself, and the itching later is downright horrendous.

A mischievous smile spreads over her blood red lips. “First, he wants you dressed in smart casual for the evening.”

Dean actually drops the remains of his hoagie in his lap. “He wants me dressed, as in clothes for a date?”

“Yes. I double-checked that one because that has not been the case with your previous Doms. He also wants you to cook a sit-down dinner of your choosing.” Her chocolate eyes go wide as her head bounces in agreement. “Dean, this guy wants to get to know you. Castiel also mentioned he would be bringing the supplies needed for your contract negotiations.”

“Contract? I don’t need a stupid contract.” Dean drags his hand over his mouth in confusion. How hard is it to find a good-looking guy that will get off beating the shit out of you? He’d cancel, but then his thoughts drift back to the sample of Castiel’s scent that was provided two days prior. All alphas are required by Lucifer’s matchmaking company to deliver a scent-laced fabric to the omega. This makes sure that there aren’t any issues with violent scent reactions. All his previous Doms/Alphas have soaked a cloth with their cum, but not Castiel. The man had a white handkerchief with a few drops of blood in a glass jar hand delivered. Dean’s cock starts to swell just at the memory of how delicious the smell had been. Lucifer, that ass, must have told the new guy Dean’s proclivity for arousal over the crimson liquid.

Shooting to his feet, Dean realizes he’s not prepared to cook for Castiel. “I have to go to Whole Foods!”

Meg snags his arm, shoving Dean back onto the couch. “Please, I went this morning. You have two rib-eyes marinating in the fridge, along with ear corn, new potatoes and the ingredients for homemade cornbread, which you can start later.”

“This is not what I signed up for,” Dean replies, but in the same moment he’s deciding which recipe to use for the cornbread.

“Look, after the Dick Roman disaster I told Lucifer to find you someone special. My job may be to clean up after you, but scrubbing a pool of your blood off the playroom floor was a one-time deal.” Meg’s gaze goes sour as she stands, slipping her feet back into her heels. Her snarky tone goes tender, “I know that you need the release only pain can supply, but this time things will be different. At least give it a try for me and Kevin. Not to mention Sam’s completely against you continuing your slap-happy games.”

“Sammy doesn’t get a say, but ...” Suddenly, a loose thread on his gym shorts becomes fascinating. Dean’s been attempting to balance all the wrongs he committed while working for the Agency. He doesn’t want to be coddled and spoiled like some fucking childish omega; he wants to smell his own blood, hear his own screams as the scales of justice equalize. He doesn’t even remember the night that Dick lashed him with a cat-o-nine-tails until he passed out, left on the concrete floor with a red pond gradually growing under him. Kevin came searching for him when Dean missed their pre-dawn run. His friend sat with a barely conscious Dean as they waited for an ambulance.

Rising to his feet, Dean whispers into her dark ringlets, “Okay, I’ll give this Castiel a chance.”

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Anxiety races over Dean’s body as his hands pat down the green button-down Meg picked out for dinner. The grey slacks hug his hips, which he’s been told does amazing things for his ass. Why the hell Dean cares whether his ass looks good is ridiculous, but he promised to try. The steaks are warming in the oven and the sides are waiting to be served. Meg set the dining room table off the kitchen with a white table cloth and two silver candle sticks that are currently fluttering with pale flames.

“Jesus, Meg, it’s not supposed to be romantic!” Dean reprimands the empty room. Meg left an hour ago to participate in proper bar-hopping downtown. This is such a horrible mistake of epic proportions.

A knock at his front door has Dean whipping his head towards the sound. Gradually, so not to seem excited, he strolls over to the massive wooden entranceway, throwing it open to the alpha on his stoop.

Holy shit! Fuck a duck! Son of a bitch! All the curse words Dean’s ever heard zoom through his mind at the sight of Castiel Novak. Meg wasn’t kidding when she said his new Dom was every omega’s slick dream. The man before him is gorgeous with piercing sky-blue eyes, dark wavy hair and a build that says "strip me, please." His off-the-rack baggy dark navy suit with a tattered tan trench coat is a bit of a letdown, but one shopping spree with Meg could fix that. Dean shakes his head because, what the hell?

“Dean Winchester?” Castiel asks, obviously thrown by his remaining outside.

Nodding, Dean gestures for the alpha to enter. He swears there should have been words, but Dean’s got no idea what they might be at the moment. All he can croak out is, “Cas?”

“Close enough,” the alpha replies, a relaxed grin on his face.

Dean can’t help but inhale as Castiel steps into his home. Gripping the doorknob, Dean attempts to not faint because that scent is ten times more intense in person. A rush of need shoves all his tension and worry out, making room for desire and yearning. This isn’t merely a delicious-smelling alpha, Dean’s omega is yelling from deep within that Castiel Novak is his alpha.

Finally discovering his voice, Dean announces, “I have dinner ready if you would like to take a seat?”

“Yes, Dean,” Castiel answers, his gaze never leaving Dean’s own.

The meal is quiet. Dean’s never been good with small talk, and it appears that Castiel doesn’t mind letting silence linger between them. Actually the calm is soothing, lulling Dean into a sense of safety with the alpha.

Once Dean clears the plates, Castiel retrieves an envelope from the inside of his trench coat. The outerwear rests on an empty chair at the table.

“You are an excellent cook, Dean. Thank you for preparing such a delightful meal.” Those blue beauties sear into Dean, the flames from the candles making them sparkle with the intensity of sapphires. Shit, when did he turn into such a sap?

“You’re welcome, Cas.” Dean lowers his head slightly. Taking compliments from alphas always seemed off to him.

Castiel spreads out the papers, a pen in his hand, “Alright. We need to get our contract out of the way.”
“I don’t use them,” Dean quips, hoping Castiel will move on to the good stuff.

The alpha tilts his head to the left as a curious tightness to his face develops. “This is non-negotiable for me. How can I care for you appropriately if I don’t have a clue about your limits?”

Balling his fists, Dean shoves his nails into flesh, letting the bite still his rattled nerves. “Look, I just want the punishment man. What gets you off before that is fine by me.”

Without warning Castiel is placing the papers back in his trench coat as he pivots towards the front door. “I enjoyed our meal, but this is not how I do things.”

Horrified, Dean watches as the sexiest alpha in his life strides to the exit, his hand moments from touching the doorknob. Meg’s plea this afternoon that Dean give this guy a chance rings through his brain as he shouts, “Wait! I’ll try it your way.”

“That’s all I ask, Dean,” Cas responds as he returns to his seat, pulling out the sheets once more. “Can I assume that your previous Doms did not follow proper BDSM etiquette?”

“Yes,” Dean breathes as if he was the one in the wrong.

Those luscious lips spread into a warm smile, “Then I will go slowly to help you acclimate. First, what is your safeword?”

Dean’s knee jerk answer is that he doesn’t need one. He has always wanted the pain, the strikes, the harsh discipline but Castiel remains stoic, clearly waiting for Dean’s reply, “Poughkeepsie.”

“I like it. Mine is Messenger,” Castiel counters as he scribbles down their chosen words.

“You know I’m not going to ever say it.” Chewing on his lip, Dean decides a taste of reality couldn’t hurt.

Leaning back, Castiel crosses his arms over his chest, those stunning eyes ramming into him. “My methods will be slightly different from your previous scenes. You may change your mind, and hear me now, Dean. I will only be proud if you take the time out when you require it.”

“Fine, whatever.” His voice is rough from annoyance. This man has known him for a couple hours and yet assumes to know his every need.

With a curt nod, Castiel continues, “Let me preface this with saying that I will not take no for answer on the next two sections. You will give me at least two hard limits and two soft limits. Do you need an explanation of the difference?”

“No.” Dean sulks because of course he doesn’t need such things, but he’s all in tonight regardless of the stupidity of it. “Hard limits means absolutely never, and soft limits means I might warm up to the idea with further discussion.”

“Correct.” Cas freezes as he anticipates Dean’s reply.

Blowing a puff of air, Dean tries to piece together something silly that will get him off the hook. A playful idea blossoms and he chucks it out, “Hard limit one: no scat play. That grosses me out.”

“Agreed; it’s not something I would do either.” Cas writes it down.

“Hard limit two: no biting, which includes absolutely no mating.” Dick had come close a couple times when he had Dean strung up from the rafters. Those few minutes were some of the worst in
his life.

When Dean shoots Cas a smirk, he notes that the alpha seems upset at his choice. “May I add a clause where we can discuss this option outside of a scene or play time? Basically, I promise not to bite without permission found in a situation where we can discuss the matter as equals.”

“Granted.” Once Cas gets to know Dean he won’t ever bring it up again so why make a stink about it now? “Soft limit one: I don’t like being called names. It’s not a huge deal, so we can come back to it if you want but …not really my thing.”

Castiel scrawls away only commenting after he’s done, “I’ve never found pleasure in using slurs or names with negative connotations. However, is there something you would fancy me calling you?”

“Dean.” A touch of sarcasm in Dean’s tone.

The alpha sees fucking everything because his hand reaches out snatching Dean’s chin tugging him forward. “Don’t lie, Dean, and yes, I find omitting a fact to be lying, too.”

They sit motionless for several minutes as the battle of wills between them rises. Gazes are locked while breathing inches closer to panting. This close, Dean’s skin lights up with the aroma of Castiel; a fresh fallen snow with layers of mint. A spicy oil scent lies on the alpha’s flesh. The mix is clean and inviting, yet Dean doesn’t want to get attached. Their relationship will run its course just like all the alphas before him.

Eventually Dean caves, “I would like …I’ve never been called but always thought it would sound nice …” his eyes glance off to the side, searching for anything to cool the burning desire from his groin. Dean’s cock has definitely taken an interest. The gruff, low volume would make it undecipherable if Castiel hadn’t been right there, “Omega, call me your omega.”

Shutting his eyes, Dean braces for laughter or ridicule. Instead the fingers on his chin soften as Castiel scratches at the omega’s jaw. “You are just that, Dean, my Omega.”

The world is spinning out of control, and Dean decides that there is one thing he can’t give to the man before him. It would be too much, “My final soft limit is no kissing.”

“I would be devastated to never be able to put my mouth on your handsome skin. Can we perhaps find a compromise?” Castiel remains still, letting Dean make the decision without further input.

“You can kiss from my shoulders down, but specifically not my neck, face or lips.” Dean hears the shrieks from his inner omega, angry at such a rule. Yet, the ache it causes is exactly the pain Dean craves.

The alpha continues to transcribe, his eyes locked on the page. “Again, I want to add a clause if I may?”

Dean swings his hand out, giving Castiel the freedom to speak.

“I am saddened but will abide by the limit. If at any time, Dean, you wish to change the rule you simply have to kiss me.”

With that Castiel slides a carbon copy of their contract over the table. “I have added my one hard limit, which you must always adhere to whether we are together or apart.”

Catching the paper with his fingers, Dean tugs it closer so he can see the note at the bottom. He clears his throat then reads aloud. “From the moment this contract is signed until one or both parties
decides to leave; you, Dean Winchester, are my Omega as I, Castiel Novak, am your Alpha. For all intents and purposes we are in the pre-mating stage and neither shall be touched romantically/sexually by another.”

A wicked shiver blows over Dean’s shoulders as he nods, his hand taking the pen. He signs next to Castiel’s name. No one has ever given a damn about what he did outside of play time. A tiny flicker of hope sparks within the darkest recesses of Dean.

Castiel steps over to his spot, taking Dean’s hand into his and placing a gentle kiss to Dean’s knuckles. “I will return tomorrow night and we shall play …my Omega.”
How do you want me?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The scent of freshly fallen snow and exotic spiced oils with a touch of mint haunts Dean all day. Any time his mind drifts from the task at hand, his traitorous nostrils remind him what heaven must smell like. Castiel Novak is perfection personified, and Dean’s not sure what to do with that information. He didn’t get into the BDSM lifestyle to find a romantic partner; no, Dean wanted a trained sadist that would aid him in his personal quest for penance.

Dean’s hands drift over the Mustang Shelby GT350’s carburetor, tightening the bolts as he finishes rebuilding the engine. He barely focuses, the muscle memory of car repair moving his fingers on instinct. Unfortunately, this leaves his brain empty for elaborate fantasies about the Dom who will be playing with him tonight. Meg received a package this morning containing Cas’s medical records and recent STD tests; Dean sent his over immediately. No barriers, no rules is what Dean craves, but he knows Cas will have other plans. Perhaps attempting something new will have its advantages.

“Cas,” slips over Dean’s parted lips.

Pausing his movements, Dean inhales, giving into his body's desires; the memory of Cas ghosting over him. Dean’s never touched drugs in his life. Alcohol, sure, but never anything stronger than scotch. He imagines what he’s feeling can be compared to a heroin addiction. God, Dean just requires a hit of that alpha’s aroma before his skin begins to crawl with jitters.

A familiar family scent pulls him out of his thoughts as the deep voice of his alpha baby brother calls out, “Dean.”

Lifting his head out of the engine, Dean spots Sam walking across the backyard to the shed. The younger Winchester is in a pair of green scrubs with running sneakers; apparently that is shabby chic for Dallas doctors. Sam’s been a pediatric oncologist at Children’s Medical Center of Dallas for just over a year now. There is a touch of pride in seeing his brother succeed. Sam may never know the sacrifices Dean gave for him, but they were definitely worth it.

“It’s in the middle of the day, Sammy, don’t you have kids to save?” Dean teases, wiping his dirty hands with a rag.

His brother rolls his eyes. “Well, Sarah called over to tell you that dinner on Sunday had to be re-scheduled, and Meg told her no. What the hell, man?”

On the first and third Sundays of the month Dean attends family dinner at Sam’s house. He dutifully goes, plays with his nieces and compliments Sarah’s cooking. Most times Dean even sits next to their mom without complaint, but rescheduling has become a nightmare so Meg often turns them down, God bless the woman.

“I’m sure Meg knows best.” Dean stares at his nails, hoping to avoid Sam’s puppy dog face of doom.
“Dean, it’s a Thursday night, what in the world would you have to do?” Obviously Sam drew the short straw if he came over to convince Dean to join them.

However, Dean’s head does pop up with, “Tonight? No, Meg was right; I have plans.”

“Sitting at home drinking alone and watching porn is not plans, Dean.” Sam crosses his arms with annoyance.

Rolling his shoulders, Dean places his tools back in the box. “I have a date. It’s new, and I don’t want to be rude.”

Instead of backing off with a knowing grin, happy that Dean’s finally behaving like an omega, his brother steps closer with his hands twisting together. “Better not be another Dick Roman.”

“How …what the fuck, Sammy, how in the hell do you know that name?” Dean whips around, glaring at his brother. Meg and Kevin dealt with everything; there should have been zero reasons for Sam to be involved much less know the man’s name.

“Legally, you don’t have an official alpha so I’m granted access to any and all medical records. When you disappeared again, Mom got worried so I checked on you. Didn’t think it required a conversation when you seemed settled these past few months.” There is anger dripping from those hazel eyes. “You have no right to be angry over this. Ten years, Dean, the last time you vanished we didn’t see you for ten years and thirteen days; that will not be happening again. So, tell me about this date?”

Guilt slithers out from behind the wall Dean’s built in his heart. His family can’t know the truth, but the lost time has left a fucking crater between them. Dean closes the Shelby’s hood, tapping her softly. “I attend two dinners a month along with the occasional special holiday. That’s the deal we agreed on, Sam. What I do outside of that is none of your business; don’t ever sneak peeks behind the curtain, you won’t like what you see.”

“What is wrong with you?” His brother’s words are more curious than hurtful.

Dean can’t tell him the truth; his exit contract from the agency forbids open discussions. Kevin knows because he lived it and Meg knows tidbits, just enough to do her job and understand Dean’s darker requirements. She drives a little cherry red BMW convertible; a gift from Dean when she signed the ironclad non-disclosure. Sam and their mom is a different matter entirely.

“Everything, Sammy.” Dean shrugs, walking away towards the house.

The sound of tennis shoes hitting asphalt catches up to him as Sam grabs his arm, spinning him so they stand toe to toe. “Promise me this alpha is better than Roman, please.”

Shutting his eyes, Dean lets the memory of Castiel traipse over him. “He’s a fucking angel of the Lord compared to Dick.”

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Dean receives a text an hour before Cas is set to arrive. It’s not entirely what he was expecting from the alpha. *Dress for comfort and order pizza.*

Joe’s Pizza on Loop 12 delivers their dinner five minutes before Cas strolls through the door. The man is dressed in dark weathered jeans with splashes of paint coloring the denim along with a white t-shirt in the same condition. Dean went with a pair of grey basketball shorts and a Dallas Maverick’s t-shirt. Easily removable and won’t be missed if they get ruined in the fray.
“We will eat first and then play,” Cas commands as he drops a large green duffel bag on the floor. Dean desperately needs to know what toys hide within the canvas, but dinner is getting cold.

Instead of silence this time, Castiel has encouraged Dean to ask him questions so that he can learn more about the alpha. He’s happy to oblige. “Where do you work?”

“I have two jobs,” Castiel replies, swallowing a bite. “I do portrait work and have a few shifts at the Gas-N-Sip on Douglas and Lemon for extra cash.”

Dean’s brain immediately goes to the heavy price tag of Lucifer’s matchmaking, “You must make a killing painting people to afford Lucifer’s prices.”

“I mainly paint children and dogs; not my favorite but I do okay.” Cas scratches his chin.

Wow, his new Dom is an artist. “Did you go to school for art or something?”

“Nope, never made it past my GED. I have a talent that my mom encouraged with classes. She also found local artists who would let me apprentice with them. I in trade would do house work or lawn care; in fact that’s how I got into the BDSM lifestyle, but that, my Omega, is another story.” The alpha takes a swig of his Sprite. “However, there is no way I could afford Lucifer’s astronomical fees for matching to a submissive.”

“Then how?” Dean gestures between them, perplexed.

Dragging his fingers through his tousled hair, Castiel grins sheepishly, “Lucifer is my half-brother. I get a family discount; well, more like he accepts my part in the form of another trade.” Dean furrows his brow, wondering what the hell would you barter for BDSM matchmaking. “He finds me omegas who would do well by my style of dominating, and in return I dog sit.”

“You babysit his dog?” That just seems nutty even for a guy named Lucifer.

With a tight nod, Cas continues, “I do; poor Fish has anxieties and needs proper care when Lucifer travels or won’t be able to make it home for walks.”

“Wait you take care of his fish, too?” Man, Dean’s becoming more confused by the minute.

Castiel shakes his head. “No. My brother named his male pug Fish. Something about we all evolved from fish and probably dogs also.”

“I think Lucifer does a lot of recreational drugs,” Dean adds, biting into another slice.

For a second Dean thinks he’s said something inappropriate, but eventually Cas frowns, sighing, “Probably.” It appears the alpha was simply pondering his comment.

The conversation is light and enjoyable; after the plates are washed and put away Dean’s raring to get to the main event. “Can I show you the playroom, Cas?”

“I would appreciate that very much, my Omega.” Cas pats his shoulder gently, which only causes Dean to preen.

Dean waves the alpha to follow him as they move towards the front corner of the house off the kitchen. The space was originally the sleeping quarters and bathroom for a house maid, but Dean remodeled it. There is a combination padlock on the door to keep prying eyes out. Dean gets the lock undone and then swings open the door, letting Castiel enter first.
“What do you think?” Dean’s grinning from ear to ear with pride. The room is sound proof, windowless, has a cement floor with a drain in the center for easy cleaning and a, handcrafted by Dean, St. Andrews Cross that spreads from ceiling to floor in the center. A door to the left leads to a full bath and walk-in closet for storing all the necessary equipment.

The alpha doesn’t say a word; his face remains in a thoughtful expression. Striding over to one of the plain walls painted a light brown, he touches it with a grimace. “This room is so drab. Why give it such a cold and dissociative energy?”

“For practical reasons, all the blood can get washed away with the hose that connects to the faucet in the bathroom. The paint color on the wall covers stains easily so every other month I can touch it up, no problem.” Dean makes his way to the St. Andrew’s Cross with a grin, “How do you want me, Alpha?”

“Out of this room, for starters.” Cas shivers, stepping through the doorway before turning to wait for Dean. “We will not be playing in here.”

“Why? This room is perfect for a good whipping session.” Dean tries not to, but a serious whine lingers in his words. “You said we could scene today?”

Castiel’s eyes lower to Dean’s feet then go wide with shock. Looking down, Dean realizes that the stain from the Dick Roman incident never came out. Right now he wishes he had taken Meg’s suggestion of painting the floor to cover it.

In the blink of an eye Cas is in Dean’s face, yelling as he points at the crimson stain. “IS THAT YOUR BLOOD?” Castiel’s voice cracks, his face following suit.

The submissive in Dean catches himself as he inwardly cowers from the show of dominance, “Yes, sir.”

“That is NOT what happens after a scene using blood play. My God Dean, were you expecting me to hog tie you to the cross and bleed your back?” Castiel starts pawing at Dean’s shirt until he gets it off, spinning Dean, and gasps ring out when Cas’s gaze hits the flesh of Dean’s back. Gentle fingers trace the lash mark scars peppered over his shoulders and downward. “There are ways to enjoy impact play without leaving a mark. Tell me who did this.”

Instead of answering a direct order from his Dom, Dean turns to face him, dropping his shorts to the cement. “It doesn’t matter now, Cas. Please, I need.”

“We will return to this topic later,” Castiel states, his eyes darkening as they trail down Dean’s naked body. Hunger replaces horror in the alpha’s features. His voice is raspy but strong, “But yes, let’s …play.”

A secure hand wraps around Dean’s wrist, pulling him out of the room. He’d fight the decision to leave the playroom, but his eyes can’t stop glaring into Cas’s. The Dom is in control, and that’s all he needs to know. They enter Dean’s grand room, and Cas breaks the gaze to search the space. Finding what he requires, the alpha leads his omega to the empty wall next to the TV. Castiel places both of Dean’s hands on the blinding white surface right above his head. Dean chuckles because he feels like Cas’s next move will be to frisk him.

“Don’t move, my Omega,” Cas rumbles next to Dean’s ear; the breath tickles his lobe.

Intently listening, Dean hears Cas pick up his duffel bag and move it to the couch that is directly to Dean’s back. A part of him wants to turn to see, but that would be cheating and this finally got
interesting. Castiel pops into his view with a black marker in his hand. Horrified, Dean watches as Cas draws two black circles around Dean’s hands.

“Dude, that’s a Sharpie!” His mouth falls open with surprise.

“Perks of being with an artist.” Cas winks, walking out of Dean’s vision.

That shit is not going to come off with soap and water, Dean thinks as he shouts, “Artist or not you ruined my wall.”

“Maybe, I’ll paint something of tonight to cover the lines but remind you.” Cas’s scruffy voice goes deeper to where Dean must focus to hear. “What is your safeword, my Omega?”

Fucking finally! Dean sighs, leaning his weight on the plaster surface. That is their cue that the scene is starting, and Dean’s in an excellent position for maybe a good spanking. He knows Cas won’t go too far, the scars really freaked him out, BUT damn it, Dean needs the hurt to start.

“Poughkeepsie,” Dean answers, a smile gleaming from his brightened expression.

“At no time are your hands or feet to move. No matter what I do you must at all times keep your hands inside the circles and your feet glued to the floor. Do you understand?”

Shit, this is a command Dean can get behind. “Yes, sir.” God, it’s been too long since he’s felt the sting of pain across his naked flesh.

Dean’s muscles tense as he braces for that first sweet strike of glory. Possibly, once Cas is done with the hitting, he will fuck Dean in this positon. Jesus, just the idea has his cock swelling, and a tiny drip of slick slides from his hole.

A single finger sneaks between his cheeks, collecting the slick. The sound of Castiel humming as he licks his moist digit forces a moan from Dean’s throat. “Please, sir, please make it hurt.”

“You taste like you smell, Dean, delicious. I can’t wait until your next heat; mmmm a savory pumpkin pie with all the sweet toppings.” Castiel drags the wet finger up Dean’s spine as he speaks, driving the omega wild.

However, the comment about taking Dean’s heat has his body pumping the brakes. “Cas, there won’t be any heats.”

Gripping Dean’s jaw tightly, Castiel yanks his face to glare at the alpha. “I am your alpha. It is my duty to ease the discomfort and enjoy the frolicking that comes with heat sex.”

“No,” Dean gulps, praying this isn’t a deal breaker for the alpha but Cas did say omission is also a lie. “I don’t have heats.”

“Are you on some kind of heavy suppressant? I want you to stop immediately.” Cas slides under Dean’s arm so the omega is boxing him in. “Dean, heat bonding is imperative.”

The severity of Cas’s gaze rips through Dean. God, he won’t survive if the alpha walks away now. “I’ve never had a heat, Cas. I’m …,” a single tear falls from his left eye, Cas wiping it away, “I’m barren.”

Dean can’t take the stress of staring into the blue abyss of Cas. He begins to pull from the wall when Cas snatches his biceps, holding him in place. “Thank you for being honest, my Omega.”
Suddenly a huge weight lifts off Dean’s chest, allowing him to inhale. “You still want me?”

“Always.” Cas vanishes from Dean’s view as he adds, “Remember, don’t move, but today speaking is encouraged.”

“Yes, sir,” Dean sighs, thrilled that Cas didn’t flee his infertile omega ass.

There isn’t a spot on Dean’s flesh that isn’t brimming with excitement. Inhaling deeply, Dean closes his eyes, letting the anticipation build to heighten the effect of that first strike. He’s pretty sure Cas will go for his bare bottom, so he gives it a little shake. A deep chuckle reverberates over Dean’s shoulder. Cas is so close but not touching, not yet anyway.

His omega brain goes haywire when the first blow isn’t a hit at all but something soft, gentle and wet. Castiel is on his fourth open kiss to Dean’s shoulder blades when he catches on to what is happening. The alpha isn’t using anything but lips to smack across his skin. The contact is smooth, tender, almost caring, and Dean cannot handle it. He screams a blood-curdling sound, his throat aching after.

Instead of reprimanding Dean for the noise, Cas pauses to simply encourage him, “Let it out, my Omega, whatever you require.”

Then the jerk goes back to kissing Dean gradually down his spine switching between closed quick chaste kisses and open mouthed wet ones that add a little tongue. Without warning Cas’s arms surround Dean’s chest just below his armpits, embracing Dean. HUGS AND KISSES, no no no no no no no no!!

“Cas, you gotta make it hurt. Please HIT ME!” Dean shrieks, the tone begging through his heartache.

Cas’s only response: “No.”

Wrong, bad, incorrect, amiss, false, misguided, all these words flood Dean’s mind as the alpha continues his assault on Dean’s back and shoulders. Cas’s arms are still wrapped tightly around his chest, moving up and down, trailing behind the kisses. The omega’s body vibrates with confusion; he’s not meant to ever experience kindness, much less pleasure from the soft touch of another person. Dean deserves pain, blood, screeching, not the warmth building under his skin burning over him.

Tears stream from Dean’s eyes as his body convulses from heavy sobbing. “Cas, I can’t.”

The alpha whispers into his ear, careful not to caress with his lips, “You have a safeword for a reason, Dean. I’m the Dom here. You will follow directions or stop me with one word; your choice, my Omega.”

Dean’s never spoken his safeword; he doesn’t plan to start now over a stupid game of tender chicken. Although, it's sitting on his lips, waiting to be spoken. Each tap of those luscious lips to his skin sends Dean into a tailspin as he slowly realizes Cas is tracing the scars. Damn it!

“Po …Pou …Pough …” With each attempt his deepest darkest desire for that one thing stops him from finishing the word. Castiel won’t halt until he speaks it out loud and in its entirety, but he can’t.

Shaking so violently his bones ache, the tears are constant now yet not from sorrow. Castiel is breaking through a wall Dean built years ago, and now the omega feels powerless to stop it.

Dean wants to be …he can’t even think it.
Eventually Cas stops, taking a towel from his bag to wipe away the moisture that has poured over his face and chest. The entire time he’s murmuring, “I am so proud of you, my Omega, so stunning, so strong. You did well.”

“I need,” Dean squeaks out, his voice wrecked from crying.

“Of course.” Cas picks Dean up bridal style, showing the dude has some serious muscles because Dean’s no lightweight omega. “You will get what you need, my handsome Omega.”

Castiel carries Dean to his bedroom, and the sight of the plush king-size bed brings a fresh wave of tears. “Cas, no.”

“Shhh, I know what you crave.” The alpha lays Dean down onto the cold, dark-hardwood floor. A chill runs over Dean’s flesh as he curls into a ball. The discomfort of sleeping on the harsh surface soothes Dean’s nerves. “You will rest here, my Omega.”

Dean shivers, pulling his arms in tighter around his knees. The cold bite of the space is perfect against his skin. He knows he will wake with an aching back and sore neck. “Thank you, Alpha.”

His eyes drift shut as sleep begins to claim his exhausted mind. The sounds of Castiel crawling into the bed above him keeps him awake for just a few seconds more. He listens as the alpha settles into the fluffy memory foam mattress with silk sheets and a down comforter, all in black.

Dean cries out softly when a hand gently lands between his shoulder blades. The connection is the only warmth Dean receives, but it is from his Dom and with that Dean tumbles into a deep sleep.

Chapter End Notes

The scene has movement denial and affection control

Love to ALL! Questions, Comments, and Concerns are always encouraged.

XOXOXO - Angie
Hands from long ago have Dean choking so violently he throttles forward, attempting to shake off the ghosts of his past. As he sputters, gasping for oxygen, Dean’s eyes slowly adjust to the faint light of pre-dawn. He’s still on the hardwood floor where Cas left him the night before. Dean peers up from his spot, startled when bright blue gems sparkle through the shadows.

“Shit, Cas! Announce yourself or something; you nearly scared me to death,” Dean barks at the Dom in his bed.

The dark bedhead hair bobs as the alpha replies, “My apologies Dean. You were having quite the nightmare. It is my belief that letting you wake on your own is safest for all concerned.”

“You’re not wrong, buddy,” Dean quips, because he could kill the other man with his bare hands and never break a sweat. Although, at the moment he’s dripping in salty perspiration. “What time is it?”

A sigh of relief settles over Dean when that searing gaze turns to the clock on the night stand. “A little after 4. Do you want to come up here and sleep a few more hours?”

“Nah, I got my solid four hours, think I’ll make some coffee feel free to ...” Dean waves at the bed. The alpha deserves better than Dean’s bizarre sleep schedule.

They both throw on their boxers as Castiel doesn’t take his advice, following Dean into the kitchen. The odd man takes a seat at the dining room table while Dean preps their morning brew. He scuttles around, keeping his focus on the task at hand. Dean’s never had a Dom spend the night. He’s not opposed to the idea, yet no one before Cas ever felt like sleeping here. Actually, Dean shouldn’t be so shocked; Cas seems to do everything different.

When Dean twirls back towards Cas with fresh cups of hot Joe the man is on his cell phone. Huh? Dean didn’t even hear it ring, and who calls at half past ass o’clock in the morning? Careful to not bother Cas, Dean places his coffee within reaching distance. The alpha nods, smiling as he hums into the phone.

“Yes, Gabriel, I left orange juice and donuts.” Cas bounces his head as he sips his drink. “Take a shower and go back to bed; I’ll be home in a few hours.”

Dean’s smile dims at the idea of Cas leaving. When Castiel ends the call Dean asks, “Who’s Gabriel?”

“Another of my half-siblings; this one is also my housemate. He’s going through a rough patch and made a mess that he needed help cleaning up.” Cas looks tired at the thought.

Leaning back in his seat Dean’s suddenly curious, “Another half-brother, how many do you have?”
“Two half-brothers, one half-sister: Lucifer, Gabriel and Hannah. We all share the same father but different omegas.” Cas’s eyes dart away as if nervous. “My father devoted his life to the Way of the Wolf teachings.”

Holy shit! Dean has heard of the widely criticized religion that’s older than Christianity. The core belief is that Alphas were actual descendants of wolves who evolved over time to rule (or care for) humanity. Back in the day it was the dominant religion that created royal dynasties in several countries but eventually died out when Betas and Omegas refused to be seen as second-class citizens. There are still rogue countries that adhere to the disciplined faith and even some people here in the United States. Obviously, Cas being a part of that clan. One of the ten life lessons of the Way is that an Alpha should take multiple omegas to spread his powerful seed then encourage the half-siblings to breed to keep the family line strong. Also, a major reason for its massive demise.

Castiel anxiously glances over his mug. “Does that make you uncomfortable? Not all the rumors are true.”

“No, Cas, I’m cool with it; thanks for sharing.” Dean really can’t be throwing any stones in his glass house. Especially since the number one rumor of the Way of the Wolf is barren omegas and psychiatric disorders from all the inbreeding.

The alpha shrinks slightly. “I’ve never taken a mate, and I can assure you I have none of the …issues associated with the Way.”

“Okay,” Dean uses a big gulp to take a moment to process the new information. If Cas never took a child mate that means he never participated in the inbreeding and other nefarious choices of the religion. “Is your Dad still around?”

“No.” The stern face on Cas kills any further discussion on the topic, although it does tell Dean quite a bit about his new Dom.

Deciding to throw a bone to the man, Dean shrugs, “My old man died when I was 16, car accident.”

Castiel reaches out, lacing his fingers with Dean’s, “And your mother?”

“Oh, Mary Winchester is still around.” Are they actually fucking holding hands right now? What kind of Dom has sleepovers and holds hands? Yet Cas seems to think there’s nothing wrong with it, so Dean goes on, “She lives in a condo up near my brother’s house in Richardson. She and I don’t have the best relationship.”

“You mentioned last night that you will be unavailable this evening because of a family commitment?” Cas squeezes their linked hands.

How weird that this oddball Dom can soothe Dean’s nerves with his scent and a touch of his hand. It should bother Dean more than it does, because this all seems to be teetering dangerously close to an actual relationship. “Yes, we do dinner at Sam’s house twice a month. A way for them to check up on the lonely omega.”

“You appear to be doing just fine on your own.” Cas winks, making Dean’s stomach flip-flop. “I had wanted to take you out tonight, but since that’s not feasible perhaps tomorrow?”

Dean’s mouth drops into a perfect “O.” “You want to take me out on a date? Around other people?” He will deny until his dying day that his voice cracked, mimicking a school boy, on date.

“Of course, my Omega, we are in the pre-mating stage; this traditionally includes activities in public. How have you proceeded with your previous alpha suitors?” Cas’s head flops to the side with a
perplexed look.

Glimpsing down, Dean once again notes their hands are still connected, Cas’s thumb stroking his knuckles tenderly. This is not what he wanted; Dean should stop things now. He gave it a go and damn it Castiel Novak is amazing, but not for this broke-ass omega. Yet, as he sits there staring at the table the scent of freshly fallen snow with strokes of mint wash over him. There lies the problem; Dean doesn’t have the strength to do what’s right. Push away the talented, gorgeous alpha and send him to another that could give him the life he deserves.

In a timid, soft voice Dean answers, “There haven’t been any.”

“Dean. Don’t lie to me. You are one of the sexiest, most charming, kindest omegas I’ve ever had the pleasure of meeting. You can’t tell me there haven’t been other alphas in your bedroom.”

Dean knows without looking that Cas’s gaze is bearing down on him. He can feel it like the heat of the sun. Not wanting to burn, Dean continues to glare at their linked fingers. “I’ve had sex with other people. You aren’t my first alpha; shit you aren’t my first Dom, but Cas not a single person before you wanted me as anything more.” Cas uses his free hand to gently lift Dean’s face. He gets swept away in the tide of the blue sea within that gaze. “I was just a hole.”

The sound of grinding teeth fills the silence between them as Castiel attempts to hold a temper that dances far too close to the edge. Dean can tell because the alpha’s scent has a touch of burning flame to it.

“This is not just a passing interlude to me, Dean. When I say we are in the pre-mating phase, it’s not a ruse for the outside world. You will never be,” Cas’s face scrunches in disgust, “just a hole. I truly believe that you could be MY Omega. That is the point of dating, spending time together so we might answer that question as a couple. Please, tell me you would appreciate finding out if our lives may one day intersect as mates. I have to know.”

Words tumble out of Dean’s mouth without any forethought or control from his brain, “Yes, Cas, I want that.” Castiel’s face lights up as if Dean just told him he won the lottery and yet he must be honest. “But …there are things in my past you won’t like that could destroy all that we build. Dark days have damaged my soul.”

“My Omega, this is only the beginning; the horrors of our pasts can be dealt with on another day. Trust me, I have seen your soul and it’s beautiful,” Cas mutters, his voice rough as his mouth inches closer to Dean’s.

Air molecules could barely fit between them. Castiel’s lips call to Dean; there is true hunger in the alpha’s eyes. He wants what Dean has denied him; however, he will stick to the limits set to paper. Trembling while he fights his heart, the omega tilts back, giving more empty space.

Even with the added distance, the air is charged with an electricity scorching from each man. Their scents linger and blend as they both dare the other to be the first to break. If Cas wants to keep Dean around, he better be ready for a war because this omega doesn’t obey blindly outside the confines of a scene.

The cartoonish sound of the Roadrunner beeping rings out, evaporating the moment. Cas walks back to Dean’s bedroom where the noise emanated from as Dean tries to recover the ability to breathe.

After a minute or two, Cas returns dressed in the jeans and t-shirt from yesterday and carrying a pair of black sweatpants and a soft grey Henley. Dean recognizes them from his drawers next to the
bed. Cas tosses the clothing to him. “Put these on; Lucifer will be over in about ten minutes.”

“Why is he coming over and what does it matter if he sees me in my boxers?” Dean’s not against the idea; he’s mainly curious.

Crystal blue eyes darken with authority. “One, Lucifer is driving down to Austin for an overnight and needs me to watch Fish.”

“You want to let a dog loose in my house?” Dean squeaks because he must have heard that wrong. God, this man is turning his world upside down.

Castiel shrugs, “He’s trying to be out of Dallas before traffic picks up after 6 a.m. I would prefer to spend a few more hours over here. You will enjoy Fish. And two, no other alpha should see you in any state of undress. You want to traipse around the house in your boxers when Meg is home, fine. An alpha is an entirely different situation. Do you understand?”

“Cas, I haven’t agreed to this whole dating mess, which clearly involves pet sitting.” Dean’s terrified after all the emotions the alpha brought out of him last night. This is not what he wants from a Dom. Shaking his head, Dean finishes his coffee and places the mug in the sink. “I don’t know, this seems very fast.”

The alpha slams into Dean’s back, shoving his hips painfully into the edge of the marble counter. Dean's pinned with nowhere to go as Cas pushes harder as his lips dip near Dean’s ear. “I will make it worth your while I promise. What’s your safeword?”

“Poughkeepsie,” Dean sighs as he leans into the muscular body behind him.

“Our relationship will be of our own making; it will have no comparison. We shall swing like a pendulum between caresses,” Cas drags his tongue across Dean’s bare shoulders, ending with a kiss, “and pain.” Cas steps back, striking Dean across the ass with a paddle the omega definitely did not see coming. A second swing has Dean gruffly moaning as he craves a harsher hit. Castiel gives him five smacks in total before stepping back. “Now, if you want me to bend you over my knee and spank your bottom red, you will get dressed and behave while Lucifer is in this home.”

“Yes, sir,” Dean grunts. Fuck, Lucifer can drop off a dozen pugs. There will be spankings!!

He almost tears his shirt as Dean goes full tilt to be dressed before Lucifer and Fish arrive. A minute after he’s done the doorbell rings, announcing their guests. Cas saunters over to the door with a grin, throwing it open for his brother.

“Welcome, Lucifer.” Cas gestures towards the kitchen as Lucifer enters with a hefty size fawn pug that’s tail is wagging so fast Dean worries the animal is on crack. The man himself has a huge red suitcase with Fish embroidered across the top. On his back is a dog bed that could easily hold two Fish, also in red and the name along the front. Dean’s noticing a pattern here.

Ignoring his brother, Lucifer turns to Dean. “Sorry about the early hour, and thank you for taking care of Fish with Castiel. Driving is hard on my sweet boy, and he does love his uncle.” The alpha kneels, giving a disturbingly big kiss to the dog’s mouth.

“Sure.” Dean steps back, not wanting to intrude on the moment.

Lucifer rises with a gleam in his eye, “It would appear that you two are getting along nicely, sleepovers on the second date no less.”

“The deal was you drop off Fish with no commentary,” Cas counters, his eyes deadly serious.
The older alpha raises his hands in surrender, backing his way to the door. “Got it. You keep Fish happy, and I don’t mention how hot you two look together.”

“Eww,” Castiel and Dean say together, Dean adding, “That’s your brother.”

“See you tomorrow night, Castiel.” Lucifer shouts over his shoulder as his laughing is heard through the closed door.

Rolling his eyes, Cas rubs Fish’s head vigorously as he removes the leash and harness. “Fish prefers to roam naked.”

“He’s not alone.” Dean bounces his eyebrows seductively and yet they both end up watching as Fish sprints around the house sniffing everything he meets. “Dude, does he need to pee?”

“I’m sure Lucifer took him out before he let him in the Porsche,” Cas replies even as he begins to trail behind the furry beast.

The door to the playroom is wide open; Fish drawn to it with great interest. Both Dean and Cas rush behind him, unsure of what the pug will do next. The dog becomes drawn to the St. Andrew’s Cross, circling it as a hunter with prey.

Dean begins his query, “Hey, Cas, he’s not …”

Yes, as the alpha and omega watch, Fish the Pug pees all over the handcrafted mahogany St. Andrew’s Cross. Dean turns, his expression shocked at what he has witnessed, only to see Cas glance over at him and grin. “I was going to re-do this room anyway. We can start with that cross and all its dark energy.”

“No, Cas, you haven’t gotten used to it. The mucous membrane inside your nose has burned away, and you are unable to use it properly.” Dean’s waving his hands chaotically, making his point and trailing behind the alpha as they head to the den. “I think I can taste it.”
A few seconds later Dean is naked, spread out over Cas’s lap. The alpha has the wooden paddle in his hand tapping Dean’s ass gently in a torturous tease. “Can you answer three questions for me, Omega?”

At this point, Dean would connect a gas mask to Fish’s butt just to get Cas on board with the spanking he promised. “Anything! Please Cas you’ve got me so wound up I could spin for days.”

“Good,” a quick smack with the paddle startles Dean, allowing him to give Cas his complete attention. “Do you relent to me as your Dom?”

“Yes, sir.” Dean braces as the next strike hits just below the other cheek.

The alpha rubs the sites of the first two blows. “Am I old enough to make my own choice about whether you are the right omega for me?”

Now, this time Dean stutters for a second. Cas is old enough, but he doesn’t know the entire story. The alpha’s hand freezes, holding out for Dean’s reply.

“Yes, sir.” Another powerful smack directly over his hole has a howl escaping Dean’s throat.

A peppering of violent slaps cover Dean’s entire backside. The area is set ablaze with pain; Dean’s shoulders sag, his soul finally finding the penance in Cas’s arms. Cas doesn’t stop the strikes as he yells, “Who is your alpha, Dean?”

Tears of joy pour from Dean’s eyes as the release sends him over the edge into euphoria, “YOU!”

“That is correct. No one touches this body without my permission and trust me, my Omega, I will not be giving it EVER!”

A fire ignites over Dean’s skin; Cas is hitting the same place multiple times now. The sting and ache will last for days whenever the omega goes to sit. He will be reminded of this moment held on his alpha’s lap. Slick is flowing from Dean’s entrance, his body running on pure frenzy and hunger. Fingers enter Dean’s hole, opening him up; the intimate touch wakes an entirely new beast.

Screams break through his barriers as Dean lets it all go.

Without warning Castiel chuck the paddle across the room, hitting the far wall with a loud bang. Dean’s body rams into the leather of the sofa face down. The alpha towering above him breaches Dean with his cock, and the omega sees stars. He’s reduced to grunts, moans, and groans as his hands search for any surface to brace himself on as Castiel fucks into him. Dean’s dick is grinding under him with delicious friction from the leather.

Sensation of all kinds pummel Dean as he tries to push back and participate in the best lay of his life. Castiel’s cock is a thing of beauty, so thick and long, plunging into Dean and hitting the perfect spot. Breathing has long been forgotten as the omega gasps for oxygen between the erotically charged noises he’s never heard from his own throat.

Dean needed this, and his Dom provided.

“I won’t last long, my Omega,” Castiel murmurs into Dean’s ear, never pausing his thrusts into the omega’s channel. “May I knot you?”

The question is common in alpha/omega relationships. Sex can be enjoyable without the act of knotting. Dick and some of the other Doms preferred shooting their load in Dean’s face instead of choosing to be connected to him. The intimacy of knotting can be life altering. In fact, it’s been
years since he has let an alpha knot him. Moments after the knot enters an omega the alpha releases his strongest scent, marking the partner for weeks. It can’t be washed off like cum or saliva; the only thing more powerful is a bite to the neck.

His ass shrieks from pain with every smack of Cas’s hips to the sensitive flesh. If Cas knots him Dean could be in agony, locked tight for up to thirty minutes. The thought of this alpha not leaving his mark on Dean’s body pushes the omega to shout, “Do it! Yes, Sir, knot me!”

Merely one breath later Cas’s knot slips inside of him, forcing a massive orgasm through the omega. He passes out from the utter enigma of pleasure and pain. Only two words tumble from Dean’s mouth.

“Thank you.”

Chapter End Notes

BDSM Warnings: Heavy Spanking, Masochistic behavior

Questions, Comments, and Concerns are always welcome!

XOXOXO - Angie
Slamming his head against Baby’s steering wheel, Dean closes his eyes, praying for strength along with the hope that the searing ache from his butt cheeks will calm. Honestly, it could have been worse. Castiel spent an hour with aftercare, soothing the angry skin with antibiotic cream and oil. Dinner with his family is always comforting, mixed with a high chance of a landmine. Raising his head, Dean glances at the unassuming two-story house in an upscale neighborhood of Richardson, Texas, with a tall privacy fence lining the backyard. He knows for a fact that a wooden playset hides behind there with a treehouse, sand box and two swings. Dean helped Sam build it right before Sarah gave birth to Ruby.

“Don’t be a wuss,” Dean commands as he throws himself out of the safety of his Impala.

Quickly Dean walks up the drive, passing the matching Toyota Priuses, one white and one black. God, it’s like an embarrassment to his profession. Mary Winchester has yet to arrive since her light blue 1969 Ford Mustang Boss 429 is missing. It was the very first car Dean restored after returning to civilian life. He gave it to his mom as a sort of olive branch, hoping that it could rebuild the burned bridge between them. Five years later and the bridge is still in disarray.

With a quick knock to the front door, Dean waits for an answer. Seconds later the heavy wooden door sways open, revealing the eldest of the two Winchester girls. “Hey Emma, what’s new?”

“You smell funny.” The four-year-old screws up her face, stepping closer to get a better whiff of him. Emma steps back; as a beta her nose isn’t the best, which means Dean must reek of Cas.

A tight smile on his lips, Dean crosses the threshold, “Well, I did shower so it shouldn’t be that bad.”

Her soft brown eyes give him a quizzical look. “It’s not stinky funny like Ruby’s dirty diaper.”

The two wander into the living room where the old Disney cartoon version of Cinderella is playing. Cinderella is shooing Lucifer the cat away from her friends the mice. Dean can’t help but think that Lucifer was named after a cat. It just tickles him pink.

Emma takes his hand with a wistful smile. “Daddy and Grandma are going to notice.”

“You’re not wrong cutie.” Dean pops her nose tenderly. He does love this family, even with all their oddball quirks.

Uncle and niece snuggle on the couch side by side, waiting for someone to find them and kill the chill atmosphere. The position gives his backside a break before sitting through a meal. Dean shouldn’t have been surprised that Ruby would be the one to discover his arrival. As much as Emma is a serene, level-headed beta, Ruby even at two is a hot-headed nutter of an alpha. Her favorite pastime is biting Dean as hard and as many times as possible. Sam and Sarah think it's hilarious because bites from anyone who hasn’t presented are harmless. Dean on the other hand finds it mildly disturbing and downright painful. Which is a whole different can of worms when you add his
sexual preference for anguish.

It’s not that Dean spots her first. Nope it’s when he howls as Ruby’s little baby teeth cut into his ankle that he can’t deny her presence. “Shit, Ruby!”

“MY UNCA,” Ruby shouts, giggling as she goes in for another nip.

“Stop it! Fuck, Ruby, that hurts.” Dean’s fending off the Cujo in pigtails when Sarah walks into the room.

Sarah Winchester is brilliant, beautiful, and a beta. Sam thinks she hung the moon, but Mary would have preferred an omega for her alpha son. Dean, of course, being useless. His sister-in-law bats Ruby away. “Don’t cuss in front of the children, Dean.”

“Keep them from leaving marks, Sarah.” Dean gives her a sassy wink, then he can’t miss when his scent hits her nose.

There is no doubt it's strong if Sarah caught it that fast, “So Dean, who’s the new boyfriend?”

“Let’s hold off on the twenty questions until all interested parties are accounted for; I don’t want to do this multiple times.” Dean’s not even going to try avoiding the family grilling session, but doing it all at once would be at least slightly better. He’d also correct the "boyfriend" comment, but hell that’s just semantics.

The beta nods, holding off her youngest daughter’s advances, “I think little Miss here doesn’t want a claiming scent on her omega.”

“You realize that it's twisted and weird that Ruby is so possessive of me,” Dean quips, scooting farther from those sharp white incisors.

“Actually,” Sarah huffs, trying to get a tighter grip of Ruby, “I spoke with her pediatrician and it's very normal for a young, strong alpha to bond with a relative. A way of learning how to deal with their omega before mating comes into play.” She grins widely, “It means your special to her, Dean.”

“Thrilled,” he snipes as he heads to the kitchen. Alcohol is a definite requirement for tonight.

An hour later Mary materializes, and they all sit down for dinner. Ruby is in her high chair across the table but she keeps eyeing Dean like he’s dessert. It really is fucking creepy.

“Alright, Dean,” Sam announces, and Dean braces for the inquisition. “You might as well share all about the new alpha in your life since his scent is smothering our meal.”

Sam’s being playful but obviously is not going to back down about Castiel. With a deep exhale Dean begins, “His name is Castiel Novak, age 40, he is a portrait painter by trade but works at a gas station for health insurance and extra cash. We are in the pre-mating stage, and no, you can’t meet him, ever.”

Happy with his answer, Dean takes a bite of his bland chicken breast. The continuous burning sensation from his ass reminds him of their delicious playtime. Really, whatever is going on with Cas confuses him enough that attempting to define it for the peanut gallery is impossible. Castiel will disappear, eventually.

Leave it to Mom to bring out the big guns first. “Does he know about your …condition?”

“That there are no eggs in the hen house, yes, I told him on our first date. He has said on multiple
occasions that he is fine with it.” Dean’s still a little surprised that Cas has no problems with his infertility.

Mary taps her fork on her plate thoughtfully. “I wonder why he accepts your inability to bear children so easily. Have you asked about his shortcomings?”

“Mom, he’s a healthy alpha.” Dean has literally perused the medical files to prove it. He shrugs, tucking his head down. “He really likes me.”

“Aww,” Sarah coos, “I bet he’s really handsome.”

Dean can’t help the blush that develops over his cheeks, giving credence to the fact that yes, Dean finds the guy one hot piece of alpha banging ass. Sam clears his throat, because Dean’s aroma has thickened with warm thoughts of Cas. What the hell is wrong with him? They haven’t even known each other a week. If he believed in magic, Dean would swear he’s been whammied by a damn spell. He can’t seem to keep anything under control since meeting Cas.

“Will he come the next time you babysit?” Emma requests, and Dean finds it hard to deny her open and loving brown eyes. She is the only one who just wants to meet Cas because he makes Dean happy. “I promise to be real good.”

Of course Sam replies for him, “Maybe once we all have gotten to know him better, Emma.”

A wicked comeback is forming in Dean’s mind when baby teeth rip into his hand that was hanging by his side. “Jesus fucking Christ! Ruby stop biting me.”

“Dean,” Mary admonishes picking up the little alpha, “don’t curse, you might scare her.”

Glimpsing at Ruby shows Dean his mother is on crack because Ruby has a serious gleam in her eye. The only thing that mini alpha regrets is not breaking skin. Yet a few tears slip from those psychotic eyes when she realizes Dean’s angry.

“Come on, Chompers.” Ruby goes to him immediately, wrapping those little arms around his neck. “We’ll be in the backyard.”

The other adults hum their acknowledgement as Dean heads out to the swing set, grabbing their jackets on the way. Ruby’s not a bad kid; she simply hasn’t figured it all out. She and Dean have a lot in common. Sitting down on the swing designed specifically for heavy riders, Dean adjusts Ruby on his lap. A chill from the seat gives his ass a nice numbing feel. With a gentle sigh the two-year-old drops her head to his chest, tightening her grip to help keep her in place. Dean starts swinging, one hand on the chain and the other on Ruby’s back. The sun has just dipped behind the tree line, leaving the sky a dark pink with pops of yellow. Back and forth they sway, listening as cars drive by and children play a few doors down.

How could Cas give this up? Dean will never give birth nor does he have any interest in searching for a child through alternative methods. He’s made peace with his life. Okay, maybe peace is bullshit, but he definitely has accepted the limits of his body. Dean grins, placing a kiss to the monster’s brunette hair. Maybe agreeing to Cas’s conditions was selfish.

“Don’t blame Sam and Sarah. They worry that one day an alpha will take you away like last time.” Mary leans against the wooden post, genuine concern in her expression.

Dean can’t find the energy to stop the blunt reply, “Perhaps you should be honest about how Crowley found me.”
Her eyes narrow. “Don’t do that. I was a single mom working a crappy waitressing job who just found out she had cervical cancer. Crowley was an alpha looking for legal omegas. You didn’t have to leave for ten years without a trace.”

“Seriously? You thought giving me over to an alpha for claiming was fine, the only thing that was wrong with the situation was I didn’t write home about it.” Dean glances towards the heavens, trying to find the courage to face this crap. He’s not going to add that Crowley’s intentions had nothing to do with sex. The ten-year contract was to the agency, not the alpha himself.

“Hey,” she knocks his shoulder until his gaze returns to her, “arranged marriages for profit are legal, AND he didn’t claim you, did he? One day you will tell me where you were; I have the right to know!”

Dean inhales the baby powder scent of Ruby, noticing the nibble queen has fallen asleep. For five years he and his mother have danced around this topic. She is adamant that Sam never know she brokered the deal, stating that Sam shouldn’t lose respect for both members of his tiny family. However, Mary pushes whenever possible to get info on where Dean was hiding for all that time.

Doesn’t really matter though. Mary got her surgery and chemo, saving her life. Sam was offered free rides to college, medical school and a living stipend during residency. Dean did his part. All of this around him exists because of what he did.

“I was nineteen.” He would have taken Crowley’s offer regardless of the pressure his Mom provided, but having to play her game of secrets hurts.

Mary rolls her eyes, huffing roughly and taking Ruby, “Please, you were two weeks from your 20th birthday. That’s old enough to make your own decisions.”

“That day you chose one son over the other. Some people might find that cruel.” Dean stands, glaring at his mother.

The woman who raised him tuts at his accusation. “Don’t be such a drama queen.”

With the conversation over, his Mom trudges inside with the sleeping mini alpha. Dean’s wrung out from the evening so he ducks out through the side gate and climbs into the Impala without looking back. He learned that trick pretty early in life.

Having zero fucks to give, Dean zips dangerously through traffic as he makes his way home. The pain from his butt is a mere distant thought. Squealing tires on his baby typically make Dean cringe; he doesn’t hear a single squeak. It’s a good twenty-five minutes from door to door; tonight Dean accomplishes it in fifteen. He probably broke a dozen laws, but who cares. Abiding by the law has never been his forte.

Rage drills through Dean’s veins. There is so much wrong with his life, yet no one to blame but himself. Sure his Mom met Crowley at the diner and talked up her of-age omega son. Mary’s got a point; Dean signed the documents all on his own. What he did after the ink dried is all on him.

Stumbling into his home, the scent of Cas strikes him violently. His gaze lands on the black circles left on his wall. Those innocent circles taunt him. Dean’s not worthy of caresses and compassion. The alpha will learn soon enough that Dean’s only good for one thing: taking a beating.

That damn odor of snow and mint doesn't give him anything but more anger. He shouldn’t have given in to the alpha’s silly requests. Dean doesn’t deserve happiness. Good, righteous people like Sam, they have a right to a happy ending, not pathetic omegas with a blood trail slinking back a
decade.

Dean’s hands tremble while he takes off his jacket and undoes the plaid flannel, stripping the undershirt right after. If Castiel refuses to punish the omega, then he’ll just have to do it himself. The pompous jerk never put that in his precious contract. Dean may be a slave to his bizarre twisted benevolence when they scene, but tonight Castiel isn’t here. He rushes into the playroom, heading to the back closet where all the special toys hang clean and ready to play. Dean carefully chooses a brown leather 8 tail braided flogger with double knots at the end. The length is perfect for self-flogging and the extra-sized knots dig into Dean’s skin, leaving lovely bruises.

A small voice calls out that he should pause and call his Dom. Taking this extreme step could be seen as disobedience, but Dean hopes there will be retribution for his actions. Removing his boots and socks leaves Dean in a ratty old pair of jeans and nothing else. He kneels on the harsh concrete of the playroom; the stench of bleach from cleaning up after Fish is a nauseating addition.

His cellphone buzzes from his back pocket, reminding him of its location. Dean halts his tentative flings into the air of the flogger to check the caller. MOM flashes across the screen, reigniting the rage surging through his body. He tosses the iPhone to the side as he switches the leather’s path so it lands directly over his right shoulder blade.

Closing his eyes, Dean grunts when the braided strips snap into his flesh. Not allowing his body a chance to recuperate, he hits the left shoulder blade with even more power. The rhythm of each harsh delivery soothing the flames of anger and disappointment. He hits those two places again and again, never easing on the severity even after his own mouth begins screaming with each slash of the leather.

Tears of release pour from his eyes, streaming down his cheeks and falling to the cement below. Dean’s knees cry out with soreness. Swing to swing, he’s got no idea how long he’s been at it only the delicious agony sizzling over his flesh as the braided knots go deeper into his skin with each pass.

Penance for the deaths he has caused, for the faces that haunt his dreams. Those people deserve justice, and if Dean has to do it himself then by God he will knock himself into oblivion.

Eventually his wrist gives out and the flogger flies across the room, smacking against the St. Andrew’s Cross. Dean’s panting from exertion. His lungs are shrieking for more oxygen, but he can’t keep up with the demand. Crashing to the floor, Dean catches himself before his head cracks against the concrete. He’s dehydrated and Dean’s not stupid; he requires care for the self-inflicted wounds on his back.

Dragging his body over to where the phone lies takes more energy than Dean has, but he can’t pass out. There’s no major blood flow, but that doesn’t mean he won’t need some ointment and attention. God, this was stupid. There are only three people that he can call to help him.

Meg, will come without question. She will dutifully clean him up and put him to bed.

Kevin, will come without question. He will dutifully clean him up and put him to bed.

The third name that comes to his mind is the one he truly wants. Castiel, will come with questions and demands. The alpha will clean him up with caresses and tender care and not let him rest until Dean tells him why he did this without permission and without the presence of his Dom.

Omission is a lie. Dean will never lie to Cas.

Carefully Dean finds the alpha in his Favorites List. He smiles at the memory of placing the man
there for easy access. The name sits there beckoning to Dean; all he has to do is push, but his finger continues to hover over the screen.

The name goes blurry as Dean’s vision takes a turn for the dark side.

“Now or never numb nuts.” Dean grumbles into the floor.

He can’t remember what Cas’s plans were for the night. Maybe fate will play her evil game, denying the Dom's answer. However, Dean’s chest lightens as the familiar gravelly deep voice calls out into the shadowy room; the only light shines in from the bathroom.

“Dean, are you alright?” Cas’s tone is gentle.

This is it, Dean tosses everything onto the table, praying the alpha won’t let him slip into nothingness. “Help, Cas.”

Damn, his voice sounds rough, a pretty good representation of the rest of the omega.

“What’s going on, my Omega?” Shit, Cas uses his name; that throttles Dean over the edge as sobs begin to quake over him. The alpha must hear the crying as his voice goes deadly serious, “Where are you? Tell me now!”

“Home …I need you.”

Chapter End Notes

BDSM TAG: Masochism

Comments, Questions, and Concerns always encouraged with big hugs and kisses.

XOXOXO - Angie
Dean’s eyes refuse to open; his body luxuriating in warmth and comfort. He feels some sort of dressing on his back with newly applied oil to his ass. A well-loved quilt cocoons him. If he had to guess, Dean’s lying on an unfamiliar couch, and the aroma of fresh snow with hints of mint drench both. He’s battling the desire to burrow into the fabric and let Cas’s scent clear his dark thoughts. No, he can’t hide. Noises off to the left lead Dean to believe his alpha is watching, waiting to give him the next lesson.

With a great effort Dean gradually cracks his eyes open, taking in the space. He’s in a largish room with a huge sliding glass door. The lack of blinds or curtains allows the moonlight to pour in, splashing the white-tiled floor with a pale-blue glow. Cracks and stains gleam, showing the home’s age. Everything around him is clean but heavily weathered. A table sits in front of the glass door littered with an assortment of plastic cups and paintbrushes.

The alpha, hopefully still his alpha, works meticulously in front of a canvas that’s nearly as tall as him, painting strokes of blue similar to the moonlight before him. There are no other sources of light, which could be chilling if the sight wasn’t 100% breathtaking. Castiel Novak, the artist, hums while creating the picture only he sees in his mind. It’s too dark for Dean to make anything out other than shadows following the movement of Cas’s hands as they create beauty from nothing.

Words of apology, explanation or simply begging drift through Dean’s brain. He chucks out each one as not enough to convince the man to keep him. Fuck, he’s so screwed. Although, the fact that Cas didn’t leave him on the playroom floor is reassuring.

“Stop worrying, my Omega.” Cas never pauses his stroke work as he speaks straight to the canvas. “We have a lot to discuss, but I’m not going anywhere. It will take more than a night of self-flagellation to scare me away.”

“Are you a mind reader?” Dean’s more than a little freaked out here.

Soft chuckles blend into Cas’s reply, “No, it was an educated guess along with the smothering scent of concern flooding the room.”

“Okay, then.” Dean attempts to sit up but yelps as his back burns with rage.

Finally, Castiel turns to face him, drips of paint trickling down his flesh. The alpha is naked; Dean approves. “I put a numbing cream on your back but that was over an hour ago; perhaps we should re-apply.”

“Ya think?” Dean snaps. Shaking the attitude he adds, “Man Cas, what time is it?”

Castiel grabs a tube from the table of jars, coming to sit at Dean’s side. Lifting tenderly, the alpha pulls back the blanket and white medical dressing. The last part stings, forcing a hiss from Dean’s lips.
“Nearly midnight.” Steady fingers rub into his skin, taking the ache away. “I left a note for Meg so she won’t worry.”

“Tomorrow is Saturday; she won’t be in until Monday.” Dean hums as the ointment does its magic.

“The broken window might be seen by someone alerting her.” Cas’s hands massage his shoulders with a gentle touch. “No need to cause her stress.”

A few beats later what Cas says blossoms into an actual thought, “Wait! You broke a window in my house?”

“I needed entry, and everything was tightly locked. Perhaps, moving forward, you might give me a key.” Dean shivers at the thought. The alpha pushes deeper into his back. “Or I can break another window.”

“Okay, I’ll give you a key and the code. Thank God I forgot to turn on the alarm, or that would have been a very interesting discovery for the Dallas Police Department.” Dean closes his eyes, the cream doing wonders.

Silence lingers, then Castiel clears his throat, “Who is Crowley?”

The entirety of Dean’s back goes rigid at the name. Cas doesn’t miss a beat as he pauses his ministrations. Dean grumbles, “How do you know that name?”

“He’s called several times since you have been here. The phone was on silent, so I let it go to voicemail.” Cas taps Dean’s bicep. “Who is he?”

“Shit, there are a few cameras on my house. Crowley must have freaked when he saw you break in and basically haul my unconscious ass out. Surprised he hasn’t hunted this place down and sent a team in to investigate.” Dean grimaces as he pulls himself to sitting. “Can you grab my phone? I need to call him, and then I promise I will tell you.”

Glancing down at his iPhone, Dean notes that there are five missed calls from Crowley. He probably has Cas under surveillance and doesn’t see the alpha as an immediate threat. Dean hits send to call him.

The second the phone connects Crowley is yelling, “WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?”

“Crowley, take a chill pill. I’m fine.” Dean yanks the phone slightly away from his ear for safety.

“I DO NOT CHILL, DEAN!” Crowley huffs a bit, then his voice lowers to a more normal level. “I vetted Castiel Novak the second his name was submitted from Lucifer’s people. However, he did break into your home and kidnap you.”

“Seriously, you know me?” Dean notes Cas’s grouchy frown from his spot next to Dean.

Crowley’s teeth grinding brings his mind back to the phone, “Which is why I didn’t do anything, but the poor man has a team sitting on the road outside of his home. Also, might I suggest purchasing blinds.”

“Fuck you, Crowley, call them in. I’m safe, and for future reference Cas is on my green list.” Dean cringes because that’s a big step for a guy he’s known a few days.

The snarky reply of Crowley means he didn’t miss that either, “Well, well aren’t we—”
And END. Dean cuts Crowley off before the bastard can say something super embarrassing. Watching the moonbeams cascading through the shadows, Dean turns to look at his alpha, “Do you have blinds or something?”

“Yes, but it’s a lovely night and the backyard has a privacy fence.” Cas’s eyebrow quirks up.

“Trust me, not private enough.” Dean licks his lips, his eyes trailing behind Castiel while the man shuts the blinds on the sliding glass door and turns on a lamp. When the alpha returns to the couch, Dean puffs air through his pinched lips. “So Crowley?”

“Yes.” Castiel goes still, clearly waiting for Dean to make good on his promise.

Traversing this conversation will give Dean a better sense of this new alpha, so he jumps right in. “First, what I’m about to tell you must stay between us. There are rules, but a potential mate gets to circumvent a few of them.”

Castiel nods, his face stoic.

“Second, when it comes to Crowley and my past, I can’t reveal everything. It’s literally a matter of national security. Okay?”

“Not completely,” Cas’s forehead pinches with confusion. Damn he’s the cutest thing.

Taking a deep breath, Dean leaps without a net. “I am a retired CIA agent. When I was an active, Crowley recruited me and stayed on as my secondary handler. Now, that I’m gone he’s part of the team that keeps an eye on my whereabouts and the other retirees in the DFW area. Apparently, we flock here. I know tons that could be dangerous if it fell into unfriendly hands, so kidnapping is always a possibility.”

The alpha scratches at the heavy five o’clock shadow over his jaw. “Is Crowley an alpha?”

“Yes.” Dean’s not going to hide things that the agency could care less about him revealing.

“And he will be a permanent aspect of our lives?” Cas queries gently.

Heat from Dean’s groin spikes over the happy place when Castiel uses the word “our.” God, the man is taking this pre-mating seriously. “I could request another shadow team.” Dean shrugs. “Crowley has no interest in me romantically, and I trust him to do his job. He may be an ass of a human being, but that man will stick to his word.”

“No interest!” Cas appears offended at the idea. “You are a stunning, healthy omega.”

“Crowley prefers women even in the omega variety. Believe me I am so NOT what he is looking for in a potential sexual partner. Most women I’ve seen him with are betas or other alphas. He likes feisty women.” Dean smirks.

Castiel leans in, his lips hovering over Dean’s, “What an imbecile! Feisty strong omegas with big cocks is so much better.”

A wave of desire smacks Dean over the head. Their mouths are so close that it would require little effort to lean over and kiss those plump lips. Cas must have the same idea as his gaze bounces between Dean’s eyes and lips. Yet, this one line allows Dean to feel a sense of empowerment. He’s not going to relent so easily.

Although, that prompts a question. “Cas, can I ask a couple of things?”
“Of course, my Omega.” Castiel doesn’t move back but instead tilts farther into Dean so their noses ghost over each other.

The scent of Cas looms over Dean, making it difficult to focus, “My mom brought something up tonight at dinner. Why would you want to be with an infertile omega? Doesn’t the Way of the Wolf push procreation at any cost?”

Slowly Cas’s head slides down to the left. Dean trails behind him, mirroring the motion so their noses never part. “Perhaps, you are both looking at the situation from the wrong side. To me it’s less about accepting your inability to bear a child and more about getting to be your mate.” The alpha’s hand clasps around Dean’s chin stroking tenderly. “You feel it, don’t you? The profound bond building between us.”

“We’ve known each other a short time yet I feel like I’ve known you forever.” Dean speaks his confession softly.

“Exactly.” Castiel takes Dean’s hand in his, lifting his knuckles to the alpha’s lips for a chaste kiss. “The teachings of my childhood did believe that continuing the alpha legacy was of dire import. However, the Way of the Wolf would never block true mates uniting.”

“I’m not your true mate, Cas.” Dean’s heart breaks as the words hit the air. “You shouldn’t want me.”

“You are deceiving yourself, my Omega. Instead of saying ‘I don’t want you, Cas,’ you state that I shouldn’t want you. That’s not going to happen, Dean; I want you and so does my alpha.”

They glare at each other for several minutes until there is a scratching sound coming from down the dark hallway.

“Fish was sleeping with Gabriel. It sounds like he needs a pee break.” Castiel strolls down the short space to the last door, opening it just enough to let the pug free. The animal is yipping at the alpha’s ankles and practically shoving him towards the glass door. Pushing back the blinds, Cas lets the dog out and turns back to Dean.

“Gabriel is here? Aren’t you worried he will wake up and see me or something?” Dean’s not shy, but they are both naked in the fucking living room. That’s a pretty communal space.

Shutting the door, Cas leans against the glass, the blinds crackling under his weight. “My brother struggles with addiction and is licking his wounds from the proverbial gutter. He won’t wake until lunch time tomorrow.”

“What’s his poison of choice?” Dean has a chill from the night air, so he wraps himself back in the quilt.

“Anything readily available. Tonight I believe it was something of the stimulant variety. He was vibrating when he got home and didn’t stop until he crashed. I’ll need to call the rehab facility to see if they have room.” Cas sighs, the weight of the world on his shoulders.

The ache in his alpha’s gaze sends a desire to fix through Dean. “Does the rehab help?”

“Yes and no. Lucifer pays for it, which allows him to go when he requires it but also has created a revolving door of sorts. The doctors keep telling us that his usage is becoming more and more dangerous. Overdosing has become a concern.” Cas’s gaze suddenly lands on Dean, darkening with desire. “We still need to discuss your behavior tonight and a reward.”
Holy shit, that came out of left field. Dean could care less because yes, please, then his brain catches up to his libido. “Hold up there, Dom Delicious, what kind of reward? Pretty sure going rogue gets me on the naughty list.”

“True, I am not thrilled that you chose to mark your skin without permission, but what amazes me is that out of all the people you could have called to help you reached out to me.” Cas swaggers over to the couch his hips rocking side to side, “That deserves a treat for my Omega.”

Dean pauses, his mind caught in a loop. What kind of fucked up Dom rewards his Submissive for taking it upon themselves to beat themselves silly. Maybe this isn’t going to work. Cas wants someone he can coddle and one day love. Dean’s so not that omega.

Dean startles when his eyes catch just how close Castiel has come. “What’s your safeword, Dean?” Cas drags his fingers up Dean’s bare arms, goosebumps tracking the movement.

“Wait!” Dean raises his hand in a halting gesture, scooting away from the alpha. “How can this work?”

“It’s fairly simple, my Omega. You state your safeword and then we can begin.” Cas kneels, nipping at Dean’s thigh.

“Cas, think about it. You and I need very different things in our scenes.” Dean would ignore the elephant in the room except he can’t fall any harder for the alpha. The pain would be too great. He croaks out, “The reason I whipped myself was because you weren’t meeting those needs.”

Dean’s expecting an open discussion. Up until this point Cas has always been about negotiation and laying it all out on the table. Instead of a level-headed man, Dean gets a peek at Castiel’s alpha on the loose.

Those baby blues go darker, and his alpha growls low and deep. The rumble hits all of Dean’s arousal points as slick begins to moisten his entrance. “That’s not about what you need, Dean. My job as your Dom is to tell you what you need, not give in to your every whim.”

Cas stands, latching onto Dean’s thighs and lifting him too. That alpha strength gives Dean a raging boner. His alpha carries him over to the table and in one swoop of his arms sends the cups and brushes crashing onto the white tile floor. Colors of all sorts blend together, making a twisted rainbow goo. With a whoosh, Cas drops Dean on his back, and the omega howls. The explosion of agony across his flesh nearly knocks him unconscious.

“Safeword, my Omega?” Cas whispers into his ear.

There are so many sensations pummeling Dean he can barely hear the words. He doesn’t quite understand what’s going on, but that in no way means he wants it to stop. “Poughkeepsie!” he shouts.

The alpha bends down, searching for something among the littered cups and wet paint. When he returns to face Dean he has a scrap of fabric that’s soaking in paint. Dean thinks the original color was an indigo but now there is crimson, black, pink, and sunshine yellow.

“Hands above your head, Dean,” Castiel commands in that deep, sexy voice.

Scrambling to follow orders, Dean yelps when the movement causes another wave of pain. Cas ties his wrists together then lashes the cloth to a bolt on the bottom side of the table; isn’t that fucking convenient. At this angle Dean’s feet and toes can’t touch the floor, so all his weight is bearing down on the lash marks he made. The extra dose of ache crosses his wires, rushing desire, want, and
arousal over his skin as slick trickles from his hole. Cas disappears between Dean’s legs, pushing them upward.

“Son of a bitch!” Dean bellows as Castiel’s tongue twirls between his butt cheeks, eventually dipping between them. The alpha is eating Dean out like a starving man at a Chinese buffet. Dean’s sliding from pleasure to pain so often he’s seeing stars on the ceiling. A hand slithers up around Dean’s stomach and grasps his cock firmly. The omega’s eyes roll back in his head as Cas strokes his dick while tongue fucking his entrance with chaotic plunges.

Without warning it all halts as Castiel pops up into Dean’s view, his chin dripping with slick. “Stop! Don’t cum yet my Omega. On my cock, do you hear me? Only on my cock.”

Before Dean can give anything resembling a response Cas falls back into place, his tongue slipping in and out of Dean as his hand jacks Dean off with a speed that forces new screams from Dean’s throat. Dean grips the makeshift restraint, trying to get some form of leverage, only to be denied as Cas grips his hips, sliding them farther into his waiting mouth.

Tears are pouring down his face as Dean bites into his lip, attempting any method to stave off his orgasm. This is torturous, and the omega loves it. Dean is squawking and squealing with everything he has and totally shocked that Gabriel can sleep through this at all.

Finally, Castiel takes pity on his omega, rising to stand between Dean’s thighs and in one power thrust shoving his cock deep within Dean and riding him hard. That’s it! Game is fucking over for Dean Winchester the instant that dick was inside of his hole. A wickedly violent orgasm plows through Dean and he cums so hard jizz hits his chin.

Dean holds on for dear life as Cas finishes off, his knot locking them together. Castiel fumbles his way through untangling Dean’s hands and rubbing the marks left on his wrists.

Somewhere in the back of his brain Dean knows his back still hurts and the discomfort is awful. However, he ignores the pain as his hands tenderly drag up and down Cas’s spine; the gorgeous alpha panting into Dean’s chest as he lies over him on the table. The added pressure digs his open wounds deeper into wood.

“You have to …” Castiel starts, his words mumbled into Dean’s collarbone. He lifts his head to glare into Dean’s face. “You have to learn to trust in it, Dean, or this is doomed from the start.”

“Trust in what?” Dean’s life has been anti-trust for a while now.

The alpha places kisses across his sweaty chest. “Us.”

Chapter End Notes

BDSM Tags: Masochistic Play, Bondage, Orgasm Denial

Hello my lovelies!!

Questions, Comments and Concerns always welcomed.

XOXOXO - Angie
The steady sound of footfalls cuts through the gentle morning breeze. Sweat drenches his black sweatpants and matching hoodie. Dean keeps his breaths even and controlled, not letting the distance get to him. Kevin really is the runner, and he does this so his friend doesn’t have to give it up. Every Saturday since Kev moved back the two have jogged five miles through Dean’s neighborhood.

“You are awfully quiet,” Dean teases as he leads them away from an overturned garbage can.

A three-foot rope tied waist to waist tethers Kevin to Dean, allowing them to take on the Dallas roads. “I think I’m still in shock.”

Chuckling, Dean calls out, “Hard right on one; three, two, one.” They take the turn simultaneously. “You’ve picked me up in the morning for our runs before.”

“Correct, I have collected you from bars and your brother’s house. I have never, in fact, picked you up from an alpha sleepover.” His traitorous friend downright giggles.

“Shut up.” Dean tugs the rope a little tighter, throwing Kev off kilter.

The other omega stumbles for an instant, then picks up the pace. “Asshole.”

“Oh them are fighting words.” Dean focuses on the road ahead, assessing any obstacles.

“I can wipe the floor with you, Winchester.” Kevin taunts, then his tone takes a serious note. “I noticed you added a name to your green list.”

Dean rolls his eyes. “Why the hell are you checking out my listings?”

“Boredom.” Kevin shrugs, unconsciously checking his blackout goggles. After all this time he still gets nervous about jogging around kids, terrified of scaring them. “It’s interesting that Castiel Novak is only one of five people on the top tier. You just met him.”

“What can I say, the guy is an excellent …therapist?” Dean taunts. “Last stretch, three blocks from the house; do you want to sprint?”

“Hell yes,” Kevin yells as the two men take off full tilt down the road.

When they are within count for Dean’s driveway, “Last turn hard left on one; three, two, one.”

The two men fall to the ground in Dean’s yard, panting as they untie the safety rope.

“Do you think it’s moving too fast?” Dean mutters, falling to his side. His back has recovered some but the rough, dry winter grass is not helpful.
Crossing his legs, Kevin pauses, contemplating the query. “Honestly, that’s something I’ve been talking with Crowley about lately. He has concerns.”

“Well, this has got me curious. You two stay up at night gossiping over your nails.” Dean pulls a tuft of sod, regretting it immediately; that shit’s expensive.

Kevin reaches out, patting Dean’s shoulder, “You’ve never put anyone on your list outside of family and Meg. Thank God, agency people are automatic or you’d never hear from anyone. Crowley wanted my opinion on whether Castiel needed deeper vetting.” His friend taps on his chin thoughtfully, “but let me ask you this …do you think it’s moving superfast? Like could this alpha be a plant and preying on your need for …therapy.”

“When I’m with him I never want to leave, and I have to set up these stupid rules to keep even the littlest of boundaries because this can’t be real. No one this amazing should want me.” Dean’s not one to overshare, so the silence between them is deafening.

In a gentle, low voice Kevin suggests, “But you want him to.”

Dean’s throat constricts as he staves off an emotional outburst, “Castiel is gorgeous, smart, caring, artistic and the perfect Dom. What happens when he finds out about our real positions in the CIA? I can’t get my hopes up.”

“Personally,” Kevin tosses out, “I don’t think he will care. There aren’t many times these days that I wish I could see, but this is definitely in the top ten. In my mind when he looks at you, Dean, really sees you, he glows.”

“Dude, really?” Dean smacks the other omega over the head. “You get that off a fucking Hallmark card?”

“Way to ruin the moment, Dean,” Kevin huffs as the two men wrestle, nearly breaking an arm.

Glancing up, Dean asks, “Why doesn’t Ambriel sit inside while she waits?”

Lifting his head like he can see his driver, Kevin replies, “There is only one reason she’s not watching TV.”

“Meg,” both Dean and Kevin say in unison.

Helping Kevin to his feet and allowing his friend to take his elbow, Dean defends his assistant, “She’s not that bad.”

“I know how to kill people, and Meg scares me.”

They wander over to the black Volvo SUV, another eyesore Dean hates having in his driveway. “Anytime you want to upgrade, man, I will do it for free.”

Ambriel dashes around, opening the passenger side for Kevin. He hates riding in the back. Her deer caught in headlight eyes are giving Dean the creeps.

“I like my car, Dean,” Kevin replies, climbing into his seat. “Not to mention it annoys the shit out of you, so bonus.”

“Seriously you could have any car and you chose this mom mobile.” Although, Dean’s pretty sure a mini-van would be worse.
The tiny omega scurries around the car to the driver’s position, “Mr. Winchester, this is a very safe vehicle.”

“Well, take care of him or I’ll sic Meg on you.” Dean shuts the door as he hears the squeak of fear lurch from Ambriel’s throat.

Absolutely entertaining fucking with that kid.

Dean’s chugging a bottle of water in the kitchen when the sounds of kitten heels on the hardwood floors alerts him to Meg’s entrance.

“Oh my God, you smell terrible,” she coughs, taking a step back. “This might require two showers and a scent vacuum.”

“Why are you here, Meg? It’s a Saturday; shouldn’t you be sacrificing animals?” He chucks the bottle in the recycling, going back in the fridge for a second.

He can literally hear the smirk on her lips. “Nope, that’s not until six so I’ve got time. The Bentley owner is sending a couple betas to collect his finished car. So, I need to be here to make sure all the paperwork is in order since we didn’t hire the transfer team.”

“Dumbass, pays all this money for a sweet ride then goes cheap on the guys that will drive it to California.” Dean leans against the counter, deciding if the Bentley needs any finishing touches.

His assistant lingers, staring at him with intent. This is never good. “A little birdie told me that you should be dressed in casual clothes by 6:30.”

“Why does Cas text you this stuff? I am perfectly capable of putting on clothes for our date!” Dean scoffs, kicking the floor with his shoe.

“Honestly, I think he likes making sure you aren’t alone during the day.” She shrugs, grabbing a bag of chips from the pantry. “The one night he did … well let’s just say he worries.”

A part of him wants to rebel. He’s a grown-ass man who can take care of himself. Yet, another piece revels in the attention from his alpha. It’s not even sexual or scene related; Cas is simply looking out for him. The alpha cares. Jesus, the mere thought gives Dean a wicked shiver up his spine.

“And he chooses you to discuss these things with?” Dean’s heading back to the garage to give the Bentley a last once over, the click clack follows behind him.

Meg leans against the side of the car watching as Dean lifts the hood to peer inside. “Give the guy a break, Dean. You’re this massive brain puzzle that can be a little overwhelming to outsiders. Don’t get me wrong; the alpha is gone on you, but he needs an ally.”

Dean rattles his head about deciding if that should bother him. Cas and Meg working together could be disastrous; however, not a terrible idea. Once he’s happy with the final product of the 1987 Bentley Continental, Dean waves at Meg. She’s sitting on top of a tool box, her shoes kicked to the side. Her fingers are flying over her iPad, and the laser focus means she’s fighting with someone. Dean decides to leave her to it and hit the showers, today’s layer of dirt might take a few extra minutes. Also, Dean wants all the nether regions squeaky clean for Cas.

Using an electric razor, Dean cleans up his scruff, leaving just a nice dusting for tonight. He nearly jumps out of his skin when Meg appears at his shoulder, the razor taking flight. “Jesus! Meg, there is a reason I keep buying you those expensive heels.”
With cat-like reflexes, Meg catches the razor and hands it back. “You are very jumpy tonight.”

“Whatever. Did they pick up the car yet?” Dean snatches his deodorant, listening.

“Yes, ugh, he sent two alphas. Stinky and full of themselves, so I took my shoes off in case I needed to make a hasty exit.” Meg’s usually pretty confident around alphas so these two must have been extra douchey. “I took the padlock off the playroom and put a nice outfit together on your bed. Unless there is anything else, I’m out.”

Dean’s nodding his head along then raises his hand, “Why and how did you take the padlock off the playroom?”

She lifts the once usable padlock that now has been split in two by what appears to be the heavy duty metal cutters Dean spots in the doorway. “Another request by Cas. It was fun.”

Meg sprints from the room with a cackle. Chasing after her crosses his mind but he’s still in a towel; that just seems uncomfortable. His alpha did mention wanting to re-do the playroom. Dean ponders why the lock needed destroying for that, but whatever.

At 6:30 p.m. exactly, tapping at the door has Dean most definitely not rushing over to let in Castiel. Meg picked out a snug pair of dark jeans with a charcoal V-neck to be worn with his old leather jacket for the evening. Dean swears it screams asshole, but Cas’s face when his gaze drags down his body says otherwise. The Dom has a clean pair of jeans and a pale indigo button up. Letting his eyes traverse all that Cas has to offer, Dean decides he should always wear blue. He chuckles at the oversized trench coat, but the thing is growing on him.

Without a word Cas drags a spanking bench into the house. The man is strutting with purpose so Dean follows behind. Cas makes his way to the playroom, then brandishes a chargeable power drill and begins taking down the St. Andrew’s Cross.

Curiosity wins out. “Umm, Cas, what ya doing?”

“The Carrigans agreed to a trade. Your cross for their bench.” Cas goes back to his work, leaving the omega even more confused.

“Who the hell are the Carrigans, and why are we trading my handcrafted cross for a damn bench?” Dean isn’t yelling, but his voice may be intensifying a tad.

Castiel rises to his full height. The alpha is shorter than Dean, but shit, when he pulls out the Dom face he could parallel the Chrysler Building in size. “Edward and Madge Carrigan are another BDSM couple that live over in Fort Worth. They have hired me a few times to paint murals of their scenes. Last time I spoke with them, Edward mentioned the bench was getting too much for his knees. A cross would be an easy fix for them, so I suggested a barter. We also got a few extras in the deal that you will learn about later. Any questions?”

He can’t help it. Dean’s nose scrunches up, “Dude that bench has old people goo all over it.”

“I can assure you it will be properly sanitized along with brand new leather padding added once I repaint it to match the new colors.” Cas shrugs, his focus returning to the task. A shiny brass Master-Lock falls out of the alpha’s pocket, sputtering to the concrete.

Kneeling, Dean swoops it up. “What’s this for?”

“You have lost your free access to this room until further notice.” Cas swivels back to glare at Dean.
Okay, here it is the punishment for ripping up his back. Cas is barring Dean from all the toys in here. Glancing up, Dean notes that Cas has gone back to carefully tearing down the cross piece by piece so the old people won’t have too much trouble rebuilding it. Resigning himself to Castiel’s decorating whims, Dean goes to the garage to grab a few more tools to help in the process. The sooner this is done the sooner date night starts. He will not admit out loud his excitement.

Baby purrs beautifully as Dean speeds up to change lanes. The windows down and music blaring put Dean in his happy place. Adding to the amazing evening, Cas rides shotgun, his arm resting near Dean’s. They are winding their way over to White Rock Lake. At least that’s where Dean thinks Castiel’s directions are heading.

Man, his Dom should never sit anywhere but here in the Impala. The alpha and Dean’s beloved car were made for each other. Even the cloudy grey day can’t deter the sunshine from Cas’s face. A few turns later and Dean’s parking at the main entrance for the park.

Jumping from the car, Cas grabs the wicker picnic basket and plaid blanket. “Cas, it’s kind of cold out here.”

“That won’t be a problem, my Omega.” The command from his alpha makes Dean’s toes curl.

“Safeword please?”

“Poughkeepsie.”

Castiel assumes the lead, from behind Dean admires all the alpha’s attributes: thighs that are thick with muscle, an ass worth grabbing, and Jesus, shoulders so delicious Dean’s mouth waters. A hand reaches back, searching for the omega. He feels ridiculous at the thrill of seeing Castiel want him; clasping their hands together feels permanent. This unsettles Dean. However, his Dom tugs him to walk alongside, their intertwined fingers swinging between them. They pass families and other couples as they hike around the lake. Cas nods and smiles to each person. This is what dates do, they let the world see their partner. The alpha appears proud to have Dean with him. If only he knew the darker side of Dean’s past.

Eventually they reach a thick section of pine trees as Dean is led between them to an enclosed clearing. Those on the path would never suspect anyone to be hiding in the brush. Cas spreads out the quilt, lounging across it with the basket to his left side. “Now, Dean, I want you to sit on my lap.”

“Yes, sir,” Dean replies as he straddles those American thighs.

Grabbing Dean’s ass, Cas tugs him closer. They are now crotch to crotch and chest to chest. Quietly his Dom pulls the strap from his trench coat, twisting it in his fingers. “Hands behind MY back, Dean.”

His throat goes so dry Dean can only bounce his head in response. Castiel’s mouth hovers near Dean’s, but the alpha never breaks the soft limit. God, the idea crosses Dean’s mind. Gently Cas binds Dean’s wrists with the trench coat strap behind his own back, basically lashing the omega to him. Dean’s arms are under the trench coat, tucking him in tight. Cas was correct; tied together like this the coldness evaporates.

“I’m going to feed you, my Omega, but only using my mouth.” Cas’s eyebrow cocks up, sending blood to Dean’s dick.

Suddenly the logistics of this don’t make sense to Dean. “Cas, you can’t kiss me. No lips on my mouth; how in the hell are you planning to feed me?”
“You are going to have to trust me, Dean.” Cas halts, allowing Dean to make his choice.

After a beat Dean nods, and Cas places a baby carrot between his teeth, bringing it to Dean’s lips. Normally, he would balk at eating veggies, but shit, sexy vegetables he can do. The slim carrot slides into his mouth, and Dean’s chewing as Cas feeds himself one too. Grapes are next. They are slippery and there are a few near misses, but still they are able to pass the fruit between them without truly touching.

The main course is mini pigs in a blanket. Dean can’t help but laugh, “Oh God, Cas, how did you know I love these?”

“Honestly, I was going more for a protein that wasn’t messy,” Cas comments, then tilts forward, permitting Dean to roll his lips over the other side.

On a side note, Dean’s dick betrays him as it thickens with a different kind of hunger. Every movement from Cas, whether he’s twisting to reach more food or pressing forward to feed Dean, their cocks grind against one another. The position leaves no room for Dean to hide. Although, Cas appears to be in a similar predicament.

As Cas passes another mini wiener to Dean, the omega can’t help but thrust his hips upward into Castiel’s groin. The friction builds quietly, and this time the sensation overwhelms him, pushing Dean to groan. Dean lets it envelop him. A tingling dusts over his flesh while the urge to kiss his alpha grows stronger. How in the hell does Cas keep his shit together?

Letting his eyes fall shut, Dean ignores the food as his hips rock back and forth; he’s panting into Castiel’s neck. Strong hands latch onto his hips, stalling their momentum. “No, no, my Omega, not yet. First, we must have dessert.”

“Is it pie?” Dean’s gaze is hopeful as he battles his body’s request to continue moving.

“Yes, a warm cherry pie baked fresh by me.” Castiel pulls out the little Tupperware container that has a single slice inside. “Gabriel is the true baker, but he didn’t have it in him today. However, you have to pick, my Omega, pie or orgasm?”

There is a sadness that blankets his alpha’s face at the mention of Gabriel. His brother must still be struggling with his addiction. Dean wants to help. Also, those are terrible choices; Dean would rather be whipped than decide.

Dean’s concentrating on which would hurt less in the long run when Castiel bursts out into laughter. The cheerful smile on his alpha’s lips can only be described as radiant. Cas swallows his outburst. “Dear God, Dean, that pouty lip of yours is sinful.”

“I do not pout.” Dean answers although he can’t deny his lower lip goes out farther. “This is torture, Cas!” He shouts adding a scream after for emphasis.

Dragging his thumb over Dean’s deceitful lip, Cas grins, “Masoichistic play doesn’t always have to be about physical harm.”

“That’s just low, man.” Dean murmurs as he sucks Cas’s thumb into his mouth. The alpha’s eyes go wide while a faint growl erupts from his throat. Oh, Cas craves Dean’s mouth. Swirling his tongue around the digit then sucking it playfully rips another moan from his alpha.

Shit! Fuck the pie; Dean can buy one tomorrow. There is only one thing he wants right now and that’s to make his alpha cum in his pants like a teenager. Dean grunts slamming their hips together. Cas jumps onboard in seconds, snatching Dean’s waist with his free hand and guiding their crotches
for maximum friction. They are both grinding against the other with blinding speed. This fucking better be worth it. At no point does Dean release Cas’s thumb, licking and slurping, never letting his gaze leave Castiel’s. The alpha’s eyes are locked on Dean, and those baby blues are darkening with desire.

His alpha tips forward, his voice whiskey strained and gorgeous. “Cum for me, my Omega.”

Dean never saw the finish line; his orgasm smacks into him violently, and he lets everything go. A few moments later the omega’s brain comes back online as he finds himself lapping at his rusty flavored obsession. He bit Cas. Eyelids fly open with horror at what he’s done. He can’t help but swallow the blood because damn, his alpha tastes extraordinary.

He’s expecting anger. Omegas may have no claim in their bite, but alphas detest being marked. PERIOD.

Instead of rage, Dean finds lust looking back at him. Castiel shines a wicked smirk at him, “No need to claim, my Omega, I’m already yours.”

Chapter End Notes

BDSM TAGS: Bondage, Orgasm Denial

Comments, Questions, and Concerns are always a delight.

XOXOXO - Angie
I can feel you flowing in me

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The scent of home surrounds Dean as he dozes on the couch, the Dallas Cowboys game he DVRd last week playing on the TV. A lazy Saturday is just what Dean needs. He and Cas had a delicious scene last night involving a hug for every smack of the flogger. Compromise might be annoying; however, in the end they each get something out of it. Cas went for his thighs. Today they have a wonderful ache, brightening Dean’s mood.

Two and a half weeks and the Dom hasn’t bailed yet. Every morning Dean wakes bracing for the inevitable, and each night he thanks the universe for another night with Castiel. A loud bang from the playroom startles Dean. Cas is hard at work re-doing the space. The control freak won’t let Dean even catch a peek into what the alpha is doing. Honestly, Dean doesn’t care. His alpha could paint it pink with a circus clown hanging from the ceiling and Dean wouldn’t flinch. That room has one purpose for him; what it looks like has no effect on the games that will be played.

Dean’s napping buddy snuggles in deeper with an outrageously booming snore. Lucifer is wining and dining some new clients all day, so Fish showed up this morning with a steaming welcome deuce on Dean’s front stoop. Cas cleaned it up, apologizing. Dean laughed himself silly and went on his morning run with Kevin. The other omega was put out by the stench that clings to ya for several hours.

With a tight grimace, Dean chokes, trying to find fresh air. He pops up, shoving the offensive creature to the floor. “Damn it, Fish!”

Fish just gives Dean that adorable head tilt, and the two are off to the kitchen to scrounge up food to share. The do’s and don’ts of Pug Care is taped to the fridge. Dean double checks, but score, Fish can in fact have an apple but nothing of the core. “No worries, little dude, the core is crap anyway.”

Animal and its human are settling back onto the couch, snack in hand, when Dean’s phone rings. Sam’s name flashes with the rings. Grabbing his phone off the side of the couch, Dean answers, “Yes, I am coming for dinner tomorrow.”

“Glad to hear it, but that’s not why I called, Dean.” Sam has his serious doctor voice on so it must be important. “Sarah went down to Austin for the weekend. The Harry Ransom Center got a few new pieces that need to be appraised and insured before they can be shown to the public.”

“Okay, yay for her.” Dean’s perplexed by why he needs to know where Sarah is this weekend.

“I just got paged from the hospital. One of my patients has taken a turn for the worse, so I need you to watch the girls for a few hours,” Sam commands, because there wasn’t a touch of question in there.

Dean tosses Fish a chunk of apple. “Here’s the thing, Cas is over for the day, and I’m not changing that.”
Silence. Sam must be desperate. Not a single push to get his way or a click as his brother goes on to the next possible babysitter candidate.

“You guys are dressed, right?” Sam asks tentatively.

Jesus, like he and Cas spend every God damn minute together naked. Now that the idea has crossed his mind they should definitely partake in a naked weekend, but he digresses. “Actually, Cas is painting my spare room, and I’m sitting on the couch with Fish watching football. Clothed.”

“Why are you watching football with a fish?” Sam’s clearly dying to figure this one out but decides to let it go. “Never mind, we will be there in thirty minutes. Thanks.” The line goes dead.

Dean tosses his phone to the coffee table, glancing down at the pug next to him. “Well, big guy, how do you feel about children?”

“I love them.” Dean nearly rockets out of his seat before he notices Cas standing in the kitchen by the sink. “Not sure about Fish though. Why do you ask?”

Crossing over to stand next to his alpha, Dean explains, “Short version, Sam has to go into work, and we got picked to babysit. They will be here in about thirty so flee now if that’s necessary.”

A grin builds on Cas’s face, “Oh, I’m not going anywhere. I get to meet Sam and the nieces. This should be delightful.”

“Delightful? Not sure that’s the word I would use.” Dean sighs now that his fate’s been sealed. Sam is going to meet Castiel. “Hey, so my brother means well but if he says something kind of rude, I’m sorry.”

A hand pulls Dean’s face up to look into those blue beauties. “Dean, your brother can tell me to fuck off, and I’m not going to care. There is only one Winchester’s opinion that matters to me, and I’m looking right at him. So, unless you tell me different I’m here with you. Got it?”

“Damn, Cas, why you always got to be all perfect and shit?” Dean playfully shoves the alpha off of him. He both hates and loves it when Cas makes him feel special. Jesus.

“I’m going to clean up the playroom and make sure it’s locked up before prying eyes arrive.” Cas gives Dean’s ass a swat as he strolls out of the kitchen. Dean can’t help but laugh.

No doorbell rings, no knocks, just two nieces storming the doors have poor Fish in a panic. Castiel has mentioned several times that Fish has anxiety issues; Dean’s never witnessed it until now. The dog starts whining and running in circles; he’s moving so quickly Dean’s looking to see if his tail is actually on fire.

“Uncle Dean!” Emma shouts over Fish’s commotion.

Ruby immediately starts chasing Fish, yelping on a loop, “Dog, dog, dog!”

“What the hell, Dean? When did you get a dog?” Sam shouts, his arms overloaded with bags.

“I thought you said a few hours.” Dean grabs the backpacks, placing them on the couch. “You are planning to return right?”

“Yes! I’m not entirely sure if I’ll be back before they need to go down for bed, so I brought that stuff, and then Ruby needs toys or she’ll get into trouble. And well then Emma didn’t want to be left out.”
Dean raises his hand, “Stop! I was good with get ready for bed.”

Suddenly Castiel materializes next to Dean, putting a hand out for Sam, “Nice to meet you, Sam; I’m Castiel Novak, your brother’s alpha.”

Every muscle in Dean’s body freezes. Holy shit! Cas did not just say that out loud. It’s one thing for his scent to be all over the house and Dean, but to flat out assert himself to Dean’s legal alpha. Craptastic! The two alphas shake hands slowly, their gazes locked in a battle of wills. Neither Cas nor Sam are releasing, and the way their biceps are bulging both men are squeezing harshly. Dean rolls his eyes. Out of all the times for these two to have their pissing contest over the barren omega, now is not it.

“Hey, pigheaded assholes, I’m a grown adult,” Dean spits out low enough that the girls don’t hear but the dueling alphas can’t miss.

Cas replies through grinding teeth, “Exactly …my Omega.”

“I think you may be missing a few steps, Castiel. Dean’s neck looks smooth and clean from here,” Sam counters coldly.

“Sam, since I’m sure its been a few years, let me remind you about the pre-mating process. My scent lingers on Dean, which for all intents and purposes makes him my Omega. Until the time comes for a permanent mark.” Cas flashes his killer smirk, which gets Dean’s lower half interested. Jesus this should not be sexy; there are children present. His inner omega has other plans.

His younger brother’s arm flexes, “You can dump as much of your scent on Dean that you want, yet the courts will side with me.”

That’s enough. Dean’s completely done with the alpha posturing. “Sam, why the hell do you care? Cas is an excellent alpha, and I’m damn lucky he gives me the time of day. Is there a reason you want to fuck it up?”

“I need to make sure he’s not another Roman.” Sam’s eyes flash with genuine concern. “It’s my job to make sure that kind of damage isn’t inflicted again.”

“You know the name of the alpha that left those atrocious marks on Dean’s back?” Cas releases Sam’s hand, but the intensity of his stare remains.

“Yes, the bastard’s name is Dick Roman. Why?” Sam remains defensive, but Cas’s question has changed the game.

Cas nods, mouthing the name to himself. “I need to pay the man a visit. Teach him proper manners.”

Sam fucking smiles. “Would you like backup?”

No, no, no, this is bad, as in a set your hair on fire and stare at the pool terrible idea. Out of all the things these two alpha buttheads decide to bond over, pouncing on Dick Roman is a horrendous choice. These clowns will hurt themselves.

“You two have got to be joking!” Dean exclaims.

Hazel and blue gazes swing towards him in unison as Cas and Sam reply, “No, we are not.”

All of a sudden these guys are now buddy-buddy as Cas walks Sam to the door. “We’ll have coffee
next week and work out a plan,” Sam suggests.

Cas bounces his head, and Dean can only stand in shock as chaos continues to erupt around him. Dean’s not even thinking about the running kids, barking dog and what is most likely urine on the floor. Could be Fish, but now Ruby is naked for some God damn reason?

“Why are you naked?” Dean snatches Ruby, holding her out for fear of further leakage.

“Doggie no clothes.” Ruby points to Fish with pride. Emma is still chasing Fish, and yep, went right through the suspicious liquid, soaking her socks.

A boisterous laugh booms over the open space. Fish and Emma go motionless as Dean and Ruby swivel their heads to spot the location of the noise. Castiel bends over in full-body laughter. “I leave you for two seconds and the house has exploded.”

Ruby growls at the new alpha, biting Dean’s hand, pee dripping down her thighs. Well at least it wasn’t Fish this time. “Ruby! Don’t bite me.”

“She has excellent taste in omegas. However, Ruby, a good alpha asks before we bite.” Castiel remarks as he lets Fish outside. “Emma, let’s go have a tubbie.”

Dean’s bewildered as he waddles behind Cas to the bathroom, Ruby swinging in the breeze. “How can you have an alpha stare-down over semantics with Sam but are fine with Ruby actually biting me?”

“It’s an important part of alpha development. They need an omega to practice with when they are young and can’t do any harm. It is also a perfect time to teach manners and consent.” Cas grins, turning on the faucet for Dean’s oversized garden tub. He doesn’t use it very often, but with the alpha around he’s starting to get ideas.

“I think Sam is missing the manners part of the developmental stage,” Dean counters.

Ruby slides in, giggling as she splashes Cas in the face. Dean finishes stripping down Emma, then lets her climb in. “Did you have a special omega when you were a kid?”

They focus on washing the girls for a while, but then Cas makes little paper boats to float and that distracts the Winchester princesses. “Yes, I’ll never forget my first omega. His name was Samandriel, and he was Gabriel’s birth omega. He smelled like pine trees.”

The sorrow rolls off Castiel in waves, giving Dean’s stomach a serious flip flop. He doesn’t appreciate watching his alpha hurt. Gut decisions were always his way. Without a further thought, Dean tilts over and kisses Cas tenderly on the cheek. He allows his lips to linger. The tiniest of whimpers drifts from Cas’s mouth, but the alpha doesn’t move, probably fearing he will spook Dean.

Nope, it’s Ruby that breaks the spell as she splashes them both, yelling, “My Omega! No kiss.” The toddler grabs his arm, and Dean’s prepping for another chomp of his skin. Instead Ruby plants her own kiss to his elbow, whispering, “My Dean.”

The older alpha leans into Ruby’s space, his face dripping with bubbles and his hair a disarray. “Yes, we give kisses to our omega and always ask before we bite. How about we share him?”

His darling niece scrunches her face up as she contemplates the offer from Castiel. Even Emma remains silent, curious as to how her usually explosive sister will respond. Ruby nods, “Okay.”

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Dean wanders into the kitchen after tucking the girls into bed. He pauses, admiring the view of his alpha washing the dirty dishes from dinner. Dean made spaghetti. Unfortunately, that meant a second bath for Ruby, but hell, they had a blast. Castiel is placing the final plate into the dishwasher when it hits Dean. If Cas stays with him as a mate, the alpha won’t have evenings like these. The thought slashes Dean in the heart.

The wound gets bigger as Cas smiles. “This was fun tonight. We should have them over more often.”

“You realize you won’t get this apple pie life with me,” Dean croaks.

Lowering his head to the left, Cas squints as if Dean’s last comment were some sort of puzzle. “I am aware that biological children will not be in our future. That doesn’t mean this is impossible.”

“Cas wake up!” Dean hisses, swinging his hands wildly. “If you make the terrible decision to mate me, you will never be a father.” Tears are threatening at the edge of Dean’s eyes. “No child, biological or adopted, should be stuck with a nut job like me for a dad.”

“I disagree,” Castiel asserts calmly.

The alpha strolls into the den, sitting down on the couch. Dean doesn’t have it in him to sit and be coddled by Cas; no, they need to duke this out. He must make the alpha realize that Dean’s too damaged, entirely too twisted, for the gift of children.

“Cas, you don’t understand. I’ve done some pretty fucked-up shit in my day. Having kids is for healthy, adjusted people like Sam and you, not me.” He’s vibrating with nervous energy as he bounces back and forth in front of the sofa. The tears gradually fall down his cheeks. “I’m evil, Cas. You don’t want to punish me like you should; we can work that out, but raising little humans won’t happen. The wickedness inside of me could harm them.”

Gesturing back towards the bedrooms, Cas challenges, “Ruby and Emma love you. Their lives are enriched because you are in it just as is mine. I don’t believe, nor will you ever convince me, that you are evil Dean. That is a hypothesis I refuse to accept.”

His hands fly into the air as Dean squeals, “Hypothesis? We aren’t guessing which type of soda will make the Mentos explosion bigger. Cas, I’ve done terrible things that you can’t even imagine. That is a fucking fact!”

Suddenly Cas is on his feet, his face shoved into Dean’s and the scent of fresh fallen snow with mint slapping Dean across the senses. The alpha’s fingers snatch Dean’s shirt, yanking him even closer until they stand nose to nose. “Quit hiding, Dean. One would think an ex-CIA agent wouldn’t cower behind the safety blanket of national security secrets.”

“I’m not. Trust me, Castiel Novak, you really don’t want to know this shit. Once you know you will never look at me the same way again.” Dean’s shaking so harshly his teeth are chattering. “I don’t want to lose you.”

There, he said it. Castiel will surely grasp how important it is that Dean’s violent past remain just that, locked away in the past.

Castiel tosses Dean against the wall with the black circles caging the omega in tight. “Tell me, Dean.”

The low, gravelly voice that gives the command sends an electric current through Dean’s entire body. Between the scent and the alpha voice, Dean’s not sure he can hold out any longer. What in
the hell is wrong with him? He’s never felt like this before. Dean’s trained by the best to elude and deceive alphas, yet boring his gaze into the sea of blue, something in him breaks. He can almost hear the shattering of his resolve with each word he speaks.

“For ten years I was the lead man for a black ops CIA wet team.” The world is spinning, but Dean can’t stop the outpouring of information now that he’s started. “I alone went in, while my team kept guard, and murdered hundreds of people. Then once my superiors got wind of my true talent, I was tasked with getting intel from the targets by any means necessary before their death.” Taking a moment to inhale, Dean wipes the moisture from his face. “I tortured and killed people, Cas. You see this house, my body shop in the back, all of it was paid with by blood.”

“This is why you seek penance,” Castiel contends. “Your blood given freely in retribution for the blood you took.”

Dean attempts to shake off Cas’s grip, but no such luck. The alpha’s hands don’t move an inch as he seems to move even closer to Dean, patiently waiting for an answer. “Cas, that’s barely the point. You don’t want to be saddled with an evil creature like me, much less an innocent child. I’m nothing.”

“Fuck you, Dean Winchester, and your insufferable hard limit.” Dean’s totally confused as Cas continues, “This is a moment when you deserve a deep, long, mouthwatering kiss that you will feel for days. You are NOT nothing. You, Dean assbutt Winchester, are my Omega.” There is a smirk building on the alpha’s lips that Dean has the odd urge to kiss off. “Can I ask you a few questions about your time with the CIA?”

“Might as well, cat is completely out of the bag now,” Dean huffs, trying and failing to regain his composure.

“Were you given a choice?” Cas’s query seems simple, although Dean can feel the landmines all around him.

Chewing on his lip, Dean takes a moment then responds honestly, “Crowley gave me a moment to opt out before I signed the contract, so yes. I took the deal with open eyes.”

“No, Dean, was it really a choice?” The alpha goes silent while his eyes beseech Dean to think about the answer.

A tiny light bulb suddenly blares into existence as Castiel’s true question takes root in Dean’s mind. “I could go home and my family gets nothing, or I could sign the contract and for ten years my family gets everything they need and want. Cas, my mom had cancer and no insurance. Sam was smart; he needed a chance at college, medical school and beyond. I had to do it.”

Castiel nods. “If you ever broke the deal what would have happened?”

“Sam and my mom would get nothing, and I would have to pay it all back. It’s what kept me going in the beginning, but Cas, you need to hear me.” Dean cups the alpha’s jaw, squeezing.

“I’m listening,” his gorgeous alpha replies.

“By the end, I liked it.”

Chapter End Notes
Huge, Massive, Beyond compare HUGS for ALL!

XOXOXO - Angie
Awaken in the dark with me

Silence. Castiel’s face shows no emotion, absolutely no hint as to what the alpha is thinking. Dean remains pinned to the wall, afraid to even breathe. Those last few words are ringing between them. No going back now. He’s never admitted to himself, much less out loud, that he liked his job at the CIA. Fear trickles down Dean’s spine, ripping a shiver from his body. Dean wishes he could make himself small, perhaps hide from the alpha’s severe gaze. It amazes him how those eyes can bring Dean warmth, desire, yet also chill him to the bone. His world lies in those blue eyes.

“I don’t care,” Cas claims.

Dean can’t help the chuckle. “Are you crazy? Did you not hear me? I enjoyed torturing people.”

The alpha slides his nose over Dean’s jaw, muttering, “I’m not deaf nor am I insane, Dean. Selecting a mate isn’t like shopping for a car. You can’t pick and choose what options work for you and which should be thrown out. No, if you want someone you have to take the whole package.”

Cas drops his mouth down to Dean’s clavicle, planting an open-mouth kiss. “I choose you, Dean: the good, the bad, and the spectacular.”

“That’s not how the quote goes Cas,” Dean sasses his alpha.

“Sorry, but there is nothing ugly about you, my Omega.” Castiel stares so intently he looks directly into Dean’s soul. “What do you need?”

That’s the straw breaking Dean’s control as he falls to the floor in sobs, “I need to hurt. You’ve been too kind; it makes the ache inside worse, Cas.”

His alpha doesn’t miss a beat, dropping to his knee, his arms tugging Dean into his embrace. “Once Sam picks up the girls and my brother collects Fish we will play.”

The knock at the door lightens the mood as both men stroll over to the front entrance. Sam is on the other side; the alpha’s hair is a mess and his overall appearance seems haggard. With a tight grin he supplies, “Not the best of days. Are the girls sleeping?”

“Yes,” Dean answers, shutting the door behind his brother. “Have you eaten? We have leftover spaghetti.”

Rubbing his hollow eyes, Sam sighs, “Yeah, some food would be great.”

Cas sits down with Sam at the table as Dean prepares a plate. Sam teases, “Is that your black van out front, Castiel?”

The older alpha nods. “Dean loves to mock it; nevertheless, it’s great for transporting large canvases and equipment.”
“I call it his Stalker Ride,” Dean adds, placing a warm plate of spaghetti in front of both alphas. Giving Cas a wink, he says, “You’ll need your energy for later.”

“Eww, can you two not while I’m trying to eat?” Sam whines, yet it’s only half-hearted.

A pleasant calm falls over the table. Sam digs in, clearly having not eaten all day. Dean’s just about to suggest a round of poker or maybe some TV when his younger brother speaks up, “So, Castiel, next week is a big holiday; do you have any plans for Christmas Eve?”

“Can’t say that I do, Sam. My family will get together for lunch on Christmas Day, so my Eve is open. Why?” Cas shines a grin in Dean’s direction; of course the alpha would have Christmas Eve free.

“Well, I was talking with Sarah earlier, and we would love it if you came to dinner at our house with Dean. Say, six o’clock?” Sam casually asks.

Leaning in to get their attention, Dean insists, “Cas, what about Gabriel? You don’t want to leave him alone?”

Of fucking course Sam interjects, “You could bring him along; one more wouldn’t be a bother. My wife loves a full table at the holidays.”

Actually, Dean’s not entirely sure he’s okay with this invite for his alpha. Meeting Sam is one thing. Castiel will be forced to meet Mary Winchester. The alpha is now well aware the role she played in Dean’s decision to join the CIA. Shit, this could be a problem. Dean’s winding up to throw a fit until Cas decides against joining them for dinner. His fingers are beginning to curl inward to slice into the flesh of his palm when Cas’s hand reaches out, taking Dean’s. Fucker knew what he was doing all along.

“I would love to accept your invitation and will extend one to Gabriel as well. In fact, let me bake a pie for the meal.” Cas winks.

Dean’s nodding with anticipation of warm homemade pie. “Oh yes, Sam, let him bake a pie.”

An hour later, Dean closes the door behind Lucifer as he leaves with Fish. Dean listens and hears silent bliss. It’s nearly midnight, but everyone has departed, leaving Dean in Cas’s capable hands. Where is the alpha? Dean walks around calling out, “Hey, Cas. Everyone is gone, and you said we could play.”

His alpha pops out of Dean’s bedroom slamming the door giving the omega a start. Cas holds up a red silk blindfold, “I have our scene set up in the bedroom; however, you have to strip and put this on before you can go inside.”

“Yes, sir.” Excitement pounds through Dean’s veins at the unknown.

“Alright, my Omega, what is your safeword?” Cas questions as he ties the blindfold over Dean’s eyes.

Once the last piece of his clothing hits the floor, Dean exhales, “Poughkeepsie.”

“My handsome Omega, take my hand.” Castiel laces their fingers together, leading Dean into his bedroom.

Walking into the unknown gives Dean a natural high. Cas might do terrible, delicious things to him, which would be amazing. The scent of his alpha floats over and through him. Another mysterious
odor flits over his senses; Dean would hazard to guess a flame of some kind.

“Dean, I want you to lie down on your stomach.” The omega follows the order, climbing onto the plastic-covered mattress; his silk sheet gone.

Castiel straps Dean’s ankles and wrists to the four corners, stretching Dean out as if he’s about to be drawn and quartered. The mere thought is arousing. His bindings are strong with no give in the material. He won’t be able to go anywhere when things start, which is exactly how Dean wants it. He can sense Cas hovering over him on all fours. The alpha takes his tongue, dragging it down Dean’s spine. Biting his lip till it bleeds, Dean groans with pleasure. Castiel moans in reply as he continues painting Dean’s back with licks and kisses.

“Cas, you promised!” Dean hisses, his hands battling the bonds. “I neeee—”

The omega doesn’t finish his sentence as a burning hot liquid splashes over his right shoulder. Shock throttles through his nervous system. He never suspected. Castiel doesn’t even give him time to recover; a moment later another spatter of burning liquid hits the other shoulder. With the scent of flames in the room, Dean’s sure his alpha is using melted wax to decorate his back.

Suddenly Castiel moves off of Dean’s frame as another sprinkle of wax lands on his butt cheek. Dean shouts, “YES!” There is movement around the bed; nevertheless, Dean’s attention remains on the glorious burn of the wax. Another spill drips over his ass, a large dollop covering his hole. Dean’s screaming with relief at this point. Jesus Christ, this is what he yearns for, to feel his skin on fire.

The wax cools on his flesh as Dean hopes. He is desperate for another dose of the burning sensation. A few minutes pass and nothing. Dean despises being left with only his thoughts during a scene; it opens doors to extremely dark corners of his mind. Frantically, he thrashes against the bindings, praying that it will spur some reaction from his Dom. He should have known better.

A voice that sounds a few feet away fills the quiet, “You are truly stunning, my Omega.”

Dean growls in response. He doesn’t want nice words; he covets the ache again. “Hit me again, Sir.”

“No, my Omega, we have talked about this at length. I decide what you require; what you want is irrelevant.” Cas’s voice inches closer to Dean as he speaks. “The pendulum has to swing the other way.”

In the few moments it takes for Dean’s brain to comprehend Cas’s words, the bed dips and the Dom hovers over him. Dean desires pain. This yin yang crap is for those who choose this lifestyle for fun. Dean’s in it for the justice. A heavy weight settles over Dean’s body, practically every inch is covered skin to skin. What the hell?

Turning his head to the side, Dean sniffs. The scent is definitely Cas on him, but that spicy oil odor is heavier. Dean can taste it crawling down his mouth. Hastily, Cas slides his body up and down Dean’s own. The movement is slick as his flesh warms under Castiel’s ministrations. Shit, his Dom has covered himself in oil, fucking warming oil, and is now using his own skin to rub it all over Dean.

“Cas, what the fuck are you doing?” Dean spits out, but there is no venom in it.

The alpha ignores Dean as he continues to slip and slide up and down the omega’s flesh. Slowly, the sensation begins to arouse Dean in an odd way. A constant mesh of their bodies aided by the
warm oil is like a total body massage. Without his consent a moan slips from his throat. Dean’s cock is thickening as his hole slicks up with anticipation. His body wants a fuck. Obviously, Cas agrees because his erection slithers up and down between his ass cheeks, but never enters Dean.

Lowering his lips to Dean’s ear Cas grunts, “Are you ready to pick, my Omega?”

“Shit,” Dean huffs. Castiel’s games of choice can be absolutely dreadful and yet thrilling in the same breath. Dean loves them. “Give me my options, Sir.”

“Tonight, I am providing you with three choices. Each one will have a pro and con; pick wisely, my Omega.” Cas grinds his greasy hips into Dean’s backside, then carries on. “Option A: I will script every letter of my name into your back with searing wax, first and last, knotting you rough and dirty after. However, in return, I get to pamper you with a lengthy bubble bath.”

Panting heavily Dean can barely reply, “I don’t do bubbles.”

“Alright, on to option B. I will slather your back, your arms, your legs, your very hole with thick bee wax until I can’t see flesh. Then I will rip it off, most likely taking quite a bit of hair too. All I ask in return is to knot you.” Dean’s about to call dibs on this one until Cas adds the last bit. “We will do it slow, sensual, and face to face.”

God, Dean Winchester does not …make love. He jeers, “Next!”

“The final selection for this evening’s scene is as follows: I will flip you over in order to gain access to that stunning cock of yours. Using all the hot wax at my disposal I will cover your groin area, paying particular attention to your dick and scrotum. Then I will strip it clean, taking all the hair with me. When your skin is bare as a baby’s butt, I will blow you till you see heaven.”

“Fuckin’ A.” That really is the only way to respond to such a delicious scene. Although, Dean’s not stupid; the flip side is going to be some lovey dovey shit times a thousand.

“Now, since I know my handsome Omega so well, I am positive this choice seems perfect so let’s talk about what I get out of it. I will lie on my back so you can ride me cowboy style till my knot is right where it belongs. Then the entire time we are tied together you must answer any and all questions I put forth. Don’t worry, I will not go into details about the CIA, but everything else is fair game.”

Dean’s forehead plummets to the mattress below. His Dom’s a delightful bastard in the best way possible. All these choices are the best and worst of everything. Immediately, Dean tosses out the last one because if Cas is steering clear of CIA questions then that means …feelings. Nope. So, it’s down to making love or a pampering bath. Chewing on his lip, Dean weighs them both; eventually he decides a bubble bath might be froufrou, yet making love is a bomb of emotions Dean’s not ready to deal with, if ever.

“I’m going with A.” The idea of a bath with Cas doesn’t sound terrible, specifically when he can claim being forced to enjoy it.

The blindfold is still in place, so Dean can only hear and feel the chuckling alpha on top of him. “Mmmm, a sensual bubble bath sounds extraordinary. Now we have a scene to accomplish, my darling Omega.”

Dean cringes on darling. Really, he’s a grown-ass man; there is nothing cute or darling about him. Cas climbs off of him. There are noises around the room as the Dom prepares for their playtime. There’s no warning whatsoever. Dean is fine one minute and the next his skin is ablaze with
burning. The Dom uses his entire back for the letter. “Fuck, yes!”

With each new letter Dean falls deeper into euphoria, his cock grinding into the crackling plastic sheet below. Castiel plays him like a fine instrument, changing the tempo and time between each letter. Dean hates the quiet in between. Yet the omega craves the slower drag of the scalding wax as it creeps over his back, each swipe turning his flesh raw.

“I have to admit, my Omega, this option has a splendid side effect. My inner alpha savors marking your skin with my name.” A vicious, carnal growl detonates from the alpha. Dean wouldn’t believe it, but the sound makes his cock even harder. Cas’s mouth swiftly pauses at Dean’s ear, “You can only cum on my knot. Do it before then and you have to tell me three things you want from me as your alpha, not your Dom.”

“Challenge accepted,” Dean boasts.

The piercing ache keeps Dean’s attention, making it difficult to remember what letter Castiel is on until he hears, “K!”

Dean’s eyes are rolling back into his head when he senses Cas digging the wax out of his ass. The alpha earnestly works his fingers into Dean’s hole, striking his prostate with crazy accuracy. The Dom is diligent. Dean’s own fingers are clawing the sheet, his teeth grinding as he cries out, battling his body’s urgent need for release.

“Rough and dirty, Cas! You promised.” His voice is hoarse from all the screaming.

Cas spanks him harshly across his hip, “Rough and dirty does not mean causing injury to my Omega’s precious hole.”

“Killing the mood, man!” Dean is teasing the beast on his back.

The alpha fucking roars, his cock stabbing into Dean so ruthlessly he’s silently praising the prep work from Cas or he wouldn’t be sitting for days. Dean grabs onto the bindings merely holding on as Cas pummels him from behind with such speed Dean can’t breathe. His Dom is perfection. Thrusting wildly into Dean, Cas also keeps the plunges precise so not to actually harm his omega in the foray.

“YES! YES! Alpha, alpha, alpha!” Dean chants louder and louder with each slam to his prostate. His orgasm blasts through him, leaving Dean shouting till his voice has nothing left. He crashes to the bed, completely worn out.

Over the next thirty minutes, Cas massages Dean’s arms and shoulders, anywhere he can reach with his knot in place. At first Dean attempted to swat the man away; that just turned the rubbing into gentle kisses. Dean remained silent after that.

When the alpha’s cock slips free, Castiel moves onto his back, sighing, “Five minutes' rest, then I’ll get the bath ready.”

Cas sounds exhausted. Ramming Dean must be an Olympic sport with the way his alpha can’t catch his breath. “I can do it.”

“No, you need your pampering aftercare, my Omega.” Cas rolls to his side kissing Dean’s bicep. “I loved hearing you shout alpha.”

“Did you hit your head? Suffer an aneurism during orgasm?” Dean scoffs, rolling his eyes. “I did not shout alpha.” Those blue eyes bore into Dean’s head, no blinking, no words, just a glare of a
thousand deaths. Dean’s not allowed to lie to Cas. Frowning dramatically, Dean tries, “I …maaaaay …have muttered something that sounds very close to alpha.”

The depth to which Castiel’s voice goes nearly has Dean’s cock rising again, “Dean.”

With a melodramatic puff of air, Dean relents, “Fine! I was gagging on the word ‘alpha’ like a thick cock.”

“Better.” Cas grins, tumbling to his feet and towards the bathroom.

Dean hurts all over, which just makes him that much more aroused. The ache of his muscles, taut from pulling on the ties, the raging burn on his back so raw it sizzles in his mind, and his hole still dripping with cum and slick. Castiel did good.

Tender hands untie his bindings, rubbing the skin to help increase circulation. The blindfold is removed while kisses trail over his shoulder blades and down his spine. Dean moans with pleasure. Carefully, Cas helps Dean to his feet, then practically carries the omega to the bathtub. The lights are off, only candles illuminate the space. Dean lowers himself into the steaming, bubbly tub. His flesh revolts with another round of shocking pain as his raw skin hits the soapy water. It’s wonderful.

Cas tucks in behind Dean, wrapping those American thighs around the omega. Dean leans back, using his Dom as a cushion.

“Just relax, my Omega. You did so well and made me so proud.” Fingers massage up and down his arms and shoulders. “Dean, you are my dream omega born into reality. I can’t believe how perfect you are for me.”

“Cas, chill on the sweet talk. I’m yours, no need for fanfare.” Dean’s head falls forward, enjoying Cas’s ministrations on his sore body. Those talented fingers halt. Nothing happens for several seconds; once a minute passes Dean cracks open his eyes, turning back to his alpha. Castiel appears frozen in shock. “What the hell man, you ok?”

The Dom shakes his head, “Without prompting, you freely announce that you’re mine.”

“Hello? I signed the contract of course I’m yours.”

Dean can’t figure out what the big deal is until Cas whispers, “Say it again.”

Spinning so he’s face to face with Cas, Dean asks, “Say what again?”

“That you are, in fact, mine.” Cas’s eyes implore Dean for something the omega can’t quite put together. Then, lowering his gaze, Dean sees Castiel’s incisors grow, his inner alpha prepping to take his chosen omega.

With a quick move, Dean tempts fate as he tugs his body closer to those sharp teeth. Dean embraces Cas with his legs, laying his head to the side. What will Cas do? Throwing himself to the wolf, Dean mumbles, “I am yours, Alpha.”

Time stops. The room floods with their mating scents mixing and marking each other. Dean should be terrified, but he trusts the man before him with his life without question. A hand flies from the water, the splash the sole sound between them. Castiel’s fingers snatch Dean’s chin, yanking him until they are nose to nose.

“I don’t break hard limits, my Omega.”
Dean’s head plummets to Cas’s chest as tears of relief wash over him. He is safe. Now and forever in these arms, Dean is loved.

Chapter End Notes

BDSM TAGS: Blindfold, Bondage, Wax Play, Rough Sex

Comments, Questions and Concerns are always appreciated and loved.

XOXOXO - Angie
Send Me an Angel, Send Me an Angel

Right Now, Right Now

Send Me an Angel, Send Me an Angel

Right Now

Dean’s eyelids fly open, adjusting hastily to the dark room. His head pops up, slamming into the alpha’s chest that is directly above him. Cas grunts at the impact but doesn’t stir. His alpha has gotten used to Dean’s nightly thrashing. Turning his head, Dean hears it again.

Send Me an Angel, Send Me an Angel

Right Now, Right Now

Send Me an Angel, Send Me an Angel

Right Now

It takes a few minutes for Dean to realize the music is coming from Cas’s iPhone that’s placed on the nightstand next to his head. Man, he must have worn the older man out because he’s still not moving.

“Cas … Cas your phone is playing Send Me an Angel over and over.” Dean taps the bicep that’s right in front of his face. The alpha is lying over Dean, covering as much of him as possible. “Cas, babe, wake up!”

“Oh shit, Hannah!” Cas snatches the phone as he tumbles out of the bed. The ruffled bed head of an alpha swipes to answer, “What’s wrong?”

Putting his head back on the pillow, Dean tries to ignore the conversation, although that’s impossible with it happening right there. The woman, Hannah, Dean would guess is whispering so he can’t make out what she’s saying. Cas’s scent goes from happy content alpha to angry in two seconds flat. Obviously, this is not a social call.

“Is he unconscious?” Cas nods, listening to the reply. “It will take me about 45 minutes to get to Arlington from here. Wait forty minutes, then go sit outside; I don’t want to come near the door.”
Again, the woman murmurs a response before Cas’s eyes go darker, rage bleeding further into his scent. “I will bring a medical kit, just be sitting outside. Goodbye, Hannah.”

Castiel jumps to his feet, grabbing his jeans and t-shirt and throwing them on haphazardly. Not needing an invitation, Dean does the same; he only pauses when Cas grabs his arm. “Dean, this might be dangerous; you should stay home.”

“No, Cas, between the two of us I’m a little more qualified here.” Suddenly telling Castiel about his past has an upside. “You are planning an extraction; you need back-up.”

The alpha drags his hand over his tired face, sighing. “I wish I was in the position to say no, yet at this moment, Dean,” those gorgeous blue orbs glare into him, “I need you.”

“Then let’s quit gossiping about it and take the Shelby. She’s near completion, so the owner will pick her up next week.” Dean winks.

“Dean, that’s brilliant. Are you sure it won’t damage your relationship with the customer? I’m sure thrill rides are a no-no.” Cas is trailing behind Dean as they make their way to the garage in the dark.

Grabbing the keys on the hook by the door, Dean grins, “Nope, I gotta take her out for test drives and one of them has to be over an hour to test endurance. Guess it’s time.”

They climb into the white Mustang, Dean driving because Castiel appears a little too shaken to be at the wheel. Keeping under the speed limit to avoid detection, Dean makes for 35E South; once on the major interstate he turns to the oddly quiet alpha in the vehicle.

“What’s going on, Cas?” He’s not stupid; there is a story to share.

Reluctantly, the alpha turns to gaze out the window as he speaks. “When our alpha father left he gave no reasons; just one day he went for a walk and never came back. Our omegas had to pool their resources and work together to keep us all clothed and fed. Hannah’s omega never fit in. Naomi was a real piece of work, and she twisted everything to blame Hannah for being left behind. The day Hannah turned 18, Naomi found an Alpha willing to pay top dollar to mate the young girl. This was her chance to search for our missing alpha father. Hannah was always a good omega, kind and loyal; she did exactly what her mother asked.”

“I have a feeling this story does not have a happy ending,” Dean mumbles as he tries to keep his eyes on the road.

“Ramiel seemed appropriate on paper. He has a little sporting goods store on the outskirts of Arlington. After they mated he bought a house and waited for something that was never going to happen.” Cas’s voice goes softer, “Naomi didn’t inform Ramiel of my sister’s inability to have children.”

A lingering silence fills the cab of the car as Dean ponders that revelation. This is why Cas has no problem with Dean, in fact will never make a wave about Dean’s infertility. His own sister is barren. Wow, so much of Cas’s puzzle starts to fall into place. A dark idea takes root. “Does he beat her?”

Out of the corner of his eye, Dean sees Cas swipe at his face. “They didn’t have anything resembling a pre-mating. Literally within 24 hours of meeting Hannah, the asshole bit her. I’ve tried everything to liberate my sister.”

The alpha’s fists tighten with fury. His poor alpha is caught in the horrid cycle of an abusive mate that Hannah can never leave. Mateship is for life. There are no returns, no going back; the only way
to be rid of a mate is through death or to break the mating bond with a living alpha. The latter is agonizingly slow with pain that has caused some omegas to go insane. The death of an alpha, on the other hand, comes with a sharp stabbing sensation to the heart that lasts the length of the alpha’s death. So, a swift death with slight pain, and the omega is free. Dean finishes the sentence for his alpha, “but you can’t as long as Ramiel lives.”

Shaking his head slowly, Dean spots the whites of his alpha’s eyes in the shadows of the Shelby. “Ramiel can go weeks, months, without harming her. Then something will set him off. When Hannah can no longer take it she calls me to come get her. She will stay at my place for a couple days. Ramiel eventually will be coming for her, and there is nothing I can do.”

“There are laws against abuse, Cas.” Dean pleads. This can’t be an endless cycle for this poor woman. “If she reports him, she can get a restraining order and legal unbinding papers; maybe in her case it won’t be so bad.”

“We tried that route a few years ago. Hannah was able to move in with Lucifer, however the torn mating bond was too much. Have you ever watched someone try to separate from a living, breathing mate, Dean? It’s a fate worse than death,” his alpha responds with a cold detachment.

“Actually, I might have an idea.” Cas is right, breaking the bond between two living mates is excruciating, especially for the omega. Yet, a brief heartache would be nothing compared to what Hannah is dealing with now.

Cas slams his fist on the dashboard, “Absolutely not, Dean. You have enough anguish with the blood that already rests on your hands. I will not add more.”

“All I’m saying is that I could be helpful if the need were to arise.” Dean shrugs it off when he notices Cas’s gaze ripping him a new one. “Or not, your call.”

“Our focus tonight will be on making sure Hannah is safe. Tomorrow things might look different, and we can adjust our plans at that time.” The finality of Cas’s statement keeps Dean quiet for a while.

As soon as they reach the Arlington city limits Cas gives directions to Hannah’s location. After ten minutes they turn into a middle-class neighborhood with little cottage houses all in a row. Dean memorizes the address for later use when Cas has him stop in front of a green house with burgundy shutters.

“Wait here, Dean, and keep the motor running.” Cas exits the vehicle, carefully approaching the front porch.

A thin woman with dark brown hair swept up in a ponytail comes out of the shadows, embracing Castiel. He has to brace his urge to announce that Cas is his. Hannah’s not a threat. Although, Dean’s inner omega only senses someone touching his alpha. The female hands over a ratty backpack as they both stroll over to the Shelby. Cas letting his sister into the back where Dean had dropped the first aid kit from his garage.

Pulling away from the curb, Dean gets a better look at Hannah. He tries not to stare; her face has several darkening purple blemishes and her lip is bleeding. Cas fusses with her hand; the left ring finger bent in an unnatural position. Dean returns his gaze to the road.

Once they are back on the interstate, Hannah finally addresses him. “Thank you, for helping me.” The poor woman’s embarrassment bleeds into her words. Hannah’s eyes remain down. The action makes Dean want to shout about not letting that jerk take away her fire, but that’s not his place.
All he can do is reply gently, “You’re welcome.”

“He’s so strong, Castiel.” Hannah’s whisper is barely audible.

His alpha turns to face Dean, smiling, “Yes, he is; Hannah, this is Dean.”

Hannah’s head tilts to the side, an action Dean knows well from his alpha, “You are my brother’s omega?”

“Yep,” Dean can’t help to add, “sorry to disappoint.”

“Nooo,” Hannah leans forward, her head darting between the seats, “You are amazing. I would hazard to guess you are even bigger than Castiel.”

Chuckling, Dean responds, “I’m a little taller and a little thicker. Cas doesn’t seem to mind.”

“Why would he? You will produce healthy heirs.” Hannah obviously means to compliment Dean.

The words sting. He changes lanes to give himself something to do as Cas tapes his sister’s fingers, “Hannah, I love Dean for him. We will not be reproducing.”

She hisses at the movement of her fingers but stares with curious blue eyes at Dean. However, Dean’s brain has latched onto a certain word that has not been said between them yet. In fact he’s having some trouble driving as his hands tremble. Only family has spoken that word to him.

Castiel’s scent comes closer as the alpha murmurs into his ear, “Don’t freak out.”

Before he can answer, Hannah announces, “I can’t go back, Castiel. You have to find a place for me to hide. The unbinding paperwork takes several weeks, and I need somewhere that Ramiel won’t be able to find me. This is worse than breaking ties with that horrid man.”

“She could stay with me,” Dean offers.

“No, Castiel comes and goes from your home. Ramiel is an excellent scent tracker.” She leans back into her seat sighing. “I need to vanish.”

The cab goes silent as the three occupants think among themselves. Suddenly, Dean laughs because this should have been obvious from the beginning. He grabs his cell phone, plugging in Crowley’s number and putting it on speaker.

Two rings in and the cranky bastard screams, “It’s nearly five in the morning, Dean. Someone had better be dead, and if they are dead put them in a freezer and we will bury them tomorrow.”

“Stow it, Crowley. I need to call in a favor.” He can’t help but appreciate the fact that Crowley would be on board for a body dump, no questions asked.

“I need to hide an omega. Don’t tell me where, and you need to meet me in under an hour for the pass off.” Dean glances over at Castiel, his gaze intently focused on the conversation yet not rebuffing the idea.

There is movement and a few bangs from Crowley’s end. “Meet me at the Barnes & Noble parking lot on Royal and Preston. The public area will help to cover our scents. I will be there in thirty.”

The line goes dead. Dean turns the car in the new direction. It’s Hannah who leans forward curiously, “Who is this Crowley?”
“A friend of Dean’s,” Cas responds with annoyance. “His alpha can’t deny that Crowley is overly qualified for this extracurricular activity. “He will keep you safe. Crowley can also reach Dean and in that regard me if you need us.”

Ten minutes later the Mustang Shelby is parked in front of a closed Barnes & Noble. The pre-dawn darkness makes the air seem colder. Everything had been so fast last night Dean nearly forgets he has dinner at Sam’s tonight. Cas has turned in his seat, chatting quietly with Hannah about happier days. It seems their brother Gabriel was quite the prankster as they recall his high school heydays. Mostly Dean tunes them out, his mind lost in thought.

Dean observes all the marks and bruises on Hannah’s face. Cas already taped her fingers; Dean’s sure Crowley will have a medical person look at them soon. The man has connections. An ache builds in Dean’s chest as he regards the similarities and differences between himself and Hannah. Mainly, that someone so sweet doesn’t deserve such harsh treatment when on the flip side that’s all Dean deserves. Life is never fair. He has this dark, evil past but the universe gives him this amazing alpha in Cas while Hannah, who doesn’t have a bad bone in her body, has broken ones to show for her kindness. It’s just not right.

A sleek midnight blue Lexus GX SUV glides into the parking lot, pulling up next to them. Leaning forward, Dean catches Crowley’s face in the dashboard glow as they both nod. “Time to go,” Dean announces, stepping out of the vehicle to meet Crowley in front of his, the headlights shining bright.

The minute they are close enough, Crowley’s annoying rant begins, “You only have two more unquestioned favors with me, Winchester. Hiding an omega before the unbinding papers are filed is illegal. I should …” The cranky alpha’s words pull up short. Crowley’s eyes go eerily soft as he sniffs the air.

Hannah steps up next to Dean, her eyes down. This is a timid, docile omega who doesn’t have an ounce of fight left in her. Totally opposite of every lover Crowley has been with, and yet Dean knows that look.

Snapping his fingers several times finally breaks Crowley’s stare, “Oi! Keep her safe; she’s got maybe a week until the unbinding pain begins. Cas and I will fast track her paperwork.”

“No need.” Crowley steps forward, reaching out to Hannah’s face, but he doesn’t touch at first. “May I?”

Shockingly, Hannah moves closer, placing her cheek into Crowley’s open hand like a kitten wanting love. The scene nearly breaks Dean’s heart. Castiel watches from a few paces away but doesn’t say a word.

Crowley asked for consent. That’s all Cas needs to see.

Eventually Crowley addresses the other two men again, “I have a few friends that can take care of the unbinding. This angel will be safe.”

Driving back home is a quiet affair. Cas hasn’t spoken since he kissed Hannah on the head and whispered something into her ear. After that she climbed into the SUV and was whisked away to places unknown.

Dean’s nerves are raw, his body seething with discomfort. Pins and needles trail up and down his flesh, forcing Dean’s attention away from the road. They barely make it home.

The second Dean steps across the threshold of his house, Cas commands, “Stop, Omega.”
Without hesitation, Dean obeys, letting his arms hang to the side. The ache under his skin soothes at the idea of Cas taking it all away. Castiel undresses Dean. Once he’s totally nude his alpha queries, “What is your safeword?”

“Poughkeepsie,” Dean sighs.

Castiel removes his jacket and shirt as he speaks. “We are both exhausted from lack of sleep. The weight of tonight’s events are bearing down on us, my Omega. However, you are struggling with something that must be dealt with before we can rest.” Cas moves to stand directly behind Dean, his back pressed to the alpha’s chest; flesh to flesh. The roughness of Cas’s jeans is against Dean’s ass. “Tell me what is bothering you without omission.”

Dropping his head back to rest on Castiel’s shoulder, Dean takes a moment to collect his thoughts. He should have known that Cas would pick up on Dean’s dark thoughts, most likely his scent giving it away. Cas is unbelievably observant.

“My mom passed me off to Crowley just like Hannah’s mom did to her. If things were even slightly different, our lives could have been switched. It’s not fair. Hannah’s this beautiful sweet omega who listened to her birth omega to better the family. The world is such a fucked up place if she ends up mated to that bastard who beats her and I win the alpha lottery with you.”

“Thank you for the ego boost, my Omega.” Dean can literally hear the smirk in his Dom’s tone. Secure, sturdy arms embrace Dean, pulling him in closer to Cas’s chest. “I can’t disagree, the world is not fair. My sister deserves better, and we will make that happen. Yet, don’t for a single second think that you are not worthy of me. Don’t you see, Dean? You were both victims of an archaic system that should have been outlawed. Just as Hannah had no control, neither did you. Dean, she wasn’t the only one who simply listened to their birth omega to better the family.”

Dean thrashes against Castiel, biting out, “Don’t ever call me a victim.”

“Fine, would you prefer martyr, pawn, casualty of circumstances beyond your control? I would agree to any and all of these to describe you, my Omega. You had no choice. Hannah had no choice. The outcomes were different by happenstance, nothing else. Never question how proud I am to be your alpha, because you are brave.” Several kiss fall across Dean’s shoulders, then Cas continues, “Your mother and I will be having a little discussion on Christmas Eve. Her reign over you has ended.”

Twisting and turning, Dean attempts to throw the alpha off, but Cas’s hold is iron tight. “You can’t come into my life and take over Cas. This has gone too far.” There is no venom in it. Dean’s croaking out words as he chokes over the lie. “I don’t want an alpha.”

Castiel twirls Dean so hastily he’s dizzy, yanking his chin harshly so they are glaring nose to nose. “Look at me in the eyes and tell me that you don’t want me, Dean. I’ll leave right now.”

“Now who’s lying?” Dean stutters, their gazes locked. Silence lingers, the sole noise is the soft panting between them. Eventually, Dean replies, his mouth dry, “I never wanted a mate, just an alpha to fill a need.” Swallowing weakly, wetting his lips Dean murmurs the scariest thing he’s ever said. “Now, my life has been flipped upside down, and it’s not about wanting any alpha. You have become so ingrained into my world I can’t imagine living without you.”

The electricity burns through their touch. Dean desires more. Lifting his lips, Dean plants his mouth on Castiel’s but pulls back quickly. “No biting, no kissing still stands. I was just testing.”

He’s expecting to see surprise in those baby blues; instead he finds a comical grin, “Baby steps, my
Omega, baby steps. I’m here till the end.”

Chapter End Notes

Questions, Comments and Concerns are always encouraged and appreciated.

XOXOXOXO-
Angie
The Song Remains the Same blares over the speakers in The Shed. One of Dean’s favorite upgrades is a killer sound system in his work space. His head bobs along to Zeppelin as his hands make quick work of removing the old seats of a 1967 Chevrolet Corvette. The new project arrived yesterday. A carcass of its original beauty, Meg found her in an old junkyard in Oklahoma City. She already had multiple bids on the girl even before Dean laid hands on her bones. She’s a full restore job, but he’s pumped with the vision he has for the Vette.

“Dean!” He almost misses his name over the music.

Grabbing the stereo’s remote, Dean lowers the volume, his attention focused on the sexy alpha.

“What’s up Cas?”

“I’m leaving for work, three to midnight shift. Can I come by after?” Cas, always the gentleman, doesn’t assume that Dean will want him there every night. Oddly, Dean can’t remember a time when he didn’t want the alpha in his bed.

Dean nods with a grin, “Hell yeah, Cas.” Ignoring the fact he stinks, Dean lurks into Castiel’s personal space. “Wish I could use you as an excuse to avoid family dinner.”

“Alright, since we are working on putting Dean first, what do you think is the best choice? Would you rather work on the car and maybe take a nap so we can play later, or spend a meal at Sam’s house? Remember I finished up the playroom this morning, so it can be an adventurous night.” Cas’s gaze sets Dean’s groin on fire; God the man has a talent.

Suddenly the soot under Dean’s nails becomes fascinating. They both know the answer. Last time he was there everything went to shit, and he has Christmas Eve this week. Although, Castiel has agreed to join him. “Hey, speaking of Sam’s house. Gabriel still coming?”

“Don’t for once think I didn’t notice the subject change, and yes, Gabriel will be joining us.” Cas taps Dean’s chin until he peers up into the deep blue sea. “Personally, I would prefer you wait until I can join you.”

God, the man takes Dean’s mental state so damn seriously. “I am really enjoying ripping out the interior of the Vette. Not to mention I’m damn curious about the changes to the playroom.”

“We will see, my Omega.” Cas turns to leave when he pauses. “I have been working on a particularly thrilling scene. Maybe try out a new toy.”

“Cas, you know you had me at scene,” Dean teases.

“Such a sexy omega.” Castiel winks, making Dean weak in the knees.
Waving off his alpha, “I’ll be here.”

Out of nowhere, Dean’s pulled into a massive hug. “See you a little after midnight.”

Dean inhales then Cas lets go strutting out to his van.

Immediately, Dean sends a group text to Sam, Mom, and Sarah; *Busy with a new car, can’t make it for dinner. See you on Christmas Eve.*

With the house to himself, Dean cranks up the music, letting Zeppelin bounce through his mind.

A few hours later Dean’s got the floor and door panels stripped. He’s mixing a deep cleaning solvent to scrub down the remaining interior when he hears someone calling his name over *What Is and What Should Never Be.* Curious as to why Cas would be back so early, he turns down the tunes and steps out through the open garage door.

Instead of Castiel, Dean’s staring at his younger brother, and man does he look pissed.

“At least the working on a new car wasn’t a lie,” Sam snipes as he steps into Dean’s space.

“Did you seriously drive all the way down here to see if I was lying?” Dean leans against the shell of the busted-up Corvette.

Sam’s arms cross over his chest defensively. “You think I’m a bad alpha.”

“What?” Dean scrunches his face in confusion, “Where the hell did that come from?”

“Emma can’t stop talking about how Cas taught Ruby to love her Uncle Dean. That somehow after one evening with him, my alpha daughter is magically less likely to bite you.” Sam’s tone is tight, but Dean doesn’t think it’s from anger.

Throwing his hands up in defeat, Dean explains, “Cas taught her about asking before you bite. That in this stage of development it’s important to begin teaching about consent. I gotta say, I appreciate the effort.”

“Well! I didn’t know that. I never went through this stage as an alpha,” Sam yells.

Now that Dean takes a second to ponder that, his brother is correct. Sammy had the alpha temper but never the urge to bite, even as a toddler. “Probably because you were always meant for a beta. Castiel did, so he has some insight and wanted to pass it on to Ruby. Didn’t realize he was stepping out of line.”

“He’s not out of line; I just wish you would trust me more.” Jealousy bleeds from Sam’s expression. “A few weeks with this guy and you’re …fucking smiling.”

Immediately Dean clamps down on the grin he’s sporting, “Sam, you’re an awesome Alpha; you’re simply not my Alpha.”

“Is that why you left?” Sam asks timidly. “I presented as an Alpha, and a month later you were gone. Did you think I wasn’t up to the task of taking care of you and Mom?”

Shaking his head, Dean replies, “No, Jesus Sam, why in the hell would you think that? Me leaving had nothing to do with you.”

“Does Castiel know where you went and why?” The alpha is back on the defensive train.
Dean rubs his eyes with the heels of his palms, silently praying for a way to get out of this without having it all blow up in his face, the promise he made to his mother at the forefront of his mind. “It doesn’t matter what Cas knows. Leave it alone, Sam.”

His baby brother typically behaves more like a beta than an alpha. Dean’s always assumed it had to do with their dad dying before he presented and marrying Sarah. Not today though. Sammy shoves Dean hard against the car, shouting, “I’m sick of the lies and deceit, Dean! Tell me, or we are going a few rounds until you do.”

Biting his lip to keep from chuckling, Dean glares back at Sam’s irate face. Sam wouldn’t last long. The guy may have the muscles and size, but oh, Dean’s never let his training end. Attempting to keep a straight face, “Look, this is getting a little out of hand. Go have dinner with everyone and send my love.”

Sam reels back, throwing the first blow, and Dean catches Sam’s moving fist with his own hand. Utter shock sends the alpha’s eyebrows into his hairline. “Damn it, Dean! I want answers.” He tries using his other hand to punch Dean and fails miserably.

“You can’t handle the truth, Son!” Dean bellows before busting out laughing, because this is getting ridiculous and embarrassing. “Sorry, such a good movie.”

He’s still got both of Sam’s hands held tight, yet the alpha is thrashing to try again, “Anything is better than not knowing, Dean. I want to know why you left, where you went and why you hate spending time with my family.”

Suddenly, things just got interesting, “It’s not you, Sarah, or the girls that bother me, Sam; you know that.”

“Really? Mom has stated multiple times that you despise coming to Richardson, as if my home is beneath you or something.” Sam’s voice cracks near the end as his eyes go glassy with teardrops.

“Mom?!” Dean’s livid. He has done everything that woman has asked to keep their family together, and she’s selling him out to Sam behind his back. “You’re a smart guy, Sam. Let’s take a moment to think this through; if you, Sarah, Emma, and Ruby don’t bother me, then what’s the reason I hate attending family dinners?”

Sam moves back until his shoulders hit The Shed wall. “Why Mom? She’s been nothing but supportive to you since your magical return.”

“In return for my silence,” Dean sneers, then slaps his hand over his mouth. No, no, no, he made a promise.

“Damn it, Dean! You vanish for ten years with a mystery alpha you just met, leaving Mom to deal with everything. Were you even aware she was sick? I spent my high school years studying and driving Mom to every doctor’s appointment. Where the fuck were you?”

Turning, Dean slams his fist into the frame of the Corvette. Hard enough to hurt, albeit causing no harm. Dean screams loud until his voice hurts. That woman took everything and had the audacity to blame Dean for being left behind. He’s done with her. Cas was right; that woman has no power over him, not anymore. “Sammy, I was the one paying for all the doctors, the surgeries, the chemo. I turned my life over to the government in exchange for everything you both needed.”

The truth will set you free. Dean’s never felt lighter in his life as he glances up to watch his brother’s reaction.
“Mom sold you,” Sam whispers as he slides down the wall until his ass hits the cement.

“I wouldn’t call it sold, Sammy. She brokered the deal; told me about her recent diagnosis of cervical cancer and how you would never make it to college without someone giving you a free ride. The alpha wasn’t there to claim a mate. It was an employment contract.”

Those hazel eyes spill over with tears, “All those scholarships from anonymous donors, that was you?”

Dean bounces his head, coming to sit next to the alpha.

“College, med school, a living stipend during residency and fellowship?” Sam wipes at his face; he won’t look at Dean, his gaze straight ahead. “Without that living stipend we wouldn’t have been able to afford Emma so soon. You gave me my life, Dean. Mom handed you over like a piece of furniture to be rented out for ten years, and you never said a thing.”

“I made the choice.” Dean rubs at his neck nervously. His mom is going to be furious, especially if there is any fallout between her and Sam.

That’s when Sam’s head pivots to glare at Dean. “Are you kidding me? Mom dumps all that baggage on you, a nineteen-year-old kid, and you believe for one second you had a choice? She was the adult.” Sam’s voice goes darkly threatening, “I hate her. She’s no longer welcome in my home.”

“Dude, this is why she didn’t want you to know. You’re totally overreacting about something that happened almost fifteen years ago.” Dean’s surprised Sam seems genuinely upset over what Mary did.

Out of the blue Sam latches on to Dean’s shoulders, pulling him into a bone-crushing embrace. “You don’t have to tell me, but I know bad things happened to you while you were away. Maybe it’s not as disgusting as I thought, although Dean, sometimes you look like someone who’s been to a bloody war and barely made it back.”

Point for Sam. Dean’s not going to say it, but his little brother has Castiel-level of observation skills, perhaps it’s an alpha thing. The alpha won’t let go, just tightens his arms. Dean is having trouble inhaling; nevertheless, he can’t bring himself to move.

A gentle “Thank you, Dean” falls into the silence between them. Another few minutes later the same, “Thank you, Dean” except this time with more volume. Dean has no clue how to react. Lowering his head to Sam’s overgrown shoulder, he simply waits until the next, “Thank you, Dean.”

“I don’t deserve—” Dean begins but is cut short by a much louder reply from Sam. “Shut up, Jerk, you are the reason I have Sarah and my girls. You alone paved the path for this amazing life I lead. So you will sit there and believe me when I say thank you!”

Why in the hell did he wait five years to tell Sam the truth?

“I’m sorry I lied to you, Sam.” Dean thinks of all the pain his brother has gone through because he felt responsible for Dean’s leaving.

Sam jolts back, holding Dean at arm’s length, his monstrous hands holding Dean still. “This is not your fault, Dean. You did nothing wrong here.”

The words of absolution wash over Dean. Choking on his sobs, Dean attempts to gain some self-control to respond. He can’t. Suddenly, he doesn’t feel like an outsider peering into the perfect
family. A group of people who allow him to participate even though he’s the root of all evil. Sam doesn’t hate him.

His mind immediately connects the words of Castiel with those of Sammy. How can two of the best alphas he knows be wrong? Biting his lip harshly, Dean replies softly, “You are welcome.”

The Winchester brothers sit on the cold cement shoulder to shoulder. All the revelations of the past hour swirl around them, making the air lighter. It only took fifteen years, but now Dean has his Sammy back. That’s the only family he requires. Sam’s phone buzzes; the alpha retrieves it from his pocket, glimpsing the screen. “Sarah needs me at home.”

“Go, Sammy.” Dean playfully punches his brother’s bicep. “I’ll see everyone on Christmas Eve.”

“For what it’s worth, Dean, I like Castiel.” Sam stands, waving as he heads towards his Prius.

Closing his eyes, Dean murmurs, “Me too.”

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A little after 11 p.m., Dean’s drying off from a hot, lengthy shower. He’s putting a tad of styling gel in his hair to keep that fresh wet look he knows Cas appreciates when his phone chimes with a new text. His alpha isn’t allowed to talk while on duty; however, slipping a quick text under the counter hasn’t gotten him in trouble yet. Strutting out into his bedroom with only a towel around his waist, Dean snatches his phone.

The text is in fact from Cas: *Gabriel having a rough night. I will have to cancel tonight’s activities, my Omega. Call me in the morning.*

Dean staves off the crushing sensation for as long as possible. Five minutes is his limit, then his heart sinks deep into his bowels. He throws on a pair of jeans and a grey t-shirt with a green flannel; wearing comfort clothes might encourage his sour mood to lighten. It doesn’t.

“Jesus, Winchester, get a fucking grip,” Dean shouts to the empty bedroom. “He’s caring for his sick brother; how can you be jealous of that? Ugh! You are such an idiot.”

Twisting his head to the side, Dean glares at his iPhone. Cas said he couldn’t come here to play; he never said anything about Dean going to his house to help out. He’s far from squeamish. One upside to torturing people is that you get used to all the different liquids that come from a body. Avoiding any over analysis as to why he can’t go one night away from his alpha, Dean yanks on his leather jacket and boots, heading out to his Baby. A late night drive might help clear his head. If he ends up at Castiel’s house, well, that’ll be an accident.

He pulls up in front of Cas’s duplex at a quarter till midnight. That way when Cas comes through Dean can ask him with no pressure. Cas’s side is dark, so either Gabe’s sleeping or not at home either. He waits a few moments until the cold from outside builds inside the cab of his Baby. He’s scanning the property when he spots movement behind a bush off to the right. Fuck that, no one steals from his alpha. Dean silently leaves his vehicle, crawling on hands and knees towards the unknown foe.

As he approaches the guy, another person zips past the front doors, diving behind the open privacy fence. Oh, so this is a two-man team; well surprise, motherfuckers, this omega takes no prisoners. Dean drops his leather jacket and flannel on the stoop so they won’t get damaged in hand-to-hand combat. Adrenaline is now combating the chill. The suspect off to the right sprints behind where the other guy went but leaves the gate open just enough space for Dean to slip in behind them.
Pausing to let his eyes adjust to the darkness of the back yard, Dean reminds himself that Ramiel is still on the loose and possibly a bit cranky. Holy shit! What if it’s Ramiel and a friend trying to lay a trap for Castiel?

Without the streetlight from out front and the clouded moon tonight, Dean can’t see shit. He knows the basic layout of the yard, having perused it through the sliding glass door. A giggle rings out into the shadows. What kind of crazed alpha or thief giggles?

One good thing about the sound, it alerts Dean to the location of one of the intruders. Thank God he fights Kevin with a blindfold, or he’d be toast. Using his hearing as a replacement for sight, Dean belly creeps along the grass, working his way towards the continuing snickers. Honestly he’s hoping its not a professional, because that would be mortifying. The idea of Ramiel giggling is also distressing.

Only a few feet separates Dean from stranger A; he doesn’t have the whereabouts of stranger B, yet he can take one down in the shadows and cut the threat by half. Dean tightens his muscles, ready to spring into action as he assesses the other man. Definitely an omega by scent. That knocks out Ramiel; however, the other one might be the alpha. Dean is a prime example as why not to dismiss omegas as a non-threat. He could be playing into a trap. Oh well, too late.

Leaping into the unspecified omega, Dean pummels into a small frame. Oddly enough, in the same moment he takes action so does the second newcomer. As Dean lands on top of the omega, an alpha lands on him and the three men slide across the yard, shouting incoherently.

Dean’s trying to keep his head in the game, but why the hell is he slipping over flesh. He attempts to put the omega in a chokehold, but his arm keeps slithering right off. What in the hell is happening? His brain begins to take in the words being screamed.

“Are you Dean?” Yells the alpha who slips and slides above him.

At first Dean thinks it might be Ramiel, but both men are now laughing hysterically. AND WHY THE HELL IS HE OILY?

“Yes,” he answers. “Who the fuck are you two?”

All three men halt their struggling as the omega below Dean responds with a huff, “I’m Andy; this is my mate Ash, and we live on the other side of the duplex to Castiel. He mentioned you a couple of times in passing, and damn, Cas’s scent is all over you.”

“Oh I thought you guys were intruders.” Dean’s blushing, but the dark night hides it.

The alpha, Ash, chuckles, “Dude, man, when have intruders ever been naked?”

“Naked!?!?” Dean shrieks as he tries to stand up only to slide off the bottom omega, doing a face plant into the dirt in the process. “Why are you naked and wet?” he mumbles into the ground.

“Canola oil.” Andy affirms as he goes to stand, unabashed by his state of undress.

Rolling over, Dean queries, “Why are you covered in canola oil?”

“Allergic to peanuts,” the naked alpha replies plainly, and holy hell as Dean sits up he stumbles on his knees. Unfortunately, that sends his nose into an oil-slathered, fully erect alpha knot. Dean jerks back, yelping. Ash shrugs, “Sorry about that, man. Mr. Python can’t help but stand at attention with two omegas sliding around.”
Jumping to his feet Dean cries, “WHY ARE YOU NAKED, COVERED IN OIL AND RUNNING AROUND IN THE DARK?”

“You need to chill, Dean.” The other omega pats his shoulder, “Cas works until midnight; we were having a bit of late-night adult romping. Don’t want the kiddos next door getting a peep.”

Ash adds, “The canola oil makes the chase more slippery.”

“Okay,” Dean sneers as he scratches at his chin, getting another layer of dirt and oil all over his face. UGH!

Behind them the unmistakable sound of someone pumping a 12 gauge shotgun has them all whipping around to the noise. The light from a handheld flashlight shines into Dean’s face, blinding him for a second. When he regains his sight he glares at an older alpha wearing an ugly-ass fishing hat with the weapon pointed at Dean’s head.

“Where is my omega?”

Chapter End Notes

Love to All!

Questions, Comments, and Concerns always make me so very happy.

XOXOXO - Angie
A chilling breeze whips by, yet Dean barely notices. The oil, wet on his flesh, and lack of outerwear should make it freezing this late at night. Dean’s sole focus is on the man with the shotgun, Ramiel. Somewhere to his right Ash and Andy huddle together out of fear; they shouldn’t worry, Dean is the alpha’s target. One thing Dean understands is retribution.

“Where is my omega?” Ramiel screams, his eyes icy with bloodlust. The flashlight bounces as he yells. Of course, it’s not about getting back a beloved mate; no, this is only about saving face. This man is a traditionalist. Most likely a true believer in the *Way of the Wolf* where omegas are possessions to be kept in line. Hannah’s purpose is to bring new alphas into the world to rule. Rage grows over Dean as he glares at the shotgun, calculating his next move.

With a sneer, Dean replies, “She left your sorry ass.” He glances at the house, “You won’t find her here; nobody’s that stupid.”

Ramiel moves in, deciding that Dean’s the real threat; he’s not wrong. Killing an alpha is what the government groomed him for and then after ten years left him to his own devices. There is no team on him tonight; Dean drove over on his own accord and Cas’s house is now hallow ground. A rogue grin slides across his face. Dean enjoys playtime.

“That’s fine with me boy. I’ll just take you instead perhaps Castiel might be willing to trade. My omega for his,” Ramiel assumes he has the upper hand. The idiot steps even closer into Dean’s space. “He must adore knotting that ass because boy, you reek of your alpha. I could smell the stench from the road.”

“Her name is Hannah; you lost the right to call her yours the moment you went against her consent.” Dean’s teasing the beast; a riled-up alpha can be pure entertainment. “My name is Dean, not boy.”

“I’m the alpha here …boy.” The older man gives the shotgun a rattle.

“Hey!” Ash states from the dirt.

Dean slides a dramatic roll of the eyes towards the naked alpha, “Really? Not the time, man.”

Andy slaps his hand over his mate’s mouth, whispering, “Sorry, carry on with the kidnapping and such.”

Carefully, so to not draw attention, Dean wipes the oil from his palms onto his jeans. He sends out a powerful scent of anxiety. Scent control was a necessity in his previous line of work; alphas naturally believe everything they smell. A stupid mistake. Omega is the only designation that has this ability, which makes them excellent for work in deceiving others. All that is required of Dean is to wait for the alpha to slither his way to him.
Ramiel slips nearer as he takes in the naked couple, shaking his head in disgust. “No real alpha would let another see their mate unclothed. You are pathetic.”

With the older alpha’s gaze locked on the ground, Dean sees the moment to strike. In an instant, Dean grabs the end of the rifle, pushing it up to the sky. Trigger-happy Ramiel fires the shot into the tree line, hitting nothing but leaves. Using the grip on the rifle, Dean simultaneously yanks it from Ramiel’s hands while taking his other fist to hit the alpha square in the nose. Blood squirts from his nostrils. Dean’s not done as he sends the butt of the rifle into Ramiel’s left eye, smiling as the crack of bone rings out. Not needing the weapon anymore, Dean tosses it towards Ash. The flashlight tumbles to the earth, giving Ramiel’s face a shadowy bath.

Being the tough alpha, Ramiel doesn’t shout or cry from pain; instead he lashes out, snatching Dean’s neck between his fingers. A truly rookie move. Dean swings his arms out, breaking the connection before Ramiel has time to squeeze. Placing his left foot behind the alpha, Dean punches Ramiel’s chest, violently sending him flying to the dirt.

“You get off hurting defenseless omegas?” Dean shrieks, his eyes wild with fury. He slams onto Ramiel’s chest, sitting with his ass on the alpha’s breastbone.

The alpha can’t reply as he gasps for air, Dean’s weight making it difficult to inhale. His legs pinning Ramiel’s arms to his side, Dean sends his fists at the man’s face with no care as to where they hit as long as its skin.

“How does it feel? To have your ass kicked by an omega!” Dean’s breathless, but he can’t stop. The blood is spilling; the scent Dean’s favorite drug of choice.

Out of nowhere the aroma of fresh fallen snow with hints of mint swells over Dean before powerful alpha arms enclose on him. Castiel tugs them harshly so they slump back onto the ground. Inhuman growls pour from Dean’s mouth as he battles to get his hands back on his prey. Ramiel stands, panting heavily. He needs to see the life dribble from those nasty eyes, make sure this alpha can never harm another omega again.

“Shhhhh, my Omega. Shhhhh,” Cas calmly murmurs into Dean’s ear.

Ramiel scans the ground for the weapon when Castiel cautions, “Don’t even think about it. You get off my property right now, or I let Dean finish you.”

“What kind of Alpha hides behind his Omega?” Ramiel rants.

This sends a new wave of rage over Dean as he bites into the cold night air, roaring, “Dead! You are a dead man!”

“I’m saving your life, Ramiel. Now go before I change my mind,” Castiel replies serenely, his arms still securing Dean to his chest.

The sound of a shotgun pumping from the side has everyone freezing. Ash is standing naked, shiny from oil, the shotgun in his arms as he bellows, “I may look pathetic to you, but I do know how to use this thing.”

At this point Dean’s quieting as they both watch the bleeding alpha flee from the back yard. Cas’s scent is finally appeasing Dean’s blood thirst. He slumps against his alpha. Glancing down at himself, Dean sees crimson on his skin and on his clothes, and his knuckles are cracked and bruising. Reality rears its ugly head. Dean finally showed his true colors to his beloved alpha. Cas will certainly drop his bloody ass now. The vision of life without Castiel Novak paralyzes Dean.
His mind slips far, far away into the dark recesses of nothingness. Cas will leave him. Crumpling to the dirt, Dean shuts down; he can’t hear, his eyes see blurry truths of the world. Suddenly, the cold night air enters him, forcing violent shivers over Dean’s body. He’s lost control. Movement bustles around him, yet Dean refuses to move. If he lets himself go back to the real world Castiel will take it all away; so he falls further into oblivion.

Somewhere off to his left, Andy asks, “Is he going to be okay?”

“My Omega will be fine; he just needs me.” Castiel’s lips tickle Dean’s ear; he doesn’t react, “I am here, Dean. Let me check-in on Gabriel, and then I will drive you home.”

Silence.

Being left to his own thoughts is torturous for the omega. Although, he’s not surprised abandoned on the cold brutal ground. This is what he deserves. Given the opportunity, Dean will consistently resort to cruelty, brutality and bloodshed. Crowley wrote in his five-year review that Dean Winchester takes to torture and murder beautifully; his talent has no bounds, set him free and let’s reap the benefits. He was right. A monster deserves the lonely life in the shadows; no one should be mated to such a creature.

A light turns on in the back bedroom of Cas’s side. Gabriel is going to bed, his brother protecting him from the nightmare in the backyard. Dean shuts his eyes; he was so fucking close to happily ever after. Time moves slowly as Dean lies motionless. Not a single tear falls, because the world has simply halted.

Blue eyes pop into Dean’s view, startling the omega. Oh, that’s right, Cas has to drag him home. Dean’s in no condition to drive.

“Dean.” The gentle tone warms something deep with in him. A soft hand cups his cheek. “My Omega, can you walk?”

From inside his mind, Dean answers, but his mouth remains quiet. He doesn’t want to move; in doing so he starts the beginning of the end. Castiel tries again, his fingers stroking Dean’s face, “I am here, please, Dean, say something.”

There are no more words to say; Dean’s heart is crumbling into tiny shards of pain. Cas is worthy of a better omega. The thought makes his chest ache, his throat goes dry, and he loses control of his scent, flooding the space with utter loss.

“Dean, my Omega. No, no, no I am right here,” Castiel’s reply is strained with worry. “You don’t get to make that choice for me. I am yours, Dean. Always.”

Castiel lifts Dean into his arms, carrying him over to the black van. It takes some juggling, but eventually Dean sprawls out on the floor of the vehicle so Cas can drive. The first thing Dean notes is heat blaring from the van’s dash along with the trench coat wrapped around his shoulders. Such a fabulous aroma surrounds him that Dean can almost pretend this is his forever. His alpha talks as he takes them back to Dean’s house, a constant flow of wishes in one hand as the blood from Dean blemishes the other.

For a bit Dean passes out, his mind giving his soul a reprieve from the agony. He comes to when a spray of hot water hits his face. Dean’s eyes pop open with shock. Searching the space, he realizes Cas has him in the shower. The alpha is stripping himself and the omega. Shades of rose, maroon, wine, pink, and sanguine trickle down his body and across the tiled floor. The colors of death.
A supple washcloth gently lathers soap along Dean’s flesh, adding more shades to the painting below. Instead of brushstrokes, Cas wipes away the ugly to find his lost omega. Dean leans against the wall, staring at his alpha. He hasn’t left. Rather than dropping Dean off and fleeing for his life, Cas scrubs him clean. This perplexes the omega, his voice hidden behind the screaming in Dean’s inner thoughts. He just stares.

When the water finally runs clear, Cas helps Dean to the bed then uses a fluffy white towel to dry them both. Kneeling between Dean’s thighs, Castiel’s gaze rises to meet Dean’s.

“I don’t know what to do,” Cas whispers, “I’m sorry to fail you, my Omega. You deserve a Dom who has all the answers, that can anticipate your every desire.”

The alpha’s head drops to Dean’s lap. He can’t help but run his fingers through the dark locks, so soft and sensual.

Dean’s voice is ragged. “I need …”

“Yes, my Omega, whatever you ask I will provide.” Cas’s face searches Dean’s for any sign of what to do.

Coughing to clear his throat, Dean tries again, “I need to be punished.”

“Alright, we will do it on my terms.” Cas’s face searches Dean’s for any sign of what to do.

Unable to add more, Dean nods, taking Cas’s hands in his. He will always follow his alpha’s lead. Gradually, with a few stumbles from Dean, Cas guides him to the playroom door, removing the padlock. As the door swings open, his alpha lowers his head, “After you, my Omega.”

Natural light falls from a skylight off to the right side of the room. Dean had forgotten it had existed behind all the soundproof padding. Cas flicks on an overhead light that warms the space in a pale glow. The ceiling is painted cerulean with fluffy clouds throughout, the walls are swirls of varying shades: pine, fern, basil and moss and yet it flows stunningly into the bamboo flooring that gives with each step. A completely redone spanking bench lounges in the far corner, the wood a dark mahogany while the padding is a forest green.

“What do you think?” Cas queries from the doorway.

“Beautiful.” Every color blends into the next with such detail Dean can’t pause from spinning to take it all in. “Why would you make this room …so wonderful?”

Cas’s hands halt his movement. The two men locking eyes, “This space can reflect the beauty we find in each other through our games.”

Okay,” Dean mumbles with awe.

“What is your safeword, Dean?” Cas vanishes for a second into the closet, retrieving equipment.

With a soul-releasing sigh, Dean answers, “Poughkeepsie.”

“Hands in front, my Omega.” The words from his alpha are already cooling the rage under his skin. Cas will take care of him. Here he is safe.

The alpha reveals a gorgeous lengthy piece of high-quality rope. Dean’s no stranger to bondage play. This stuff ain’t from Lowes. The rope has been well loved as the natural shine gives it a soft, inviting appearance.
“Bamboo?” Dean asks while Cas diligently binds his right wrist. It’s lighter than the floor but fits perfectly into the new space.

Cas pauses to smile, “Only the best for my Submissive.”

“Sir, how in the hell could you afford Bamboo rope and not even the thin stuff?” The diameter of the rope has to be around 5 millimeters, basically this is the 1965 Jaguar classic of the BDSM rope world; classy and expensive.

“The Carrigans adored your St. Andrew’s cross so much they sent us an entire box of spooled bamboo rope as a thank you,” Cas answers, his focus on fastening Dean’s left wrist with just enough give between them to hang Dean from the rafters.

Dean nods towards the walls, “Please, tell me you didn’t break the bank on this?”

“Not at all, my Omega; Meg helped to purchase the paint and equipment, and in return I will be doing her portrait. The flooring was a barter gift from Lucifer since Fish seems to spend most of his time here now.” The alpha nervously licks his lips, “Do you like it?”

“Yes.”

How Cas intends to suspend him intrigues Dean until his Dom pulls down one of the circular clouds from the ceiling. It’s a white hook mounted above; it takes his breath away at the sheer aesthetics Cas put into to the playroom. It’s their own private wonderland.

A stunning grin startles Dean as Cas lifts his hands, connecting the rope to the white hook. It’s a stretch for Dean to stand; his feet are unable to fully touch the floor. Dean loves it. Castiel ghosts his fingers all over his body, paying particular attention to the muscles on display.

“This is how I know there is a God,” Cas murmurs into Dean’s neck.

As Cas continues to explore Dean’s back, the omega counters, “And why do you say that?”

“Only the true artist who created the beauties of nature could construct such an amazing human. Dean, you are the artwork of God.” Reverence and awe are heavy in Cas’s words.

Penance is what Dean seeks tonight, not caressing by hand and words. “Alpha, you promised.”

“I did. Although, we are doing it my way.”

Without warning, the bite of a cane slaps against Dean’s bottom. He screams in relief, “Thank you, Alpha.”

No reply comes from his Dom, another delicious strike to his left butt cheek speaks for him. Castiel stayed. His alpha saw the worst and remained. Dean’s mind swims in the liberation from his dark thoughts; today he keeps his lover and receives his punishment. Five formidable smacks litter across his thighs and ass. This is what he requires to find his peace once more.

A lengthy pause has Dean glancing around for a reason why the assault stopped. He catches Cas on his knees behind Dean. The alpha drags his tongue over the welts, smothering the marks with saliva and kisses. A single finger joins the foray as Cas adds others, opening up his hole.

The pleasure builds over Dean’s flesh, making his cock rise in response. He’d yell at Cas, but the alpha doesn’t take well to criticism. Suddenly the sensations are gone and Cas standing, the cane in his hands. Slapping the instrument to his palm, Cas paces in front of Dean. The alpha cards his
fingers through Dean’s hair with a wistful smile; moments later Cas twirls in a beautiful show of strength as the cane strikes Dean harshly on the thigh.

“Thank you, Sir, may I have another,” Dean begs and receives when Cas twirls to the other side whipping his other thigh with such might the welt will be massive. However, no matter what Dean pleads, Castiel never breaks the skin. His alpha has superior control.

Teetering on his toes, Dean’s in heaven as Cas takes him apart. The cane goes skittering to the other side of the room. Castiel grabs Dean’s red thighs, lifting him so the omega can wrap his legs around the alpha’s waist. Without warning Cas thrusts his dick deep inside of Dean. Tears finally flow as his Dom fucks madly into him, his hands holding the stinging skin so tightly the ache is glorious.

The angle has both men juggling legs and balance to keep up the amazing sex. Dean’s hands latch onto the rope, helping to keep his weight more manageable for Castiel. Everything is perfect. His entire ass and thighs are throbbing as Cas slams deep within Dean. As the mind-blowing sex continues, a dark thought slips into Dean’s bliss.

Castiel can’t knot him in this position.

Never has Dean cared about knotting. It seemed like such an intimate act that Dean doesn’t deserve, especially after tonight’s bloody actions. And yet the mere idea that Cas won’t knot him sends a bone crushing panic over Dean. His heart stops; he screams, not understanding what he’s saying but the worst pain he’s ever felt hits him. His body goes into convulsions as Dean battles the fear.

One word can finish this, he just has to whisper, “Poughkeepsie.”

The last syllable has barely left his mouth when Cas is yanking at his bindings. Concern brushes over his alpha’s tight eyebrows. Dean lets the word fall like a prayer, “Poughkeepsie, Poughkeepsie.”

Once he’s completely free Dean can’t help but throttle the alpha knocking him to the floor. The poor man yelping in shock.

“Knot? I need your knot,” Dean entreats, his ass hovering over his alpha’s erection.

Cas snatches his hips, thrusting up and pushing down to shove what Dean craves inside his hole, his orgasm brings another bout of sobbing. Castiel growls loudly as he coats Dean’s insides with his seed. Dean plunges to the alpha’s chest, crying uncontrollably. His alpha relented.

Eventually Dean comes to, still knotted tightly with Cas. The alpha’s hands are caressing his face. Dean blankly stares at the spanking bench, his face away from his Dom. He hasn’t the strength to do this face to face.

Croaking out each word Dean murmurs, “I need to add a hard limit.”

“Of course, my Omega, whatever you want you shall have without question.” Castiel’s hands never halt the touch, which is essential to Dean’s ability to keep going.

“You can’t ever,” he hiccups, wiping snot from his nose, “deny me your knot. I need the connection with you.”

Fingers carefully turn Dean’s chin to face Cas. Kind blue eyes shine back at him, “Dean Winchester, I will add it to our list, but believe me I would never deny myself such an important part of our relationship. You are my Omega, Dean. One day we will mate, but until that moment this is
what I live for; my sweet Omega, I was going to release you in order to properly give you the knot you so earned.”

“Okay,” Dean’s gaze lingers on Cas’s lips.

His alpha didn’t leave.

Dean tilts down, placing an open mouth kiss to Castiel’s neck exactly where a bite would go on him. He’s not ready to cross that line, but he knows it won’t be long now.

Chapter End Notes

BDSM Tags: Bondage, Impact Play, cane usage

Comments, Questions, and Concerns are always loved like sleeping children.

XOXOXOXO -
Angie
Cas POV

Castiel lowers his nose, sniffing his Omega’s hair. Sweet pumpkin spice with a hint of baked bread lingers in his nostrils, reminding him this is his scent, the one he’s been searching for since his knot popped. Dean stirs, snuggling in tighter to the alpha’s chest as the movie Die Hard plays on the television. How his omega could sleep through bombs and gunshots without even a peep is both endearing and disconcerting, depending on how one looks at it.

Films such as these were never allowed in their home, too brutal for their growing minds. However, the mix of humor and violence gives Castiel pause as to whether this truly qualifies as a holiday flick. Dean insisted they watch it. The second those emerald eyes lifted with a soft hurt look, Castiel was doomed to ever say anything but yes. Denying his omega is an act against his alpha nature. Although he will do it when his role as Dom calls for it, their afternoon movie selection is not such an occasion for staying strong.

Lately Castiel has been struggling with keeping his alpha in check. His inner wolf is screaming to mate the gorgeous man, marking that neck as his. From the moment he peered into those eyes and inhaled Dean’s scent, there was no doubt in his mind this was his omega. Now he needs to convince Dean. Castiel believes with his entire being that omegas should have the final say because they pay the highest price in mating. The pain of separation is felt by them in waves of agony. Poor Hannah struggles every time they speak, yet she doesn’t relent.

Glancing at the clock above the TV, Cas calculates how long he can remain wrapped up in his omega’s embrace. Dean’s touch is a delicacy Cas takes to heart, savoring it with each caress. Unfortunately, they have Christmas Eve dinner at Sam’s house tonight. Castiel needs to put on fresh clothes and collect Gabriel before heading up to Richardson. A few minutes more. It’s often good manners to arrive a few minutes late in order to give your host time to finish the last few tasks. Not to mention that with small children Sam and Sarah have even more to accomplish.

A loud explosion startles Castiel, shaking his omega. Bright green eyes pop open with confusion. “Is the movie over?”

“Not yet, but I won’t be able to finish it anyways.” Cas almost leans down to kiss Dean’s forehead but catches himself just in time, dropping a tender kiss to the other man’s shoulder.

Stretching his arms, Dean sits up. Cas can’t help but catch the sliver of tummy flashing by when Dean’s Henley rises. A heat builds in Cas’s groin. Alas, they don’t have the time to play; that is such a shame. Giving Dean a red bottom could make dinner so entertaining.
Dean scrutinizes Cas’s gaze, “I know that look, Cas; we don’t have time for you to knot me.”

“Damn,” Cas retorts, a frown on his face, “we should have done that instead of a movie.”

“Too late now, big guy,” Dean leaps off the couch, giving his hips a delicious shake. God, this man will be the death of him. “Now off with you, alpha, to collect your brother and meet me at Sam’s. I’ll be the one drinking heavily.”

Castiel chuckles as he grabs his trench coat and keys, heading for the door. “I’m sure the evening will be lovely, Dean.”

“Hey, so, tonight after dinner,” Dean’s gaze bounces around the room. His omega does this when he’s anxious about asking for something he really desires. Castiel already knows his answer but lets the query be heard first. “Maybe Gabriel can drive your van home, and you can sleep here. I know you have the big family brunch tomorrow but maybe a quick Christmas morning together …” his omega kicks the floor with his socked toe, “just the two of us.”

“Yes, my Omega. I left your gift in the playroom for that purpose.” Tilting down, Cas takes Dean’s hand, kissing his knuckles, “And yes, I left the lock in place so you can’t peek.”

“Awesome.” Dean’s smile brightens the entire room.

If Michelangelo were alive today, he would have sculpted Dean instead of David. His omega’s smile would be the pinnacle of the art world. With a final wave to his Sub, Cas steps out into the brisk winter day, headed home.

“Gabriel!” Castiel shouts as he enters his house, removing his coat and glancing around for signs of life. “Gabriel, we need to leave in 30 minutes.”

No answer.

Rushing to his brother’s bedroom door, he bangs twice. “Gabriel, are you up?”

“Fuck you, Cassie!” the beta replies.

“I’m going to get changed and brush my teeth, please be ready,” Cas pleads, listening as a gentle, “Fine” floats through the wood.

Castiel wants to give a good impression, so he takes the time to shave and put on his finest suit. It used to belong to Lucifer so it’s a little big on him, but Castiel’s confident it’s the thought that counts. He battles his hair, but per usual the chaos wins out. Glaring into the mirror, Cas decides he’s done the best he can for now. Hopefully, Gabriel is ready.

Back by the door, Cas knocks. “Gabriel, are you ready?”

No answer.

“Gabriel, we need to leave soon. Do you need help with the tie I set out?” Cas had selected a nice pair of dark slacks, a white button up and a delightful Santa tie. Cracking the door just a tad, Cas acknowledges the dark room first. Gabe has his velvet curtains pulled, blocking any form of light into the space. “Gabe?”

From the area of the bed Gabriel’s timid voice responds, “I can’t go, Cas, sorry, I’ve got a killer headache.”
“You promised. Dean has been excited to meet you; please don’t do this.” Castiel sighs; this is pretty common for Gabriel of late. His crusades with drugs and alcohol has brought on serious bouts of depression, leaving him stranded in his room away from all humanity.

A shoe strikes the door, “I said no, Castiel. Just let me sleep and bring me home a slice of the pie you baked last night.”

A heavy weight sits on Castiel’s shoulders. He’s torn between staying so Gabriel won’t be alone and going to meet Dean’s family. “Maybe I should stay; we could watch a Christmas movie?”

“No, Cassie, I’m fine. Go, don’t let me ruin your big meet the family night,” Gabriel commands firmly.

“Alright. I made three pies, so I will leave one for you on the counter and only take two.” Closing the door, Castiel leaves his brother to the shadows of his mind.

Sam’s house is beautiful from the outside. Castiel puts his van in park, grabbing the pies as he awkwardly climbs out. The lawn is immaculate. His omega’s Impala sits in front of his van. Passing a powder blue Mustang, Castiel notes Mary has arrived, excellent. He needs to have a sit-down with the mother of his omega, making it crystal clear she no longer has any power over Dean. Her rule has ended.

Before he can ring the doorbell, the front door swings open and Emma is smiling up at him. “Hi, Mr. Cas.”

“Hello, Emma. How are you this evening?” He steps inside, waiting for her answer.

“I’m good; everyone’s inside talking about you.” Emma’s gaze honest with such a sweet hint of innocence. “Grandma doesn’t think you should be here.”

Castiel nods; he’s not surprised. “I love your pretty dress.” Changing the topic might be best.

Emma twirls, her red satin dress swinging out with the movement. “Thank you. Ruby has a matching one, but she said it itched. So now she’s in her Yo Gabba Gabba pajamas.”

“Well, it’s simply lovely.” Cas glances up when he scents Dean’s pumpkin spice. “Hello, Dean.”

“Hey, Cas. Where’s Gabriel?” Dean’s eyes are curious.

Removing his coat, he sighs, “I apologize; my brother was feeling under the weather tonight, so it’s just me.”

“That’s fine; we are so glad you could join us,” a stunning brunette beta announces, entering the living space. This must be Sarah. She has a genuine smile on her lips as she takes his coat. “Everyone is already sitting down to dinner. Emma, why don’t you show Castiel where to sit?”

The young girl takes his hand, oddly though Dean takes the other one as they both lead him into the Christmas-themed dining room. The tablecloth is a deep forest green; a tiny decorated tree sits in the center of the table, and all the settings have plates with Jolly Old Saint Nick’s face. A chandelier above the long rectangular table shines at the fullest setting, giving the room a cheerful sensation.

Dean pulls out a seat, “Cas, you can sit here.”

Following the command of his omega, Castiel takes the seat without a word. Dean sits to his left and Sam walks in, taking the head of the table to his right. “Castiel, so glad you could join us.”
The two alphas shake with grins. “I wouldn’t miss it.”

An empty seat is on the other side of Dean, most likely for Gabriel. So, across the table sits the Winchester matriarch with a granddaughter to each side and Sarah taking the other head of the table. Castiel ignores the burning glare from Mary. He will be polite. However, if this woman attacks his relationship with Dean or his omega in any way, that will change.

The meal begins with food passed around with squeals of delight and abhorrent moans from the children, vegetables being born from the devil.

Ruby pipes up first, “Where Fish?”

“Fish is with her daddy for the holiday.” Castiel smiles, taking a bite of ham.

Now, Cas doesn’t know Sam very well, but the other alpha keeps side eyeing his mother almost as if he’s waiting for something. Dean’s quiet. This is not how Cas prefers his omega, so he turns to him.

“Dean, what’s your favorite memory of this holiday?” He chooses a gentle topic that might help ease some of the tension building in the room.

“When my dad was alive, we would drive out to a tree farm to cut down our own Christmas tree. My dad loved this holiday and went the distance to make it great for all of us.” Dean pauses, clearly recalling the memory. “What about you, Cas?”

There are no other conversations, so everyone’s eyes fall to him. “Samandriel, Gabriel’s birth omega, played the guitar. We would sit around the tree on Christmas Eve singing carols.”

Everyone joins in answering the questions, even Ruby, who yells, “Santa!”

Mary is the last to give her response, “The first Christmas I spent with John. We were broke and had to steal a sad-looking bush for our tree. Ended up decorating it with silverware and popcorn, but I’ll never forget that first holiday with my alpha.”

Castiel tilts his head, perplexed by her warm smile and not sure she was the evil person Dean had painted her out to be. Sometimes people can only see what they want to. Dinner progresses and everyone’s quite cordial.

After the last piece of pie is consumed, Sarah ushers Emma and Ruby off to bed. Ruby gives both Dean and Castiel a kiss goodnight while Emma offers sweet hugs.

Mary sips her glass of chardonnay. “You are very good with the girls, Castiel.”

“Thank you, Mary. Sam and Sarah have done a tremendous job raising them.” Cas takes his own swig of beer hoping to steer away from this topic. This is something which plagues his omega, and Cas won’t have their evening burdened by it.

“A little birdie told me you’ve been attempting to rein in Ruby’s affection for Dean.” Her voice is soft. “Are you jealous of a child?”

Taking a moment to let her ridiculous statement linger, Cas wipes his mouth with the red cloth napkin. “I think our definitions of affection might be slightly different. Ruby and I agreed to share Dean’s attention, as I’m aware of the necessary developmental stage at this age for an alpha. However, I did teach her to ask permission before biting her omega.”

“She’s two, what a silly thing to focus on,” Mary laughs, “and she’s only nipping at Dean. He can take it.”
Dean’s hand falls onto Cas’s thigh, squeezing, yet Cas clears his throat before responding, “Whether or not he can … take it, my omega deserves the respect of being asked for his consent.”

“Well, see, that’s a privilege Sam and I weren’t given when Dean vanished for ten years.” Mary smirks.

Now Castiel is quickly assembling a response to her statement. The older omega is obviously thinking this would be a shock to him. What a silly woman. There are no lies between him and Dean. Although, Cas doesn’t get the chance to counter as Sam slams his fist on the table; all the glasses rattling.

“Shut up, Mom! Just shut the fuck up!” Sam hisses between gritted teeth. “You sold Dean to benefit our lives and you can’t even be grateful for the sacrifice he made for us.” Mary’s mouth drops open, her eyes bugging out as Sam continues. “You would be dead if it wasn’t for Dean. I wouldn’t have my wife, my daughters, shit, I might even be dead. Everything you see, including the God damn house, exists because Dean forfeited his life for ten fucking years. So he doesn’t give us details; who the hell cares? He has earned the right for privacy. You have two choices here, Mother.” Sam raises his pointer finger, “One, you can learn to show Dean respect and thank him for your life. No more cracks about him abandoning us, no more telling him he’s less of a family member because the way I see it, you should be groveling at his feet instead of making snide comments that hurt him. Or two,” Sam raises his next finger, “you can keep up this atrocious behavior and you will not be welcome in my home ever again.”

Dean’s fingers dig into Castiel’s thigh. The omega remains still, waiting for the scene to play out.

Instead of addressing Sam, Mary turns her face towards Dean. “You broke your promise to me, Dean. How could you go behind my back and turn Sam against me?”

“He asked,” Dean croaks.

Mary throws her hands up in the air, “I’ve repeatedly asked where you were during that time. You never gave me a straight answer.”

“Get out.” Sam’s voice is low, but the tone is icy.

Their mother whips her head to face her youngest son, “I’m sorry, what did you say to me?”

“I gave you two options. You are still trying to blame Dean; even after all this has come to light you are trying to somehow dump it back on him.” Sam stands, his grand height adding to the dramatic gesture. The alpha points towards the front door, “Get out, Mom. I gave you a choice, which was better than what you gave Dean.”

Mary scoffs as she too stands then glances at Castiel, “Do you really want to get involved with this mess?”

“I do,” Cas passively replies.

“Why in the hell would you take on Dean and all his baggage?” She’s pointing at Dean as she yells the question. His omega is slumping farther into his seat.

Placing his arm around Dean’s shoulders, he pulls his omega into his chest. “Because to me he’s perfect.”

“Perfect? How can you think of my damaged omega son as perfect?” Mary rolls her eyes.
Tilting forward and speaking with clarity, “You view damage as bad or something to be avoided. I view it as a test of character, those who survive the worst grow to be beautiful souls shining like the sun itself.”

“Whatever,” Mary throws over her shoulder as she slams the front door behind her.

Dean rubs at the back of his neck, his nerves crackling “Thanks, Sam, you didn’t have to do that.”

“Yes, Dean, I did.” Sam returns to his seat with a deep sigh.

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“Cas! Wake up, Cas, it’s Christmas morning!”

The alpha’s eyes shimmy open as his shoulder is assaulted with shoves from Dean. “Dean, what time is it?”

A sliver of light barely peeks out over the sky.

“Just after six. But it’s Christmas, and I can’t wait any longer.” Dean’s bouncing around on the bed.

Laughing as he stretches and pulls on a pair of sweats, he follows his omega into the main room of Dean’s home. An eight-foot Christmas tree sits in the center decorated in silver and white. Dean has on a pair of pajama bottoms and an old tattered Batman shirt. The look adds to the childlike behavior of the other man.

Dean walks straight past the presents under the tree, halting when he reaches the playroom door. “I want this one first, Alpha.”

“Of course,” Cas coos, because why would he deny such a gorgeous, smiling Dean?

Making quick work of the padlock, Cas opens the door, standing back as Dean plows right in with bold excitement. “Holy shit, Cas!”

Dean freezes in front of a 30” X 40” canvas resting on a silver easel. His omega lets his gaze drag over the piece Cas has been working on for the last two weeks. The image called to him. Castiel had no choice but to paint the picture on canvas.

The angle is from the heavens as if the viewer is an angel looking down on Earth. Snow drifts down onto a field that’s covered with mint plants growing wild. In the center of the storm stands Dean, alone, his face up towards the sky, emerald green eyes glimmering as snow skims over his freckled skin. His omega laughs. The man wears Castiel’s old trench coat with jeans and dark brown boots. It’s nothing spectacular, but to Cas this is his entire world.

“It’s me,” Dean whispers with awe, “me surrounded by you.”

“Yes, my Omega, this is how I want your forever to be.” Castiel takes Dean’s hand in his, stroking the soft knuckles.

A hush tumbles around them as both men glance between the art and each other. Castiel’s putting a lot of faith in his omega. This is more than just his artwork; it’s his hope for the future placed at Dean’s feet. The omega holds the cards now.

“You want to mate me,” Dean confides gently. Their hands remain laced together.

Castiel chuckles with anxiety, “I thought that was apparent.”
“No, like not on an alpha whim. You want …me.” Dean turns to face Castiel.

“I do; whatever you are willing to give I will take, be it scraps or the entire picture.” Cas finds himself nervous, there is something terrifying about putting your heart on the line. Dean can reject him.

Dean pulls his hand away, shouting, “You need your gift from me.”

Perhaps Castiel should have given Dean a nice pair of panties like Gabriel had suggested. This was too much, and now his omega will hide behind whatever gift he has chosen. Cas will follow his lead, always.

Panting as he races back to the playroom, Dean hands him a long, black, shiny box, obviously created to hold a tie. Castiel gives Dean his future, and Dean gives him a tie. Fuck. However, his omega’s present is important regardless of what it ends up being. Castiel opens the box, his heart flying at the black leather wrist cuff. Embroidered in silver along the fine material: Castiel’s Omega.

This is a physical representation of their promise to mate. Often young teens will use these to mark one another until they reach a more appropriate age for mating. Dean wants to mate him. Lifting the cuff, he sees a matching one underneath, but on this one is written: Dean’s Alpha.

The amazing man standing before him stretches out his left arm, “I’m not ready for a claiming bite, but I also want the world to know I’m taken.”

Castiel can’t find the words to express his fulfillment in this moment so he simply puts the leather band around Dean’s wrist and then does the same to his own.

With tears in his eyes, Cas finally mumbles, “Thank you, for the promise.”

Chapter End Notes

A little Christmas in April! : )

Comments, Questions, and Concerns are the best gifts.

XOXOXO - Angie
Dean gasps with exhilaration, Cas’s knot tight inside his hole. The alpha is beneath him on the couch as Dean lounges in his lap, sweating from an amazing round of hot Castiel sex. They are both naked from the waist down. Originally the plan had been to watch an episode of Dr. Sexy, but that led to flirting, and well, now Dean’s being bombarded with alpha pheromones marking him as Cas’s. Their fingers are intertwined so the black leather cuffs rest next to each other as they wait out the knot.

This has been happening a lot. Dean’s never had sex outside of a scene with an alpha, a beta sure, sometimes even a female omega for a laugh. He seems to be tossing out all the rules for the blue-eyed alpha breathing heavily below him. Dean’s okay with it.

A blaring alarm noise rings out into the quiet, causing both men to flinch. Dean immediately recognizes the obnoxious ringtone, “Hey Cas, hand me my phone, that’s Crowley calling.”

“Can’t you call him back later? We are slightly indisposed at the moment.” Castiel speaks directly into Dean’s neck, giving him a chill.

“No, we hear the bat signal line, so I’m not allowed to ignore it.” Dean responds, watching as Cas stretches over to the floor where his phone landed earlier. Crowley has two phones with two separate rings; this one can’t go unanswered.

Instead of handing it to Dean, Cas raises it to his own ear. “Crowley, you are disturbing a private moment.”

Dean can’t hear Crowley which is odd because that should have been a reply in screeches. Every once in a while Cas will hum along to whatever Crowley is saying but not really giving any indication as to what the two alphas are chatting about. Finally Cas uses words, “I have the night shift at the gas station so I won’t be able to come along. Can this wait?”

Dean hears more humming as Crowley replies to his alpha’s query. Castiel’s free arm tightens around Dean’s waist, pulling him in closer. Dean grunts in return. God, this new position is shoving Cas’s dick even deeper into Dean, which may cause another orgasm.

“No, I understand; you may pick up Dean in an hour.” Cas ends the call. His alpha drops a couple kisses along his shoulder. “Hannah is not handling …things. The breaking of the bond has begun, and it’s taking its toll on my dear sister; she might give up if things get much worse.”

“How can we help her?” Dean mumbles, laying his head against Cas’s neck.

“It appears Crowley’s mother dabbles in healing elixirs. She has sent a recipe which can further along the process and cut the time of Hannah’s agony in half.” Cas nuzzles his forehead against Dean’s cheek. “However, both the omega and alpha must drink the elixir within a 12-hour window.
Hannah just took hers in a tea. You and Crowley will drive over to Ramiel’s home to encourage him to do the same.”

Chewing on his lip, Dean counters, “Encourage how?”

“I will leave that to your discretion, my Omega, yet don’t forget that I am behind you one hundred percent.” More kisses rain down Dean’s shoulders; damn, he really should have taken off his shirt.

An hour later Dean waves goodbye to his alpha and maneuvers into Crowley’s massive Lexus SUV. They ride in silence for a while then Dean has to ask, “So why are you taking such an interest in Hannah?”

“She’s a wonderful omega. Did you know she speaks four languages, self-taught that one, and still so bloody smart.” Crowley has this bizarre look on his face. Dean would swear it to be happiness, but this is Crowley for God’s sake. “My omega is also redoing the garden in my back yard. She’s pla—”

“I’m sorry, what the fuck did you just say?” Dean’s mouth drops in surprise, “Did you say MY OMEGA?”

The alpha harrumphs, turning on the headlights as dusk turns into night. Crowley glares at the road ahead. “Hannah smells likes spring, fresh-cut flowers in the rain.”

Dean can’t help but chuckle; his scary-ass ex-boss has become smitten over Cas’s sister.

Eventually they pull up to Ramiel’s green and burgundy house, a single light on inside. The identifiable glow of a television pours out the huge front window. Dean inhales, scented Cas on his skin. A few moments later Ramiel answers the door.

“Did you bring me back my omega?” Ramiel greets them.

Crowley, with all his manners, pushes into the living room, Dean bringing up the rear. His ex-boss sniffs the air with vague disgust, “Hannah is not yours, she has been granted unbinding papers.” The alpha removes a white envelope from his ever-present black overcoat. “See for yourself. She is free of you.”

Snatching the envelope, Ramiel crosses to a tattered old recliner, dropping onto it, and rips up the papers without even reading them. “Your fancy lawyers can kiss my ass. My whiny little omega won’t last the unbinding pains; she’ll be back. You just wait and see.”

“Well, that’s why we are here,” Crowley and his clearly magical coat reveals a vial of dark brown liquid, “this serum can be added to your favorite beverage. In the time it takes you to swig, Hannah’s discomfort can be reduced significantly. So if you please.”

“No,” the bastard grunts with a grin.

Time for Dean to add a bit of encouragement, “Swallow the liquid, or I punch your face.”

“I don’t know either of you. Why in the hell would I drink a weird looking substance on your word alone?” Leaning back, Ramiel crosses his arms. “I want Hannah to hurt.”

“Bollocks!” Crowley shouts as he rushes Ramiel. “Dean, hold him down; we will have to do this the hard way.”

Having already tussled with this alpha before, Dean tackles him without worry. Ramiel doesn’t have
the strength to be a real threat to the omega. Once on the ground, Dean pins Ramiel’s arms under his knees and uses his hands to open the alpha’s mouth, being particularly careful around those growing canines. The bite would not claim. However, it would enrage his own alpha, who hasn’t been able to mark Dean with his own teeth.

Crowley comes up next to them trying to balance the now-open vial over Ramiel’s mouth. The fucker throws his weight into Dean’s leg, knocking him off balance, which in turn has him ramming into Crowley. The sound of shattering glass makes him cringe.

“HAHA!” Ramiel yells, “You idiots can’t do shit now. Hannah is mmmmmmmmmmmmm.”

The syringe is still in Ramiel’s neck as Crowley sneers, “And now she’s mine.”

“Fuck, Crowley, is he dead?” Dean rolls off the lifeless body.

The alpha shrugs unapologetically. “We gave him a choice to behave.”

“We can’t leave a body behind. Hannah or Cas could be implicated. They both have a serious motive.” Dean’s scratching at his chin, pondering different corpse disposal methods. Since it wasn’t a sanctioned kill, they are on their own. He hates this part.

Always a step or two ahead, Crowley pulls out a nondescript flip phone and dials a number. Most likely this was the plan all along. “Samhain, it appears I will be needing your services this evening. Expect us in four hours or less.” He hangs up, staring at Dean. “There is a crematorium in Woodson, TX that will aid us in this asshole's disappearance.” He kicks the dead guy's foot.

The short alpha storms into the kitchen, throwing open cupboards, digging for something very specific.

Trailing behind him, Dean queries, “Where is Woodson, TX?”

“A little over three hours so we better get going, but first,” Crowley yanks out three different bottle of booze all filled to the rim. “We have to kill the scent of death on his skin.”

“Duh!” Dean shouts snagging a bottle of Jim Beam. Crowley follows with Jose Cuervo Tequila and some green shit.

The strong scent of liquor will cover the scent of death for up to 24 hours, so plenty of time to get Ramiel to the crematorium for disposal. Crowley shoves his bottle down the dead guy’s throat while Dean drenches him from head to toe.

“I’ll procure a vehicle, and then we shall leave.” Crowley is out the door before Dean can object. Ugh, this sucks, but on the bright side Hannah is probably feeling awesome.

Ten minutes later the alpha storms into the house screaming, “Let’s go! I have Ramiel’s truck out front; we can take it to Woodson and then dump it on our way back.”

Using the dead guy’s vehicle makes sense. Grabbing Ramiel’s shoulders with Crowley holding his feet, they walk him outside. Thank God it’s dark out so the neighbors won’t catch wind. Dean turns to glance at the vehicle, “Damn it! This truck doesn’t even have anywhere to hide him.”

“It’s a bench seat. You know hiding in plain sight works best,” Crowley retorts, opening the passenger door so they can jostle Ramiel in the middle.

Now, the poison makes so much more sense. Once they are all in and Dean’s pulling out onto the
main road he asks, “So, this magical elixir from your mother?”

“A nice Earl Grey tea with lemon and Tabasco sauce for the omega, then within 12 hours Earl Grey tea and liquid Drano for the alpha. I didn’t lie. Hannah’s unbinding pain was cut down substantially.” Crowley’s not even remorseful; well, to be honest, neither is Dean. Out of all his kills, this one truly had it coming. “The needle was pure Drano; never go in without a plan B.”

The truck’s cab is tight with three grown men sitting shoulder to shoulder. For the past hour and a half Dean and Crowley have been playing "shove the dead guy" back and forth. Ramiel’s head keeps crashing to one side or the other, which is annoying as hell. Finally he gets the corpse over to Crowley’s area when blue lights go off behind them.

“I told you not to speed through these Podunk towns,” the alpha snipes.

A car chase through Texas with a cadaver next to you seems like a bad idea, so Dean pulls over, “This ain’t my first rodeo. I was doing the speed limit, dumbass.”

“Take the ticket or whatever. I’ll pay the fine,” Crowley adds, placing his head into his hands.

Rolling his eyes, Dean lowers the window, watching as a figure gets out of the tan Parker County Sheriff’s SUV behind them. Oh dear Lord, please don’t send him to prison for this fiasco, although Dean’s heard karma is a bitch.

An older alpha with a greying beard peers into the vehicle through Dean’s open window, “Evenin’ boys,” the officer yanks back, coughing harshly, “Get out of the vehicle, son; it smells like you drank the entire liquor store.”

Complying with the officer, Dean slides out, waiting by the tailgate as the sheriff grabs something from his SUV. Without a word, the man holds out a tiny breathalyzer, and Dean gives it a nice long blow.

The sheriff tips his hat as the machine reads 0.0. “I’m Sheriff Jake Miller; where we headed tonight?”

“That guy Earl,” Dean points to the cab of the truck, “had a bit too many so we are driving him home.” Dean tosses his thumb towards Ramiel. He knows for a fact the man doesn’t have a stitch of identification on him.

“You can return to the vehicle,” Miller taps Dean’s shoulder to get him going.

The sheriff holds the door open leaning in to give the dead body a quick once over then glances at Crowley before returning his gaze to Dean. “License and registration, omega.”

Wincing, Dean grinds his teeth with frustration. They left everyone’s IDs and cell phones in Crowley’s SUV so there would be no way to track them. “Sheriff Miller, as I mentioned before, this is Earl’s vehicle and I have no clue if it’s registered. We met at a bar and felt it would be safest to drive the man home. Neither myself or my friend ever met this man before tonight. It also appears that I have misplaced my license.”

“Well, now we have a conundrum because this here truck was reported stolen thirty minutes ago,” The sheriff just stands, obviously waiting for another bout of bullshit.

Dean turns to Crowley about to throttle the living alpha to the point he may want to switch places with Ramiel. A crackling voice calls out on Miller’s walkie so the sheriff steps back to discuss in private.
“You STOLE the transport vehicle!” Dean would scream but forces his voice low.

“It was in front of the man’s house and looked moronic enough for this asshole to drive it.” Crowley shrugs with a grimace, “Oops, wrong douche mobile.”

He’s winding up to let Crowley have it for the glaring mistake possibly sending both of them to prison when the sheriff returns to the window, his calm demeanor still in place. “It appears the owner of the vehicle has no interest in pressing charges if the truck can be returned. Alright boys, I’ll need you to move to the back of my vehicle until we can work this out. Do I need to pull my weapon, or can you do this nicely?”

“Nicely,” both men answer.

Scooting across the bench seat allows him and Crowley to each get under an arm to keep Ramiel in movement without suspicion, hopefully. As they are clumsily making their way to the tan SUV the sheriff asserts, “Your boy Earl there looks dead on his feet.”

Crowley fucking snickers so Dean stretches his foot behind the corpse, kicking the alpha in the knee. Dean replies in the process, “Oh, yes sir, he’s passed out drunk.”

“Dead drunk,” Crowley ventures, prompting Dean to kick him again.

After dropping Ramiel once on the ground; thank God the sheriff was focused on the walkie, Crowley and Dean get him in the back of the sheriff’s vehicle and slide in on both sides. Miller climbs in, shaking the entire SUV as he puts it in drive and heads down the road.

At last they pull into a parking spot in front of the Parker County Sheriff’s Office. The sheriff turns in his seat and gives Ramiel a really strange look. Terrified, Dean tilts forward to follow Miller’s gaze. Mother fucker! There are pebbles stuck to the dead guy’s forehead; Dean quickly wipes them off. “Like I said, he’s completely out of it.”

“I guess,” Miller answers as he goes to open the back door to let them out.

This time Dean and Crowley pay attention so the corpse doesn’t do another head dive into the concrete. Poor Crowley is huffing and puffing by the time they reach the open bull pen inside with several desks in tight little rows. There is only one guy present, and he probably still gets carded for rated-R movies.

“This is Deputy Graham; he can escort the alphas to the back cells,” Miller explains, and Dean’s stomach plummets. Oh my God, they are going to separate him because he’s omega.

Crowley is already winded; there is no way he can pull this off alone. “I don’t mind being put in a cell with them. Crowley is a friend of the family.”

“Sorry, sir,” the wannabe tween deputy counters, “It’s county policy; omegas are not to be put in cells. Also, we need to call your alpha; they will need to come get you.” Dean scoffs at the special treatment his designation gives him, but then again now he doesn’t have to be locked in a cage with Crowley and a cadaver.

Deputy Graham starts typing into his computer, “I will just need your first and last names.”

“Dean Winchester.” They can run his name and prints all they want, absolutely zip will come back. Graham points to the live alpha, and Crowley begrudgingly says, “Fergus Crowley.”
Dean can’t stop the laughing fit that hits him. Holy shit, it’s suddenly his birthday and Christmas rolled into one because that is some grade A heckling material for years to come. “Sorry,” he mumbles when everyone turns to glare at him.

“And finally, Mr. Comatose?”

Both Dean and Crowley answer, “Earl Grey.”

There is a high chance Ramiel is a die hard Way of the Wolf believer, which means like Cas he’s never been to school and most definitely does not have his prints in the system. So, the number one rule in the CIA, don’t give information that can be tracked back to you. The fact neither sheriff nor deputy question the abysmal choice of a fake name just furthers the belief this might actually work out in their favor, especially since there is no formal arrest because the truck owner isn’t pressing charges.

Crowley shoulders the weight of Ramiel as they follow Deputy Graham down the hall to the holding cells. They are just turning a corner when Crowley’s grip slips and the dead guy’s head smacks into a shelf, scattering books and pens everywhere.

“Damn it, Earl, behave,” Crowley shouts gruffly.

This gives the sheriff pause, so he yells, “Hey Brice, put them in separate cells.”

Dean’s never seen a bigger smile on his old boss’s face.

“Alright Omega Winchester, we need to give your alpha a call, and don’t mess with me. I see your claiming cuff, and my deputy has an excellent nose. He will be able to tell if it’s not them.”

Knowing this evening is already a shit storm so why not include Cas, he rattles off Castiel’s cell phone number and the name of the gas station. The conversation is short. Dean tries to catch himself but still preens at the announcement that Cas is dropping everything to come fetch him.

It’s an hour and a half drive, so Dean now has time to kill while waiting for Cas. Poor Crowley and Ramiel will have to fend for themselves. Dean will be released the second his alpha arrives and their pre-mating scent can be verified. Bummer for Crowley.

Dean’s doodling different rock band designs with a Sharpie onto a spare desk when a gruff old beta enters the precinct carrying two big brown bags. “I have your late meal, sheriff, where do you want it?”

The sheriff walks over to the front counter, grabbing the sacks of what smells of heavily spiced meat. “Thanks Frank.”

“Not a problem,” the beta nods towards Dean, “who do we have here?”

“Frank Devereaux, this is Dean Winchester,” Miller grunts as he starts pulling tacos from the bag.

The older beta with big thick glasses glares at Dean, then spins on his heels, rushing out the door at an alarming rate.

Deputy Graham wanders over, snagging several and mentioning, “Should we give some to the alphas in the back?”

“Sure, who knows if this Casteeeel can clear things up enough for them to be released, might as well feed um.” While he talks, the sheriff tosses two wrapped tacos in front of Dean. “Eat up, can’t send
Gradually Dean unwraps the first taco; he’s not really hungry so he takes his time. The sheriff takes a call, then he and Graham plop down at their own spots doing more of the same. Dean’s the first to actually take a bite. There is a really weird taste, which makes Dean pause.

“Do these tacos taste funny to you?” Dean stutters with his mouth full.

The young alpha deputy pops up screaming, “Spit it out, spit it out! Frank did it.”

Not needing another reason, Dean spits the odd-flavored meat onto the ground. Miller’s eyes go cross as he hops to his feet, heading for the cells with Dean right behind him. The door swings open, and Crowley is casually leaning against the wall, his tacos untouched. Ramiel is leaning against the bars; both tacos are shoved in his mouth and littered around the ground.

Dean shouts, “You killed Earl!”

Chapter End Notes

Love to all!

Comments, Questions, and Concerns are welcomed and loved like my pug.

XOXOXO - Angie
The strong aroma of fresh paint pummels Dean’s nostrils as he breaks down the freshly cooked lobster for dinner. His fingers are working in tandem with the little fork and hammer to get as much buttery meat as possible. The click clack sound of kitten heels has Dean pausing to turn to his assistant. “Don’t you have hoity toity people to annoy?”

“Shit yeah I do! See I changed in the guest bedroom.” Meg spins, showing off her silver sparkling cocktail dress, which is cut extremely low and barely covers her ass. Scars shining loud and proud. The red Louis Vuitton spiked heels he got Meg for Christmas add to her over-the-top New Year’s outfit. “If all goes well my dress will be dropped in time with that big damn ball.”

Dean closes his eyes, taking a moment. “Please be careful, Meg. I know you can take care of yourself, but if things get dicey call me or Cas.”

“And ruin the big night? No fucking way.” Her eyes slide over to where Castiel is painting. The alpha finally got around to placing a mural over the ugly black circles.

According to Cas, it will be a mountainside covered in pumpkins, the black circles being two of the larger ones, as an ode to his omega’s scent. At the moment it’s just a lot of green with dabs of brown; supposedly there is a big, long process that will take about a week if not longer. Dean can wait for the big reveal; having Cas here every day working on it is pretty awesome.

“Yes, you are important Meg.” He glares at his assistant until she breaks.

“Fine. I will stick my phone in my bra and call if I need you, which I won’t because I’m a full grown omega.” She bats her eyes. “Speaking of big balls?”

“Oh my God, Meg, shut up.” Dean’s trying to focus on cooking, but now he’s back into panic mode.

She steps closer to him, so he can now see the gold glitter splattered across her chest. “Come on, Winchester, nut up and snag you an alpha.”

His hands start trembling so harshly Dean has to stop, remind himself to breathe and then head back to it. “Meg, I am so regretting telling you anything.”

“Okay, serious moment.” She takes his hands and holds firmly, “He wants you, Dean. You told him all the big bad and ugly, and he never once wavered. Your alpha is a keeper.”

“No shit, Sherlock, this isn’t about what’s best for me.” Dean’s shoulders slump as he stares at the floor.

The light smack to his face certainly gets Dean’s attention. When he looks up Meg’s eyes are
burning into his soul. “We have spent the last three fucking days going over this; you deserve the best. Castiel Novak is the Dom Perignon of Alphas. Grab that bottle before another omega gets him because, Dean, shit that fine doesn’t stay on the shelf for long.”

“Thank you for the oddly appropriate analogy.” Dean hugs Meg, then gives her a playful shove. “Now get out of here. You are entirely too sober for that dress.”

“Whatever.” She rolls her eyes and heads for the door. “Have a good New Year, Castiel!”

The sexy as hell gruff voice of his alpha shouts back, “Happy New Year, Meg. Be safe.”

Putting together the finishing touches on his fettucine alfredo with lobster, Dean calls to Cas, “Grub's ready, go wash up.”

Castiel nods, scooting by Dean to kiss his shoulder, and then washes his hands in the sink for dinner. Lighting the candles in the center, Dean places himself and Cas side by side. Another round of anxiety hits him, and he nearly drops the plates. He wants the closeness, though. Tonight he has some ideas to share with the alpha, and he hopes Castiel agrees.

After they have taken a few bites, Cas sips his water. “Dean, this is delicious. What an amazing meal to ring in the New Year.”

“Actually, the fancy feast serves two purposes.” Clearing his throat, Dean swivels to gaze directly at his alpha. The lobster flips in his stomach. God why is this so fucking difficult? “One, of course, for the holiday but two, I want to discuss changes to our contract.”

“Changes? Beyond the addition of knotting as a standard in your aftercare?” Cas’s head tilts to the side, those baby blues squinting with curiosity.

“Yes.” He halts to let Cas settle into his chair. The alpha nods his head, and then Dean continues. “I would like to modify the hard and soft limits sections.”

The other man takes a bite of pasta, chewing slowly, a tactic he’s seen Cas do before when he needs a moment to think. “I have a very extensive scene planned for tonight; should we discuss this tomorrow?”

“No, Cas. The deal was limits could be changed if I brought them up outside of a scene where we are both equals.” Dean waves his hand between them.

Nodding, the alpha takes Dean’s hand in his, giving his knuckles a tender kiss. “Whatever you want, Dean, tell me and it’s yours.”

“First, I want to do away with the no biting, no mating hard limit. Since I added one recently I still have the two you require.” Dean observes with pleasure as Cas chokes on his lobster.

The alpha sputters out, “You want to mate, now?”

“Not right this minute, maybe wait a bit. Let nature take its course and shit but I don’t want to take away the option. I’m giving us the freedom to choose.” Dean blushes glancing down at his uneaten food, “which leads to my second limit. I would like to do away with the no kissing soft limit and replace it with a new one.”

Castiel’s face is priceless. The alpha goes motionless; his fork halfway to his mouth, and the fettucine swinging in the breeze. Dean stays silent. An entire minute passes, then finally Cas clears his throat, eating his bite. “You would like for us to kiss?”
Shrugging slightly, Dean taps the table with his fingers nervously. “Look, if this isn’t som—”

“What if I want to kiss you right now?” Cas slopes in, his lips an inch from Dean’s.

Licking his lips, Dean notes how Cas tracks the movement as a wolf with his prey. “Isn’t it a tradition to kiss those you love at the stroke of midnight on New Year’s Eve?”

A bright smile grows over his alpha’s mouth, reaching his eyes, “Yes, I believe it is. Why don’t we set an alarm so at midnight we will ring in the New Year with our first kiss?”

“But I think you also promised a pretty killer scene tonight.” Dean can’t help put chew on his lower lip, teasing the alpha.

“I did.” Cas leans back to sit normally. “However you now have an empty soft limit that needs to be filled.”

Curtly bouncing his head, Dean replies, “Right, my new soft limit will be …no touching my feet.”

“Your feet?” Cas’s head tilts again, “What do you mean?”

“I hate having my feet handled, like at all. I’m super ticklish, and I despise it. Can we just leave it?”

Damn it, he’s never told anyone.

Castiel snickers, then bites his fist. “I’m sorry, of course, Dean, that will be your new second soft limit. No touching of your feet.” His alpha’s gaze drops down to his socked toes. “Is this why you only go barefoot during a scene or bath?”

Damn it, he should have known the new soft limit will bring a game of twenty questions. “Yes, Cas. I hate my feet. I hate looking at them, and I hate having them touched. AND now you can’t touch them so it’s all well in my world.”

“Nothing else matters.” Cas smirks and finishes his meal.

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Around 10 p.m., Castiel takes Dean’s hand in his, walking him to the playroom. The alpha has been hidden inside for thirty minutes prepping tonight’s fun. A grin grows on his mouth as Cas approaches the spanking bench that sits just off of center to the room. Without a word Cas strips Dean naked. The alpha only wears a tight pair of black spandex shorts. They hide nothing.

Carefully, Cas helps situate Dean on the bench. It’s a modified spanking horse, so Dean straddles the tilted top, putting his ass in the air. There are padded placements for his forearms, Dean’s wrists strapped in with buckles and leather. On the other end a slightly lower set at a perfect height for Dean are padded slots for his shins along with leather straps with buckles for his ankles. A nice addition is the length of the horse style, which allows Dean to rest his head on the padded top. All in all he’s super comfortable, probably designed for long-term use. This realization gives Dean thrilling butterflies.

Turning his head towards the largely empty side of the room, Dean waits while Cas picks up two gorgeous twin braided elk floggers. The leather is blue and black and wound together over the handle. With stunning accuracy Castiel swings the two floggers around his body, never touching his own skin.

“Florentining,” Dean whispers.
Cas nods his head with a smile. Dean’s seen the technique before but usually set to music on YouTube, never live. The Dom uses the two floggers as extensions of his hands, spinning, twirling, and sometimes diving as the instruments of pain ghost over his flesh, never touching. No, that is for the sub. Castiel shows a mastery that takes years of practice. The lack of any other sounds actually makes it even more hypnotic. Every swoosh, snap and zip of the leather builds the eagerness and has Dean slipping naturally into his sub head space without a single caress, simply the anticipation giving him a contact high. His Dom looks beautiful.

The show continues as Cas works the entire room, practically dancing as he uses the space with spins and dips, never halting the natural flow of the floggers. Dean’s mesmerized. Over time he reminds himself to blink. Thank God for the soft padding of the spanking bench because Dean feels no discomfort, allowing his mind to drift even further into the call of the Florentine technique.

Eventually, Cas steps into Dean’s personal space, the flogger tentacles glimmering across Dean’s flesh. The frustration of the lack of bite has Dean releasing a growl from his throat. An annoying chuckle from Cas doesn’t help his aggravation. With each twist of his alpha’s wrist the floggers glide down his back, ass, and thighs before working their way up to his shoulders. Castiel is precise. There is not a single swing that doesn’t hit in perfect rhythm or a spot that is safe for a strike later; the Dom is warming his skin.

Deprived of any further warning, the tension of the flogger quickly grows until the smacks are leaving stings across Dean’s body. His cock swells in response. Now the rhythm has become erratic, and the omega is unable to decide which strike will be soft and which will snap into his skin deliciously. The effect is dizzying and arousing in the same breath.

His eyes close of their own accord, allowing Dean’s brain to shut down and simply feel. This is how he misses the movement until a single finger sliding into his hole startles him with a yelp. Another chuckle from Castiel has Dean shouting, “Fucker!”

“That’s the goal, my Omega.” The words are serene, as if Castiel has been on a leisurely walk. Pretty impressive, because florentining can be exhausting.

Pivoting his head to glance back at his alpha, Dean notes Cas now maneuvers both floggers with one hand, not missing a beat and permitting his free hand to gradually work open Dean’s hole. Slick dribsbles out, soothing the way for Cas’s three fingers, which are missing his prostate. He knows Cas is choosing to avoid an orgasm too early; Dean hates to admit it is amazing. His flesh is lighting up with desire, craving release that is always just slightly out of reach.

The tails of the floggers nibble into Dean’s back, the ever growing sting hurling Dean into euphoria. Each swing becomes more aggressive, building with intensity. Fingers vanish and Dean waits. His mind floats on an endless high; Dean can’t imagine anything better until suddenly Castiel thrusts his cock into Dean’s hole.

Both men grunt from the sensation, Cas’s dick grinding deep within Dean. The blows of the flogger now move in time with Castiel’s hips. On a forceful thrust the bench fucking moves but Castiel simply blends this into the strikes of the tails with gorgeous symmetry. As Cas’s plunges become harsher, so do the hits until Dean’s shoulders, back and hips are on fire, burning from the rawness of his skin.

“You are stunning, my Omega,” Cas pants without throwing off his rhythm.

Dean knows his alpha is close. They have been together long enough he can tell when the man’s knot begins to take full shape, preparing to latch onto the willing omega. The spanking bench will be awkward but not horrible to be tied together for thirty minutes or so. Dean’s too lost to the
sensations to care, really. He trusts Cas to give him everything he’s promised, so Dean is free to let go and enjoy.

The sound of floggers landing on the bamboo flooring grabs Dean’s attention. Castiel’s presence on Dean’s back disappears; emptiness takes his alpha’s place. His eyes remain shut with complete faith in the alpha, so he doesn’t notice until his body is bombarded with freezing icy water being dumped over him.

Screaming in shock, Dean’s body cringes and delights at the ultimate surprise. He gulps air, his body quaking with chills. “Fuck, Cas,” he murmurs through chattering teeth.

Castiel makes quick work of Dean’s bindings, releasing the omega, and lifts him into his arms. Dean’s too delirious to notice anything but the sting of the marks from the flogger along with the freezing twitches from the ice water. His Dom flips Dean, laying the omega on his back. Placed on the floor is a heating pad turned to maximum, which throws Dean’s flesh into a tailspin with the opposing sensation.

Dean’s shrieking. His voice is going gruff, but he can’t stop. Cas is on him in seconds, his dick sliding into him, hitting his prostate with amazing accuracy. This causes the shrieks to become outrageous wails as Cas fucks him wildly.

The new position allows Dean to stare into his favorite shade of blue. Cas’s gaze locks with his, the sole noise from the alpha is a low growl of pleasure. Dean’s digging his nails into Cas’s back. There will be marks. Finally, the alpha’s knot builds to full size, gliding into Dean’s hole and securing them together. Cas’s hand snatches Dean’s dick; with only two strokes the omega cums as he senses Castiel’s load marking him from within.

Out of nowhere Dean announces, “I love you.”

Cas startles, his pupils blowing wide. “I love you with everything I am, my Omega.” The alpha leans in his lips placing a gentle kiss on Dean’s neck exactly where a mating bite would go. Dean’s aware it’s too soon, but his inner omega cries from the lack of a claim on his skin. Cas mumbles into his neck, “I know, my love, but it’s not the time…yet.”

Although Cas’s words and actions spoke the same, his scent is heavy with need. Even Dean could figure out what the alpha was craving below the surface: claiming his omega. Happiness surrounds Dean with the realization. Cas is his alpha. Doubt didn’t rear its foul head, for Dean believed the promise.

When Cas’s cock slips free, the alpha doesn’t move. The two men are intertwined together on the floor, limbs and the like topsy turvy to the point Dean’s not sure where he ends and Cas begins. He adores the feeling. Cas nuzzles his nose and then his lips into the omega’s neck, obsessing over the freedom to caress. The man is right; of course it’s entirely too soon, but this doesn’t mean Cas won’t lick, kiss, nibble and snuggle the location he has obviously chosen for a bite.

“What do you think Hannah has Crowley’s bite yet?” Dean ponders out loud.

Cas leans back so they can see each other, “No, he promised a pre-mating stage of at least one month. Hannah deserves the right to bond and choose.”

“So, do you think it will be us or them who take the plunge first?” Dean’s attempting to be sneaky, his alpha sees right through it.

“Mating should not be a competition. Each couple must decide what is best for them and their
circumstances.” Cas’s hand strokes the side of Dean’s face. “Your 36th birthday is coming up is it not?”

“Yeah.” Dean whines because that’s 24 days away. He chews on his lip, wishing he could come up with an alternative date.

Castiel drops a kiss to Dean’s ear whispering, “How does this sound, my Omega? You will be mated before you turn 36.”

“Yes, please. I want it all.” Dean smiles, watching as Cas mirrors him in bliss. “Promise?”

“I swear to you, Dean Winchester, our mating will come true.” Castiel cards his fingers through Dean’s hair.

They stand up and make their way to the shower in the master bedroom. It’s the only one big enough for both men together, and midnight is quickly approaching. Dean glances at Castiel’s iPhone resting on the bathroom counter, the alarm counting down to the big moment. Excitement doesn’t begin to cover his enthusiasm.

Cas winks. “Shower or bath, my sexy Omega?”

“Shower.” Dean’s arousal spikes with the image of things to come.

They rinse all the cum and sweat from their flesh, taking turns to soap each other down. Castiel is scrubbing shampoo into Dean’s hair when the alarm blares; they freeze. Quickly Dean washes the suds from his hair as Cas steps out to silence the clock. When his alpha returns they stare.

For what feels like an eternity neither alpha nor omega moves as they stand maybe inches chest to chest. Dean shivers, still reeling from the temperature play earlier. Warm hands glide over his wet skin as the shower pummels them with water.

“Happy New Year, my Omega,” Cas exclaims, his face suddenly right against Dean’s.

Dean is the one to push the last invisible line, placing his lips on the alpha’s. The heat from Cas radiates through Dean as their lips slide together under the spray. Gradually, with no rush, Dean opens his mouth, relieved when Cas follows suit. Their tongues lap out to find the other. Whipping around the space, their scents mingle; minty fresh snow with pumpkin spice forms a spectacular aroma of baked pumpkin pie in the cool winter breeze.

A faint moan slips from Dean’s lungs, a smirk from Cas lingers in the kiss. He’s never felt such contentment in the arms of an alpha. Perhaps the old stories are true; it’s not about searching for an alpha but THE alpha. Slowly their mouths find a steady rhythm to the movement of tongues and lips. Fingers are stroking up and down Dean’s spine while he does the same to his alpha. He’s waited forever for this moment.

Totally worth it.

Chapter End Notes

BDSM TAGS: Bondage, Florentine Technique, Impact Play

Questions, Comments, and Concerns are highly encouraged and bring me joy.
Kissing Castiel has no true comparison. This past week, since the first time their lips met, has been unbelievably sensual. Dean’s kissed other people, mainly betas and omegas, but it has to be more than just the man’s designation setting a fire under Dean’s skin. Castiel’s lips appear dry and cracked, yet they are supple slipping over Dean’s in a delicious tender slide. Cas tastes of fresh mint. The deeper Dean’s tongue dives into his alpha’s mouth the stronger the flavor surrounds him. An addiction to his senses pushes Dean to kiss the other man at every opportunity available.

Currently they are groping on Dean’s couch. Castiel’s solid frame is above him, grinding his hips into Dean’s groin. They are both wearing jeans, adding to the glorious friction. Dean moans erotically. His mouth widens as his tongue plunges into the depths of Cas’s minty throat. Cas’s hands go stroking up Dean’s arms, rolling over his shoulders and sliding into his hair, then repeating on a hypnotic loop. The intensity is thrilling. God, Dean doesn’t understand why he took so long to break. All the time he could have been kissing Cas, wasted on other avenues that don’t even come close to his new favorite habit.

Dean’s fingers dig into the alpha’s back, mapping out the taut muscles through the thin color-stained t-shirt. Eventually one of them will crack and clothes will be tossed to the floor, and Dean will have an amazing knot up his ass for half an hour. Although that requires one of them to stop kissing. The mere idea of not having those plump lips on his sends a sad whine from his gut.

Always in tune with his omega, Castiel pulls Dean in closer, somehow pushing the kiss deeper and calming Dean’s panic. There is no rush, no way to tell how long they have been at it, but Dean’s mouth has gone vaguely numb. He doesn’t care. Chasing the mint with a hint of winter freshness leaves Dean with a contact high so delicious he yearns for more.

A binge alcoholic is what people would call it if Cas were a finely aged scotch. Dean would swallow tumbler after tumbler until his eyes went cross, losing consciousness. This taste, this smell, this man’s touch has bewitched Dean, and he can no longer live without it. He’s not stupid; he knows what’s happened between them: a completed scent bonding. The final biological stage before an alpha makes their claim. Nearly all alphas who hit this stage blaze past it, biting their omega instantly.

If he and Cas were separated for any extended period of time, Dean would literally go through withdrawal similar to an addict. It’s not a pretty sight. Still, this is the one thing that affects the alpha more than the omega. Once the claiming bite has left its mark forever, the effects flip. Alphas are creatures of scent; it’s their greatest asset and weakest point. In this stage Dean feels as if he would crumble under the withdrawal of Cas’s scent, but in fact it would be the alpha who would be a vomiting, crying mess without Dean. Castiel’s inner alpha has selected Dean and thrives and dies on his smell alone. His alpha’s choice to not claim Dean is a show of his incredible willpower, strength, and devotion to his omega.

The power has driven some omegas to devilish acts. Dean would never harm his lover, making sure they spend every night in his bed usually knotted together as they fall asleep. Eight hours is about
their max for separation right now. Castiel has limited his work to six-hour shifts for safety. The omega smiles through their kiss, calculating if they have time to fuck.

Once again reading his mind, Cas pulls back. “We have to be ready to leave in an hour.”

“Cas, come on, we could totally pull off a quickie.” Dean bounces his eyebrows with a seductive grin. “Ride me rough, knot me tight; we’d still have time for a rinse before we head out.”

The alpha’s hands are snatching fabric, practically ripping Dean’s clothes from his body. Dean laughs with the sheer intoxication of the act. Cas desires him. Not just because Dean’s a fine-looking omega with a wet hole; Castiel wants Dean, warts and all.

Watching his alpha in a lust-induced frenzy gives Dean a shiver. Immediately he’s naked with Cas between his legs; the alpha’s fingers carefully working him open. How in the world did he get this lucky? His alpha knows Dean’s hole needs extra prepping so the rough and dirty doesn’t turn into something downright ugly and painful. Closing his eyes, Dean shifts upward, capturing the other man’s mouth in a wet, lingering kiss. Cas pursues Dean’s mouth as he plummets back down on the leather. Thank God he chose this material for his sofa, because with the amount of slick he’s producing there might be a puddle forming.

Heaven doesn’t have to wait, Dean’s discovered it right here in the alpha’s arms.

Being tossed upwards like a ragdoll has Dean’s cock hard and ready to play. Cas sits down maneuvering Dean so he’s straddling Cas’s lap, riding the alpha’s dick just as promised. His lover’s nose drifts over his shoulders and neck, inhaling deeply. Cas literally requires the odor Dean’s giving off. Happy, aroused omega with Cas’s alpha smell weaving into it marking Dean’s as his. Castiel’s hips are thrusting upward to meet Dean’s as he goes down the slapping of flesh on flesh mixed with their moaning and grunting pierces the silence. He could cum from this alone.

“Alpha, Alpha, Alpha, Alpha, Alpha,” Dean begins chanting, his eyes rolling to the back of his head.

Cas is coming undone with Dean’s vocal praise as he growls low in his throat, releasing slowly, “Mine …mine …mine …mine.”

Within a few minutes Cas’s knot builds to full capacity, and Dean slams down on it violently. Both men scream as Cas orgasms, flooding Dean with semen. In a flash Cas has his hand on Dean’s dick, stroking it until Dean shoots cum between them coating their stomachs with a white mess.

Dropping his head to Cas’s shoulder, Dean hums, “Bite me, Cas.”

The alpha chuckles, licking and kissing that special spot yet not a sliver of teeth crosses Dean’s flesh. “Not yet my Omega, not yet.”

“What are you waiting for?” Dean’s genuinely curious.

“A revelation,” Cas replies, then there is kissing and Dean forgets he ever asked the question.

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After a quick shower, which did not include entirely too much kissing, Dean and Cas are scrambling out the door to make dinner with Hannah and Crowley. The door swings open, and Dean practically walks into Lucifer holding Fish.

“Hey guys! I have an orgy tonight so y’all are taking Fish.” He passes the pug to Dean, who takes
him with a scowl and notices the red rolling bag and bed. “See you tomorrow afternoon.”

Dean shouts, “Hey Lu—,” when Cas smacks his hand over Dean’s mouth.

His alpha mutters softly, “Smile and wave while thinking of our lovely, completely paid-for bamboo floors.”

So, Dean does just that.

With Fish now joining them, Dean opts for Cas’s van because his Baby and dog hair do not get along. Also, they decide Fish might need something so the suitcase needs to go, and there is more room in the stalker mobile.

This is Dean’s first visit to Crowley’s home. He’s known the alpha for almost 16 years and yet not once has he seen the guy’s house. Crowley always has come to him either at Dean’s house or a predetermined location. He’s bursting with curiosity at where the hell Fergus Crowley (still makes him chuckle) resides. Dean was expecting a sinister abode, maybe something with a moat, or one of those upscale condos downtown that look more like a museum than a home.

Nope, he was totally wrong. Crowley lives in an adorable bungalow in one of the nicest parts of town, Highland Park. Shit, former President Bush lives somewhere in this neighborhood. The yard has a multitude of flowering blossoms, and two cherry trees flank the driveway. The house is small but cute, painted a pale crème with navy trim.

Hannah opens the front door the second they drive up, waving with enthusiasm. She looks amazing compared to the first time Dean saw her. The bruises are gone; her smile is bright and shines in her blue eyes. She’s in a cotton blue sundress, with a champagne sweater, little tan ballet slippers on her feet. Only the metal brace for her broken finger remains of that terrible day. He’s happy for her.

Immediately she gives Cas a massive hug then turns on Dean to do the same. Castiel chases after Fish, who’s made a mad dash for the street.

Hannah pulls back, her arms still around Dean. “Thank you, thank you, Dean, for helping with the Ramiel situation.”

“You’re welcome?” Dean answers because he’s not sure what Crowley told her. Also, he didn’t do much but move around a dead guy for a few hours. Sadly, not the first time for him.

She smiles as Cas comes up with Fish under his arm. Hannah giggles. “Is this Lucifer’s baby?”

“Yeah,” Dean supplies. “This is the stinky Fish.”

“Lamb,” Crowley states blandly as he scares the crap out of everyone. “We are having lamb, not fish.”

Taking the pug from Castiel, Hannah responds, “No, silly alpha. This is Fish, my sweet dog nephew.” She cradles the animal, rocking him with the care of a mother. Fish obviously approves as he doesn’t fight her hold. Traitor. If Dean holds him Fish squirms.

Dean doesn’t miss Cas scanning his sister's neck for a bite. Honestly, Dean doesn’t get why he’s looking; she doesn’t even smell like they have knotted. They are moving super slow. Although, if you take into consideration Hannah’s past, that’s probably the healthier choice.

“Let’s go inside,” Hannah announces, still holding Fish.
Crowley raises an eyebrow, frowning. “The mutt as well?”

“Don’t be a grumpy cat,” Hannah jeers at the older alpha.

“Oh my God!” Dean exclaims, “That’s what you look like!”

Hannah and Castiel sit on the couch in a pristine living room. Man, Dean’s impressed by whoever talked Crowley into having a room with the appearance like normal people live here. He catches Fish out of the corner of his eye; the animal is circling and sniffing the fabric with interest. Dean knows the dance.

“Fish has to pee.” He turns to Crowley. “Is your backyard gated?”

“No, why?” the grumpy alpha asks.

Rolling his eyes, Dean points to the dog as Cas scoops him up, declaring, “I’ll watch him.”

“Me too!” Hannah shouts, a little too excited about pug urination.

Trailing behind the siblings, Dean and Crowley stand just inside the glass door leading out to a gorgeous back yard. A Goddamn rose garden sits in the center. He can’t help asking, “Who the fuck are you?”

“This is a nice neighborhood, Dean. Have to keep up appearances?” Crowley shrugs, believing he’s answered the bizarre twist to the Fergus saga.

“And soon you will be a dog owner.” Dean watches as Hannah chases Fish around, an adult version to Ruby’s psychotic dog rant.

Crowley clears his throat, pulling on the vest to his black suit. “Please, I have no room in my life for a fur ball of saliva.”

Laughing so hard he has to bend over to breathe, Dean snipes back, “I’m pretty sure those blue eyes will be asking, and I doubt you have it in you to tell Hannah no.”

There is a gentleness to the alpha’s reply, almost reverent. “She deserves better than me. I will spend the rest of my life thanking the universe and her for every moment I spend in Hannah’s world. I’d give her my soul if she asked.”

“Well shit.” Dean can’t poke fun at the declaration because it hits a little too close to home. Cas darts by with a massive smile, reminding Dean who owns his soul already. “Did you tell her about Ramiel?”

“She kind of figured out he was gone from the lack of unbinding pain,” Crowley deadpans.

Dean gives the alpha a rough shove. “Asshole, did you tell her the crazy-ass tale of Goodbye Earl?”

“No, she worries about me.” Crowley chuckles softly. “Hannah doesn’t need to know the lovely sheriff of Parker County ran fingerprints that came back as Earl Grey, a transient man with no home or family to speak of who was cremated with little fanfare. The ridiculous sheriff was so terrified someone would come looking for the guy, he nearly jumped for joy.”

Tossing a wink in Crowley’s direction, “And the well planned Drano flavored tacos?”

“Frank has on occasion worked with the CIA in identifying weaknesses in our systems. I keep his email in my phone for rainy days.” The edge of Crowley’s lips lift. “The man has found himself in
several binds due to hacking beyond his clearance; let’s just say he owes me a bloody ton of favors. Although, I was mildly apprehensive that you would miss the taste; you do tend to eat like an animal.”

That’s just insulting, both he and Crowley are aware the extensive training he’s had in identifying poisons in food and drinks. There was no chance Dean would have swallowed. Well, the meat, anyway.

“Thought we weren’t supposed to use CIA channels for personal gain?” Dean teases, although he’s happy the sheriff let them both leave when Cas arrived.

A timer goes off in the kitchen. Dean follows the alpha in as he checks the lamb for dinner, deciding it needs ten more minutes. Crowley leans against the sandstone kitchen counters with mossy green back splash. “The agency owed me four favors.” The other man coughs. “Now they owe me three. All is done.”

Glancing around the den off the kitchen, Dean notes the little feminine touches of Hannah. “How long has she been living with you?”

Wow, Dean’s never seen someone avoid his gaze with such precision as Crowley replies, “Since the night you put her in my care.”

“I thought you were going to place in her a safe house outside of Dallas?” Dean supposed it would be Austin or somewhere large enough for Hannah to simply disappear.

“My sweet angel was terrified her first night; the thought of passing her off to strangers broke … me.” Crowley stirs some green beans on the stove, “I decided one night here wouldn’t hurt, then …”

Fuck, Dean’s gotta hear more, so he slightly counters, “and then...”

“Hannah had a nightmare. She stayed up the entire day determined to prove she was okay, but she went to bed early and woke screaming a few hours later. I rushed in to ask if she needed anything; water, food, maybe tea. Instead she pulled me into bed with her tiny nose stuck in my neck and fell back asleep. I didn’t move until she stirred the next morning.” Crowley sighs, “I’ve been Hannah’s ever since.”

Alpha devotion is a thing of fairy tales. Watching it evolve in front of his eyes startles Dean until the sliding glass door blows open and his own Prince Charming Alpha storms in laughing with his sister. Crowley’s eyes light up and the corners of his mouth almost make a grin.

“We don’t deserve them,” Crowley utters for only Dean’s ears.

The impact of those words spoken aloud leaves an ache in Dean’s chest. His voice just as low, “But we can’t let go.”

“Never.”

Once Crowley announces the lamb is perfection, he and Castiel go into the kitchen to put together their meal. leaving the two omegas to sit at the beautifully set table of crème silk linens and bone china tea cups.

Hannah gives him a quiet smile, “You have been good for Castiel.”

“He’s been better for me than I ever could be for him.” His answer is nothing but the truth. Although glancing around the table, Dean inquires, “Why didn’t you invite Gabriel for dinner?”
It’s been bugging Dean that here they are having this lovely evening, but just because Gabriel isn’t in a couple he didn’t get invited. Granted, Gabe’s a beta, but he would have enjoyed watching the happiness of his siblings. Lucifer obviously had a more interesting party to attend.

The other omega tips her head to the side, the family resemblance to Castiel absolutely striking, her hand down petting Fish’s head. She may regret his closeness later. However, what concerns Dean most is her eyes. Suddenly the joy has been drained; worry and sorrow are left in the wake.

“I’m sorry, what did you say?” Hannah speaks extremely clearly, enunciating each word.

“Cas mentioned when we drove over Gabe’s sitting at home watching,” Dean fidgets a bit because the dude’s hitting the porn, “a movie. Why not let him come?”

Her blue eyes that match the love of Dean’s life glare at him like he just spoke Chinese. Hannah’s voice is gruff, but gentle, “Gabriel, our brother?”

“Lady, how many Gabriel’s do you know?” This line of questioning is freaking Dean out, and let’s be real, that is saying something huge.

“Excuse me, Dean. I need to make a phone call.” She’s out of her chair heading to the bedrooms before Dean can ask what the hell just happened.

A few seconds later Crowley and Castiel emerge from the kitchen with plates full of delicious-smelling food, Crowley’s face drops when he notices his missing omega. “Where did Hannah go?”

“She said she had to make a phone call or something.” Dean shrugs.

They put the plates on the table, then Crowley dashes after Hannah. Cas squints at Dean, taking his seat. “Who is she calling?”

“I haven’t a clue, Cas.” Dean responds then digs in. No reasons to let lamb go to waste. Castiel gives Dean a "meh" look then follows suit.

Eventually Hannah and Crowley return to the table, eating with them. Yet there is definitely something odd about their long glances and the variable silence in the room. Dean finds it stifling. Dessert is pie, coconut cream with chocolate ganache. Dean forgets all about the weirdness until the doorbell rings as Crowley is serving tea.

Their host excuses himself, going to answer the door and finds Lucifer. The eldest brother pants heavily, has sweat everywhere and, oh my God, is that golden glitter all over his face? What in the hell?

“Hey, Castiel, I just got a call from Gabriel.” Lucifer announces paying no attention to Fish as he yelps at the alpha’s feet. “He’s in trouble and needs us to meet him at the hospital.”

“Dean, I must go.” Cas wipes his mouth with a silk napkin then places a chaste kiss to Dean’s lips. “This may run late; perhaps Crowley can drive you home?”

“Of course, Castiel, Dean is in safe hands,” Crowley affirms.

Dean’s head is spinning; every nerve in his body is screaming at the wrongness of it all. Something stinks, and for once it’s not Fish. Castiel, Hannah, and Lucifer leave in a flurry of coats and goodbyes. He doesn’t even have a chance to speak before the door is shut, leaving Dean with Crowley and the pug.
“I should go too,” Dean rises to his feet but realizes he doesn’t have a vehicle here. “Crowley, do you know which hospital?”

“Let’s clean up dinner, maybe have another slice of pie?” Crowley suggests as he begins collecting the dirty plates. “This appears to be a family matter.”

“What are you talking about; I’m family?” Dean’s perplexed, which is shoving him into paranoia. This is all just wrong, somehow.

Deciding that it won’t be hard to hotwire Cas’s van, Dean turns towards the door only to have Crowley in his way. “Dean, don’t make me stop you.”

Now, the paranoia has slipped into downright panic. Dean pushes the alpha out of his way only to hear the one thing he never expected.

“Hunter 24, STAY!” The command from Crowley can’t be ignored.

Dean freezes, unable to move a muscle. This is why the government chooses omegas to do their dirty work. A few decades ago it was discovered omegas have an inherent need to obey alphas, which can be programmed. Dean was conditioned to Crowley’s voice and several commands. He’s not heard a single one since his last mission so many years ago. Able to move only his eyes, Dean points them at Crowley; anger searing through his stare.

“Once you have calmed down we can discuss what’s happening to Castiel,” Crowley’s voice has genuine concern in it. “Hannah requested I keep you here.”

Something is wrong with Cas! This was a ruse to get Castiel away from Dean, but why? Dean’s fighting the command with everything he has but is only able to squeeze his fists into balls. The cuff marking him as Castiel’s Omega burns on his skin. Crowley steps closer, wiping tears from Dean’s cheeks. Shit, when did he start crying?

Fish toddles over, resting his head on Dean’s foot in solidarity.

The alpha pats Dean’s shoulder. “I’m sorry.”

Chapter End Notes

Big hugs!

TAGS: Maybe a touch of rough sex but if you’ve come this far it won't shock you. ; )

XOXOXO- Angie
Caught in a Bad Dream

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Over the next thirty minutes, Dean watches Crowley slowly clean up the dirty dishes. He then brews a fresh pot of mint tea, the scent pouring into Dean’s nostrils making it all a little bit worse. Such an aroma will be the death of him. So many questions are tumbling through Dean’s brain. What’s happening with Castiel? Where did his alpha go? Will he get to see the love of his life again? Could this have been avoided? Dean hates this stay order, his mind racing with hundreds of terrifying possibilities, and yet the omega literally can’t lift a finger to do anything about it.

He tracks the movement of his ex-boss, praying for the one word that will give him his freedom. Crowley sets a stunning hand-painted bone china teapot with two matching tea cups on the table, then pivots to face Dean. “Alright, I can say the magic word; you can use the facilities, and we can sit down for a cup of tea or you can remain. If you choose option one and behave, I will drive you to Castiel myself but only after you listen to my explanation of events.”

Dean blinks twice for yes. The alpha smiles, stating, “Hunter 24, release.”

Crowley catches his crashing body, helping Dean to the bathroom down the hall. Why does he always have to pee after that? One of life’s weird mysteries. Eventually, Dean wanders back to the dining room table, sitting across from the alpha. Accepting the cup of mint tea that hurts to sip, he grunts, “Talk.”

“Has Castiel ever shared the events of how Gabriel’s omega, Samandriel, died?” Crowley queries before adding sugar to his cup.

Dean shakes his head, slightly frowning. “I know he bonded with Samandriel as a child, and he meant quite a bit to Castiel. I had a feeling he passed, but I don’t know the story.”

“Let’s start there because his death is important to what happened this evening.” Placing his cup on the table, Crowley begins, “When Castiel was ten and Gabriel twelve they accompanied Samandriel to the grocery store late one night. Hannah and Lucifer were home with their omegas. Money was tight so the family only shared one car among them all. With Cas’s omega, Inias, at work with the vehicle, Samandriel and the young boys walked the ten blocks from their apartment. In the shadows of an alley, three alphas pulled Samandriel in and assaulted the omega.” Crowley shudders. “Whatever horrible images of assault on an omega you can think of, you would be correct. Hannah was merely seven at the time, but she heard enough whispers later to put together a vague idea. They took turns holding back the boys yet feeding off their terror as they watched. When it was done Samandriel was dead; being an alpha and a beta saved their lives. The two boys released to walk home and call the police. Hannah told me the story because when we visited Gabriel she wanted me to understand why he drowned his body with drugs.”

It takes a few moments for Dean to find his voice, “You’ve met Gabriel?”

“It took Hannah to an assisted living home. They have a hall devoted to individuals who need long-term care from severe brain damage.” Crowley’s eyes turn tender, “Dean, Gabriel has been in a
coma for four months. I saw him myself.”

What the alpha is saying takes several minutes to sink in and finally make sense. Cas has never talked about Gabriel in a coma. His alpha has chatted in length about what his favorite brother is up to at the moment. In fact, until the last minute Gabriel was to attend Christmas Eve dinner. Dean’s mouth drops, “Cas thinks he’s fine.”

“Exactly, that’s the problem.” Crowley clears his throat. “After Samandriel died Castiel had trouble accepting the loss. He spent nearly six months talking about Samandriel and seeing the omega as if he were still alive. The family chalked it up to his young age and a coping mechanism. Eventually, it went away and they never spoke of it again. However, mixed with his belief that Gabriel still shares his house, it is concerning.”

“Cas has been hallucinating his brother.” Dean mouths the words but he can’t believe them. His poor beautiful alpha.

Crowley bounces his head, “That does seem to be the case. So, Lucifer and Hannah have taken your alpha to Green Oaks Hospital at Medical City. Dr. Talbot is meeting them there to assess Castiel and decide a proper course of action. Prepare yourself, Dean; he might be there for a while.”

“No,” Dean whispers.

“I’m sorry?” The question startles Dean’s deep thoughts.

“No, he won’t,” Dean repeats, his voice rising in strength.

The alpha takes pity on Dean, gently patting his hand. “Dean, you need to accept that Cas needs proper psychiatric care.”

“I’m not denying his need for help; however, my alpha will not be locked away in a psych hospital. He’s coming home, tonight.” Dean retrieves his phone from his jacket, dialing Meg.

“Yes, Obi Wan who pays me?” she answers quickly.

Inhale, hold and then exhale, Dean reminds himself to breathe. “I need you to find out how we can get Cas out of Green Oaks Hospital and home with me. Can you meet me there with answers?”

“The psychiatric hospital with Medical City?” Meg’s behind, but she’s razor sharp. He has faith in her abilities.

“Yes, he seems to be having some trouble with reality. Lucifer and Hannah are trying to lock him up.” Dean pauses in front of Crowley’s SUV. The alpha had to put Fish up in a bathroom first. “Don’t let,” his voice cracks as a sob slips out, “that happen Meg. I need him home.”

“I’m on it.” She hangs up without further ado.

By the time they reach the hospital, Dean’s hands are trembling with nerves. This must stop. His blood boils with the mere idea of sleeping in his bed alone; he craves his alpha. If Dean’s this bad, he can only imagine what Cas is going through. Crowley calls Hannah to inform her of their arrival.

“It appears they were about to call you.” Crowley hangs up, shoving Dean through some sliding glass doors and towards an elevator. “Castiel has become violent, Lucifer and Hannah are rethinking their choice.”

The other man pushes the four button. Dean doesn’t understand what Crowley is talking about; Cas
is the calmest person he knows. When the doors glide open, Dean hears screaming, and he’s off like a rocket. He immediately identifies the throaty gravelly cry.

Lucifer appears next to him, pleading, “I thought this would be best for him, but he’s flipping out, Dean. I’ve never seen him like this before.”

“The doctor won’t release him, something about a 72-hour hold,” Hannah adds.

Castiel’s wails get louder as they approach an open door; before he can enter an arm reaches out, yanking Dean to the side. An extremely large alpha strongholds Dean as a familiar face steps forward.

“Talbot, let me in there. Cas needs me.” Dean stays calm, hoping to keep it together for his alpha, but listening to Cas’s screams is pushing his limits.

The doctor smiles a cold-hearted grin as she tilts forward, speaking so softly even he can barely hear her. “Dean, I cannot allow you to enter. Your alpha is a danger to himself and others. I’m putting him on a 72-hour psych evaluation hold. You brought him into the CIA fold. Now it’s my job to make sure his illness doesn’t expose you and the agency to the world.”

“Cas isn’t a danger to anyone; he’s just losing it because he needs me. Don’t be an idiot, Talbot, this is basic omega/alpha biology.” She’s a fucking beta, but one would think a medical degree would have you read about such things. How in the hell is Kevin fond of this woman?

She sighs patronizingly. “It doesn’t matter, Dean, he’s psychotic with hallucinations, and this isn’t the first time. You should go.”

“Are you kidding me? Absolutely not!” Dean roars.

He knows Cas scents him when the cries get louder along with, “Dean! Dean! Let me see him.”

“Fuck this,” Dean’s been compliant up until now, but if Talbot isn’t going to let Dean see Cas or discuss his release then screw it. With little effort Dean flips the alpha over his shoulder, slamming him into the linoleum. “Sorry.”

Dean rushes into the room. The second he enters, the orderlies holding Castiel down on the floor let go. Clearly these two have an inkling as to what is going on here. Cas sits up as Dean drops into his lap, letting the alpha rub his nose against Dean’s neck. Immediately alpha and omega calm in the wake of all the chaos. Cas simply requires his omega.

“Leave us,” Dean hisses; the orderlies vanish without a word.

Carding his fingers through Cas’s hair, Dean instantly senses the desire to be claimed. He can’t help it. The omega hormones running through his body yearn for that last piece of his alpha, the final connection. Dean scans the room, deciding whether to just get the deed done right here. As Castiel’s mate there would be no issue, but as it stands now they lie in a grey area of the law. Hopefully, Meg will pull a rabbit out of her Louis Vuitton heels.

As if summoned by his thoughts, Dean hears the clicking of kitten heels on the cheap hospital floors. The drab tan walls and black linoleum floors add to the gloom. Chuckling, Dean listens as Meg reads Dr. Talbot the riot act. God, she is amazing.

Cas remains silent save for a faint whimper; Dean’s fairly certain they’ve drugged him. Lot of good it did with an angered alpha battling to reach his omega, dumb asses. Their hands are stroking, caressing, touching anything to remind one another they are not alone.
Talbot, Meg and an unfamiliar small blonde omega enter the room.

Of course, Talbot is ranting, “It doesn’t matter. I have privileges in this hospital, and Dean’s not his mate. He has no rights to pull him from our care against medical advice.”

“Actually,” the blonde woman’s voice is soft but firm, “Dean Winchester isn’t attempting to remove him from psychiatric care, he is simply asking that Castiel Novak’s case be transferred to me. I don’t have privileges here, but I do with the agency. His status has been confirmed by Mr. Novak’s family, so he can do that, Bela.”

“He’s having full blown audio and visual hallucinations that have lasted months.” Dr. Talbot pushes into the blonde woman’s space aggressively, “This isn’t a brief reactive psychoses, Layla, it’s most likely chronic or possibly a case of latent schizophrenia. Until that can be determined, he is a threat.”

The words she’s throwing around are scaring the shit out of Dean. Yet, whatever the diagnosis, Dean’s not going anywhere and he tightens his grip on Cas to give some comfort to his alpha. Squinting at the lady’s visitor ID it says, "Dr. Layla Rourke.” God, he prays she’s on their side.

“Bela, quit searching for zebras in Texas.” Layla rolls her eyes, huffing, “This alpha might be suffering from a brief psychosis with extenuating circumstances and if it is chronic he can be dealt with in outpatient care. He’s not had one incident of violence until being separated from his omega. Castiel Novak is not dangerous, nor is he a threat. I have been told Dean Winchester is willing to vouch for him with the agency. I realize you detest acknowledging pheromone biological factors in psychiatric care, but it is wrong to ignore this alpha’s physical requirement to remain with his omega.”

Unable to stop himself, Dean throws his arms into the air shouting, “You go, girl!”

Meg gives Dean a look of "you idiot," then hands a stack of papers to Dr. Talbot. “I filed Dean and Cas’s premating status with the agency two weeks ago. You lose, sweetie.”

“Fine,” Bela waves off the papers. “When he up and kills someone in a psychotic rage, I cannot be blamed.”

Without missing a beat, Rourke replies, “Agreed. Now the first thing I must do is meet with my new patient and his omega. So everyone else,” Rourke gestures to the door, “out.”

The second Meg and Talbot are on the other side of a shut door, Dean exhales, “Thank you.”

Dr. Rourke smiles, plopping down on the floor next to them. Dean gets a better whiff of the omega’s scent; not only is it omega but mated omega. She’s perfect for them.

“I believe what I said. Castiel’s condition, even if it’s chronic and severe, we can do this outpatient,” she pauses, her face going serious, “but only if you are willing to take this on, Dean. I want you to take a moment and decide if you still want Castiel as your mate. No one will think poorly of you, and I can put your alpha on heavy sleeping medication for the next few days while the separation pains are the worst.”

Dean puts up his hand, halting the doctor’s words. Yet it’s Cas who speaks first, “Dean, you have so much pain and anguish on your shoulders. I can’t expect you to take this on without giving you an out. Please, she’s right. You are worthy of a better alpha than me. I will understand; you have all the power here, Dean, to make the choice that’s right for you. All will be forgiven if you break it off.”

Heavy tears drip silently from Cas’s blue gaze. Using his pointer finger, Dean carefully wipes each
one away then places gentle kisses to his alpha’s cheeks, eyelids, nose and then a lingering one to Castiel’s lips. Consent has always been a priority for Cas. Knowing about Samandriel’s violent death speaks volumes about his alpha’s respect for an omega’s right to choose. Dean doesn’t doubt for a second that if he walked away, Castiel would accept it without a fight. This is one of the many reasons he has to stay.

Turning Castiel’s face so they can look at each other, Dean answers, “I don’t care. If you were diagnosed with cancer, we wouldn’t be having this conversation even though they are both illnesses you can’t control. A wise man once told me selecting a mate isn’t like shopping for a car. You can’t pick and choose what options work for you and which should be thrown out. No, if you want someone you have to take the whole package.” Dean kisses Cas passionately, taking the time to lick his way inside and taste his favorite flavor of mint. When they come up for air he continues, “You chose me along with the good, the bad and the spectacular. Well, Castiel Novak, I choose you, no matter where our journey goes I’m with you through the good, holding your hand through the bad, and I will carry you through the ugly, because I love you.”

“I love you, my Omega,” Cas croaks out.

Ever since Christmas, Dean and Cas both wear their leather cuffs religiously. Today is no different, so Dean holds them up, stroking over the supple material and hopefully reminding Castiel of his promise to the alpha.

The two men glance over at Dr. Rourke when she begins sniffing loudly. “Damn, that’s nearly killed me.” She wipes her face then puffs out air, “Okay, so first off I would suggest Castiel move permanently in with you, Dean. This will be a treacherous road, and Castiel shouldn’t be left alone. Perhaps, hiring a nurse to help you at home would be a good idea.”

Castiel snuggles in deeper to Dean as he innocently adds, “That sounds wonderful, Dr. Rourke, but I will have to check with Gabriel. Maybe he could move in with us, Dean.” Those bright cerulean eyes blink at him.

Dean’s lost on how to respond. The love of his God damn life wants to live with him and his brother in domestic bliss, yet that can’t happen. Pleading with his eyes, Dean glares at the doctor.

Rourke nods; gently she scoots closer to them on the floor. Normally Dean would find the movement invasive, but Layla has such a serene presence he welcomes her closeness. In a quiet tone she corrects the alpha, “Castiel, do you know why Gabriel can’t move in with you and Dean?”

Her expression remains placid. Dr. Rourke doesn’t give even a glimpse of what she’s thinking at the moment, instead she’s motionless, giving Cas time to answer. Dean holds his breath. She wasn’t kidding; this will be an uphill battle, yet this relationship is give and take. Castiel has been his rock for weeks, now it's Dean’s turn. Lifting his hand, he cups his alpha’s chin lovingly; they can sit here for hours. Dean can be patient.

“No, I don’t.” Cas’s gaze reminds Dean of a lost child, those beautiful blue gems searching Dean and Layla for the solution. “Gabriel will be good; he’s a quiet roommate; Dean; you won’t notice he’s there.”

A hiccup slips from Dean’s throat. God this is the worst torture of his life. Castiel truly believes Dean would turn down his beloved brother for being loud or bad. He doesn’t wait for the doctor, replying, “Cas, when Gabriel’s better he can come live with us, I promise. But right now he has to be where the doctors and nurses can take care of him.”

Castiel glances up those stunning lashes moist with tears a tender, “Why?”
“Jesus, Cas,” Dean mutters, finally catching himself, “Gabriel’s in a coma.”

Swiveling his face to see Dr. Rourke, his alpha queries, “Can he come home soon?”

“No, Castiel, but perhaps you and Dean may visit him.” Her careful words bring a faint smile to his alpha’s lips.

“That would be nice.” Cas tucks his nose into Dean’s neck, sniffing. “We should prep a bedroom for him at your house, Dean.”

Letting go of the vise grip on his emotions, Dean chokes over a harsh cry, “Our house, Cas, now and always it’s our home.”

The two men rock each other back and forth for several minutes. Layla never moves, a silent guardian watching over them.

In the end it’s Cas who breaks away, “May I take my Omega home now; he seems upset?”

“Yes, Castiel.” Dr. Rourke stands. “You take care of Dean. I think he needs some extra love tonight.”

“Extra love is the only way to care for such a treasure.” Cas places his forehead on Dean’s, whispering, “My ultimate gift.”

Words don’t come, so Dean kisses his alpha, praying the message is clear. He’s not the prize but the winner.

Chapter End Notes

Big hugs

Comments, Questions, and Concerns are always a highlight of my day.

XOXOXO - Angie
Like a Drifting Haze We Roam

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Dean shoots up from the bed, screaming. His heart is racing until it aches, his voice gruff from use, and yet there is no one there to hold him. Without a stitch of clothing on, Dean’s skin cools quickly as a layer of sweat gives him a chill. Reaching out into the darkness, the sheets are cold. No one sleeps next to him. Someone is missing. Dean’s mind, thick with exhaustion, can’t piece together why being alone seems wrong.

Inhaling deeply, Dean smells his own sweet omega odor, nothing else. His body rises off the bed and he goes strolling through the shadowy house; everything feels off. Dean’s stomach physically lurches for that absent scent. He begins turning on every light, hoping the bright room can alert him to who vanished.

An alpha stands in the center of the massive open area, staring at a partially finished mural. The man is impeccably dressed in a tailored grey suit; his eyes rip Dean in two when they slash his way. Gasping, Dean murmurs, “Dick.”

“You’ve been a very bad omega, Dean.” His dark mahogany gaze is fiery with rage. “To the cross with you.”

The terrifying alpha snatches Dean’s shoulder, tossing him in the direction of the playroom. The door sits open wide, allowing Dean to tumble inside easily. Harsh overhead lights give Dean a pause as he scans the drab grey cement with a crimson stain in the middle.

“This isn’t right,” Dean announces, spinning in a circle. “There should be blue skies and shades of green.”

A hand strikes across Dean’s face, throwing him to his knees on the floor. Dick Roman doesn’t even loosen his tie. “Such a pathetic omega, no wonder you’re broken.”

Another hit has Dean’s shoulder crashing to the cement, and he's panting with fear. Suddenly the alpha has a whip, the tip holding a metal ball to heighten the pain with each lash. “Get on the cross, Dean, or I will make you regret that you exist.”

Shaking his head, Dean grasps at the memory of shiny blue eyes, mint and a gentle hand. Rolling to save his face, Dean feels the whip slash across his back. Dean cries out, his mouth forming a name, “Castiel!”

“Another one of your angels, Dean.” The weapon strikes Dean near his kidney. “Trust me, there is no one coming to save you. That hole is mine.”

The alpha he craves is the lost fragment of Dean’s soul. He can’t stop the blows or the blood dribbling from the torn skin, but he can pray. “Castiel, please save me. Don’t leave me here alone.”

Numbness takes over as Dean separates his mind from the violence. He asked for punishment, yet
the alpha wielding the whip has no mercy. There is no beauty in his movements, no love behind each flick of his wrist. His heavy aroma of orange and cardamom sends Dean into a gagging fit.

Wrong, wrong, wrong Dean’s mind, body and soul shriek with how this isn’t right. He’s lying with his stomach on the floor as Roman straddles his bleeding back; the omega howls from pain. Sharp teeth drag over the fleshy meat of Dean’s neck.

“One day, omega, I’ll claim you as mine just for the hell of it.” The horrid alpha’s breath makes Dean want to vomit.

No, God no, Dick Roman isn’t his mate. Where is Dean’s alpha? Why did the universe give him such bliss to simply rip it from his life? How can he find the love of his life again? So many questions bombarding his thoughts, Dean has no choice but to give up and take the beating he deserves.

Without warning the scene vanishes as Dean wakes in a pitch-black room. Panic floods his body, every nerve burning with terror. Except this time is altered; there is a scent drenching his nostrils, mint and fleshly fallen snow. A loving embrace affectionately tugs Dean out of his nightmare, the sheets warm from his alpha’s flesh.

“I’m here, Dean,” Cas whispers into Dean’s ear, “Roman is gone; he will never harm you again, my love.”

The words should be comforting; however, Dean can still smell orange and cardamom. He has to swallow back the bile in his throat. A waking nightmare lingers in his nose.

Tears dribble down his cheek as Dean nuzzles into his alpha’s bare chest. “Don’t ever leave me.” No matter how pitiful he sounds, Dean can’t stop from begging, “Cas, I can’t go back to the way it was with Dick.”

“Absolutely not, Dean; I’m here. Your alpha will give you everything you need,” Cas coos into Dean’s hair.

Unfortunately, Dean’s not sure his alpha can keep that promise. Roman may have been overly enthusiastic with his methods of disciplining Dean; however, he was successful in the end. Their world has been flipped upside down from the recent revelation of Gabe’s coma. Which leaves the blatant question glaring at Dean: Can Castiel still give Dean what he needs?

The two men huddle in the dark bedroom, holding one another. Gradually the wide-open window presents a pale pink sky that brightens into the sun lifting itself into the clouds as dawn breaks. Dean doesn’t want to move, but they have a busy day ahead.

“What time does the nurse arrive?” Dean queries into Cas’s neck. Two days after the unfortunate incident at Green Oaks Hospital, Meg found an appropriate caregiver for Castiel. According to Dean’s assistant, the beta is beyond perfect.

“I believe Meg said 8 a.m.; she made it clear her work day does not begin that early so we would need to be prepared to welcome him.” Cas holds Dean, showing no signs of releasing him. “Ask, my Omega.”

“I’m not ready to ask.” The statement is painfully honest. “No lies” sounds great until you have to watch your alpha’s face fall. “Please don’t be mad.”

Instead of an answer, Castiel surges forward, planting his mouth on Dean’s and knocking the omega backwards as they kiss roughly. Dean lets go. All the anxiety, stress, and ache slip away with every
pass of Castiel’s tongue. Perhaps this is a mistake, a case of the blind leading the blind as neither man knows how to find their footing in this new reality. Although, the alternative would be the death of Dean. There is no going back now; for better or worse Dean’s going to make his life blend with Castiel’s.

Suddenly the need for oxygen yanks Dean back, gasping for air. Castiel litters his face with tender chaste kisses; then the alpha pauses, “All I ever want is the truth, whatever that may be.”

The truth? Well shit, isn’t that a tall fucking order when Cas can’t seem to keep his own truths straight? “I want you to mate me, right now.” Dean has no clue where that came from until the recent nightmare flashes through his mind. “Cas, knot me, mate me, so no other alpha can take me from you.”

Castiel’s shocked expression mirrors Dean’s. “I won’t mate you out of fear.”

“Then do it because you fucking promised, Cas!” Dean shouts as he stands away from the bed. The distance gives clarity to his conviction. “Forget about Roman and what I just said, do it because I want you to,” he plops onto the chilly hardwood floor, “or have you changed your mind?”

“I haven’t changed my mind, Dean.” The alpha leans over the bed, looking down on him. “Don’t you want it to be special? A memory we can cherish for the rest of our lives.” Castiel crawls over the floor to lie next to Dean.

He can do this, allow Cas to plan an over-the-top romantic experience. “Yes, Cas, unforgettable tends to be your way in life.”

“Only because my Omega deserves the best of everything I can give him.” Cas kisses Dean again, and the omega can’t help but smile.

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The morning has a brisk chill to it as Dean opens The Shed, cranking up the heat. He tries to tough it out most days, but, damn it, his balls are trying to crawl back inside. He’s got an old Stanford University sweatshirt and grungy work jeans on; Dean might add another layer before he returns. After turning everything on, he grins as the hum of the heater kicking on sends a blast of warm air over his face. His eyes land on the Corvette; today he’s rebuilding the engine, which happens to be his favorite. First, Dean needs to get back because it’s nearing 8 o’clock.

“Cas, you ready?” Dean shouts when he enters the house.

A disgruntled alpha lounges on the sofa, sipping a mug of coffee while glaring at the open window. “I really don’t understand why you hired this man, Dean.”

Dropping down next to Cas, Dean pats the alpha’s knee. “You had your meeting with Dr. Rourke yesterday, and what did she say?”

“I’m not a child, Dean. A babysitter seems like a waste of money.” Cas sips his caffeinated heaven, shivering as it hits the spot. There isn’t a soul alive that doesn’t love coffee more than his alpha.

Dean waits a few beats, then gives Cas a gentle nudge. “What did she say?”

“It is better when a trained psychiatric nurse challenges my hallucinations. Whereas forcing you to play that role could damage our relationship; you need to be my supportive loved one, not my nurse.” Cas picks at his nails, avoiding Dean’s face. “I am clear headed today; maybe he can come back tomorrow.”
“Good, so can you tell me where Gabriel is right now?” Dean takes Cas’s hand, lacing their fingers and permitting Cas to reply on his own time. Layla called Dean after dinner last night to discuss her first session with Castiel and how Dean can help and possibly hurt Cas’s recovery of a stable reality. The call gave Dean a sense of pride because she could only share private medical information with a mate. It’s another sign that they are so fucking close to sealing the deal. Rourke informed Dean the importance of using positive reinforcement but not overtly confronting the hallucinations; that would be the job for her and the nurse. A tricky situation for all.

After taking a final swig of his beverage, Cas places the mug on the floor. “Gabriel is in a coma. He requires round the clock medical attention, so at this time he’s living at the Highland Park Care facility.” His alpha glares at him. “See, my mind is fine.”

“Cas, if you don’t want to do this then I’ll send him away.” Dean wraps his arms around Cas’s waist, snuggling in to scent the minty snow he’s been yearning for all morning. “But remember, this is one of the stipulations Dr. Rourke insisted on for you to be able to live with me.”

“I suppose this is a step up from a locked ward.” His alpha giggles at his own joke.

Dean can’t help it; he’s laughing too, and it wasn’t even funny. “Alright, you are hilarious.”

The doorbell rings; both men swivel their heads to glare at the front door. Better to get this over quickly, Dean thinks as he swiftly strides over and opens the door. The scent of a mated alpha startles Dean; he was sure Meg said the guy was a beta.

“Can I help you?” Perhaps this guy is here to talk about Jesus Christ or something.

The tall lanky alpha with scraggly hair shoots Dean a dorky smile, “Hi, I’m Garth Fitzgerald the IV, are you Dean?”

He can’t be sure, but Dean’s fairly certain Jehovah's Witnesses don’t know your name when they come to your door. “Yes.”

“Great, I’m here to work with your alpha, Castiel Novak,” Garth supplies, stepping inside the house.

The new guy is dressed in jeans and a t-shirt with a sock puppet on it. Who in the hell did Meg hire? “You smell like an alpha.”

“Well good. Bess, my mate, would be cursing up a storm during her heat if I didn’t.” Garth winks.

Castiel appears next to Dean, clearly having the same reaction. “We were told that my caregiver would be a beta.”

“Ah, yeah, your assistant Meg did hire a beta that Dr. Rourke felt was a terrible match for Mr. Novak’s needs, so she made a switch.” The nurse puts down a rather large satchel onto the couch whistling, “Holy cow, this place could almost be a mansion.”

“We like it,” Cas answers, stepping closer to Garth. “Are you here for Gabriel? He’s at home right now.”

Dean shuts his eyes. His alpha was fine moments ago, but now the veil has fallen, clouding Cas’s mind once again.

“Nope, I’m here to hang with you, Castiel. How about we go visit Gabriel and chat, then you have a group therapy session at 10 a.m.” The nurse smiles, ushering Cas towards the exit.
Quickly tapping Garth’s shoulder, Dean injects, “What time do we need to leave?”

“All actually, Dean, these first few visits will be rough. Dr. Rourke and I feel it might be better if you stay here and greet Castiel when he returns. You are here for support.” The cheery guy releases a goofy smile. “I’ll take him there and back, so maybe have a nice activity planned for lunch. He will need a ton of TLC, you know, tender loving care.”

“Thanks, I got it.” Dean winces at the bite in his tone. He gives Castiel a bone-crushing hug and a kiss on the lips. “I’ll be here when you get back, Cas.”

For someone who once reveled in the peace and quiet of being alone, Dean would sell his soul for Meg to show up early for work. That is highly unlikely. His gaze searches the space till it falls on the playroom door. Castiel hasn’t removed the padlock, which Dean finds frustrating. He saunters over to the unassuming door, his finger ghosting over the lock. If he really wanted to, Dean could be in the room in minutes. A crowbar from The Shed and a little muscle, he’d be inside. All the wonderful toys held within call to him through the wood. He could be careful not leave any marks for Cas to find.

The itch under his skin builds with a fury. Between Castiel’s mental health concerns and dealing with Dean’s family it’s been too long since he’s felt the relief that comes from the sting of pain. Maybe that’s why he had the wicked nightmare of Dick Roman, his mind recalling an alpha that fed him well on agony and anguish. Cas uses a different approach; well, he did at least.

Burning sensations ripple over his body. Dean wishes he could simply peel it back and let all the mind games go. Glancing again at the door he realizes the problem. Dean can’t lie to his alpha regardless of how their relationship alters. There will be no relief today.

He desperately needs a shower, so Dean wanders back to his bathroom, stripping down. The hot spray sloshing water down his flesh helps to ease his darker thoughts. Inhaling deeply, Dean allows the fresh scent to wash away his woes. What is it about the power of cleanliness? Somehow, the revolting odor of orange and cardamom haunts his waking moments as well. No matter how hard he scrubs, depleting a bottle of coconut body wash, the stench remains.

The mirror’s reflection does not paint a pretty picture. Dean’s eyes have dark circles under them as his face tightens with disgust.

Meg’s head popping in through the door nearly gives Dean a heart attack as he yelps.

Immediately his assistant’s smile falters. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine, just had a crappy night’s sleep is all.” Dean drags his palm over his face, sighing. “What do you need?”

“We got a really cool request for Winchester Restoration to build a replica Mystery Machine.” Meg moves farther into the bathroom, her black lacquer heels click along the way before she leans against the second sink. How in the hell did he miss her walking down the hall? “So, thoughts?”

Giving his head a shake, Dean responds, “On what?”

“Would you be interested in making a Mystery Machine, ya know, Scooby and the gang? The buyer wants everything to be authentic but on one side a mural depicting well, the gang.” She’s typing on her trusty iPad. “They are offering a seriously outrageous price for it.”

“I can’t paint a mural,” Dean counters as he heads to the closet for fresh clothes.
Meg halts halfway into the room. “No, but we both know a stellar artist who could bang it out.”

“I don’t know; Cas isn’t exactly himself lately.” Dean swings open his closet door, grabbing a Henley after grabbing a pair of boxers and rough-wear work jeans.

“Really? Painting cartoon characters on the side of a van seems perfectly suited to someone who isn’t quite in touch with reality.” Meg’s gaze hits Dean with a smirk, “What? Just saying Castiel could totally pull it off.”

“Okay, okay, I’m thinking the body needs to be a 1972 Ford Econoline. Can you see how much that will run us, and cheaper is better because we will have to tear out the interior anyways?”

Dean’s shutting the door when Meg flinches, scrunching up her face. She actually pinches her nose, “What the fuck is in there? You and Cas trying aroma masochism now?” Meg coughs, attempting to inhale.

“Umm, no.” Suddenly the horrors of orange and cardamom crawl up Dean’s sinuses. He freezes, his eyes watering. “Wait! You can smell that?”

“That nasty spice scent with burnt oranges, yes, so gross.” She flees the room, sneezing for good measure.

Barreling into the confined space, Dean snatches the clothes hamper, dumping out the contents. Castiel has been doing the laundry lately. Which, now that he thinks about it, was weird to begin with, the alpha saying how his dryer broke so adding Dean’s would be no trouble. Dean’s not touched dirty clothes in over a week.

He’s kicking through the scattered laundry, grasping at ideas as to why in the hell his laundry reeks of Dick Roman. Dean bends over, peering into the hamper, when he spots a pair of jeans and a white t-shirt with familiar stains. Paint that matches the colors of the playroom seem innocent enough, but what drops the omega to his knees is the splatters of blood.

“For all that is holy, let me be wrong,” Dean prays to whoever is listening as he bends over, sniffing the crimson stains.

The bouquet of rotting oranges and cardamom has Dean vomiting onto the hardwood floor.

Chapter End Notes

Questions, Comments, and Concerns are always loved.

XOXOXOXO-

Angie
Devoid of emotion, Dean moves on instinct to protect his alpha. Immediately Dean dashes to The Shed, moving the Corvette that hides the underground storage unit. Sliding a tiny door, about the size of a wallet, in the floor over, Dean types in his security code. The cement cracks open as the hydraulic lift moves the door so Dean can slip inside. Every ex agent is required to house a solid storage unit for all their old documentation, weapons and other remnants of life before retirement. His space is a small 4X6 foot cubicle with filing cabinets along one brick wall.

In moments Dean has the spray bottle of luminol in his hand. There can’t be a single trace of blood left when he’s done. Dean locks up his storage unit, driving the Vette back into place. By the time he returns to his closet the omega is out of breath, but there isn’t time to stop. Cas’s future lies in the balance. Dean steps into his spacious walk-in closet, flipping on the overhead light. Hastily he shuts the door and tucks a brand new towel in that annoying space between the floor and door.

God, it’s been a while, yet Dean’s reminded that training like his never disappears. Using a proper spray method Dean douses the hamper, clothes and floor with luminol. The room falls into darkness with the flip of a switch. Castiel’s jeans and t-shirt glow a pale blue from exposure to blood. As luck would have it, only the hamper itself also glows so Dean will only lose an easily replaceable fancy ass wooden laundry basket.

He gives the luminol 30 seconds to dissipate, then Dean’s off searching for Meg. He discovers his assistant in the bedroom she uses as an office. “Hey Meg, can you run an errand for me?”

“Kind of in the job description, boss,” she jeers, her eyes never leaving the laptop screen.

“Cas’s new caregiver suggested doing something special for lunch. A way to take his mind off of things. What about cooking hotdogs over an open fire and smores?” Dean schools his features to nonchalant.

Retrieving her iPhone, Meg’s red nail enters a few notes, “Sounds like a plan. I’m guessing hotdogs, buns, chips and dip with the makings of smores?”

“Yes, go to Central Market and get the good, high-quality stuff.” Dean doesn’t add how that will keep her off the property longer. “I’ll get the fire pit outside going, maybe put some fleece throw blankets out there.”

Meg rises, snickering, “I find it amazing you are such a cuddle bunny.”

“Whatever, Meg, pick up the items so it can be ready when Cas gets back.” Dean escorts Meg to the
front door, then bolts to the backyard, thanking the heavens that he had the cement fire pit installed next to The Shed. It’s pretty sweet and doubles as a grilling station. However, today he’s got unconventional uses planned.

A tall stack of wood logs leans against the corner of the gate. Perfect. A little storage unit next to the pit holds matches and differing types of igniter fluid. Hotter the better for this fire, so Dean snags a bottle of pure kerosene. Grabbing some dry leaves for tinder, Dean builds a teepee type structure with an opening for his additions. Squirting the kerosene into the teepee, Dean flings a match and watches as the entire structure goes up in flames.

Sprinting back to his bedroom, Dean places the clothes in the hamper then carries everything back to the fire pit. There are thousands of reasons why Castiel has blood on his clothes. A few could be totally innocent or even childish. Sam and Castiel could have made good on visiting Dick Roman and the guy had a nosebleed or Cas gave the bastard a few good hits, getting sprayed in the fray.

In Dean’s business, one can hope for the best while preparing for the worst. He’s back in the garage retrieving an iron fire poker and axe. Thank God for his privacy fence. Dean chops up the hamper into little pieces, spreading it around the logs. Lastly he places the clothing in the teepee where the fire will burn hottest, squirting kerosene on top. The huge blaze engulfs everything, so Dean adds a few fresh logs to keep it going once the kerosene burns off. With the poker in his hand, Dean moves the clothes around to ensure they turn to ash. Nothing left to identify.

Mesmerized by the massive flames, Dean ponders whether to approach Cas. Does he even need to? Snooping could do more harm than good in this situation. There is always the option of asking Sam, Dean has little doubt that those two were together when the blood poured. Again would stirring the pot be wise? Whether Dick Roman currently breathes doesn’t affect his relationship with Castiel. That is solid. Dean would die for his alpha; eradicating some evidence, well, that’s child’s play in his world. Although he would be lying to himself if he didn’t admit how curious he is about what happened.

By the time Meg strolls out of the house, Dean can’t even see the t-shirt. The jeans will take longer; however, Dean really has to squint to figure out what’s under the logs.

“I put everything away in the kitchen.” She passes him a stack of multi-colored fleece blankets. “Since we don’t know when Castiel will be back.”

“Thanks.” Dean pokes at the fire, adding another squirt of kerosene.

Meg pauses to stare at the blaze. “I do believe that can be identified as overkill.”

Chuckling, Dean spreads out the blankets on the cement benches facing the fire. “Hey, that’s the fun part about fire.”

“Hey, big guy, you might want to light up that chunk of jeans in the corner.” Meg smirks as she totters off, shouting over her shoulder, “I saw nothing.”

When Cas gets home he looks exhausted. Those gorgeous blue gems dim in the aftermath of therapy and a visit to Gabriel’s care facility. Dean does the one thing he knows will help. Lifting his arms he lets Cas fall into his chest, listening as his alpha cries.

After the sobbing has lightened, Dean suggests, “Hey Cas, I’ve got a fire going in the back wanna burn hotdogs and marshmallows?”

“Smores?” His alpha’s head pops back, excitement in his tone.
“Yep, Meg picked everything up.”

Hand in hand the two men mosey outside to make lunch and hopefully soothe Cas’s nerves.

Dean and Castiel lounge huddled together blankets wrapping around them. The fire still blazes on, so Dean lets his mind meander about. Cas remains silent. However, the lack of talking didn’t stop his alpha from eating his weight in smores. Smiling, Dean pushes his nose into Cas’s neck, allowing the aroma to wash over him. His gaze lands on a tiny tuft of blue jeans. Dean could ask and Castiel would answer honestly, but that’s not what he truly wants today.

The submissive in him murmurs softly that he wants to play. Yet, how can Dean be sure that acting out a devilish scene would be good for Cas? He shouldn’t be selfish.

“How are you feeling Cas?” Dean flinches at the stupid question.

Tightening his grip on Dean, Cas sighs. “The group therapy session was helpful. I met a young woman who suffers from schizophrenia. She’s all alone in the world, living in a halfway house with adults. It made me cherish what I have that much more.”

“And your visit to Gabe’s?”

Cas goes stoic for a few minutes and Dean’s about to let it go, but eventually the alpha cards his fingers through Dean’s hair. “I’ve never seen him that still. The Gabriel I remember was always in motion, he even kicked out in his sleep, rolling over and over. How can I have no memories of how he ended up there?”

“Have you talked with Lucifer about it?”

“Not yet. Dr. Rourke invited him to join a session with her and me next week. I’m sure that will be an illuminating hour.” Cas’s fingers never cease stroking Dean’s hair and chin.

Meg sticks her head out a few moments later. “Hey Dean-O, I’ve got my dentist appointment today so I’m leaving early. See you tomorrow.”

He waves goodbye to his assistant.

Finally Dean has the balls to just ask when Castiel speaks first, “I think I might go work on the mural for a bit. Is that okay?”

“Sure, Cas, no problem.” Dean’s heart is sinking with each word.

His alpha walks away with his shoulders turned in, a sorrowful replica of the Dom that rules Dean with a mere flick of his wrist. Could Dean fix that? Perhaps they both need to play, the submissive needing to be handled with whips and a rough hand while the dominant requiring ultimate control in everything they do. Flashes of flames licking over the wood hypnotize Dean, reminding him of the desire building under his flesh.

In the end this is Dean’s decision; he has the power to say yes or no. Castiel will obey. The clout he holds dribbles down his body, lighting him up from the inside. Roman never made him feel this because he was weak. Dominance isn’t about taking away a person’s power; no, just the opposite. Castiel is a beautiful Dom because he hands Dean the control and waits for him to hand it back.

Racing to the house, Dean bursts by Cas, who is setting up his paints next to the mural. He finds Garth tooling around in the kitchen.
“Hey, I think we are good for the rest of the day if you want to take off early.” Dean crosses his fingers.

“Sure, that’s pretty nice of you, Dean.” Garth collects his things, says bye to Cas and is out the door.

Success! A house all to themselves.

Quickly Dean heads to his bedroom, searching through his closet for an old toy. He jumps for joy when he finds the amber leather flogger. It’s simple but effective for the plan. Tossing all his clothes on the floor, his hamper not really usable anymore, Dean dashes to the playroom door.

The door is locked. Dean tucks his feet under his butt, kneeling naked on the chilly hardwood floors. His black cuff is the only thing on his body. Laying the amber flogger across his lap, Dean places his hands over his thighs and waits. There is no reason to call out or bring attention to his stance. Eventually, Cas will come.

Normally, Dean hates the silence found in waiting. In most cases it’s because he despises the halt of a scene where he yearns for the bite of leather. Being lost in his thoughts can be torturous. However, here in this moment, Dean finds himself enjoying the anticipation. He’s certain Cas will appear. The alpha has never let him down, not for a second. This faith pacifies the chaotic mess of his mind. Counting to ten as he inhales and then doing the same as he exhales furthers Dean’s plunge into sub space. All the worry floats away as he focuses on the one thing he perceives to be fact: Dean trusts Castiel.

Time slips beyond Dean’s comprehension. The corner where he kneels gradually darkens, yet Dean doesn’t move. Waiting in this position shows the ultimate respect for his Dom. He can hear the gentle sounds of Cas working on the mural. A swish of the brush, a drop of a can, the movements claim Dean’s ears in a warm embrace. He is not alone.

“Dean?” The gravelly voice of his alpha seeks out his omega. “Dean?”

Keeping his eyes lowered Dean remains quiet.

Dark jeans splattered with paint move into his view. Dean stays motionless until his Dom gives a command. This is how the game begins.

“Does my Omega want to play?” Cas kneels in front of Dean, mirroring him, tipping the omega’s chin upward with a single digit.

Without a word Dean nods, his gaze locked on Castiel’s.

A moment of hesitation plagues Dean’s hopes. Cas chews on his lower lip. “Are you sure, my Omega?”

“Yes,” Dean replies in a breathy moan. “I want to bleed.”

The gasp from the other man startles Dean, although he doesn’t move an inch. Only his eyes track the reluctance of his Dom. Then a brightness lights up his alpha’s expression. Dean's thrilled he was the one do to this for his lover.

“We do this my way.” The order is clear; Cas doesn’t negotiate.

A smile tugs at Dean’s lips. “Yes, sir.”

Castiel tilts towards the omega, kissing him softly on the mouth. An electric buzz settles in Dean’s
groin; this will be their first time playing where kisses are allowed.

Swiftly rising to his feet, Cas strips, his eyes never leaving Dean’s face. Bending over, Cas picks up the weathered amber flogger. “A request, my love?”

“Please.” Dean’s head is spinning from the adoring words from his Dom.

“You will stay in this spot while I set up the scene.” Dropping a kiss to the top of Dean’s head, Cas murmurs, “Such an amazing omega.”

The heat ignited by Castiel Novak burns away every drop of need prickling at Dean’s nerves. His Dom will care for him. No fear, it’s been vanquished by the confidence of the man he loves with all his heart. He doesn’t need another Dom; regardless of Cas’s mental state he will give the omega everything. Exhaling slowly, Dean relaxes.

When the door reopens, Cas in his naked glory booms, “What is your safeword, my Omega?”

“Poughkeepsie.” Dean reaches out, taking Cas’s hand as the alpha helps him up. Yet Dean doesn’t step forward; instead he queries, “What is your safeword, my Alpha?”

Closing his eyes, Cas sighs, “Messenger.”

“Such an amazing Alpha.” Dean grins with a wink.

As they enter the playroom Dean scans the space, noticing a pale wooden folding tray table. On top sits the amber flogger, several pieces of their bamboo rope, and a three-inch knife glimmering in the light. This is the scene he’s been waiting for all his life. The alpha of his dreams will make him bleed.

Standing under the cloud with the lowering hook, Cas carefully takes Dean’s wrists, binding them together with the bamboo rope. His alpha then lifts Dean’s arms until he’s shackled to the hook with his toes skimming the floor.

“You are truly remarkable, Dean Winchester; I love you.” Stepping back, Cas snags the flogger and swings the instrument around his body in a Florentine technique, which always takes Dean’s breath away. “Now, tell me why you chose this flogger for tonight?”

Dean’s mind goes blank with anxiety. He never lies to his Dom, but fuck, he wasn’t expecting to share the story behind the choice in toys. “When I retired from the CIA, it was a dark period of my life. I had no direction, lost with so many choices. For ten years I had someone tell me where to go, when to eat, what to do, how to dress, even. Without orders to obey I just wanted to die …bloody. One day I stumbled into a bar, already drunk. I didn’t have a clue about what kind of bar it was, nor did I care. It was a private BDSM club. To this day I’m not sure how I got past security, but for hours I watched submissives please their masters from simply kneeling to sucking them off. Under the table. Enchanted by the magical power of a Dom, I desired to be commanded once again. That night a stranger bent me over a table and whipped me with that flogger, changing my life forever. It was exciting and calmed the raging need for pain in my soul. I don’t know the alpha’s name; he never touched me beyond the end of the tails of that flogger.” Dean glares at his Dom, his voice firm, “I want you to finish what he started, never will another alpha have me.”

“MINE!” Castiel roars, the deep timbre of his voice reverberating over Dean’s skin. His hand snaps the amber flogger so harshly it cracks against the floor.

Shivers of passion laced with enthusiasm thrum through Dean as he observes the sexiest man alive. His alpha continues snapping the aged leather with pure grace. Inching closer, the tails brush over
Dean’s flesh, tracing down his torso, tickling his cock. In response, his erection builds. With a twirl Cas shimmies to Dean’s back, the leather beginning to edge closer to what Dean craves.

A particularly harsh strike blows Dean’s eyes open with a cry of bliss, his gaze centering on the shiny knife only a few feet from him. Cas has never crossed the line into proper blood play, and Dean’s enthralled. The tiniest of voices in the back of Dean’s brain reminds him of Cas’s hallucinations. Should he really let Cas take it that far? Only one answer blares in reply, yes.

The hits get more violent with each swing of Cas’s strong arms, digging into his shoulders. Dean’s screaming, “Yes, my Alpha!”

Suddenly the room goes silent as Cas creeps to the folding table, laying down the flogger and taking the knife in hand. Dean holds his breath with anticipation. The scent of blood is so close Dean salivates, his dick painfully hard.

“Where should I make the first cut, my Omega?” Cas plays with the knife, twirling it between his fingers.

Dean shrieks, “Anywhere, Alpha! I want to see blood!”

The Dom leans his head to the left, curiosity brimming in his blue eyes, “Is that the requirement, my Omega, to see and smell blood?”

“YES, YES, fuck YES!” Dean can literally hear his own blood pumping, leaping to spill all over the bamboo floors, marking them in crimson.

Standing directly in front of Dean, Cas smirks wickedly, raising the knife while also lifting his empty hand. In one smooth motion Castiel slashes the blade over the alpha’s palm. A deep wound releases the red liquid as it dribbles down Cas’s arm.

“What!?!?” Confusion is dominating Dean’s every thought. That is, until the scent of Castiel’s blood smacks into Dean like a truck. Delicious. He wishes to deny it, but Dean’s humping into the air, the aroma of tangy rusty mint thrusting into his sensations chaotically. Dean battles against the ropes, willing them away so he can chase his favorite drug.

Lips crash into his as Castiel assaults Dean’s mouth. The kiss is rough and wild, all tongues and teeth, in the same moment Castiel uses the wounded hand to stroke Dean’s cock. Holy Shit! The omega is completely astray in the magnificent ministrations of his alpha; his tongue lighting up with want as Cas’s hand pumps his cock, rubbing it down with the alpha’s own blood.

Dean’s discovered a new addiction that he will never be able to quit. Incapable of lasting, Dean’s orgasm punches through him and takes his conscious mind with it.

He’s never loved the dark more.

Chapter End Notes

BDSM TAGS: Blood Play, Impact Play, Flogging, and Bondage

Comments, Questions, and Concerns are welcomed and loved.

XOXOXO - Angie
CAS POV

Castiel searches the passing scenery for something he knows won’t be there: his brother. Slightly over a week and five sessions with Dr. Rourke has ignited Castiel’s ability to remind himself of his new reality. Gabriel sleeps. At least a bright, shining side of this tragedy is that Dean remains with him. Despite the upward battle, which persists, his omega has opened not only his home to the alpha but his heart, too.

His daily companion Garth drives them to visit Gabriel. It’s become an almost daily occurrence, ending with either group therapy or, as is the case today, an appointment with Dr. Rourke. Traffic from road construction slows their travels.

“Hey Castiel, can I ask you something?” Garth glances in his direction on the query.

Simply the respect in asking for his consent gives Castiel a grin. “We are quickly becoming friends, so yes, please ask.”

“Aww, man, that’s sweet.” The nurse itches his cheek first. “Dean seems pretty keen on mating, so why are you waiting?”

Slightly shocked at the blunt inquiry, Cas swivels to fully face the other alpha. “I would think my current mental health issues would be enough of an answer.”

Shrugging, Garth responds, “Not really. Dean knows what’s up, and your diagnosis appears manageable even more so in a mated relationship.”

Castiel bounces his head in agreement. Alphas tend to find stability and healthier comfort within a mated pairing. “I want to make sure I’m at my best for my omega.” The alpha muttering, “Dean is worthy of perfection.”

“That sounds awfully nice Castiel, but in the end I think Dean wants you. In fact I’m not sure this long pre-mating stage is doing him any favors.” Garth grumbles as the traffic thickens.

Castiel sits up, the alpha’s full attention on his nurse. “Please explain.”

“Let’s just say I’m not blind; your omega is completely devoted to you and is taking your reluctance to claim him as his fault. Maybe, if you’re not going to do the deed, you should tell him the truth.” Garth changes lanes as the road goes from three lanes to two.

“Dean and I are completely honest with one another. The mating bite will happen; he knows this, but I won’t be rushed into it.” Castiel’s tone is firm.
The decade old Ford Focus comes to a halt when a beta in a yellow vest holds up a STOP sign, allowing Garth to glare at Castiel. “Castiel Novak, you are terrified to take Dean as your omega. Pretty sure the discussion hasn’t happened, because that handsome omega of yours would not be so down about it.”

Grinding his teeth, Castiel seethes, “I won’t deny I have reservations. In this stage I take on the pain of separation; however, once I bite him …” He waves his hand, hoping Garth will fill in the blanks.

“What in the world has you thinking that y’all will break up? I’ve been watching you two dance around each other for a while now and trust me, your mating will last a lifetime.” His caregiver’s voice is confident.

An uncomfortable silence slithers through the vehicle. Castiel’s mind is tossing and turning with a plethora of comments on the subject. Yet, rooted deep in his gut, the alpha knows Garth is correct. Dean is his omega. Eventually they park in front of Gabriel’s current home. He will have to push off his inner battle over whether to claim Dean as he trails behind Garth inside the facility. They both sign in, receiving visitor tags, then make their way to his brother’s room. Castiel hates this part, entering the space where Gabriel’s body has lived for months.

Nurse Moore stands next to his brother, checking the comatose man’s vitals. Her blonde hair hangs loose over her shoulders, and a huge smile is on her face. “Good morning, Castiel.”

“Jessica.” The omega had requested the use of her first name.

Gabriel’s living quarters are spacious and clean, courtesy of Lucifer. He has a single room with a large bay window that the staff keeps open even through the night. Castiel spoke on his first visit about his brother’s love of the moon cycle. The walls are a soothing pale burgundy with lush crème carpeting. Pictures of their family through the years rest on every possible surface courtesy of Hannah. He’s surprised she kept them for so long. His brother’s bed marks the center of the room, permitting a chair on either side.

“Our Gabe is doing great today.” She pats Gabriel’s shoulder gently. “Brain activity is more consistent, and his pulse is strong. I think he likes that you visit now.”

The comment cuts Castiel to the quick. With a grimace, Cas attempts to see the compliment. “Do you think he will wake up?”

“There has been improvement, so I think its safe to be optimistic, but remember even if he does wake the chances of brain damage are high. Overdoses on Ecstasy can wreak havoc on the brain.” She ushered him to a chair so Castiel can sit next to his brother’s bed. “Would you like some time alone?”

“Yes, please,” Cas answers as both nurses exit but leave the door open. He’s never sure what to say in this moment, alone staring at Gabriel’s unmoving body. Rambling seems to be his coping method. “My Omega would like to visit soon. You would adore him, Gabriel, strong, vivacious, and a huge attitude. Dean’s my whole world.” The admission breaks something in Castiel as his cheek crashes onto Gabe’s bed. “I’m scared.”

Gabriel was always the brother Castiel ran to when things were wrong. The person he told all his secrets to and held him tight when the world around him fell into darkness. For most of their childhood Gabriel and Castiel shared a room, the faint beta scent of fresh watermelon calming Cas’s mind as he fell asleep. An ache settles on his heart.

His last word lingers in the air between the brothers. Castiel takes his brother’s hand into his, squeezing lightly. “Remember yesterday when I told you that for months I thought you were still
living with me. I sometimes have to be reminded of your condition. Garth took a photograph of you here and put it next to my bed. A few mornings ago I woke asking Dean who was in the picture. My Omega answered and helped clarify for me; then he cried in the bathroom for an hour. There is something wrong with me, Gabriel. I can’t seem to stay in this reality.”

“What if …” Castiel whispers, rising to look at the sleeping beta. “What if I mate Dean and then one morning I forget he exists? I could cause him so much agony and harm by breaking the bond without ever knowing it. The mere idea horrifies me.” Using his empty hand, Castiel wipes away the free-flowing tears. “How can I be sure that Dean will be safe, when I can’t even remember the state of my own brother?”

Plunging his body back onto the bed, Castiel allows the fear to consume him.

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Garth parks his grey vehicle behind Meg’s flashy red convertible, the juxtaposition is glaring. After an exhausting session with Dr. Rourke, where she pushed him to speak about the night Samandriel died, Cas has nothing left. He understands the significance, since it was the last time hallucinations plagued him, yet his emotions are raw.

“We can hang out here as long as you need.” Garth turns off the Ford Focus, leaning back in his seat and closing his eyes. “Our afternoon is wide open, so just give me a nudge when you’re ready.”

Castsel’s words startle even himself, “Samandriel and Dean have similarities.”

“Really?” Garth pops one eye open. “They look alike?”

“No, Samandriel was small a more classic definition of a male omega while Dean is …,” cracking a grin Cas adds, “big.”

“Samandriel was the one who taught me how to bake. He was so at home in the kitchen; Dean also enjoys feeding those he loves.” Watching as the breeze tosses about tree branches, Cas’s thoughts drift to that night. “I couldn’t save Samandriel. He died because I wasn’t strong enough; what if the same happens to Dean?”

“I don’t know much about Dean, but I have a feeling any alpha running into him in a dark alley should be afraid, very, very afraid.”

The seriousness of his caregiver’s statement puts Castiel into a fit of laughter. “You’re not wrong.”

A few minutes pass, and Castiel is prepared to enter the house and find his omega. He discovers him working in The Shed. Dean’s bent over a Corvette, his head and hands deep within the car’s engine. However, that leaves one of his best assets bouncing along to the music playing over the speakers. Cas’s cock gives a twitch of interest.

“I could watch this show all day,” Castiel announces, sauntering in to stand behind his omega.

Dean pops up, slamming into the alpha’s chest with a sigh, “Hey there, Cas! How was this morning?”

Dropping his head to Dean’s shoulder, he murmurs, “I need a nap.”

“Alright, then that’s what we will do.” His stunning omega takes his hand, leading him back into the house.
They pass Garth and Meg, who are arguing over where to pick up lunch when Dean shouts, “We are going to be in the bedroom, so why don’t you two take a leisurely lunch out of the house?”

Once the door is shut, Dean turns on his laptop and after a few commands of his fingers music plays. “Just in case, don’t need the peanut gallery listening in on our private time.”

Originally Castiel had been serious about craving rest, although this is a much better use of his time. Knotting his omega is always a worthy cause. Dean glances at his oil-stained hands, frowning. “Give me a second to wash up.”

While Dean cleans up in the bathroom, Castiel removes his clothes, deciding he needs something new from his omega: tenderness. Dean returns also naked, his face lighting up at the sight of Castiel. God, the omega stuns Castiel, who drinks in Dean’s thick muscles, supple tan skin and so many freckles.

“So how do you want me, Cas?” Dean shakes his hips with excitement.

“Actually, I was thinking we might partake in a more traditional approach to knotting.” Castiel takes Dean’s hand, leading him over to the bed.

Castiel sits on the edge of the mattress, slotting his omega to stand between his thighs. “So, like vanilla?”

“Yes, Dean, I would enjoy making love to you.” The words sound cheesy even to Castiel’s ears. Immediately Dean jerks back, his eyes narrowing anxiously, “ummm,” the omega scuffs his bare toe against the edge of the bed. “What exactly does that entail?”

“Let me show you,” Cas murmurs, placing his hand behind Dean’s neck so he can gently pull their mouths together in a passionate kiss.

Lips glide together beautifully, yet the tempo is gradual; no battle of wills but instead a warmth growing between them. Dean tastes of spicy pumpkin bread fresh from the oven melting Cas’s heart from the inside. For several minutes the two men simply kiss. Sharing the intimacy they denied themselves for weeks, Cas is finally recovering the peace he lost this morning. Kissing his omega settles all his worries because his mouth on Dean’s, his tongue affectionately stroking the omega’s tongue, is more important than breathing. Castiel can’t live without it.

Castiel scoots back so he can stretch out comfortably on the mattress, Dean chasing him so their mouths never part. Dean’s amazing body is lounging on top of him so Castiel can ghost his fingers across all the glorious flesh. His omega returns the favor with fingertips exploring his chest and hips. The alpha is always astounded at how such delicate skin can hold such a powerful man. Another vexing puzzle that surrounds Dean Winchester.

Nothing rushed, the easygoing beat of a song Castiel’s never heard bleeds into the background. Cas’s sole focus will be his omega. Eventually, Castiel rolls them over so he can blanket his lover, slipping between those bowed legs. Lowering his hand to Dean’s backside, Castiel teases the entrance, arousal thrashing the alpha’s nose with the scent of slick. Unsullied straight from his omega’s body, the bouquet is captivating upon Cas’s every inhale. Over kisses, Dean moans, moving his hips forward to deepen Castiel’s fingers into his hole.

As he works his omega’s hole open, Castiel’s mouth wanders down Dean’s scruffy neck, savoring the bite of whiskers against his lips. His tongue laps at his chosen spot where one day he will claim his omega.
Faint whimpers pull Castiel out of his ministrations, causing him to notice Dean’s frown. That is not allowed. In one solid motion Castiel crashes his mouth onto Dean’s, the omega humming with approval. Dean will never admit it, but he loves kissing. Castiel, happy to oblige, drags his tongue over those luscious pert lips, diving in with nothing but love for the man below him.

Lining his dick up to Dean’s entrance, Cas gracefully slides inside; the heat of his omega burning him up with desire. The thrusts are timed perfectly, almost like gentle brushstrokes painting his lover into a masterpiece. One hand slinks to the omega’s dick, wrapping his fingers around the member to pleasure the man who holds Cas’s heart. Glancing up to take a gasp of air, his eyes land on the portrait he gave Dean for Christmas hanging over their bed.

Dean enveloped by everything Castiel.

Yet, the reverse has more truth to it. Castiel falls astray to the sensation of having his omega’s hole surrounding his knot as it slips into place. He pulls back but an inch so he can stare into Dean’s emerald gaze as they both climax simultaneously. Watching Dean succumb to his orgasm could only be described as magical.

With their gazes still locked, Dean tilts his head to the side, asking for Castiel’s bite. The moment could not be more perfect, a wonderful memory of their mating. He feels his incisors lengthen, prepping to mark his lover’s neck, although when he lowers his teeth to Dean’s smooth skin Castiel halts. Scanning the night stand he notices the photo of Gabriel unconscious. He remembers, for now. All that could change when the sun rises tomorrow.

“Not yet, my Omega,” Castiel mumbles as he litters Dean’s neck with chaste kisses.

“When you’re ready, Cas.” The sorrow in Dean’s reply rips Cas apart.

Unable to peer into those brokenhearted eyes, Castiel snuggles into Dean’s neck. Always sensitive to his alpha’s needs, Dean purrs acclamations of love into his ear as Cas gradually nods off, a promise that one day Dean will have his bite left in his throat never making it to actual words.

Rousing from a deep, restful sleep, Castiel’s eyes spring open when his nose catches a sour milk scent from the man next to him. The smell of illness. Instantly Cas notices sweat dousing his omega’s skin as Dean tightens into a ball, a painful scowl on his face.

“Dean.” He gently rocks his lover, hoping to wake him from a bad dream. Dean’s often plagued by them.

A visible tremor rattles Dean’s body, yet his eyes remain shut. Castiel places a kiss to his omega’s forehead, realizing he’s burning up with fever. “Dean, my love, please.”

There is no reply from the other man, which frightens Castiel. Dragging his fingers through Dean’s hair Cas speaks louder, “Dean, wake up.”

Nothing. The full body shivers are now causing Dean’s teeth to chatter; this is not a nightmare. Hastily, Cas throws on his jeans and t-shirt grabbing a pair of sweatpants and Henley from the dresser for Dean. He’s aware his omega needs medical attention, but the alpha in him won’t open the door to expose his naked vulnerable boyfriend. The shirt goes on easily, but Dean starts to thrash about when Cas gets near Dean’s bottom. Lifting his hand to readjust his grip, Castiel spots the blood blending with Dean’s slick.

“Shit!” Cas exclaims, jerking up the pants before dashing to the door, praying the others are back. “MEG! GARTH! Help me!”
The sound of clopping feet against hardwood soothes Castiel’s mind. He is not alone.

Bursting through the door, Cas yells, “Dean’s sick! I think he may need a hospital.”

Garth rushes to Dean, scenting and taking the unconscious man’s pulse. “I think his body is trying to force a heat.”

Together Meg and Cas counter, “He doesn’t have heats!”

“UT Southwestern has an Omega Heat Hospital; we need to take him there, NOW!” Garth points to Castiel, encouraging the alpha to pick up his omega.

“I’ll drive, it will be faster,” Meg shouts. Castiel’s shocked such a tiny person can move so rapidly in those incredibly high heels.

Garth stops at the door, “I’ll stay here. They won’t let me in since Dean’s not my patient.”

“Thank you.” Cas tosses out as he climbs into the backseat with Dean.

Meg’s BMW convertible lurches forward as she hits the gas. “Hold on, things are going to be bumpy!”

Dean shrieks a high-pitched, agonizing scream, tucking in tighter to Castiel. The alpha whispers into the omega’s ear, “It’s okay, Dean, I’m here.”

In response, Dean straddles Castiel, shoving his nose into Castiel’s neck. The omega’s powerful arms are embracing him so harshly Cas has trouble breathing, but he won’t do a thing. Dean needs this so he will make it work.

The fifteen minute ride, should have been closer to twenty-five, to the Omega Heat Hospital passes in cries of pain from Dean as his sweatpants darken from sopping up all the slick and blood from his omega. Cas has never felt more helpless. All he can do is stroke Dean’s back, releasing the aroma of safety and love.

Finally Meg’s convertible pulls in front of a scent sealed garage door with a call box on the driver’s side. Meg pushes the speak button; seconds later a female voice answers.

“UT Southwestern Omega Heat Hospital, what is your emergency?”

Meg screams, “My male omega boss is having cramps, high fever, and blood in his slick.”

“These can often be symptoms of an illness during heat. You might want to contact his doct—”

“He’s 35 and never had a heat!” Meg’s sass is evident.

“Dear Lord. Please enter when the door rises, park in bay 4, honk once you have arrived; door 4 will open, and the omega may enter alone or with his alpha if present.”

“HERE!” Cas bellows, because they will have to kill him before he will let Dean go.

Once the door rises enough, Meg slams on the gas, squealing the tires as they fly into an enclosed parking deck with numbered bays and matching doors. She finds number 4, pulling in and honking twice. Castiel barely has to hold Dean, the omega has such a vise grip on him.

When the door swings open Cas climbs out, but Meg snatches his arm, handing him Dean’s cell phone. “My number is in there; call me the second you know something.”
“Of course, thank you,” he responds, carrying Dean through the heavy steel scent-proof door.

As soon as they have passed the entrance the steel door shuts automatically, two steel bars locking into place. The hospital must be very careful to keep heat-stricken omegas away from any strange alphas, even medical staff. Working with omegas in heat is a dangerous business. The room appears to be a small 8X8 room with a gurney on one side and medical equipment lining the other. Cas attempts to put Dean down on the white sheets, but his omega refuses to release him so Castiel lies down himself.

Moments later a glass door on the opposite end of where they entered swishes open admitting an older omega in a white lab coat. “Hello, I’m Dr. Missouri Mosely. Your omega has never had a heat before?”

“No, Dean was born infertile so his body had no reason to experience a heat.” Cas brushes his lips over his omega’s forehead. “Please, he’s in so much pain.”

Dr. Mosely collects Dean’s vitals, spending several minutes scenting his neck. She produces a vial from her lab coat pocket and goes to pull down Dean’s sweat pants. The alpha growls low and threatening.

“I need a sample, sir.” Mosely leans over, letting Cas smell her intentions. “See, I’m an omega merely here to help.”

Holding his breath, Cas nods, observing closely as she takes her sample. The doctor hands him a clipboard with several papers. “Fill out what you can, while I run some tests.”

“Okay,” Cas supplies as the omega slips out through the thick white-washed glass doors.

Castiel finishes the paperwork seconds before Dean begins writhing against him, whining with aches Cas can’t fix.

Thank God, Dr. Mosely chooses that instance to return. “Alright, let me see.” She reads over Cas’s answers, somehow ignoring the thrashing omega. “You intend to claim Dean?”

“Yes, I wanted the moment to be special, so we have been waiting.” Castiel avoids discussing his mental health, praying it’s not a problem.

Holding the clipboard to her chest, Dr. Mosely deadpans, “Time to stop waiting, big guy.”

“Excuse me.” Cas exclaims, surprised by her candor over such a private matter.

“Dean is suffering from an incomplete heat.” She pulls over a stool sitting near Cas. “Omegas who feel rejected by their alphas will sometimes go into an unscheduled heat to help entice their chosen alpha to claim them.”

“Dean knows about my reservations. I have not rejected my Omega; we have discussed this in detail.” This woman can’t think Castiel has been intentionally harming Dean.

The older omega chuckles, “Castiel, it won’t matter if you two talk it over until the apocalypse. Dean’s inner omega believes you don’t want him; therefore his hormones are trying everything they can do to invoke a heat.”

“Dean doesn’t have heats.”

“BINGO!” Mosely sighs, rolling her eyes. “All these symptoms will continue, even worsen over
time, unless one of two things happen.”

Castiel tightens his grip on Dean, kissing his cheek as another vicious wave of tremors blow over his omega’s body.

She smiles at him, “Option one is I admit Dean here so we can put him under for 48 to 72 hours. You leave, break the bond and never return. If you feel this would be too much for you, there is an alpha ward next door that can help you through the pain.”

“NOT AN OPTION!” Cas roars so loudly Dean whimpers in his arms.

“Didn’t think so, but I am required by law to share all possible scenarios. So that leaves us with option number two.” She tugs open a drawer in the wall, retrieving a rather large syringe. “I give Dean a dose of high level suppressants, which will hold off his heat haze for a couple hours. Dean will be lucid in ten minutes tops. I will close the curtains, slipping outside so you can mate him. However, you must mate. Not doing so could kill Dean.”

His mouth drops into a perfect O position. “You want me to mate my Omega here in this room?”

“Yes. I can give you privacy. Trust me, the second you bite your boy there all these symptoms will disappear.” She swings the syringe side to side, moving to stand next to the gurney. “We both know the answer here, but as the alpha your verbal consent is necessary.”

Castiel bristles at having his hand forced, although Dr. Mosely isn’t wrong. The dense odor of sour milk smacks Cas’s senses, jolting him to speak, “Do it! Give him the shot.”

Chapter End Notes

Comments, Questions, and Concerns are always loved and answered.

XOXOXO - Angie

Dean’s mind whirls on overdrive as his hormones take the lead. Communicating with actual sentences vanishes; he’s been reduced to whining, whimpers, and begging grunts. His body yearns for the scent of fresh fallen snow with slivers of mint. Only that odor calms his descent. With each hit off Cas’s neck, Dean clamors closer to reality until another wave knocks him deeper into madness.

What the fuck is happening? He’s never experienced a heat, but the itching from under his flesh screams he may be about to. A drumming mantra of mate, mate, mate repeats in his thoughts, never giving Dean a moment of peace. His entire body demands Castiel get off his ass and claim him. For the love of God, why is Cas ignoring Dean’s pleading for a bite?

He’s vaguely aware of riding in a car then lying on top of Castiel in a small room with blindingly bright lights. Home. Dean desperately wishes they were home where Cas could knot him, mate him and finally let Dean breathe. His bones ache from all the thrashing about, yet there seems to be no end in sight. Agony will be his swan song.

A pinch to his arm has Dean swiping out, his alpha grasping his wrists to hold him in place. For what, Dean hasn’t a clue. Kissing, that might improve things considerably. The taste of mint washes down the omega’s throat. Alpha arousal engulfs Dean’s senses, a delicious bouquet he can nearly taste.

Suddenly, Dean’s shaking his head, the heat fog dissipating. His vision clears along with his ability to hear his alpha’s gravelly voice whispering in his hair, “I love you, Dean. Please come back to me. I need to hear you agree to be my mate. I love you, Dean. Be mine forever, my love.”

The words are on a loop, his alpha never pausing in his adorations for Dean. Lifting his head, Dean stares directly into handsome blue eyes. Castiel is his alpha. Not a drop of doubt exists as Dean exclaims, “I love you, Castiel Novak. Take me now; claim me as yours.”

Lips crash together as Dean sighs into the kiss. All the pain vanishes as Dean pulls back and with complete clarity, “Cas will you please fucking mate me?”

“Yes, Dean. Right here, right now,” the alpha states, jostling about as the two men undress on the tiny white bed. Dean decides that climbing off would hasten the process.

Glancing around, Dean asks, “Where the hell are we?”

Chuckling, Cas aids Dean in removing his clothes, which are drenched in a stinky mess of sickly slick and blood. “UT Southwestern Omega Heat Hospital. It would appear your inner omega doesn’t want to wait for my bite.”
“Are you okay with this, Cas?” Dean’s nervous; this is a big step to have his alpha’s hand forced.

Another kiss, this time slow with so much love it bowls Dean over. “Yes, Dean I have wanted this since the first time I walked into your house. You have always been mine.”

“Finally!” Dean shouts, straddling his alpha, their naked skin sliding against each other.

The rickety rolling bed below them making him nervous, Dean queries, “Do you think this thing will hold both of us?”

“Yes,” Cas laughs, raining kisses over Dean’s neck. “We are in a heat hospital. The beds are designed to hold two in case the omega can’t be separated from the alpha.” He taps Dean’s chest with a grin.

With his mind alert, Dean takes the lead, for which his alpha merely smiles. He glides their cocks together, taking them in hand. Both men’s erections are about halfway there, yet Dean wants to give them some extra attention. Leaning on one arm for balance on the thin gurney, Cas using his hands to keep Dean from toppling, the omega strokes them together, thrusting his hips back and forth for added friction. Castiel peers into Dean’s eyes, never breaking contact as his scent bleeds with arousal and love.

A touch of sadness mixes into Cas’s face, “I’m sorry I waited so long forcing us to mate,” he waves his hand about the sterile white room, “here.”

“Cas,” Dean rises up kissing those plump supple lips, “I don’t care about where we mate because in the end all I need is you.” Another kiss for luck, then nibbling softly Dean works his mouth down his alpha’s neck, continuing his ministrations to their dicks.

Moans filter through the air as Cas hums, “You have me, now and forever.”

A beautiful fragrance of pumpkin and mint with a touch of winter dances through Dean’s nostrils, their personal aromas cascading together. Dean yearns for more kisses, so he obliges his desire. No more words. Now is the time for actions binding their lives as one until death do they part.

His alpha’s fingers ghost over his shoulders and back, a soft affectionate touch, occasionally catching a topsy turvy excited omega. Dean’s shoulders, arms, even fingers tremble as he lifts his body up Cas’s torso, giving himself room to sink down on the alpha’s cock. An omega’s hole during heat opens, anticipating the knot. For the first time in Dean’s life his body naturally preps to take in his future mate.

Releasing a lengthy purr, Dean lowers his ass allowing Castiel’s dick to fill him completely. The sensation liberates multiple waves of pleasure throughout the omega’s body. Closing his eyes for a second, Dean lets the moment own him. His alpha loves him. Blindly Dean gradually rises up, dropping kisses to Cas’s lips before slamming down, causing grunts from alpha and omega. He continues the pattern, his hands roaming the flesh laid out before him, with Cas gripping his hips yet permitting Dean to set the pace.

The space is perfectly serene save for the squeak of the gurney as Dean rolls his body, thrusting Cas’s cock in and out of his hole. When the knot swells, Dean can’t help but cry. This time he will take in his alpha’s knot and obtain the mark of the blue-eyed alpha of his dreams.

Castiel kisses away the tears, murmuring, “I love you. You are my beginning and end.”

Once the knot settles into its rightful place within Dean’s entrance, the omega opens his eyes, closely examining the blue that glares back. Swimming in this Caribbean ocean will bring Dean happiness
till his dying breath. They don’t rush, holding the instance for several beats. Cas rolls his tongue around the elongated incisors. His alpha is ready to pounce. True to Castiel’s beliefs, he freezes and awaits Dean’s cue, never moving without consent. Eventually Dean doesn’t drop his gaze as his head lowers to the left.

There is no hesitation. Castiel lunges for the omega’s presented throat, plunging his teeth into Dean’s skin. The act drives them both to climax as a trickle of blood glides down the omega’s neck. Dean ignores the rusty scent, his focus solely on the gratification as their bond solidifies between them. The alpha laps up the crimson mess.

“My Omega,” Castiel sighs victoriously. “My Omega.”

The statement holds layers of meaning for Dean. He is truly Castiel’s omega never to be questioned again. With a feather light touch, Dean litters Cas’s face with kisses, whispering, “My Alpha. My Alpha.”

A revelation of this new world washes over him. His identity now has a precious addition, Castiel Novak’s Omega. Wrapping limbs around one another, Dean fights to remain conscious hoping to revel in each moment as his skin lights up with an electric shock; his scent altering for life. The fresh fallen snow sweeps through his pumpkin.

Castiel drags his lips over Dean’s forehead, “Sleep now, my love. The mating knot can last up to an hour.”

“Okay,” slips from Dean’s mouth as exhaustion pulls him under.

Frowning, Dean attempts to disregard the pokes to his shoulder. He feels like he’s gone ten rounds with Kevin and lost every single one, absolutely everything aches. Another jab to his side coerces the omega to grunt out, “No.”

Gravelly low chuckles warm his tired skin. “Dean, we are in a private room. Dr. Mosely suggested we shower and put on the fresh clothes Meg brought.”

When did they move? Dean cracks open an eye, taking in the new scenery. There is a white sheet and pale blue blanket tossed over their naked bodies. They rest on a larger bed, accommodating alpha and omega comfortably. Damn, he was out cold! Peeking over said linens, Dean notices a window with the blinds shut. Well shit, they are in a patient room.

“Can we go home?” His omega nature needs to nest and mark their home as a mated pair.

Castiel’s fingers slide over his chin, “Tomorrow. The staff wants to make sure that the mating alleviated your need to have a heat. Also, the IV helps to rehydrate you faster.”

“How long have I been out?” Dean is just now noticing the IV line into his hand.

“Three hours.” Cas climbs out of bed, stretching, his nude body giving Dean so many inappropriate thoughts. Sniffing, the alpha smirks, “They have a bench in the shower, very useful for knotting.”

“Hell yes,” Dean exclaims, leaping to his feet, which was a terrible idea as his head spins.

His alpha catches him under the arms, “Whoa! No need to rush my Omega. The nurses have assured me they will be scarce for a few hours.”

With delicate hands Castiel disconnects the tubing on Dean’s IV. “I may have learned something new. This way I can place it back after we are done.”
Makes sense since newly mated pairs tend to knot multiple times the first few days, a biological craving to be physically connected. The IV will help keep Dean capable of healthy knottings. Moving slower, Dean follows Cas to the bathroom. The space is huge. Three grown men could easily fit in the shower alone, and yes, Castiel was correct. A shower bench lines one wall.

As Cas starts the water Dean glances down, happy they decided to clean up. He stinks. The alpha doesn’t look much better his legs and stomach littered with dry cum, slick and blood.

“You’re my mate,” Dean announces to the audience of one.

Dipping his dark chaotic hair under the warm spray, Cas’s smile brightens, reaching his eyes. “I am.”

Cas soaps up a white washcloth switching places so Dean can wet himself down. The second he’s out of the spray Cas’s hands find his skin. Starting with his shoulders Castiel gradually works his way down rinsing off the grime of their mating and Dean’s failed heat. When the other man reaches his cock, Dean can’t help but thrust forward moaning. Cas lowers himself to his knees. The stroking of the washcloth becoming more sensual with each swipe of the alpha’s hand. Always the perfect Dom, Castiel halts his ministrations at Dean’s ankles with a wink.

Without warning Dean’s flipped his chest up against the white tiles. “Shit!” The only word Dean can manage as Castiel’s tongue dives into his entrance with vigor.

“Wait!” Dean yells, his alpha following the order. “Your turn.”

Grabbing a fresh washcloth, Dean lathers it up, his mouth watering with all the naked wet skin set out as a buffet before him. Beginning with Cas’s shoulders, Dean scrubs with a loving caress; as the water chases away the suds Dean licks the flesh. The alpha shivers. His mate’s reaction builds the need in Dean’s groin as he moves down the man’s torso. Cas’s muscles flex with every lick. His movements roll along to a tempered beat in his head.

He can hear the groans from Cas when he works the alpha’s dick, giving the member a tad more attention. He’s suckling the tasty cock like a lollipop.

“Jesus, Dean.” Punches through the alpha, his hands tight fists. Dean’s aware the alpha battles his hunger to fill his leaking hole.

Already on his knees, Dean stops at the ankles, but he’s not done. The submissive in him requires his time in the sun, so he lowers his head to the shower floor. Dean’s body low. Remaining motionless he croons, “Alpha.”

Sturdy arms encourage Dean to stand as Castiel sits down on the bench. Hastily Dean takes his place on top of Cas; the repeat of the position gives him a snicker.

“What’s so funny?” Cas asks, running his tongue over the mating bite on Dean’s throat.

“I keep landing on top,” he replies, smashing his lips into Castiel’s.

The kiss becomes deep and needy. A fire has been lit under Dean, burning across his body; the desire for his alpha’s knot seethes under his skin. Their new aroma of pumpkin with winter mint floods the small space; anyone else would be coughing from the heavy odor. Dean inhales, already addicted.

Feral blue eyes blaze brightly, “You are taking your rightful place, my Omega. I am merely your servant.”
Dean almost chokes on the cheesy line, but the meaning warms his soul. He falls astray to kissing his alpha as his body takes in Cas’s dick. Rolling his hips erotically, his own cock grinds against the alpha’s stomach. Building momentum, Dean’s roughly riding Cas’s cock; in a few minutes the knot swells as Dean rams onto it, screaming in ecstasy as his orgasm shoves Castiel into his own. The mark on his neck tingling is a reminder of who he now belongs to.

Tongues dance together; lush lips smoothly glide over one another. Breathing has never seemed so unnecessary. He wants more. Pushing forward, slamming Cas’s head into the tiles, Dean’s tongue dives deeper, chasing his indulgence.

Overwhelmed by so many sensations wracking his body, Dean holds on tight, praying the kisses never end.

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Castiel nibbles the bite on Dean’s neck, the alpha adoring the spot. The mark is already darkening after the big event. Alpha and Omega spent the past few days fucking on every available surface, but now the afterglow has vanished, leaving a wicked mating hangover. Dean blesses the IV while at the hospital because it helped to stave off the worst symptoms. Cherishing the soreness, Dean blinks. His alpha stands in the doorway of the closet putting actual clothes on; he wants to protest, but his ass screams nope!

“Where are you going?” He attempts yet fails in sounding whiney.

A smirk sneaks across his alpha’s lips, “We have been so …busy I haven’t finished my preparations for tomorrow.”

Squinting, Dean counts the days trying to figure out the date. Let’s be honest, his focus has been more carnal in nature lately. He’s not sure what time it is either.

“It’s January 23rd, my Omega.” Cas adds, bending over to tie his shoes.

Hmmm, this date should be important. “I’ve got nothing, Cas.”

The gorgeous man crosses his arms, “Your birthday is tomorrow.”

“Oh, I knew that, totally joshing you.” Yeah, Dean didn’t have a clue. “Come back to bed; I can think of better ways to celebrate.”

“Dean, my knot is purple from abuse so I can only imagine what the inside of your hole looks like, so no, we will be taking a break.” Castiel stalks over to the bed, kissing the omega chastely on the lips. “If you agree, I do have a delicious scene planned for tomorrow night, so resting our bits would be wise.”

“Agreed!” Dean shouts, raising his fists in glee. “What time is it anyway?”

“A little after 9 a.m. I should be back for lunch.” Several kisses land on Dean’s forehead and one to his claiming mark. “Meg is in her office pushing back the schedule for the Corvette delivery, and Garth will be with me.”

His eyes go wide with worry, “Cas! Shouldn’t you have a session with Rourke?”

“Yes that is on my list for this morning.” Waving over his shoulder Cas tosses back, “I love you, Dean.”
“Love you, Mate!” Dean’s preening a little on the word.

Castiel bursts back into the room, tackling Dean to the bed with a passionate kiss. “I love hearing you call me that!”

“Good.” Dean answers then lets the kissing continue.

After ten minutes Garth encourages Castiel to get a move on, so Dean jumps in the shower and dresses for the day. He finds Meg in her office typing away. She’s in a tiny red dress with her black heels tossed to the side.

“Omega Novak.” She giggles, her fingers never pausing.

Rolling his eyes with a shiver, Dean pokes her shoulder. “Anything I should be aware of?”

“Not really, the Corvette ass gave me some trouble, but I told him we would be happy to refund his down payment and sell the car to someone else with a more understanding attitude. His tune changed immediately.” Her crimson lips are sneering.

“You have a second buyer interested,” he deadpans, knowing his assistant’s game.

Nodding, she holds up three fingers. “Dude piped down and added ten grand to his final price as mating gift.”

“Take two of that for yourself Meg. Maybe add a pair of new Louis.” He gives her a hug. “Thanks for all your help lately.”

“All part of my excellent service, but I will take the bonus.”

The girl never turns down money for shoes. Dean extends his arms over his head working out a few kinks, “I’m going to the shed. Get the paint job for the Vette started.”

He’s down the hall when Meg yells, “He changed his mind to Canary yellow!”

God, why do assholes always pick the worst colors for classic cars? It’s a God damn sin.

Before he can conquer the blinding bird color, Dean’s going to require caffeine. Castiel’s been denying him his favorite beverage worrying about dehydration. Well, he’s not here now.

The dark brew has begun to percolate when the doorbell rings. “Yes, Kevin!”

His buddy had promised to come by for a run once the mating sex had calmed down. Although, Dean thought they had decided on after lunch.

Swinging open the door he does not find his best friend but an alpha and a beta in cheap suits, badges hanging from the pockets. Awesome, police detectives. He’s so not in the mood for this crap.

“Can I help you?” Dean calmly spouts, holding his scent neutral.

The older alpha speaks with authority, “Are you Dean Winchester?”

“Yes, and you are?” He really has better things to do.

Finally finding his voice the smaller beta answers, “I’m Detective Alan J. Corbett and this is my partner Detective Pierce Moncrieff.”
Moncrieff sighs, obviously annoyed at the proper use of both names and the softness to Corbett’s tone. “Look, Omega Winchester—”

“Novak-Winchester.” He tips his head, flashing his new status.

“Whatever, we need to ask you a few questions about a missing person’s case we are working.”

Detective Moncrieff moves to push open the door, but Dean’s not intimidated. He holds the door firmly. They have no cause to enter his home, especially now that he’s mated. Dumbasses can sit and spin for all he cares. “Who, may I ask, is missing?”

“Dick Roman.”

Chapter End Notes

Now is the time to band together and keep going no matter how dark it seems.

Love you all, XOXOXO-
Angie
The name Dick Roman trolls through Dean’s thoughts, scaring the shit out of him. His mind immediately brings up the image of jeans burning in a fire. However, he can’t let the detectives catch on, so Dean uses his training to release scents of confusion.

“I haven’t spoken to Dick since we parted ways.” The answer ringing true in his scent.

Moncrieff gives him a not-so-subtle sniff. “Can we please discuss this inside?”

Not on your life, dipshit, Dean thinks as he smiles while saying, “My alpha isn’t home. We are newly mated; I’m sure you understand.”

A freshly claimed omega is the alpha’s precious prize; they can be thrown into a rage if a strange alpha’s aroma enters their den. It’s old school but highly respected.

“That’s fine. I can wait out here while Corbett does your interview.” The alpha flashes his teeth.

“Sure,” the junior detective looks more frightened by Dean; divide and conquer has been a tried and true method. The omega tosses open the door, shouting over his shoulder, “Meg! We have company.”

Without fail the beta and Dean are just sitting down on the couch when he spots Meg turning the corner, her bare feet making her movements silent. An iPhone in her hand, she nonchalantly leans against a wall. Dean gives Meg a wink because she’s definitely recording everything. Always two steps ahead.

“How can I help you, Detective Corbett?” No reason to be rude.

“As my partner mentioned, Dick Roman has been determined to be missing and your alpha,” the beta glances at a small notepad, “Castiel Novak was one of the last people to be seen with him.”

FUCK! God Damn it, Cas, what did you do? One blessing is that betas can only smell extreme scents, so tricking this guy will be child’s play. “Can I ask how long Dick’s been missing?”

Meg snickers; the woman can’t ever let an innuendo pass.

“How unfortunately, Mr. Roman was supposed to go on a survivalist camping trip alone. So the exact date of his disappearance is unknown. The general window is anywhere in the past few weeks. Between his trip and the holidays, tracking his movements has been difficult.” Corbett sighs, chewing on his pen.

Survivalist camping trip my ass. Dean knows for a fact that’s code for locked up with a questionable, willing omega, beating them senseless for days. “Not sure you could pin down that
Cas was the last person to see him.”

“True, but his assistant Susan saw both Mr. Novak and your brother, Sam Winchester, have an altercation with Mr. Roman in the parking structure of Roman Enterprises. That was the last time she saw him before reporting him missing three weeks later.” Corbett flips through his notepad adding, “Susan also mentioned that you and Mr. Roman had a particularly nasty break up.”

Meg pipes up, “If you mean whipping Dean unconscious and leaving him on the floor to die, then yeah, let’s call it a,” she air quotes, “nasty break up.”

Dean wants to hiss for her to shut up. Let’s not hand them motive for Cas and Sam to lose their alpha tempers, killing the man who scarred Dean for life. “Meg exaggerates, but yes, we did not end it on pleasant terms.”

“May I take a quick look around?” The detective requests, standing.

“Of course, we have nothing to hide.” Dean smiles, letting Corbett wander towards the back of the house. Idiot won’t find shit. While the beta is gone Dean spits out, “Let me handle it.”

“That guy is a sleaze bag,” Meg huffs, scooting off to the kitchen to grab a bottle of water.

Knowing Meg, that could be in reference to either Roman or Corbett. He loves his assistant, but she is a bulldog when anyone she cares about is threatened. Honestly, he would have pegged her for the hit out of the small suspect pool.

Ten minutes later Corbett heads to The Shed, poking around yet coming up with nada. Dean keeps an eye on the beta from a distance.

The beta detective hands him a crisp, white business card. “Please contact us if you have anything to add. We’ve already spoken with your brother, so when Mr. Novak is available have him come down to the station for a visit.”

Yeah, visit? His alpha won’t go near that station without a lawyer.

“My birthday is tomorrow, so maybe the day after that?” Giving them some time to prep.

“Sure,” Corbett lets himself out the door, and Dean can finally inhale.

Meg’s fingers are flying over her iPad, “I’ve got two lawyers we can put on retainer in the next few hours, do you want to look over their websites and choose?”

Plunging onto the couch Dean’s head sinks into the palms of his hands, “Call Lucifer first, he might have someone he trusts, but make sure we pay the lawyer outright so there’s no conflict of interest.”

“On it.” She breezes by on the way to her office.

Dialing with shaking hands, Dean lifts the phone to his ear, “Sam, you need to come over.”

Thirty minutes later Sam traipses through the front door with Ruby on his shoulders. The little alpha nearly smacks her head coming in but the fiasco is narrowly escaped.

“Have the day off?” Dean takes Ruby into his arms as she scents him thoroughly.

Sam nods, “I worked a case over the weekend, so I’m taking the day off to spend with the girls while Sarah is working.”
Glancing around the room, Dean squints, “You do realize you're missing one?”

“Jerk, Emma’s in school.” Sam peeks at the claiming bite, having to pull Ruby’s head from it. His sweet girl is still growling softly at the mark. “Now I get why we haven’t seen you in a while.”

Frowning, Dean carries Ruby over to the kitchen for a cookie. “Yep.” He gives her one for each hand. Ruby toddles off to devour her treats.

Making sure Ruby is out of earshot, Sam pats his shoulder. “How are things with Cas?”

Unfortunately, Sam only knows a tiny bit of what’s going on with Castiel. He just didn’t have the courage to go into full detail over the phone. Guess it’s now or never. “Remember, when I mentioned that Cas was hurting because his brother Gabriel was in a coma?”

“Yeah, you never told me how it happened?” His baby brother's expression is full of concern.

Chewing his lips, Dean tells the truth. “Cas has been hallucinating his brother because a little over 4 months ago Gabriel overdosed on X and fell into a coma. Ever since then he’s been struggling with reality, but I still mated him.”

Dean claps his hands, realizing he never drank his morning brew. “Coffee?”

The massive alpha stands frozen, his mouth hanging open. “Alrighty then; I’ll get you a cup, and feel free to come back to the living at any time.”

While Dean makes their drinks, he knows Sam loves sugar and milk. He checks on Ruby, who has found her stash of crayons and is happily coloring on the floor. He gives her a kiss to the head then returns to the motionless man.

After a few sips of his brew Dean pokes Sam’s shoulder, “Are you mad?”

“No, not mad. Confused and maybe a little hurt is more accurate.” Sam takes his cup as the two brothers sit down at the dining room table. “Let me get this straight, Castiel is suffering from hallucinations of his brother fine and living with him. Gabe’s been in a coma for months; you not only invited Cas to move in with you but then proceeded to mate with him.”

“Yes.” A nice clean version of events. Dean sighs, leaning back into his seat.

Sam is unusually quiet. Normally the big guy can chat your head off, especially when the topic has anything to do with Dean’s life choices, yet right now he seems more interested in watching Ruby eat a red crayon. Dean’s pretty sure they’re non-toxic.

“I’m not surprised.” Sam’s voice startles Dean.

Well that makes one of them. “Can you elaborate on that?”

“Dean, you approach everything in life like a puzzle that just needs the pieces in the right spot. You mating Cas knowing full well that he’s sick, it makes sense.” Sam curtly bounces his head, draining his mug.

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean?” Dean’s all for Sam being okay with this, but damn it, he’s not sure whether he’s been insulted.

“Dean, think about it. Your best friend is a blind omega who for the first year he lived in Dallas couldn’t leave the house without your help. Your assistant is an ex-model who was penniless when
her scars left her unable to get a job. Meg didn’t even have a high school diploma back then, but you hired her on the spot and paid not only for her GED but her online business school classes.” Sam points to the backyard. “Jesus, you take junkers from the scrapyard and turn them into classics worth thousands, sometimes hundreds of thousands of dollars. This is what you do, Dean. Your big-ass heart loves a challenge, so it makes perfect sense that your alpha would be the biggest one yet.”

His brother chuckles quietly as Dean absorbs Sam’s words. The guy isn’t wrong.

“Umm,” Dean picks at his fingernail, “Thanks??”

With a heavy sigh, Sam shakes his head, “I’m not happy about this, because as your brother I want the best for you. However, maybe in the end that was Cas all along.”

“I’ve always thought,” Dean halts the words a little bit harder to put together, “that I didn’t deserve Castiel. He’s this perfect alpha who loves me for me.” He notices Ruby drawing on the wall with the pumpkin mural. Cas will love the additions. “Now it’s like I get to finally prove my worthiness.”

Sam shakes his head, his hippy hair swaying along, “Honestly, I think you two were always meant for each other. There is nothing to prove, and I bet if you asked Cas he’d say the opposite.”

“Probably would, the perfect fucker.” Dean chuckles, then the reason he asked Sam over smacks him over the head. “Hey, so a couple of police detectives came over earlier?”

“Ah, yeah, I was hoping they would leave you alone.” Sam stands grabbing both empty mugs and taking them to the sink. “What did they ask?”

“More like they merely wanted to tell me Dick Roman was missing so they could gauge my reaction.” Dean opens his arms as Ruby sprints towards him, cuddling into his neck and kissing his mating mark. Talking over her head, “Want to tell me about this altercation with Dick?”

Placing his hands on the counter, Sam’s head falls low, “We were being stupid macho alphas. Castiel wanted to look that bastard in the eyes and tell him you were taken. But the moron had to say some really crass stuff about you. Sent Cas into a rage.”

YES! Dean’s praying that Cas broke his nose or slashed an artery, “Did he make Roman bleed?”

“No, it didn’t come to that. I held him back but let Cas say his piece.” His brother smirks. “Actually, I’m certain the idiot pissed his pants after Castiel told him what he would do if Roman came near you again. I was proud to be his brother-in-law.”

“We weren’t mated then?” Dean drops a few kisses to Ruby’s head.

“Meh close enough.” Sam pulls out his phone, checking the time. “I promised Rube’s here a stop at Peter Pan Park before lunch; care to join us?”

The idea of chasing after the little alpha sounds delightful yet he’s not entirely sure when Cas will be back. “Rain check. I want to be here when Cas gets back from therapy.”

A broad smile fills his brother’s face, “Glad to hear he’s getting professional help.”

“Of course, Dr. Rourke is fabulous.” Dean mirrors the grin.

Sam’s expression goes serious and doctor like, “Do they have a diagnosis yet?”
“If they do I haven’t heard it.” Dean shrugs. “I think the doc isn’t big on labels.”

“Sometimes it’s best to hold off on using the big technical terms, isn’t going to change his treatment. A lot of times in psychiatry it’s got more to do with insurance claims than anything else.” He picks up Ruby, heading for the door. “Let me know if you guys need anything. Also, bring him over for your birthday dinner tomorrow.”

Dean’s stops dead in his tracks. Mother fucker, of course Sam and Sarah would expect him to come over for dinner on his birthday. He’s holding the door open as his brother stands in the entrance waiting for an answer. “Who else will be there?”

“No Mom. Trust me, that woman is still not welcome in my home after her stunt on Christmas Eve. Just us four and you two, no biggie. Okay?” Sam releases the hazel puppy dog eyes.

“We will be there. Six o’clock?” Castiel’s surprise will just have to work around this recent development.

A bright shiny Sam replies, “Sure!”

Waving from the door, Dean shuts it as a massive weight knocks him to his ass. He tilts his head back, letting the closed door hold him up. There was zero bloodshed the evening with Sam. God, multiple scenarios are flashing through his brain because the blood on Cas’s clothes, that was Roman’s. Dean is sure of it. Which means some time after that day, his alpha and Dick ran into each other again with bloody consequences. He can’t let it go any longer, particularly with a police interview looming over their heads. Castiel can’t mask his scent. Mother fucker, there is no time to fully prep his alpha, not to mention the elephant in the room. Hallucinations could wreak havoc on the situation, and Dean can’t control it.

“We can clean it up.” Meg’s voice surprises the shit out of him.

“Put your heels on. Jesus!” Dean snaps, pinching the bridge of his nose with his fingers.

She overlooks his request, dropping to the hardwood floor next to him. “Seriously, I’ve got the scariest lawyer in Dallas on retainer. You took care of the evidence so what’s next?”

“Meg, you don’t—” his words are halted by his assistant’s hand smacking his shoulder as she interrupts.

“Shut up! Don’t even attempt to do this on your own.” Her whiskey eyes are glaring with rage, “You have a team assembled, so use us.”

He can’t help but snicker, “What? Are we the Avengers now?”

“Winchester’s HOOOOOOOOO!” Meg shouts putting her fist out.

“That’s the thundercats,” Dean replies dryly as he rises to his feet.

Meg trails behind him to the kitchen. “Fuck it, close enough.”

He’s digging through the fridge pulling out the fixings for a mean sub sandwich. “I appreciate the attempt.”

She pulls herself up on the counter, snagging a slice of cheddar to munch on, “Whatever, so what’s the next step of the plan?”
“Gotta get the truth from Cas,” Dean murmurs, spreading mayo. “It’s the only way to stay ahead of the pack.”

There is a softness to her features lately; he delicately sniffs the air as she ponders, “Let’s just hope the truth he remembers is real.”

Huh? Meg’s scent seems different somehow, although he can’t quite put his finger on why. “This might get messy.”

“I’m the queen of orgies my friend. Messy is the way I like it.” Meg winks snatching another slice of cheese. She scrunches up her face, “Do you think Cas did it?”

“No. I am literally going against the evidence, but my alpha wouldn’t do this.” With that he returns to making lunch for Cas and Garth.

Around noon the front door flies open so violently it breaks the top hinge. Dean comes around the corner to investigate when a panicked, slightly angry Castiel shoves him against the closest wall. The alpha’s arms are caging him in as Cas drags his nose over Dean’s neck, face and hair. The omega remains silent. Garth lingers in the doorway as Meg tucks away in the kitchen, her eyes wide but understanding.

“There was an unfamiliar alpha on our stoop.” Cas isn’t asking; he’s demanding information.

Exhaling gently, Dean drops his head to the right, exposing his claiming bite. “Mate.”

Castiel’s scans every bit of Dean spinning him to examine his backside. “He did not touch you.”

“Nope, didn’t even let him in the house.” Dean gives it a few beats before turning to face his alpha, “Can we go to the bedroom and discuss this calmly?”

Blushing at his antics, Cas bounces his head and allows Dean to grasp his hand. Once the bedroom door is shut and Garth can’t hear shit he takes a big gulp of air. “Two police detectives came by the house today, an alpha and a beta. Dick Roman is missing.”

Dean waits for the big reveal, his alpha able to finally put his nerves at ease. Instead Castiel chews on his lip; the other man’s scent simply curious by the statement.

Choosing his words carefully, Dean places his hand on his alpha’s chest. “Cas, do you remember the last time you saw Dick Roman?”

“Yes, Sam and I confronted him in a parking structure near Roman Enterprises. Nothing nefarious happened; we merely exchanged callous words.” Cas’s aroma is pure, not a touch of falsehood. “You seem overly upset by this?”

“Are you sure that was the last time you saw Dick?” Dean can’t help but crack a grin; that guy’s name is hilarious.

“I am positive,” Cas replies. His alpha appears so confident in his answer Dean doesn’t have the heart to push further.

Dean kisses his alpha. Their lips warm and inviting, opening so their tongues can explore. Everything outside of their little bubble can go to hell for all Dean cares because this is his mate for life. Castiel pulls back first, “What’s up with Meg’s smell?”

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That night, after dark Dean sneaks out of the house to The Shed. Castiel is completely engrossed in a painting for Gabriel’s bland room in the assisted care facility. Meg isn’t wrong. They need all the help they can get if Castiel can’t remember the blood bath that ruined his clothes. Dean, in spite of everything, believes that Cas didn’t kill the bastard Roman. However, working with Cas’s lost reality has him flying blind, which is distressing.

Time to call for backup.

Crowley is still in a time out for his behavior on the evening Cas went to the hospital. So, that means reaching out to someone he hasn’t contacted in five years, maybe more.

Driving the Vette out of its parking, place Dean pops open the lid to his hidden cubbyhole. Flipping on a lantern, he quickly spots the laptop he’s searching for, a CIA special order. That puppy could get WiFi from the moon; more importantly, the laptop has top clearance and more encryption with firewalls than most of Langley.

The computer whirls to life, asking for his retina for identification purposes. He squints down as the red light scans his left eye. Once Dean has access he opens the secure CIA private messaging system. There is only one person who can help him.

_God,

_Are you listening?_

_Hunter 24_

Chapter End Notes

Comments, questions, and concerns are always wonderful.

XOXOXO- Angie
Dean perches on an overturned bucket, waiting for God to reply. The idea would be ludicrous; however, Dean’s positive this God checks his messages multiple times an hour. Chewing his cheek, Dean sneaks his head up, making sure Cas isn’t looking for him. The moonlight gives enough illumination for him to see someone coming in advance. Nope, Castiel must still be painting.

A soft ping catches Dean’s attention; a reply from God posts.

*Hey Hunter 24*

*What’s up?*

*I need you to find someone for me, fast.*

*Uh, isn’t our favorite King of hell the deal maker?*

*He’s taking a time out. Please. I’ll owe you.*

*Heard he pissed you off. Sure, I’m guessing Dick Roman is the lost lamb.*

*Fuck, can’t get anything past you. Yes, please and thank you. Also, don’t call that douche bag a lamb.*

*Dude, I’m God. Eyes and ears everywhere. Fine, fine I’ll find the donkey. Contact me again in 48 hours.*

*God out.*

The connection goes black. Dean signs off, shuts down the laptop and puts the cement lid back into place. He drives the Corvette over the cubbyhole, then drops his head to the steering wheel. If anyone on the planet can track down Roman’s whereabouts it’s God. The guy didn’t get the
codename for funsies.

Dean’s gaze notices the old-school face clock on the wall of the shed. Midnight, on the 24th of January.

“Happy birthday to me.”

****

The rumble of the Impala drowns out the silence between alpha and omega. Cas had been fine when Dean told him they were going to dinner at Sam’s, although the guy hasn’t said squat since they climbed into his Baby.

“Do they know?” Cas’s head faces away from Dean, making it hard for him to hear.

It doesn’t take a rocket scientist to figure out what his alpha’s asking, “I told Sam. The big oaf doesn’t keep anything from his mate.”

Licking his lips, Cas keeps staring out at the horizon. “They aren’t worried about me,” the alpha audibly gulps, “being around the girls?”

“Absolutely not, you are not violent. Jesus, you basically hallucinate a happier world than the one we are in, which isn’t a bad thing. Give the girls some hope.”

Cas goes quiet for a bit, pondering Dean’s words perhaps. The omega would give anything to make the worry and self-doubt vanish, yet he has to accept the things he can’t control — a little pearl of wisdom from Garth.

Once Dean parks his Baby in front of Sam’s house he finally turns to his alpha, “Just remember one thing.”

“What’s that?” Cas’s gaze matches Dean’s.

“You are family. Not only that, but everyone in the house, and in this car, loves you very much.”

Dean tilts over for a quick kiss.

The smile from his alpha shines with a twinkle in Cas’s eye. “I love you, too.”

“Can I have my present now?” Dean’s eyebrows bouncing with anticipation.

“No. For the third time, my Omega, you will get your gift tonight when it’s just the two of us.”

He in no way pouts, yet his lower lip seems to have a mind of its own. Dean glances over his shoulder and then back at Cas, “Dude, we’re alone right now.”

“Do you honestly think I brought it with me?” Cas snickers, opening his door.

Dean mirrors the action but pauses when his head pops over the roof of the Impala. “Wait. Your present is something naughty.” A lecherous smirk grows on his mouth. “Would we perhaps be partaking of the playroom tonight?”

Schooling his features, Castiel attempts not to laugh. “We might, if my Omega behaves himself during dinner. However, the games tonight have no connection to your birthday gift.”

“Maybe I’ll be a bad Omega,” tossing a wink towards his sexy alpha, “give you a reason to properly,” his voice going deep and desperate. Shit, it’s been way too long; his skin catches fire,
“punish me.”

Dean wanders around the car, holding out his hand for Cas to take. Suddenly Castiel snatches Dean’s hand, yanking him close and spinning them so Dean’s back slams against the side of the Impala. Cas presses his body against Dean’s, pinning him. The swift movement takes the omega’s breath away. Two beats later he finally inhales, glaring into sparkling blue crystals whose sole focus is Dean. He remains quiet, praying that he doesn’t pop a boner in his brother’s front yard.

Cas inches even closer his lips tickling the shell of Dean’s ear. “Now that I’ve begun, my alpha craves sinking my teeth into your flesh …multiple times.”

Breathless, Dean whimpers, “Yes, please.”

A tongue laps over Dean’s claiming mark; his body vibrates with desire. “Don’t take my anxiety over dinner as a weakness, Omega. Tonight’s punishment can be entertaining for both of us or merely me. Behave, my,” Cas drops an open mouth kiss to his mark, “mate.”

The weight vanishes as Castiel stalks up the driveway hastily. Dean’s going to need a minute before he is decent for the presence of children.

Eventually Dean trails behind his alpha through the already open door. The second he’s crossed the threshold the entire household erupts in “Happy Birthday, Uncle Dean”!

Smiling, Dean glances around the living room where streamers, banners, and balloons litter the entire space, all the items stating Happy Birthday in big brick letters. Ruby smashes into his leg, holding tight as Emma snags the other one.

Both girls begin singing the Happy Birthday song loudly and off key. Dean scans the space again, spotting his alpha and Sam whispering in the corner. A twinge of worry shoots through him. Maybe Sam was lying to Dean. What if he’s angry that Castiel mated Dean? Nah, they both wanted this, and at the time it was kind of teetering on life and death. Yet the omega is still holding his breath, trying valiantly to listen to his nieces sing another round of the birthday song. The conversation appears intense as both alphas lean into one another. Dean inhales but can’t smell them over the girls. He’s moments from actually losing his shit when Sam holds out his hand with a genuine smile. Cas accepts the extended hand and the two men shake, then Sam pulls his alpha into a bone-crushing hug.

Dean’s never been happier to witness his baby brother’s overt hugging obsession. When the two alphas break apart, Castiel’s entire face has changed. His joy is shining like a beacon of hope for Dean. This can work. Dean can have his alpha, his family, and a future he’s always felt was just out of reach.

Best birthday party ever.

****

Dean bursts through their front door with exuberance spinning to face his mate. “We are home. No one is around, soooooooo.”

“Your gift was left behind by Meg.” The alpha takes off his trench coat, folding it over the back of the couch. “Where would she put such a thing?”

Excitement thrums heavily in Dean’s veins. “I have to search for my present?”

“Yes, my love.” Castiel waves his hand to the house. “It could be anywhere; good luck.”
Dean dashes to the bedroom, pulling out drawers, throwing blankets to the floor, all in all destroying their bedroom. He’s zipping by the master bathroom when he hears it. A tiny, barely there, yelp. Carefully Dean opens the door to the cutest set of black eyes sweetly staring up at him. On a pink pillow with raised sides creating a little bed lies the smallest black pug puppy Dean’s ever seen. Her body could easily sit in the palm of his hand. She’s whimpering as her teeny face reaches out for something, her mouth opening and closing.

Not wanting to scare the little miss, Dean takes a peek and yep it’s a she, he lies on his stomach so not to tower over the baby. “Hello sweetheart.”

“You are so taken with Fish I thought you might want one of your own. Her mother was rescued from a puppy mill a few hours from here. She’s the runt of the litter, and nobody wanted to take on her special needs.” Cas leans against the door jamb. “I can take her back—”

“Don’t even finish that sentence, Cas.” Dean hisses over his shoulder, then redirects his attention to the princess on the floor. “What sort of needs?”

“They weren’t able to fully ween her, so she will need a bottle every three to four hours, until she can handle solids. It’s a big job.” Cas sits down on the floor next to them.

Reaching out his hand, Dean lets the puppy sniff his fingers before she gives them a good nip. “Oh she’s perfect, Cas, what’s her name?”

Shrugging, Cas rubs Dean’s back, “Puppy Novak so far, I wanted her name to come from you. Kind of a beginning to our own makeshift family.”

The sweet girl topples over, growling at the unknown fiend who pushed her, causing Dean to laugh out loud. He knows Cas is trying to fill the void. Children won’t be in the cards for them, but a puppy, this might be something they both need.

“Have you ever read the Merchant of Venice, Cas?” Dean sits up, placing the pug in the crook of his arm.

“Yes, of course, why?” The alpha scratches behind the puppy’s ear.

Lifting her up so Dean can drop a kiss to her nose. “I traveled a lot when I was with the CIA, used the time to expand my horizons and stuff. Shakespeare was a struggle, but I enjoyed the stories. The heroine in Merchant of Venice was one of my favorites, and her name was Portia.”

“Hmmm, Portia.” Cas lets the name roll off his tongue. “I think it’s a wonderful name.”

Portia releases a little cry; Dean turns to his mate. “I think she’s hungry, Cas.”

“Meg should have a few bottles made up in the refrigerator with directions on how to heat them up. Do you want to feed her?” Castiel stands to help Dean to his feet with the pug nestled in his arms.

Dean glares at Cas. “Is the pope Catholic?”

“I believe that would be a yes,” Cas chuckles, heading to the kitchen.

After settling into the couch, Cas brings a warm bottle of milk for Portia. Carefully Dean places the nipple near her mouth, and she suckles with gusto. The alpha tucks in next to them, Cas’s arm draped over Dean’s back. “God, I always thought I’d hate owning a dog.”

“She needs you,” Cas whispers into Dean’s ear.
Watching Portia drink, holding her little life in his hands Dean can’t help but sigh. Cas knew without even trying what Dean truly needed. His inner omega is flipping with joy.

In time Cas stands, placing a kiss to Dean’s forehead and one to Portia’s ear. “I’m going to prep the playroom.”

A spark of heat builds in Dean’s groin. The itch is not as dire but always there, waiting for his alpha to set it ablaze. Glancing down, he sees Portia’s eyes begin to droop and her sucks slowing down. Perhaps they could put her down and have plenty of time to scene before her next feeding. But what if she wakes crying for him?

“Cas!” Dean yells startling the puppy. She finishes her bottle with a yawn.

“Dean? Do you need something?”

Petting the top of Portia’s head as she snuggles into his chest. “Go to Target and pick up a baby monitor, and nothing cheap. One with the video and sound.”

Cas’s releases his cranky pants face, “Are you serious? It’s almost 9 p.m.”

“I’m not leaving her without a way to hear if she cries.” Dean’s ultimatum is absolute. He flashes his alpha a sad pouty face and can’t help but grin as Cas crumbles.

“Alright, only because it’s your birthday and I really wanted to scene tonight.” Cas collects his keys and is out the door before it dawns on Dean that letting his alpha go alone may not have been the best call. Oh, well he’ll worry about it later. Lying on his back, Dean lets Portia sleep across his tummy.

A finger poking Dean in the shoulder rouses him. “Man, I must have fallen asleep too.”

Portia hasn’t moved from her original perch, so Dean timidly sits up, holding her tightly to his chest.

“I got the monitor and a playpen for her to sleep in. Everything is set up in our bedroom.” Cas guides them back where in fact Dean’s amazing alpha has a little sleeping area set up for their princess.

She doesn’t even stir when he puts her down and checks the video monitor to make sure the shot is acceptable. He tinkers with the camera a bit then heads to the playroom for some adult fun-time.

Castiel has the lights dimmed as he stands in the middle of the room with his tight black shorts. Damn it, that man can wear spandex. “How do you want me, Alpha?”

“What’s your safeword, my Omega?” Cas waves for Dean to step closer.

“Poughkeepsie. And yours, Alpha?” Dean knows that repeating this helps Cas get into his Dom persona.

The alpha tilts in, murmuring into Dean’s claiming mark, “Messenger. Now take off your clothes, my mate.”

Dean does not have to be told twice. His clothes get tossed out the door as he holds out his wrists the omega’s skin burning with desire. His blue-eyed mate pulls out an exceptionally long piece of bamboo rope and proceeds to build a harness over Dean’s torso and back. Cas takes his time, meticulously knotting and folding the rope around Dean’s body until the alpha is positive it will hold his omega.
Castiel ties Dean’s hands in front of him, then secures the harness to one of the ceiling hooks. As of this moment, Dean’s chest and wrists are suspended with his face up, about four feet in the air; only his ass and legs remain free. Although, two minutes later Cas shackles Dean’s ankles to a spreader bar then ties that to another ceiling hook. The spreader bar is tied higher so Dean’s body hangs in an L shape with his feet at the top.

With a wicked smirk, Cas pushes Dean’s ass, sending the omega swinging in the breeze.

Suddenly, his alpha vanishes, which sucks because being trussed up to the ceiling means Dean can’t toss and turn to locate him. A jolt of pain from his butt cheek has Dean thrashing, another next to it, then the pain switches to the other side. Dean’s guessing that Cas is taking a bite out of his omega.

Cas materializes next to him, holding a pale wooden paddle. Yet this isn’t like anything Dean’s seen before. Not only does the handheld toy have holes from top to handle, there are raised circular bumps in between the holes. Fuck, Dean’s ass is going to be red tonight.

Cas leans over, placing his lips on Dean’s. The kiss is tender with only the slightest caress of a tongue. The second his alpha pulls away, the paddle is striking across the first bite mark on his bottom. Immediately Cas hits the others then starts the pattern again. Over and over, smacking each location precisely in the order Cas bit him.

The mild stinging quickly turns into delicious agony as his skin goes raw from the raised bumps colliding with already broken skin. His alpha grabs his cock, stroking it harshly. Dean’s eyes roll into the back of his head as he screams from utter bliss. Castiel’s lifting him to heaven. The repetition never eases even with Dean’s cries going louder and bolder. He doesn’t even have the strength to form words. Slick begins to dribble from his hole, calling for his alpha’s knot.

With his body sweating, pulsating and leaking with unhindered need, Dean pauses to glimpse over towards the corner. The video monitor is placed on a high shelf at the omega’s line of sight. Portia sleeps soundly. His brain is lost once his eyes shut, locking into nothing but the pain, the wonderful touch of his alpha and the release after each strike of the paddle.

Crash goes the paddle as it skitters across the floor. Cas steps up to Dean’s open hole and slides; right in like he owns the spot. Well, in some ways Castiel does. As Cas’s mate, Dean's entrance opens naturally at the alpha’s aroused scent, enticing a larger and longer knot. Normally, these aspects aid in conception of a child. Not in their case. However, Portia definitely settles a yearning that was becoming painful.

Castiel uses the swing of the ropes to fuck Dean; gliding in and out of his hole with finesse. His open red flesh is screaming for mercy with each slap of Cas's hips. Sensations ravage Dean’s body. The alpha returns to stroking Dean’s dick, not long after, Dean’s climaxing as Castiel’s knot comes home.

All the tension trickles from Dean as he dozes in the comfortable position. His alpha’s knot is tight in his hole, the bamboo rope embracing him. Castiel’s laughter yanks Dean from his post coitus high.

“I really didn’t think this part through,” Cas stutters out through gasps of air. “Forty five minutes will kill my knees.”

Twisting a bit Dean realizes that Cas has to squat just a tad to reach Dean’s entrance. The poor alpha’s thighs will be on fire soon.

A tiny whimper catches Dean’s ear. “Shhh, Alpha.”
Castiel, being a smart man, complies. The pathetic little cry comes again and Dean’s freaking out shouting, “Get me out! Portia!”

“Dean! We are tied together and to the ceiling.” Cas sounds worse than Dean as they both look at the rigging with shock.

Dean’s brain flies through several scenarios then decides, “Cas reach behind you and release my ankles from the spreader bar.”

Leaving only his wrists and the harness to deal with, Cas figures out the plan and releases the rope from the hooks. Dean wraps his legs around his alpha’s waist holding on tight as Cas shuffles his way to the bedroom. Ropes are falling every which way but Cas keeps trucking. It doesn’t look sexy, but hey, they make it without crashing to the floor with screams of agony.

The alpha sits on the edge of the bed, giving Dean room to reach down and pick up Portia. She immediately nuzzles into the ropes on his bare chest and sighs. The pug simply wanted affection.

Cas falls back on the bed, exclaiming, “Messenger.”

Erupting in laughter, Dean can’t help but feel blessed by his evolving family.

Chapter End Notes

BDSM Tags: Suspension Bondage, Biting, Spanking/ Paddling

Comments, Questions, and Concerns thrill and delight me.

XOXOXO - Angie
Dean’s head nods while feeding Portia. The fear of dropping his sweet girl startles him enough to force his eyes open. All night he has had to rise every three hours to feed her, and in between feedings she would wake frightened, crying out for him. Rolling his head back, Dean prays for maybe a nap later. Glancing at the clock, Dean notes it just after seven; he attempts to recall why he should be dressing for the day. What was happening? Fatigue is playing twister with his brain, the muscle curdling into goo.

A soft yawn lets Dean know Portia’s done with her meal, which also means the puppy will be out for at least an hour. Oh God, please let it be three. He tosses the empty bottle on the dining room table as Dean scuffles back to the bedroom.

His alpha sits up in their bed, the picture of Gabriel in his room at the care facility in Castiel’s hands. The frame is spinning about through the man’s fingers, Cas’s gaze constantly on the photo. Alarms erupt in Dean’s head because this doesn’t appear to be a good day. The love of his life doesn’t fixate on the photo when his mind is clear.

“Hey, Cas you’re up early?” Even Dean cringes at the false happy tone.

Blue eyes don’t look up. Castiel continues to glare at the image as if it betrayed him. Dean focuses on putting Portia down in her playpen, giving himself a moment to pet her sleek, supple black hair. He may have a type.

“I don’t understand, Dean.” Cas breaks the silence, but his gaze never leaves the photo.

Not a good sign. “What don’t you understand?”

Holding the frame still, Cas drags his pointer finger over the image of his brother. “Gabriel says this isn’t him, but I think he’s trying to play a joke on me.”

Immediately Dean realizes in a blind panic what they have scheduled for today. Castiel’s new lawyer will be here at 8:30 a.m. to go over things before she, Cas, Dean, and Garth go downtown for the interview with the Dallas Police detectives. “Fuck.”

“Cas, when did you talk with Gabe?” Even as Dean asks he prays for his alpha to have his shit together today of all days.

The alpha’s expression goes cross, his eyebrows pinching together, “Gabriel came in to say good morning. He woke me up so I wouldn’t worry since he’ll be out most the day. You know he’s trying to find a job? Isn’t that wonderful!”

Sorrow plagues the smile Dean attempts as he replies, “Alright, Cas do you know who I am?”
Don’t challenge the hallucination. Dean’s number one rule from Dr. Rourke, yet Dean’s not sure where to go here. However, he does remember Garth suggesting he use redirecting with facts Cas does know can help.

“Dean. Are you not feeling well? Why would you ask such a silly question?” Castiel places his hand on Dean’s.

Lacing their fingers, Dean inhales, counting to ten. “Humor me, Cas.”

“You are my Omega, Dean Winchester. Your birthday was yesterday, and I gave you a baby pug which you named Portia.” Castiel’s eyes narrow with annoyance. “Did I share enough or should I keep going?”

“No Alpha. That was great.” Dean leans in, giving the alpha a kiss.

It’s a lovely kiss, calming Dean’s nerves a bit. When they pull apart Cas grins, “If Gabriel gets a job we should take him out for a celebratory dinner tonight.”

“You know we have a full schedule this morning. We have to be ready for the …” Dean snaps his fingers, pretending to forget the lawyer’s name. He’s hoping Cas can fill in the blank.

Sighing, Cas stands, “Lilly Sunder, Dean. The lawyer helping me with the police interview today. I should shower before Garth gets here.”

Oh, thank you universe. Cas at least recalls their big appointment this morning. “Do you know what they want to talk to you about?”

“You ex, Dick Roman.” Cas growls. Doesn’t matter his alpha’s mental status, Castiel hates Roman.

Dean follows his mate into the bathroom as they both brush their teeth. “Let’s practice. I’ll ask you a few questions so you won’t be nervous.”

Spitting in the sink, Cas moans, “I think the practice is ridiculous but for you, I will. Go ahead and ask.”

“When was the last time you saw or spoke with Dick Roman?” That will be the big one so Dean needs to make sure Cas is on point with his answer.

The alpha removes his pajama pants and boxers. “It was in the parking deck of Roman Enterprises. We had an argument over my mate. I left with my Omega’s younger brother, and Dick was unharmed.”

To save energy Dean decides to jump in the shower with his alpha. A totally help-the-planet decision and nothing to do with the beautiful morning wood they are both sporting. “Perfect. And you are sure that was the last time you saw Dick Roman?”

Once Cas is done rinsing, the two men switch so Dean can let the water wash over his naked skin. He’s grabbing the shampoo to scrub his alpha’s hair when he notices the man standing frozen with a blank look. Stepping directly into Cas’s space Dean kisses his cheek.

There is no reaction from his alpha.

“Cas?” Dean cups his mate’s cheek, using his thumb to stroke over the wet stubble. “Alpha, you okay?”
Castiel’s gaze seems lost as though he’s watching something Dean can’t see. “I remember a box cutter. Dick was in our home searching for you; shouting vile things about my Omega. I had a box cutter in my hand.” Those baby blues glitter in the haze of the shower, “He said if I didn’t have the knot to claim you, he would.” Cas’s next words are stern, “Nobody touches my mate.”

Carefully Dean pours the shampoo into his mate’s chaotic hair, allowing the suds to thicken. Perhaps the gentle touch can persuade more of the story. “Then what happened, Alpha?”

“I had a box cutter.” Cas loses his footing for a second, leaning heavily on the tile wall. “The bamboo flooring had been delivered that morning. I was opening the boxes to make sure they weren’t damaged in transit when Roman burst into the playroom like he owned it.” A fire lights in his alpha’s glare, “Dick threatened my love, our home. I couldn’t let his actions pass.”

Only the sound of their breathing and the water sloshing over their flesh can be heard for several minutes. Dean guides Cas under the spray to rinse his hair. “Is Dick Roman alive or dead? I don’t care either way, but I need the truth to protect you.”

Cas doesn’t answer, leaning desperately towards Dean’s body. The kiss sears through Dean’s lips as he gasps for air a few moments later. His alpha’s expression is cold and calculating as Cas growls deep in his throat. “I’m the alpha here. No one will ever harm you, Dean.”

“I know, Cas.” Dean litters Castiel’s cheeks and neck with open mouth kisses, letting his tongue linger. “Before you walked though my front door, I never felt safe, always glancing over my shoulder for the next threat. Between nightmares and my crap life; I wasn’t even sure what happiness felt like, then I met you.” More kisses, harsher with the taste of desperation. “Castiel Novak, you keep me safe.”

“I don’t know, Dean.” Tears blend with the spray from the shower, but the scent of salt stings Dean’s heart. “I don’t know what happened after.”

Wrapping his arms around Cas’s waist, Dean fiercely wants to protect the precarious world they’ve built together. The time may be short, but it’s all he has of bliss. “After what, Cas?”

“I cut him. The blood spray went everywhere; it took me forever to clean up. You were in The Shed with the music up high.” Shaking his head violently, Cas cries out, “Dean! I don’t know what happened to Roman.”

Dean’s fingers glide up Cas’s back, “Did you dispose of the body?”

J jerking back, Cas breaks the embrace. “No. He draped his bleeding arm and face in his suit jacket, rushed out the front door. He left in a dark SUV.” The cloud over his alpha lifts, “Dean, I did not kill Dick Roman.”

“I believe you.” Dean has conviction in every word. His alpha is not a murderer, that’s Dean’s gig; now to just make sure his mate doesn’t go to prison for a crime he didn’t commit.

With the emotional conversation, there is nothing left of their morning wood. The two men finish showering in silence, but the kisses continue.

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Placing the baby monitor on the kitchen counter, Dean decides to make blueberry muffins for breakfast. They are quick and, well, he needs something to keep his hands busy as Garth confronts Cas’s hallucination this morning. He hates this part. Garth holds the photo, gently telling Castiel the image is authentic. The brother from this morning was not. Grabbing a photo book from the shelves
in Meg’s office, Garth flips through the many pictures they have taken since Castiel began visiting his brother daily. Every time they go, Garth takes a photo with his phone and has Meg print a copy out to add to the collection. Dean’s glanced through them. The angles always change; sometimes there is a newspaper with the date, in other’s Cas holds up signs in his own writing stating: This is real.

On the bad days when the photo album is brought out Cas cries, today he’s sobbing. Dean’s inner omega is screaming to comfort his mate, yet he knows the rules. Wait for Cas to seek him out. The downtime is short, because suddenly Dean’s just put the muffins in the oven when arms are yanking him into an embrace. Cas’s entire body trembles.

“Shhhh, Alpha, I’m here. I’m real.” The worst thing about hallucinations is having to watch the same agonizing dance on repeat. Dean’s learned that one of Castiel’s greatest fears is that his Omega does not exist. This he can fix.

Allowing Castiel to hold him helps them both in the end. Once the timer goes off, his alpha releases him so he can pull out their breakfast to cool. When the doorbell rings at 8:30 sharp no one has moved.

Garth opens the door to a tall redhead with an eye patch. She’s in a sleek designer brown suit, and her scent is brokenhearted omega.

“Cas, your lawyer has an eyepatch,” Dean whispers to his alpha.

“So?” The man shrugs wandering off to say hello.

Dean can’t help himself as he huffs, “That’s so awesome.”

The lawyer approaches Dean, shaking his hand. “I’m Lily Sunder; I believe I spoke with your assistant on the phone.”

“Yes. My Alpha has become a person of interest in a missing person’s case. I want to make sure things don’t go sideways at his interview today.” Dean keeps his stance professional although he’s dying to ask about the eye patch. Man, he hired a Lady Pirate Lawyer; how cool is that?

Her fiery red hair goes past her shoulders, swishing as Ms. Sunder nods. “Your assistant, Meg, gave me most of the particulars, and I feel this should be fairly easy. With such a wide window for the disappearance, they won’t hold him until they find a body. Should be cut and dry today.” She waves a hand at the dining room table. “However, I would like to review a few things with my client.”

“Yes, of course,” Cas pipes in, sitting down across the table.

“I made blueberry muffins,” Dean shouts, wanting to smack himself silly once the words are said.

The lawyer side-eyes him. “That’s nice. I’ll take one with coffee, black.”

Cas, Garth and Lily sit down to go over the situation in detail and prep his alpha’s answers. Garth also takes a moment to fill the lawyer in on Castiel’s condition. Dean pauses while the fresh coffee brews listening intently.

“Castiel suffers from PTSD due to an event that occurred when he was ten. This has caused him to have brief reactive psychosis whenever a traumatic event happens, with the extenuating circumstances from Castiel’s PTSD; his psychosis, or specifically audio and visual hallucinations, lasts longer than the normal one month allotment. Gabriel falling into a coma after Cas asked him to
move out of their shared home was the current trigger. He is not a danger to himself or others; his hallucinations are predominantly related to his brother and have no bearing on this specific situation. I have a signed affidavit from his psychiatrist, Dr. Rourke, stating all these facts.”

Well, holy shit, this is all news to Dean. He quietly pours the coffee, putting out sugar and milk, not wanting to miss a thing. All those words sound scary. Although, he’s kind of glad to hear there is an actual diagnosis on the table, makes it more manageable somehow.

Lily takes the paper, putting it in a file in front of her on the table. “Thank you. Hopefully this interview is a simple information expedition. If they don’t mention Castiel’s mental health, then we won’t divulge it. Castiel,” her intense greenish brown eye sharpening on his alpha, “only answer the questions they ask and never give anything more. We need them to conclude that the last time you saw Roman was with Sam Winchester; then they will exclude you as a person of interest in this case. They have already tossed out Dean’s brother as a suspect, so it should be an easy in and out situation.”

Dean sits down next to Cas, taking his hand in his and squeezing. All Cas has to do is keep his mouth shut about the bloody incident in the playroom. Here’s hoping nothing goes wrong.

“The reality is they are grasping at straws and without a body there isn’t much to go on anyways,” Ms. Sunder explains. “Even if they did, Castiel can plead out under part 2 of the Alpha/Omega code. Anyone threatening a mate or potential mate takes their life into their own hands and the defending alpha can lawfully protect his or her home and family.”

“I wasn’t his mate yet,” Dean looks over his mug sheepishly.

“True; however, you had definitely scent bonded. Harder to prove, but I’m very good at my job.” She smiles as she flips through some papers. “Now for a suggestion you aren’t going to like very much. Castiel and I should enter the interview room alone.” Both Dean and Garth begin to interrupt her, but Lily holds up her hand. “I know it’s not ideal for Castiel’s mental health. Yet, it would show him to be stronger and capable of dealing with stress without his omega and nurse at his side. Totally your call guys; I can work it either way. I can always call you in if it gets too heated. Castiel can give me a word or sign to look for that says he needs one or both of you.”

Dean smirks because Cas already has a safeword raring to go. “Thanks for your opinion, and I think we might be able to meet you halfway.” Giving his alpha’s hand another squeeze Dean continues, “Garth can wait outside. He’s only needed if the hallucinations get bad, but I must insist I go in with him. We are better together.”

Ms. Sunder jots down a few notes, “This could be an advantage if you can help show Castiel as a solid strength in your life. Is it possible for you to be submissive?”

Coffee sprays over Garth as Dean spits the gulp he had just taken, “Umm, yeah. I can do that.”

An hour later Dean, Cas and Lily are sitting in a Dallas Police Department interrogation room. Dean’s iPhone is resting on his knee in case Meg calls about Portia. His assistant assured him she was perfectly capable of watching his new puppy, but Dean wants to be ready.

The room could be a duplicate of the old playroom with a cement floor, drab tan walls and a metal circle for handcuffs on the table. The three of them sit on one side, Cas in the middle, as they wait for the detectives to arrive. It's a shabby attempt at an intimidation tactic.

Fifteen minutes later, Detectives Moncrieff and Corbett enter the small room.
“Good morning, Mr. Novak. Thanks for coming down.” Moncrieff shakes hands with Cas, then he and Corbett sit down on the opposite side of the table. “I see you felt the need to bring a lawyer.”

“Always best to be prepared,” Cas remarks with a grin.

Playing the part of a submissive omega, Dean’s eyes remain low only leaping up to catch what’s going on. His hands are in his lap, and just to add a bit of drama Dean’s chair is slightly behind Cas’s on the left. Although, their lawyer shows more dominance than anyone in the room. The juxtaposition of the two omegas on either side of Cas is brilliant. Dean’s 100% sure Moncrieff hasn’t missed it.

Lily clears her throat. “My client does have other things to do today, gentlemen. Can we move this along?”

Corbett nods as he pulls out his trusty notebook, “Mr. Novak, can you tell me the last time you saw Dick Roman?”

“That would be in the parking deck of Roman Enterprises with my brother-in-law, Dr. Samuel Winchester.” Cas’s reply is calm and collected.

“You haven’t seen him since this particular incident?” Moncrieff adds, leaning back nonchalantly.

“No, I don’t make it a habit of running into my mate’s exes.” Castiel steeples his fingers, placing his chin on top. “Look, I’m not going to deny I despise the man, but only words were exchanged.”

“Can you give us a few details about what was said?” The beta detective probes.

With a sigh Cas responds, “Dick Roman had left permanent marks on Dean. I wanted to make it clear that those were in no way shape or form a claim. That man has no ties to my mate, and he is not welcome on our property or near Dean.”

“So, a warning of sorts,” Moncrieff throws out with a wave of his hand.

Cas needs to be very careful. He must acknowledge it was a clear warning so if he needs to plead protecting his home and omega. Providing proof Roman knew his intentions could have severe consequences. However, it also leaves a huge open door to motive. Castiel may not receive jail time but with his issues the assault might put him in an institution for a long time. Dean couldn’t handle that.

“Honestly, I wouldn’t call it a warning. I merely wanted to make sure that Dick’s facts were straight.” Cas places his hand on Dean’s thigh. Score one for Cas, so damn perfect.

The lawyer begins putting away her things, “I think we are done here.”

“Just one last question, Mr. Novak,” Corbett queries, “during the altercation in the parking deck, did you happen to see a black SUV?”

“It was a parking deck in downtown Dallas, there were SUVs of every shade around us.”

Corbett nods. “Thank you for coming in, Mr. Novak.”

Quickly Ms. Sunder ushers them out.

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While Cas feeds Portia her 10 p.m. bottle, Dean decides to head out back. He gives his alpha a kiss
on the cheek, exclaiming, “I need to check on something in the shed. I'll be back in fifteen.”

“Okay, we’ll be waiting.” Cas smirks, his eyes lifting for a second before falling back on their sweet princess.

It takes very little time for Dean to get into his cement storage locker and snag the laptop. Once he’s on the CIA private message system, he immediately notes the one communication waiting for him.

2005 Snow White Drive

Dallas, TX

Check the basement.

God

Chapter End Notes

I love you all!

XOXOXO- Angie
CAS POV

The sweet pug stares at him with gentle brown eyes. Portia has definitely bonded with Dean, but Cas wasn’t sure about himself until this moment. She looks as if she’s smiling over the nipple of her bottle, and Cas can’t help but return the joyful expression. The puppy has no preconceived notions about his grip on reality; she wants to be fed and loved, and he can provide in surplus. He runs a finger over her teeny head. What is it about the love of a dog that soothes the soul?

Dean returns from his trip to The Shed, his face full of determination. The omega appears to be talking on his phone but hits end as he approaches Castiel.

“Meg will be over in fifteen minutes to watch Portia,” Dean shares as he crosses to the kitchen, pulling out sandwich bread. “Do you want a late-night snack? I’m starving.”

He drops his head to the side perplexed, “Why is Meg coming over, it’s nearly 11 o’clock?”

Popping the bread into the toaster, Dean replies, “I may have a line on Dick Roman’s whereabouts, and I want to check it out. Didn’t think you would want me to go alone.”

“Understatement,” Cas huffs, placing Portia’s bottle on the counter of the kitchen as he paces. “How do you know where he is?”

“I reached out to an old friend who specializes in finding stuff. The deal is he provides the info, and I don’t ask too many questions. Cas, if we find Roman alive then we can put all this shit behind us.”

Dean’s swishes around the space, grabbing butter and jelly.

There is a large part of Castiel that wants to tell Dean no. Going after Roman could have horrible consequences, yet the upside of finding the man alive could be beneficial to both of them psychologically. “I didn’t kill him, Dean.”

“I know, Alpha. If he’s alive you’re off the hook completely because he invaded our home and he had been warned; if he’s dead this allows me time to deal with that too. We gotta stay ahead of the prick detectives.” Dean lays his forehead on Castiel’s shoulder, exhaling loudly. “It’s just an address right now. Who knows what we will find?”

“Are you prepared for either possibility?” Cas kisses the top of Dean’s head.

“Are you?” Dean counters.

Such an unassuming question, yet the answer has a multitude of consequences. Castiel places Portia on the floor, letting her little legs propel her to Dean’s foot. Their adorable girl loves her daddy. “I don’t know. Whatever we find we will deal with together.”
“Exactly.” Dean glances down to their princess growling and tugging at his shoestring. “I’m going
to change into fresh clothes; can you make another bottle up for Meg in case we aren’t back in
time?”

“Of course. Should I change? Is this an all black affair?” Cas begins pulling out the powder for
Portia’s formula.

Dean chuckles softly. “Nah, we aren’t going in silent. My plan right now is to knock on the front
door.”

A few minutes later Meg breezes in, her appearance quite odd. The designer obsessed assistant is
dressed in black sweat pants, a Black Sabbath t-shirt and pink fuzzy slippers.

“Did we wake you?” Cas queries while putting the two bottles in the fridge.

“Nope, I was home marathoning Bridget Jones’s Diary movies,” she responds, grabbing a bag of
chips from the pantry. “Do we have any onion dip?”

Castiel tries not to scent her, but Meg’s been acting so strange lately. Inhaling as he hands her the
dip from the fridge, he notes her normal coconut scent has an added layer, yet her neck is void of a
bite. Which can mean one thing, “You’re pregnant?”

“ Took you long enough; your mate still hasn’t caught on, although Dean’s ignorance might be a
touch of denial mixed with new puppy obsession.” She shoves a handful of chips in her mouth,
wandering over to the couch.

“You don’t even smell scent bonded, how is that possible?” Cas sits next to her.

Meg releases a foreboding sigh. “The alpha never wanted anything long term. Helped me through
my heat last month and the condom broke. Hello mini me.” Her voice drops low, “Actually don’t
mention it to Dean. He’s got plenty to deal with, poor guy doesn’t need my sappy sad story.”

Placing his hand on Meg’s shoulder, “I will support whatever you need; we both will.”

Before Meg can answer Dean enters the room, Portia tumbling in after him. “Hey Meg, thanks for
doing this; we will owe you a BIG one.”

“Trust me, I will hold you to that.” She winks at Cas.

Alpha and omega climb into the Impala with Dean at the helm. Castiel remains silent, letting Dean
put the address into his GPS. “Man, Cas, he’s only like ten minutes away. Huh?”

The darkness outside is held at bay with the dashboard lights of Dean’s Baby. Castiel always feels
safe and content within the confines of this vehicle; he assumes Dean has a similar emotion. The
omega’s face always brightens behind the wheel. A few minutes later and the Impala parks in front
of a simple brick ranch house in an affluent neighborhood of Dallas. Not what the alpha was
expecting at all.

“Okay, so here’s the plan,” Dean says as he shuts off the engine, “we go up to the house and knock
on the door. I’ve still got my old badge, so we can act like we are working Dick’s missing person
case.” His omega gives Castiel a swift kiss to the cheek. “Stay behind me and look menacing.”

“That will not be a problem, my Omega. The possibility of Roman lounging in the house has me
quite cross.” Cas gives Dean’s hand a squeeze, then both men exit the car.
A black Volvo SUV sits in the driveway; the make and model seem familiar to the alpha, but he can’t quite put his finger on why. The stoop is darkened. A light inside the house and the running of water with clashing of dishes leads Cas to believe someone is still up. Dean steps up to the door, banging loudly.

Then they wait. In the dark. Only the sound of their breathing to comfort them.

If Cas listens intently he can make out the sound of a single person moving about within the house. The water turns off and a moment later the stoop light blinds Cas as the door swings open.

His omega’s mouth drops in shock as he exclaims, “Ambriel, what are you doing here?”

“I live here.” She pushes up her thick black glasses. The young woman’s dark hair has frizz flowing everywhere, her clothes wrinkled. “Why are you here, Dean?”

Suddenly, Castiel’s brain puts together why this woman and her car seem so familiar. This is Kevin Tran’s driver, and that SUV has been parked in front of Dean’s house every Saturday since he met his omega. He’s speaking without thought, “You met Dick Roman at Dean’s house.”

“Come inside; we can talk.” Ambriel opens the door wide to let the men inside her home.

Castiel places his hand on the small of Dean’s back, a caring gesture to remind his Omega, he is not alone. Yet, Cas is the one who startles when his fingers smack into a hard metallic object tucked into Dean’s jeans. Glancing up, Dean gives a shake of his head before returning his focus to Ambriel.

“Where is Roman?” Dean’s stands at attention, ready to strike at any moment. His beautiful mate doesn’t show a hint of his submissive tendencies. “I know he’s here, Ambriel; don’t make me force you to answer.”

Ambriel slumps onto the couch, her face landing on the palm of her hands. “He promised me.”

Castiel kneels in front of her, whispering, “Promised you what?”

“That I would be his omega.” A few tears trail down her cheeks. “You’re right, Castiel. We met several times while Dick was … playing with Dean. He flirted with me, made me feel special, so I gave him my phone number. About a month after Dean was injured, Dick called me asking if I wanted to play a game with him.”

Horrified, Cas stays motionless; this alpha bastard took on an unsuspecting submissive. A sliver of rage bleeds into his scent. “Is he hiding in your basement?”

“Not exactly.” Ambriel responds, her gaze landing on Dean. “My Alpha wouldn’t stop talking about Dean, the best submissive he’s ever had, so strong, so handsome. Dick would string me up, whip me raw and the entire time tell me stories about Dean fucking Winchester. My Alpha!” Her voice rising in volume, “HE’S MY ALPHA!”

“Dude, you can have him.” Dean’s hands are held high in a placating gesture.

Her expression goes cold, “My Alpha told me that if I drove him over to Dean’s house he would break all ties and then once we got home he would mate me. I did as he asked. Dick went in without even knocking, he had a key. I heard screaming which scared me so I went inside to check on him. Instead of Dick yelling at Dean he was fighting with Castiel. My Alpha was telling him how Dean belonged to him and he would mate him one day. I ran back to the car and waited.”

The young woman wipes away the moisture, sniffling. “Dick was bleeding, raving on and on about
how he was going to put Castiel away for assault and have Dean all to himself. He told me to drive him to a hospital, I came here instead. When he followed me into the kitchen, shoving me around, demanding I take him to the ER, I couldn’t help myself.”

“What did you do?” Cas prompts, holding her hand.

“I hit him over the head with a frying pan.” Her dark eyes search Cas’s for forgiveness or understanding. Ambriel finds both.

Dean bends over, laughing loudly. “Oh my God, you dragged him down to your basement and kept him there.”

Chewing on her lip, Ambriel nods. “He’s alive. I sewed up his wounds and used the shackles he used on me to keep him down there until my Alpha makes good on his promise.”

“You still want him to mate you?” Castiel asks softly.

“Of course; he made a promise.” The woman sits stock still. “Are you going to call the police?”

Carding his hand through her hair, Cas answers, “I think that would be best. You are a young, stunning omega who can do much better than Dick Roman. If you help us, my brother Lucifer can set you up with some very nice Doms.”

“Oh, he’s been down there for a while. I don’t think he’s ever going to mate me.” The tears grow stronger as Ambriel drops her face back into her hands.

His own Omega crosses over so they can both give her a hug.

“Time to face the asshat.” Cas sighs, rising and taking Dean’s hand in his. “Ambriel, why don’t you make yourself a drink to settle your nerves?”

“Alright.” She appears shell-shocked, her hands trembling as she heads to the kitchen.

Dean leans into Cas, “Watch out for frying pans.”

“Dean,” Cas admonishes as the two men open the basement door.

The stench burns at Castiel’s nostrils, the scent of rotting oranges and cardamom causing his eyes to water. He pulls his shirt over his nose. Another layer of anger bleeds into his personal bouquet; the reality of all the damage this man has done swirling in the alpha’s thoughts. Dean flicks on an overhead light as the safety of darkness vanishes. Dick Roman sits on a green army cot, his right ankle shackled to the cement wall. The man is dressed in a ratty pair of suit pants, his bare chest showing the healing scars from Castiel’s attack.

“Oh lookie, the cavalry has arrived to save me,” Roman’s voice is low.

“Shut up, Dick!” Dean shouts, punching the pathetic excuse for an alpha in the nose.

Those sharp brown eyes glare at Castiel as Dick sniffs in Dean’s direction. “Finally took the leap, Castiel. Not sure you should have done that since I have a strong feeling Dean’s not revealed much about his …violent past.”

Castiel steps forward, taking Dean’s hand, “You would be wrong.”

A sickening snicker bubbles from Roman’s throat. “Oh I’m positive he gave the woeful story of how the CIA turned him into a killer. Yet, that’s not the whole story, is it, big guy?” The alpha
winks at Dean.

Fury explodes over Cas’s body as he grabs the other alpha’s shoulders shaking him harshly. “Are you trying to piss me off? I’m not the one trapped in a basement by my submissive.”

“Did he tell you he liked torture?” Dick’s eyes search Cas’s face, the man’s breath turning Cas’s stomach. Finding the answer, Roman’s smile builds, “Yes, he wouldn’t lie to his precious mate, but did he share how he got off on it?”

Dean staggers, gasping a bit, but remains silent standing behind Castiel.

Watching Dean’s reaction, Roman grows to his full height. “Our Dean-O would slice and dice alphas, betas, and even omegas, his cock swelling at the pleasure of their screams. He’d get so hard Dean would have to excuse himself to the bathroom to jack off.”

“Idiot!” Cas yells, slamming the other alpha against the cement, bliss mixing with the rage as Dick’s head cracks against the wall. “You absolute moron. You know nothing about MY OMEGA; he wasn’t getting off on their pain.”

“I wasn’t?” Dean scoffs in the same instance as Dick asks, “He wasn’t?”

“No.” Castiel’s fingers slither around the neck of his enemy. The man who would take his love and force him into submission, no consent allowed. “Dean becomes aroused at the scent of blood. The act wasn’t what made him hard; it was merely a reaction to the rusty bouquet in the air.”

“Huh?” Dean eyes go cross as he ponders the idea. Then the omega comes to, waving at Dick, “Hey Cas, you might want to let up. Roman’s not usually blue.”

The alpha in Cas wants to destroy the threat to his family, feel the life drain from the man who dared to mark his omega. All the developing rage gliding towards his fingers pushing them deeper into Dick’s throat.

Dean places his lips near the shell of Castiel’s ear, “Please, Cas, he’s not worth being separated from me.”

A chill washes over Castiel as his hands lift immediately. Roman starts sucking in air.

“You are lucky my Omega reminded me we need you alive.” Castiel grins, patting the other alpha’s chest. Twisting to glance at Dean, he says, “I think we need some fresh air while we wait for the authorities.”

“Yes, Alpha.” Dean replies as the two men ascend the stairs, the Dick in chains screaming for his freedom.

The sky lightens in a beautiful shade of pink, the pre-dawn morning making everything look new. Dean pulls the Impala into her parking spot in the garage then shuts the engine off. His gorgeous omega scrubbing his eyes harshly. “Cas, it’s over.”

“I know, my Omega.” Castiel reaches out, rubbing the back of Dean’s neck. “Ambriel was very brave. I called Lily Sunder to meet her this morning. If you are not opposed, we could help Ambriel afford Sunder’s services.”

Dean flashes a grin. “Sounds like an awesome idea. That could have been me, Cas; of course I want to help her.”
The alpha pulls his omega into a tight embrace, kissing him. He’d been wanting to do that for hours, yet the massive amounts of law enforcement kept Castiel’s hands to himself.

Dick Roman will never come near his omega again. Tomorrow Ms. Sunder will not only be representing Ambriel but also filing a restraining order for Dean, his family, and their home. His mate is safe. Castiel slips his hands under Dean’s shirt, pulling it over his head as their heavy kissing with twisting tongues continues. The alpha within Castiel requires a knotting to replace the scent of Dick and Ambriel with their own mated bouquet.

“Cas, Cas, hold up a minute.” Dean pants, his lips so close but just out of reach. “Seriously, Alpha, I have something to say.”

Castiel jerks his mind out of his quest to knot Dean, immediately staring intently into Dean’s gaze. “I am listening.”

“Thank you.” Dean chews his cheek anxiously.

“You are welcome, my Omega; however, I’m not certain what you are thanking me for.”

His Omega gulps in some air to steady himself. Whatever Dean’s about to reveal is vital. “I guess, I’m thanking you for a shit ton of stuff.” Dean rubs the back of his neck, his eyes darting away.

“Thanks for choosing me as your mate. Thanks for paying attention to who I really am, and most of all thank you for sticking with me even through all this crap with Roman and my past.”

Surprised by his Omega’s speech, Cas takes a moment to properly develop his reply. First, he kisses Dean, open mouth but soft and innocent. Then he pulls back, placing his forehead on Dean’s. “All of those things don’t require a thank you, Dean. You are my mate. My heart chose you because you are perfect for me. I should be thanking you for remaining by my side as my mind plays tricks. You could have walked away, and no one would have faulted you, including me. And yet here we sit mated and in love. Mated life isn’t solely about the knotting and good times; it’s about finding the person who stays no matter what be it in happiness or pain. I found that in you, Dean.”

“My mate.” Dean smirks, smooshing their noses together.

“My love.” Cas responds, dropping his lips to Dean’s claiming scar and nipping.

Dean rises up to remove his clothes then straddles Cas’s thighs. His strong fingers open the alpha’s fly, retrieving his cock. Placing their dicks together, Dean strokes them to hardness, their foreheads tilted into each other as they stare.

Being an artist of sorts, Castiel adores colors, especially identifying the many shades and hues. Dean’s eyes are a true fascination. Mainly because depending on the shadows and light his Omega’s eyes alter. Emerald when they sparkle from direct sunrays, but tonight in the darkened Impala with only a sliver of moon cascading through the open garage door, they deepen to almost a moss, and yet to Castiel those pupils are spectacular in any form.

The scent of Dean’s slick slipping from his entrance knocks Castiel from his thoughts as his head spins, his erection sending sensations of euphoria over his groin. God, that man’s aroma has become Castiel’s ultimate aphrodisiac. Dean rolls his hips to match the strokes of his hand the sight breathtaking.

Once he finds his voice, Cas grumbles, “You are a masterpiece, my Omega.”

Lifting up, Dean slides down Castiel’s cock with a slow whine. Their mouths finding one another to kiss and explore. A mix of pumpkin mint flowing through both men as Dean rides his alpha at a
snail’s pace. The rhythm is a combination of frustrating and intoxicating. Cas grips Dean’s hips, his fingers burrowing into his Omega’s flesh, yet he refuses to take control. Dean always leads.

Castiel battles the urge to fuck into that hole and claim what is his and yet it’s the high off the denial of what his alpha needs that makes his dick that much harder. His knot growing bolder. The alpha can’t help but shout, “I love you, my Omega.”

Sadistically Dean halts, a naughty smirk on his mouth; slowly the omega licks his lips and moans while taking in Cas’s cock, “Love you, Cas.”

All of the sudden Dean flips a switch and begins bouncing on Castiel’s lap as if the alpha were a ride at Disney World yet only teasing the knot. Going just low enough to tap the engorged bottom of his cock before rising back up. His Omega cries out, Dean’s hand going to his own cock taking it in hand until he shoots cum across both their stomachs.

“Alpha,” Dean yells.

Understanding the request Cas takes Dean’s hips and slams his swollen knot deep into the Omega’s hole. His own orgasm blows through him like a wild storm.

They rest while catching their breath, waiting for the knot to subside. Dean whispers into his Alpha’s ear, “As I am yours, you are mine. I am thankful for it all.”

Tears form at the edge of Cas’s eyes as he replies, “Forever.”

Chapter End Notes

Comments, Questions, and Concerns are well loved.

XOXOXO - Angie
Here, Dean can finally breathe easy. Kneeling in the soon-to-be-made Mystery Machine van, Dean puts in the new seats and upholstery. All the leather is in the traditional colors of the cartoon. The back of the van will have one bench seat and one captain’s chair, leaving space for a party. A small fridge painted with the cast across the top by Cas will be added later. Glancing over his shoulder, Dean checks the playpen. Portia wrestles with a stuffed bunny that’s twice her size, a gift from Emma and Ruby when they met her yesterday, which also included a lot of squealing. His sweet girl doesn’t even flinch at loud noises as AC/DC plays over the speakers in The Shed.

The first week of February finds the Winchester-Novak family settling into their new schedule. Cas quit the gas station, officially allowing more time for his treatments and care. The alpha also is focusing on his art. The God awful yellow Corvette is gone, a shambled wreck of a 1965 Jaguar XKE in her spot. Dean will start on the Jag tomorrow, giving time for Cas to work his magic on the van.

Midmorning has become an excellent time to get work done. Cas is off to his appointments with Garth; normally Meg would be in the house wheeling and dealing; but today his assistant called in sick. It’s the second time in the past two weeks, which has Dean mildly concerned. Cas assured him there was a good reason and that Meg would tell when she was ready. So, today it’s just him and Portia.

“Hello?”

Dean’s head immediately flies out of the van, his Spidey senses at full alert. January was a rough month for surprises; Dean’s kind of had his fill for a while. Unlikely, as he scans the driveway landing on the familiar form of one Mary Winchester. Tossing his tools down, Dean grabs the remote, turning off the music. Portia whines from the lack of tunes. Such an awesome dog.

“Dean?” His mother’s voice is uncertain even though she’s staring right at him.

As he looks at his mom’s face, Dean’s easy-going morning vanishes. “I would appreciate it if you called before dropping by.”

The aggression in Dean’s tone has his mother stopping short about five feet from Dean. “You won’t answer the phone when I call.”

“Exactly,” Dean smirks.

As Mary rolls her eyes, Dean’s expecting a snide reply, but then a miracle happens as his mother inhales and pushes her shoulders back. “We need to get past this, Dean.”

Before he can answer, Portia whines again, obviously wanting Daddy to pick her up since he’s not working. Mary turns stepping closer to the play pen. “Who is this?”

“My dog, her name’s Portia,” Dean quips back as he picks up his princess along with her bunny.
"You hate dogs," the woman asserts, as if she still knows the man Dean has become.

Honesty can be a difficult pill to swallow, tossing it in someone else’s face is not. “First, you know nothing about me, Mom. You haven’t tried to get to know me since I returned, too busy chasing your ass and attempting to hide from your crappy decisions. Second, I’m happy. My life has joy without you in it, so no… I do not need to get past this. Lastly, I just don’t care anymore. I wasted six years jumping through hoops to make you happy, ignoring my own wishes and dreams. Not anymore; your opinions are no longer welcome in this house.”

Her eyes search Dean, pausing at his neck. “Castiel mated you.”

“Yes, I’m surprised Sammy didn’t tell you.” Dean instinctively reaches up, touching the mark.

“Your brother doesn’t talk to me. He says I have to make things right with you first. So, like I said, we need to get past this … for our family.” Mary moves closer, her hand stretching out, yet Dean steps back to avoid the touch.

Dean curls Portia into the bend of his elbow, “Jesus, Mom, you really don’t have a fucking clue. Sam needs an apology from you.”

“I said I was sorry our mess affected him.”

“Mom! You deceived him. Not only that, you let those lies fester and taint Sam’s relationship with me.” Dean swallows forcing out the next few words. “He needs to hear that you’re sorry for harming me, for shoving him down a road that left him alone without a brother. Own up to what you did, finally take responsibility for the pain you caused us both.”

The woman curtly bounces her head glimpsing at the van. “Was the mating a big affair? Castiel seems like the romantic type.”

“No, I was ill, in the hospital. His hand was forced, and he picked forever with me.” Dean swipes at a wayward tear.

This time when her hand slides down his shoulder, Dean allows the touch. “I’m sorry, sweetheart, that must have been rough. When matings are coerced some omegas question whether the alpha truly wanted them.”

He shakes his head endeavoring to flee from her noxious aura. “Get out.”

“Dean, I simply want to make sure you’re alright.” Her frown deepens along with the worry lines on her forehead. Dean’s almost convinced she’s legit. “That type of matin—”

“Shut up, Mary.” The calmness in his demeanor unnerves them both. “Cas was always going to mate me. I’m his Omega. How I received his bite has no bearing on how much he loves me. I’m done. I have an amazing family full of affection and devotion; sure, most of them are not blood related, but I’ll take comatose Gabriel over you any day.” Choking on an inhale Dean hisses, “Get out …now.”

“I didn’t raise you to be such a cruel Omega.” The woman stands her ground.

“Nope, you raised me to give my life for those I love no matter the consequences.” He lifts Portia up to nuzzle her teeny cheek. “I already saved your life once Mom; I don’t have the strength to do it again, and my Alpha will never allow me to make any more sacrifices for you.”

“Dean, you can have your little tantrum, but I need you to contact your brother and fix this.” For the
first time his mother truly seems hurt by the thought of life without Sam. The realization burns from the inside.

He closes up The Shed, Mary sticking to him and pounding him with reasons that Dean ignores. He yearns for the open road. Unlocking the Impala, Dean puts Portia in her little basket puppy car seat nestled in the center lap belt next to the driver. With a heavy heart, Dean faces his Mom.

“Own up to your mistakes, Mom. Errors in judgement can be forgiven, but you have to ask for it.”

With those final words, Mary twists on her heels, stomping towards her own vehicle. With each step his mother takes away from him, Dean finds it easier to breathe.

Pulling out of the driveway, Dean steers with no real purpose. East, west, north, and south, he just drives taking turns with no thought to a destination. The conversation with Mary is running on a loop in Dean’s mind. Of course, he’s been nervous that Cas mated him out of duty, but it didn’t scare him until his mom said it out loud. She gave his worst fear a voice. He stops at a red light, his hand rubbing Portia behind the ear. The puppy’s kind eyes watch him with worry; she licks his hand, a sign of affection for her Daddy.

“Cas loves me.” Dean hits the gas when the light changes to green. Taking the on-ramp to the Tollway to just go fast, he listens as his Baby purrs. “Cas loves me; he was always going to mate me.”

Dean’s not sure who he’s attempting to convince.

His skin prickles with a low murmur, the desire to be punished building. It’s been too long since he’s felt the sting of a flogger against his flesh. However, he made a promise to his Dom: At no time does this omega harm himself. That’s Castiel’s job.

Exiting the highway, Dean swings around to go south. He blares the classic rock station, letting the music calm the turmoil blowing over him. “Castiel Novak is my mate; his ability to choose wasn’t taken away by me. It was always going to be me.”

Portia’s whining yanks him from his inner battle.

The bottle with just the powder mix of her formula lies next to the car seat; he just needs water. Glancing at his surroundings, Dean notices he’s only a couple minutes from Meg’s apartment. Dean doubts that she’s really sick anyway.

Ten minutes later Dean’s knocking on Meg’s door; a crying Portia under one arm and her bottle in the other. The door swings open and Dean stares at his assistant, “Do you think Cas wanted to mate me?”

Meg ushers him inside, taking the bottle to the kitchen. He follows silently as the question lingers in the air like a virus waiting to strike. Once the bottle is ready Meg gracefully extracts Portia from Dean, sitting on her couch feeding the starving dog.

Emotions roll over Dean as he stands frozen next to the door, the vicious words of his mother solidifying his hidden nightmare. He doesn’t have it in him to move, breathing is taking up enough of his effort.

“Fucking hell!” Meg curses, startling the puppy in her arms. “The one day I stay home, and your mother slinks into the house.”

“How did you know it was my mom?” The words are timid from Dean.
Cracking her neck, Meg sighs, “She’s been calling me, bribing me, threatening me. Absolutely anything to get to you. Whatever she said, Dean, just toss it out. She’s a horrible person; don’t let her ruin your happiness.”

“But what if she’s right? Maybe, Cas only did it out of pity or regrets not getting to make the decision himself?”

A pillow flies from the sofa, striking Dean in the head. “HEY! Dumbass, we both know that’s a load of bullshit. Castiel loved you from the get go; the mating was just a formality.”

Flopping down next to her, Dean drops his head on the back of the couch. “I might spend the rest of my life stressing over something that can’t ever be answered. Cas, will always say that this was meant to be, but how do we really know?”

“Okay, this,” she slaps his bicep harshly, “is not a problem. You need to crawl out of your angsty bubble and accept the truth. Cas loves you, you fucking lucky bastard. Some of us have bigger problems.”

“You have a problem?” Dean rolls his head to the side to face Meg.

Her eyes fall to Portia, beginning to drift into sleep as she suckles her bottle. “Dean, I’m pregnant.”

Swallowing to clear his surprise, “You’re what now?”

“A seven-week fetus currently resides in my uterus.” Meg won’t look at him. “I don’t want to be a mom, I barely can keep Portia alive when I babysit. There’s a clinic in Austin. I drove down last week when I called in sick. I couldn’t go in, all I could think about was how much you want to be a dad, and I couldn’t go in. Sat in my car for two hours then drove home.” She shakes her shoulders physically tossing out the memory. “I don’t want to be a mom but the alternative …”

Dean lays his arm over her shoulders, tugging her in for a hug. “The alpha?”

Hysterical laughing answers his question for several seconds, tears streaming from her eyes. “Stupid hormones.” She tucks her head under Dean’s chin. “He gave me cash and the name of the clinic in Austin.”

This woman has been at his side since the very beginning. She contacted Lucifer for Doms, cleaned up the mess after, made his business a huge success and has been nothing but supportive of his relationship with Cas.

Dean cards his fingers through her dark, curly hair. “What do you want?”

“I want to be cool Aunt Meg. To watch this kid grow up, be a part of their life but from a distance. Not be the one responsible for their rules, schools, feedings, clothing, and college.” Her head lifts so Meg glares into Dean’s eyes. “I want to give you the baby. You and Cas can be the parents, I’ll just hang out in the background as cool Aunt Meg.”

“What about Cas’s …my …issues?” Dean’s trembling, panic-stricken, worried Meg’s joking yet also terrified she’s being totally honest.

“Everyone has crap, Dean, you and Cas just don’t hide. Between the three of us I’m definitely not a front-runner for mental health. I let practically a stranger help me through my heat with only a condom for protection. I can’t be the mom.” She lays Portia’s sleeping form on the couch and stands up. “However, for some crazy-ass reason, I want to carry this kid so I can be rockin’ Aunt Meg.”
Battling back the urge to dance with excitement, “Maybe you should take a couple weeks to consider all your options. You’ve got time.” He rises, pulling her tiny form into a hug. “Please, don’t dangle this in front of me until you are 100% sure.”

“Do you think I’m some raging bitch? I have been weighing all my options, taking time to truly settle on a choice.” Meg steps back, her whiskey eyes searching his, “I know what I want, Dean, let me help you become a parent of a human and not a fur ball substitute.”

“Hey! Portia’s awesome.” A smile replaces the dark frown. “I can have both you know, a four-legged and two-legged baby.”

“Yes, yes you can.” She winks as a wave of sobs wracks his assistant.

Not sure what the hell set the pregnant lady off this time, Dean pats her shoulders, “If you have doubts, we can wait to make it official.”

Meg screams over gasps of air, “No, you moron!” Astonishingly her crying gets louder, “I’m gonna have to wear flats!”

They both burst into laughter, Dean cocking his head to the side, “Do you think Louis Vuitton makes diaper bags?”

“Oh, I’m getting the entire spring collection for this,” she huffs, going to the kitchen for a glass of water.

“Agreed.” Dean’s face might crack from all the joy.

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The house is quiet. Dean places Portia on the floor, allowing her teeny legs to toddle about as he glances at a silent house. Reality smacks Dean hard across the face, making him flinch. Everything he’s ever wanted is coming true. An alpha who loves him, a healthy relationship with Sam, a home with more family then he can imagine and now a baby. His vision goes blurry. In about seven months the peace will vanish with the cries of his …child.

Dean Winchester shouldn’t be allowed a happily ever after.

His chest tightens as a sob fights to be let loose, and yet Dean can’t. A chill spreads over his torso, wracking him with a shiver. Inhaling becomes impossible as Dean plummets to his knees, scaring the crap out of Portia; his princess is howling with worry. The front door opens as footsteps move behind him. Dean squeezes his fists as he battles for oxygen.

Blue eyes fill in Dean’s line of sight, concern pouring from his Alpha.

“Dean, what’s wrong?” Cas kneels in front of him, his hands cupping the omega’s chin.

His mouth opens, yet no words pass Dean’s lips, instead the vise grip in his chest worsens. Clutching Cas’s shoulders, Dean attempts another inhale, this one with purpose. A pathetic wheeze escapes Dean’s lips as he coughs, panic rising.

Garth snatches a wrist, taking his pulse, “He’s having a panic attack, just let him ride it out.”

Alphas fretting over him, who care about his welfare. Dean can sense his anxiety growing as he scratches Castiel’s skin praying not to pass out.
His alpha inches forward until their noses are touching. “Breathe with me, Dean. Look at me and breathe, my Omega.”

Green locks onto blue as Dean watches little dots bounce in front of Castiel’s face. Gradually Dean’s exhales become Cas’s inhales, Cas’s exhales become Dean’s inhales and the cycle repeats. The scent of fresh snow with mint and a hint of pumpkin swirls between them.

“I don’t deserve …” Dean’s throat dry the sound gruff.

A stunning smile aids Dean on his inhales, the image warming the coldness from before. “Who says? Not me.”

“Monsters aren’t supposed to be …” People like him warrant a beating, not all his dreams coming true.

“You are not a monster, my love.” Castiel’s tone is stern. “What are you not supposed to be?”

“Happy.”

A kiss lands on Dean’s forehead, startling him. Cas gives him that mind-boggling glare, “Are you going to withhold joy from your alpha?”

“What? No!” Dean gasps for oxygen, but the ache in his chest is subsiding as the omega focuses on his alpha’s wild question. “Why …would you ask …that?”

His alpha’s head slides to the left, curiosity brimming in his stare. “Dean, do you know what is my favorite thing to see?”

“My ass.” Dean chuckles, which again calms him down a bit.

“Although I do love your backside, my favorite thing is your smile. Dean, you light up my world when you’re happy. So, in denying yourself happiness you ban mine as well.” Cas kisses him again, this time on the lips, warming Dean up. “But most important, Dean, you deserve to be happy. Not only that, my Omega, I plan to spend the rest of my life making you Goddamn giddy, so you better get used to it now.”

Dean inhales without pain, the air entering his lungs with only a slight wheeze. “Well, there are about to be some major changes around here that will bring me to a whole new level of bliss.”

“Are we redoing the house?” Cas glances around, perplexed by the statement.

“No,” Dean shakes his head, “Meg wants us …to raise her baby.”

Obviously now his alpha gets the picture as shock smashes over his gentle expression. “We are going to be fathers?”

Unable to find the right words, Dean nods.

“Are you sure? She could change her mind.” Tears are rolling down the alpha’s cheeks.

Croaking out with a grin Dean replies, “We just have to say yes.”

“YES!” Cas yells, jerking Dean into an overwhelming embrace. “Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.”

Into the crook of Cas’s neck, Dean exclaims, “We are having a baby.”
Pulling back, Castiel’s lips find Dean’s as they kiss tender and long. The love of his life holding him tight helps to ground Dean. When they finally pause, Cas responds in awe, “We are having a baby.”

Chapter End Notes

Love you all! Comments, Questions, and Concerns always welcomed.

XOXOXO - Angie
Rain drizzles down the window in their bedroom, Dean’s head leaning against the cool glass. Rolling his neck, Dean spots his clothes laid out on the bed; today will not be easy for anyone. Dean’s meeting Gabriel. For the longest time Dean has wanted to meet his Alpha’s favorite brother; however, with the day finally here, the omega stands in his underwear too nervous to even dress.

He can hear Meg puttering around in the front room. The sound of her bare feet slapping on the hardwoods is a new comforting sound. Portia’s baby snores float from the center of the bed, which always helps to calm him. Garth took Cas for a session with Dr. Rourke, then they will swing by to pick up Dean on the way to Gabe’s care facility.

“The guy is unconscious,” Dean reminds himself. “How hard can it be to meet a comatose beta?”

Obviously, the answer is extremely difficult as Dean remains in his black boxer briefs. Castiel talks about his brother, sometimes funny stories of Gabriel’s past antics or heartbreaking tales of what he didn’t actually do yesterday. The hallucinations have decreased, according to Garth, but they aren’t completely gone either. This is a process. Dr. Rourke assured Dean of his Alpha’s improvement, yet she’s quick to recap how there is no quick fix for mental health issues. Her words of “long haul,” “baby steps are wonderful,” and “this could be a permanent part of their lives” rings in every breath Dean takes.

Somehow Dean’s hidden all of Cas’s struggles in a tiny box, letting their happiness overshadow this one aspect of their mated lives. Visiting Gabriel opens the box, shining a bright spotlight on everything inside. Dean doesn’t get to hide anymore.

“I have a gift for you.” Meg’s voice gives Dean a reprieve from his fears.

“Valentine’s Day is tomorrow, Meg.” Dean grabs his jeans, pulling them up his legs.

Her hands hold a white envelope with Lily Sunder scrawled across the front. “No shit, Sherlock. Look, the alpha of the baby signed the papers giving up his parental rights. I can just turn them over to Ms. Sunder when I see her in a few days to start my part of the paperwork, or I can give it to you for safekeeping until then.”

“Why do I want some boring legal document?” Dean tugs his green Henley over his head.

Meg holds out the envelope, smirking, “It has the alpha’s name, dumbass.”

Dean freezes with one sock on, the second one dangling from his toe. Holy shit, they could know who fathered their child. The alpha already signed on the dotted line, but Dean squints, glaring at Meg. “Cas and I know the alpha.”

“Maybe, you would need to read the paperwork and find out.” Meg tosses the paper on the bed, waking up Portia, who yawns. “Talk it over with Castiel. My appointment with Lily is in three days, so give it back to me then.”
Faceplanting into the mattress, Dean snags the envelope. Portia nips at his hair and growls as Meg exits, snickering, “So smooth there, Dean-O.”

“Well …you’re smooth,” Dean huffs, rolling on his back to finish dressing while holding back his ferocious princess.

Carefully Dean lets the packet sit on his open palm. The weight feels more like a heavy rock than a few sheets of paper. However, that choice will not be made today. Dean slips the envelope into the nightstand drawer. His sweet girl whines, telling him it's bottle time. Meg will watch her while he and Cas go on their field trip.

He’s tying up his boots when Cas comes strolling in, his trench coat flapping from the movement. “Are you ready, my Omega?”

“Yep.” Dean hops up, following behind his alpha to Garth’s vehicle.

Dean shakes off the rain from his hair as the three men stand in a cheerfully decorated lobby. The room is full of sofas, and walls are lined with bookshelves. A beta with a gentle smile takes their names and hands over visitor tags.

Trailing behind Cas, Dean removes his wet leather jacket, hanging it next to Cas’s trench coat on a coat rack. Garth takes the lead down one of three hallways as Cas holds Dean’s hand.

“If you don’t want to go in, I will understand,” Cas murmurs low enough for only Dean to hear.

Shaking his head, Dean replies, “Nope, I got this Cas.”

Halfway down the hall Garth disappears through an open door. Dean pauses in the doorway as Cas strolls in, taking a seat next to the bed in the center. Over the sleeping man’s bed hangs the painting Cas completed the other day. It’s two children playing on the Trinity river; the sky is wide and blue while the raging water is surrounded by grassy hills. One kid is chasing the other with a frog in his hands. Dean can pretty much guess who is who in the painting.

A blonde with a bright smile steps up to Dean, extending her hand, “Hi! I’m Gabriel’s nurse. You can call me Jessica.”

“I’m Dean,” he whispers back, his eyes carefully observing his alpha kiss Gabe’s cheek.

“Yes, Castiel talks about you often.” She winks playfully. “Congratulations on your recent mating.”

“Oh, thanks.” Dean gives a soft grin. “How’s Gabriel doing?”

The nurse turns back to face her patient. “His last MRI showed a lot more brain function, which is awesome. All his vitals are strong, so right now he’s my healthiest patient.”

“Except for the unconscious part.” Dean adds.

Jessica tilts in, “this is a long-term care facility and our hall is full of comatose patients. Trust me, Gabriel is rocking it this week.” The omega nurse shuffles closer to the bed, patting Gabriel’s foot. “Do you need anything Castiel?”

“May I have some time with Gabriel and Dean alone please?” Cas’s hand holds his brother’s limp one.

Nodding profusely, she and Garth head out, leaving Dean to watch the brothers.
With his free hand, Cas beckons Dean over to the side of the bed. Always one to behave, the omega complies immediately.

“Gabriel, I would like you to meet my mate, Dean.” Cas lays his hand on Dean's lower back. “My handsome Omega, this is my favorite brother, Gabriel.”

“Don’t let Lucifer hear you say that Cas.” Dean almost wants to kick himself. Really not the time nor place for humor, smart ass.

Instead of a lecture or stern glare, Castiel actually chuckles, “You and Gabe would make the best of friends.”

Unsure of how to proceed, Dean stands next to the bed. Gabriel’s hair is longer than Cas’s and a lighter brown. The guy doesn’t look much like his alpha, but they’re only half-brothers. Dean’s curious about the beta’s hidden eyes so he asks, “Hey Cas, what color are Gabe’s eyes?”

Leaning in, Cas wipes away some hair from Gabriel’s brow, “Gabriel has these lovely golden-brown eyes that sparkle when he laughs. One day, Dean, you will see them.”

A warmth spreads over Dean with the image of Gabriel playing with Portia, even a little dark haired child crawling around them. “I have no doubt.”

“When Gabriel gets better, I want him to move in with us.” Cas watches his sleeping brother, a hand placed on the blanket-covered chest.

Dean’s first instinct is to yell yes, anything to break this melancholy scent drifting from his alpha, yet their home has already grown so much. “Maybe, after we get used to the new baby and Portia.”

“Dean,” the alpha’s voice is strained. “Please.”

A single tear rolls down Cas’s cheek as he swivels to glimpse Dean. The omega wipes away the stray teardrop. “Okay, Cas. We can make it work.”

“Thank you.” Cas’s face crashes into Dean’s stomach as sobs reach the omega’s ears. “Thank you, Dean, thank you thank you thank you thank you.”

Kneeling down, Dean takes his alpha’s face into his hands. “Cas, it’s our home. Of course your brother is welcome to live with us. You don’t have to thank me. He’s my family, too.”

“I’m not ignorant, Dean. Our lives will be utter pandemonium between Portia, Gabriel and the baby. Not to mention all the extra souls crossing our door, but this kind of chaos will bring with it so much joy.”

The light in his alpha’s blue eyes is all Dean needs to witness. “We can start working on the bedroom situation when we get home. I think your next project will be getting them ready.”

Thank God they have four bedrooms, not counting the playroom. Asking Meg to give up her office would be downright wrong.

“Yes, Dean.” The two men kiss chastely until the clearing of a throat has them jumping apart.

Nurse Moore skips in with a smile, “You two are the cutest. We don’t get a lot of new love in here.” She’s pulling out a stethoscope to listen to Gabriel’s heart when she yelps.

The young blonde omega steps back, gaping at them. “Fuck!” She blushes, apologizing, “I’m so
“Gabriel?” Cas shouts, leaning into his brother’s face. “Gabriel, it’s Castiel.”

No sound comes from the man in the bed, but his eyes are wide open, staring directly at Dean. Cas wasn’t kidding, the golden specs are truly sparkling in the bright lights around his bed. Castiel is practically breaking down as he continues to plead, “Gabriel. I’m here. You’re not alone.”

Quickly the nurse slams her hand over a call button grabbing a flashlight pen. She kindly moves Cas to the side as she swings the light over Gabriel’s eyes. The beta’s pupils track the movement.

“Is that good?” Cas pants, his arms holding Dean.

Jessica’s smile grows ten-fold. “That’s amazing, Castiel.”

The two men slide up against the wall so the medical staff can assess Gabriel. Electrodes are places around his forehead as the on-call doctor watches the blip of Gabriel’s mind. Cas remains still, not saying a word, his gaze scrutinizing every movement of the team. Dean stays at his side.

Strange thoughts fill Dean’s head as they wait for someone to give them an update. What will happen to Castiel’s hallucinations if Gabe wakes? When can they bring the beta home? How will Dean juggle so many people to care for? All these questions and really no one to ask so Dean lays his head on Cas’s shoulder and watches too.

Eventually, the doctor walks up to them. He’s an older alpha with white hair and beard. His big round belly leaves Dean thinking about Santa Claus. “Mr. Novak, I’m Dr. Corman.” He takes off his glasses, wiping them unconsciously as he talks. “I’ve been your brother’s primary care physician since his arrival. Tomorrow we will do a full workup, but the EEG shows significant brain activity way beyond the norm for a comatose patient. Gabriel’s eyes seem to show conscious awareness.”

“What does all this mean?” Cas demands.

“Like I mentioned, tomorrow we will take him over to the neuro-ward at UT Southwestern for a full diagnostic testing workup, but I do believe your brother is waking up.”

His alpha stands frozen, his mouth falling open. Dean squeezes his bicep, stepping up for Cas, “What do you mean by waking up?”

“The extent of the damage to Gabriel’s brain is still unknown. I believe he is becoming conscious, able to take in his surroundings. Whether he will be able to communicate or walk, etc., only time will be able to tell.”

A nurse yells for Dr. Corman and the man is off, following her out of the room.

Garth emerges from out of nowhere, taking Cas’s free hand. “What do you need Castiel? Dean and I are here for you.”

“Air,” Castiel gasps, gulping in loudly. “I need fresh air, now!”

“Okay!” Garth exclaims, ushering them out of the room and down the hall.

Instead of turning into the lobby, Garth turns left, going out a set of double French doors. Suddenly they are in a small garden; since it’s February nothing is in bloom, but Dean can make out the sleeping rose bushes and planters that will be beautiful come spring.
The rain has become a downpour since they’ve been inside, although it doesn’t deter his alpha from rushing out. His shirt darkening with water, Cas’s hair is drenched in seconds. Dean, the always obedient sub, follows. The cold rainwater shocks his skin.

“Dean! Gabriel might wake up,” Cas shouts over the building storm.

Wiping at his face so he can see, Dean yells back, “Cas, we’ll make him a room. A home nurse is cheaper than this place; Lucifer can cover the costs.”

“It’s not that, my Omega.” Cas twirls in a circle. “I did this to him. You tortured and killed people in the name of keeping our country safe. I nearly killed my brother because I was trying to teach him a lesson.” The spinning continues as Cas’s voice rises, “Maybe he doesn’t want to live with me. Did you ever think of that? I did this to him.”

Grabbing Cas’s shoulder, Dean replies, “You didn’t force Gabriel to O.D. on drugs.”

“No, but I kicked him out. He was out of control, coming home drunk and high. He destroyed several of my paintings in a drunken rage and stole money from my wallet to pay for his habit. My breaking point was when he cleared out all my supplies, my TV, anything that could be sold.” Dean thinks Cas is crying again, but it's masked by the rain. “I thought hitting rock bottom would wake him up. That he’d take Lucifer up on his offer to pay for rehab. So, I changed the locks and threw his clothes on the front lawn. Two days later I get a call from the hospital, the police raided a party and found my favorite brother face down in his own vomit. The fucking people around him had left Gabe there for hours because they were too high to notice.”

Yanking harshly Dean pulls the alpha into his arms. The story may be terribly heartbreaking, yet Dean can’t help but smile. “Cas, you remember.”

Those gorgeous blue orbs double in size as the meaning sinks in, his alpha could never recall what happened and now, now it’s like the light suddenly has come on. “Dean! I remember.”

Huge raindrops soak alpha and omega to the bone; neither gives a damn. Pure joy warms them. Dean takes Cas’s hand in his, spinning round and round. They both hold their heads back letting the water spray directly into their faces. Later Dean will realize Castiel was cleansing his soul, washing away the sin and doubt of that one decision that changed Gabriel’s life forever. Perhaps, one day Dean will have the same freedom.

Castiel gently tugs Dean closer, the alpha resting his forehead on Dean’s shoulder. They continue to rock in a circle. Dean should be embarrassed. He’s dancing in the rain. “Fuck it.” Dean whispers to the universe as he slides his hand over Cas’s leading the man in an awesome two step.

Laughter battles the sounds of the storm.

When the water has seeped to their underwear and their shoes make lovely squishy noises, Dean leads Cas inside. Garth sits on a couch in the lobby, a grin spread ear to ear.

“You two are the best.” The alpha nurse winks, rising to drive them home.

Dean’s about to suggest borrowing a few towels before climbing into Garth’s vehicle when the front door to the care facility swings open and Hannah tromps through, stomping her feet. Crowley strides right behind his omega.

The world seems to halt as Hannah’s eyes catch Castiel’s matching blue. Crowley stands behind Hannah, simply slipping his hand over her elbow for support.
“Is it true?” she calls out.

He will let Cas make the call on where this should go. Neither Castiel nor Dean has had any contact with either of them since the psych hospital fiasco. Dean’s aware, Hannah’s calls go unanswered. Crowley didn’t even try, the bastard.

Cas takes one step toward his sister, “There is hope.”

Hannah moves closer, “Please forgive me, Castiel. I know my mate and I made a mistake, but please give me another chance to be your family.” Her gaze is begging.

“Mate?” His alpha takes his pointer finger, lowering Hannah’s collar. A bright red claiming mark shines out for the world to see. “Are you happy?”

“Crowley gave me the power to choose. Unlike Ramiel, my true alpha wasn’t afraid to let me decide on my own.” She smirks, reaching back to take Crowley’s hand. “I jumped him two weeks ago. The man can’t tell me no.”

“I have a similar predicament.” Cas motions for Dean.

Understanding Cas’s gesture, the omega lowers his head, flashing his own bite. Hannah’s expression brightens, a smile building, “Congratulations.”

“Thank you, Hannah.” Castiel places a kiss to his sister’s cheek whispering, “The next time you call I will answer.”

“Dean, time to go,” Cas announces as he and Garth exit.

Crowley snags Dean’s wrist, “A little birdie told me God’s been sharing his secrets.”

“I needed help.” Dean jerks back his hand preparing to head out.

“Next time,” Crowley sighs, “I still owe you a few favors.” Hannah smacks his head, “Ow! Fine, we are family now so maybe I won’t be counting favors anymore.”

Chuckling, Dean replies, “I forgive you too, Fergus.”

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Later that night Dean’s lying on the floor in one of the spare rooms. Cas painting several small squares over the wall, differing shades of green. Portia is chasing the alpha’s bare feet, attempting to teethe on the hem of Cas’s jeans.

“What room is this one?” Dean’s totally lost at this point. All evening his alpha had been weighing the pros and cons to each space.

“This will be the nursery.” Cas stops his squares to drop to the floor, trading the brush for Portia. He drops several kisses to her head. “I want the baby closer to us.”

Dean nods, pointing to the green, “We don’t know the gender yet.”

“I’m thinking a forest theme with a nursery rhyme on the three main walls; Goldilocks, Humpty Dumpty, and Little Bo Peep. Leave gender out of it.”

Answering the tapping of Dean’s finger on the floor, Portia growls and hops towards Dean to play. “And Gabriel’s room?”
“I’m not ready.” Cas crawls over to Dean, kissing him, “Dr. Rourke told me to go at my own pace. What do you think?”

Placing several kisses to Castiel’s mouth, Dean hums, “We need to let Portia spend the night at Meg’s tomorrow.”

“Oh my God, Dean,” Cas shouts, his hands gesturing wildly, “how are we going to scene?”

Dean shoves Cas back so he can climb into his alpha’s lap. “We’ll figure it out. Our lives are about to get crazy, but I have a feeling we will love every minute of it.”

“I love you, my Omega.” Cas grins.

“Love you too, Cas.”

Chapter End Notes

Questions, Comments, and Concerns are fabulous!

XOXOXOXOXO - Angie
The sun barely slips over the horizon, sending streaks of pink through the Texas sky. Dean leans against the headboard, simply watching the world wake up. His house, however, still sleeps. Cas’s head is pillowed in Dean’s lap, and he’s doing those adorable kitten snores that make Dean smile. Portia finished her bottle thirty minutes ago; her teeny head crooked upward toward him by her pink pillow. He should be resting. They have at least an hour until the house bursts into life.

Chewing on his lip, Dean’s gaze is drawn to the nightstand where the envelope resides. He never told Cas. Yesterday was wonderful with Gabriel’s eyes opening and Cas turning over a new leaf with his sister. Adding this decision seemed just too much to ask of his alpha. Dean pulls the envelope from the drawer, its pale white color nearly glowing in the pale pre-dawn sun.

Do they really need to know?

Lily Sunder will keep the name on file in case of any health concerns. The baby will be theirs, completely. Yet Dean finds his attention tugging with the desire to know, to put a face to his child’s features. The chilling part is Meg was certain he and Cas would know the name. Meg will always be in the child’s life, cool Aunt Meg.

Chaotic dark hair stirs on Dean’s thigh. Blue irises pop out, glaring at Dean. “You are brooding very loudly this morning.”

Throwing his head back, Dean chuckles; damn does Cas know him. Instead of breaching the topic, Dean drops a kiss to his alpha’s forehead. “Happy Valentine’s Day, Alpha.”

“Yes, yes, day of romance and all of that.” Cas nestles his head deeper into Dean’s stomach. “We still have the trade worked out with Sam for today?”

“Yes, yes, day of romance and all of that.” Cas nestles his head deeper into Dean’s stomach. “We still have the trade worked out with Sam for today?”

“Yes, Sam will drop off the girls at 11 a.m. We will have them for the day, then he will pick them and Portia up at 6 p.m. for a sleepover at their house.” Dean cards his fingers through the silky dark hair.

Grumbling as he tugs up the bed sheet, Cas asks, “Sam and Sarah are okay with having their date during the day?”

“Sam goes on call at 7 p.m., so this works out great for them.”

His alpha stretches, noticing the envelope as he sits up. “We decided no gifts.”

“Yes, but this is a possible gift to us from Meg.” Dean drags the paper through his fingers; instantly an urge to open it swells.

Cas snatches the packet, reading Ms. Sunder's name. “Are we supposed to stare at it or open it?”
“Well, she left that to us.” A soft, perplexed, growl slips from his alpha’s mouth. Dean playfully slaps his alpha’s bicep. “These are the papers from our baby’s bio-alpha. They have been signed; all we have to do is choose whether we want to know before Meg takes them to the lawyer’s office.”

“The name of the alpha is on these papers?” Cas’s finger dips into the crevice, ready to peel it open. Dean waits patiently, but Cas won’t move without his consent. “I want to know,” Dean announces right before Cas rips it open, his eyes scanning the papers.

“Oh my God.” Cas lets everything flitter to the sheets. “Dean, oh my God.”

Giving his alpha a shake, Dean yelps, “Share with the class, Cas.”

“Lucifer Novak. Our child’s bio-alpha is none other than my half-brother Lucifer.”

They both sit in stunned silence for several minutes.

“Ummm,” Dean’s at a loss of what to say. “Are you okay with …” Dean gestures to the papers in Cas’s hand.

Tenderly, Cas folds up the papers, putting them back in the envelope. He hands it to Dean, who hastily hides it back in the nightstand drawer. He’ll have Meg grab it later. Dean fiddles with the comforter, allowing Cas time to process this momentous surprise.

His alpha’s hands tug him into a warm chest; Dean rests his head, letting Cas pepper his forehead with kisses. “I’m fine with having a biological connection to our child. My concern is about you, Dean, how does this make you feel?”

Snickering, Dean jeers, “I think you’ve been spending too much time on Dr. Rourke’s couch.” For that, Dean gets a swat to the back of the head. “Cas, this is our kid. Maybe they will have your eyes or permanent bedhead, but regardless it will be my child to raise and love.”

“Blue eyes are very dominant in our family; only Gabriel avoided them.”

“Sounds good to me, Cas.” With that he kisses his alpha with everything he’s got because this amazing man is his family.

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The clock is still at 10:59 a.m. when the Winchester circus arrives. Ruby comes flying through the door screaming “puppy” at the top of her lungs. Without missing a beat, Cas scoops up Portia, holding her close to his chest. Such a worry wart. Actually, Dean’s rethinking the calm demeanor as Ruby attempts to scale Cas’s legs, her chant of “play with puppy” constant.

Emma quietly stands next to Dean, watching her sister’s antics, “If I’m good Uncle Dean will let me hold Portia first.”

Dean grins; Emma is wicked smart, a miniature version of her Dad.

“Portia, me hold,” Ruby whines, yanking so roughly she might actually pull down Cas’s pants. The poor pug puppy has nearly crawled into his alpha’s shirt with terror. Dean chuckles because she pronounces it Porch-ah.

Sam vanishes out the door with Sarah on his heels. Time to jump in the deep end and get acclimated before their own household explodes.
“Alright, girls.” Dean claps his hands enthusiastically. “Loud noises and wild actions scare Portia. Whoever sits on the couch without a sound gets to hold her.”

Four little feet scamper to the couch, slapping their bottoms against the leather. In less than a breath the house has become peaceful again. Castiel saunters over, gently placing Portia in Emma’s lap. The puppy shoots them the best “what the fuck” look Dean’s ever seen. Emma holds her tightly, petting softly and making shushing noises.

Lifting up Ruby, he places her into his own lap, whispering, “Let Emma hold her for a few minutes and then it’s your turn.” Ruby takes Dean’s hand, mimicking the way her sister pets Portia. “Unca Dee, puppy so pretty.”

The moment brings a few tears to his eyes; in seven months they will be doing this again with their newborn baby. It’s funny how in one moment life changes before your eyes. Their world will be turned upside down by Portia, Gabriel and baby. How will they ever survive the utter bedlam? Glancing up, Dean catches Castiel’s gaze, the two men smiling. Neither alpha nor omega would have it any other way.

A few hours later, Portia has an affinity for Ruby. It seems the little two-year-old made a mess with a lollipop this morning, and Dean’s tiny princess enjoys licking up the remnants as Ruby screams with pure glee. Dean’s sitting close by on the floor watching Portia and Ruby roll around playfully. Maybe they’ve been a little overprotective with Portia, because she’s giving the little alpha a run for her money. Dean’s out of breath from laughing so hard.

Cas and Emma are painting in the corner. His alpha set up an easel and canvas so the girls could make their parents a Valentine’s Day painting. Emma seems more adept to the activity, but Ruby has added several pink and red handprints to the art.

“Ruby, time to sign the bottom,” Cas calls out, breaking up the toddler wrestling match.

The elder of the Winchester girls is snuggling into Dean. “Why are you re-doing the bedrooms?”

As previously stated, Emma doesn’t miss a thing. Dean and Cas have moved out all the old furniture, donating it to Goodwill. The plan is to repaint both rooms, then start from scratch because both baby and Gabriel will have their own needs furniture wise.

“Cas’s older brother Gabriel has been in a hospital of sorts and in a few months it looks like he will be able to come home and stay with us.” In the last conversation with Dr. Corman, he set the release date at 8 to 10 weeks. “So, one of the bedrooms will be for him.”

“But you are doing two bedrooms?” Her hazel eyes are shining at him.

Catching Cas’s attention, the alpha shrugs with a smile; obviously he doesn’t mind spilling the beans.

“Well, Cas and I are adopting a baby.”

The shrill response from both girls is deafening, “A baby!”

Of course when Sam arrives to collect the brood, Ruby shouts, “We are having a baby, Daddy!”

His poor brother turns to his mate, Sam’s eyes in total shock. Sarah laughs, shaking her head. That’s when the two turn their questioning glare towards Dean.

“Meg’s going to have a baby for Cas and me. She’s due at the end of September.”
Dean smiles as massive arms tug him into a bone-crushing hug. “I’m so happy for you, Dean.”

“Thanks,” he replies leaning into the embrace.

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“This meal was delicious, Dean,” Cas mentions, wiping his mouth with his napkin. “Why don’t you do some cleanup while I get the playroom ready?”

“Sure thing, Cas.” Dean gives his Dom a kiss as the man heads off.

An evening to themselves is rare gift these days, so Cas has promised an amazing scene that will help to scratch Dean’s ever-present itch. The thing is Dean doesn’t need the pain every minute of every day, his craving for redemption has dampened. Portia and Cas have given him an excellent distraction; yet the desire to bleed, to feel the sting of a whip, remains. No longer a loud roar, now Dean finds it more like a constant mumble. His hands tremble with anticipation; he will always have the need.

He turns on the water to wash a few dishes while he waits.

When Cas emerges, Dean nearly faints. His alpha is in red spandex shorts, which is pretty hot, but the icing on the cake: There is a white heart over Cas’s cock.

“Happy Valentine’s Day to me,” Dean mumbles, his eyes never leaving the sexiest heart on the planet.

Castiel fucking blushes, “I felt it appropriate, given the holiday.”

Without a second thought Dean strips down naked, tossing his clothes all over the kitchen. “How do you want me sir?”

A smile lights up his alpha’s face. “What’s your safeword my Omega?”

“Poughkeepsie.” Dean sighs placing his hand on Cas’s chin, “What’s your safeword, Alpha?”

“Messenger.” The sparkling blue eyes shoot Dean a wink. “Now, go stand in the center of the playroom.

Dashing to the playroom, Dean can’t help but giggle. God he yearns for the ache, the sting. His body is vibrating at all the possible ways Cas can bring him painful pleasure. Once Dean’s standing under the white cloud hook, Cas uses the bamboo rope to string Dean’s arms above his head, deliciously stretching the omega to the point his feet can only ghost over the floor.

“My Omega is so gorgeous,” Cas hums, trailing kisses down Dean’s torso.

Moans slip from Dean’s lips, his hips canting forward, craving more. Cas halts at Dean’s belly button, the damn tease. His alpha pushes a rolling tray to Dean’s location. A black silk scarf lies over the top, hiding the toys. Excitement at the mystery is thrumming over him. Dean groans as Cas places a red blindfold over Dean’s eyes. The world goes dark, setting a blaze across the omega’s skin. He won’t see it coming.

A warm hand grabs Dean’s cock, causing him to shout in surprise. The fingers surrounding his member stroke loosely, enough to harden his dick yet not enough friction. The dance between arousal and frustration make Dean’s toes tingle. Lips latch onto Dean’s, the kiss harsh, dominant. Totally opposite to the lazy hand job; God, so fucking amazing.
“Shit!” Dean curses into the kiss as fingernails replace the fingers scratching down his cock. His hips jerk back, attempting to run from the sting.

Chuckling, Cas’s hand simply chases Dean’s groin, his alpha nibbling at the mating mark. Then nothing. He can hear his Dom walking around the room, the squeak of the cart, but no one touches him.

“Please, Cas,” Dean implores, his legs quivering with an overwhelming desire to feel. “Please, Alpha.”

From farther away than Dean anticipated comes Cas’s voice, “Please what my Omega? I’m not promising anything, although listening to you beg makes me very happy.”

“I want …I want,” Dean stutters, his mind racing with too many options. “I want …”

A heated breath dances over Dean’s own mouth, the scent of snow and mint lingering in the air. “Tell me.” The words are spoken so close to his lips Dean can almost feel his alpha’s mouth moving. “Or would you rather be a good Omega and take what I give you?”

The dominance in his alpha settles the storm in his thoughts. Castiel will always care for him. “I’m yours, Alpha.”

“Good. I was thinking tonight we would play with delayed gratification,” Cas quips as fingernails drag heavily down Dean’s back, catching on the scars Roman left. Those marks will always eat at his alpha, the permanent reminder that Dean was never completely his omega. “If you need to stop or need a break in any way what do you say?”

Dean rolls his eyes, although the blindfold hides the action, alas Castiel knows anyway, giving the omega a swat to the backside. Clearing his throat, Dean responds, “Poughkeepsie.”

Shock startles Dean as Cas grasps his dick, sliding a cock ring onto his member. “Now, we both know the ring won’t completely hold off an orgasm, but it will help. Would you enjoy hearing your rules for tonight?”

“Yes, sir,” Dean gasps as he adjusts to the new sensation of tightness in his groin. Those stupid rings always catch on a hair or two, the tug to the hair enticing.

“One, at any time you need a slight break, simply say your safeword and then the word "break." Telling me you don’t want the scene to end but perhaps have the cock ring removed or allow you to come. Do not hurt yourself, Dean. Two, if we are in the scene you may only cum on my knot, not before. Three, if you orgasm early I will leave you here, alone, with only your mind to keep you company for one hour, then kisses all over your flesh for the hour after that.”

His body shivers uncontrollably at the image of utter darkness and no alpha followed by entirely too much adoration for Dean to handle.

“Got it,” Dean hisses.

Somehow in the time it took Dean to whisper two words, Cas fell to his knees because in the next second a mouth is surrounding Dean’s cock, suckling gently. Thrashing against the ropes, Dean cries out from the waves of pleasure emanating from his groin. Cas is playing dirty. Dean requires the ache of a lashing, not the decadence of his alpha’s tongue. A complaint prances on the top of Dean’s lips when a sharp stab strikes his left testicle. Almost like an electrical shock grapples over his body as another sharp stab hits Dean’s other ball. The pinch holds on like a vise grip, the image of clothespins latching onto his sacks. The omega focuses on inhaling as four more clamps are
added; two to each side. With each new addition, Dean swims in the ecstasy of the torment.

“Fuck me,” the omega moans, his mind attempting to halt the throbbing in his groin; solid and strong with no mercy in sight. Exactly, what he wished for Cas supplied.

Castiel’s mouth continues to entrap Dean’s dick while his balls ache. The agony from such a sensitive area cause tears to stream down his face. Endorphins dash wildly through him as Dean flies high. He climbs higher on the rush, Dean freezes, concentrating on the rules. There is something he shouldn’t do??

Lips glide down his shaft settling at the bottom, the bulb of his cock resting against Cas’s tonsils. The shit of an alpha fucking swallows; the high of the pain mixing with the best blowjob in his life has Dean weak in the knees.

The answer to the question slams into Dean so harshly he coughs. He can’t orgasm. No matter how talented his alpha’s tongue, no matter how spectacular the agony from the clips, Dean cannot shoot his load down Cas’s needy throat. Squeezing his fingers into the ropes, Dean claws at his palms, battling the orgasm.

“Jesus Christ!” He screams in a rough, fucked-out voice. “Alpha, alpha, alpha, alpha.” Somehow the chanting helps give Dean a center, a way to ground himself and stave off his climax for a little while longer. It feels as if they’ve been at this for hours when in fact it’s probably been twenty minutes. With every breath he takes, Dean exhales on, “Alpha, alpha, alpha.”

Suddenly Dean’s bestowed a gift from God as Cas removes his mouth. The alpha pants, chaotically. Nimble fingers enter Dean’s hole, gradually opening him up, hitting his prostate on every thrust.

Dean never stops chanting. Screw God, because this omega chants to the one man who has brought him heaven on earth. Castiel Novak is his messiah.

Fingers disappear as Cas swings around to stand behind the strung up omega. Lips tickle Dean’s ear, the gruff sex voice whispering, “You are not a good omega.” The first thrust of Cas’s dick into his hole sends Dean stumbling forward holding the ropes for dear life. “Good, is not adequate for my Omega.” Another violent thrust has Dean seeing stars, but he won’t give his body the release it so desperately craves. He waits for the knot.

“My omega is....” thrust hitting Dean’s prostate perfectly.

“Stunning.” Thrust.

“Loving.” Thrust.

“Smart.” Thrust.

“And mine.” Thrust.

On the last word from his mouth, Cas pummels Dean, fucking into his hole with a ferocious speed. Dean’s forgotten to hold onto the ropes, his wrists holding him up as the swing of his body helps deepen each time Castiel enters him.

Finally, the knot swells and Cas’s fingers slip off the cock ring before clamping down on Dean’s hips, halting his movement. The instant Cas’s knot locks into place, Dean’s orgasm blows. Dean screams with all his lungs can muster but never does he stop chanting the name of his new found savior.
“Alpha, alpha, alpha, alpha.”

His hands are released. Dean would drop, but Cas catches him, gripping his arms tight as both men tumble to the floor as one. Castiel litters his back with kisses while his hands free the clothespins from Dean’s scrotum.

Shrieking, Dean gulps in air as the sensation of the clamps’ release sends him over the edge into another climax as those beautiful nimble fingers rub his balls affectionately.

Dean never stops chanting.

Chapter End Notes

BDSM Tags: Bondage, Blindfold, Sensation Play, and Orgasm Denial

Questions, Comments, and Concerns are highly encouraged.

XOXOXO - Angie
Dean sits on the hospital-grade bed, letting his hand glide over the white plastic railing. His eyes trail over the Jackson Pollock-style mural dominating the main wall of Gabriel’s new room. Castiel spent weeks choosing just the right colors and dripping styles to brighten the space. Cheerful was his alpha’s goal. The predominant shades of yellow and orange have greens and blues thrown in for contrast. Well, that’s what Cas says anyways. A bright sunshine color graces the other three walls with matching drapes and a comforter on Gabriel’s special bed.

“Do you think he will like it?” Cas queries, placing white daises in a clear vase on the nightstand. With a grin, Dean tugs his alpha onto the mattress next to him, hugging tight. “He will love it, Cas.” Releasing a gentle sigh, Cas kisses Dean’s cheek. “It’s the first time we will all be together in years.”

The entire Novak brood is coming to welcome Gabriel to his new home. Castiel’s been on the verge of an anxiety attack all day. Garth, never more than a few steps away, hovers by the door.

“We can kick them out whenever you want,” Dean chuckles, stroking Cas’s back. “Hannah and Crowley will be here in ten minutes, then Lucifer will be arriving with Gabriel and Jessica. This is your home, Cas.”

Meg teeters in; the woman still hasn’t given up her beloved Louis Vuitton heels. Her unmistakable baby bump hasn’t thrown off her amazing balance. She will fight responsible shoe wear to the end.

“Will you be alright with Lucifer visiting?” Cas’s attention turning to Meg.

She waves off his concern, placing several framed photos of their family across the long dresser drawer. “He scratches an itch. I do enjoy the ride but we were never meant to be more than friends.” Her chocolate eyes scan Dean and Cas’s embrace. “True mates are rare.”

If Dean was anyone else he wouldn’t see it, the tightness in her voice and the way her gaze lingers on them with the longing that comes from heartbreak. He suggested yesterday she could take the day off; the look of death still scares the crap out of him. Meg won’t back down. Today’s important for Cas and Dean; his assistant wouldn’t miss a moment.

The doorbell rings, halting the conversation as Cas rushes to meet his sister.

Hannah gives Cas a quick hug before descending upon Meg, “How are you feeling? Oh, you’ve gotten bigger!” her voice rising several octaves. Her delicate hand cups the bump as she whispers to Meg’s belly button, “It’s your Aunt Hannah.”

Slightly jealous, Dean shuffles off to the kitchen to prep some snacks. Who doesn’t eat when stressed? Cas’s hand replaces Hannah’s as they giggle over Meg, Dean’s surprised she hasn’t stabbed either one of them. Although, she is smiling. Dean begins rolling tiny hotdogs into puff pastry attempting to ignore the ache in his heart.
He has yet to touch Meg’s belly. On any given day Dean’s 99% thrilled Meg carries their child. However, that pesky 1% may tear Dean apart because a small, miniscule part of him wants the pregnant omega to be him. To have Hannah fuss over him and Castiel to grin from ear to ear with hope.

“You already have the green eyes.”

Dean nearly burns his hand as he puts the tray into the oven. When he rises, Dean stares at Crowley. “What are you talking about?”

Crossing his arms, Crowley points to the trio still by the door. “For your green-eyed monster impersonation. You have the eyes for it.”

Encroaching into the alpha’s personal space, Dean pokes Crowley with his finger. “Keep going, Fergus; I’ll put you back in time out.”

Crowley raises his hands in defeat. “Fine. Unless you plan on sharing with the Novak clan you might want to get control of your scent. Meg’s probably used to it, the others not so much.”

“Put the chips and dip on the table,” Dean commands, eyeing the older man as he obeys.

Shit, Dean would feel like one hell of a bastard if Meg figured out his jealousy issues. She’s giving them such an amazing gift. He places his hands on the counter, allowing his head to hang low.

The click-clack of heels alerts Dean to the new arrival. Meg smacks his ass as she pulls a bottle of juice from the fridge. “They all went back to admire Cas’s work in the bedrooms. You’re safe for a bit.”

“Do I make you uncomfortable?” One thing Dean’s learned recently is to take the big questions head-on without a safety net.

“Ummm,” Meg swigs some OJ, “no. You wish you could be the baby maker, totally get it. Done and over with no need for the big heart-to-heart, moron.”

Chuckling, Dean grabs a beer. “You are my hero.” He swoons dramatically, placing his hand over his heart.

“Seriously, you are an idiot.”

“You are the wind beneath my wings.” Dean sing-songs, watching Meg make fake vomit noises.

In an instant the air between them thickens as Meg takes Dean’s hand into hers. “I think you got that wrong, buddy. You gave me a life I love, so it just seems appropriate I give you a life to love.” She punches his shoulder hard. “That is the hormones speaking, and if you repeat a word of it to anyone I will hurt you.”

“Deal,” he murmurs as Garth opens the door to Jessica, Lucifer and Gabriel.

Having a home all one level will be beneficial since currently Gabriel is wheelchair bound. Nurse Moore pushes her patient into the room. Castiel happily stole Jessica from the care facility with a better salary and hours. Dean thinks she’s a great addition.

Everyone congregates in the family room. Hugs are given out, focused mainly on the man of the hour. Gabriel’s eyes are tracking everyone in the room. Cas’s brother hasn’t spoken a word, but the beta doesn’t have to because his face and eyes speak volumes. Gabriel could improve with time;
Jessica has a packed weekly schedule for the beta full of physical therapy, pool therapy and a slew of things Dean doesn’t understand. It’s all geared towards helping Gabriel to speak and walk one day. However, Cas simply feels blessed having his brother back under his roof where he belongs.

A buzzing noise from his pocket alerts Dean of an incoming text. Opening it up, Dean smiles at the image of Ruby and Portia curled around each other, taking a nap. His sweet little alpha often forgets that Portia is Dean and Cas’s dog. When he looks up he spots Cas and Lucifer stepping outside in the backyard. Dean may be a bit overprotective of his alpha as he chases behind them.

Both alphas glance up from the patio chairs as Dean lingers behind Cas. Lucifer breaks the uncomfortable silence, “Texas in April is beautiful, don’t you think, Dean?”

“Portia certainly enjoys her morning walks,” Dean answers, placing his hand on Cas’s shoulder. His alpha takes his hand, giving it a squeeze.

“You two might as well point out the elephant in the room.” Lucifer crosses his arms.

Staying quiet, Dean lets Cas take the lead. “We have some concerns about how you will handle us raising the baby. You will obviously meet them at family gatherings and such.”

“I don’t want to be a dad. Lord, I barely want to be an uncle,” Lucifer snickers. “My hope is that the child’s biological alpha never comes to light.”

“We can do that,” Cas replies. Leaning forward, his alpha taps Lucifer’s arm so they sit eye to eye, “I know I have concerns about my mental health issues raising a baby or that this child will suffer as I do.”

Cas!” Dean blurts as Lucifer calls out, “No.”

Raising his hand, Lucifer speaks, “When Meg came to me about giving the baby away, I knew immediately who she would suggest as the adoptive parents. Not because I knew Meg so well but because that’s who I would choose. Yes, this child has a biological predisposition for mental health concerns, but so did all four of us and we turned out fine.” Again, Lucifer’s palm halts Cas from interrupting. “You and Gabriel are hurting because of the incident with Samandriel. PTSD is serious and can cause a plethora of issues, including drug addiction and hallucinations. Even if this child grows up needing help, I have no doubt you two will deal with it as a family and give them the love and support they need. Castiel, you will be a wonderful father. Not because you are perfect, but because you understand the struggle.”

“Thank you, Lucifer.” Cas wipes a few stray tears from his cheek. “We shall do our best.”

“Now, if you want to trade Portia for the baby I’d be willing to listen, because she’s adorable.”

Dean immediately shouts, “Hell no!”

“Maybe a play date then.” Lucifer stands, giving Dean a wink. “There is so much love under this roof any child would be lucky to have you two.” With that, Castiel’s older brother returns to the group in the living room.

“Are we really ready for this Dean?” Cas tugs Dean into his lap.

“I’m all in, Cas.” Dean gently kisses his alpha. “I don’t want to turn back now.”

“Good.” Cas sighs returning the kiss.
Nurse Moore hands Dean a yellow three-ring binder. “I will leave at 6 p.m. every night, and I don’t work Sundays or every other Saturday. So, everything you will need to know about Gabriel’s care can be found in this notebook.”

Flipping through the overwhelming information, Dean takes a deep breath. “Okay, I totally got this.”

“On the first page is a pager number for an after-hours nurse. Whoever is on call will answer the page and walk you through any questions you might have.” She gives Dean a bright smile. “Seriously, I know it seems like a lot, but it’s not too bad. I will feed and bathe Gabriel before I go. Also, Garth and I have coordinated our schedules so he will be here on my days off. You can do this, Dean. Castiel will help, too.”

“Do you think we are crazy?” Dean utters, shocking even himself. Shaking his shoulders Dean clarifies, “In a few months, we will have a dog, Gabriel, and an infant.”

“First of all, I want you to take a peek in Gabe’s room.”

Curious, Dean steps back so he can glance into the bright, cheery bedroom. Gabriel is on his bed, eyes open watching Hannah as she reads an Archie comic to her brother. Crowley loiters in the corner, pretending not to listen to the story.

Jessica smiles when his gaze returns to her. “Dean. You have an amazing support system. Hannah will be here to help most evenings, which means Crowley too. Meg, Garth, Sam, Kevin, the list goes on and on. You know the old saying it takes a village. Well, Dean, you have a village.”

“Where did all these people come from?” Dean sees the nurse’s point, but shit, his life used to be small and lonely.

Jessica throws her head back laughing, her blonde hair tossing to the side in the process. “It’s called life.”

Anxiety yanks at Dean’s nerves as he observes the nurse exit his home. Chewing his lip, Dean takes more time to actually absorb the information in Gabe’s binder. He ends up stretching across the couch.

“Lucifer left, and I just spoke with Sam,” Cas lifts Dean’s head to put it in the alpha’s lap. “Portia is fine, and he’ll bring her by in the morning on his way to work. I worry that if we keep letting her sleep over there Ruby and Emma might try to keep her.”

“They can get their own dog.” Dean murmurs while reading. “Hannah still in with Gabriel?”

“Yes, according to Nurse Moore, Gabriel stays up until 9 p.m., so Hannah will leave after his bedtime. She’s putting a favorite movie on the laptop for the three of them to watch. What are you doing?”

Meg swoops by, “Boss man you have the owner of the Mystery Machine in like 30 minutes. He wanted to shake your hand before he takes it home.”

“Why? Cas did all the awesome art.” Dean points to his alpha above him.

The perfect replica of the Mystery Machine turned out amazing. Dean’s not lying, Cas’s artwork on the side and the lettering for the Mystery Machine across the opposite side is a masterpiece. He
really should look into adding custom artwork in the detailing.

“Whatever, you both can meet him. All I’m saying is the guy’s final payment cleared this morning, and you owe the man a big handshake.” Meg bounces her perfectly sculpted eyebrows. “Also, a 1971 Plymouth Barracuda is being delivered tomorrow. Survived a pretty bad head-on collision; owner wants it restored to new, which will include a complete overhaul of the interior.”

“Got it.” Dean bounces his head, paying more attention to the many meds Gabriel has to take in a single day. The silence from his alpha leads Dean to believe the man has crashed, kitten snores will be next. “You can head out early if you want.”

“Okay,” the clicking of heels reminds Dean he was going to check on Louis Vuitton flats. However, the sounds of said heels making their way back to the couch has Dean glancing up. “I was going to do this cake thing but I’m tired and I forgot to order the cake, so now I would have to wait and I fucking hate waiting.”

Dean’s forehead pinches with confusion. “A cake for Gabriel’s homecoming. I’ll do cupcakes tomorrow; no worries.”

“No, there’s this thing on the internet where people get a cake from the bakery and the inside is either pink or blue when they cut into it. We aren’t having a baby shower so I was going to do the cake thing today, but I forgot.”

Castiel yawns. “Meg. Please be more specific.”

“I know the sex of the baby.”

His alpha stands up so fast he tosses Dean to the floor. The omega’s face smashes into the binder, although he’s too excited to notice, “And?”

“What is it?” Cas screeches.

“The cake would have been blue.” Her smile triples in size.

Dean leaps to his feet, “A boy? We are having a boy?”

“Yes,” Meg rolls her eyes, “numb-nut, you and Cas are having a boy.”

The trio hoot and holler with bouncing around the living room with enthusiasm.

When the doorbell rings, Dean’s picking out Star Wars onesies on Amazon. He leaves the purchases in the cart, closing the laptop. Cas wandered off to tell Hannah about their baby boy and never returned. Dean throws open the door, immediately recognizing the alpha and omega on his stoop.

“Ash. Andy. What are you guys doing here?” Cas sold them his side of the duplex, so maybe they have buyers remorse.

The young omega rolls his eyes, “We are here to pick up our new ride.”

“You’re the owners of the Mystery Machine.” Huh? Now that Dean thinks about it, those two wanting an outrageous cartoon van actually makes sense.

“A mating anniversary gift for my Omega,” Ash answers as both men come inside. “My little man here loves Scooby Doo.”

Giving his head a shake, Dean ushers them out to the shed where their new chariot awaits. Meg
tosses him the keys on the way.

The second Andy sees the van his eyes go wide as he screeches, “Oh dude, this is perfect!” The younger omega opens the side door, shouting, “Fuck me, this is awesome!” Andy pops his head out. “No canola oil in here though; it’ll ruin the interior.”

Quietly standing to the side with Ash, they both watch Andy dance around with excitement. Dean doesn’t mean to be rude, but the curiosity might kill him. He saw the invoice; this alpha dropped a shit ton of money. “Ash, what exactly do you do for a living?”

“Oh, you know,” Ash winks at Dean, which has him stepping away slightly.

What the fuck does that mean? Maybe Ash is a drug dealer. Being totally wasted could account for the canola oil incident when they first met. However, Dean’s certain Cas would never associate with a known drug dealer with Gabriel’s issues.

“Keep it in the family, am I right?” Ash bounces his eyebrows, which could almost be an attempt at flirting.

Oh, my dear lord, Ash is an alpha gigolo. Using the whole party in the back routine to romance and woo the clients. He’s not sure why this bothers him more than the drugs, but it does. Dean’s standing next to a man who sells himself to omegas. Maybe it’s because the alpha is mated and should be saving his knot for Andy, not selling the goods to the highest bidder.

Dean growls at Ash.

“Whoa buddy! Who pissed in your cheerios?” Ash pats Dean’s back.

Is it possible to contract an STD through touch? Dean feels dirty. SHIT! Meg shook Ash’s hand, Dean’s about to snatch his iPhone to call a doctor. Surely the baby is safe. Suddenly Dean acknowledges that Ash is telling him something.

“You never got back to me about the address.”

Tilting forward tentatively, Dean whispers, “The address for your next john?” Why would Dean know?

“Dude, no!” Ash shouts then lowers his volume, “What you found at Snow White Drive?”

“Wait,” Dean squints, glaring at the alpha. “How do you know about Snow White Drive?”


The entire conversation rolls over in Dean’s brain until the conclusion smacks him across the head. Glancing around to make sure no one can hear, Dean mutters softly, “God?”

“The one and only.”

Chapter End Notes

Comments, Questions, and Concerns always brighten my day.
Dean delights in being able to finally wake with the sun. Portia’s big enough to sleep through the night, and she’s eating solid dog food mixed with her formula three times a day. His sweet princess begins whimpering when the light pours in through the window. Dean picks her up, glancing at the clock with pride.

“You almost made it to seven.” Dean nuzzles her against his cheek as he leaves his alpha snoring in the bed. “I shouldn’t get used to the sleeping so late; in a little over three months I get to start all over again with your brother.”

She yips with joy, probably more to do with Dean opening the cabinet where her food is stored than the arrival of the next Novak-Winchester baby. He puts together Portia’s breakfast, starts the coffee machine then, while she snorts down her meal, Dean strolls back to Gabe’s bedroom.

They leave Gabriel’s door open at night. The beta sleeps with a monitor on that keeps track of his heart rate. When Gabe has nightmares his heart rate goes nuts, alerting Dean and Cas to the man’s distress. Oddly enough, Gabe calms down if you sing dirty limericks to him. He falls back to sleep with a huge smile if you sing the really raunchy ones. Castiel has a collection in a green binder by Gabe’s bed. Not that Dean will admit it to a soul, but that research was so much fun. He’s found himself humming his favorites when working.

Peeking around the doorway, Dean notes that Gabe’s eyes are closed and his monitor is beeping along softly. All is quiet. Perhaps this is a good sign. Dean’s behind on the Jaguar; staying in The Shed most of the day could really help him catch up. He snatches his iPhone before walking out to the backyard to let Portia do her morning business.

Dean’s replying to a customer’s email requesting an update on how soon Dean can start on her car when his phone rings. A glance at the caller ID reveals it's Jessica Moore. Odd, she starts in less than an hour so why would she be calling?

“Hey Jess.”

“I am so, so sorry Dean.” Jess’s voice sounds strained. He’s not sure, but she may be crying.

“Please don’t be mad.”

Interrupting her rant, he says, “You need to tell me what I’m not supposed to be mad about first.”

“Oh right, so I was in a car accident.”

“What? Are you okay? When? How is the car?” Dean’s mind races with every possible scenario.

Now it’s the nurse’s turn to halt his questions. “The accident happened like twenty minutes ago. It’s pretty bad; I think my Honda is totaled. I’m in the ambulance on my way to the hospital, but don’t
freak out it's only a broken wrist. I was rear-ended, and my wrist slammed into the steering wheel. Not sure if I will make it in today.”

“Don’t worry about us. Take care of yourself, but call me when you know about your wrist. If you need to take tomorrow to rest that’s fine; just keep me in the loop.” Dean’s anxious; Jess is his rock with Gabe. He’s good with everyone in the house, but a patient who doesn’t talk or move without encouragement is not his specialty.

“Will do, Dean. Thanks for understanding.” He can literally hear Jess calming down as she ends the call.

Portia sits in front of him with her adorable tiny face looking up at him. “We can do this. Garth will be here at 8 a.m. He can help me, and when Meg rolls in a little past 9 I will have more than enough help. Don’t worry.” The pug tilts her head to the side as he speaks. God, she’s precious. “Let’s go see if Papa is up.” Her little tail wags double time at the mention of Cas.

The instant Dean opens the door he hears yelling and screaming. “Shit!” He double checks that Portia is in the house before dashing down the hall towards the commotion.

Bursting into Gabe’s room, Dean knows immediately it’s going to be a bad day.

“Gabriel, wake up! This isn’t funny anymore,” Cas shouts, shaking his brother’s shoulders harshly. “No more joking around, Gabriel; wake up.”

“Cas, let Gabriel go. He’s in recovery from a coma, remember?” Dean puts his hands over Cas’s, encouraging his alpha to release his hold on the beta. “Please Cas, I can’t handle this today.”

Confused blue eyes glare at Dean. Castiel’s memory is better; most days his mind is clear, but he still has moments. It’s been two weeks since his last episode. Dean should have known his alpha was due. Maybe Cas is just foggy this morning.

“Why are you here?” Cas’s words stab Dean in the heart. “You need to go.”

Inhaling deeply, Dean releases the air slowly, attempting to keep his shit together. “Cas, I live here. My name is Dean, your omega.” He rolls his head to the side, flashing his mating mark, as he battles back tears of terror.

Castiel rolls his eyes dramatically. “For fuck’s sake, Dean, I know who you are. But why is Gabriel pretending to be sick? He has a job interview today, and I don’t need your help. We were just talking in the bathroom about which suit would be best, and then I walk past his room and I see this mess.” Cas grabs the wires for Gabe’s monitor. “What the hell is this?”

Alright, this could have been much worse. The job interview hallucination is manageable. “Cas, maybe we should let Gabe rest.” With Gabriel living with them, Dean has no choice these days but to acknowledge the imaginary conversation in the bathroom. “Cas, Gabe doesn’t talk to anyone. Remember, he can’t; he’s barely conscious most days so there won’t be any job interview today.”

Glancing over Cas’s shoulder, Dean spots wild chaotic brown eyes with gold flecks. The beta appears scared for what Castiel might do next. Dean moves to help get Gabe in a comfortable sitting position. Cas steps back, watching.

Behind him Dean hears, “I don’t know what’s happening. I don’t know what’s happening. Dean, why is Gabriel pretending to be sick?”

Adjusting Gabriel’s arms, Dean smiles warmly at the beta’s eyes. “It’s okay, Gabriel. Cas just gets a
little disoriented. Would you like breakfast?”

The man doesn’t answer. Dean wasn’t expecting him to, but Nurse Moore always asks just in case this time Gabe has a response.

“If my conversation in the bathroom wasn’t real?” Cas mumbles, leaning against the wall. “Dean—”

He doesn’t give Cas time to finish. Dean pushes his body against Cas, kissing him. Their mouths breathing heavily into each other, reminding Cas that Dean is real and alive. “I love you Cas. I’m real, and I’m not going anywhere.” Another deep, mind-blowing kiss. Dean’s cock is taking interest when Dean realizes a complication to the plan. Today he has to take care of Gabriel. “Except to make some oatmeal for Gabriel.”

“He’s not faking?”

Dean’s unsure whether Cas is asking him or convincing himself. “No, Cas, this isn’t a practical joke.” Dean huffs, because that would certainly be preferable to reality. “I gotta change Gabe and make up his oatmeal. You want something?”

“I don’t know.” Blue eyes scan Dean, begging the omega to have the answer. “We just spoke.”

Rubbing the back of his neck, Dean places a chaste kiss to his alpha’s cheek. “This is real. What’s happening in this room, right now, is real.”

Castiel slides down the wall, his arms wrapping around his knees. Quickly Dean changes Gabriel and puts fresh clothes on the beta before lifting him from the bed to his wheelchair.

“Okay, guys, time to brush hair and teeth. Cas, come on, you need to get ready too.” Using one hand to push the wheelchair and the other to lead Castiel, the three men and puppy wander to the bathroom.

Once they are done in the bathroom, Dean sends Cas to the bedroom to dress while pushing Gabriel to the dining room table. Gabe’s oatmeal is this nasty vitamin-enriched goo, but it’s the one thing Dean knows he will eat.

“A smirks as Gabe complies, taking a bite. They all know Gabe’s in there; he obeys commands and has facial expressions, but he won’t walk or talk. The doctors aren’t sure he ever will; on a good day Cas has faith. “Here’s how things are, big guy. Jess called in, so it’s you and me for the day. I promise not to kill you.”

A smirks across Gabriel’s lips as Dean wipes at the corner with a napkin.

Cas wanders in to sit at the table, Portia in his arms. “I’m not hungry.”

“Alright, I need coffee. You?”

“Yes, please.” Cas scoots his chair next to Gabe. The alpha leans into his brother’s ear, “I am so sorry I shook you this morning. Please don’t be angry.”

Gabriel’s eyes dart between Dean and Castiel pleadingly. Dean’s gut knows what the beta wants, so he reaches out, patting Castiel’s elbow. “You were upset, Cas. Gabriel forgives you.”

Dean would swear he saw Gabe’s head bounce just a tad.

“Coffee.” Dean gives Gabriel another bite then heads to the coffeemaker. “Hey, Cas, why don’t
you paint for a few while we wait for Garth?"

They turned the corner behind the couch into a little studio for Cas. His alpha nods, shuffling over to the space and setting up his supplies. Dean cleans up breakfast then stands in front of Gabriel. “Do you want to watch him work?”

A tiny smile is all Dean needs to push his charge over so he can observe Castiel’s brilliance.

“Good morning, Novaks!” Garth shouts from the doorway, nearly causing Dean to fall off the couch. Shit, how long has he been out?

Scanning the room, Dean feels better; they are all where he left them. Cas painting, Gabe watching and Portia lazily stretched over Gabriel’s foot. Dean waves over Garth whispering, “We are having a rough day.”

Garth nods. The nurse stands behind Castiel, admiring his current work. The painting is only maybe a third done with the sky a bright clear blue and the beginnings of what looks like a beach with three people lying on lounge chairs.

“Castiel, your work is wonderful.” Garth pats Cas’s back. “Let’s get ready for the day. We have a couple of appointments this morning.”

“Okay.” Cas cleans up and heads back for shoes and such.

The second the alpha is out of earshot, Garth turns to Dean. “What’s up?”

“Job interview hallucination, then Cas saw the real deal and shook him hard because he couldn’t understand why Gabe was pretending.” This particular hallucination isn’t a new one, so Garth takes a few notes on a pad before getting a cup of coffee.

“We have Dr. Rourke scheduled at 9 a.m., but after that I think we’ll swing by a support group session and maybe some fresh air. Castiel really does respond to being outside. He likes to walk around White Rock lake.”

Dean smiles as he recalls an evening spent with his alpha on White Rock lake.

“Where is Jessica?” Garth asks over a sip of coffee.

“She had an accident this morning, possibly broke her wrist.” Dean heads to the kitchen for another cup with Portia nipping at his heels. “She might be out tomorrow too.”

“Can you handle Gabe on your own?” Garth leans over the counter with concern.

The alpha has reason to be worried. Dean’s never been alone with Gabriel, there has always been a second, even third, person to help. The beta isn’t a huge undertaking, but keeping up with his medications, feedings, cleanings and other stuff isn’t a picnic for sure.

“We’ll be fine. Gotta jump in the deep end eventually, especially before we add another member to the brood.”

Garth chuckles. “Yeah, once the baby arrives taking care of Gabriel will have seemed like a holiday.”

“Exactly,” Dean murmurs; the nurse has nailed one of Dean’s biggest fears: not being able to care for all the people in his home.
Before Dean and Garth can chat more, Castiel emerges from the back room and gives Dean a kiss goodbye. “I assume we should be home by lunch.” His alpha then turns to Gabe. “You better be up by the time I get back so you don’t miss your interview.”

Both alphas leave Dean trying to accept the things he cannot change. After several deep breaths, Dean checks Gabriel’s binder and collects all his morning medications. The beta is not a fan of swallowing pills so all his medicine is in liquid form that can be squirited down his throat. Not hard, but it can become quite messy, which requires another change of clothes.

“Okay, you’ve been changed and cleaned, fed and medicated. I think Jess usually takes you out for a morning walk around the neighborhood. How does that sound?”

Another faint smile gives Dean his answer. He puts Portia’s leash on and his own running sneakers then they are out the door.

Texas in June is brutal even at 9:30 in the morning. Pushing a wheelchair while juggling an excited puppy who has no training on a leash is a new level of hell. Sweat drips from every pore on Dean’s body. He pauses every block to give Gabe, along with the puppy, a sip of water.

During a water break Dean drops to the curb, “How can I do this with a stroller?” The truth is crushing Dean with the understanding that he can’t. Gabe’s face appears consoling, those golden-brown eyes giving the equivalent of a pat on the back. “You’re right. Maybe by the time our baby comes Portia will have better leash manners. I should call a trainer. Thanks man, such an awesome idea.”

Dean positions himself behind the chair, leading the puppy along as the train heads back to the station. A small touch of hope rises in Dean’s chest. He can do this.

Meg’s cherry red BMW is in its spot in front of the house. Thank God, another set of hands will certainly be welcome today. Dean gets Gabe through the front door, then he’s encouraging Portia to stop sniffing the pillar she peed on earlier.

Finally, he steps through the doorway when out of the blue Meg appears before him yelling, “Who left out coffee? You know that scent makes me gag!”

“Shit! Sorry Meg I’ll totally cl—.” Dean doesn’t get to finish his sentence.

The woman carrying his precious child vomits all over Dean’s chest and pants, and a few glops land on Gabriel. Never has Dean seen someone scream with their eyes, but poor Gabe is cursing up a storm without saying a word. Meg tosses another pile to the floor, which Portia dives into with vigor.

It’s a puke massacre everywhere!! Yanking his shirt over his nose, Dean startles; his shirt reeks of whatever Meg ate this morning. He picks up Portia, rushing her to the back yard. “Meg, please go outside with Portia while I clean everything up.”

“Well.” She dry heaves as she scoots out the door. “Sorry about the mess.”

Dean shuts the door; he’s to blame. Damn it, he knew to have any resemblance of coffee out of the house before she came in at nine. How in the hell could he forget?? Rushing over to Gabriel, Dean realizes the second dose got all over Gabe’s leg and in the spokes of one of his wheels.

“For fuck’s sake!” Dean shouts, and Gabe’s eyes are screaming back because the poor dude can’t flee the growing stench. “I guess a shower for us would be best.” A chunk from his shirt slides off, adding to the pile on the hardwood floor.
Golden-brown eyes reply, ya think?

“Don’t be an ass.” Dean pushes the wheelchair to the bathroom off Gabriel’s bedroom. The shower was converted to a walk-in, and they bought a special shower wheelchair made of vinyl.

Grabbing a plastic bag, Dean strips them both down, placing the soiled clothes in the sealable bag. “You’re my brother and a beta. This shouldn’t be weird.”

Gabe laughs at him with his eyes. He also stares at Dean’s groin.

“Take a picture man, it will last longer.” Dean heaves Gabe onto his shower chair and turns on the water. “Not weird. Totally, fine.”

He sprays down Gabriel then does a quick rinse of himself. After they are finished, Dean dresses Gabriel and puts him in his wheelchair. Ten minutes later Dean’s got on fresh clothes, and the wheelchair no longer gives Gabe angry eyes.

“Alright, big guy I have to mop the floor. Wanna watch Cupcake Wars?”

The idiot beta bounces his eyes suggestively.

“I am not watching porn. Jess might be okay with watching Casa Erotica with you, but I have boundaries, man.” Dean shivers with disgust.

Rolling his eyes, Gabe gives Dean the stare-down.

“No! You will have to wait for Jess. I am a mated omega; Cas would flip his lid if he walked in on that.” Dean points at the black TV screen.

Gabriel submits, giving a tight nod. Dean shoves the wheelchair in front of the TV and puts on one of the many DVR’d Cupcake Wars. God, he’s exhausted, and it’s only eleven.

An hour later Cas and Garth return. His alpha immediately goes to Gabriel, giving the man a big hug. “I am sorry.”

Dean leans forward to catch Gabriel’s reaction since his alpha is crap at interpreting the beta. Gabe’s got forgiving eyes. “It’s okay, Cas. Gabe knows you’re doing the best you can.”

“Thank you, Dean.” Cas drops a kiss to Dean’s forehead. “I’m going to re-heat the lasagna for lunch.”

Golden-brown orbs bounce wildly.

“No, Gabe. You can’t chew, so it’s tomato soup for you.” Dean chuckles, rising to make the beta his soup.

Garth stands in front of them his mouth hanging open. “Are you communicating with Gabriel?”

Shrugging nonchalantly Dean responds, “Yeah, so what? Jess talks with him all the time.”

“No, she doesn’t, Dean,” Garth counters. “Nurse Moore talks to Gabriel, he doesn’t reply. Watch.” Garth strolls in front of Gabe’s wheelchair. “Should I turn off the TV?”

Nothing.

“Would you like a Pedia-Sure instead of soup?” Garth tries again.
Nothing.

Well, this is ridiculous; maybe Dean imagined it all in his head. He leans over to be face to face with Gabriel. “Do you want to watch porn?”

The beta grins, bouncing his eyes seductively.

“Holy moly!” Garth yells. “He responded.”

Castiel’s got a bag of chips in his hand, chewing on a recent bite as he saunters over. His alpha glances at Dean then glances at Garth. “I’m not surprised. Dean’s always reminded me of Samandriel. Not your scent but something deeper. Maybe Gabriel notices, too.” Cas tilts forward, his nose only inches from Gabriel’s. “No watching porn with my omega.”

The annoyed expression plastered on Gabe’s face is priceless. Dean can’t help but laugh until he cries.

Chapter End Notes

FYI TAG: Lot's of vomit

Comments, Questions, and Concerns are always welcomed and answered.

XOXOXOXO - Angie
Summer rain is such an odd thing. When the raindrops fall in the afternoon once the asphalt has cooked half the day, the water hitting the ground releases steam. Humidity skyrockets, literally making it hard to inhale. However, today Dean's having trouble taking a breath for an entirely different reason.

The large bay window in Dr. Rourke’s waiting room allows Dean to run astray in his thoughts as he stares at the steam rise. Castiel holds his hand. The alpha requested a few days ago that Dean attend a session with him. At first, he tossed the request aside as something to help Cas in his therapy, but the more his alpha persisted the more Dean knew the truth. Something was wrong.

Garth stayed home to help with the brood. Meg’s two months away from giving birth, so she isn’t much help but she tries nonetheless. He would have remained home, but again Cas persisted. A squeeze to his hand gives Dean a tiny push to look up at his mate.

A loving smile puts Dean’s worries at ease, a little anyways. His alpha cups Dean’s chin. “No need to stress, my Omega. There are just things that need to be said.”

“Okay,” Dean mutters, dropping his head to Castiel's shoulder. Why must it be said in a session with Dr. Rourke? Instead of mulling it over more, Dean simply watches the steam rise.

“Castiel,” Dr. Rourke announces, her soft features nothing but bright and cheery.

Both men stand, Cas leading his omega into the psychiatrist’s office. The room has a warm, earthy feel with shades of tan and green. A forest green sofa sits in the center where Dean and Cas take a seat. The pale green walls give Dean a pause as his eyes search out the window to a small garden. The bright green of the bushes and colorful flowers shine in the afternoon rain. No steam here.

Layla settles herself in a tan leather, high-back armchair. “Dean, I’m sure you are curious as to why Castiel wanted you to join us today?”

Chewing on his lip, Dean nods.

“Castiel, why don’t you share with your mate a few of your concerns?” Dr. Rourke scoots her chair forward, giving Dean’s knee a pat.

Shit! What the hell did he fuck up now?

His alpha takes Dean’s hands into his, grinning. “First of all, you didn’t screw anything up. I know you, my Omega, and that will be the first place your mind goes.”

Yep, now Dean’s blushing because of course Cas can read him like a book.
“Dean, I’m worried you are overextending yourself.” Cas tips Dean’s chin upward so they are staring at each other. “You spend every minute of every day either caring for someone or working in The Shed. I don’t want you to crash from exhaustion.”

Chuckling, Dean relaxes, “Is that was this is about? Me taking on too much? Don’t worry about it, Cas, I’m fine.”

Dr. Rourke clears her throat, getting both men’s attention. “I believe Castiel has a few deeper concerns.”

“Yes,” Cas sighs. “When was the last time you did something for yourself? I mean just for you. Kevin called me last week; it’s been a month since he’s seen you. Not to mention it’s been almost that long since we’ve been intimate.”

“Umm …what?” Dean runs the weeks through his head and fuck a duck it was June the last time they scened and at least two weeks since they even had vanilla sex. “Come on, Cas, it’s hard to find time for that with Gabriel in the house.”

“My brother goes to bed at 9 p.m.; we could easily find time for ourselves after he’s asleep.” Cas’s gaze pleads with Dean. Wow, his alpha is really missing the sexual healing.

Taking a moment, Dean runs down their days. “What about Portia?”

“Our …dog can handle being on her own for an hour. Seriously Dean, in two months we will have an infant in the house on top of everything else. We need to take time to enjoy each other before the baby arrives.”

Leaning back, Dean pulls his hand away. “Did you bring me here to complain about our sex life?”

Quickly Dr. Rourke intervenes, “No, Dean. Castiel and I are worried you are spreading yourself too thin and once your son arrives, well … it would be best to take time now to rest and relax. For both your sakes, so you are prepared for the upheaval of an infant in the house.” Her gentle smile calms Dean as her voice goes softer, “Castiel felt that finding time to be intimate might be a first step, but if you have something else that might help, please share with us.”

“I’m …” Dean’s not a quitter, he would give until there is nothing left for his family. Castiel needs him. Gabriel needs him. Portia needs him. Sam still needs him along with his nieces. Not to mention the fact that he has to keep working because his pension from the government only pays for so much.

Cas tugs Dean in close, his eyes never moving, “Please, my Omega, finish the sentence. I love you.”

With a rush of air Dean gasps, “I’m fucking tired.” A few stray tears add to Dean’s distress, “Sure, we have time in the evening to get freaky, but I barely have enough energy to brush my teeth. No way in hell can I take even the missionary position.”

“How can I help?” Cas’s question is genuine. “You are not alone, Dean.”

Rubbing his eyes harshly, Dean takes a moment to really ponder how his alpha can make things better. Dean’s day has no breaks. He wakes up, gets Cas, Gabe and Portia ready. Then, while the nurses are present, Dean works in The Shed or runs errands for Meg. His assistant’s ankles are swollen, and shopping has become a hazard. By 6 p.m. everyone leaves, and Dean has to cook dinner and care for Gabriel.

“I need a nap. On the days we want to have sex, I need to lie down for an hour in the afternoon,”
Dean’s brain races with ways to make it happen, “but Cas, that means losing an hour in The Shed or not doing things for Meg.”

Castiel glances over at Layla, shaking his shoulders before sitting up straight. “I will help out. Dean, you let me paint for hours.”

“You need that time to process your morning. I can’t take that away from you.” Dean’s not going to let all the work Cas has put into getting better go to shit over fucking.

Suddenly, his Dom’s strong hands tighten around Dean’s biceps; those blue eyes grow bold with power. “I can spend two hours in the afternoon aiding Meg in her duties. On nights we wish to scene, I will cook dinner so you can spend more time in The Shed.”

He knows that voice, there is no room for debate. Cas isn’t asking Dean, he’s telling him how things will be, and the omega sighs with relief. “Okay. If you are sure—”

“Stop.” Cas’s hand raises to halt Dean’s hesitations. “We are a team, it’s not your job to take on everything. I realize my mental health has put us in a precarious position, but in two months things will go from busy to ‘dear God almighty help us.’ Please listen to me, Dean. I can help, now and later.”

All the stress that’s been building on Dean’s shoulders bursts like a dam. A silent sob cuts through Dean as he tilts forward resting his face on his alpha’s chest. Loving arms surround Dean, embracing him while tender kisses litter his head.

A fear pops in Dean’s mind, “I don’t want to overwhelm you to the point you break, Cas. I’d rather be struggling on my own than for you to revert back.”

“My love,” Cas cards his fingers through Dean’s hair, “This will give me purpose, taking care of you is my number one priority. Let me be your alpha.”

They both start a bit when Dr. Rourke speaks. Dean’s pretty sure they forgot she was there for a second. “Alright, so let’s put a plan together for you two to scene tomorrow.”

“Wait,” Dean glares at Cas. “Does she know what we mean by scene?”

“Yes, my Omega. She’s a rather progressive therapist.” The smirk his alpha gives him is glorious.

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Someone is poking Dean in the belly. Why is someone with exceptionally long nails stabbing him in the side? Oh, wait! Giving his head a quick rattle, Dean opens his eyes to Meg standing over him.

“It’s been two hours; nap time is over, boss.” Her swollen belly tugs on her black t-shirt.

“I was only supposed to sleep for one.” Dean wipes the crust from his eyes. Shit, he slept like the dead.

Meg shrugs, handing him a glass of water. “Castiel said to let you go longer unless I really needed something, which I didn’t.”

“Where is he?” Dean stumbles out into the hall, finishing his drink.

“He and Garth took Portia and Gabe out for a walk while Jessica ran my errands for the day. With her wrist in a cast it’s easier for Garth to help shove brother Gabriel around the block.” Meg
chuckles, heading into the bathroom. “I’m still constipated, so this will take a while.”

“Thanks for the update,” Dean mumbles, heading to the kitchen. It’s a little after five, which means Dean needs to get dinner in the oven. All in all, he feels the mid-day rest has really energized him as he grabs the ingredients for his homemade meatloaf.

A few minutes later the front door swings open as Cas shouts, “Halt! I’m cooking dinner.”

“I’ve got the meatloaf nearly done Cas. No reasons to worry.” Dean scoffs washing the raw meat from his hands.

“Out to The Shed, Dean. One hour out there working and then dinner will be about ready. Go before I spank you,” the alpha commands with a wink.

Dean flashes a flirty grin, “You realize I don’t see that as a punishment, right?’

“Out!” Castiel roars, which has Dean horny, a horrible problem when trying to fix up cars. He obeys anyway because his alpha has promised an array of delicious toys and fun.

Rolling up The Shed’s garage door, Dean smiles at the gutted out 1969 Chevrolet Camaro ZL1. She’s a rare find. An old client discovered the bones in a junkyard in Mississippi and brought her here for Dean’s special touch. Yesterday he stripped the interior, so today is scrubbing with solvent. Several decades of open windows to the elements and the stench alone could knock someone unconscious. Placing a mask over his nose, Dean mixes the cleaner.

“You will be gorgeous again one day sweetheart.” Dean hums as he shoves against the brush to wash away the soot and grime. “All you need is a little attention.” After several passes, Dean checks for the progress, thrilled that the metal is beginning to peek through. “See darlin’, it just takes some love.”

A sharp pang hits Dean’s chest as an odd thought smacks his brain. Sam mentioned months ago how Dean thrived when taking something broken and building it into a piece of art. Maybe, this time around, Castiel was doing the same for him. He nudges the idea to the back of his head, allowing him to focus fully on the task.

“You missed dinner,” Cas’s voice slices over the rhythm of Dean’s scrub brush.

Tossing the equipment aside, Dean climbs out of the Camaro. “Thought I’d get this part done tonight so it can dry. Sorry, what time is it anyway?” Dean stretches feeling his back pop and muscles ache from working so long.

“After nine. Gabriel’s in bed, and I’ve put Portia up in our bedroom with a Disney video.”

Christ, he’s been out here for nearly four hours, no wonder his body feels like he’s ninety. “You took care of everyone without me?”

“Yes, that was the deal.” Cas gives Dean a quick kiss to his lips. “Do you still feel up to playing?”

“Hell, yeah I do. Just let me shower and eat.”

The two men stroll hand in hand towards the house, Cas smiling over at him. “Take a shower in the bathroom off the playroom. I’ll feed you as part of the scene.”

“Awesome.” Dean responds because sooner the better.
“Now close your eyes, and I will walk you to the bathroom. I don’t want to spoil the evening.” Cas waits for Dean to comply.

“Sure.” Dean shuts his eyes; he’s got complete faith in his Dom.

Shuffling his feet, Dean follows Cas’s lead until he hears the door to the bathroom close. The second his eyes open, Dean grins. There is a bubble bath with lit candles all across the space. A silver platter with mini cheeseburgers balances on the edge of the tub. “This seems a little overboard, Cas.”

“What’s your safeword, Dean?” Cas shoots Dean a smirk that rocks his world.

A small part of him wants to fight the spoiling; he needs pain, but there is just something about his alpha’s expression so he submits without question. “Poughkeepsie. And yours, sir?”

“Messenger. Get in the tub, my Omega.”

Castiel lifts Dean’s shirt over his head, those stunning fingers sliding down Dean’s exposed torso, slow and affectionate. Those nimble digits land on the button to his jeans, undoing them speedily. In moments Dean’s completely naked and stepping into the steaming tub. Watching the mist rise settles something in Dean’s heart. Here, he is cared for and loved.

Taking a washcloth, Cas scrubs every inch of Dean’s flesh murmuring words of praise the entire time. Every few minutes Cas holds a cheeseburger to Dean’s lips for a bite with a glass of ice water to wash it down. He can’t stop himself from asking, “Why are you doing this, Alpha?”

“Because you deserve to be taken care of, my love. You do so much for our family, and you would refuse if I did it outside of a scene. But here, I can truly say thank you.” Castiel uses those sexy hands to add shampoo to Dean’s hair.

The Alpha isn’t wrong. Dean typically hates to be doted on, yet over the months they’ve been together he’s learned to let his Dom have this. Exhaling loudly, Dean permits himself to lean into his alpha’s touch. “I love you, Alpha.”

“I love you, my Omega.” A gentle kiss lands on Dean’s neck just over the claiming mark.

Once the bubbles have subsided and the food gone, Cas dries Dean with a fluffy white towel. A kiss lands on every inch of Dean’s skin as Cas follows the swipes of the supple fabric. Cas places his hands over Dean’s, guiding him out to the playroom. In the center of the space is a mahogany leather cushioned portable table, sort of what a masseuse might use.

“Cas, a massage seems a little over the top after the tub.” Dean leans against the table.

“Dean.” Cas’s dominate voice sends shivers over the omega’s spine. “Trust me. I know what you need.”

With a quick bounce of his head, Dean obeys, lying face down. Wow, there is even a little doughnut hole spot for his face.

“Now, my Omega, would you like to hear your rules for this evening?”

Shit, Cas’s mouth hovers just over his ear the alpha’s lips, tickling the skin. “Please, Alpha.”

If there are rules then he will definitely be enjoying tonight.
“I will not be strapping you down.” Oil drips over Dean’s back, shoulders, and ass. Strong hands knead into the flesh as Cas continues. “You will hold yourself still like the good omega I know you are. Tonight, you may cum at will; in fact, let’s try for multiple orgasms, shall we? Scream all you want, Dean, although the one rule is you may not move. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir.” Dean falls into his sub head space simply showering his scrutiny on letting his limbs go slack. His alpha asks for stillness; Dean can surrender to Castiel’s will.

The luxurious massage continues down Dean’s right leg, then his left. Halting just above the ankle. All his muscles have become jelly after all the attention. A pause in Cas’s ministrations doesn’t even signal anything to the omega because he’s astray in pleasure.

A strike of a whip across his left butt cheek has Dean howling. His fists tighten with sheer determination to not move. Another hit across his right cheek. Dean scarcely has time to inhale before a third smack lands on his left shoulder. Swat after swat in rapid succession rains down Dean’s shoulder, back, ass, and thighs. Cas trails his previous track with the soft hands. The relaxed skin burns with rage from shock.

Dean cries out as the strikes land everywhere, constantly changing rhythm and harshness. Castiel wields the whip with precision; an eruption of bites and stings tear over Dean’s flesh. Tears of glorious anguish squeeze from his eyelids as Dean takes it all in, happily. God, it’s perfect. The pain, the pleasure swirling together making a beautiful pattern across his body and in his mind. Blending Dean’s horrible past with his amazing future. In one scene Cas has found a way to sew the two worlds Dean never thought could come together. He always felt he had to separate who he was with who he will become as Cas’s omega, but he doesn’t. It’s all him.

The good, the bad, the loving, the hating, the ugly, and the stunning, they all describe the man he was and who he shall become. Gentle tears evolve into sobs of realization.

Castiel has brought Dean to redemption.

“Poughkeepsie.” The word slips out of his mouth with ease. “Poughkeepsie.”

A crash to the corner signifies the whip being tossed aside with vigor. Cas pulls Dean up so they are face to face. His ass shrieks with rage from the blows. Dean ignores it.

“What’s wrong?” Cas searches Dean’s body for a deep cut, seeing none he glances back at the omega. “Tell me what I did wrong, Dean.” The panic in his alpha’s tone gives Dean strength.

“Nothing’s wrong.” Dean gulps in air so not to pass out. “I want to tell you something about my past. Please.”

“Alright.” Cas goes motionless merely to give Dean his undivided attention.

“I need to tell you the story of why I have been searching for atonement all these years.”

Chaotic black hair slides to the left with a curious expression from his alpha. “I believed it was a culmination of your many years of service to the CIA.”

“True. But there was this one omega girl who will haunt me forever, and for the first time in my life I want to tell someone. Will you listen, Cas?”

“Always.” Castiel’s hands seek out Dean’s, holding tight.

Dean takes a deep breath while preparing to be set free.
Chapter End Notes

BDSM TAGS: Movement Control, Impact Play

Comments, Questions and Concerns are loved, cherished, and answered. : )

XOXOXOXO - Angie
Her face has plagued Dean’s nightmares for years: soft red hair, beautiful hazel eyes that reminded him of Sam. Perhaps that was the problem. Dean’s never been honest about her death; he played it off as an easy out. Here with Cas the truth will finally see the light of day.

Cas’s hand gently cupping Dean’s chin pulls him from his dark memories.

“I want to hear your story, Dean, but can we go to the sofa and put some cream on your raw skin?”

“No.” Dean wraps his fingers around Cas’s wrist, hanging onto the man. “Let me have the pain for a bit longer; after the story is over you can clean me up.”

Loving lips are placed over Dean’s, brushing tenderly. “Whatever you need, my Omega.”

“Her name was Anna, an omega born to Richard and Amy Milton. She did nothing wrong. All that happened to her was done because of who her father is; she was innocent. I need you to understand that Anna didn’t have an evil bone in her body. She used her privilege and money to help sick kids. I …” Dean hiccups a sob, “I …I …kil—”

Long, nimble fingers hold Dean’s face. “Start from the beginning, Dean. A good story needs a beginning, middle, and end.”

“Richard Milton made his money in oil, on paper. The truth was he had a nasty side business of selling state secrets to the highest bidder. He used his position to learn things by throwing lavish parties twice a year, inviting the highest of government officials. Hell, even the president would attend. The CIA knew, but without proof there was no way to take down someone so powerful. Mr. Milton was not above blackmail to keep his business thriving.”

Dean glances up, staring into perfect blue eyes. He’d always had a fear of flying into the deep blue sky; the CIA erased the fear along with so much more.

After a breath, Dean speaks, “For years Milton kept his only child away from it all. European private schools, summer trips in the Caribbean, the man was smart and the CIA didn’t have a way in until Richard Milton was diagnosed with a brain tumor. Looking at his own mortality, Richard made a decision to bring his fresh out of college 23-year-old daughter into the business. Instead of running fundraisers for Saint Jude’s Hospital, she threw her very first information-seeking extravaganza. The door flung wide open, and I was sent in to learn her secrets.”

“You tortured and killed her?” Cas’s gaze searches Dean’s, yearning for the simple answer. There are none to be found.

“The CIA head honchos decided that Anna would be more useful as an informant. I wasn’t brought in to torture and kill her, not at first. My original mission was to enter her life, get her to trust me then turn her from her dying father.”
Sadness envelopes his alpha’s expression, his scent souring with realization. “You were asked to romance her.”

“Yes.” Dean looks away, disheartened. “Anna Milton enjoyed the company of male omegas, rare but not unheard of in certain circles. I was 26, a perfect age and candidate for the target.” A tear slips down Dean’s right cheek. “We met in June on the beach in Costa Maya, Mexico. I spilt her margarita down her white bikini. Offering to buy her a new one, we sat at the pool bar watching the ocean waves for hours. She was funny.”

His voice tight, Cas removes his touch. “Did you fall in love with her?”

Shaking his head, Dean snags Castiel’s chin, forcing him to look at the omega. “No. Cas she wasn’t my type, but she trusted me.”

Turning his head away, Cas clears his throat; obviously his alpha isn’t sure about Dean’s answer. The action stings worse than his butt. Standing, Dean snatches Castiel’s biceps, holding on for dear life. “Cas, it was a job; all the romance stuff meant nothing to me, near the end she became my friend, nothing else. I need you to believe me. You are the only person I have ever loved.”

Blue eyes glare back at him as Cas sighs, “Okay.”

“We dated for eight months. During that time two of her father’s parties happened, but Anna didn’t invite me to the first one and refused to discuss any of her father’s dealings with me.” Dean laughs, hollow and cold. “Anna was trying to protect me. Do you understand the absurdity of her attempting to keep me safe from her father’s world?”

“Anna was in love with you,” his alpha deadpans, his fists tightening.

“I was given two options. Get an invite to the next party or bring her in for an interrogation.” Dean rubs the back of his neck roughly, pacing the playroom. His ass continues to burn, yet the ache gives him a small release from the horrors. “Needless to say I never got an invite. She nearly broke up with me over how hard I pushed. The day after the second party a team picked her up outside my apartment.”

Dean’s body trembles, his teeth chattering; he can never take back what happened next.

“She was rushed to an underground safe house. No windows, no fresh air, they shackled her to a metal chair bolted to the cement floor and left Anna for me. Her face when I walked in, Cas, I’ve never felt such hate. She wanted me dead.”

Supple lips drag a kiss over Dean’s forehead. “You broke her heart.”

Unable to speak, Dean attempts to breathe, yet even that might be impossible. His eyes roll back into his head as Dean whimpers quietly, “I destroyed her.” A moment later Dean’s gaze returns to his alpha’s face. “Anna never relented. Question after question, I used every technique I had been taught to break her. Those hazel eyes shredded me from the inside out. Forty-eight hours later, Crowley joined me. He tried different tactics, but Anna was one stubborn omega. Eventually he decided that she would never sell out her dad.”

“Bleeding, bruised, water and food deprived; Anna never gave up a single secret.” Dean wrings his hands together. “Crowley knew the questioning and torture had been hard on me, so he gave me an out. I could walk away, and he would take care of the final step.”

Castiel’s eyes widen in shock. “There was no way to save her?”
“No, at that point her dead body was more valuable to the agency. It could be used to pit Milton’s allies against each other. Lead her dad to believe one of his friends murdered his daughter.” Dean’s bones ache from shaking so violently, even Cas holding him doesn’t alleviate the cold of Anna’s death. “Crowley went out to get a few supplies; he was only gone maybe two hours.”

Shutting his eyes, Dean won’t finish if he’s forced to look at his bright, beautiful future.

“Mr. Ketch arrived ten minutes after Crowley left.” His forehead rests on Cas’s shoulder, hiding from the ghosts of his past.

“Mr. Ketch?”

“He’s an alpha. The man who gets results when all else has failed. I sat in terror as he put together his tray. Castiel, the implements on that table made ME almost wet my pants. What I and Crowley did was terrible, but the things Ketch planned were inhumane. Death was a mercy.” Dean squeezes his mate, letting his ear fall to Cas’s heart.

Thump, thump, thump.

“Oh, Dean,” Castiel croaks out over his own silent tears.

“While Ketch filled his syringes with every drug imaginable, I slid a gun into the waistband of my jeans. In moments I was standing over Anna’s body. Her injuries were awful yet child’s play to what Ketch had in store. The agency only wanted a dead body; Ketch had total reign to enjoy himself. The man was a sadist, way beyond Dick or anyone else I’ve met. Death was a mercy.”

Lost in his mind, Dean can perfectly picture Anna’s gentle eyes pleading with him to let her go. The next part he whispers, “Anna’s jaw was broken, so she barely could speak. As I lifted the weapon I can still hear her saying please, please, please, like a song on repeat. She was pleading for her life even though it cost her excruciating agony. Placing the nozzle to her forehead, I ended it. The last word I heard from Anna was ‘please.’”

Dean’s knees give out as he plummets towards the floor. He never makes it. Castiel scoops him into loving arms, carrying him to the living room. The silence hangs between them as Cas lays Dean face down on the couch. Caring hands rub cream into Dean’s raw skin.

Silence rises, mimicking steam in the summer. A suffocating humidity pulls Dean down, making it hard for him to breathe. Cas’s hands never stop moving. The caress of his alpha is the only thing holding Dean together.

A warm body covers Dean’s, the oil between them creating a sensual slick slide. The alpha drops a kiss to Dean’s mating bite. “Don’t you understand what Anna was asking when she said please?”

“Please don’t kill me.” Another sob wracks Dean.

“Please don’t pull the trigger.” His voice falters over every word.

“Please save me.” The finality of the image breaks him. Dean can no longer speak.

Without warning, Dean’s being flipped onto his back so he can see eye to eye with his alpha. The man’s gaze is swimming in his own unshed tears. “No, Dean. She was a smart girl; she knew what was going on when Ketch arrived. There is no way your face didn’t scream what was next.”

Dean tilts his head to the side. “Huh?”
“Please. That is a harder word to say than simply no. Dean, my Omega, my love, her mouth was in dreadful pain. Why would she choose the word please over an easy … no?”

The cloud of guilt and regret clears, allowing Dean to picture those hazel eyes in their last moment. Anna knew she was going to die. Either after several rounds of torture from Ketch or a quick bullet to the head. “Oh my God.”

“Please, show me mercy.” Cas sighs into the space between them.

A gust of desire blows over Dean as he sits up, smashing his mouth into Castiel’s. The kiss tells his alpha everything. He requires the touch of his mate with a gentle caress only Cas can provide. Dean falls back, the cool of the leather from the sofa calming the ache from the whip.

Reaching out, Dean laces his fingers with Castiel’s and holds snug; he won’t let go. Cas yanks their intertwined hands above Dean’s head as the alpha’s hips slide between his thighs. The kissing never stops. Both their cocks grind against each other, the oil from the massage lightening the friction.

Inhaling deeply, Dean takes in the combinations of their scents — pumpkin with mint on a snowy day. Dean’s hole is wet from lusty arousal. The couch is probably ruined between the oil and slick, but shit, it's totally worth it as Cas writhes above him.

His powerful Dom releases one hand to reach down and guide his cock into Dean’s hungry entrance. Once in place, Cas thrusts inside him while placing his hand back into Dean’s. The alpha’s hips work a delicious rhythm pumping in and out of Dean. Tongues dance around each other as both men gasp for air.

All conscious thought drifts away. Dean’s sole focus is his mate; the stroke of his cock within him, the swipe of his tongue, the deep moans, and the growing scent of passion and peace.

Castiel finds peace in Dean’s arms. Dean discovers his redemption in Cas’s embrace.

One of Cas’s hands slithers back down to surround the omega’s cock, sending Dean over the edge. Castiel’s knot swells as the alpha shoots his load deep into Dean’s hole.

Opening his eyes, Dean stares into bright blue orbs. “Alpha.”

“Have I ever told you the story of how I became a Dom?” There’s a grin on his mate’s lips.

A chaste kiss to Castiel’s mouth, Dean replies, “I assumed it was from the need for control. You had no control the night of Samandriel’s death and no control over Gabriel’s spiral into drugs. In the playroom, you are the one pulling all the strings. The submissive’s pleasure, pain, and everything in between is totally your call.”

“You’ve been paying attention,” Castiel smirks.

“But if you have a cool story, I’m all ears. We’ve got time while we wait out your knot.” Dean wiggles his fingers free to drag them down Castiel’s spine. “Tit for tat, Clarice.”

“I don’t understand that reference.” Cas gives Dean’s shoulder a playful smack. “However, I’m pretty sure I should be offended.”

Shrugging, Dean smiles up at the man who’s his everything. “Tell your story, Alpha.”

“Well, your guess about needing control isn’t totally off. That is certainly a part of why dominating
another person satisfies my needs, yet there is so much more, my Omega.” Cas leaves a multitude of kisses across Dean’s face. “I was angry. Throughout my teenage years I watched Gabriel plummet into drugs and alcohol to hide from the memories of Samandriel’s demise. Gabe’s birth omega was gorgeous inside and out; like you, Dean. You both shine brighter than the sun, giving warmth to all those around you. The night Samandriel’s light went dark destroyed both myself and Gabriel. He turned to substance abuse and I, I was enraged at the world for stealing him from me.”

The affectionate gaze from Cas’s blue eyes turns dark. The memories swirl a touch of disgust into his minty aroma.

“I was 13 when I got into my first fight. Beat the kid bloody. The fights got more violent as I grew older. My own birth omega didn’t have a clue what to do with me. He introduced me to art. When I was creating something colorful and beautiful from a blank canvas, the wrath in my bones subsided. However, no matter how many classes I took, how many elaborate scenes I painted, the fury would return. Two days after my 18th birthday I spent the night in jail after putting Gabriel’s dealer in the hospital. No one knew what to do with me. Therapy was helpful but again the second I was out and that fucking bright sun hit my face I was reminded of what those assholes stole from the world.”

Dragging his fingers down Castiel’s cheeks, Dean asks, “You seem so patient now; Cas, I’ve never met a more reserved calm person in my life.”

“On my 21st birthday Lucifer sent me to live with a friend of his on a farm near Waco, Texas.”

“Was it a cult?” Dean’s dying of curiosity.

Chuckling Cas replies, “No it wasn’t a cult. His name was Cain. He was a bee farmer with his wife, Collette. Lucifer had started his matchmaking service and learned everything he knew about the BDSM lifestyle from Cain; he thought a summer on the alpha’s farm would be beneficial to me. He was right.”

“Did he take you on as a submissive?”

“My Omega, not all Doms begin as subsmissives. He was a farmer, artist and a Dom. For three months I learned how to calm my rage from the inside out. Yes, he taught me how to wield a whip, create the perfect scene for my omega but mostly we sat and watched the bees. Cain believed that a true Dom doesn’t strike their sub out of rage but a place of calm adoration.”

“I need to send this guy a fruit basket.” Dean suddenly senses a calm wash over his body. “He set you on the path to find me.”

Castiel nuzzles his head into Dean’s chin, placing gentle kisses along the omega’s collarbone. “Cain was an excellent teacher. However, I didn’t discover my true calling as a Dom until the day you opened your front door.”

“How’s that? I’m pretty sure I wasn’t your first.” Dean laughs as Cas rolls his eyes.

“No, but the instant I smelled your sad, angry scent, I knew. You needed me to be what no other person could be for you.” A luscious long kiss leaves Dean gulping down air.

This man above him has become Dean’s entire world. Of course, Dean could never have guessed the journey, yet he wouldn’t change a thing. “What was that?”

“A person whose only goal is to love you with everything I have. Dean, you alone are my dawn.
The sun rises again with you. Thank you.”

Always a man of many words, Dean mumbles, “Shit.”

Minutes go by as Dean simply stares at his alpha, his Dom, his lover. Jesus, the man he will raise a child with in only a few months. Their breaths become one, slowing as the rush of the moment runs out, leaving them both exhausted. Dean permits his eyelids to droop until he tumbles into a peaceful sleep. For the moment, everything is right in Dean’s world.

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“Holy penis!”

Dean shoots up so quickly he rams his head into Castiel’s chin as Nurse Moore screams incoherently.

“Ouch!” Dean and Cas yell in unison.

They are scrambling to stand both snatching the same blue quilt to hide their naked bodies. Taking control, Cas wraps the only piece of fabric near them around his and Dean’s hips.

“Jessica, what are you doing here?” Castiel inquires, his voice still quite shrill.

“Umm, I’m only 15 minutes early. You better lock up the playroom because Garth’s so vanilla we could nickname him Extract.” The nurse snickers at her own joke.

Castiel halts in his shuffling towards their bedroom, sending Dean slamming into his alpha’s back. “Wait! You saw our playroom?”

With a sigh of annoyance, she says, “Yes, seriously, it’s pretty tame. You really need a rubber-sheeted bed in there; just saying.” She winks, skipping off to make Gabriel’s breakfast.

And of fucking course said brother is sitting in his wheelchair glaring at them with stern golden-brown eyes. Dude’s not even shocked, Gabe’s probably more annoyed they forgot to get him up this morning.

That’s when the missing baby has Dean streaking past the beta, leaving the blanket around Cas. “Portia!”

All Dean hears from behind him is Castiel screeching, “Don’t look at his dick, Gabriel.”

“How else can the poor guy get his jollies?” Dean throws over his shoulder as he opens the door to a horrid stench.

His sweet Portia stands on top of their bed with pee and shit smeared everywhere.

“Fuck my life.”

Cas kisses Dean’s shoulder as he saunters in, “Okay, point taken, little Miss. Next time we won’t leave you overnight.”

Even while scrubbing dried shit from Portia’s fur, Dean can’t keep the smile from his face. He’s found his happily ever after.

Chapter End Notes
All the love,

XOXOXOXO - Angie
CAS POV

Home. The word has so many meanings, but to Castiel Novak it’s one person. The omega has truly helped in creating a safe, loving home for their growing family. Cas exits their bedroom, strolling down the hall to the nursery. He’s proud of the final product. The heavily green nursery rhymes theme brings a smile to Castiel’s face. The dark cedar crib with matching chest of drawers and changing table completes the space for their son.

The twin bed in the corner has a Meg-shaped bump. She slumbers in her new room; Meg will be living here until the baby is a couple months old. They plan to use a bassinet in their own bedroom in the beginning so Meg will have the room to herself. Cas believes Dean just wants to spoil Meg before and after she births their child. Although having her down the hall this close to her due date puts them all at ease.

Portia whines at Cas’s feet. He scoops up his puppy, letting her snuggle into his chest.

“Watching someone sleep can be considered creepy stalking behavior,” the mound under the covers mumbles.

Tilting his head back, Cas jostles his princess with a boisterous laugh. “Doubtful; you live in my house.”

Peeking over the tan comforter, Meg grumbles, “Touché.”

“How can it be 90 degrees in September?” Hannah announces as she walks through the front door. Cas hustles to meet her, replying in a deadpan, “It’s Texas.”

Hannah’s here to help, but of course his sister brushes past him to hunt down the pregnant omega taking a nap in the back. Dean passes him, dragging a small rolling suitcase and settling it by the front door. His omega takes his breath away; he’s so radiant. His emerald green eyes are full of hope, for a future Castiel has only begun to understand. Dropping a kiss to Cas’s cheek, Dean steals Portia, rocking her back and forth in strong arms.

“I can stay,” Dean pleads.

“We’ve talked about this, my Omega. You were invited to speak at the Muscle Cars and Corvette National Car Show. Participating at this event can bring your work to the national level. It’s being held in Austin this year, so you won’t be more than three hours away.” Cas tugs on Dean’s chin, giving his precious sub a smile. “You deserve a break.”

Dean has spent the past few months focused on everyone but him. This night away in a luxury hotel suite might be difficult but, oh, so necessary. Dr. Rourke was the one to suggest the idea, but when the conference called asking if Dean would take a panel slot, Cas knew this would be a perfect
“Three hours and twenty minutes away,” Dean huffs, shooting his lower lip out. Castiel would give the pouting appendage a bite if they had the time. “I’ll be gone overnight. We haven’t been apart this long in …,” Dean whines, “forever.”

Yanking Dean into his arms, Cas squeezes, battling the urge to never let go. Portia, happily trapped between them, hums her approval. Dean’s business needs the limelight to thrive. Castiel’s not blind. Dean’s work, now and in the past, pays for their comfortable lifestyle. All he has to do is stay positive till the Impala leaves the driveway.

“Didn’t you say the hotel had a pool?” Cas whispers into his omega’s ear.

With a wave of his hand, Dean replies, “Yes, but what about Meg?”

“Don’t you blame me, Winchester. I’m two weeks from my due date, and the OB said I’ll probably go past.” Meg heads for the kitchen, her bare feet slapping on the hardwood floors. Strange how much Castiel misses the clicking of her outrageous heels.

Garth and Jessica are fussing over a new voice box keyboard for Gabriel’s wheelchair. Castiel’s brother still hasn’t been able to speak or move anything below the neck, but by using his mouth to hold a laser pen he can type out sentences and the computer will speak for him. Castiel still can’t believe Ash just had something this advanced sitting around his house. God might be a proper name for him.

“Don’t go yet,” Jessica shouts, clipping the board to the side of the wheelchair. “We are almost done. Then we can all hear Gabriel’s first words in over a year.”

The entire household huddles around Gabriel as Garth finishes the last connection. “Okay, Gabriel give it a try.”

Slowly Gabe moves the sensor to each letter or word choice. The voice box won’t start until Gabriel hits enter so they all wait. Dean’s starting to fidget as Gabe continues to type. Castiel suspects his brother’s snail’s pace might be hamming it up for the attention.

You are all assholes for not thinking of this sooner.

Dean gives a curt nod. “And on that great speech I’m out of here.” With a quick kiss to Castiel and a big hug to Portia, his omega flies out the door. Dean has always been a rip the band-aid quickly kind of person.

I think we need a naked day.

“Would it be rude to take away his voice?” Garth stage whispers to Castiel.

Castiel, you won the lottery with that omega’s ass.

And cock, a thing of beauty.

Cas rushes to the backyard, praying for a chore to complete. “Dear Lord, what have we done?”

Jess, Casa Erotica waits for no man.

The silence once the door shuts behind Castiel feels wonderful. Looking down he notices Portia running off to mark the yard. Garth shuffles out behind them.
“On a scale of one to ten, how much do you regret agreeing to the electronic voice box? Ten being holy moly burn that keyboard now.” Garth smirks with pleasure.

“Seven.” Cas answers, sitting down at the patio table. That’s not a lie; he still believes Gabriel needs the ability to express himself. He simply forgot what that would entail. Brain damage or not, it’s still the same beta on the inside.

Hannah joins them a few moments later. It seems the sweltering heat of Texas is easier to deal with than a talking Gabriel. “I consider myself a forward-thinking omega, but I refuse to watch porn with my brother.”

“Sorry you consented to help out with Dean gone for the night?” Cas’s heart tugs on the word gone. He’s really going to miss his mate, even if it’s only for one night.

“Not at all; Gabriel is nothing new. Although the female voice is a tad disconcerting.” She chuckles as they all watch Portia sniff and growl at a stone garden gnome.

Once Jessica announces that she and Gabe are heading out to a PT appointment, the group re-enters the house. Castiel’s nearly doused his t-shirt with sweat, so he heads to the kitchen for a glass of lemonade. Meg is bent over the dining room table, breathing heavily.

At first Castiel wants to give her a wide berth. Perhaps, she is practicing a labor technique, yet when he spots her face the expression is tight with pain.

“Meg, are you alright?” Castiel’s nearly doused his t-shirt with sweat, so he heads to the kitchen for a glass of lemonade. Meg is bent over the dining room table, breathing heavily.

“I think I’m having a contraction,” she huffs out, her glassy gaze turning to the alpha. “What should we do?”

Castiel drops the tumbler as glass shatters across the floor. He’s attempting to find his phone to call Dean for help, but the damn thing’s stuck in his jeans. So now he’s spinning in a circle grabbing at his ass and thrilled he left his shoes on when they came back inside.

Loud, shrieking laughter halts his bizarre behavior in its tracks. Meg howls, her entire body rolling in giggles, “Gotcha!”

“Excuse me, there is no gotcha here.” Cas does comprehend the reference, but he can’t think why anyone would pretend labor as a joke.

“I’m bored, Castiel,” Meg huffs, throwing a used napkin in his general direction. “Dean thought it was funny.”

“No, Dean had to breathe into a paper bag,” Garth replies, broom and dustpan in hand.

Castiel points in Meg’s direction, “No faking labor. I grew up with a trickster so I don’t mind the occasional practical joke, but not this Meg.”

“Fine,” she huffs heading to the couch. “When does Gabriel get back? I bet that voice would be hilarious telling dirty limericks.”

Garth finishes cleaning up the shards of glass, stopping at Cas’s elbow, “You okay?”

“I can do this.” Cas won’t lie; he’s slightly left of okay, but for 24 hours he will keep it together for his omega. He goes to his painting corner; a few hours of silence while Gabriel’s away might be beneficial.
I'm home bitches.

Cas cringes at the automated female voice. With a grimace, he cleans his brushes as he listens to Meg encourage his brother to tell her dirty jokes. The man finally has the ability to communicate, and he uses it to curse and to annoy Castiel. Oh, what the hell was he expecting?

“I think Portia needs a bath,” Cas tells the room.

Her little black ear perking up at her name, Portia trails behind him to the master bathroom. Dean’s typically the one to give Portia her weekly bath, but today Cas will do it. He fills the tub with warm water, placing their princess in the oversized bathtub. The puppy splashes with delight as Cas uses a large cup to drown her fur in water. Grabbing her sensitive-skin puppy shampoo, Cas starts to lather it in when Jess and Gabriel roll into the tight space.

“I’m going to be hanging in the bedroom if you need me,” Nurse Moore announces before turning and disappearing.

There once was a fellow McSweeny. Who spilled some gin on his weenie. Just to be couth.

Without thinking Castiel sprays Gabriel with water as he mutes the rest of the speech. “Dinner will be in a few hours. Why don’t you and Hannah come up with a menu?”

I want to say something.

Rinsing Portia’s tiny body, Cas sighs, “Gabriel, you've been saying a lot today.”

Please listen.

Gabriel’s expression is solemn, so Cas nods and places Portia on a towel, rubbing her dry. “You have my attention.”

Thank you

“You are welcome.” Cas grins, rising with a yelping puppy in his arms.

Immediately the beta types furiously, so Castiel pauses. He’s not sure what’s going on, but Portia could stand a few more swipes of the towel. Eventually, Gabe’s automated voice rings out.

Thank you for being an excellent brother. Not just now but before. I put you in a horrible position, and you did the best you could. I know my bad choices have caused you pain and yet you still bring me to your new home. Your omega cares for me every day. You are an amazing brother, Castiel.

The voice box mispronounces Cas’s name, causing Gabriel to scrunch up his face in frustration.

The lump in Cas’s throat prevents him from laughing. All the guilt he felt the night Gabriel stormed out of their house boils over. Tears slide down the alpha’s cheeks. Speaking is a struggle, but Cas chokes out. “I will always be your brother. I love you, Gabriel.”

Rushing forward, Castiel clumsily hugs Gabriel in his wheelchair. When he pulls back, Gabe once again types on his keyboard.

I love you too. You mushy old man.

“I adore you, Gabriel, but right now I want to snap that keyboard in two.” Castiel stares at the expensive piece of equipment with disdain.
Cas slumps against the tub, watching as Jess maneuvers Gabe from the bathroom. Portia sits next to him carefully observing her papa. Dragging his hand over her tiny head, Cas smiles. “I have my brother back, sweetheart.”

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“Maybe once the baby arrives we can have him throw up on the keyboard,” Dean suggests.

Cas chuckles, pacing in the backyard. Listening to his omega over the phone just isn’t the same. “I shall keep that in mind. Hey, how was the pool?”

“Dude, I didn’t make it to the pool. Ask me why? Come on, Cas, just ask.”

Shaking his head, Cas obeys his mate, “Why didn’t you make it to the pool?”

“My suite has a fucking hot tub. In the middle of the freaking room, Cas! I’m currently resting my bones in bubbly water, naked.”

The image is making Cas hot under the collar. With a slight growl he replies, “Now I regret not joining you.”

“I know, right?” The alpha can hear splashing through the phone. “But I would not be enjoying myself if no one was home with Meg. So thanks, Cas.”

“We could get one,” Cas offers, peeking around a bush to find Portia digging a hole. “Stop, don’t do that.”

“Umm, I didn’t think you could hear me.”

After shooing Portia away, Cas suddenly tries to catch up to the conversation. “What are you talking about, Dean?”

“What are you talking about?” Dean sounds suspicious.

“That we could get a hot tub for the house, and then I had to get Portia out of the bushes. What were you talking about?” Cas switches ears; he snaps to get Portia’s attention. Her black fur makes it hard to see her in the dark. The alpha nearly yelps when her fur slides against him out of nowhere.

“Fine, I’m masturbating.”

Both men pause, then Dean speaks first, “Did you just scream?”

“Dean, it’s after midnight, and I forgot to turn on the lights. I was startled.” Cas sighs, finally identifying the puppy’s location and picking her up. “Wait! Are you masturbating right now?”

“I’m having a nice slow roll, wanna head back to the bedroom and finish me off, Alpha?”

Castiel moves so fast he barely replies, “Yes.”

Between the phone and Portia, Cas has to jostle the doorknob to get it open, deciding to put their princess down. She’ll head straight to the bedroom for her good girl treat. “Shit, Dean I really should have turned on a light.”

“Where’s Hannah?”

“She went to bed around ten and Meg shortly after. I didn’t want to wake anyone up.” Cas
whispers as he hears Portia’s nails clacking against the hardwood floors.

Then the noise stops.

Castiel rushes forward worried about what caused Portia to stop her prancing about the space. When he walks smack into a dark mass that grunts. A man-size mass that should definitely NOT be there. Already spooked from before, Cas shrieks so loudly his throat hurts while tossing his phone into the air.

“Castiel, hush.” The intruder knows his name, which does not help him to calm down AT ALL!

Dean’s voice shouts through the phone in a panic, clearing the alpha’s mind so that Castiel halts the screaming. The person in question steps back, flicking on the light.

“Crowley! What the fuck are you doing in my house?” Cas shouts. He snatches the phone from the floor. “Dean, sorry, Crowley decided to let himself in while standing in a dark room.”

“Jesus, that asshole is going to get an ear full when I get home.” Dean settles and begins laughing.


“What the bloody hell is that?” Crowley points towards the sound as he pets the Pug in his arms.

Listening for a few moments Cas’s head tilts to the side, “I think Gabriel is screaming.”

“It’s like an A massacre,” Crowley responds with an annoyed expression.

With such an adrenaline rush, it takes Castiel nearly an hour to fall asleep. The lack of a muscular, handsome omega lying next to him doesn’t help either. Eventually Cas does pass out to the snores of Portia curled up on Dean’s pillow.

The room is pitch black and yet Castiel’s eyes are open. Why would he wake at, he glances at the alarm clock, 5:40 a.m?

A soft feminine hiss of, “Castiel!” Would be the reason.

Rubbing his eyes, Cas sits up. “Meg, what’s wrong?”

“I’m hungry.”

“We have food in the kitchen. Why are you waking me up?” Cas grumbles, jealous as Portia snores away.

“I had to piss so bad it was making my back ache.” Meg flicks on the lamp near their bed, Cas flinching from the light. “Dean always makes me an omelet.”

“At five in the morning?!” Cas usually sleeps in so this is news to him.

She rolls her eyes. “Whenever the baby needs to eat. He’s a lot nicer about it, too.”

“Fine.” Cas stumbles out of bed and follows Meg to the kitchen.

Scratching his bare chest and yanking at his pajama bottoms, Cas tries to calculate how much sleep he got last night. The closest accurate number is maybe four and a half hours. “How often does Dean get up at this ungodly hour?”
Sitting down at the dining room table, Meg props up her poor swollen feet. “Since I moved in with you guys, why?”

“I really need to help out more.” Although, Cas does recall Dean stating that four hours is all he needs, but that seems unhealthy long term. Opening the fridge, he asks, “What kind of omelet am I making?”

“Spam and pineapple; Dean uses a little milk so the eggs are super fluffy, along with a tall glass of orange juice.”

He collects the ingredients and begins chopping the spam and pineapple into small squares when Meg appears at his side. Cas ponders as he slices, “We should do something special for Dean before the baby arrives, maybe a party?”

“Do what you gotta do, big Alpha; I’m busy literally making a person for him so my debt is cleared for like years to come.” Meg pops a stray pineapple piece in her mouth, talking as she chews. “Since we have a moment alone I wanted to tell you, Castiel. You will make a really good dad for the kid.”

Castiel’s breath hitches in his throat. It takes some effort to exhale, “I actually needed to hear that.”

“I know you and I have never really bonded or whatnot, but I wouldn’t be doing this if I wasn’t 100% sure in both of you guys as parents.” She then punches him in the shoulder quite harshly. “Now, make my food and don’t screw it up.”

Once Meg begins eating, Cas sits across from her at the table, hoping she goes back to bed so he can sneak some coffee. His head resting against his palm, the alpha’s eyelids are so heavy he’s battling to keep them open.

A loud squawk from Meg stirs Castiel from his nap. The pregnant omega rubs at her back. “Man, these stupid back pains just won’t let up.”

“I’m not falling for it a second time, Meg,” Cas mumbles as he longingly gazes at the silent coffee machine.

Her uncomfortable groaning grows a little louder as Meg’s eyes go wide. “Crap, I think I just wet my pants.”

Bending over to look under the table at the mess, Castiel realizes what’s going on; he sits up so quickly he whacks the back of his head on the corner of the table. Rubbing the sting away, Cas shouts, “That’s not pee!”

Chapter End Notes

We are edging ever so close to the end my lovelies.

As always drop me a comment, XOXOXOXO - Angie
The front desk woman smiles warmly at Dean as she prints out his final bill. “Trying to beat the early morning traffic?”

“No, I’ve been getting up before six most mornings to make a pineapple and Spam omelet.” Dean winks at the beta when her nose scrunches in confusion. His eyes flew open at 6:05 a.m., and he couldn’t come up with a reason to not throw his shit into his bag and hightail it home.

She hands him the papers. “Have a safe trip, sir.”

“Thanks.” He returns her smile, heading out to the self-parking section because those guys were crazy to think he’s handing over Baby’s keys.

The sun peeks out over the horizon, giving the morning that shiny new look. Dean tosses his suitcase in the trunk when his phone rings. An adorable picture of his alpha sleeping with Portia on his chest pops up on the screen.

“Hey Cas, what’s up?”

“Are you driving?” Cas’s tone is worried.

With a tight frown Dean replies, “No. I just checked out and am heading back early. Why?”

“I don’t want you to speed or do anything rash.”

Suddenly Dean hears another voice over Cas’s last two words, “Fuck me, this hurts! I want an epidural.”

“Cas.” The word “epidural” sends Dean’s mind reeling. “Where are you?”

“I want all the drugs!” He would know Meg’s voice anywhere.

Cas cuts through his assistant’s rantings. “Crowley is kindly driving Meg and me to the hospital while Hannah stays home with Gabe and Portia.”

His stomach plummets to the ground as Dean croaks out, “Why are you going to the hospital, Cas?”

Cursing erupts from the other end as muffled thumps fill the empty sound. Then Meg answers crankily, “My water broke, dumbass! The baby is coming now, so get back here pronto, Daddy.”

“What?” Dean squeaks as he rushes to the driver’s side door. It takes him three times to get the key in the lock. “Cas! Put Cas on the phone.”

More shuffling noises, then the tightly wound alpha speaks, “Get here safely, Dean.”

“Okay.” Dean pulls out of the parking spot, taking the turn onto the road at a dangerous speed.
“Cas?”

“Yes, Dean.”

“We are about to be dads.” Dean’s foot hits the accelerator harshly.

“Yes, my love, our baby boy is on his way.”

Neither man speaks as the reality of the situation settles between them in the dead air.

Eventually Cas whispers, “I love you; drive safe, my Omega.”

“I’ll be there soon.”

Dean hits end, placing the phone next to him. Thank God he filled up Baby’s tank yesterday when he went out searching for a good diner for pie. He can make it to the hospital in record time. There is no way in hell he’s letting Cas see their baby first. With his eyes solely focused on the asphalt, Dean travels home.

Rushing into the Labor and Delivery ward at Baylor University Hospital, Dean spots Cas by the swinging double doors that head towards the laboring people. He knows the instant his scent hits Cas, because his alpha’s shoulders relax.

“You made it,” Cas sighs, standing and embracing Dean.

“I broke ALL the speeding laws, but there was no way in hell I was going to be late,” Dean jokes as they both sit down, staring at the ominous doors. “Jess here?”

“Yes, she arrived about an hour after us.” Cas weaves his fingers through Dean’s, pulling their hands into the alpha’s lap. “We could get some coffee; this can take hours.”

Dean nods, but neither man goes to move from the uncomfortable plastic chairs in the waiting room. Glancing around the space, Dean notes a couple other alphas, an older couple and a beta watching three kids climb on the row of chairs in the back of the room. Dean’s the only omega without grey hair.

“We could check in on Meg, see if she needs anything,” Dean ponders.

“No, my Omega, we will honor her wishes.” Castiel raises their combined hands to kiss Dean’s knuckles. “She is giving us an amazing, breathtaking gift; we can follow her rules.”

“Meg’s rules suck ass, Cas.” Dean pulls back his hand so he can cross his arms over his chest.

Castiel clearly has zero patience for a bratty sub as he snags Dean’s chin in his palm. “Dean, we will sit in this waiting room happily. Once our son has been born, Jessica will bring him to us. I have already put our things in the scent bonding room upstairs where we will spend the first 48 hours of our child’s life. Meg simply needs to have a separation from us during this time when she is at her most vulnerable. Did you not read the book I gave you about birth omegas and adoption?”

“Yes, Cas, I read the book.” Dean leans his head into Cas’s hand. “It’s best to give Meg her privacy during the birth so she can say goodbye to the baby in her own way. Then, it’s just us and our son in the room for two days while he acclimates to our scents and we bond as a family unit.” Chewing on his lip, Dean voices his fears, “Cas, until Jess brings out the baby Meg can legally change her mind.”

“I know.” Cas hugs Dean, the omega laying his head on the alpha’s shoulder, inhaling the glorious
Boredom appears to be sweeping the waiting room as Dean fidgets in his seat. The three children in the corner have gone from giggling to full-blown rowdy. They’ve managed to turn over a fake potted plant, pull two paintings off the walls and give the oldest sibling a black eye. The toddler has one hell of a right hook. A brunette nurse came and got the brood a few minutes ago, and the lucky assholes went down the hall past the swinging double doors.

Dean misses the distraction. Cas went to get coffee, leaving Dean to stare at the painting across from him. His alpha could paint circles around this clown of an artist, but Dean stares nonetheless because he’s got jack shit to do. The artist did a rendering of a pond next to a farm. Not really sparkin’ the creative vibe, and it’s one of those kind of realistic but also a little bit impressionism. Dean’s sure there is a proper name for it but doesn’t care enough to ask Castiel.

The water of the pond glistens with the reflection of a red barn on the farm. Dean pulls out his phone, starting a game of classic Tetris he downloaded. It’s better than watching a scene that will never change.

Cas returns, and it's more of the same.

Over the next few hours Dean watches the inhabitants of the waiting room come and go, jealous of their ability to walk through the swinging doors to the L&D floor. Dean will never cross that threshold. Jess will bring out the baby as they head up to bond while Meg recovers in her private room. He won’t see her until it's time for them all to head home together, their son properly bonded to them and not Meg. Dean worries this plan will backfire and Meg will regret her choices. It's highly unlikely knowing Meg yet Dean still frets.

Hannah brings them a late lunch, checking in on Meg’s progress. She gets to cross the doors. Dean kind of wants to punch her; at least she returns with the first update in hours. “Everyone is healthy, and Meg’s labor is progressing nicely.”

“Thank you, Hannah.” Cas pats his sister's arm.

“Of course, give me a call when my nephew arrives.” She places a kiss to Castiel’s cheek, then one on Dean’s forehead. “I need to get back, Garth is fine keeping the peace in short bursts but my alpha gets surly when Gabriel pushes his buttons.”

Finally.

Dean’s stopped watching those teasing doors, his gaze focused on a game on his phone. His attention gets pulled away with Castiel’s soft, “Dean.”

He never saw the doors swing open, but now Nurse Moore stands above them holding a baby in her arms, a bright rainbow blanket wrapped around the squiggly person. “Are you guys ready to meet your son?”

With a silent nod of his head, Jessica places the bundle into Dean’s arms. Lowering his eyes, Dean opens the blanket, revealing a beautiful pink infant with nothing but a diaper on his butt and a knitted crème cap on his head.

“Hello, buddy,” Dean whispers, leaning in to sniff that addicting newborn scent.

His son.

Ten little toes, ten little fingers, eyes a bright shiny blue, dark strands of wild hair and the softest skin
Dean’s ever touched. Remembering the woman who made this miracle possible Dean asks, “How is Meg?”

“Highly medicated and being moved to her room as we speak. I will stay with her until it’s time for all of us to head home.” Jess smiles, dragging a finger over the infant’s tiny forehead. “She did a great job.”

“She’s my hero,” Dean murmurs, bouncing the baby when he starts to fuss.

Cas has been leaning over Dean’s shoulder since he first took their son into his arms. He’s positive the alpha wants a turn, but only when Dean’s ready to let go. The alpha might be shit out of luck for a while.

“If Meg needs anything, let me know,” Cas shares tenderly. “And thank you, Jess, for being her Lamaze coach.”

“I was happy to do it.” The nurse grins, stepping back. “I’ll see you two after the 48-hour bonding.”

Slipping back through those double doors, Dean doesn’t even care that he can’t go too because everything he’s ever wanted is right here.

Castiel guides Dean by the elbow, maneuvering his tiny family towards the closest elevators. In the corner of the third floor is a quiet ward with only a few nurses wandering the halls. Scent bonding is essential for new families. In a traditional family the alpha, omega, newborn, and any siblings will spend a few days mixing their smells as the infant discovers their place.

Never looking up, Dean and the baby make it to their room under the watchful eye of a loving alpha. Not needing a ton of space, it’s a simple white sterile room. A double bed sits in the corner with a tiny bathroom off to the side. A TV hangs from the wall along with a baby changing station. In the center of the room sits a bassinet on wheels. Dean glares at it with disdain, because his son will sleep in his arms.

In a far corner rests a fluffy rocking chair. Dean immediately sits down, watching as his little guy grabs at the air. He places a finger in his son’s palm, smiling as the newborn gives the digit a delicate hold.

The door opens and a beta nurse grins brightly at them. “Hi, Novak family. I’m Alicia Banes; do you guys need anything?”

Dean’s about to ask for a bottle when a loud assertive growl erupts from his alpha. Cas is tensing for a fight, “Leave.”

Immediately the nurse steps back until she’s tight against the wall. “I am not a threat to your family, alpha.”

“What the hell, Cas?” Dean queries; he’d slap the guy if his hands weren’t full.

“Don’t worry, Omega Novak, this is a normal reaction for a new adoptive alpha father. You haven’t scent bonded with your son so he’s vulnerable, can I assume he’s a tad overly protective maybe even dominant?” Nurse Banes’ voice remains calm and gentle to not threaten Cas.

The question and stress of the situation have Dean bursting out in embarrassing giggles. "Understatement, Alicia.”

“Now the staff knows, and we can adjust. I’m a beta. All the food and supplies we bring in will be
scent neutral, and the nurse will simply push a tray into the room. When you are finished leave it outside the door for collection. There is a phone on the wall, dial 04 for the nurses station if you need anything during your stay. After 48 hours we will test the waters again; if your Alpha is still agitated then we can add another day to your stay. Please, don’t stress; this is nothing I haven’t seen before.”

“Thank you, Nurse Banes. Do you have a bottle for our son?” Dean’s stomach rumbles as he adds, “Maybe something for the adults to eat, too.”

The nurse reaches in her oversized pocket, pulling out a tiny bottle. “Let him eat as much or as little as he wants.” She places the bottle on a shelf by the door as she pulls it open, asking, “Do you have a name for your son?”

Another growl mumbles from behind Dean as he answers, “Samandriel John Winchester Novak.”

“Nice to meet you, Samandriel,” Alicia whispers then slips out the door.

Standing, Dean turns to face his alpha. The man in question is huffing loudly; his gaze locked on the door as if at any moment another threat will enter. “Hey,” Dean weaves his head back and forth but the alpha’s gaze never moves, “Hey Cas!” No movement so the omega tries another tactic. “Alpha, please help me?”

A millisecond later Cas glares down at Dean. “Anything.”

“Can you go sit on the bed with your legs open, please, Alpha?” Dean tilts his head so the mating mark flashes at Cas.

Within moments Castiel has obeyed. The alpha’s back is against the headboard with his legs spread wide. Dean snatches the bottle then climbs on the bed with Cas, settling between those glorious thighs. Leaning against Cas’s front, Dean begins to feed Samandriel.

“Hold me, Alpha.”

Warm, tender arms surround Dean and their son as both men watch the infant take his first feeding.

Several minutes later Castiel appears calmer, the alpha’s nose sniffing into Dean’s neck. “You are safe.”

Releasing an aroma of contentment and happiness, Dean kisses Samandriel’s little nose. “We are loved.”

Once the baby drifts off to sleep, Dean shifts so he and Cas are lying on their sides, facing each other with Samandriel in the middle. Castiel’s fingers pull back the swaddling blanket, ghosting over the supple pink flesh.

“This is real,” Cas murmurs, his eyes never leaving the child between them.

Dean battles to remain serene. “Yes, Cas. You and I are parents.”

“I’m not struggling, Dean.” Cas lifts his hand to cup Dean’s chin affectionately. “This isn’t confusion, it’s awe. In spite of everything, the universe gave us a child to love.” The alpha returns to carefully inspecting every inch of the tiny human. “I love you both so much it hurts. No one will ever harm either of you.” Blue irises search Dean’s green ones. “I swear as your alpha.”

“Thank you.” Dean smiles, placing a kiss to those gorgeous lips. “I love you, too.”
A knock at the door has Dean swiveling to face Castiel. The alpha sits in the rocking chair with Samandriel, watching the door open as Nurse Banes steps inside with a bright smile. “Okay, it’s been three days now. Let’s try this again.”

“Cas, you good?” Dean observes the alpha for any change in demeanor.

Tentatively, Alicia moves farther into the room; she keeps her full attention on Castiel. The alpha remains in the seat rocking the infant. Reaching out, the nurse takes their bundle of joy into her own arms. “Yay, Alpha. You pass.”

Dean gives a proud fist pump. “Way to go, Cas!”

After some juggling and rearranging, Dean gets Samandriel into his car seat. Castiel settles in the driver’s seat so Dean can sit in the back with their son. Clearly, Dean’s priorities have changed as he lets the alpha drive his Baby home.

“Bummer, we couldn’t ride home with Meg,” Dean sighs as they pull out onto the road. The birth omega had been released on time, unlike Castiel, who needed an extra day to calm his alpha instincts.

“I’m sure Hannah did an excellent job of spoiling her.” Cas carefully pulls into traffic. The vehicle might be going 30, yet Dean will not complain because this is some important cargo.

A massive, ten-foot, blow-up blue stork sways in the wind on Dean’s front lawn holding a sign that states, “It’s a boy!” Dean hands over Samandriel to Cas so he can scent the baby and prep for the crowd they are about to encounter.

The door flings open as Emma and Ruby come bouncing out, squealing, “Baby, baby, baby.”

Everyone has gathered in his living room to meet their son: Sam, Sarah, Emma, Ruby, Hannah, Crowley, Lucifer, Meg, Kevin, Garth, Jessica, and Gabriel. The chaos that ensues puts a smile on his face. The girls are beside themselves with excitement.

“Can we hold him?” Emma asks, settling down on the couch.

Checking in on Cas with a quick sniff, Dean knows he’s okay because the alpha puts their son into Emma’s arms. “Hold him tight and watch his head.”

“Yes, Uncle Cas,” she replies, her expression oh so serious.

Sam pats Dean’s shoulder, “Samandriel looks amazing, Dean.”

Ruby’s forehead tightens with concern, “What’s his name?”

“Samandriel,” Dean answers.

The toddler mouths the word out a couple of times before attempting, “Sally-manner?”

“Sah-man-dree-el,” Cas pronounces for his niece.

Nodding, Ruby tries again, “Sally-mander.”

Meg sits down next to Emma dropping a kiss to the infant’s cheek. “I told you his name was a mouthful, kid needs a nickname.”
“Alfie,” Ruby announces, looking down at the tiny person. “You are Alfie.”

“Works for me.” Meg chuckles as she heads down the hall. “I need a nap.”

Dean glares over at Sam, “Alfie?”

“I have no idea.” His brother raises his hands in a placating gesture. “It’s a lot easier to say and spell.”

Castiel shrugs, a bright grin lighting up his entire face, “I like it.”

“Alfie it is, then,” Dean agrees, helping Ruby with her turn.

An hour later Dean’s pacing with Alfie; the little guy is getting frustrated with all the strange smells. Sam and his girls left first, followed quickly by Kevin and Garth. However, Dean’s startled when Crowley begins to push Gabriel’s wheelchair towards the front door.

“Hey, where are you going?” Dean shouts, regretting it as Alfie stirs with a wail.

*Two weeks with Hannah and grumpy alpha.* Gabriel’s voice box replies.

“You don’t have to leave, Gabe.” Dean hates the idea of Gabriel thinking he’s no longer welcome in their home.

A pause while Gabriel types, *I will be back. Fergus bought a hot tub.* The beta smiles with his eyes, glancing down at the baby in Dean’s arms.

“Thank you,” is all Dean can think of to express his gratitude.

Lucifer has Portia under one arm and a rolling suitcase in the other. “Fish has been dying to host his cousin for a few days.” He winks at Dean. “Don’t worry, I’ll return her soon.”

“What is going on here?” Dean’s mouth flops open and closed in utter astonishment.

Jessica has a few of Gabriel’s things in her arms as she pauses in front of him. “You have a village, Dean. Let them help. You need time to adjust to a newborn, then they will all slowly come back. I promise.”

Eventually, the house goes quiet as the village exits their home, leaving Cas and Dean home alone. Well, Meg’s still here, but Dean would stress if she went anywhere else.

“Have you been in our bedroom?” Cas mentions.

“Not today,” Dean responds as he trails behind his alpha down the hall.

The bassinet off their bed sits with perfectly clean sheets with little lambs all over them. However, folded in the middle is a handmade quilt. Dean passes the baby to Cas so he can spread out the new baby blanket. The quilted squares are differing shades of blue and green with *Samandriel John Winchester Novak* embroidered across the top.

“Who made this?” Dean wonders.

“There’s a card,” Cas suggests, pointing to the envelope on the edge of the bassinet.

Opening it with great care, Dean reads out loud, “I am sorry for my mistakes. Please forgive me. Mary.”
Tears trickle down Dean’s face as his hand trembles, the card drifting to the floor. He mutters, “Cas?”

“She made a blanket and asked for your forgiveness. Maybe Samandriel might like to meet his grandmother one day.” His alpha kisses Dean chastely on the mouth.

“Wow,” Dean’s at a loss for words.

The two men crawl into bed, their son sleeping between them on the mattress.

Glancing up at his alpha, Dean whispers, “What should I do?”

Another kiss to the lips as the two men lean over their child and Castiel warmly answers, “We all deserve a little mercy.”

Chapter End Notes

Oh, my wonderful readers only the epilogue left to go. You hold my heart in your hand.

XOXOXOXO _ Angie
Epilogue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Over four years later ….

Dean’s under his Baby tinkering in her undercarriage when he spots the quick movements of two tiny legs out of the corner of his eye. Pretending not to notice, Dean bangs louder. The mini intruder hides behind the Jag in the spot next to the Impala before scooting on his tummy over behind The Shed’s air pump.

The four-year-old boy with curly dark hair leaps out, yelling, “Boo!”

Shouting dramatically, Dean rolls out from under Baby holding his chest. “You are one frightening Batman.”

“I scare you, Daddy,” Alfie shrieks with joy, running in a circle so his black cape billows in the wind. The Batman mask accentuates those sparkling blue eyes and mega-watt smile. “Papa said it’s almost time for trick or treating.”

Patting his son on the head, Dean goes to wash his hands. “Are Portia and Gabe ready?”

The chaotic nest of dark hair, which is probably too long, bounces enthusiastically. “Miss Jess was finishing Uncle Gabe’s ride, and I helped dress sissy.”

Alfie has never taken to calling Portia by her name, from the beginning she’s been his sissy. It was adorable when he was two; the nickname for the pug simply stuck. Quickly Dean changes into his spectacular Superman costume.

“Oh Daddy, you look wonderful.” His sweet boy’s eyes are shining with pride.

“Thanks, big guy.” Dean lifts his son, giving his tummy a puff of air, the explosion of giggles making the world perfect. “Let’s go find everyone.”

Placing Alfie on his shoulders, Dean wanders out to the front yard for the Novak-Winchester Halloween procession. This is the third year they’ve all come together to trick or treat and entertain the neighbors. It all started with Cas wanting to dress Alfie as a bumble bee; he and Dean matching flowers. The family got wind and by Halloween everyone was a different flower or tree that bumble bees pollinate. Last year Sam got to pick a Minion theme, but this year Dean was in charge, DC Comics all the way baby.

The front yard is bustling with activity. Jess in her skintight Catwoman costume is hooking up a wagon Dean dressed to look like the Batmobile onto the back of Gabriel’s motorized wheelchair. After a few years of physical therapy, the beta now has use of his hands, so he can move his own chair at will with a joystick. Gabriel is dressed to the nines as Alfred the butler.

“Dean,” Cas shouts as he hands over Portia’s leash, dropping a kiss to Dean’s cheek, “you look amazing, Superman.”

Checking out his alpha, Dean smiles at the tan suit, small notebook and press pass hanging from Castiel’s neck. “Thanks for being Lois Lane.”
“Anything for you.” Cas smiles, giving Dean another kiss.

Unfortunately, the kissing is short lived as Ruby and Emma moan, “No smooching, you guys.”

Ruby in her Wonder Woman costume smiles as her older sister adjusts the vines on her bike to match her Poison Ivy outfit.

“Hey, Superman and Lois get to kiss. It’s in the comics,” Dean scoffs as he helps Alfie climb into his Batmobile. Portia climbs in behind the itty bitty Batman, the Pug huffing with annoyance over her Robin costume. Dean feeds her a few treats for being such a good sport then takes a few pics because they look downright adorable.

Alfie stands up, pointing at Sam and Sarah as they approach, “You two are bad guys! I’m gonna put you in jail, Joker!”

Sam puts up his hands, stepping in front of Sarah who is rocking the Harley Quinn skimpish clothes. “You win, Batman!”

Lucifer’s Porsche pulls into the drive just in time as the alpha runs around to help Kevin out of the car. It’s an odd pairing that Dean would never have suggested, but they’ve been dating for six months with several conversations about mating. The bald head of Lex Luthor shines on Lucifer’s head as he guides the omega dressed as The Flash.

“Thank you for letting me join this year.” Mary stands at Dean’s side in a bat girl costume. “The pictures from last year were so cute.”

“I told you I wanted to try,” Dean replies, nodding with confidence at Cas’s silent question. He raises his voice, shouting, “Who’s leading us?”

“I am,” Meg shouts, her black Louis Vuitton heels clacking against the asphalt. Zatanna was the perfect choice for his assistant. “Are we ready, guys?”

The crew cheers loudly and with enthusiasm, Gabriel’s voice box adding, *Fuck Yeah, Bitches!*

Cas admonishes quickly, “We’ve talked about the language, Gabe.”

“Uncle Gabriel’s just keepin’ it real, Papa.” Alfie smiles brightly as Gabe responds, *That’s right, Buck-o.*

A woman dressed all in black and the Raven symbol on her chest runs up, “Wait! I’m here.” Hannah grins as she falls into line with Lucifer and Kevin. Dean glimpses Crowley in his typical black suit hanging back. He won’t participate, the bastard, but he’s never very far away.

Meg sets a few sparklers off to mark the start as the Novak-Winchester Halloween parade begins.

Three hours later Dean’s closing the door and shutting off the porch lights, then turning to smile at Garth. “Thanks for handing out the candy this year.”

“I miss hanging out here every day. It was fun.” The alpha dressed as a clown, much to Sam’s dismay, adds, “How is Castiel doing?”

With a smile Dean pops a mini Milky Way in his mouth, “Dr. Rourke has only positive comments thus far. Cas meets with her once a week and group therapy once a week; all systems go.”

“Glad to hear it.” Garth takes a piece of candy from the nearly empty bucket. “My new client is
great, but she lives alone so the atmosphere,” the alpha glances around the chaotic living room, “too quiet for my taste.”

“Never a dull moment here.” Dean chuckles as he grabs Batman jacked up on sugar. “Time for bed, buddy.”

The wiggling four-year-old glares with laser focus, a perfect replica of Cas’s expression. Alfie is all alpha. “Noooo! Holiday rules, Daddy.”

“And your actual bed time was over an hour ago. Now say goodnight to everyone and pick a person for stories.”

His sweet boy’s head tilts to the side as his lips tighten with thought. “My Miss Jess and Gabriel.”

“Fine, go give kisses.” He lets the little guy go, watching as he tackles Ruby to the floor. The alpha aggression is already at play.

Dean worried for what seemed like years over whether Alfie would have his first omega bonding with Meg. The biological connection pulling his son to want the other omega, however, this was not the case. Alfie definitely prefers blondes as Dean watches his son slide his arm around the nurse’s waist, giving her those sparkling gems with a wink while asking her to read his bed time story. Such a charmer, just like his Papa.

Jess smiles, taking Alfie’s hand as his son stops for a hug good night, “Love you, Daddy.”

“Love you too, Batman.”

Gabriel rolls behind them. The beta’s voice box can do amazing sound effects for Alfie’s night time stories, which makes Gabe the go-to storytelling accessory.

Dropping down on the couch, Dean decides to clean up the Halloween party leftovers tomorrow. Eventually Cas joins him on the sofa, kissing Dean’s cheek. “Happy Halloween, my Omega.”

“Everyone gone?” Dean asks, tucking his head underneath the alpha’s chin as they spread out.

“Just Jess, and I think Meg’s around here somewhere.”

Dean nods snuggling into Cas’s chest as he inhales deeply. God, he feels so blessed the snowy mint aroma will be with him until the end. Portia yips at the edge so Dean picks her up, letting the pug nestle between them. Her fave spot.

The clacking of heels against the floor gives Meg’s location away as she stands behind the couch peering over them. “I have a proposition for you two.”

“No,” Dean answers leaving his eyed closed.

“You didn’t even hear what I was going to suggest.” She taps his head with the tip of her blood red nail.

Peeking one eye open, Dean counters, “Doesn’t matter; it’s getting late, and we’re going to bed soon.”

A wicked grin spreads across her crimson lips. “It means a night in the playroom.”

Castiel remains stoic as he replies, “I’m listening.”
“Jess and I watch over Alfie, Portia, and Gabriel for the night so you two can play until dawn.” She pets Portia’s head gently. “In return we get to use the room this Friday night.”

“Holy shit!” Dean pops up, his mouth frozen in a perfect O. “You and Jess? I thought you preferred alphas?”

“Let’s just say I enjoy my partner having a dominant nature. Alphas, of course, are bred that way but Jess…” Meg licks her lips. “Jessica Moore is all Dom.”

“Deal,” Cas shouts handing Portia over to Meg. “See you in the morning. Don’t forget to take her out before bed.”

Dean’s arm is nearly pulled from the socket, Cas yanks so harshly. The alpha is like a kid in a candy store who can’t wait to find his preferred treat. Dean laughs uproariously the entire way until they both are behind the closed and locked playroom door, which is now soundproofed again.

With a wink Dean strips down, tossing his clothes about the room, then climbs onto the bed with rubber sheets. Kneeling on the mattress, Dean sighs, waiting for the magic words.

He leaves his eyes shut, listening to the rustle of fabric and the swinging of the door to the closet where they keep all their magnificent toys.

In the silence that falls, Dean breathes, calming his racing mind.

A deep rumbling voice whispers directly into Dean’s ear, “What is your safeword, my Omega?”

“Poughkeepsie,” Dean answers, adding, “What is your safeword, Alpha?”

“Messenger.”

Cas’s fingers wrap a silk blindfold over Dean’s eyes, plunging him into darkness, yet for Dean there is no fear of the unknown. In this game and in his life, Dean now has a beacon of light keeping him safe. Cas will guide his pleasure and pain for eternity. Powerful hands push Dean, forcing him to fall onto his back as his wrists and ankles are bound. The highly weathered and greatly loved rope slides over Dean’s flesh as the perfect physical reminder.

Dean Winchester- Novak will love this man till his last breath. And Cas, well, he will continue to show Dean the pleasures and pain of living in a world of tilted mercy.

THE END

And coming soon, Angel Blessings:

Dean clutches the worn pamphlet in his hand reading the bold print for the hundredth time.

Omegas welcome in the Kingdom of Heaven.

The descendants of Angels were opening their border for the first time to any unclaimed omega
willing to mate an alpha from their land. In return, two requests may be granted.

Dean sighs glancing to his right where his younger brother Sam stands huddled under an awning, shivering from the chilly rain. Wet, smelly mud soaking through their only pair of clothes.

He can do this, Dean will mate an alpha from Heaven to give Sam a better life. A true home for Sammy. That’s all Dean requires to fulfill his promise.

Someone should have told Dean to be careful what you wish for because you never know what you will get.

Join Dean as he discovers the trials and tribulations that come with …Angel Blessings.

- This new Destiel Fantasy AU will begin posting Thursday August 17th.

Chapter End Notes

A fuck ton of love and adoration to my amazingly talented editor MoniJune. She takes my words and makes them intelligible, which is a huge accomplishment. Also, a big thank you to WinchestersRaven for her support.

Lastly, a shout out to the stunning/ hilarious lady who is the Yang to my Grey. ; )

To all my readers, thank you for the love and support. I appreciate it more than words can say. Till next time.

XOXOXO - Angie

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!