Learning to be Deano and Daddy Sam

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Learning to be Deano and Daddy Sam

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Summary

Dean is a little who turns to his brother to be his Daddy. After the worst night of Deano's life Dean turns to the one person he knows he can trust to be his Daddy. Will Sam be able to be the Daddy Deano needs?
Chapter 1

Dean had always been both parent and brother to Sam. Dean changed his brother's diapers, and took care of him when he was sick. Dean saw Sammy's first steps and heard his first words. Dean explained to Sammy that he wasn't his daddy, John was.

It wasn’t that Dean didn’t love his brother. It was the exact opposite he loved Sam more than anything. The issues were he wanted someone to take care of him for once in his life. Dean wanted not always to be the caretaker. He wanted someone to hold him and rub his back when the world was too much for him.

When Dean would get sick, he generally still had to take care of Sam, and make sure everything was okay for him. John either wasn’t around when Dean was sick, or bought Dean medicine, and went about his normal life. Sam would try to take care of Dean, but he was a kid, and he didn't understand how to take care of Dean. Sam would make Dean soup, and bring him the medicine John bought, but Sam's attention didn't last long. It was never as long as Dean needed to be cared for before Sam would flit off to do his own thing. All Sam ever knew was Dean taking care of him. Sam never saw someone other than Dean care about him.

Dean was 17 the first time he stumbled upon a Little site online. He’d been on a quest for porn, and Busty Asian Beauties weren’t doing it for him, and it happened. Dean saw these men dressed up like Little kids. Some of the little’s were dressed in diapers and pacifiers; some had kid pajamas and teddy bears.

Some of the sites were very sexual, and some weren’t. The first time Dean saw a "Little boy" being fucked by his “Daddy,” it scared him. He didn’t want a Daddy who would want to fuck him. He wanted a daddy to take care of him. Dean had known he was bi since he was a child, but being bi didn’t mean he wanted a Daddy to fuck him. Sure he wanted to have sex with men, but sex was outside of his desire for a Daddy, he wanted a Daddy to love him, not to fuck him. It was the caretaking aspect that resonated with Dean. Dean wanted to be taken care of more than anything.

Dean wanted to be held and carried. He wanted someone to make him mac and cheese, and sit and color with him. It was being told he was a good boy, that touched Dean in his core. He never had those things with his actual father. He kind of remembered his mom watching movies with him sitting on her lap, and telling him he was a good boy. He could remember having her rub his tummy when he didn’t feel well but was so long ago. He hadn’t had that in almost 13 years, and he wanted it more than he had ever wanted anything in his life. He didn’t know how to find a daddy, but that didn't change his desire to have one.

Seeing be completely taken care of was so appealing to him, and he needed to find a way to make it happen. The only thing was Dean had no idea how to find a Daddy who would take care of him.

The more he learned about Little play, the more it seemed like there are two groups of Littles. There were the Littles and the ageplayers. The ageplayers seemed to be more the call me daddy, and pretending to be Lolita, than the Littles. The Littles were much more the hug me and tell me I’m good, feed me mac and cheese, buy me stickers, and special plates type.

Dean knew very early on he was a Little not and ageplayer. The more he looked online, the more he wanted to try it out. He went so far as to buy a teddy bear at the store when he was alone for a few days while Sam was staying at Bobby’s.

He spent almost an hour at Toys R Us feeling and hugging the stuffed animals to find the right one.
He ended up with this little panda bear. Dean wanted the much bigger panda. He could have used the bigger panda as a pillow, but that would have been hard to hide from John and Sam, so he got the smaller panda.

Dean knew if John found it, he would flip out and reject him. Dean bought his bear, and as soon as he was in the Impala, he cried because he couldn’t have the toy he wanted. Then he felt so bad about shunning the bear he picked it made him cry more.

It was the first time Dean let himself be little. He didn’t even know he was doing it until he was sobbing in the Impala, and hugging the bear to his chest. He hadn’t meant to let himself be little, but it happened. He read about little space and how it could be a conscious decision, or it happens on its own.

Dean was always conscious of not letting it happen when he was online, especially if he was in a chat room. He couldn’t let Sam or John know what was going on or what he was looking at online. He always had to be vigilant, and it was exhausting.

When he managed to get himself together, he drove back to the hotel and took a bath. Big Dean never took baths, but it was the only thing he could think of to make himself feel better. Dean remembered his mom bathing him when he was sick or upset, and it had always calmed and lulled Dean to sleep. He hoped the bath would that night as well.

The whole time he was in the water, he kept wishing he had a Daddy to wash his hair, and buy him bath toys, and play with him. When he finished his bath, he got online and started looking at sites to find a Daddy. He’d been on a few message boards, and they weren’t the kind of place you looked for a Daddy, but then he found fetlife.com.

Fetlife was for all kinds of kinks and BDSM type play, but there were a lot of ageplay and little groups on fetlife. Dean knew he wouldn’t be able to have a long term Daddy because he moved so much. He hoped he could get a couple of playtimes in before they moved on again. Dean looked around online and found several dating sites that catered to littles and daddies.

It was so exciting to get to meet other people like him finally. He started to make friends with a couple of littles. He hadn’t met any daddies who didn’t want him to talk dirty to them. They were all more interested in him talking dirty to them than loving and caring for Dean.

The first time Dean got actually to meet up with a daddy was when they had a hunt in Atlanta. He started to look online for a daddy to meet up with while he was there for the hunt.

It was a werewolf hunt so Dean knew it would take at least three and a half weeks because it was a few days after the full moon when they got there. So for the first time, Dean felt like he could have time to meet up with a Daddy and try things out.

Dean met Tony online and he seemed like a nice guy. Tony talked about all the ways he was going to care of Dean when they met up in two days. Dean had high hopes this was going to allow him to feel the care he wanted to feel from someone in his life.

Dean couldn’t have been more excited. He was 21 and had sex with quite a few men and women, but he’d never had the chance to get to meet up with a Daddy. Sure, he’d called guys Daddy, but that hadn’t been about being taken care of; no that was their weird fetish for sex with a man who was old enough to keep them out of jail and young enough to pretend was underage. His night with Tony was going to be different. Dean knew it; it had to be different.

Friday night Dean made up an excuse to go out and left Sam to study. Sam was 17 and was well on
his way to graduating with honors. Even with as much as they moved, but all he did anymore was fight with John.

They would go at it for hours, and it was taking its toll on Dean. Sam would pick a fight with John, and then be hurt by the awful things John said to him during the fight. Leaving Dean to pick up the pieces and take care of everyone no matter how the words spoken by both of them affected Dean. It was like they didn’t seem to notice how much pain Dean was in and if they did notice, they didn’t seem to care.

Dean left with his teddy bear in his jacket and drove across town to meet Tony. When Dean got there Tony had the living room all set up for him. It was amazing. There were toys all over, a blanket, and a sippy cup with juice in it, a coloring book, and mac and cheese for dinner.

Tony said to call him Daddy, and it was terrific. After dinner, Tony started a movie and asked Deano if he wanted to sit on his lap and watch it with him. Dean had been very clear he had no desire to be sexual with Tony, and Tony said that was fine with him. Deano was so excited to snuggle and be held by Daddy. Dean didn’t notice Tony being more forward than he should have been with a little who didn’t want sex to be apart of the play.

When the movie was over Tony asked if Deano wanted a bath before he went home and went to bed. Deano wanted a bath almost every time he allowed himself to be little. Dean had gotten better about not going into little headspace without his decision to do so.

Before Dean went into his headspace he would pull out his ever-growing set of little items. Dean would start to color or flip through a picture book gradually slipping into his little headspace. Dean watched kids movies and sat in his colorful onesies and tried to enjoy it before he had to be big again. Dean always kept the little items to a handful that he could grab and run to the bathroom if he heard anyone coming. He couldn’t risk his family finding out, but he couldn’t keep himself from being little when he had the opportunity.

The teddy bear and a bath were an almost constant when Dean was little. He wanted to take a bath and have his Daddy wash his hair. He never had anyone to wash him, but he would take the two bath toys he had and go to the bathroom. He would take a bath whenever he thought he could get away with it. Dean would sit there and play and splash as quietly as he could, even if Sam was in the next room.

It was so hard to be quiet in the bath, and it was even harder not to put on his Deano clothes when he got out of the tub. But he could at least have the fun while he could, even if it wasn’t for as long as he wanted or the way that he wanted it to be.

Tony carried Deano into the bathroom and sat him on the toilet lid starting the bath as he got a big box of bath toys out. Deano was so happy he was not only going to get a bath from his Daddy, but there were going to be toys, it was almost perfect. Dean managed to get a total of two bath toys for Deano. They weren’t the ones he would have chosen if he didn’t have to hide who he was, but at least he had something for bathtime, in a perfect world he would have had all kinds of boats and fish to play with.

Tony washed Deano and was so sweet and caring, he even washed Deano’s hair, and he made sure that the soap didn’t get in his eyes. Deano tried to wash his hair a few times in the beginning, but he always managed to get soap in his eyes and would end up in tears. When things went well while he was little, it was easier for Dean to come out of his headspace. When things went wrong, Deano had a hard time being big again. Dean more than once had to deal with John or Sam as Deano, and it was always so hard on him. It made everything feel more desperate and scary when he was in his little headspace and had to pretend to be big.
John and Sam got into a fight and Deano knew he had to be big and take care of Sam, but he couldn’t make himself big. Deano ended up coming out of the bathroom and wrapping Sam in a hug and holding him until Sam had calmed down. It was the only time, Deano ever had any physical affection from anyone. Dean knew it wasn’t Deano that Sam was hugging. Dean knew it was the big brother Sam loved and wanted comfort from, the one who would take care of him and make everything better that Sam had been clutching. He could pretend Sam hugged him and cared about how his little side was feeling. He could almost make himself believe that Sam would have hugged Deano, if he knew he was little. Almost!

During the bath Deano played with these soaps that were colored, and you could write on the walls with them. The soap suds were very colorful as Tony used the soap and washed him. Tony washed Deano in a way that avoided the area between his legs all together until he was almost done.

Deano was calm and happy almost asleep because he was so relaxed as Tony washed him. Dean hadn’t spelled out the rules for bath time. They hadn’t discussed the possibility of having a bath when they talked about the rules for the night, but Dean was clear he wanted nothing sexual.

While Tony was washing Deano his wee wee got hard. He couldn’t help it, even though he didn’t want to have sex or be sexual in any way when he was little. Deano had gotten hard, and he felt so ashamed and dirty by his big boy parts. Deano always washed his as fast as he could and went back to playing, he wanted to be clean but, he wanted to be little and pretend he didn’t have big boy parts. As soon as his wee wee started to firm up Tony started to act different, Deano didn’t understand what was going on. Tony kept looking at him and biting his lip. Tony seemed to have gotten taller as he washed Deano’s big boy parts. His chest seems to puff up more and more with every stroke of the wash rag on Deano's wee wee.

“I see all that talk about not wanting sex when you were little was an act. I knew you were going to want to turn the tables at some point tonight.” Tony laughed as he spoke still stroking Deano’s wee wee.

Deano knew he needed to be big now. He was a hunter, capable of stopping a Wendigo in mid-attack. He could make this balding 45-year-old man stop if he could be big, but he couldn’t make himself big, as Tony stroked him. When he was hard Tony started to use his other hand to run his fingers around Deano’s back parts.

Dean had been penetrated more than once, but he didn’t do it often. When he did bottom, the top always took care to prep Dean until he was relaxed and loose enough to enjoy penetration and when he bottomed he was either in the mood to bottom when he started or with someone who he'd had sex with before and knew they wouldn't hurt him. (Dean preferred topping and was a very caring and gentle top when he did penetrate someone else.)

Tony didn’t bother being gentle! He started pushing at Deano’s hole forcing his fingers inside with no lube other than the remnants of blue soap. Deano didn’t understand. He was in tears before Tony even started to get his finger inside him. By the time Tony managed to get a finger in his bottom, Deano was in a full-blown panic.

Deano was sobbing, and it hurt so much to have Tony trying to do that to him. It wasn’t the fact that it hurt so much, even Deano could handle the pain. He was too well practiced as a hunter to be incapacitated by pain. What was so upsetting was that he was little and his Daddy was the one trying to force something inside his bottom.

Tony started to get angry with Deano. “You owe me something for everything I did for you. You brat.” Tony hissed. “Oh! Fuck you, you little shit!” Tony said. Grabbing Deano and moving him so his bottom was out of the water and he was on his knees, spinning Deano to face the wall. Tony
didn’t care if Deano smacked his head into the wall with the force at which he was moving him around.

“To dry!” Deano sobbed as he braced his hands on the wall of the tub. Still fighting to be big again, but it was no use. Tony grabbed the blue soap paint Deano had been playing with and coated his fingers and Deano’s abused hole. Deano screamed as Tony plunged three fingers inside his bottom hole. No real prep, no care to the sobs of Little Deano as he was violated by a man who was supposed to be his daddy.

Dean had never been able to come back when he was little if he was scared or upset. The best he could do was go to bed, or force himself to be quiet, so no one noticed he wasn’t acting right. All Deano wanted to do was be big and make Tony stop, but he couldn’t do anything but cry and beg Tony to stop.

Tony laughed as Deano started to beg. “Please, Daddy don’t! I don’t want you to do this. Daddies don’t do this to their sons. Please!” the more Deano begged, the more Tony wanted to fuck him. Deano felt something hot and sticky running down his legs as Tony forced his fingers in deeper.

Dean didn’t know what happened, it would take him years to remember all that happened that night, in the bathroom with Tony and in the bedroom after. Dean woke up in the Impala in a supermarket parking lot at 3 AM. He was hurting so badly he could hardly force himself to sit down while he drove back to the hotel they were staying in. When Dean got back, Sam was asleep in the bed farthest from the door, even in how they slept Dean had to take care of Sammy.

Dean could feel the filth of Tony on him and wanted it off so he could go to bed and try to forget everything that happened. He wanted to take a shower, but as soon as he walked into the bathroom, he could feel Tony’s fingers inside him. He could feel the tearing and the burning of the soap inside him, making his guts clinch and churn.

It had been everything Dean could do to stay big and get himself undressed to get a shower. When he pulled his pants off his underwear were all bloody inside. Dean forced himself to get in the shower, as he cried the whole time. As he showered the water coming off him was slightly purple as it went down the drain. The blue dye and the blood mixing in the water as he cleaned himself between his legs.

Dean couldn’t help slipping into his little headspace again. He was shocked; he made it home before he was back to being Deano. He'd never driven as Deano. No matter what happened, he'd been able to either wait it out or come back to being Dean before he drove. He'd cooked a couple of times, and though he managed not to burn the place down, he burned his fingers every time. He didn't think he could have made it home as Deano under the best of circumstances, let alone that night.

Deano wanted nothing more than to get his teddy out and hug it until he fell asleep. All of a sudden, Deano realized he had taken his teddy with him, and that it wasn’t in the car when he woke up. That made Deano cry all the more. He loved his teddy, and he wanted it back. He'd had the panda since the very first time he'd been Deano. He'd had his teddy since Deano didn’t even have a name, and now his teddy was gone, he would never be able to get his teddy back.

When Deano got out of the shower and managed to get himself dry, at least mostly, and get into the main room. He realized he hadn't had the wherewithal to get clothes out of his bag before he went into the bathroom. He hadn’t thought Sam would be awake when he came out. But his night was a worst-case scenario, and of course, Sam was awake. Sitting on the bed watching the door waiting for Dean to come stumbling out into the main room.

Deano's face red and tear stained was the first thing Sam saw.
Deano was still in clutching the towel to his body, trying to make the slip of cheap hotel towel cover the shame and dirtiness he felt.

“What’s wrong? I could hear you crying. Are you sick? Do I need to take you to the hospital?” Sam asked, sounding as frantic as Deano felt. Sam watched in shock as Deano climbed onto the bed, and grabbed him.

Deano couldn’t make himself stop crying even with seeing Sam so panicked at the state of him. Deano knew he was supposed to take care of Sammy, but no matter how much he tried he couldn’t make himself even try to pretend to be big right now, all he could do was cling to Sam, cry.

“My teddy!” Was all Deano managed to say before he started to sob uncontrollably? Sam held him, and rubbed his back, talking to him and telling him it would all be okay. “Daddy, I want my teddy!” Deano mumbled as he clung to Sam.

Sam kept holding him. After a while, Sam managed to get Deano under the covers and asleep. He didn’t know what had happened to make Dean so upset, but it had to be bad, and why was he so angry about his teddy. Sam couldn’t remember Dean to having a stuffed animal of any kind. Let alone one that would have elicited any reaction out of Dean. Not that kind of response. John had unceremoniously thrown his teddy bear away a couple of days before first grade.

Sam wondered if Dean had even had his own that long. He didn’t think so. Sam figured whatever toy Dean had before the fire; it hadn’t survived the fire and, Sam figured John would never have bothered replacing the item after the fire. No matter how precious it was to Dean. He wondered what had happened that would make Dean think about a toy so long gone.

John was there in the morning when they woke up, Sam got up and went to get breakfast for John. John was hungover and pissed as usual. Everything in Sam said to yell at John for being a fucking dick. The only reason Sam didn’t was whatever happened last night to upset Dean; Sam knew fighting with John would make it harder on Dean. Sam didn’t want to set Dean off again.

Dean would have to spend the day with John, and if Dean happened to cry this morning. Well, John would be even more unbearable than he usually was. Sam didn’t understand what was going on, but he knew pointing out any weakness in front of John would make things much worse for his brother.

So true to Winchester standards he shut up and ate his food and went to school. And for the first time in his life he ditched class, he went to the toy store after lunch and bought a teddy bear for Dean.

Sam spent forever finding one that he thought Dean would like. The one he finally picked was golden and ever so soft, it didn’t have any hard plastic parts, not even a nose or eyes. Sam stuck it in his backpack and went back to school so he could get picked up by Dean like he always did.

When he got back to the school, he headed to the parking lot where Dean would be waiting for him. When Sam saw the car and Dean sitting in it, Sam was shocked at how normal Dean looked. Although they learned early in life being anything less than normal was dangerous. Less than average meant CPS and all kinds of wrong, it wasn’t like they didn’t have enough trips to the ER to make anyone social worker have a panic attack so their behavior needed to be as normal as possible.

Sam got in the car and got buckled up, not saying anything to Dean, letting his brother have some space. Finally, Sam couldn’t take it. “Can we go to the lake?”

“Sure.” Dean said. Never one to deny Sammy anything. When they got to the lake Dean stopped and went to get out, but Sam grabbed his jacket stopping him. Sam pulled the teddy bear out of his backpack and handed it to Dean.
“I thought you might like it. You were upset last night about having lost yours, so I got you this one. If you don’t like it, you can throw it away.” Sam explained. Looking lost and babbling. He was trying to get his whole thought out before Dean could say he was a stupid girl.

Deano started to cry and grabbed Sam to hug him. “It’s perfect!” Deano said, a slight lisp in his words, and a childlike cadence to his voice.

Sam smiled at him and hugged him back. He didn’t understand what was going on, but he knew getting Dean the stuffed animal was the right call. Sam knew whatever was going on; it was necessary to Dean and something that wasn’t to be trivialized. No matter if Sam didn’t understand what was going on or not.

Deano cried and held onto Sam for what seemed like forever. Sam was shocked by the way that Dean was acting. Dean was never one to have a chick flick moment, and two in as many days, and major ones wasn’t Dean being huggier, or sitting too close to him during a movie this was different. Dean sometimes got more clingy or touchy when John wasn’t around. Or how after a bad hunt Dean would cling to Sam like he was the only thing in the world that mattered.

Sam didn’t know what to do, but he went along with anything Dean said. Sam didn’t want to upset him more, and Dean was so happy, he couldn’t deny him the attention he so clearly wanted.

Sam wondered if all the times Dean hugged him as a kid if Dean had been giving Sam comfort or Dean getting comfort. Sam never remembered John hugging him or Dean. Sam wondered if all those hugs were Dean getting what he didn’t know how to ask for or if they were what he always assumed them to be and for his comfort.

Sam thought back to all the times he shunned Dean for trying to hug him, or play with his hair, or sleep in the bed with him. Sam was a super cuddly kid but after he was about 10 or 12 he wanted nothing to do with physical affection.

Sam wondered if it had been a Dean's way of seeking the love and physical attention he never had. Sam knew John never hugged him after he was about six, Sam thought back to if he could remember John even hugging Dean that long. Sam wondered if John hugged him at all after their mom had died. He wondered when the last time someone showed Dean physical affection was.

Sam hadn’t reached out to hug or touch Dean since he had gone through puberty. Dean would still reach out to hug Sam when Sam was upset or sick. Sam couldn’t think of a time he had been the one to reach out to Dean since he had been about 12 or 13. Dean still did it as often as Sam would allow. John commented on Sam being a baby when he was about 12 or so, and that had been the end of Sam touching Dean. Sam couldn’t imagine the isolation Dean must have felt for so many years without anyone offering him physical affection or even a kind word.

Deano had never seen Sam as Daddy, but Sam had bought him his first little item. Sure, Dean had stuff in his bag, but that was stuff he had bought for himself. He never had a single person buy him anything for Deano before. He talked to other littles who spoke so fondly of their first ever little items. He had the second worse night of his life, and here Sammy was making everything a million times better. All because he loved him even if he didn’t understand why Deano wanted the toy, or even that Deano existed. Or how much it meant to him to be given that single item. Sam saw a need and filled it for him simple as that.

Deano walked over to the lake shore and sat with his teddy bear still clutched to his chest. Deano was holding it like it was the only thing in the world that mattered to him.

Sam stood by the car not knowing what to do with the way that Dean was acting. He followed Dean
over to the lake shore and sat down beside him. Sam sat just out of reach they could touch, but they would have to stretch.

“It happens sometimes.” Deano said, that childlike cadence still in his voice as he talked. He didn’t know how to explain it to Sam. He talked about his little side to people online who were like him, or who were kinky in some other way. He never tried to explain it to someone who didn’t know anything about littles or kink in general.

Deano wanted to talk to Sam, he wanted to tell him how much holding him last night had meant to him. How much buying him the toy meant to him both as Dean and Deano. He wanted to ask Sam if he would be his daddy, but he didn’t know how. He was fighting so hard to be big. He didn’t want to be a kid anymore. He wanted to be Dean. He wanted to be able to have a rational conversation with Sam.

He didn't want to cry and blurt things out to Sam, not about this. What he didn't want Sam to reject him when he was little. It would be hard enough for Sam to reject his little side when he was an adult who could be rational. But if Deano were the one who was forced to hear those words from Sammy’s mouth it would be too much for him to bear especially after last night.

When Dean was finally able to be big again, he took a deep breath and started to talk. “I am a Little. I sometimes go into what is called little headspace. I never got to be a kid. Mom died when I was so young, and then there was you to take care of, and I didn’t have anyone to take care of me.

I found this site online that talked about being a little. It talked about how you could dress like a kid, and get to color, play games and have a daddy who would take care of you. A daddy who would love you and hold you, do all the things our real dad never did.

John never did any of that for me. So when I discovered I could have a happy childhood I never had, as an adult, it was a revelation for me. I was finally able to have the feeling of being loved. I started looking at sites online that were geared towards littles and caregivers. I bought myself this teddy bear. When you and John aren’t around sometimes, I would get him out, and hug him or take a bath with bubble bath and my bath toys. I have these little kid books in my bag and a coloring book with crayons. I will get my stuff out, and I will play with them like I was a little kid.

"He even has his own name. I call him Deano. I have played with people online, but I have never had a daddy to love me in real life.” Dean explained doing his best not to be little no matter how much he wanted to be little. “I can't stand not having someone to take care of me. You bought me a toy. You cared about me when I was upset. You hugged Deano.

"You have hugged him before, but you didn’t know you were hugging him and not me. But last night you hugged him, and today you bought him his first ever toy.

"I don’t think you can understand what it means to have someone care about you enough to buy you an item for your little self. Everyone online talks about their first little item and I guess I didn’t understand, but now I do. I’m sorry I got so upset last night and today, last night was bad maybe even worse than when mom died.” Dean babbled. Feeling himself slipping towards his little headspace again, even if he didn't want to.

“What happened last night Dean? You were so upset, what happened?” Not knowing what to say or do. Sam knew Dean was talking to him openly and honestly for the first time in years.

“I met a guy he said he wanted to be my daddy. I have never gotten to play with a daddy or another little in real life before, online sure.” Dean explained, and he could feel Deano coming out, no matter how much he didn’t want it to happen. He felt himself slipping, but he didn’t want to have to talk
about the rape as Deano.

He couldn't force his little self to have to relive that again not so soon. Nor could he force his little self to have Sammy reject him either. He needed to be big. He had to be big. He didn’t know if he could handle Sammy judging him as a big. He knew if he were Deano he would lose it when Sam told him he was a disgusting freak.

“We met up last night. It wasn't that girl from the bar it was a 50-year-old man who said he would take care of me, and be my Daddy. That’s who I met up with last night. I have met up with guys before. I sleep with a woman too, but I sleep with men more often than women.” Dean rushed trying to shock, Sam into rejecting him for being bi before he got a chance to reject his little side.

Dean wanted Sam to reject him for anything other than the events of last night. He didn't want to tell Sam he let some old guy who couldn’t have taken either of them when they were 12 rape him last night. If Sam was going to shun him he was going to at least get to save face and not have to tell him he was raped.

“He was so sweet and so nice to me at first. He let Deano color and watch a movie, and he cuddled with Deano. Deano hasn’t had anyone ever hold him or touch him in real life. He has never even had a hug that was meant for him. You have hugged him, but you didn’t know you were hugging him. You thought I was hugging you and trying to make you feel better. You would never have hugged him if you knew he was clinging to you.

“He even bathed Deano. Little me loves to take baths, Deano wants to take a bath and be able to hold his teddy every time he comes out. It’s his constant want.

"The guy Tony, he had toys and all this stuff for bath time, Deano was so excited. Then I got hard, Deano didn’t want to be hard, but it happened, he didn’t mean to; he couldn't help it. I swear to God I tried not to get hard. Deano is a good boy; he’s not a dirty boy like that. I swear." Dean said. He was becoming more and more frantic as he spoke. Dean knew he couldn't hold onto his big self for much longer.

"Once it was hard, he said that I wanted it, and he started to do things to my bottom.

"I have had sex with girls and guys before, but I don’t like to bottom. It almost always hurts. I told him that little me didn’t want to have sex, but he didn’t care, he kept trying to put his dry fingers inside little me. When little me finally told him it was too dry, he put this soap stuff on my bottom and then he put his fingers in little me. I don’t know what happened after that. I woke up in the car, and everything hurt. It hurt so bad Sammy!

“When I got back to the motel, you were asleep, so I went and took a shower. As soon as I went into the bathroom, I kept remembering him doing all those things to little me. I went back to being little me while I was in the shower.” At that Dean couldn’t help it, he went back to being Deano and started to sob.

“I wanted a Daddy to love me! Why can’t I have a Daddy love me? No one has ever taken care of me and loved me like he did. It was all fake, and it was the best I ever got! As much as I hate him for what he did to little me, at least he let me be who I am for the once. He didn’t shame me. I don’t want to be little all the time but some of the time I do. I can be big, too. Sometimes when it all gets to be too much for me, I need to be little me.” Deano sobbed, trying to explain what it was that he felt and what it was that he needed from Sam.

Deano didn’t know if he wanted to ask Sam to be his Daddy. He wanted Sam to understand Deano and not judge him or Dean no matter if he wanted to be his Daddy or not.
Sam scooted closer to Deano and scooped him up into his arms and started rocking him. “I love you no matter if you are big or little. I will always love you.” Sam said. Rubbing soothing circles on Deano’s back and trying to make him feel how much he cared about him. Sam wanted to express the love he had for his brother and parent. It didn’t matter that at this moment he was much more Sam's child than he was a parent or a brother.

“Will you be my daddy?” Deano asked hiccuping as he went. “I will be a good boy, and you got me a new teddy, no one has ever gotten me a toy before.” Deano knew it was too much to hope for that the person he loved most in the world would want to be his Daddy. He could ask, he could wish.

“I don’t know how to be a Daddy Little Buddy, but how about I will do some research, and see if it is something I can do. If it is, I will be your Daddy, and if it isn’t, I will always let you be little when I am there, and we can hang out and watch movies and color, and I will let you take baths and play with your toys even if being a Daddy isn’t something that I can do. Okay.

"I love you, Dean. No matter if you are big or little.” Sam explained as he hugged Deano tight. After what felt like forever Deano asked Sammy to drive him home. Sam was so shocked, Dean never let anyone but dad drive the Impala since Dad gave it to him on his 18th birthday, but here Dean was asking him to drive. The only reason he let Dad drive was dad would lose it if Dean didn’t let him drive. Sam figured it was because he was still Deano, but maybe it was him trying to show he did want Sam to be his Daddy.

When they got home Deano went to bed. He took the toy with him. Curling up around it and clutching it like it was the most essential thing in the world. Sam made sure it was hidden so if Dad came home he wouldn't see it and ridicule Dean for it. ‘Maybe I am Daddy material after all’ Sam thought as he tucked Deano in and grabbed his laptop.

Sam started to read. He read almost every site he could find about what it meant to be a little, and what it meant to be a daddy. It was mostly about an adult getting to have all the happy childhood memories they never got to have as a kid. He saw some people were very sexual about it and some people were very nonsexual littles. It seemed like it was a lot of playing games and make them their favorite foods and watching movies.

Being a daddy didn't seem like it was much more than being there and letting Deano be little and showing him love and affection. Dean's statement about getting to have a happy childhood no matter the age seemed to be the main theme. Dean as an adult had never gotten nor would he ever ask for love and affection. Being a daddy didn’t seem like something that he needed to be afraid of doing for his brother.

He also saw that the props were a huge part of things for most people. It seemed like getting foods Deano liked and buying him toys and things like that were very important as well. Sam didn’t know how to do that with John around so much, but he would figure it out. Dean managed to for god knew how long alone and hiding it from both John and Sam, he figured he could manage to hide it from John.

Sure there were lots of places you could buy things online. How would he have them shipped to him and even if he had them sent where would he store them? He figured he would have to make do with the teddy and some special foods, some stickers. It seemed like every little online liked stickers, and they were easily hidden.

Sam didn’t know what age Deano was, and if it varied, some people had very fixed ages and some varied when they were Little. He wanted to be able to be a good daddy for Deano.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

I am a caregiver and Mommy so if I am not doing a good job with writing the little parts, it’s just that I don’t have experience from the little side of things, only as the Mommy.

I had planned this to be a 3 chapter fic and then move into the next part of the series, but like all things I write, it has expanded and I have decided to play with the relationship between Sam and Dean a little more, so I am changing the age of the characters at the beginning of the story. Sam is 16 and Deans is 20 instead of the 18 and 22 that they were in chapter one. Sorry if this offends you, I am going to tag for underage. I want to have them have a little longer as Little and Daddy before Sam leaves for Standford.

Thanks for reading.

Sam spent hours reading enough to understand what it meant to be a good daddy, and thinking if he could be a good daddy. The more he read, the more he understood if he rejected Deano’s request, he would have broken Deano’s heart. It seemed strong emotions weren’t something easily controlled by a little. If you were to reject them when they were little or reject them about their little side you were rejecting a child with all the emotional fall out that came with rejecting a child.

Online it said to be careful with your little. You could hurt them with the slightest shun or hurt feeling like you would a biological child. It did say they were quick to forgive and love as a little, so that gave Sam some hope it wouldn’t be too hard to be a good daddy.

Sam worried about Deano. Not only had the grown man been raped, a thing that would fuck up anyone, but it had been his little persona that was hurt. Not the grown man who could be rational. It was the little who wanted love and thought the person he was trusting was worth trusting who got hurt. He would talk to both Dean and Deano about what happened. Sam would make sure they knew how much he still loves him and cares about them regardless of what some monster did to them. Sam knew Dean would hate himself about letting some civilian hurt him at all let alone sexually. It had to be rocking Dean emotionally, and then throw in a little kid who wanted a daddy to love him, and it was a recipe for disaster.

The worst thing had to be that Dean thought he met someone who was going to love him and care for him. And then was hurt by that person, Sam knew he needed to try to help Little Deano feel safe and loved. Sam knew he needed to help Dean see not everyone was going to hurt him; Sam was a trustworthy person and a trustworthy Daddy.

Sam didn’t know how to convey what he felt for his boy yet, but he would figure it out. He thought lots of hugs and kisses were an excellent place to start, how could he go wrong with physical affection. Sam wanted to show Deano physical affection, not sexual affection. He would have to be careful; the hugs and kisses weren't taken sexually. But Sam knew he needed to give Dean the love he never got in his actual childhood.

Sam wondered if he should buy Deano more stuff, but every item he got for Deano was more risk they would be found out. Sam knew if he got Deano things and then had to hide them or throw them away because of John, Deano would be crushed. Sam decided a new shirt or something he could
give to Deano to let him know he was loved and wanted even when he had to hide would go a long way to making Deano feel loved and cared about.

Sam wanted something he could give Deano to help him let go into his little headspace. Online people had items or clothes for when they were little and not capable of saying so. They used them as a cue to their caretakers; they were little and not able to say. Some people wear or play with a specific item when they were having a hard time letting themselves be little. They used it as a cue to let go into their headspace. both were ideas Sam thought might be helpful for Deano

Sam wanted to get Deano something he could wear or see that John would ignore to remind Deano he was safe and loved no matter what. Sam decided he would give Dean the teddy bear when it was okay to be little. He could also use it to show Dean that his Daddy could see that he needed some time in his little headspace. He'd already seen Dean didn’t like the loss of control of slipping into his headspace when he didn't make the conscious choice to do so. Playing the conversation over in his head he could see Dean fought the change, and then fought to come back.

Sam saw it wasn’t easy for Dean to let go into his little headspace without a push or an event that forced the transition. He didn’t know if it was the topic of conversation, the night before, or Dean not wanting to show Sam his little side again. Sam thought it was the fear that Sam would hurt him or reject him. Sam decided he would give the bear to Dean when Deano needed to come out or when Dean needed to feel safe being little.

Sam still needed to get something he could give to Dean that John wouldn’'t notice. It needed to be an item he could either use to show Sam that Deano was around or needed to come around. Sam wanted to get Dean something he could have with him all the time even if he was forced to be Deano in front of John. Sam wanted to remind Deano he was loved and wanted even if he felt like a disgrace to their biological father. He wanted to make sure Dean knew he would never be a disgrace to his Daddy.

After Sam spent hours reading, he started looking for things Dean would be able to carry all the time to feel loved. Sam finally found a site that sold kid underwear for adults. They had stuff on them like superheroes, animals, truck. They weren’t diapers; they were adult sized kids underwear. He thought he could get Dean a few pairs and Dean could wear them both as a big and a little. John hadn’t done their laundry in a decade, and if did see them Dean could always say they had been a gag gift from Sam. It wouldn’t be that far off, and their prank wars were epic, and John knew they were epic, but they would be a reminder to Dean he was loved and wanted in any mental state. Sam knew they would be in Atlanta for at least three weeks and he shipped them to the hotel to another room number and name.

After he ordered the underwear for Deano he ordered some stuff for Dean. Sam wanted to show Dean he loved and wanted him even when he wasn't taking care of his Boy. Sam read a lot, and it seemed like some people always treated their Daddy as their Daddy even when they were big. Sam was Dean’s brother so he wasn’t sure how that would work in their unique situation. Regardless of who they were to each other Sam wanted to show Dean he was loved and cared for no matter what. Sam was pretty sure Dean hadn’t felt loved and cared about in a very very long time.

What Sam finally found was a new key chain for the Impala that was a bear. Not a teddy bear. No, it wasn’t a teddy bear; it was a metal bear roaring. Not something you would give to a child, but something Dean could keep with him to remind him he was loved.

When Sam ordered all the things he dared to order, he went and grabbed the bear from Deano and tucked it away in his bag. He wanted to talk to Dean/Deano about where he wanted the toy to live. Sam also needed to see if Dean wanted to use it as a push to let himself go and be little. Sam wanted
to make sure Dean/Deano understood he would never hold the bear hostage. The bear was Deano’s no matter where it lived. Sam knew if John found Dean with it, John would destroy Dean over the toy. Sam wouldn’t care what John thought about the toy if he saw it and thought it belonged to Sam. John hated him anyway and thinking he was a wimp for having the toy wouldn’t hurt Sam the way it would hurt Deano.

Sam hid the toy and climbed into bed, Deano latched onto him and buried his face in Sam’s neck. The closer he snuggled to Sam the more relaxed he seemed to get. Sam wondered again how much effort Dean put into keeping himself from clinging to Sam when he slept. Even though Dean was old enough to drink and Sam was almost 18 they still shared a bed when they were staying in a hotel room with John and as cheap as John was that was pretty often. How hard must it be for Deano to keep from climbing onto his lap when they watched a movie. Sure, Sam was now Deano’s father, but he saw more and more how he wasn’t a perfect brother to Dean. Sam never reached out and hugged him after he decided he was too grown up for hugs. Sure, Dean didn’t act like he missed it, but it was clear he missed it more than he was ready to admit to himself or anyone else. Sam knew he needed to be a better brother to Dean.

In the morning Dean was still clinging to Sam, and John was sitting at the table drinking coffee glaring.

“Aren’t you two cozy?” John sneered as he watched Sam wake up. Sam knew this wasn’t good. Dean needed his Daddy to take care of him, to protect him and his secret at whatever the cost. Sam couldn’t let John find out about Deano.

“I had a bad dream. I guess we fell asleep while he was holding me.” Sam said casually as he climbed out of bed and went and got his cup of coffee. Sam was beyond thankful he took the bear away from Deano last night. No matter how much it pained him, it would have been worse to have John see him hugging the toy.

When Dean woke up Sam was already on his way to school, and John was watching him from his place at the table. John looked pissed, and he looked like he was trying to figure out what was going on. “What’s going on with your brother?” John asked he sounded curious, not concerned. No wonder he needed to go online and find a daddy who would show him he was loved and cared about. He thought seething. Dean rarely resented John, but this morning seeing the lack of care about him and Sam, it made him want to cry.

“Nothing.” Dean said, getting up and grabbing some clothes on his way to get a shower. He didn’t think about the events of the last few days. The shower was an excuse to be away from John’s watchful eye. Not thinking about the events of the other night as Dean walked into the bathroom. He forced himself not to let the images in his mind play out. Dean managed to force himself through a shower the other night, but he’d broken down and relived the bath with Tony to Sam. He hoped to take his next shower with his Daddy to comfort Dean/Deano whoever ended up coming out of the bathroom. He wished his Daddy would sit in the bathroom to remind him he wasn’t with Tony. To remind him he was safe no matter the thoughts playing out in his mind.

Dean still couldn’t believe he asked Sam to be his Daddy or Sam saying yes. Judging by the way, he felt as he walked into the bathroom, it was going to be bad. He hadn’t thought when he started towards the bathroom, but there was no changing his mind with John in the next room. Dean forced himself not to think about the things he felt or the memories seeing the tub brought up for him. He needed to get clean as fast as possible and get out. He couldn’t cry, he couldn't be little. He could do this, he thought and stripped ignoring the tug he felt in his asshole as he moved. He was still sore and figured there would be blood in his underwear if he looked. He didn’t dare look; he didn’t want to know, he couldn’t bear knowing. As Dean washed his still raw bottom, he decided he would ask
Sam to sit with him tonight when he took his shower before bed.

Dean managed to make it through the shower without letting himself be little or freak out. When he came out, John moved on and was looking over his research. As soon as Dean was in the room, John started in what was wrong with Sam again.

“What is going on with your brother. I leave it up to you to know what is going on with him. He said he had a nightmare last night and needed you to comfort him. You need to get that boy to man up; he is almost 18, and he can’t be acting like a child all the time. He needs to learn to be a good soldier and stop being such a little bitch.” John said offhandedly as he went over his research, destroying Dean’s world and not even noticing he had. It was like he wanted to hurt his boys, he tried to cut Sam, and it didn’t matter he was hurting Dean in doing so.

The rest of the day went by without further incident. Dean didn’t know what to do, he didn’t want to throw Sammy under the bus, but fighting with John wouldn’t help either. In the end, he let John think what he wanted and went on with his research. When it was time to get Sam John decided that he was going to get him. John hadn’t picked Sam up from school since before Dean turned 12 and could walk to get him or drive the car to get him. Dean didn’t know what to do other than let John get Sam. Fighting would do no good to anyone. It would make John either more interested in what was going on or make him angrier. Dean knew Sam wouldn’t be able to stop himself from fighting with John. Sam would pop off at the mouth and make everything worse for all parties concerned. Dean hoped Sam would keep his cool until John lost interest in whatever he was looking for.

Sam was beyond shocked when he saw John sitting in the Impala instead of Dean. He couldn’t remember the last time John picked him up from school. It had been before Dean was in middle school. Sam knew it couldn’t be good John picking him up; he had to handle this with kid gloves no matter what he wanted to do.

“What is going on with you?” John snapped at him even before he got in the car. This wasn’t going to be good Sam thought.

“What do you mean?” Sam asked, trying for the first time in years not to start a fight with John. Sam knew he needed to get John to drop whatever he was getting at and move on. This was going to end up with Dean getting found out and hurt. Sam always had a hard time not popping off at the mouth when he was pissed. No matter how much he wanted a fight, if he did he would say something without even thinking and hurt Dean.

“You have a nightmare bad enough, you need your brother to hug you? You need to grow up and stop being such a little punk about everything.” John spit as he pulled out of the parking lot.

“You know how much I hate werewolves; I always have nightmares when we hunt them.” Sam said, biting the inside of his mouth trying to keep his cool.

“Well, no more of that shit you need to grow some balls. I can’t have you acting like a little girl when we are on a hunt.” John snarled as he drove home. The rest of the drive was silent.

As soon as Sam walked in the room, he could see Dean was stressed out and not having a good day. Sam didn’t know if he’d been oblivious before he became Dean’s Daddy, or if Dean was letting his emotions show more now. It was heartbreaking to see and know he’d been neglecting his brother. Neglecting the same person who’d been the only caretaker he’d ever known. How had he ignored Dean’s needs and feelings for his whole life? Even if he wasn’t Dean’s Daddy, he should have been a better brother.

Sam needed to keep calm and get John out of the motel so he could make sure his boy was okay. It
was clear Dean wasn’t, but Sam didn’t know why and didn’t know how to help with John there and watching their every move.

It took everything in Sam not to jump on John as soon as they got to the motel and he saw Dean looking so upset. It was clear something was going on with Dean that was beyond whatever John had done to him.

John kept picking on Sam for the next couple of hours. Finally, he decided to go to the bar and leave the boys alone, much to Sam’s relief.

“I’m going out.” John announced, and walked out the door.

“What’s wrong?” Sam asks as soon as he heard John pull out.

“I took a shower.” Dean said. Feeling himself slipping into his headspace when he started thinking about the shower.

Sam sat dumbfounded, not understanding what a shower would have to do with anything. Regardless he could see Dean was slipping into his headspace. Sam wanted to give Dean the bear and push him into his little headspace. Sam wasn’t sure how the headspace worked, but it was clear Dean used it when he couldn’t cope with whatever was going on. Sam knew they needed to talk about pushing him into his headspace before Sam pushed him like that. Dean hadn’t given him that kind of power yet, and even if he knew Dean would follow his lead. He knew he couldn’t make choices like that for Dean/Deano without explicit permission to do so.

Sam knew he needed to do something, so he finally walked over to the bed and sat next to Dean hugging him. Sam wouldn’t push Dean into his headspace without talking to Dean first. Sam thought Dean might want his Daddy to have power over him in that way, but he would give his Boy a choice. Sam knew he needed to comfort his brother and if Deano came out, he would let that happen. He would be a good Daddy to his Boy, but he would let it happen at least today.

As soon as his Daddy put his arm around him Dean let himself slip into his little headspace. He wanted his Daddy to comfort him, snuggling in deeper to his Daddy’s embrace.

Sam knew as soon as Dean started to burrow into him he wasn’t dealing with his brother anymore but his Boy. He hugged him tighter and pulled him into his lap running his hand up and down the boy’s back as Deano started to cry. They sat like that for a while until Deano quieted and loosened his grip on his Daddy. Sam wasn’t sure if Deano loosening his grip meant he was coming out of his headspace or if he was calming down. The next thing he knew his Boy was asleep in his Daddy’s arms. Sam sat and held his Boy for hours before he put him to bed and got into bed with him.

Sam didn’t want John to walk in on Deano clinging to him, but it wasn’t like he had anywhere else to sleep. When Sam woke up, Dean was thankfully sleeping on his side of the bed, and John was passed out on the other bed. Sam got ready for school and woke Dean up to take him. Sam wanted to talk to Dean about the teddy bear and all the other things he needed to know about being Deano’s Daddy. Sam decided he would ask Dean to drive them to the lake again instead of to school so they could talk. When they got to the car, Sam asked Dean to drive them to the lake again.

Dean shot off a text about doing research and drove them toward the lake. Dean knew he would have to go to the library, but he would have some time to talk to Sam before he had to go to the library. He was sure Sam had done his geek boy routine and had a million things he had learned and needed to share with Dean. What Dean wasn’t looking forward to were the 10,000 questions Sam would want to ask as well. No matter how much he loved his brother he could be a pest when he got to geek out about stuff. They swung through a drive-thru and got some breakfast and drove to the
lake.

“I did some research.” Sam said as soon as they got to the lake.

“I bet you did.” Dean said scoffing. “What did you find out, Geek Boy?” Dean asked, not able to stop his smile as he spoke.

“Well, I read a lot of stuff, and I wanted to talk to you about some of it and then tell you about some ideas that I have.” Sam said, seeming not to notice that Dean was picking on him as he responded.

“Okay.” Dean said.

“So, I read some people like to have an item they can interact with or be given to help them go into their little headspace. I wondered if you wanted to use the teddy bear for that? I also wanted to know if you wanted me to keep the bear or if you wanted to keep it in your bag?” Sam asked.

The question shocked Dean. He read some people liked to have an item like that, but he’d never thought about using one until Sam brought it up to him. He wondered if he would like that. He also wasn’t sure if he wanted to keep the bear or if he wanted Sam to keep it for him. “I think I need some time to figure that out. I like the idea of having something I can have to help me let go, but I don’t know if I want you to keep the bear or not.” Dean said thinking about as he spoke.

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“Okay.” Sam said, pulling his phone out to look at the notes he made the night before. He had a list of questions he found online for kink negotiations and Little/Caregiver negotiations. “I have a list,” Sam said, completely focused on the list he was looking at even to register the look Dean was giving him.

“I bet you do.” Dean snarked. “What questions do you have. I will tell you I don’t have a lot of experience with this kind of thing. Even online I never played much so I may not have answers for you.” Dean said his attitude sobering as he thought about the questions Sam wanted to ask. He didn’t think Sam would hurt him on purpose, but he was sure he was going to get hurt regardless of Sam’s intentions.

“You seem to fight going into your little headspace, and I wanted to know if you want me to take the lead and help push you into your little headspace? When I think you need to spend some time as Deano, and you aren't asking for it or don’t seem like you can make that choice for yourself?” Sam asked looking like he was as afraid of hurting Dean as Dean was about being hurt.

“I don’t know, it has always happened, or it was planned as soon as I knew I am going to be alone. I don’t know what you “pushing” me would look like or how I would feel about it, but probably. I have a hard time letting myself be little; it’s generally not a super good experience when I am little. I either fall into it or end up getting ripped out of it because you or dad come home and I have to be big again. It would be easier if you pushed me into being him when it’s safe, instead of fighting it until I can't fight anymore.” Dean explained, biting his lip terrified as he spoke.

Regardless of how excellent Sam was Dean thought Sam was going to decide he was disgusting. Dean was waiting for Sam to tell him he couldn’t be his Daddy no matter what he said the other night.

“I think when you are fighting being little, or I think you need to have some little time I should give you the teddy bear. That way the push will be the same as if you feel yourself slipping or you want to be little. The consistency you know?”

“Okay. Having the same push is a good idea.” Dean mumbled nodding, but not looking at Sam as he
spoke.

“How old is Deano, does his age vary?” Sam asked, jumping right to the next question.

Dean wasn’t sure if it was to keep him from spinning out or if Sam was as ready to spin out himself. “I don’t know. Deano talks and walks and he likes to do things like color and read books, so I don’t know maybe 3 to 6. I have never given him an age. I don’t want to wear diapers or suck on a pacifier when he is upset he sucks his thumb but rarely. Dean said. Knowing he needed to tell Sam about the bathroom thing while they were talking about diapers. He didn’t know how to say it.

He thought he might throw up if he said it out loud to his Daddy. He only ever talked about it with other people who had the same desire. “I might want my Daddy to take control of my bathroom habits,” Dean said in a rush, hoping this wouldn’t be the thing that would make his Daddy reject him. How could he ever look at his brother again if his brother thought he was disgusting. Dean wanted to hide as soon as he said it out loud.

Sam gave him a blank stare, not sure what Dean was talking about. “What do you mean? I am confused.” Sam asked. He read about diapers, and he wasn’t sure how he felt about diapers. If he was honest with himself the more he read about being a Daddy; the more turned on he got. The idea of being a Daddy to Dean turned him on in a way he wasn’t sure he was ready to deal with. Even if it wasn’t to his brother he was playing with turned him on. What he read had awakened something in him; he wanted to explore more, but diapers didn’t turn him on at all. He worried Dean would want to be diapered and he wasn’t sure he could be Deano’s Daddy if that were going to be a part of it. “Do you mean like diapers?” Sam asked.

“Not really. I don’t want to be a baby.” Dean spits out, rushing to try and explain himself. “I can always talk and walk, and I like to do stuff like color and other big boy things. I kind of want my Daddy to give me an enema or laxatives and rub my tummy when it hurts. Be nice to me while I am cramping and hurting.

"I don’t know if you remember, but when I was younger, I had all kinds of issues with my stomach. I don’t think I shit without help from the time I was 4 to 10. Dad would have to give me stuff to make me go or give me enemas so I could go to the bathroom. He was always mean when he did it and made fun of me for needing it, and when I had an accident, he would be mean to me. I had accidents a lot right after mom died up until I was around 10. I couldn't help it.

"It happens when you are super constipated. The liquid comes out around the shit that's stuck in your intestines. It's called an impaction. It happened a lot right after mom died and it kept happening until I was about 14. By the time I was around 11 or 12 I learned how to deal with it myself. I had to give myself enemas and figure out how to get my bowels moving again. I couldn't keep from having accidents, and he would tell me how disgusting I was that I shit my pants.

"He never took me to a doctor about my not being able to shit without help. He would give me an enema or shit tons of laxatives and most of the time it took both before I could go. He was always rough when he gave me the enemas. He would give me adult dosages not caring that it was too much for my little body to handle. It always took so many to get me to go potty. I think he decided since I was going to have to have so many it was easier to give me big ones than more smaller ones.

"It always felt like I was going to explode from the pressure in my bowels. When he took me to the doctor when I was 14, they said that I was stretched out inside. They said it was from being so constipated as a kid and also from dad giving me those big enemas.

"He made it worse Sammy. Not only did he make it hurt, but he stretched out my insides, so I had a harder time going than I was already having.
"I guess I want my Daddy to do it the right way. Be everything John wasn’t when I was little. You know I have issues with my stomach still, right? I take stuff every day to keep it from getting worse, but sometimes it still does get bad. I want my Daddy to help me feel better, but be nice when he is helping me." Dean said. Looking like he might start crying, chewing on his lip and not daring to look at Sam as he spoke.

His stomach issues had always been a weakness to John and a source of ridicule from their dad. As if being four and having lost your mom wasn't hard enough, he had to get so constipated he would scream it hurt so much.

Sam didn’t know what to say. Sam could remember being about four himself and hearing Dean sobbing in the bathroom begging John to make him go potty. Saying over and over again how much his tummy hurt. He also remembers Dean at about the same age screaming his tummy hurt and begging John to stop making it worse. Sam didn’t understand at the time. He knew Dean was hurting. He remembered Dean in the bathroom with their dad while John yelled at him to man up and stop crying.

He remembered Dean shitting himself a few times when they were kids long after Sam was potty trained. He remembers John being horrible to Dean even though it was clear Dean was sick and not able to control it. He remembered having stomach issues and Dean giving him an enema without telling John. Dean was so gentle and kind to him the whole time, rubbing his tummy and stroking his back. Telling him that he knew it hurt and it would feel better soon.

He also knew Dean still had issues with his stomach. After Dean was about 12, they all pretended it wasn’t happening no matter how much pain Dean was in. Or how Dean would go into the bathroom and come out red faced from crying only to crawl into the bed. Sam had no idea it was as bad or as constant an issue as it had apparently been for his brother.

“I am not saying no. I guess I hadn’t thought about anything like that.” Sam said, looking at Dean trying to gauge his reaction. Sam guessed it made sense. Dean would want to transform a painful problem to a positive loving experience.

“You don’t have to. It’s just that I have to deal with it and I guess I wanted my Daddy to make it better for me. You never had the same issues as me, but it hurts so much Sammy. For days and days, it’s uncomfortable. Then for days it HURTS, and then I have to “deal” with it, and it would be nice to have my Daddy make me feel better. You know?” Dean said, looking at the ground as he spoke.

“How about we talk about this next time you have issues with your stomach.” Sam said, hoping his answer would be good enough for Dean. He wanted to give his Boy what he needed, but he was still nervous about it.

“Ohkay.” Dean mumbled wanting to be excited but afraid that it would be too much for Sam and not wanting to get his hopes up.

It was clear to Sam that this wasn’t a small want for Dean/Deano. He figured he would have to do this or he wouldn’t be meeting Dean’s needs from a Daddy. Sam decided he needed to move on and do some more research about this particular fetish later. “What are you looking for in a Daddy, and do you want to have me be your Daddy all the time or when you are little only?” Sam asked.

Dean was shocked by the question. He wasn’t sure he knew let alone if he could explain it to Sam. “I want to feel loved and cared about all the time. I don't know if I want you to be my Daddy all the time or only when I am little, but I want to feel cared about all the time.” Dean said.

“Okay, I get that, but what do you want to do? Do you want to get hugs and cuddles; maybe the
better question is what would a day with Daddy look like?” Sam asked, not sure he was asking the question in a way that was going to get a productive answer out of Dean.

“Oh, I want to be hugged and cuddled, I want to be able to color, I want you to cook for me. I don’t want to have to worry about anything while I am little. I want you to make all the big decisions for me; I want to be told I am a good boy. Dean said in almost a whisper. “I want you to watch movies with me. I want you to give me a bath and let me play with bath toys.” Dean said, staring at the lake through the windshield. He was trying as hard as he could not to think about the bath he had with Tony. He still wanted to have a bath with Daddy.

“What kind of decisions do you want me to make for you?” Sam asked, he wanted to know more about the bath thing, but he wasn’t sure how to ask about that.

“I don’t know how to explain it.” Dean said. “I want you to make all the decisions that a Daddy should make for their kids. What to eat, what to wear, when bedtime is, if we should watch a movie or color. I want my opinion to matter. I want to be able to feel safe with my Daddy and not have to worry about anything. Not to have to be responsible for anything, I want to be able to be.” Dean explained.

“Do you want to have rules and punishments?” Sam asked somewhat nervously.

“I want to have some rules and some punishments.” Dean said not knowing how to explain what he wanted, not sure he knew the answers to these questions anyway. The negations with Tony had been for a one-off, not a long term daddy. It was different, and he didn’t know how to explain what he wanted if he was being honest, he wasn’t sure what he wanted.

“How do you want to be punished?” Sam asked shyly. He read some stories, and he knew there were some things he wanted to try with his Boy. But this was about what his Boy needed and not what Sam wanted. There would be time to do the things he wanted after his Boy was happy and feeling more loved and cared about.

“I think I would like to be spanked.” Dean said, feeling like he was going to either panic or get hard thinking about it. “I don’t want to be beaten, but spanked yes. Maybe have things taken away.”

Sam nodded, thinking. “I don’t know how to ask the next question, but I need to know. Do you want to have any sexual contact with me when you are little? Or at all?” Sam asked, feeling like he might throw up this time.

Dean didn’t know what he wanted sex wise with Sam. Sure, he thought about Sam, since Sam had gone through puberty. But admitting he wanted to fuck his brother was something different than thinking his brother was hot. And then the thought of sex when he was Deano, was a whole other thing. He didn’t know about that, and he hadn’t wanted to have sex with any Daddy that he had even thought about playing with before. But this was Sam, and he did have fantasies about some sex stuff when he thought about being little. Then there was the fact he didn’t know if he could have sex as Deano after what Tony did to him. Dean thought sex in his little headspace might be too much for him. But it was clear Sam wanted to have sex with Deano. Dean could see him licking his lips as he asked the question, Dean was shocked it wasn’t scaring him. Dean never let himself think about what it would be like to fuck or be fucked by Sam. He never wanted to admit he was broken enough to think about his little brother sexually. Now that Sam was bringing it up it was hard not to get a hard-on.

“I don’t know.” Dean said, trying to organize his thoughts. “I want to sort of, I have some sexual things I want as a little, but after the other night, I don’t know if I can handle sex as Deano. He hurt me, Sammy! He hurt me so much! It’s not that he, you know did it, Sammy he hurt me like I’m not
sure I can have sex again ever, hurt me. Sammy, it was so painful, and I am still bleeding, he tore me real bad,” Dean said, tears welling up in his eyes as he spoke.

“I didn’t want him to do what he did to Deano, I swear I didn’t want that!” Dean said frantically, not wanting Sam to think he was a slut.

“I know Dean.” Sam said, not knowing what to do with himself. Sam wondered how Deano wanted to be praised and comforted. “How do you want me to praise you, or comfort you when you are little and when you are big? Are they the same?” Sam asked, needing some guidance so he could comfort his brother and his Boy. He asked the question before he finished forming the thought in his mind, but it was said now.

“I want to be hugged and have you play with my hair and tell me I am a good boy, and kiss my forehead, hold me, and give me little nothing gifts, watch movies and let me sit on your lap or snuggle with you, when I am Deano, and I want you to hug me be kind to me when I am big.” Dean said, feeling like he was going to come apart.

“When I held you the other night, did you like that?” Sam asked.

“Yes, it was amazing. Deano never had someone care about him before.” Dean said, looking at his hands, afraid to show how much it meant to him, or how much he feared it would be taken away.

“Can I touch you without asking?” Sam asked. He read sometimes victims of sexual assault liked to get a choice about physical contact.

Dean nodded to emotional to speak without crying.

“Do you want me to touch you and hug you when you aren’t little?” Sam asked, trying to figure out to what extent Dean needed him to be a Daddy for him.

Dean nodded, tears welling up in his eyes as he did. He could feel he was about to start crying and he didn’t want to. He knew Sam had a million more questions. He needed to finish this conversation before he broke down and started crying.

Sam wrapped his arms around Dean scooting towards him on the bench. They sat like that for a while, Sam worried about Dean both emotionally and physically. He didn’t think Dean had been hurt that bad, physically at least. Sure, Sam figured that he was hurt, but not hurt bad enough to think he couldn't have sex again. Forced anal penetration was painful he knew. He didn’t think his brother had been hurt bad enough to have lasting damage. He wondered what to do with that information. He knew right now he needed to deal with the emotional before he tried to deal with the physical.

“You know I don’t blame you for what happened to Deano? It’s not your fault and it sure as fuck isn’t Deano’s fault he hurt you. I will never think you are less than, for what happened. He was the wrong one, not you or Deano.” Sam said. Hugging Dean as he spoke trying to comfort him while trying to let Dean have a moment where he wasn’t watched.

Dean started to sob clinging to Sam as he listened to the words Sam was saying. Sammy didn’t blame him. He didn’t think he was weak for not being able to stop him. His Daddy didn’t think he was less than. His Daddy loved him. His Daddy was trying to make him feel better.
Chapter 3

Sam sat holding Dean while he cried. Sam was so lost about what to do. Dean was hurting and try as he might Sam didn’t know what to do; he was worried about Dean. Not only had something horrible happened to his brother, and his Boy but he was physically injured. Sam wondered if he needed to take him to the hospital. He wondered how to even do something like that, and he wondered if he needed to get his brother an STI test. Would it even be useful at this point or did they need to wait and then get the test? Sam held onto Dean and ran his hand up and down his back, unsure if he was comforting Dean or if Dean was comforting him. He wanted to do something useful, but what would help? After what felt like forever Dean loosened his death grip on Sam and started to ease back. Sam wondered if Dean had been trying to get away for very long and he hadn’t noticed or if he started to move in his arms.

Sam sat back and for the first time looked at Dean’s face. He hadn’t dared to look while he’d been asking questions, but now he wanted to see all the things his brother wasn’t saying. Dean seemed to sense this wasn’t looking, but truly seeing and he hid his tear stained face from Sam. He was trying not to show how hurt he was by what happened.

Sam wasn’t stupid, he hadn’t missed the look in Dean's eyes. It wasn’t dead, but it wasn’t wholly alive. Sam wanted to cry at seeing Dean look like that, knowing if he had ever been a good brother to Dean, that Dean wouldn't have been in that bathroom. Had Sam ever shown Dean he was loved and wanted? Sam went over the conversation in his mind as he sat there, all Dean asked for was to be loved and cared about. Not some elaborate scene, he wanted to be loved and cared about. Sam didn’t think Dean would have asked him to be his Daddy if he hadn’t been so emotional about what happened to him. Dean would have gone on feeling like no one cared, no one loved him.

Sam never thought twice about what Dean had been through as a kid. Sam never thought about what it would be like for Dean to lose his mother, and then become brother and father to him. To have your own father leave you for days at a time while you were taking care of a baby and grieving the loss of your mother. Sam never concisely thought about all the times Dean said he already ate when he was giving him the last of the cereal for dinner. Sam never thought about why his brother would scream and cry in the bathroom.

He never thought about how Dean would always put himself between Sam and John when John was drunk or angry. Or the way John would make fun of him when he had an accident in his pants. Hell Sam even joined in teasing Dean when he was potty trained himself, and Dean would have an accident. Sam never comforted his brother the way his brother always comforted him. Sam could remember hearing Dean sobbing in the bathroom. He could even remember telling Dean to shut up, he was being too loud and he couldn’t hear his show. How could he have been so uncaring to his brother.

He never did a single thing to even try to make Dean feel better. He would pretend like nothing was wrong. He would pretend Dean hadn’t been sobbing and whimpering in the bathroom for the last 3 hours. He would whine that Dean wanted him to cook or have a bowl of canned soup so he didn’t have to cook. Sam would complain and whine until Dean would get up and make him something to eat. He never cared how clear it was that Dean wanted to curl up in the bed and go to sleep.

Every cold or sniffle Sam ever had, Dean took care of. He would get him whatever food he wanted and rub his back until he fell asleep. Dean would rent movies, and do anything he could to make Sam feel better. Sam couldn’t ever remember asking for John when he was sick. He would curl up with his brother and let his brother take care of him even if John was there. Sam never hugged him.
after he was about 12 himself. He never told Dean he loved him after he was about 8 or 9. He never told his brother, thank you for all he gave up for him.

If Sam had been more caring, or been paying attention to his brother, he would have seen how sad his brother was. He would have seen how much Dean needed someone to care about him for once. Sam knew he failed his brother, and he still didn't know how to fix it. He wanted to make it up to him, but the more he saw Dean. The more he looked at his brother; the more he didn’t think that he could fix the damage he'd done by not caring more before.

Sam didn’t know how to make the haunted, sad, tired look leave Dean’s face. Certain time would help, but Sam didn’t think it was the rape that had put most of the pain in Dean’s eyes. He was pretty sure it was him, and his lack of care for his brother, and his outright rejection of Dean that put most of the pain there.

Sure, John was an ass, and he had never been there for them. John left them in hotel rooms for days at a time, for as long as Sam could remember. He didn't think that Dean could remember their dad being a dad. After Dean telling him about the enemas and laxatives as a kid, the pain and humiliation John put him through. The way John didn’t do anything actually to make him feel better. Sam wondered how Dean could hide his hatred of their father. Sam seethed and raged at John, but now Sam could see Dean was far more hurt by John’s child rearing or lack thereof than Sam had any right to be. Sam had been neglected and raised to be a soldier instead of a child, but Dean had been forced to be brother and father of a child when he was only 4. Dean had been outright hurt systematically for years, and when he wasn’t being hurt, he was being neglected and abandoned.

At least Sam had known kindness and love, he had someone to dry his tears and hold him when he was scared. To rub his tummy when he was sick. He had someone to make sure he knew he was wanted even if it wasn’t from, the man who was supposed to love him. Sam always had unconditional love. Dean hadn't ever had that kind of love not since their mother died. Sam didn’t know how Dean could stand to be around a man who never cared and outright hurt you when you were at your most vulnerable. Sam wanted to rage at his father for the things he'd done, but he knew he inflicted his own damage on his brother.

Sam wanted to hug his brother again, but he could see from the look on Dean’s face now wasn’t the time. Dean needed the pain of the conversation to be over. Dean needed to have time. Sam knew he would need to do something about Dean’s health. Sam also knew no matter what he did it was going to be a terrible experience for both of them. Sam didn't know if it would be better for Dean or Deano to be the one to go to the Dr, but he was sure they had to go. Sam didn’t want to force Dean to go to the hospital. He wanted to go to the library and pretend nothing was out to the ordinary. He knew that wasn't an option; they were going to have to make sure that Dean wasn’t hurt too badly.

Dean didn’t know how long he sat there clinging to his Daddy, but it was a while. He was so wrung out and tired he wanted to go home and climb into bed with his Daddy and his teddy. When he pulled away from Sam, he noticed that Sam was clinging to him as much as he was clinging to Sam. It killed him to know he'd caused his brother to feel like that. He wondered yet again if he should forget the whole thing and pretend nothing happened.

He didn't want to think about Tony, nor did he want to think about how he must be upsetting his brother. Sam finally let go of him and sat back looking him in the eye. It had been the first time since Dean had told him about Deano Sam looked at him. If he was honest, it was the first time in 6 or more years Sammy looked at him and saw what he was saying.

Dean was hurting, and he knew he'd been in pain for a very long time, and he'd always hidden it from Sam. He'd never let on how sad he was, how much he too wanted to rage at John and tell him
what a massive dick he was. How much he wanted to run away from John the day he turned 18. It was the first time he let himself resent Sammy for all the things he gave up to take care of him. He knew he couldn't leave Sammy, but that didn’t stop him from thinking about. From fantasizing about leaving every time he was online talking to other littles or even when he was little himself. He would think about leaving. Getting in the Impala and driving away, hell he'd been coming up with food money for Sammy and himself since he was a kid. He'd been making up the rent when John had been gone longer than he said he would, and the motel manager came by to collect. Even at 18 he never thought twice about how he would survive on his own it was always about how Sammy would survive.

He thought about getting out, about being with people who loved him. He felt for the first time in almost six years that Sammy did love him. He hadn’t been sure for a long time if Sammy loved him, he knew Sam did love him now. He had to let his Daddy love him. He wondered if it was that Sam was trying to be the man John wanted him to be or if he was that uncaring on his own. Sam was always far more like their father than he was. Everyone said Dean was like John, and in some ways he was, they had the same look the same music. Sam was far more their father in the ways that mattered; he was stubborn, and he could be cruel. Sam said he hated John but Dean always thought what Sam hated about John was what he hated about himself.

Most of the day was spent at the library doing the research that needed to get done to satisfy John. It was a long and rather hard day for Dean, but he managed. The hard wooden chairs were killing him. It was hard to keep Sam from noticing how he kept moving to try and make it hurt less.

Sam saw Dean squirming and knew he would have to take Dean to the hospital, whether Dean wanted to go or not. Sam could see there was something wrong with him. It was clear that sitting in the hard wooden chairs was killing him. After a few hours, Sam said they should go.

When they got to the car Sam got in the driver's seat not giving Dean a choice in the matter. If it had been even a few days ago, Dean would have thrown a fit, but he didn’t say a word. He let Sam take the lead and drive wherever it was that Sam was taking them. Sam couldn’t help but smile at the perks that being Deano’s Daddy provided. Sam had gotten directions to a hospital two towns over; it would take them a while to get there from where they were. Sam didn’t want to bring it up this far away from the hospital. Sam didn’t think it would be an easy conversation for Dean. If they had it now, Dean would have almost an hour to think about it, and that would make things worse for him. Sam could see Dean wiggle every couple of minutes as they drove, even on the softer seats he couldn’t get comfortable.

Dean didn't know where they were headed, but it was clear Sam had something in mind. Dean tried to get comfortable and trust his Daddy to take care of him.

“Hey Dean I think we need to go to the hospital and get you checked out. I know you don't want to go or you would have gone yourself. If you think there is long term damage we need to get, you checked out.” Sam said, not looking at his brother as he spoke. It was the way Sam was talking about him that was so hard for Dean to hear. Yes Dean had asked him to make decisions, but this wasn’t something he wanted Sam to decide for him.

Dean did his best not to panic and start to cry as he sat there. He knew he needed to go to the hospital from the first night. It was the idea of going to the hospital that was too much for him to handle. He didn’t want to go. He didn't want to get undressed in front of people. He didn't want to let someone touch him at all. Let alone there, and he knew they would need to examine his private parts.

He looked online about what would happen if he went to the hospital. He read more than one person saying that the exam was worse than the rape itself. Why would he want to subject himself to that,
and it wasn’t like he would press charges. It was going to be awful; the only bright spot was that now he would at least have his Daddy with him. He wondered if he would be able to stay big the whole time or if he would slip into his little headspace. Sometimes fear or stress would make him slip even if it wasn’t a safe time to be little. He didn't want to have Deano have to suffer through the exam after everything else. It had been a hard couple of days, and Deano had been through so much of the pain. It would be unimaginable for Dean to get through let alone Deano to handle Daddy or not it would be awful. Dean knew he would have to do his best to stay big no matter what.

Sam could see the panic on Dean's face as they drove towards the hospital, he was glad he hadn’t told Dean any sooner. It wasn’t long before they were pulling into the parking lot and Dean was already looking like he was going to cry. They weren't even inside yet. As they walked to the hospital, Dean grabbed Sam's hand and stopped him.

“I may not be able to do this as Dean. I may slip into my little headspace; I need to tell you what I want in case I can’t when I need to. I want to tell them you are my boyfriend, and I want you in the room with me the whole time. I don’t care if it’s embarrassing and they think you should leave the room. I will not feel more comfortable if you don’t see and hear everything. I don't think I can handle it if I am alone, even if I am big the whole time, I don’t think I can handle this Sammy. I looked up what's going to happen. I thought I might need to see a doctor and I wanted to know what they would do, and it’s not going to be pleasant. They are going to poke and prod me and make me talk about all the horrible shit that happened. Because I am all messed up down there the exam is going to hurt, a lot.

“They are going to need to look inside me to make sure I am not bleeding internally. They are going to have to make sure my abdominal cavity isn’t filled with bacteria from a puncture. I've had doctors do rectal exams before when I was a kid, and I was backed up bad enough that Dad took me to the hospital. It hurts Sammy. It hurt so much, and I wasn’t all messed up back there. Do you understand what I am saying, Sammy?” Dean said. Doing his best not to fall into his little headspace as he spoke. He knew it would be Deano who would have to handle this no matter how much he didn’t want to let Deano come out. He knew it would be the case he was too raw and emotional. He was already starting to slip into his headspace, but he wanted to prepare Sam for what the exam would be like for him.

Part of Dean wanted to slip into his headspace and let his Daddy hold him and tell him that everything would be okay. The look on Sam’s face as he explained the exam made it clear; Sam was as close to losing his shit as Dean was. No matter if Sam was his Daddy or not Dean was still big brother. If he could save Sammy from having to comfort Deano through the exam, he would. So he took a deep breath and tried to be brave and not make this worse for Sam. No matter how much he wanted his Daddy to hold him and make it better.

Sam wanted to panic at hearing Dean talk about the exam, sure he looked it up. Sam knew the exam would be bad, but to hear Dean admit it was going to hurt him. To hear his big brother admit he didn't think he could be big the whole time scared Sam. He didn’t want to see his tough as nails big brother scared. His big brother could be hurt, but he'd stitched Dean up himself and never seen Dean do anything but bitch and gripe. When it was terrible Dean would shut up and sit silently gritting his teeth. Sam wasn’t stupid, and he knew the only thing keeping Dean from screaming as bones were set with nothing but Jim and Jose was he didn’t want to upset Sam. All Sam could do was grab Dean's hand and squeeze it. He was so sad for his brother and his Boy; he knew this was going to be awful he guessed he hadn’t thought how bad. Sam hugged him and walked off towards the hospital. He wanted to get this over with.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

This part of the story was supposed to be a light fluffy ageplay story before the super dark second part of the story, my muse is dark twisted thing and this story didn't really stay as fluffy as I had planned. Sorry not sorry. This is really dark please read at your own risk. Please heed the warnings. I am amending the warnings so please check them out before you read this chapter.

Sam went to the check in counter and got all the paperwork to fill out. They had fake IDs with non matching names and Sam decided he would use them. He didn’t know why they would want his but if they asked he was prepared. It wasn’t like they were going to be paying the bill anyway so what did it matter. As Sam filled out the paperwork Dean sat as close to him as he could get without being on top of him. It was clear if Dean hadn't gone into his little headspace it was going to happen soon. Sam wished he'd brought the bear to give his Boy so Deano could have the toy that already meant so much to him.

Sam was lost in his thoughts as they called the name he'd given on the intake forms almost letting Dean get skipped. As they walked to the back Dean was clinging to Sam like he was being sent to the gallows. It broke Sam’s heart to have to do this, but he was worried about Dean’s health and Dean said he was worried himself. It wasn’t something they could avoid as much as he wanted to. Sam knew Dean could actually die from becoming septic due to a perforated bowel.

“Mr. Smith I need you to get undressed and get up on the table.” The nurse said, as she handed Dean the gown and walked out of the room.

“It's okay, I will be here the whole time. Do you want me to hold your hand while they do the exam?” Sam asked, wanting to make sure Dean hadn’t changed his mind.

“They are going to ask what happened. You will have to hear it all.” Dean mumbled looking like he was about to cry.

“I won’t ever think less of you for what HE did.” Sam said his voice leaving no room to question if he meant it or not.

“I’m sorry you have to do this with me. I shouldn’t have asked you to stay with me. Not for this.” Dean said angrily, wiping roughly at his eyes. Sam was sure he was trying to hide his tears but he was drawing attention to them.

Sam didn’t think they would bother with swabs or combing his pubic hair or even bothering to take pictures. When Sam had given the paperwork to the clerk he told them that he wouldn’t be pressing charges. Sam didn’t know why they would ask any more questions than were you penetrated? Did he use his _____, and did he wear a condom? At least something, but they would need to look at the damage both externally and internally.

Sam worried the internal exam was going to be too much for Dean, even if it was the most dangerous to leave untreated. Sam could always sign him out AMA if it was too much for Dean. He’d seen John do it enough throughout the years. Sam knew exactly what to say to make the exam
stop and get Dean out of there with the least stress.

Dean got undressed and on the table, Sam sitting behind him and wrapped his arm around him, as they waited. Sam wanted to make it all better for his brother and his Boy, but he knew he couldn’t, Dean would have to deal with it. He wouldn’t have pushed to get the exam if he wasn’t worried about his brother’s health. He wished Dean could stay big, it was too much for Deano to handle. Sam knew Dean was scared Deano would come out or he would have made Sam wait in the waiting room. Sam had failed his brother enough and he wasn’t about to do it again now, not for this.

Dean felt himself slipping into his little headspace ever since Sam brought up going to the hospital. He didn't want to get an exam. Dean didn't want to be poked and prodded, he didn’t want some doctor to put his fingers inside him. He wanted to pretend it hadn’t happened, but that wasn’t an option, so he would have to go and deal with the exam. As they walked to the door Dean kept Sam's arm in a death grip as they walked. It was torture to sit and wait for them to call him back.

Dean had gotten on the bed and Sam immediately got on the bed with him to hug him and try to make him feel better. Dean was so happy his Daddy was trying to help him feel better, it didn’t matter he was still big.

He wanted to get this over with as much as he wanted to hide. It was hard and he wasn’t sure how much longer he could keep himself from crying. He knew he would be sobbing as soon as the Doctor touched him, but for now, he would sit and let his Daddy hold him.

It took the Doctor an hour to come into the room. Dean thought it was torture they made him get undressed and then sit there for an hour. Like he wasn’t feeling exposed enough after the assault and knowing what they were about to do. It was starting and that meant it would be over sooner than it would ten minutes ago and that was okay.

“Hi Dean I am Doctor Woods, we are going to do an exam and run some tests and go from there. It shouldn’t be too bad, but we will try our best to make it as easy for you as possible. Detective Lafayette is here to collect the evidence and ask you some questions, is that okay?”

Dean looked at Sam and started to panic. He didn’t want to have the detective there. He didn’t want anyone to know, let alone some man who was going to have to watch and then ask him questions. It wasn’t like he was going to press charges. He wouldn’t be around long enough even if he wanted to press charges. John would lose his shit if he found out about the attack, and if he pressed charges that meant there would be no way to hide it from John. It was a waste of time for the detective to be there, but he was here now, so they might as well let him stay. Dean nodded and then went to staring blankly at the wall wishing that it would be over.

Sam kept rubbing Dean's back and squeezing his shoulders, as he listened to the Doctor talk.

“We are going to do a rectal exam, but first, we need to take pictures and go from there. It shouldn’t be too bad, but we will try our best to make it as easy for you as possible. Detective Lafayette is here to collect the evidence and ask you some questions, is that okay?” The Doctor asked.

It was the first time Dean or Sam had thought about how the boyfriend story was going to make things harder. How was he going to explain the rape? Not to mention they would have to tell the detective Dean went there to play a sex game and it had turned violent. But they had already said it, and there wasn’t any way out of it now so they would have to go with that story. Dean nodded and squeezed Sam’s hand hard enough to hurt. Sam held him tightly for a moment before they started asking their questions.

“Hi I am Benny Lafayette. Is it okay if I ask you some questions?”
“I don’t see a point I am not going to press charges.” Dean said doing his best not to let himself be little while he went over the details of the rape. Being little in the exam would be one thing but not now.

Dean didn’t know how to tell the detective what happened without sounding like a freak, and the stress was making it worse.

“I met a guy online we hung out watched a movie; then we took a bath; during the bath I got hard and he decided he was going to have sex with me. He shoved his fingers up my ass with no lube when I managed to speak and ask him to at least use lube, he only used soap. I guess I passed out or blacked out because the next thing I knew I was waking up in my car in a grocery store parking lot. He was alone when I got there.

“No I don’t know how he got me and my car to the parking lot 15 minutes from his house and got home. No, I wasn’t drunk or using drugs. Yes, I have had sex with men before. No, I have never been assaulted before. No, I don’t know if he used a condom. No, I don’t know if he was the only one, or if he used anything besides his fingers and dick. Do you want to know anything else?” Dean spat, doing everything he could to keep from crying, throwing up or punching the cop or all three. He wanted this to be over.

“Mr. Smith if I don’t have more to go on we won’t be able to arrest this man.”

“I AM NOT PRESSING CHARGES SO FUCK OFF!” Dean screamed at the detective.

“I’m not giving my consent for you to be in the room for the exam. If you don’t leave right now I will sign myself out AMA.” Dean hissed, not taking his eyes off the other man.

“Okay Mr. Smith if you change your mind I will be happy to take your statement later.” Detective Lafayette said as he walked to the door.

“I bet you would be happy to take my statement. You get your rocks off to hearing guys talk about how they were raped?” Dean said, an angry smile on his face as he spoke.

Sam was proud of Dean. He knew the man being here was pointless, but he wouldn’t have pushed to make the man leave if Dean hadn’t. It was clear no matter what happened or if he was a little his brother was still a Winchester.

As Sam hugged him after his outburst and Dean lost the last shred of control on his emotions and he slipped into his headspace. As much as he wanted to be big he couldn’t keep it from happening. Being little when he wanted to be big was a sick reminder of the bathroom with Tony. Knowing if he was big it would have been okay and still not being able to make himself be big was too hard to bear again.

The doctor gave him a few minutes before she spoke. “Dean, I need you to move down on the table and put your feet in the stirrups for me can you do that for me?” The voice sounded kind and like she was trying to make this as easy as she could for him.

Deano moved where the Doctor wanted him and looked at the ceiling as she covered him with a sheet. He didn’t want to see what the doctor was doing or to see the look on Sam’s face as he saw the damage done to him. Sam held his hand and ran his fingers through his hair as the Doctor got her things ready for the exam. Deano wondered why she made him put his feet up before she was ready to get started, but he couldn’t bring himself to move or ask her. He figured she wanted to make it worse for him. He wanted to cry and run away but his Daddy was holding his hand and if he ran Sam would stop him before he got very far.
“Okay I am going to move the gown out of the way.” She said, looking at Deano as she spoke.

Deano focused on his Daddy’s hand in his and tried to pretend nothing was going on. Deano wasn’t able to tune out what he heard as the Doctor was moving things on the stand by his feet. He couldn’t make himself believe she wasn’t about to touch his private parts.

“Dean I am going to touch your thigh and move it out a little more so I can see.” Doctor Woods explained as she reached to touch his thigh.

Sam positioned himself to be able to see what the Doctor was doing. As soon as she moved Deano’s leg Sam could see the bloody raw mess that was Deano’s bottom. It was clear it had torn badly, but it was also clear it was still actively bleeding. His ass and thighs were stained with blood. Sam wondered how Dean managed to stand the pain to sit at all, he also wondered if he was anemic due to blood loss. Sam made a mental note to ask the Doctor before she left. Sam hadn’t thought it would be that bad. It was clear not only had Tony raped Deano. It was clear he hadn’t even pretended to make it easier for his body to accept the intrusion.

Sam wondered looking at the damage left behind if he bothered to use lube at all after Dean passed out. That monster tore his brother open. Sam’s breath hitched and he looked at the Doctor, from the look on her face it was clear she was as surprised as he was. Seeing the reaction from a medical professional who walked into the room to do a rape exam on a male victim, scared Sam more than he wanted to admit.

“Dean I am going to have the nurse take some pictures of your body. We need to get pictures from all different angles so she may need to move your legs to get what she needs. It will be over very quickly. I promise.”

Sam did his best to stay out of the way and keep stroking Deano’s hair and wiping the tears off his face. Sam didn’t think it was helping but at least he was trying to comfort Deano.

“We are done with the pictures. How are you doing, are you ready for the external physical exam?” The Doctor asked, trying to sounds kind and calm as she spoke to Dean.

Deano hated that she was trying to talk to him, he couldn’t tune her out when she kept talking to him. He nodded and chewed on his lip not wanting her to touch him at all.

“Dean I need to touch your anus. I am going to keep my touching to the outside for a few minutes. The first thing I am going to do is clean the area and look to see if you need stitches in your anus. Then I am going to need to use a speculum and look inside your rectum to make sure that you don’t need stitches inside as well. When I am done looking at your anus and rectum I am going to do the stitches in your rectum if you need them and then on your anus. You will need at least a couple of stitches on the outside of your anus, but I won’t be sure about your rectum until I do the internal exam. It shouldn’t be too bad.” She explained as she sat looking at the damage done to her patient.

Sam bent down and started talking to Deano. “Hey Buddy it’s okay; you are going to be okay; I am going to take care of you. It’s all going to be alright. I know this is awful, but it’s going to be over very soon, okay. I know you hate it but it’s going to be over very soon.” Sam said, crying as he spoke, watching his Boy cry. Deano didn’t even have the heart to sob. He had silent tears streaming down his face as he nodded his consent to the Doctor.

Saundra Woods had seen some things in her time in the ER, but this was brutal. He was torn all to hell and clearly not handling it well. Sure most people cried during these kinds of exams, but his eyes looked dead. He looked like he wasn’t even there. She wanted to stop what she was doing and comfort the man/boy on her table. He couldn’t be more than 20 his chart said he was 22 but she
would be surprised if he was more than a few days past 18. She didn’t think he could buy his own cigarettes let alone beer. The kindest thing she could do was to get him out of here as fast as possible. So he could go home to his boyfriend and let the other man comfort him. To let his boyfriend try to help him come to grips with what had been such a brutal attack. She wondered again if the man standing here doating on her patient had been the one to put him on her table.

She couldn’t wrap her head around the story. He had a boyfriend yet he was at a stranger’s house taking a bath. Even if it had been a hookup, who took a bath with a hookup. And what boyfriend would be here holding and comforting a man who cheated on them. The story smelled of bullshit and she wasn’t about to send her patient home with a man who could do this to him and then stand here and comfort his victim. She was going to get to the bottom of this before she sent her patient home with his rapist.

Doctor Woods cleaned his anus as gently as she could, and tried her best not to hurt him. The hitches in his breath and the way he would sob as she wiped him made it clear it was very painful. “Would you like me to give you some medication to make this less painful?”

Sam answered for him. “Yes please, I think that would be good.”

“I will warn you the medication will make you sleepy and you will probably fall asleep. It can make people forget and that leaves them feeling like they have been assaulted all over again. I will happily give you something to help with the pain. I want to make sure you understand the side effects.”” She warned.

Deano was torn it hurt so much but he didn’t think he could handle waking up and not knowing what happened again. The idea of feeling more violated than he was already feeling wasn’t what he wanted. “No, can you at least do something to numb down there, please?” Deano asked. Not willing to say the part of his body that hurt if he didn’t have to, like not saying it would make it any less real.

Sam wondered if the Doctor could hear the childlike cadence to his voice as he spoke. Sam could but he wasn’t sure if it was something other people would notice, or if it was that he was so hyper focused on his Boy.

“Dean I am going to finish cleaning your anus and then I am going to put some cream on you that will make you feel numb like when your leg has gone to sleep. That way it won’t hurt as much when I put the speculum in your anus, and look to make sure your rectum isn’t torn.” She explained, trying to be as gentle as she could and still get her patient clean. She worked for a couple of minutes more and grabbed the numbing gel.

“I am going to let the medicine work while I take pictures of your anus again now that it’s clean. Okay? After I look at your rectum we will use a special camera to take pictures of your insides as well. Is that okay?” She asked, grabbing her camera.

Deano nodded, not looking at her as he did. He didn’t want to have them take any pictures let alone of his insides. But he didn’t think anyone would care what he wanted so there wasn’t any point in telling the Doctor no.

The Doctor took a lot of pictures. She seemed to want to get every angle and view. Sam kept holding Deano’s hand and talking to him while she did her work. Deano wasn’t hearing him and Sam was pretty sure he was talking more to comfort himself than his Boy. It was all he could do to make Deano feel better so he continued babbling at his Boy as the Doctor worked.

After a few minute Saundra knew the numbing gel would have kicked in and it was time for the internal exam. It was clear to her he was going to need at least five or six stitches, but she worried
about the internal exam. She feared he would have a major tearing and need surgery. She had been
doing this long enough to know the young man on her table wouldn't handle that well. As she
reached for the speculum she took a deep breath. This was never pleasant even in people who
weren’t torn and bleeding. For this young man, it was going to be excruciating no matter what. “Mr.
Colt can I speak with you a moment.” She asked, looking expectantly at the boyfriend as she spoke.

“Yes.” Sam answered, walking around the exam table to the Doctor.

“This is going to be very uncomfortable for your boyfriend. You may need to hold him so he doesn’t
thrash himself off the table.” She whispered, looking sadly at the man on her table as she spoke.

Sam wanted to throw up. It was already so hard on Deano and now the idea it was going to cause
him so much pain he might thrash enough to fall off the table was heartbreaking. Sam saw Dean grin
and bare broken bones and claw marks needing 78 stitches and had never seen him throw himself off
of anything. The idea the Doctor wanted him to hold Deano down was enough to make Sam want to
cry and scream and throw things. Sam knew his emotional outburst would make things worse for
Deano. So he nodded and walked back to Deano’s head and put the other hand on Deano’s shoulder
exerting a tiny bit more pressure than necessary to comfort him. It wasn’t enough to hold him down
but enough he wouldn’t move too much if he jerked away from the Doctor. He had set his brother's
broken bones with nothing more than a bottle of Jack Daniels as a pain killer. Sam knew the pain
was something his brother could handle. The remainder of his violation was a whole other thing and
Sam wasn’t sure if his brother could handle that part.

Sam could see the doctor putting a lot of lube on Deano’s anus and then she got the thing he guessed
was the speculum, and lubed it liberally. She inserted the speculum into Deano a little at a time. As
much as Sam wanted this to be over; he knew going slow was for the best. The thing wasn’t small, it
would be better to allow Deano’s body to adjust to the insertion than to force it and make the damage
worse.

Deano whimpered as soon as the speculum touched his anus. Sam squeezed his hand, trying to
comfort him. As the speculum was pushed inside Deano whimpered more and more until he was sobbing. He managed to stay still for one more advance and then he was trying to back up down the
bed. Sam held him in place as he tried to get away from the pain.

Sam cried as he watched the Doctor move the thing deeper into Deano’s rectum. The pained anguish
in Deano’s whimpers building the whole time.

“I’m going to give you a moment to rest before I open the speculum. When the speculum opens it
will force the anus open so that I can look inside and see if you need stitches. If you do need stitches
I will do the stitches while you are still open that way we only have to do this part once. I know it
hurts but once is better than having to endure this twice I promise. It will be a few minutes but I will
go as fast as I can Mr. Smith.” She said, knowing it was only going to get worse for the man on the
table no matter how gentle she tried to be.

Deano’s whimpers evened out as his body became more use to the intrusion. By no mean did he stop sobbing and whimpering. Sam kept holding his hand and trying to talk to him but his voice kept
breaking as he spoke. His own tears had gotten worse as he stood there listening to his brother
whimper and cry out from pain.

Saundra waited a couple of minutes before she spoke again. Dean had quieted a great deal but it was
clear he was still having a very hard time. “I am going to open the speculum. I need you to try and
relax your anus. I know your body doesn’t want to but I need you to try. It will make this easier on
you. Don’t push like you are trying to poop try and relax. I know it hurts but we have to know if you
need stitches or anything else.” She said, resting her hand on his thigh as she squeezed the scissor-
like handles of the speculum open.

She clicked the speculum open one notch and waited until Dean seemed to calm a bit. Then she would do another notch, trying not to drag out the pain and misery of the man on her table. She was trying to make it less painful than wrenching him open in one brutal go.

Deano screamed as the speculum opened the first click. It felt like he was being torn in half and he wanted it to stop. “Stop. Hurts. Stop. No more. Please, Daddy. No more. Hurts, hurts, hurts, hurts Daddy. Can’t take it. Hurts Daddy. Make it stop. Make it stop Daddy. Hurts. Hurts. Pleasssssee.” He wailed as the Doctor continued working him open.

“It’s okay sweetheart Daddy’s here. I know it hurts, but you have to let the Doctor work. She’s going as fast as she can Buddy. Take a deep breath and try to relax.” Sam said. In his calmest sweetest voice. Glaring at the doctor while he talked about her going as fast as she could. He was hoping he was getting his point across about her going faster.

“I know this is awful for you but we have to go slowly or this will cause more damage. Try and relax your muscles for me it will make this less painful.” The Doctor explained, when Dean had managed to stop his screaming pleas for the pain to stop. She opened the speculum another notch. This started Dean’s screaming pleas for it to stop again.

“Daddy make it stop! It urts! Urts Daddy urts. No more pwease, pwease make it stop Daddy. I break if she do more. Daddy I urt. Can’t takes more Daddy pwease stop her Daddy. Urts Daddy urts urts urts. I urt Daddy. No more. No more. Stop pwease Daddy make it stop. I be a good boy. I not bad boy. I sawry, sawry Daddy I be good boy. No more urts Daddy. No more urts. Pwease, pwease, pwease Daddy. Urts too much Daddy. Bottom not made do that.” Deano sobbed as he clutched Sam’s arm and fought to get away.

Saundra wasn’t sure if Dean was a little when they started but hearing him refer to the clearly younger man as his Daddy. Not to mention the way he said pwease instead of please made it clear that no matter his actual age she was dealing with a scared and hurting little boy. It was also clear that Sam was about to stop the whole exam, and from what she was looking at that might end in Dean’s death. He had a perforated colon and needed at least 8 stitches. She wondered if he’d been sodomized with a foreign object, she’d never seen a penis do this much damage on its own, not as far up as the damage was. She needed to finish her exam and make sure that Dean was treated properly before he left. She knew he wouldn’t be coming back for any follow-ups and the damage was too extensive to be left untreated.

His rectum was also clearly distended and stretched. She wondered if it was from chronic and severe constipation. The other options were far more frightening. The damage could also have been due to taking enemas too big for his body and being forced to hold them for too long. She would need to bring it up, but she wasn’t sure if she should talk to Dean or Sam. If Sam cared about him as much as he seemed to care, he surely he wasn’t the one making him hold such large enemas it had damaged his rectum. He was young so maybe it was a pain play game taken too far without his understanding that it could hurt the other man. It was also clear they had some kind of kink relationship so she wasn’t sure what she should do. She didn’t think Dean was in a place where he would be able to have a conversation like that with her. It was a conversation she needed to have with one of them. She didn’t want to send her patient home and have his long term constipation end up ripping his stitches nor did she want the men to continue their sex games that were causing damage to his colon.

Sam watched the look on the Doctor face change from resigned sadness to worry and concern with slight hints of anger. He didn’t know what she was seeing but it couldn’t be good. Sam started to panic as he watched her working.
“Mr. Smith, I need to put some stitches inside your rectum. I am going to give you a shot and let that numb you up so I can put the stitches in. Have you had stitches before?”

Sam spoke up before she had a chance to finish her question. “Yes, he’s had a lot of stitches. He did a lot of hunting as a boy and even now.” Sam explained. “He knows what to expect from the shots to numb the area,” Sam explained, hoping she wouldn’t have more questions for Dean.

Saundra nodded and became even more confused at the man on her table. She could see Sam loved and cared for him. It was clear he would do anything to make the other man feel better. She didn’t think Sam was the reason for the stretched rectum and she was now sure he hadn’t been the one to rape Dean. But there was something off about the situation. She wondered when they came in, she’d seen a lot of abusive relationships and this clearly wasn’t one. She still couldn’t wrap her head around what led a man to be so brutally attacked if he clearly had such a loving boyfriend at home. The possessive way Sam was holding her patient didn’t say, I like to share, it clearly said this is mine and I don’t want anyone touching him. She couldn’t make the bits and pieces fit in her mind.

Sam knew from the number of times he had been stitched up that this was going to be bad. He always hated the nerve shots. Having had his fair share of stitches both in and out of the hospital he wasn’t able to say what was worse the shot or the stitches. Sure if you were getting a lot of stitches, the stitches no pain killers were worse, but one or two he would gladly take without the numbing shots. He wasn’t sure about getting stitches inside your rectum. As bad as the shots hurt when it was your arm or chest he couldn’t imagine how bad it would hurt to have that stuff injected into your rectum.

Sam was pretty sure that his Boy was going to need to be held in place. He was slightly worried that Deano would try to hit the Doctor. Deano hadn’t fought back with Tony so he didn’t think he would try to hurt the doctor. He also didn’t want to find out when the Doctor was lying on the ground. Sam opted for wrapping Deano in a tight hug and holding him so that he couldn’t hit her or throw himself off the table. He could still kick but that’s about all he could do.

“Okay I am going to give you the shot now. Deep breath. Slow in, slow out. Slow in, slow out.” She said as she gave him the shot. Dean sobbed and kept up his litany of pwease Daddy, over and over again as she gave the shot to him. She couldn’t imagine the way it must feel for Sam. How it would feel to have to hear his Boy begging for it to stop and not being able to do anything to make this better. It would have killed her to have someone she loved and cared about beg her like that and not be able to do anything.

Whatever played out on the doctor’s face was enough to tell Sam, stopping the exam wasn’t an acceptable answer.

It was clear he wanted to put a stop to the exam more than anything else, but he hadn’t even mentioned stopping. She was glad to see Dean getting the medical help he so desperately needed even if it was painful to have to endure.

Sam didn’t know what to do with himself. Deano sobbed and begged for his Daddy to make it better. He wanted to make things better, he knew there wasn’t anything he could do to make it better for him. Deano had to endure this process and let the Doctor finish what she was doing. Sam thought Dean made the wrong decision about not taking the pain medication. It was a little late for him to change his mind now. Sam didn’t want to ask the Doctor to give him something if Dean honestly didn’t want to take it. But he didn’t think asking Deano right now would get Deano anything but more upset. As much as Sam thought the pain meds would help he knew making Deano choose right now would be worse in the long run.

“We are almost done with this part okay Buddy. When I get done with this part I am going to take
the thing that is holding you open out. That should make the pain way better, keep trying to breath deeply and it will be over soon.” Saundra said, looking at Sam as she spoke.

It was clear to Sam the Doctor either thought Deano was now a mental case or understood at least in some part what a little was. Sam was thankful no matter what she thought. She was now talking to his brother like the child he currently was. He hoped it would help Deano feel better about what was happening to him, if she was a little less clinical.

“Okay, Buddy we are all done with that part. I need to talk to your Daddy for a couple of minutes, but before we do I am going to give you some stuff to help you calm down. It’s a shot but you will get it in your arm so it won’t be bad. After the shot, you will probably fall asleep and when you wake up you will be home in your bed.” She said, taking the choice away from Sam and Dean in the hopes Dean would do better that way. She should have insisted before. She hadn’t understood she was dealing with the mindset of a child at the time. She wouldn’t have pushed the decision on an adult. But her patient wasn’t mentally an adult right now so she would do what was best for him.

“Mr. Colt I am going to give him the shot and let you stay with him for a couple of minutes while it kicks in. Then I need to speak with you.” She said, her voice making it clear that this wasn’t up for discussion and he had better do what she said with no debate. Him arguing with her would likely further upset the boy on her table. Making this worse for Dean was not something she was going to allow this man to do. No matter what kind of relationship they had.

Sam nodded and hugged Deano trying to make him feel better in some small way. He didn’t think it was working. The hug was as much about making himself feel better as it was about making Deano feel better. He knew his Boy liked to be touched, but he was shaky himself and needed the contact to remind himself Deano would be okay. After only a minute it was clear the meds were working. He remembered the few times he had been given Valium, and how fast it would knock him on his ass. He was glad they had given him something. He hoped it wouldn’t cause more issues later. But when he thought of leaving Deano to sob and scream he knew the meds were the right choice.

Sam walked out into the hall as soon as Deano was calm and falling asleep.

“Mr. Colt follow me.” Sandra said, walking down the hall to what looked to be a break room. “You want some coffee.” She said, motioning to the coffee pot. Without waiting for an answer so she spun and looked at him “Did you hurt him? Was this some fucked up sex game gone wrong?” She snapped, glaring at him. She didn’t think it had been, but she wanted to see the look on his face when she asked to make sure. She’d seen abusers who managed to play the devoted spouse enough to fool her at least for a while. She’d seen it enough to know no matter how sweet they seem in the hospital it didn’t mean anything about when they left.

Sam wanted to cry when she asked if he had hurt his brother. “No!” He said, feeling like he was going throw up for the millionth time today.

“I didn’t hurt him. I would never hurt him like that. I would never hurt him at all but dear God not like that. I swear to God. I didn’t hurt him.” Sam said, stammering as he did. He wasn’t sure what would happen since Dean was now not only checked in as an adult but legally an adult. But they had both had their fair share of near misses with CPS in their youth to fear the attention the hint of familial abuse would bring. He knew he needed to get her past this line of thought and fast.

She nodded and it was clear to Sam that the question had been a test to gauge his reaction more than to hear his answer.

“I needed to make sure. Sam, he is hurt. He will have a long recovery both physically and emotionally. He was very badly torn inside and out. The outside will be painful and can get infected
but mostly it’s about keeping him clean and not making the damage worse. But the internal damage, that is much more serious, I don't think he needs surgery but it was close. He has several punctures in his rectum. He also has a lot of stretching in his rectum and lower colon. Are you giving him enemas for fun?” She asked, looking worried.

Sam wasn't sure what she was more worried about that he was or wasn’t giving Dean enemas for fun. “Oh God. Dean said he was worried he wouldn’t be able to have sex again. I thought he was being paranoid. I had no idea it was that bad. He didn’t let me see him, he told me he was bleeding and that he worried about long term damage so I brought him in. I know you noticed that he and I have a different kind of relationship. He is my Boy and I love him dearly, I take care of him when he needs a break from the world. He had a neglectful and abusive father and a mother who passed away when he was 4. I don’t think he ever felt loved as a kid so that is what I provide.

“It’s never too late for a happy childhood, but I have never given him enemas for fun or any other reason. I know he had a lot of issues with his stomach as a child, and even now he still does. I know he takes medication daily to help keep himself regular. I also know sometimes it doesn't work like it’s supposed to and he has to do other things to get his bowels moving again. He hasn’t told me much about that, I know he has issues and that they have been a part of his life since childhood. I know his dad use to give him enemas that Dean said were adult sized. He doesn’t talk about the abuse much, so I don’t know what happened. I know he wasn’t able to shit without help from the time he was four to about ten. Even after he no longer needed either chemical help or an enema to go to the bathroom at all. I know he would still have issues with not being able to go to the point that he would cry and need medical attention. That’s all I know.” Sam explained, feeling for the millionth time in the past three days that he had failed his brother at every turn.

“Okay Mr. Colt. I am going to prescribe some heavy duty laxatives for him. I don’t want him straining or his anus stretching when he goes for a while, and I don’t want him getting constipated. It would probably rip the internal and external stitches out and that is not at all what we want.” She explained, taking Sam’s hand as she talked to him.

It was clear this was hard on Sam as well as Dean. She wished she could make it better but she didn’t have that power. “I would like to recommend a therapist for Dean. It sounds like this wasn’t the only abuse he has had in his life. I also think you should see a therapist as well. Being in a relationship with someone who has had this kind of trauma can be very hard. He will almost certainly have flashbacks and nightmares. If he truly doesn’t remember he may start to remember and that can be very overwhelming. You may need help as well.” She explained as they walked down the hall toward the exam room.

When Sam got back to the room Dean is asleep. It was clear Dean was in pain by the look on his face as he slept. Sam didn’t know what to do, all he wanted to do was take away the pain and make everything better, but that wasn’t an option was it? Sam sat with Dean for 15 minutes while he waited on the doctor come back in. When she came in she squeezed Sam’s shoulder as she walked by setting herself in a little rolling chair by Dean’s feet. Sam was afraid of what would happen when the exam started again, he didn’t think Dean could take much more, from the look on Sandra’s face it was clear she didn’t think he could take much more either.

“I know this is hard for both of you, but we are almost done, I need to stitch his anus and you can leave. Here are the prescriptions that I said I would get for you, there’s a painkiller an antibiotic as well as two kinds of laxative. He needs to take laxatives as prescribed as well as the rest of the medication. You will also need to make sure that he doesn't do any heavy lifting or strenuous physical activity. You also need to make sure he drinks plenty of water and fruit juices. I have a list of foods here that will help his stomach as well. I can’t stress enough how important that is for him.
“There is also a prescription for some anti-anxiety medication, it’s called Xanax. If he seems to be panicking or upset and he can’t seem to get himself calmed down you need to give him one of the pills. I also wrote a prescription for Wellbutrin, it’s an antidepressant. It will help him a great deal. Don’t let him tell you that he doesn’t need it. You want to stay ahead of depression.” Doctor Woods explained.

Sam didn’t know whether to be happy or embarrassed she had given him the prescriptions. He was thankful she was caring enough to give him something other than what she thought was “medically necessary” but it was still hard to know she thought his brother needed psychiatric medication.

Saundra moved the chair back between Dean’s legs and started getting her tools ready. After a couple of minutes, she rolled herself firmly between his legs and touched the inside of his thigh moving his leg out of the way. Dean whimpered and moved in his sleep, but he didn’t wake. It was heartbreaking to hear that even in sleep Dean was in pain and afraid. Now that Dean was asleep Sam moved in such a way that he could see exactly what she was seeing as she worked. Sam was terrified by what he saw, his brother was so torn and hurt, it looked like it was bleeding again and Sam didn’t know what to do. Sam covered his mouth as he started to cry petting Dean’s leg trying to offer some kind of comfort to his brother, whom he loved so much and could nothing to help.

“Okay the last thing we need to do is to get an STD panel done. It won’t be very accurate, but we can go ahead and do one, as extensive as the damage was, no sex for at least a month, I want to see him back in two weeks or if his condition worsens, fever, extreme pain or constipation. You also will need to bring him back in about six months to run another STD panel. We want to be sure about STDs and HIV can take a little while before it will show up on a test, so no unprotected sex for a while at least until the HIV tests come back.” The doctor explained, looking at Sam’s tear-stained face as she spoke.

Sam nodded not able to answer as he looked at the doctor. It was terrifying to think that Dean might have something that could kill him. What a mess, he thought as he touched Deano laying on the table, Sam was ready to get out of the hospital and get Deano home and curled up in bed. He knew that this would be a mess when it came to John, but it was going to be a mess no matter what and at least his Boy would be home and hugging his teddy.

By the time Saundra finished she had put six stitches in his anus as well as 12 inside his rectum and Sam felt like he had failed his brother. After Saundra finished with the stitches Sam managed to get Dean woken up and into a wheelchair and out of the car, it was about 6 o’clock in the evening and Sam knew he needed to head home, John wouldn’t be worried, but he would be curious as to where they had been and that could do nothing but cause them trouble.

Sam didn’t know what to do or what to say to John; their father would want to know where they had been and what they had been up to. There was no doubt that John would not handle the truth of the situation well, so Sam had to come up with something that John would believe and that would explain his brother’s obvious drugged state as well as the fact that he was injured without getting anywhere near the truth.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

So RL has been kicking my butt. I changed jobs all for the best but still been stressful. I will be updating on a much more frequent timeline. I am sorry for the delay. I have no intention to abandon this story don't worry.

Thanks so much for reading and commenting and kudozing.

Sam drove them to the motel; never letting his hand leave Deano as they drove. He knew today was brutal for his brother, and as soon as they got home, it would only get worse.

The best Sam could hope for was for Dean to be calm enough to be big before they got to the motel. Better yet, for John to be at the bar when they arrived. Sam needed to talk to his brother or boy to make him feel as loved and cared about as possible before dealing with John.

When they arrived at the motel there was a note from John;

"I will be gone for three weeks figure out the werewolf, and I will be back to help you kill it."

Thrilled Sam could spend the next three weeks with Dean giving him the love and support he needed. Sam thought it was going to be a good month.

Sam helped Dean inside and put his pjams on for him. Sam found a onesie in Dean’s bag. Sam found a couple of coloring books, a box of crayons, a baby blanket, a pack of diapers, his teddy bear. The diapers scared Sam; his brother said he didn’t want to wear them, so why to have them.

Sam grabbed the blanket and tucked it around Dean. He wasn’t awake yet; the meds still are working, Sam thought, as he gave Dean his teddy bear.

Sam wanted to get as much water into Dean as possible. Dean lost quite a bit of fluid today. Sam wanted to replace what Dean lost and make sure Dean was getting enough water, so he didn’t get backed up.

As he went through the rest of Dean’s bag, he found a bag of medications for constipation and an enema bag. Sam’s heart broke seeing what a huge and awful part of Dean’s life Dean hid from him. Hid wasn’t right, Sam knew Dean suffered horribly from constipation his whole life. Sam knew how much Dean suffered and he chose never to acknowledge the pain Dean was in until now.

Sam climbed into bed with Dean holding him tight. Sam maneuvered Dean, so he was resting his head on Sam's shoulder. Sam could try to make him feel loved now at least.

Sam sat holding Dean for hours; Sam didn't know how to show Dean he cherished him, but to sit and cuddle him. Dean started to become more fidgety, evidence the meds were wearing off, and he was beginning to wake.

Sam sat rubbing Deano's back as he awoke. Sam didn't want to push him into waking too quickly; Sam wanted to let the meds wear off. Sam saw Deano was awake, but he wasn't speaking he was only clinging to Sam with one hand and sucking on his fingers.
"How are you doing Buddy?" Sam asked, rubbing Deano's back.

Deano nodded looking at Sam. It broke Sam's heart to see his big strong brother this dejected and lost. Sam knew the only thing he could do was keep showing Dean he loved him enough to be there for him and wait for Dean.

"Do you want something to eat buddy?" Sam asked, looking down at him.

Deano nodded, keeping his fingers in his mouth as he looked up at Sam.

"What would you like for dinner Buddy?"

"Mac & cheese," Deano said, eyes watering as he looked at Sam. Deano knew Sam's rejection for acting this childish was around the corner.

"Do you want to help? Do you think you can make mac & cheese with me? Come on it'll be fun," Sam coaxed.

Sam stood to face Deano reaching expectantly for Deano's hand. Sam figured Deano must be a little woozy, but he wanted to show Dean he was not rejecting him.

Deano couldn't help a small smile as he saw Sam reach out his hand. His Daddy did love him. His Daddy wanted him to come with him. His Daddy didn't think he was weak, or stupid, or pathetic; his Daddy loved him.

Sam led Deano to the kitchen chair, as Deano sat Sam ruffled his hair and went about making mac & cheese. Sam cooked enough mac & cheese to know the recipe by heart. Every time he walked by Deano he touched him in some small way. Ruffling his hair, squeezing his arm, rubbing Deano's back. Sam was trying his best to make up for the lack of physical contact with Deano over the years. Sam knew it would take a lifetime to undo the damage done in the few short years since he turned 12.

Sam set the food in front of Deano and sat next to him, giving Deano gentle touches on his back as they ate. Deano looked exhausted, so Sam tucked him in bed and climbed in the bed wrapping Deano in a tight hug as he did. Deano squirmed putting his head on Sam's chest, wrapping arms around Sam. It was clear to Sam Deano desperately didn't want to have to be alone.

At about 2 A.M. Sam woke to Dean screaming in his sleep. Dean's tear-streaked face was thrashing and sweating, and once in a while he would yelp or scream. Sam didn't know whether to wake him or soothe him in his sleep.

Dean started to scream no over and over again choosing for Sam. Sam shook his brother awake, stepping back as soon as Dean's eye's snapped open. Sam wanted to show Dean he loved him, but Sam was a hunter with his own nightmares. Sam knew nightmares left you unsure and violent as often as they left you longing for someone to hold you. Sam stayed put and waited for Dean to look more aware of his surroundings.

Sam didn't think that Dean would handle hitting his Daddy well. Sam wanted to comfort Dean, but Dean needed to wake more before Sam was able to go to him. When Sam saw the realization in Dean's eyes, he would go to him.

Dean was awake and looking around for Sam, so Sam scooted towards his brother rubbing Dean's back. As soon as Sam made contact, Dean lunged towards him wrapping his arms around Sam tightly. Sam squeezed his brother back; Sam wasn't sure who was comforting who. They were both shaken up by the day, and both in need of someone to care for them.
It was hard for Dean to feel his brother lost and scared and not fall into the role of caretaker. Dean played caretaker since they were children. But he stayed there both holding Sam and being held by Sam no one falling not the role of parent or child. For once the lines between them weren’t defined.

After a couple of minutes, Dean pulled back, he didn't want to be a burden to Sam. Deano was already enough of a burden, Sam shouldn't have to deal with Dean acting like this. Dean didn’t feel he had the right to ask more of Sam than to be his daddy when he was little.

Dean scooted back against the headboard pulling his legs up against his chest, burying his face, to hide his tears. It didn't matter Sam had a wet spot on his shoulder from his tears already. Dean wanted to have some dignity even if it was fake. It was terrible enough Sam having to deal with him at the hospital. Dean felt like he'd been ridiculous even if he hadn't been able to stop himself. Dean still felt like forcing Sam to deal with Deano was unfair at all let alone in the state he was in earlier. Dean never wanted to be a burden on anyone, and it seemed like the more he was around Sam, the more of a responsibility he was becoming.

"Are you okay? Do you want to talk about it?" Sam said. Watching Dean who was big now and looking so scared, lost and helpless, it was killing Sam.

"Yeah." his voice shaking as he spoke, clearly not doing okay. " Just a nightmare Sam, a nightmare," Dean said, steadying himself.

"Dean it's okay, tell me what you need me to do for you, I want to make sure you're all right." his eyes starting to water as he spoke.

"I'm so sorry Sammy. I never meant for you to have to see me acting like that today, you shouldn't have to deal with me, it's so hard to stay big. I never meant to be little; I tried so hard to stay big; I couldn't seem to make myself big. If I could have done it myself and been big none of this would've happened, I could have stopped the whole mess. I'm such a fucking mess. Why do you even care about me?" Dean babbled, his voice shaking as he cried harder and harder staring at Sam's big puppy dog eyes as he cried.

"Oh Dean. I know you didn't mean to be little, you would've never meant for Deano to have to go through the exam. I know you would've spared him that if you could've. I'm not mad at you; I know how awful it was for you." Sam said, reaching out to touch Dean as he spoke, sitting down next to Dean trying to wrap his arm around him.

"Oh you know how it is, do you? You know what it's like to be raped. You know what it's like to have some man shove things inside you. You know what it's like to scream because it hurt so bad, to have a person who said he would care about you rape you. You know what it's like to have to tell some random detective all about being raped. How about having a doctor shove something up your ass. Something so big it feels like you're being raped all over again.

"Then they have to stretch you open, and when they spread you open it tears all those little rips open again. They have to open wide enough to stick their whole hand in you so they can stitch you up. You know how bad it hurts to be stitched up on your insides. You know how embarrassing it is to scream and cry in front of your baby brother. You know what it's like to make the one person you were supposed to take care of take care of you because you're so weak." Dean screamed, his voice breaking as he shrieked at Sam, tears streaming down his face as he spoke.

Sam sat bewildered, as he started listening to the words Dean said, if he was honest with himself, he didn't know. He had no idea what he felt like.

Sam couldn't help but start to cry; he'd done the one thing he didn't want to, he'd made things worse
for Dean. He took a bad situation and made it worse; he'd reminded Dean of the pain and violation.

Sam didn't know if he should get up and go away, or to sit with Dean and try and give him some respite from the pain. Sam opted for attempting to relieve Dean of some of his pain, so he went and grabbed the medication.

He made the laxative drink Dean was supposed to have three times a day and took it to Dean. Dean looked at him like he was from Mars. Sam opened the pill bottle and gave them to Dean handing him the drink.

"What the fuck is this!" Dean all but yelled, staring at Sam as he spoke.

"It's your medication, there's a pain pill, an antibiotic and then there are some laxative pills you're supposed to take as well as the laxative drink. The doctor noticed some things, while she was stitching you up. She doesn't want you constipated while you're still healing." Sam said, trying to give him the medication as he spoke.

"Noticed?" Dean seethed, as he glared at his brother.

"Well, you have some, I think we should talk about this later," Sam said, watching Dean as he spoke.

"No, I want to know what she noticed now!" Dean said, his face showing this was an order.

"Well, you have some stretching in your rectum and lower colon. She thought I was giving you enemas too big for your body, or you spent a great deal of your life constipated. She was anxious you would have issues with your stomach while you were still healing. She said you would rip both sets of stitches if you had stomach issues while you were healing." Sam said, hoping it wouldn't start any more of a fight than they had already had.

"Oh, I knew Sammy," Dean said, all the anger draining out of his voice as he spoke. "Yes, Sammy. Before you say anything, I knew about the damage to my digestive system; I also have a laxative dependency from years of overuse. Not to mention the slow digestive track and horrible hemorrhoids." Dean said, looking up at Sam.

“I have been like this my whole life. Dad being Dad he never took me to the doctors unless I was having issues and then only for acute treatment. He never bothered to take me in for any of the tests, so I am left with the problems I have.”

Sam wanted to cry. Sure he'd been a Daddy to Deano at the doctor's office, but he wasn't doing an outstanding job of being a brother to Dean.

Sam sat dumbfound. Dean looked defeated, his legs pulled up against his chest, face still hidden behind his knees. He looked very much like the child he felt like sometimes.

Sam could see the small boy who wanted someone to love and care for him in his brother now. Sam didn't see the little or big; Sam was facing the boy Dean had once been who'd been denied the love and care he had needed. Sam wanted to hold him to take away the pain.

Sam sat down on the bed close enough Dean could reach him if he wanted physical contact but not crowding him. They sat for a while, Sam trying his best to convey his care and love for Dean.

After a few minutes, Sam reached over and grabbed the medicine, and gave it to Dean. Sam was rewarded, Dean took the pills finishing the drink as he went. Dean laid down, clutching his teddy bear back to his chest. Sam didn't know whether he should move to the other bed or stay with Dean.
Sam didn't want to reject Dean, but he also didn't want to crowd him. When Sam stood, Dean reached out and grabbed his hand. Sam curled up around Dean hugging him tightly.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

I might be trying to buy your forgiveness for my lengthy time between posts, but score for my readers right.

Sam groaned as the sun shone in his eyes. Sam thought going back to bed, but after squirming for an hour, Sam gave up and headed to the diner for breakfast.

"Hey Buddy, I brought you bacon, eggs, and pancakes."

"Thanks." Dean grabbed the box and dug into his breakfast.

"This is good, thanks," Dean said with a mouth full of food.

Sam smiled and started his breakfast. They ate in companionable silence. After breakfast, Deano began to fidget and seem awkward.

"What's wrong, Buddy?"

"Urts," Deano mumbled shyly.

Sam felt like shit for having let the pain meds wear off before giving Deano more. Sam was well aware that staying ahead of the pain was far easier than playing catch up.

"Here Buddy," Sam said handing Deano his pills and drink.

Deano sniffed skeptically at the drink. "What is this?"

"It will keep your tummy from hurting while you are getting better."

"Smells funny."

"I know, but I need you to drink it. Can you drink it for your Daddy." Sam knew an underhanded trick when he pulled on but this was for his Boy's good, so he didn't think he was out of line.

"Yes, Daddy."

Sam beamed at his Boy as he drank his medicine. Sam couldn't be prouder of his Boy.

It didn't take long for the pain meds to kick in and Deano fell asleep. Sam needed to do research, but he couldn't leave his boy while he was asleep, and Deano wouldn't know where Sam went. Sam wasn't sure if Deano could read or if he would panic when his Daddy wasn't there. Sam wanted to talk to Dean about leaving Deano before he did.

Sam thought that Deano might be a fixture at least while John was gone. Sam figured that Dean/o would take advantage or the opportunity to spend time with Daddy. Deano had a Daddy no one around to judge him for his Little side it was the perfect time to be little for awhile.

Deano had slept for a few hours before he started to toss and turn. Sam rubbed Deano's back, "Hey
Buddy wake up, you are safe, and Daddy loves you, come on Buddy wake up."

Deano shot up and clung to Sam sobbing. "It's okay Little Buddy. You are safe. It's okay." Sam said rubbing Deano's back as he spoke.

"I'm Big," Dean said between sobs.

"I don't care, you are always my Boy, and even if you aren't Little or don't want to be my Boy, you will always be my brother."

Dean wanted to cry harder at Sam's comment. He didn't know what was harder. Sammy was saying he loved him and cared about him, or the years Dean felt abandoned and unloved by his brother. John had never made him feel loved, but Sam actively rejected him. He was happy to hear Sam say he loved him, but it didn't take away the pain of all the past rejections.

Sam wasn't sure what happened, Dean seemed to be calming before Sam started talking. Sam wanted to give Dean a Xanax but getting one meant leaving Dean. Sam was sure leaving Dean would make him feel rejected and rejecting Dean was the last thing Sam wanted to do.

"Dean, I think you have a panic attack. I have some pills to help you calm down, but they are on the table do you want me to grab them."

"Sorry, you have to deal with me," Dean said dejectedly as he pulled away from Sam laying on the bed and turning away.

Sam wasn't sure what was going on, but he must have said the wrong thing and made a shit situation worse. Sam wanted to fix the situation, but he didn't know what blunder he made let alone how to fix it. Sam ran his hand through Dean's hair and walked to the table grabbing his computer.

Sam tried to do his research, but all he could do was sit and watch Dean's back as silently sobbed. Sam watched wondering how many times Dean laid next to him or in the same room and sobbed unnoticed by Sam or John. Sam knew he was a shit brother but seeing Dean like this drove home how shitty he was. How many nights had he slept through Dean's heartbreak or watched a movie while his brother cried?

Dean managed to stop crying, but even after he stopped. Dean couldn't keep the conversation with Sam from replaying over and over in his mind. Was he overreacting? Maybe Sam was trying to help; maybe Sam honestly was trying to help Dean. Maybe the pills were the right choice for the situation. Dean had never taken anything for his emotions before. He talked to enough Littles and other D/s people online to know lots of people took them and were helped by them. Dean grabbed his computer and logged on to his favorite Little message board. He wanted to log in to chat

Deano: Does anyone take meds for panic attacks.

Littlewarrior: I do, why?

Deano: My Daddy tried to give me a Xanax when I got upset. I felt like he was doing it because he didn't want to deal with my problems, but maybe he was trying to help. I have a script for them, but I have never taken them before. It felt like his way of making HIS life easier.

Littlewarrior: He might have been, but Deano I take them. I will tell you when you freak out and can't get your panic under control they make the situation better. When you have a panic attack, making judgments about his motives is impossible.

Littlewarrior: I would take the pill and see if you feel better. You seem raw or may be still in the
middle of the attack. Now isn't the time to be trying to figure out if your Daddy is a good one or not. I think he is trying to help, but take the pill and look at his motives later.

Deano: I am going to try the pill. What will it do?

Littlewarrior: The Xanax will make the panic mellow to a much more manageable level.

Deano: Okay.

"Where's that pill, Sammy. I think you might be right and maybe I should take it." Sam tossed him a pill bottle.

"Put the pill under your tongue and let it dissolve, so it kicks in faster." Sam didn't want to admit he had his script for the same stuff. They would have a conversation about his mental health when Dean was in a better headspace.

Dean took the pill as Sammy said and within minutes he didn't feel like he was going to throw up or jump out of his skin. Dean felt like an ass for the way he acted. Now he was calm he could see Sam was honestly not only right he was trying to do what was good for him.

Sam could see the moment the pill kicked in. Dean went from rocking and fidgeting to still; his face also looked less like he was about to cry or scream. "Stuffs amazing, isn't it. Sam couldn't help himself from pointing out taking the meds was the right call.

"Fuck yeah. Shits a wonder drug."

Deano: Fuck yeah right call.

Littlewarrior: I told you. How do you feel about your Daddy?

Deano: Like I am the world's biggest ass.

Littlewarrior: You might be right about him wanting you to take the pills because he didn't want to deal with you. But, no matter his motives if you need the meds you need them.

Dean wanted to apologize to Sam, but he didn't know how to admit he was an ass. He thought he would freak out if he tried to do it now, he still felt like shit. Dean jumped into his Gmail and started an email to Sam.

impalagod@gmail.com: I can't have a conversation with you right now but I wanted to say, I was wrong about the drugs. Now I have taken it I see you were right.

Sam smiled when his computer popped up a message from Dean. As Sam read the email, he wanted to talk to Dean, but Dean had been clear he didn't want to talk about it right now.

Sam emailed Dean.

sam.winchester@gmail.com: I take the same stuff. I know how it feels to have a panic attack. I didn't mean to make you think I didn't want to deal with your emotions. I know what it's like to be out of control.

Dean was shocked when he saw his baby brother not only had panic attacks but brutal enough to get a script for meds. How the hell was his little brother getting the drugs anyway?

impalagod@gmail.com: how did you get those kinds of drugs and how have you been getting them filled?

Sam smiled when he read Dean's email.
sam.winchester@gmail.com: Remember that girl from Lincoln Nebraska? Her mom was a doctor. I had a panic attack at her house she gave me one and then gave me a script. When I run out, I call her and tell her what name I am using for my fake insurance, and she calls in a script for me.

Sneaky little shit Dean thought as he read Sam's email. What a resourceful brat his brother was.

impalagod@gmail.com: Good job baby bro. I am going to take a nap.

Sam smiled and went back to his research.
Chapter 7

I wanted to give people who are reading my stories a heads up. I have been having a tough time with my depression. I have every intention of finishing my stories, but I am having a terrible time getting myself to write lately. I am doing good to get up shower and be at work on time, so writing isn't happening. I am trying to get to a place where I can write again, but as of right now I am putting all my works into hiatus. I am sorry. I am a reader, and I hate when my stories get put on hiatus so please believe I am writing this with a heavy heart I just can't get my shit together to write.

I am sorry, and I will try to get back to writing ASAP

Thanks
Sarah
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

I am terribly sorry it has taken me so long to get back to working on this story but I have finally gotten to a place where I can write. I did go back and reread everything. I edited quite a bit but it was just fixing missing words and things like that no real changes to the actual story, so you shouldn't need to read it over again unless you want to and it's much cleaner than it was before. Man, you guys put up with some not so great writing. I am sorry. I didn't go in and so a ton of editing because I figured new content was better than spending hours making the other stuff better. But I have gotten better in my writing I believe. This is un betad I just really wanted to put out some new content so please if there is anything you can see feel free to nicely tell me and I will get it fixed. I hate reading abandoned fics it's so sad and I wanted to go back to this.

Sam let Dean sleep off the Xanax mostly just worked on the werewolf research until Dean started to stir a few hours later. When Dean woke up this time it was calmer and more relaxed, he seemed to slowly ease awake instead of being jerked awake by a nightmare. It made something in Sam’s chest ease up when he saw Dean awake again and not ripped out of sleep by dreams that were so horrible for him to relive. Smiling over at his boy as he saw Dean’s eyes looking around and looking much more aware and less glassy than they had been in days.

“How did you sleep.”

“I slept well.”

“I am glad. It’s time for your meds, and you should probably have dinner. What do you want?”

“Can we have breakfast for dinner?”

Sam wasn’t sure if he was talking to his boy or his brother. It was quite childlike to want breakfast for dinner, but his voice wasn’t as childlike as he would have thought if he was speaking to Deano. Deciding to keep his comments neutral and not give away one way or the other if he thought he was talking to his brother or his boy.

“Sure, thing. Do you want pancakes made into shapes or just regular?”

It took Dean a minute to figure out what Sam was talking about with the whole shapes thing, but then he understood it was Sam’s way of asking if he was Dean or Deano without having to ask. The child would have been over the moon about the shapes, and the adult wouldn’t have much of an opinion.

“No shapes tonight but another day I would like it if you made me pancakes in shapes. Deano would love it if you made them for him. He likes stuff like that. Comfort food you know. No, I wanted to talk to you about something tonight while Deano may come out later. I wanted to talk to you as my brother.”

“Sure do you want me to stop cooking or do you want to talk over dinner?”
“We can talk while you cook. It might be easier to talk while you aren’t giving me your full attention.”

“Okay,” Sam said, while every part of him wanted to turn around and hyper-focus on Dean and what he was about to say but just as strongly he wanted to respect Dean’s wishes and not make him uncomfortable.

“I took a shower yesterday, and it brought up all kinds of memories about Tony and Deano came out both times I took a shower. Would you mind coming with me to take a shower and talking to me while I am in there? I know you were okay with helping me in the bath but this wouldn’t be Deano in the bath playing this would be me trying to get clean and not get overwhelmed by memories.”

“Of course I don’t mind. Do you want to try playing in the shower and being Deano? Would that be easier for you?”

“No, because I can’t take a bath. First I don’t think I could get in and out of the bathtub without ripping my stitches, but also I don’t want to have Deano get his hopes up about a bath with Daddy if it’s going to hurt and be awful. So it would just be me in the shower and you sitting on the toilet talking to me and keeping me in the present and not letting my mind wander to the other night.”

Nodding Sam dished up the food and walked to the table. I would be happy to hang out with you while you take a shower. While the reason was different than all the times they had watched each other shower it wasn’t like Sam hadn’t seen his brother in the shower before. Between sharing a bathroom from the time they were little to the number of times they were hurt on a hunt or had some body part in a cast needing help to get clean wasn’t new to the brothers.

After dinner Dean went and grabbed his shower stuff and got ready to take a shower. Dean wanted to grab his small collection of bath toys, but he didn’t let himself because he knew a bath with the stitches was a bad idea and he didn’t want to set Deano up to be hurt. When Dean walked into the shower with his night clothes and his towel Sam was already there and waiting. Had he mentioned that the act of walking into the bathroom brought the memories back or had his brother guessed? Dean couldn’t remember what he’d said at the hospital, but either way, he was happy he was walking into a room with his beloved baby brother ready to show him or Deano they were loved and wanted no matter what happens.

Dean shucked off his clothes as quickly as his sore body would let him and stepped under the spray of hot water Sammy had gotten ready for him. As soon as the water was hitting him, he could feel Tony’s fingers shoving at his hole and grabbing at his body, and Dean let out the smallest whimper. He hadn’t meant to he was trying to keep his mouth closed so Sam wouldn’t know he was having a hard time, but as soon as the sound was out of his mouth, the tears started again and before he knew what was going Sam’s warm, safe arms reaching into the shower the finding his hand.

It was evident by the set of Deans jaw as he walked into the shower that he was having a hard time even walking into the bathroom. Sam wasn’t sure what was going to happen, but he would do his best to help his brother or his boy through this no matter happened or who needed his comfort. Sam had brought the onesie and the bear with him and shoved them in with the towels so if Deano was who got out of the shower he would be ready for him and able to help him the best way he could.

Almost as soon as Dean got into the spray, Sam could hear a small, sad little whimper coming from Dean. And as much as Sam wanted to open the curtain and wrap his brother in a hug, he tried to respect his brother’s wishes and let him shower, so Sam did what he thought was best and offered his brother his hand from the other side of the shower curtain. If Dean wanted more or Deano needed
more, they would let him know so he could wait and let Dean lead with what he wanted.

When Sam grabbed his hand Dean lost all control of his emotions and started to sob trying to block out the memories of that night and failing. Dean could remember the way Tony had hurt him in the bathroom, and as he tried to wash his body, he could remember bits and pieces of Tony half dragging and half carrying him to the bedroom where he pounded into him over and over again. There were other snippets of Tony laughing and showing him strange things covered in blood but Deano hadn’t recognized them, and he couldn’t make them out well enough to know what they were now.

When the sobs became more and broken as Sam held Dean’s hand Sam gave up on trying to give his brother privacy and opened the curtain and pulled Dean into a hug grabbing the soap from the wall with his other hand. Sam wanted to get Dean out of here as quickly as possible, and the best way to do that was to get this over with. So Sam washed his brother as best he could with one hand when he decided it was as good as he was going to get Sam turned off the water and grabbed the towel and wrapped it around his brother’s still sobbing form. Sam felt like a drenched cat as he stared Dean to the toilet and sat him down his clothes were wet and as much as he wanted to strip down and dry off he was afraid Dean would panic if he were naked in front of him right now, so he sucked it up and stayed in his dripping clothes.

For his part, Dean hadn’t stopped crying since he started and now all he wanted to do was go to bed and hug his Daddy, but he didn’t know how to ask for that.

Watching his brother as Dean tried to get himself dried off Sam could see he was spinning out. Sam hadn’t wanted to push Dean into his little headspace but the way Dean was inconsolable he decided it would be better for his brother to slip into his little headspace and get the love he needed, so Sam pulled his onesie out and starting helping Dean to put it on. Almost as soon as the onesie was over Dean’s head, Sam could see the change in his behavior. As soon as Dean was in the onesie, Sam handed him the stuffed animal and Sam could see him slide into his little headspace.

If Sam asked Dean would have said he didn’t want to be little in that moment with as upset as he was, but his Daddy seemed to know best because as soon as he slid into his headspace, the world seemed less overwhelming.

When it was clear Deano was the one standing there with him Sam led him to the main room. The only issue was Sam didn’t have a plan in mind for an awake and lucid Deano. When Sam had grabbed the onesie and the stuffy he figured he would be dealing with a Deano who was exhausted and ready for bed, but it seemed Deano was wide awake and while a little freaked out not particularly upset or in need of constant cuddles the way he’d been when Sam interacted with Deano before.

Figuring he could pull all of Dean’s little items out and see what Deano was most excited about and go from there, Sam started going through Dean's bag. The few toys in the bag didn’t capture Deano’s attention, but when the coloring book and the crayons came out, Deano started to bounce up and down and make grabby hands at them as he watched.

Laying all the coloring stuff out on the table and helping Deano get set up so he could color. After a few hours, Sam could see Deano was falling asleep, and he helped his boy into the bed and climbed in with him cuddling up behind him and making sure Deano stayed wrapped in his warm arms.
Chapter 9

The next morning was Saturday, and Sam thought Deano would wake him up at dawn ready to play with his new stuff but when Sam got up at nine Dean was still curled up in the bed with him looking like he was hurting. Sam wanted to hit himself for letting Deano go to bed without his meds. It was clear from the look on Dean’s face he needed them, so Sam eased out of bed and got all of Dean’s meds and brought them over to Dean. Waking him to take them no matter how much he would have preferred to let his boy sleep.

After Dean took them, he rolled over and went back to bed. At first Sam thought Dean was the one who had woken up because he was very quiet and not at all excited to interact with his daddy but when he curled up in Sam’s lap as he drank his laxative drink it became clear it was Deano who was there and he must have really not been feeling well. Unsure of what to do for him, Sam cuddled with Deano and put on cartoons and laid with his boy hoping maybe a little more sleep would give the pain killers time to work, and things would be better.

Around 11:30, Dean woke up again, and this time it was Dean who woke up a little startled by how tightly he was clinging to Sammy in his sleep. The pain was intense, and Dean knew he would have to deal with his stomach sooner or later, no matter how much he didn’t want to have too. The last thing Dean wanted with as much as his ass hurt already was to deal with an impaction. He hoped he could double up on some of his laxatives and it would resolve itself but based on how much he hurt right now he was going to have to fess up to Sam, and that was going to be awful.

“What do you want some lunch, or are you still feeling breakfast?”

What Dean wanted was a salad to try and help his guts start moving, but he couldn’t say that or Sam would know something was wrong and would panic. Dean wasn’t sure he needed to panic yet and telling Sam he was having stomach issues would lead to Sam freaking out and dragging him back to the hospital. That was the last thing Dean wanted. So no matter how much he wanted something light, he asked Sam to get him a burger and fries and a milkshake.

Sam wasn’t sure what was going on, but there was something off about his brothers' behavior, but he left to get them food from the diner down the street.

As soon as Sam was out of the room, Dean ran to his bag and downed his prescription laxatives as well as a bunch of his over the counter stuff to try and get his bowels moving. By the time Sam was back Dean had drunk four glasses of water on top of the water, he had mixed with the meds and had a glass of black cowboy coffee hoping the coffee would get things moving.

Dean ate his food with as much fake gusto as he could muster, but he didn’t think he was fooling his brother. Dean wanted to curl up in his Daddy’s lap and beg his Daddy to make him feel better, but Sam seemed freaked out about the whole bathroom habit thing. Dean didn’t want to bring it up again so soon after the trip to the hospital.

First, Sam would want to take him back to the hospital, but on top of that, he didn’t seem into watching his brother shit or giving him dozens of enemas to make him shit. No matter how good of a Daddy Sammy was, he was still his little brother. It would have been one thing if it was Dean's weird kink, but it wasn’t a kink it was his fucked up body needing help to do the most basic of functions and him wanting a Daddy to do all the things he’s read Dad never did. Dean could take care of it himself if Sam would go out for a while, but he wasn’t going anywhere until Monday when he went to school.
They played pool Saturday night. Dean got drunk! He wanted to spend time with his Daddy, but if Deano came out he would sob and beg Daddy to make him feel better, and then the jig would be up, so he stayed big and passed out as soon as they got home. Not even taking off his clothes before he was asleep.

Sam had no idea what was going on with his brother, but there was something. He must have had to piss 20 times during the day and even though he had a chance to spend the whole day as Deano he stayed big all day and he seemed off somehow. But no matter what he said, Dean wouldn’t tell him what was going on. All Sam could do was hang out and wait for Dean to say what was bothering him.

Around four in the morning Dean woke up to his stomach cramping like he was going to shit his brains out, but when he made it to the potty it was just water, and he almost didn’t make it before he made a mess. Dean tried for a few minutes and then went to his bag and grabbed his diapers and more meds. Dean tried three very small enemas, but he got nowhere, so he kept his diaper on and climbed back into bed alone. No matter, how much he wanted to be in the bed with Sam and beg his Daddy to make him feel better.

When Sam woke up to whimpers and whines from Dean, Sam climbed into his bed and rubbed his back, easing him back into the land of the wakeful. Hoping, a sleepy Dean would tell him what was going on, but all he got was a clingy Dean. Shocked when he heard his half-asleep brother ask for food.

“Bacon, eggs, French toast, and fruit salad,” Dean mumbled, hoping he could get his brother out of the bed before he had to run for the bathroom. Through sheer force of will, Dean managed to stay still until he heard the Impala pull out. Then Dean was running for the toilet, praying he could make it before he made a mess. Thanking God, he still had the diaper on because he almost didn’t make it. As soon as his ass hit the seat his guts exploded, and he managed to do more than push and shit liquid but it was mostly liquid, so Dean knew he was still not out of the woods.

When Sam got back with the food, Dean was sitting on the bed in jeans and a t-shirt looking for all the world like he didn’t have a care in the world. Sam wasn’t fooled; something was wrong. After the trip to the hospital, Sam couldn’t blame Dean for wanting to pretend like he was doing better than he was, but he was trying a little too hard. Sam was worried. “What is going on with you?”

“Did you have a chance to think about if you wanted to be in control of my bathroom habits?”

“I told you it was something I didn’t know enough about to give you an answer. That hasn’t changed.” Sam wasn’t sure what would have his brother acting so weird, or asking about that, but he thought he would ride it to its conclusion and see what Dean would tell him if he let Dean talk. “What does it mean to you? What exactly do you want me to do?”

Now Sam would tell him he was a sick fuck and never be able to look at him the same way again. But he didn’t have much choice. He was going to be sick all day. He had no reason to send his brother off somewhere, so he would either get what he’d wanted since he was four years old. A Daddy to help make his tummy better or he would tell his brother precisely what he wanted and then spend all day sobbing and shitting his guts out while his brother tried to ignore him in the next room. Either way, he had about 20 or 30 minutes before he would be back in the bathroom and he’d taken too many laxatives for this to be anything but awful.

“I’m sick. I haven’t shit in weeks, not since before Tony. Not until about four this morning and now the impaction is breaking up, and I am going to be in and out of the bathroom all day.

"When I get like this, I wear diapers because I leak. When I am not shitting literal water, I am passing
these super hard and painful pieces of shit. I know you don’t want anything to do with the diapers and honestly neither do I but I can’t help it. I don’t even feel it when I leak that’s how fucked up my guts are Sammy. I don’t even know it’s happened until I feel my ass all wet or I smell it, and leaking is probably the best part when I get like this. The worst is I am still backed up, so while I will go some it will be hard and painful, and I will run to the bathroom and then not be able to go. It hurts Sammy, and with as messed up as I am back there, it will be worse than normal.”

Before Dean could ask what he wanted to ask, he chickened out. “Please, Sammy, go spend the day at that library, and I will call you when you can come back. I already hurt enough; I am not going to be able to be silent like I normally am.”

It felt like a punch in the gut, again to see how much he’d failed his brother to hear him tell him how much pain he was in and how regular the pain seemed to be for him. And worse that the only thing his brother/boy wanted was for him to leave, so he didn’t have to fight to be silent like he usually did. “What do you want, Daddy, to do? Do you want Daddy to leave and let you be here alone, or do you want Daddy to hold you and rub your tummy,” Sam asked putting his hand on Dean’s tummy as he spoke.

“I want Daddy to make me feel better, but it’s gross, and I don’t want Daddy to think I am nasty. If you are going to freak out Sammy, I would rather you never even try than be here for a while and then freak and leave me when I am sick and hurting. I don’t think I can stay big if you are going to help me. I don’t want to be big if you are going to help me, but I won’t be able to go from little to big if you get grossed out and split. It would break my heart if you stayed for a while and then left,” Dean said, tears starting as he spoke. He had so many memories of John either hurting him with his haste to get it over with or John shoving a box of meds at him and telling him to deal with it on his own because he was too busy to be bothered. Or worse of John waiting until he was screaming and crying and then coming in and punishing at him for being weak and pathetic. Dean didn’t think he could bare for Sam to hurt him or to reject him for being too much work the way John had.

Before this moment, Sam didn’t think he could handle it but watching his brother cry and describe how much he needed to have these horrible childhood memories replaced. How much he needed a Dad, who cared about him and wanted to make him feel better, not just shut up and stop making a mess. Sam knew what he would do. No matter how scared he was of being confronted with his brother in such a personal way, Sam knew what he had to do. He sat on the bed, lifting Dean into his lap, rubbing his tummy.

As Sam started messing with the button on Dean’s pants, it must have hurt because Dean began whimpering and clawing at Sam’s hand trying to get him to let him up. Deciding the best way to make it clear to Dean he wasn’t going to do something so gross Sam would run away. Sam pulled Dean’s boots off and then his pants leaving Dean to sit in a diaper on counter sobbing and trying to cover his shame with his hands. Sam lifted him onto his hip and hugged him running his hand up and down Deans back, making sure to touch the diaper as he did.

After a few minutes, Dean keened, and Sam stood him in front of the potty and pulled the diaper off only to see Dean’s bottom was a mess. Part of Sam wanted to puke and run out of the room, but he schooled his features and stood watching as Dean sobbed he started rocking back and forth and keening almost constantly as he sat on the toilet.
Walking out of the bathroom, Sam went and grabbed the kit out of Dean’s bag. When Sam got back, it was clear Dean thought he was leaving him and not just going to grab something from the other room. Sam wrapped him in a hug even though he was sobbing and rocking back and forth while Sam tried to hold him.

When it had been about twenty minutes, and Sam hadn’t heard anything hit the water, Sam started to worry.

“Hey, Buddy, did you go at all?”

“No, and I am still big.”

“Do you want to be big, or would this be better if you were little?”

“I don’t know, Sammy, it hurts, and I can’t think. Please don’t make me decide things just for the love of god make it stop hurting.”

Sam debated grabbing the bear out of Dean's bag, but he didn't want it to get dirty, and if he was honest he was afraid dealing with Deano would be too much for him right now.

Sam watched as Dean pushed both his fists against his stomach and doubled over he knew he needed to do something besides standing and gawking. Taking a pair of gloves out of the med kit Sam lifted Dean and set him, so his knees were in the tub and his ass aimed at the shower wall, and his stomach was on the side of the tub. If Sam had done his research before like he would have preferred, he would have known this was the most uncomfortable way to give an enema. But he hadn’t spent the time he would have liked looking at every website online to find the best way to do this.

Dean screamed when his weight pushed on his stomach. Sam used the shower to rinse his brother off and get him at least not all messy before he filled the enema bag with warm soapy water. There wasn’t any lube in the bag, and as much as Sam wanted to make this less painful for his brother he thought leaving him again would only upset his brother more so he started pushing the enema nozzle into his brother. Sam rubbed Dean’s back the whole time he was trying to get the enema in him, but it was clear it hurt, and Sam didn’t think this was a good idea. What Sam wanted to do was tell his brother to get dressed and take him back to the hospital as the doctor told him to, but he knew Dean would freak if he suggested it, so he kept working the nozzle in his hole.

When the enema bag emptied Dean whimpered and started to push trying to get the liquid back out. For a moment Sam thought it was going to be easy because Dean managed to get the solid piece blocking his hole out followed by the whole enema, but then Dean was back to sobbing and keening. And aside from the one solid piece, it was just the enema coming out. Sam was back to holding his boy while he sobbed. After the 5th enema with no results, Sam rinsed Dean off with the shower and put a diaper back on him and carried him out of the bathroom to hold him until he figured out what to do.

As Sam was walking around the living room carrying his brother on his hip the way Dean was crying changed, and when Sam looked, it was Deano he was dealing with and not his brother. Sam wasn’t sure if he should be happy or freaked out by Deano being the one he was dealing with now.

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