Against the Grain

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Summary

Aaron Hotchner is a Beta Level unmated Sentinel leading the Behavioral Analysis Unit. A series of deaths and multiple calls for assistance pulls both his primary team as well as his Sentinel, Swing SentinelGuide, and Guide Crime Unit to Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Having come online when he killed his father to protect himself as a teenager, Hotchner had been waiting most of his life to find his mate. With an odd case as well as a corrupt and prejudice Police Chief the last thing Aaron ever expected was to find his Guide in an interview room. That Guide being serial killer John Winchester's eldest son Dean.

Notes

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Unit Chief Aaron Hotchner was sitting on the jet his Behavioral Analysis Unit Teams used, reviewing materials as they flew to South Dakota for a case. They had received three calls about the killings going on in and around Sioux Falls, which was in itself highly unusual. Normally they only dealt with one person that they may have a handful of conversations with, but in this case, it was multiple conversations with three separate people. Something that in itself was certainly out of the norm.

The first request came in from a nearby county sheriff Sentinel Jody Mills and her Guide Robert Singer, who went by Bobby. They became concerned when a second dead body was found in their investigative territory. The first had been found in a farmer’s field, and the second one showed up in the woods just beyond the salvage yard that Bobby ran. Jody advised that she knew Sioux Falls had several murders as well and was worried now that the killer seemed to be branching out into her jurisdiction.

The primary team had been ready to leave when the second call came in. This one was from the Sioux Falls Police Department Chief of Police Richard Harlow advising that they had the murderers in custody. Therefore, the BAU’s assistance was not needed and frankly hadn’t been
wanted in the first place. When Emily Prentiss-LaMontagne came to him with the new information, she made her unease with the conversation known. There had been something in the Chief’s tone that made her question their deductions. She was also concerned about just who they’d concluded the unsubs were.

Once Aaron heard that the suspects were the sons of known serial killer John Winchester he quickly agreed that there was something suspicious about the convenience of it. Winchester had a psychotic break after his wife burned to death in an arson fire. The arsonist was a Guide with a Demon Creature Guide, and Winchester’s delusion led him to believe that all Demon Guides were the creations of Lucifer himself.

In the end, he’d been killed by his elder son Dean on his younger brother Sam’s twelfth birthday. The younger boy had come online during a verbal argument with his father regarding the supposed monsters that he’d been hunting. When the former Marine saw the Demon Guide emerge from his youngest son, he’d turned his murderous rage on his own child. Dean had no choice but to kill his father with a gun that the older man had been cleaning prior to the argument. If he hadn’t, Sam would not have lived.

The BAU’s extensive research into serial killers showed that it was rare that a serial killer’s offspring followed in their parent’s footsteps. Sure there were instances where this happened. By far this was not the norm without extenuating circumstances much more severe than what was documented for either boy.

Aaron knew that Jason Gideon had interviewed both boys at one point, and had not found any indication that either of them was a risk for following in their father’s footsteps. In addition to that, he knew that the SS&G center would have kept a close eye on both boys, and would have taken action if there had been any suggestion that they were following in their father’s footsteps.

As if all of that wasn’t enough, there was nothing in either the evidence or the preliminary profile that suggested the deaths were done by a team of two humans. There was evidence that possibly non-human entities may be involved in the crimes, but not two humans.

A call back to Sheriff Mills by himself and David Rossi, after his conversation with the Police Chief, led to some revelations that clarified things somewhat. The Chief’s older brother had been one of John Winchester’s victim’s first of all, which caused a huge conflict of interest issue. The second item they discovered was that Sheriff Mills and her Guide Bobby Singer raised the two boys after Winchester’s death. Then, they’d learned that according to Mills, Sam and Dean had only been in town for 3 days.

The Chief of Police arrested them when the two had gone into town for lunch and some shopping. The pair lived in Palo Alto, California where Sam attended Stanford, and Dean worked from home.
doing Graphic Design contract jobs. He also worked on a graphic novel about two brothers who were hunters called Supernatural. Dean had gone to school locally at an art college until Sam graduated. Then, when his younger brother got a full scholarship to Stanford, Dean followed him out west. There he’d finished his last year at The Art Institute of California Sunnyvale campus in Sunnyvale, CA.

The two brothers were apparently very close, and after what John had done, spent most of their time together. Sheriff Mills advised that while they had their squabbles, the two were best friends, as well as brothers. Dean encouraged Sam’s studies, and Sam encouraged Dean’s art. In fact, according to Mills, it was Sam who got Dean into the local art college in the first place. Apparently, the younger brother made a bet he knew he couldn’t lose, and more or less tricked Dean into applying.

Sam and Dean came home to visit their guardians before Sam got bogged down with finals. Mills and Singer were both upset that the boys were being targeted. It was obvious, at least to them, that they couldn’t be the killer. Meanwhile, the smaller sheriff department were the only ones still looking for the killer. She was upfront that she didn’t really have anyone trained for such a complex investigation. This concerned them greatly, but Aaron was on the fence about what direction he wanted to go.

When he got off of the phone with Sheriff Mills, Raven and Daniel had been waiting to update him on the information their deeper search had uncovered about the supposed suspects. They were both familiar with the Supernatural graphic novels. While they admitted to admiring his work, especially the artwork, they assured him that they weren’t what people would call super fans and could still do their job. They were on their way to debate where to go next with the team as a whole when he got the third call. The intent had been to give the whole team a rundown of their findings, instead of advising Aaron and Dave and then having to repeat everything.

On his way to the conference room to discuss the latest developments with the team, Aaron received a call from the Attorney General of South Dakota. The Sentinel was highly concerned about what was going on, and the actions of the Sioux Falls, SD Chief of Police. He’d been monitoring the situation, and he’d been relieved when he’d heard that there was an arrest made. That is until he found out who had been arrested. At that point, he became highly concerned over the whole situation.

The conflict of interest portion though had him the most concerned. He wanted to make sure that the BAU team was coming to investigate the situation with their Sentinel, Swing SentinelGuide and Guide Team traveling with them. He didn’t want a PR nightmare if the wrong people were arrested solely based on who their father was, and what the man had done. While John Winchester had committed horrific crimes, the sons were thus far innocent of wrongdoing.

Aaron quickly assured him that with the AG’s request they would be able to bring the full team,
and would be there as quickly as possible. Because of this last call, the meeting in the conference room had been canceled, and an order of wheels up in 30 for the entire team had been put out. So, he now sat on the jet with all 10 members of his team.

Normally they worked as two smaller units. The primary team had 6 members including himself, and the secondary team formally called the Sentinel, Swing SentinelGuide, and Guide Crimes Team had four. The current makeup of both units was comprised totally of Sentinels, Swing SentinelGuides, and Guides. They’d had Mundanes previously on each team without much success.

The last mundane on the primary team had been Elle Greenaway. However, when her mundane status became a factor in her being attacked by an unsub, she’d gone off the rails. After returning from her recovery, she came across a Sentinel on a case that she felt got away with rape, and took matters into her own hands. This eventually led to her dismissal, and they hadn’t come across a Mundane since then that he felt was right for the primary team.

The SS&G team also previously had a Mundane. She’d lasted longer in her position than Elle had, but her exit from the team caused a new policy that only Sentinels, Swings, or Guides should be placed on that particular unit. Her longer tenure was mostly because Aaron never had an outright reason to fire her despite the misgivings he had about her for quite a while prior to her exit. Her length of time and the number of documented issues during her time with them, though, helped justify a new policy that he’d badly felt was necessary for that group of profilers.

Jennifer Jareau had been a member of the SS&G Crimes Team for just over six years. Throughout her time on the team, she could never quite grasp the concepts. She was aware of them on a basic level, but her practical bone-deep understanding like a Sentinel, Swing, or Guide would have never kicked in. Due to the nature of the issues that unit dealt with, it was imperative that every team member was highly knowledgeable and believed in what differentiated SS&Gs from Mundanes.

Almost since her placement on the team by the previous Section Chief Erin Strauss, there were little issues that would come up that showed she either didn’t understand SS&Gs or didn’t believe what she’d previously been told. Then, at the end of her tenure with the team, she made a critical error half out of arrogance, and in Aaron’s opinion half because of her Mundane status, that signaled it was time to end the experiment.

The smaller team had been working a case in Montana that had the team members scattered over a large area looking for a Sentinel and a Guide that had been captured by an unsub who made clear his hatred of those with enhanced senses. The group she’d been working with had only one Sentinel and Guide pairing, whose advice she’d ignored insisting that she knew what she was doing. When they found the kidnapped pair, JJ had insisted that they be separated to make moving them easier, and also to prevent any collaborating of stories. This was despite the Sentinel in her group trying to warn her of a new bond that she sensed.
Because JJ couldn’t feel the bond, she disregarded what the younger woman was saying, and ordered the older mundane males to separate them herself. This resulted in the rescued Sentinel attacking her, and then being shot by another Mundane to prevent him from killing her. The Sentinel had nearly died, and the fragile bond with his new Guide had nearly snapped under the stress. The extra trauma caused a Guide Stress Induced Coma on the young man he’d bonded with that lasted nearly four months. In the end, JJ was moved to the State Department after a severe reprimand, and the new policy Aaron had been asking for was put in place to require all SS&G members for the smaller unit.

This meant that his team was now wholly made up of Sentinels, Swings, or Guides with a command structure of himself as Unit Chief, a Team Leader, and a Second in Command. The primary team, which dealt with mostly Non-Sentinel, Swing, or Guide issues, was led by himself a Beta Level unmated Sentinel. Then there was the Second in Command under the Team Leader, who was a Beta Level Guide named Dr. Spencer Reid and his mate a Beta Level Sentinel Martin Odum, who had come to them from another division within the FBI where he previously worked deep undercover assignments. There was also Theta Level Sentinel Emily Prentiss-LaMontagne and her mate Theta Level Guide Will LaMontagne, and lastly was their newest member Omega Level Guide Kate Callahan, who was unmated.

The secondary unit, the SS&G Crimes Team, dealt with the same types of cases that the primary team did, only they responded strictly to cases which involved a strong Sentinel, Swing SentinelGuide, or Guide element. Whether it be they believed the unsub was a Sentinel, the unsub was targeting Guides, or a Swing SentinelGuide had gone off the rails and was targeting Mundanes, it didn’t matter. All that was required for their assistance was that there was some major element of SS&G’s involved.

The unit was led by his Team Leader who was an unmated Alpha Sentinel named Dr. Tony DiNozzo, Jr. He was joined by mated Delta level couple Sentinel Dr. Tara Lewis and Guide Alex Blake. The team was rounded out by unmated Alpha Swing SentinelGuide David Rossi, who helped form the Behavioral Analysis Unit along with Guide Jason Gideon and Sentinel Max Ryan.

Not everyone in the world had enhanced senses. While the worldwide totals varied, generally it was a 70% SS&G to 30% Mundane ratio. For the most part, both SS&Gs, as well as Mundanes, were accepted. However, there was, as with any group of people, a small minority in each group that hated the other for varying reasons based on their Enhanced Sense Status.

There were six agreed upon levels of strengths in the SS&G community. Alpha Level was rare in the Sentinel, Swing SentinelGuide, and Guide community with less than 3% of the total SS&G population identifying at this level. The rest of the levels were fairly equal. Omega was the bottom level and indicated that there was only one enhanced sense for Sentinels, or for a Guide they could only regulate one sense. Sigma came next with two senses, followed by Theta at three senses, Delta at four senses, and Beta with all five senses. Alpha was the highest ranking with not
only all five senses but one additional ‘sense’ like visions, seeing the dead, telepathy, telekinesis, etc.

Swing SentinelGuides, often just referred to as ‘Swings’ were the rarest of the three rankings with less than 0.53% of the total Sentinel, Swing SentinelGuide, and Guide population who come online each year in the United States, and less than 2% of the total worldwide population, were found to be Swings. Some historians believed that many of the people accused of being witches and then killed in the Middle Ages were actually Swing SentinelGuides.

A Swing SentinelGuide was just what it sounded like. The individual had both Sentinel and Guide abilities enabling them to be able to ‘swing’ between the two as needed, and therefore they had two True Mates. Swing SentinelGuides had only ever been found at Alpha or Beta Levels and had only ever come with two True Mates. Interestingly enough, both mates were usually found at the same time and often had connected before finding the Swing mate. David Rossi was probably the most famous Swing at the moment. This was due to not just his being a founding member of the BAU, but also his ‘side job’ as a highly popular author of true crime novels.

Hearing a hiss, Aaron looked toward the back of the jet to see his Animal Guide, which was a Komodo Dragon he’d named Takeshi laying on top of Spencer’s Creature Guide a Nian named Confucius. Tony’s Animal Guide a White Lion named Garner had Spencer’s Animal Guide a Great Horned Owl named Chaucer sitting on his back looking rather unimpressed by the whole thing.

All Sentinels, Swing SentinelGuides and Guides had two types of Guides from the Spirit Plane. One was an Animal Guide, and the other was a Creature Guide. There didn’t seem to be a limitation on either Guide as there was almost an endless variety of both. Although they had been able to determine that for every Creature Guide registered there was at least one living version. This was reported by Professional Hunters who kept the public safe from real monsters and creatures that at times terrorized them. Sometimes, simply because of a lack of understanding of the creatures on the human’s part, or a lack of understanding of the humans on the creature’s part.

Sentinels and Guides had one of each Guide. Sentinels received their Animal Guide upon coming online, and Guides received their Creature Guide upon coming online. Their other Guide appeared once they completed the bonding process after finding a mate. In the case of True Mates, the other Guide appeared immediately upon finding their mate. True Mates were two or three individuals who were not just compatible matches with each other. These individuals had a kind of bond with each often compared to what people imagined soul mates to be other that while was documented was not easily explained. True Mates could be found on any of the levels from Alpha to Omega but were vitally important for Swing SentinelGuides and Alphas who each had more of a difficult time with their enhanced senses.

Swings had two sets of each type of Guide and received one from each set upon coming online, and the other two upon finding their True Mates. The first pair generally would be an Animal Guide to
represent the Sentinel set and a Creature Guide to represent the Guide set. Because they had two mates, Swings also seemed harder to match. Unfortunately, Aaron’s friend and mentor was still waiting to find his duo. He only hoped that someday it would happen.

Across from Aaron sat his Team Leader, Dr. Tony DiNozzo. Tony came to them from Tobias Fornell’s team, where he’d served as the man’s Second in Command for years. He had a double doctorate in SS&G Criminal Psychology and SS&G History. He replaced Aaron’s former Team Leader Sentinel Derek Morgan who moved to head up the New York field office along with his Guide Technical Analyst Penelope Garcia.

It had been hard to lose them both, but Derek felt he was ready for the next step. Aaron hadn’t been quite sure that Derek was ready for the position, and had been honest about it with the Sentinel. In the end, though, the Bureau decided he was the best qualified and promoted him anyway. Aaron knew that he’d do well enough that it would work out in the end. He was just fairly certain that it was going to be a pretty rocky beginning.

Tony worked his way up through the FBI ranks, having come to them after an undercover stint in Philadelphia where his undercover work helped take down the local mob family. The man hadn’t wanted to get stuck playing other people his whole career, though, and took as many night classes as he could until he had his two degrees. He and Dr. Spencer Reid could often be found comparing notes about papers and new journal articles during slow moments when the teams were together. Tony’s Animal Guide Garner, who was as social as his Sentinel, could often be found roaming around the BAU area visiting with various team members.

Next to Tony, on the outside near the isle, was Sentinel Martin Odum, who came to them thanks to Tony. The two met early in Tony’s FBI career on an undercover assignment. When Tony heard that his friend was having some difficulties, including issues with remembering when he was and wasn’t “wearing” one of his many Legends, he quickly asked for some time off to go see his friend. It turned out that it was a good thing he had done so.

There had been a horrible plot against Martin that his own Team Leader had been involved in, as well as the woman he’d thought he was married to. When the dust settled, several people were dead, including the not so wife and the boss. Martin had needed some time to get himself back together, and a place he knew his son Aiden would be safe. This led to Martin finding his guide in the BAU’s Dr. Spencer Reid, and a real family and bond for the battered and scared agent.

Martin and Tony were as thick as thieves, and the three could often be found hanging out together in between cases. In fact, they are so close, that Spencer and Martin purchased the townhouse next to Tony’s when it came up for sale. After a little construction, there was a door placed within the two homes connecting them so they basically had one big residence. Aiden absolutely adored his “Uncle Tony” and could often be found on the other half of the residence talking sports when the Team Leader was in town. It was an unusual situation, but one that worked for them. Aaron just
hoped that whenever Tony found his Guide, the man would fit into the dynamic as easily.

Next to Aaron and across from Martin, was the Team’s Second in Command behind Tony, Guide Dr. Spencer Reid. The man had been the youngest person ever to be assigned to the unit, and before Derek had moved on refused any thought of a leadership position. However, after Tony joined them, and Martin entered his life, the genius became comfortable in his skin. Spencer and Martin made a powerful, and often intimidating pair, and Tony had finally been able to accomplish what Aaron never had. It didn’t really matter to Aaron though who did it, he was just happy to see the man he considered a younger brother so happy and settled.

Behind Aaron and Spencer at the other table were Sentinel Emily Prentiss-LaMontagne and her Guide and husband Will LaMontagne. Across from them were Sentinel Dr. Tara Lewis and her Guide Alex Blake. Emily and Will had a somewhat rocky beginning thanks to JJ, who’d set her sights on the handsome man from New Orleans. When Emily turned out to be his Sentinel though, there hadn’t been any question who Will would choose, at least not for the SS&Gs. JJ, however, had been hurt, despite the fact that she knew the Guide needed his Sentinel to be truly whole and happy.

Alex Blake was a friend of Spencer’s and Dr. Lewis had been someone the young SIC knew from his academic circle within Quantico, and he was responsible for both being recruited to the team. He’d also been responsible for them meeting and thus mating. The two weren’t True Mates, but both Tara’s True Guide and Alex’s True Sentinel had been killed. After being introduced by Spencer, the two women clicked, and after visiting a local SS&G Center were happy to find out that they’d been a high enough match to mate.

Lastly, on the couch were Dave Rossi and Kate Callahan. Kate was a charming, intelligent, and maybe one of the most empathetic Guides that Aaron had ever met. Considering her Omega status, it was a little surprising, but he’d learned long ago that there was really no rigid makeup to The Community, which was what the SS&G’s called themselves. They came in all different races, personalities, origins, sexual genders, and any other variant you could imagine.

Dave was Kate’s near exact opposite in abilities but had quickly formed a friendship with the woman. It was a completely platonic relationship, but Aaron thought that it was good for them both, as Kate was having as many problems finding her one True Mate as Dave was both of his. She could often be found on Rossi’s arm at the various social functions that came with his veteran status and celebrity fame.

Martin, Spencer, and Tony were studying pictures from the various scenes and seemed to be divided on what could be causing the killings. They seemed to be torn between an Animal/Creature Guide combination doing the killings, and a real animal/creature combination with Spencer on the Animal/Creature Guide side, and Martin and Tony on the real creature half.
“Gee, it’s a good thing that we have those Professional Hunters on the team to help us with this, being the experts on this sort of thing and all. Oh, wait…” Tony said sarcastically, and Aaron flashed him a glare. The younger man was beating a dead horse, albeit one that Aaron himself agreed with. For some reason, the Bureau was the last American intelligence and law enforcement agency to add Professional Hunters to their ranks.

They, thus far, had wholeheartedly refused to consider the matter, but Aaron knew it would be only a matter of time. Eventually, an agent would find a True Mate that was a Professional Hunter, and they would be unable to hold onto their stance any longer. To be honest, Aaron knew that it was past time that the agency got rid of the antiquated notion that Hunters were dangerous and a liability.

While the Professional Hunter licensing was only a decade old, it was an officially recognized profession with oversights, and regulations similar to that of a Private Investigator. A large part of him would not be surprised if Tony was the one to break that final barrier. The man was already a force to be reckoned with, and when he eventually found his True Mate, that would only increase. It would be very DiNozzo to find a mate in the exact profession he’d been clamoring for assistance from.

When the screen next to him lit up, Aaron smiled seeing Raven’s happy face on the other side. The young woman was sometimes eerily similar to Garcia and at others light years different. They lucked out when looking for a replacement for Penelope. The Cyber Crimes Unit had been going through some upheaval, and the group’s bonded pair Sentinel Raven Ramirez and Guide Daniel Krumitz decided they needed a change, which eventually landed them on the BAU team.

“Hi, guys! I’m here with the information we found on your supposed suspects. While Daniel is still working on some things on the older brother, there is absolutely no way that Sam Winchester could have done it. The Palo Alto PD has verified all of Sam’s alibis for the times of the killings. He was either in night classes, a study group or working when each happened.

“Since the older brother works from home, it’s a little more difficult, but Krummy is hacking his internet connection to see if he can get his online activity information. The warrant for that just came in within the last half hour, so expect the results to come through probably within an hour of you reaching the PD. We have though verified that they both just flew in three days ago, so we’re as confident as we can be at this point that Dean wasn’t in South Dakota at the time of the killings either.

“Oh! One last thing. Both brothers have Professional Hunter Licenses with their highest rating. Traces of their presence were found at the scenes the day of their arrest but were not there during the initial search. Chief Harlow decided that the evidence was just missed the first times through,
and used that to arrest both men. We also found traces of the Chief all over anti-SS&G sites, as well as anti-Hunter sights. Some of the information definitely breaks confidentiality laws, and frankly just common sense for anyone working in law enforcement. He gives me bad vibes, Bossman!”

Aaron sighed but held in any other sign of his reaction to the new information. This was going to be one hell of a clusterfuck. He just knew it. Before he could respond, Tony took over, which wasn’t surprising. Tony had been Raven’s most vocal supporter when some questioned hiring another TA that had a background so similar to Garcias. Aaron had been concerned that hiring someone who seemed so similar to Garcia would put un-needed pressure on the woman, as well as make the change harder and more painful for the profilers who missed their friend.

Tony argued that none of those things was Raven’s fault, and if the profilers weren’t adult enough or mature enough to treat the woman as her own person, then maybe they were on the wrong team. Aaron cringed slightly as he recalled the conversation, which got slightly heated on his part for a few moments. However, his Team Leader had remained calm and on point during the argument.

The younger man pointed out that they’d hired him despite the fact that his personality and Derek’s were almost a perfect match, and then asked what the difference was. At that point, Aaron had been forced to admit that maybe he was projecting his own feelings of losing Garcia onto the rest of the team. He’d personally hired Garcia, and gone to bat with the higher ups arguing what she could do for the team. Losing her had hurt more than anyone else previously.

Dave, who had been in the room with them, at that point asked what they needed two TAs for when Garcia had always managed alone. It was Spencer who answered, being the last person in the meeting, that shot back with the fact that Garcia was often overworked and stressed out by trying to cover things for two separate units. The younger man then went on to say that while he was upset that Derek and Garcia left them, he didn’t feel right in denying replacements a shot at the team just because one was a former hacker with a bubbly personality. When the situation was laid out so plainly by the resident genius, both he and Dave had given in and agreed that the mated pair was the best choice for the position.

“Thanks, Birdling! You rock the Kasbah!” Tony offered, breaking the tension on the plane and bringing Aaron back to the present. Aaron snorted at the interaction between the two as Raven giggled while waving goodbye.

“Thanks, Bossman! I’m gonna go hack things. Let me know when you need us, again. Birdling out!”

Aaron heard the various chuckles around the cabin and shook his head at the enthusiastic young woman. He was glad that he’d allowed himself to be convinced to give her and Daniel a try. While
he would probably always miss Garcia, Raven and Daniel were putting their own stamp on the team. He wasn’t sure they’d be with the BAU forever, but the Sentinel knew that any future hires would be influenced by what they’d brought to the team.

“OK, everyone. I think we have debated this case to death. It sounds like we’re in for a stressful one. We have about two and a half hours until we land. So, let’s take the remainder of the flight to clear our heads that way we can hit the ground running. Tony, myself, and Kate will start at the Sioux Falls PD to get the brothers released. Spencer will take the rest of you to see Sheriff Mills, and then divide you between the various crime scenes. I want to get a first look at those today. Case files closed, people.”

Closing his own case file, Aaron pushed it toward the middle of the table, and leaning his head back on the seat, closed his eyes to get some rest. It was going to be long days coming up, and who knew when he’d have the chance to rest again.
Chapter Two: A Confrontation

Hotch strode into the Sioux Falls PD headquarters where both the Chief of Police was located and the brothers Winchester were being held. Tony walked in behind him and slightly off to his left with Kate trailing in behind him. Ideally, Hotch would like to have more than just one member of the SS&G Team present, but with only four members, he felt that the rest of them were better served looking at the crime scenes.

Not for the first time, it occurred to him that they would be better off with a couple more people on Tony’s team. Unfortunately, the budget didn’t allow for that. The best that they could hope for was that when Tony found his mate, he or she would be suitable for the job. So far, they’d lucked out, but he worried that their lucky streak would end. Eventually one of them were going to find a mate that wasn’t suitable for the team, and hard decisions would have to be made. For that reason, he’d already done his research about options if that ever happened.

While they were in the air, he’d had Daniel call the South Dakota AG, and advise them of the evidence they’d found to prove that the Winchester brothers were definitely not guilty on Sam’s part, and most likely not on Dean’s. He’d also had the AG filled in on the Professional Hunter’s licenses they found, and that the evidence of their presence at the scenes was found after the initial sweep. After that, he had the man filled in on the anti-SS&G and anti-Hunter propaganda they’d found the Sheriff spreading online, as well as information on cases that should not have been released to anyone let alone hate sites. The AG had been unhappy, to say the least, and advised
Daniel that he’d have to consider his next step.

When they reached the front desk, Aaron introduced his team noting the uncomfortableness in the man sitting there, as well as the hostility of those behind him. He could sense the Guide within the young man dying to come out. In such a hostile environment though, it would never happen. Hotch’s bad feeling grew worse as he began to get an idea of just how bad the situation was there.

“I told the Attorney General that your presence here isn’t needed. Your tainted evidence means nothing to me. I ain’t letting some enhanced lap dogs loose just because a bunch of jacked up pussies sent from Satan thinks that they can manufacture a bunch of mumbo jumbo to get John Winchester’s devil’s spawns set free.”

Scanning his eyes across the room, Aaron could see more than one officer with his hand hovering just over his gun. He didn’t need his enhanced senses to tell that the situation was becoming considerably more dangerous. The chances of someone reacting without thinking, and people dying needlessly, was increasing by the moment. Normally they would simply leave, but given the current atmosphere, he was concerned for the safety of the two Winchester brothers. He was weighing what to do next when he heard a commotion behind him.

“Fortunately for us all, Chief Harlow, you do not dictate either state or federal laws, and you certainly don’t dictate laws for the city of Sioux Falls.”

Aaron turned his body so that he could see who was coming up behind him, while still keeping an eye on the officers in front of him. He noted that Tony had his hand resting on his gun. He’d reprimand him, but it wouldn’t do any good. He noticed that Tony was very conscious about Aaron’s protection when they were together. When he’d first joined the team, Aaron worried at first that his new Team Leader didn’t think he was able to protect himself.

After a talk with Tobias Fornell, though, he found out that it was just Tony’s personality. He saw protecting his boss as one of his top responsibilities. It had nothing to do with Hotch’s capabilities, and everything to do with Tony’s personal commandments. # 27. ‘The Boss will not be killed on my watch!’ was just one of the list of personal items the man lived by.

Hotch was secretly the fondest of # 19. ‘It’s ok to laugh’. He’d been highly offended by # 28. ‘Lawyers can only be trusted if they aren’t trying to get into your pants. (or trying to set the bad guy free.)’ When he expressed this, he found out that even the Unit Chief was not immune to # 15. ‘Superglue is an authorized form of punishment’ much to his amusement. He was pretty sure that the others expected him to blow up when his fingers got super-glued to his coffee mug, but secretly he had been happy to be included. Chief Harlow's sneering voice brought him back to the present.

“Mayor Bradley, how surprising to see you here. Come to interfere in my business again, are you? Just who is that with you? I don’t need more outsiders here interferin’ with my case! I won’t allow justice to be corrupted by a bunch of animals.”

Hotch allowed the two men to move around them without comment noticing and thankful for the protection detail they’d brought. It appeared to be made up of several state officers, and he observed them scattering themselves around the room from various entrances. His anxiety over the case relaxed slightly allowing him to realize that his hearing was turned up too high for some
reason. When he tried to turn it down, he noted that it didn't happen as smoothly as normal, and filed it away to consider at some point in the future.

When one of the men began speaking, Aaron assumed that he was the mayor. “Chief, I told you that I wouldn't tolerate any more of your bigotry and hatred interfering with your job. You don’t get to decide which laws you want to enforce, and which you are going to ignore. You also don’t get to lock up the innocent, because the facts don’t fit into your personal vendetta.

"We all are sorry for what happened to your brother, but John Winchester's boys aren't responsible for his actions. I've told you to get yourself help many times before today. You've crossed a line now that I can't and won't pretend doesn't exist. This man next to me is the Attorney General of the State of South Dakota. He’s here to make sure this fiasco doesn’t get any further out of hand."

The man Aaron had previously pegged to be a lawyer, took over speaking at this point. As the Unit Chief scanned the room, he noted that there were still too many officers that were too close to the edge because they were caught up in the emotions running high in the room.

“Police Chief Darren Harlow, as Attorney General of the state of South Dakota, I have authorized an arrest warrant for you for violation of the Sentinel, Swing SentinelGuide & Guide Act of 1983, along with obstruction of justice, and promoting hate crimes in an official capacity. The state of South Dakota will not tolerate you using your position to harass innocent people just because you don’t agree with science. We have a killer on the loose, and all you are doing is delaying the capture of that individual with this nonsense. For those officers that I can see that disagree with this, you can leave your guns and badges with the State Officer standing to my left. We have no place for you on our forces."

“Just in case you think I’m gonna argue about this,” the mayor started, “you would be terribly wrong.

“I am both disgusted and ashamed of any individual in this room who went along with this bullshit. You all took an oath to uphold the law, and protect the innocent. That includes protecting the public from those officers around you who you know are corrupt. Officer, please read the Chief his rights, and take him to your station. I have requested that he not be held here."

It was tense for several long moments, but in the end, the Chief had been taken out in handcuffs, the station was several officers short, and those left seemed more than a little off kilter. Fortunately, though, the state officers seemed to be hanging around, at least until they could get worked out how many city officers they would be down once the dust settled. Once those currently off duty found out what happened, Aaron had a feeling there would be more resignations.

Before they left, Aaron met with both the Mayor and AG to assure them that they would do everything in their power to find out who was responsible for the murders in the area. He was also advised that the Detective heading up the investigation was in command until they could figure out who would be replacing the Chief.

Taking a deep breath to settle himself, Aaron searched the room for his people. He wasn’t surprised to see them both and one of the older State Officers with the man at the counter, speaking quietly with the poor Guide who felt more active than he had a few moments ago. Crossing the room from where he’d moved to during the aftermath of the confrontation, he once more had to turn down his hearing to a lower level. When he reached the group, Tony began filling him in immediately.

“Hotch, this is rookie Officer Johnson. He’s a week out of the police academy. Kate and I both think the high tensions, and the stress he’s been under, are causing him to come online. They have
a room here, but we think it would be best if he was taken somewhere he would feel safer. Officer Guide Dana Erikson here has volunteered for herself and her Sentinel, who is in the building, to take him to the SS&G Center across the border in Sioux City. They say it’s the closest one to Sioux Falls.”

Hotch studied the obviously shaken man. He couldn’t imagine what it must have been like for a Guide to work in these conditions knowing that he could come online at any moment. While most SS&Gs activated sometime during puberty, not all did. There were many that became active later in life.

“I agree. This situation is not healthy for him. The SS&G Center will be a much safer environment, and he would need to go there soon anyway. Officer Guide Erikson, if you are sure you and your Sentinel have time, I would appreciate the help.”

A taller red-haired man came over and took up a spot next to the woman he’d been addressing. “It’s not a problem, sir. This is my Sentinel and husband Darren Erikson. We’ve been a bonded pair for over 30 years. We’d be happy and honored to get this young Guide to safety.” When the man nodded his agreement, Hotch offered his thanks, then turned his attention to his people, as the Detective working the case joined them.

“Tony and Kate, this is Detective Scott Summers. He’s been the lead on the investigation on the Sioux Falls end. He’ll also be acting Sheriff until they decide who the replacement will be. Detective Summers, this is my Team Leader Sentinel Tony DiNozzo, and SSA Guide Kate Callahan.”

“Thank you all so much for coming,” the Detective offered sounding relieved. “I’ve been trying my best to keep those boys safe. I didn’t agree with the arrest, and I’ve been trying to argue that we had the wrong people. As you saw though, the Chief, or former Chief now I guess, was too stuck in his own prejudices. I’ve had the two in separate interrogation rooms with some of my people, my brother Officer Alex Summers who goes by the last name Blanding at work to avoid confusion, and my best friend and mate Detective Guide James “Logan” Howlett guarding them to keep them safe.”

“Mate? Guide?” Tony questioned cocking his head to one side. “You’re a Sentinel and Guide pair?”

Scott nodded sighing. “Yes, there are more of us here than the Chief knew about. We’ve had to stay hidden though and keep our statuses quiet. It’ll be nice not to have to do that anymore. It’s a terrible strain to be separated from my Guide so much while I am on the job.”

“Tony, I think we should question the brothers about what they have seen before we let them go. As you have pointed out, we may need some Professional Hunters on this case, and their insight could be invaluable. Why don’t you and Kate take the younger brother Sam, while Detective Summers and I interview the older brother Dean? Are you alright?”

Tony nodded, but Aaron could tell that something was going on with him. “Yeah, boss, I just… I’ll be ok. Struggling with my senses all of a sudden for some reason. My vision keeps spiking. I’ll just keep Garner with me in the room, and I’ll manage. Not much we can do about it right now, anyway.”

Aaron frowned but nodded when the Animal Guide appeared next to the Team Leader leaning against his human. Being unbonded, they both had only limited access to their enhanced senses. Therefore, neither of them normally struggled to control their abilities. When he felt Takeshi appear on his shoulder, he sighed with relief as his own senses stabilized somewhat. “If you need
to step out, DiNozzo, do so. Let’s get these interviews done with.”

The three Profilers followed Detective Sentinel Summers through the building to the interview rooms. The Detective pointed Tony and Kate to interview 2, introducing them first to his mate Detective Guide “just call me Logan” so that they could interview Sam. He then led the way to interview room 4 where Dean was, introducing him to his brother Alex before they went in. After nodding his thanks to Officer Blanding who apparently was also a Sentinel, Aaron reached out, opened the door to the room, and was immediately hit with what felt like a blast of emotion filled with want and need and belonging and rightness and MINE! He was only vaguely aware of something appearing in the corner of the room as Takeshi hissed and then leaped at the thing disappearing.

The think in the corner appeared to be human in shape, but he knew it had to be some kind of Creature Guide from the spiritual essence he was getting off of it. It was tall, slightly taller than himself but incredibly thin, almost appearing to be nothing more than skin and bones. Its skin was pure white as if someone had dumped a bucket of white paint all over it with two exceptions. Its lips were jet black, and its nails, which were long and pointy like tiny daggers on the ends of his fingers, were bright red in color like a Coke can. Its face was long and narrow appearing almost skeletal, and the creature was wearing a floor length pure white cowl, like a monk would wear, with the hood pulled up over its head. Aaron knew this creature was his, and what it was. It was a Sin-Eater, and they were incredibly rare. At its feet was a badger hissing and spitting at the Guide, who felt looked unaffected, but Aaron could feel the longing within his new Spirit Guide.

Looking to the table, Aaron saw Dean Winchester staring at him, as the younger man shouted to be let loose. He was tugging on his cuffs and hollering for his Sentinel When Detective Sentinel Summers made a move, Aaron couldn’t stop his instinctual reaction, even if he’d had the conscious thought to. He could hear shouting and what sounded like snarling down the hall from the other interview room as his hearing spiked up again, but couldn’t be bothered with it.

Reacting on pure Sentinel instinct, Aaron grabbed Sentinel Summers and nearly shoved him through the wall. “MINE!” He snarled in the man’s face wanting nothing more than to take the mated Sentinel’s head off for even thinking of going near Aaron’s new Guide.

He was only faintly aware of someone else entering. He had no idea that the man in his grasp had signaled his brother to stay back. “MINE! MY GUIDE!”

“Easy, Unit Chief Hotchner,” Detective Sentinel Summers said calmly and quietly. “I promise you, no one here is going to go near your Guide. My brother Alex is going to toss the cuff keys onto the table so that he can set himself free. Then, if you’ll let me go, Alex and I will both slowly ease out of the room. It sounds like your teammates are having similar troubles in the other interview room.”

He faintly heard Alex quip that Chief Harlow would spit nails when he found out the Winchester brothers were mates of two feds, but all he could think of was that there were two strange Sentinels in the same room with his Guide and that his new mate was in handcuffs unable to defend himself. Pushing his face even closer to Detective Summer’s and growling, he was unaware of the cuff keys being tossed onto the table. He sensed Alex leaving, but didn’t realize it was to go help in the other interview room where they were having troubles preventing Tony’s new Creature Guide, a Vermillion Bird, from setting the whole building on fire in its agitated state.

Pulling the Detective away from the wall he slammed him backward again, knocking the wind out of the man, and snarled in his face. Before he could do anything further though, hands touched his arm, and a sense of peace quickly washed over him.
“Sentinel. C’mon man you can’t do that. Let the nice Detective go. He’s been one of the few cool people in this joint. Please man, uhh. Shit, I don’t even know your name. You gotta help me out here. Ease back, Sentinel whatever your name is. Just let him go, and you and I can go somewhere and seal this deal. After I make sure Sammy is ok that is. If what your buddies here are saying is true, though, the kid’s finally gonna get laid. Thank God for that!”

There was a scent that was filling Aaron’s senses. It was intoxicating, and he needed more. Turning his head, he caught sight of the most beautiful hazel green eyes he’d ever seen. Quickly, he let the Sentinel go and wrapped the Guide up in his arms. Burying his nose in the man’s neck, he filled his lungs with his wonderful smell. Behind him, Scott immediately left the room shutting the door behind him.


“Yeah. Hell yeah, even,” he heard Dean offer back, as Aaron licked the man’s neck taking in the taste of his skin. It was better than any treat he’d ever tasted in his life.

“C’mon now, you gotta relax dude. Please, just… dial it back Sentinel, because as much as I enjoy kinky, fucking my new mate in an interview room of a police station is not my idea of a good evening.”

Slowly, Aaron felt himself edging back from the feral line he’d been hovering at. He couldn’t even consider letting the man out of his arms though. He was simply too perfect. Unable to resist, he licked the perfect skin, again, and then sank his teeth in sucking to leave his mark behind until he could make his claim. When Dean shuddered and moaned, oddly enough, the sound was enough to finally pull the Unit Chief back from the edge. Quickly he realized that he needed to get Dean to a hotel room before he bent him over something and pounded his ass.

“Guide.” Aaron near whimpered, feeling Dean Winchester tremble in his arms.

“Sentinel,” Dean replied. “Nice to see you back. Can we go fuck our brains out now?”

Aaron let out a bark of laughter, before pulling the younger man back in and ravishing his mouth one last time. When he pulled away they were both breathless and grinning. “Let’s go find us a bed. What I have in mind is gonna require several hours of being horizontal.”

Clamping his Guide’s hand, Aaron pulled the younger man out laughing as a whoop followed him out of the room. As he passed interview room 2, where Tony and Sam were, Kate was outside looking like she was trying her best to not let her emotion show, but was failing terribly thanks to her bright red face. Given the circumstances, the Unit Chief couldn’t blame her though. As he paused at the door, there was a loud thud against the metal, and a loud moan could be heard from the other side.

“GO SAMMY!” He heard his Guide call and grinned at the way his agent blushed even brighter.

“I’m leaving, Kate. You’re in charge until Tony gets done, or Spencer gets here.” Dragging Dean behind him, Aaron then left the building with only one thing on his mind. Finding their hotel, and burying himself inside of his True Mate.
Chapter Notes

The sex scene in this chapter was NOT written by me. HUGE thanks go out to Rivermoon1970 who wrote it for me. I suck at sex scenes and needed something good for this chapter. She stepped up and wrote an AMAZING scene. Everything after the paragraph where Aaron says "With Pleasure" and before the paragraph that starts "When Aaron came to" is all her. ALL Kudos for that scene need to go to her.

Banner by Pickingupellen

Chapter Three: *A Mating*

When Hotch reached the hotel, he barely remembered to park the car and lock it. As it was, the vehicle was under the overhang, and Dean had to crawl over the middle console because Aaron wouldn’t let go of his hand. Striding into the hotel, bagless because getting into the back for his duffle would take too long, he marched up with a very eager Mate behind him. Reaching the desk, he was thankful he’d perfected the whole getting his credentials out with one hand years back, he flashed his ID at the woman before speaking.

“My name is Unit Chief Sentinel Aaron Hotchner, and my team has a reservation with your hotel. I need one of the rooms unless you have bonding suites here. In that case, I need at least one, and possibly a second one for another couple. A coworker and I unexpectedly found our mates while
The woman behind the counter, albeit wide-eyed, quickly complied, assuring him that they have bonding suites. She promised that she’d keep the other suite on reserve in case Tony and Sam needed it and that the vehicle would be fine where it was until the team got there. Hotch gave her the keys for safe keeping and then headed to the elevator. His eager Mate quiet, but pressed as close to him as possible anytime they stopped moving.

The elevator ride was an experience, and he almost had elevator sex for the first time in his life. By the time they reached the suite door, his hands were shaking almost too badly to get the card into the reader on the door. Once they were inside. He yanked the younger man to him and spent several long moments devouring his mouth. He then picked him up, and with long strides crossed to the bed tossing Dean down.

The man landed with a leer on his face. “Oh, hell yeah.”

Aaron smiled dark and dirty as he undid his tie. Once he had the item in his hands, though, he had an idea. Climbing onto the bed, he moved upward to straddle Dean’s chest.

“Hands up,” he ordered and smiled satisfied when he received a, “Oh fuck, yes please,” in return. Once he was done, he looked down at his new mate, Guide, and everything. “Guide.”

“Sentinel,” Dean replied. The eagerness and happiness were more than evident on the man’s face. “Come to papa.”

Aaron immediately slid down the bed and, slipping a hand under Dean’s head, brought the younger man’s lips up to almost touch his. Staring into those gorgeous hazel green eyes, he purred, “With pleasure,” before capturing those oh so kissable lips once more and losing himself in the pleasure.

Each kiss opened his senses to his Guide even more. Dean’s moans and noises almost made Aaron come undone right there and then, but he had plans and he meant to implement each and every one.

“Naked. Need you naked now,” Aaron growled as he undid the tie to let Dean up. There was no finesse, no slow seductive strip tease for either man, that would come at another time. The two men practically tore their clothes off, then Aaron was hauling Dean into the bathroom. He wanted his new Guide completely clean. He wanted to taste his skin free from any smell that may have gotten on him over the course of his interrogation. Once the water was warm enough, Aaron pulled Dean inside the shower.

The bonding suite boasted a very hedonistic shower that had a built in shelf with hermetically sealed bottles of lube and other toys that newly bonding pairs might want to use. Aaron’s eyes darkened even more with lust at the items he saw there. The shower also had two main shower heads, one for each person, and rainfall type heads coming out of the top. There was a wide bench and soft gel pads that sat atop the bench. Aaron was getting more than one wicked idea into his head. But first, he wanted his Guide thoroughly cleaned.

Grabbing the bottle of unscented goats milk body wash that was made just for Sentinels and Guides Aaron poured a generous amount on the washcloth that was hanging inside the shower. He pushed Dean against the tiled wall and kissed him stupid.

“Fuck, you keep kissing me like that and this party will be over before it starts,” Dean moaned as he tried to find purchase against Aaron’s wet skin.

“Jesus, I love your snarky mouth already,” Aaron chuckled as he pulled back just a bit. He roughly
turned Dean around so his front was pressed against the wall. Starting at his neck, Aaron rubbed the soft washcloth all down Dean’s back, cleaning every single bit of skin. Dropping to his knees he ran the cloth over Dean’s ass, then legs. He let the falling water wash away the lather, then leaned forward and nipped at the rather firm ass that his hands were currently kneading. Aaron breathed in deep and smelled just that smell that was all Dean and it was just as intoxicating as before. Aaron gripped Dean’s ass cheeks and pulled them apart, as he did, Dean’s scent hit him and he let out a very filthy groan as he buried his face near Dean’s very tempting hole.

“You’re killin’ me here Sentinel,” Dean playfully complained as he gripped the bar that was above him which he now understood why it was in there.

“Can’t help it. I want to taste every single part of you.” Before he did anything, Aaron took the washcloth and thoroughly cleaned Dean around his asshole. After he was rinsed, the Guide was vibrating as need poured out of him and Aaron was pulling the sensation into himself almost like a drug, or a really fine whiskey. He leaned in again and licked a stripe up to the top of Dean’s ass.

“Jesus fuck,” Dean cried out which just spurred Aaron on. He dived right back in and pressed the tip of his tongue just inside of that tempting pink pucker. Dean pushed back against Aaron’s mouth encouraging him to continue. Pushing his tongue further in, Aaron began to eat Dean out, opening that tight entrance. Dean let out a whimper.

“Turn around, I want my mouth around your cock.” Aaron stayed on his knees as Dean complied. Aaron made quick work of cleaning up Dean’s lower half as that dark and beautiful hard cock bounced a little as it jutted out in front of him. He didn’t waste any time as he wrapped his lips around the crown and sucked.

“Aaron, fuck,” Dean cried out as he gripped Aaron’s shoulders. “More, I need more,” Dean pleaded, then cool slick fingers were sliding into his ass as that hot mouth sucked down more of his cock. All he could do was hang on as Aaron’s senses bled all over him. He let his head fall back against the shower wall and his head swam with so many emotions it was making him a little high. The more Aaron was doing to him, the more his empathy opened up and the carefully constructed shields in his mind started to fall. When Aaron had his nose practically against the base of his cock, and those fingers fucking his ass, Dean knew he might not last. A connection opened up between them and he unconsciously helped Aaron weave the bond that was quickly expanding between them. All those dark and lonely places that were inside of him quickly filled to the point where nothing else in the world mattered, just him and Aaron.

Aaron felt it too, he felt those holes in his very soul filling up with Dean and everything the man was. Pulling his fingers free, he also pulled off of Dean with a loud pop as he stood and finished cleaning his Guide. He grabbed one of the items on the shelf and tore open the package. It was a cock ring.

“I want you buried in my ass when you cum, but first I want you to ride me till I fill your ass with my cum, then I want to taste you again.” Dean’s eyes rolled in the back of his head at the image.

“Yes, fuck yes anything.” Aaron chuckled as he slid the cock ring over Dean’s dick, then pulled his Guide over to the bench. He grabbed the bottle of lube and quickly slicked up his cock, then curled his hands around Dean’s hips to guide him closer.

Dean kneed up onto the bench, straddling Aaron’s lap, grateful for the soft pad underneath. Dean arched up and while Aaron held himself, Dean slid down on the slick cock slowly.

“So tight, Dean,” Aaron moaned as Dean slid all the way down. The two men took a moment as they looked into each other’s eyes. Aaron almost got lost in the green, then those tantalizing lips
were pressed against his, kissing him, sliding a tongue across, Aaron opened for Dean. Then, Dean was moving, and Aaron had a firm grip on those hips that were all angles and planes. His Guide felt wonderful as he fucked himself on Aaron's cock. Tongues twined together, exploring each other's mouths as Dean kept a hard and fast pace.

“Please touch me, Sentinel,” Dean begged around the kisses. Aaron reached down and grabbed Dean's cock and stroked him. The silky flesh slid between his hands as those connections between them grew with each thrust against his cock.

“Dean,” Aaron moaned as he felt himself closer to his release. He let Dean's cock go, then he wrapped his hands around Dean's waist then thrust up hard as Dean pushed down. He did this a couple of more times, then with Dean's name on his lips, he came as he buried deep inside his Guide.

Sliding a hand up Dean's back, Aaron gripped his neck and held him there as he kissed him, practically tongue fucking the other man. After Aaron settled some, Dean lifted off of Aaron's softening cock, stood up, turned off the shower, and pulled Aaron with him. They barely got themselves dry when Aaron held Dean still and did what he promised. Dropping to his knees once again, tongue at Dean's hole tasting himself mixed with Dean's taste and it was making him crazy. By the time that Dean was shaking and begging Aaron to stop he had glutted himself on Dean's tempting aroma. Aaron stood and the two men once again kissed. They stumbled a bit as Aaron was walked backward towards the bed, both men still wet from the shower.

Dean had the presence of mind to grab the lube.

“On the bed.” Aaron smiled a wicked smile as he crawled up on his hands and knees, presenting his Guide with his ass. “Damn, you’re fit.” Dean finally got an eyeful of Aaron. He had been too lost in the bond and the sex to really notice, but now that his Sentinel was on his knees splayed out for him Dean took a moment to appreciate the sight.

“Dean, please,” Aaron moaned as his erection was once again heavy between his legs. He didn’t have to wait long and his Guide was buried balls deep in his ass. The bond flared between them and Aaron was assaulted with all of Dean’s emotions at once and it made his cock fill even more. As Dean slammed into him over and over, he let his own shields fall completely and when his Guide finally emptied inside of him, the bond solidified and settled deep inside them. Panting, Dean stayed where he was to catch his breath, then he pulled from Aaron’s body. The Sentinel fell on his back and smiled up as Dean leaned over him, grabbing his cock and pumping. It didn’t take long for Aaron to cum, striping his stomach with his release as his eyes rolled in the back of his head, all his senses whited out and he felt blissful sleep settle over him.

When Aaron came to, he had his mate wrapped up in his arms. The younger man clinging to him like an octopus, and nothing but contentment and pleasure coming through the bond. Tilting his head, Aaron left light kisses all over the man’s face, feeling him coming awake through their connection well before his body ever stirred.

“Round two?” Dean asked, his voice rough with sleep and sex. Aaron knew that he’d never get tired of that sound.

“I think you read my mind,” he rumbled, and then set about learning his guide’s body, one more time.

Later that evening, Aaron heard a light knocking on the door. Lifting his head from the pillow he’d been sharing with his mate, he glanced at the clock to see it read 11:56 PM.
“Aaron?” Dean asked, and he placed a kiss on his cheek.

“I think it’s members of my team. I’ll be right back.”

Searching for the pants that he’d tossed somewhere, Aaron pulled them over his hips and went to the door. He opened it to find Spencer and Martin on the other side, although, Martin was across the hall and down a bit. Aaron felt much more settled but appreciated it. Going to the station in the morning was not going to be fun.

“Here’s your bag, and one for Dean. Sheriff Mills got some things for him and Sam both when I notified her of the bonding. Congratulations, by the way. Don’t worry about the case for a few days. We have it covered.”

Aaron rolled his eyes at his SIC. “I will see you in the morning, Spencer.” He was surprised though when his friend’s rare show of spine came out. Usually, Reid was much more cautious with showing his inner strength. Preferring to be underestimated as a helpless geek.

“No, you won’t,” Reid returned lifting his chin. “We have it covered. Tony and Sam are not going to complete their bond here. They’re waiting until they get back to Tony’s home. Blair agreed that it would be for the best because Tony’s Alpha Level Sentinel would not react well to going through any more bonding in a strange hotel bed. The bonding sex in the interview room was more out of need and a desperation to get Tony functional than comfort. So, we have Tony. I’m not saying you should sit the whole case out, but you will take three full days and three full nights off, not counting tonight.”

“And if I don’t, SSA Guide Dr. Reid?” Aaron snarled, only to have Reid once more lift his chin. “I will simply call Jim and Blair in, and have them outrank you. For once, you’re going to let us take care of you, Aaron. You need this bonding. We need one of you settled to solve this, and Jim was very clear that it wouldn’t be Tony. His Alpha Sentinel needs different things than your Beta Sentinel. Now, quit being a jerk, and take the time off with your Guide. We can manage three days, Aaron.”

Aaron narrowed his eyes, but when he felt the touch of Dean’s hands on his back, he just snorted. Looking to the right, he saw Dean’s face peeking out, and when he looked back Spencer was wiggling his fingers. When Dean wiggled his back, the ridiculousness almost undid him.

“Fine,” he gave him badly. “Who am I to argue getting three uninterrupted days with my new mate. If something happens to Tony, though, you damned well better call me SSA Reid or I will have your ass in a sling. Got it?”

Reid nodded quickly flashing a smile now that he’d gotten his way. “See you Saturday! Hopefully, we will have this thing closed by then, or at least have some good headway made.”

Huffing, Aaron shut the door looking over at his mate. “Well, you heard the man.”

Dean nodded seriously. “I did. Three days of sex. What the crap are we waiting for?”

When Dean just ran back to the bed, putting himself on his hands and knees, Aaron gave in with a growl. Maybe it was a good idea, but he’d never admit it. Pushing off the door, he crossed to the bed where he’d lose his frustration by immersing himself in his mate.
Aaron lay in bed looking at his new Guide. They were starting day three of their forced nesting. Although, Aaron had come to admit at least privately to himself that Spencer was right. Once he could think semi-logically again, and the bond had settled a little, he knew that taking a few days away from the case was the correct course of action. He knew that Tony’s sentinel would never be able to calm down enough to complete an Alpha level bond in a random hotel room. No matter how thorough the cleaning staff, there was simply too much traffic though each room, meaning too much resonance of other people left behind.

Tony would need his own turf before he could relax enough to complete the spiritual aspects of the highest level of all Sentinel, Swing SentinelGuide, and Guide bonds. That meant Aaron had to settle his own bond enough that he could take his new Guide out into public. Two days of incredible sex went a long way to making that happen.

Aaron had always enjoyed sex, despite what his image may make people think. He knew that most people assumed an uptight stuffed shirt like him probably only had sex four times a year max, with a socially acceptable guide, preferably a woman he’d known since high school, and using only the missionary position. The reality of that was so far from the truth, it wasn’t even in the same sport, let alone the same ballpark. The reality was that Aaron had a very healthy and active sex life.
While he wasn’t much for the bar scene, he did belong to a few of the SS&G clubs around town where he could meet a safe guide and enjoy an evening of... well just about anything. He enjoyed being the top and the bottom, the Dom and the Sub. He enjoyed being tied up and tying others up. He enjoyed wall sex, shower sex, public sex, role play, and pretty much any other kind of sex that didn’t fall into the realms of things he’d see in an unsub. No scat, no golden showers, no blood play, but most healthy sexual acts he was open for. Somehow, he’d managed to find in his perfect match the perfect sexual partner.

Dean Winchester seemed to be open to whatever Aaron suggested, and more than willing to throw options out there on his own. No, the sexual side of their bond was more than adequately settled. Now, they needed to settle the rest, which meant talking. He hoped that his new mate was as willing to spend the day getting to know each other beyond their bodies, as he had been letting Aaron physically map out every tiny nook and cranny of his delectable physique.

Feeling his Guide coming awake through the bond, Aaron leaned down and kissed the back of the man’s neck. “Morning, Guide,” he greeted, feeling the happiness and contentment blossom on Dean’s half of the bond at the words. He hoped that the greeting always drew the same reaction from his mate.

“How about I go shower. You order breakfast and text your brother. When I’m done, you can get into the shower, and I will call Tony. I need to at least check in with him and see how the case is going since we go back to work tomorrow.”

When a frown crossed Dean’s face, Aaron leaned in and gave him a quick peck to the lips. “This is why we need to talk, love.” Aaron offered. He had a momentary ping of panic at using the endearment until he felt the burst of pleasure through the bond. Grinning he stole another kiss before pulling away and heading to the bathroom for his shower.

By the time he had the door closed, he could already hear his mate pecking away at the phone, and knew the brothers were reconnecting. They’d have to think about where to live. At the moment, Aaron just lived in a one bedroom apartment, and with a mate, he definitely wanted something more secure. He wondered if the townhome on the other side of Tony’s place was still for sale. He liked the idea of living near his teammates.
It felt like they were forming their own little tribe. Although, if they did, Tony and Sam would be the leaders, but that didn’t bother him as much as most people would think. Aaron had enough responsibilities at work. He honestly didn’t need another one, and it would be nice to not have to be in charge for once in some aspect of his life.

Then there was the Dean aspect. He could feel the strong brotherly bond between the two Winchester siblings and knew that there wasn’t much of a chance that his new Guide would be willing to live too far away from his brother. He spent the rest of his shower considering the dynamics of such a move, and the ramifications of them forming their own tribe.

They’d have to notify Gibbs over at NCIS, who had his own little tribe, out of courtesy. There would be some overlapping because the NCIS building and the FBI building were both housed within the Quantico base, but he didn’t expect it to be an issue. Neither tribe would be very big, and while Aaron didn’t know where Gibbs lived, he didn’t believe it was anywhere near the downtown townhouses that Tony, Spencer, and Martin lived in, which was the important part.

By the time he came out, Dean felt much more relaxed. From the big smile on his face, things must be going well with his brother. “Yum!” Dean purred looking at his naked body. Aaron couldn’t help but blush as a smile lifted the corners of his mouth.

“Down boy,” Aaron deadpanned, but then ruined it by grinning.

“Shower is yours when you’re ready for it. I left the water running. It’s fairly hot. I wasn’t sure what temp you like it at.”

Dean tossed his phone onto the bedside table and began heading toward the bathroom. As he passed, Aaron got a kiss, and a smack on his ass that left his Guide giggling manically as he headed into the shower. Shaking his head, not even trying to hide the wide grin on his face, Aaron wrapped a towel around his waist then sat on the bed. Lifting his cell, he checked his messages before dialing Tony to check in.

“I thought you were nesting. Do I have to tell Dictator Reid on you?” Was the greeting he received as the call was answered. Aaron chuckled as he moved around to lean against the headboard.

“I will have you know that we haven’t left the room since we were put on hotel room arrest by his lordship. Dean is in the shower, so I just wanted to check in real quick to get an idea of what’s going on with the case before tomorrow.”

He could practically hear the exhaustion in Tony’s voice, but oddly enough he also heard pleasure. He hoped that his own bond was working out as well for the Team Leader despite the fact that they hadn’t finalized it yet. “Don’t worry, I won’t rat you out. Spencer and Martin aren’t in yet. I finally convinced Reid to go get some rest about 4 AM. Of course, I had to make it an order. So, I’m the one on the hot seat now instead of you.”

“Have you gotten any rest yourself?” Aaron asked worried and heard Tony sigh.

“Sam and I have caught some catnaps here and there. It’s… it’s hard, Aaron. We had to check out of the hotel. I couldn’t last five minutes in that place, even in the bonding suite. It made my skin crawl. So, the S&G couple that you talked to that took the rookie down to the Center? Anyway, they gave us their guest room to use. So, we’ve been trying to catch a few hours a night at least. Taking time to be alone together and connect has helped some. We’ve talked about a lot of things. I
have an idea… but I don’t know… How would you feel about moving in next door?”

Aaron chuckled and reached for the bottle of water on his nightstand. It wasn’t cold anymore having sat out all night, but it was wet and would work. “I was going to ask you who the realtor was, and if it was still for sale.”

“Umm well there is no more realtor, and no it’s not for sale. After we purchased my unit, we realized how much we felt like a tribe, so… as other townhomes have come up for sale, we’ve purchased them. Right now, we have also purchased the one next to Spencer and Martin. Then we have like five in a row behind us. The one next to you isn’t technically for sale yet, but there’s an elderly couple in it who are moving to Texas to live with their son and his family at the end of the year. So, we’ve worked out a deal, and have already paid them for it. That gives us the whole block and all the yard space between them.”

Aaron chuckled not even a little bit surprised. “How exactly did you manage this? That’s a lot of property, and I am not letting you give me a townhouse for free. I don’t care if you are my Alpha.”

The line was quiet for several long minutes, and Aaron was wondering if the call had dropped when Dean came out of the bathroom with a towel around both his hair and his waist. He couldn’t help but smile at the image. When his mate hurried over to snuggle next to him, he just wrapped an arm around his shoulders.

“I wasn’t sure how you would feel about that,” Tony finally said drawing Aaron’s attention back to the conversation. “I mean, I could try to let you be in charge but…”

“No,” Aaron said swiftly and firmly. “We’ll have to talk about this more, but please, Tony, I would be honored to follow your lead. This isn’t about work, this is about our personal lives, and also about your Sentinel’s health and happiness. To be frank, it would be a relief not to have to be in charge somewhere. Who are you filling these homes in with besides Dean and I?”

Aaron was glad that he’d quickly shot down Tony’s offer to give up control because the relief was evident in the tone of his voice. “Well Kate for sure, and we’ve already talked to Emily and Will. Tara and Alex already belong to a tribe of Blake’s with people from Georgetown University, and Rossi felt like it wouldn’t be the right thing for him.

“He says that if he ever finds his mates, they’ll most likely already belong somewhere. At that point, he plans on retiring and joining them wherever they are. Daniel and Raven also already have a tribe of people from the main FBI building in DC. That’s why they live in DC and drive in every day. I have a feeling that at some point though they’ll move further away. Raven has some people on the West Coast that she’s close to, and she basically admitted that they’re just waiting for an opening in LA to move within the Bureau.

“So, I guess I don’t know who will fill in all the rest. But, it felt like… I mean it felt like I needed to. So, I did.”

Aaron nodded and turned the conversation to the case. “How’s the case going?”

Aaron felt a faint burst of smugness coming through from somewhere new. He wondered if it was Tony, and from the response he got, the Sentinel guessed that it was. He must be already forming a stronger bond with his newly recognized Alpha.

“Case is coming along marvelously. The Bureau is going to get Professional Hunters whether they
like it or not, and this case is going to prove why we need them. Sam and I explored all the dump sites, and he was able to clarify some things that we had been kicking around profile-wise. We were each half right.

“It is a human and an Animal Guide, but the other is a creature, not a creature guide. Sam said that it appears to be a werewolf, and he believes that the human, whom we believe is a male Sentinel who lost both his human Guide and his own Creature Guide, has bonded the Were to him and is making this person kill. He said that if the Were got locked in wolf form long enough he or she would slowly lose their human side.

“Raven is working on a list of Sentinels who had Werewolf creature guides in the area and lost their mate within the last 2 years. We don’t really think it was that far back, but I wanted to be safe. We’re expecting an answer any time now. Sam called in a couple Hunter friends of his to help us track this fucker. So, the hope is that we’ll have this wrapped up soon, and we can all go home. Then you can explain to the brass how they now have two Professional Hunters on the team whether they like it or not.”

Aaron huffed amused. “I should make you do it, except I’m afraid you’d end up telling them all to suck it and get fired.”

“I’d protest, and argue my ability to be professional, but we both know it’d be a sack of horseshit. I’m going to let you go so that I can go sniff my Guide’s neck for a while, then go have breakfast. Hopefully, by the time we see you tomorrow, this thing will be over. By the way, Hotch, congrats! It’s an honor to be your family, now. You’ve been my friend for a while, and technically we’re essentially brother-in-laws, but to be honest, you’re just my big brother, and I couldn’t be luckier. Enjoy your last day of mating.”

Aaron smiled. He’d always liked Tony but would enjoy being family with the man even more than he thought. “Thank you, Tony, and being your big brother will be a pleasure. I will talk to you tomorrow, if not before. Call me if you catch the unsub, and we’ll leave ASAP. Good job.”

Just as he was ending the call, there was a knock on the door. Standing and wrapping the towel tighter around his waist, Aaron waited for Dean to cover himself with a sheet before answering. Seeing the food his Guide had ordered while he was in the shower, he thanked the man and took the tray from him. Settling at the table, he dug into his food, as Dean wandered over and did the same.

“So, the case may be wrapped up soon, and that means we need to work out some details. So, tell me about Dean. I know from the background we ran that you do graphic design out of your home, correct?”

Dean nodded swallowing the pancakes in his mouth before replying. “I mostly work on commission. That way I can work my jobs around my baby, which is Supernatural, and our hunting jobs. Although we don’t get to do that as much as I’d like sometimes, but Sammy gets busy with school, and that’s more important than anything else. Kid’s a genius, and I’m gonna make damned sure he’s allowed to stretch that brain of us. Hey! Will that guy let him finish school?”

Aaron nodded, reaching out he covered Dean’s hand with his own, switching his fork to his other hand. Sometimes being ambidextrous came in handy. “Tony’s a good man, Dean. Sam will have to switch colleges, but that’ll be easy once they get bonded. They’ll work something out that lets him study as he travels. Both Spencer and Tony take classes almost continuously. So, depending on what point Sam is at in his degree, he may even be able to do the same thing through Stanford. His
degree will be perfect for the team.”

“And, what about me? I can’t imagine you have much use for a graphic designer.” Aaron put down his fork, and reaching across the table wrapped it around the hand he was already holding so that Dean’s hand was cradled inside both of Aaron’s.

“Graphic Designer, no. We do though have a huge need for a Professional Hunter or two, though. I see no reason why you can’t travel with us and do your work on the road if you want. If you don’t want to join the Bureau, then you and I’ll just quit, and we’ll find something that suits us both. I’m not interested though in any option that either leaves you behind or makes you feel like you’re not an important part of my life. I have waited my entire life for you. Nothing else is as important as your health, your happiness, and your welfare.”

“I can’t… There’s no way that Sammy’s not gonna jump into this whole Special Agent thing with both feet first. It’s his dream come true. Kid’s wanted to become an agent since we found out the truth about dad, but before this, he never thought a federal agency would give him a chance. I can’t… I can’t stay behind and let him put himself in danger. Is there… I mean…”

“Then we get you trained to be part of the team,” Aaron said gently. “I’m not gonna lie. You don’t qualify to be a profiler officially. You’d need a shitload of more schooling than you have now. From what I have seen Sam’s law turned criminal justice degree will be perfect. We can though have a regular agent on the team, especially if you’re my mate. There’s a precedent set for such a thing in other units, and we can even do your training on the job. If you want to be an agent you can be, or you can sign on with the team in a consultant role.

“There are classes and certifications that you can take through the Bureau that will allow you to carry a weapon. Then you’d still be able to travel with us. You can help the team when we need you, and you can work on Supernatural when you want. Then later, if you want to try to become an agent, we can do the training classes. You have options, Dean. I have no interest in separating you from your brother.”

Dean nodded and huffed pulling his hand back. “Jesus, I’m gonna grow tits with all of this chick flick crap. What else were you and that Tony guy talking about?”

Aaron explained the new tribe that Tony was building, the townhomes the three men had acquired, and how it would be basically a mini-community for the tribe.

“So, I get to live near my Sammy?” Dean asked, and Aaron nodded smiling.

“None of us have any urge to separate you two unless you should decide that you want it.”

Quickly, Dean shook his head. “No, we… we do better when we’re together. A shrink once said we were co-dependent, but… I don’t know about all that shit. I just know when I’m away from Sam or he’s away from me then bad things happen. As much as I have enjoyed our time together, I’m glad that I’ll get to see him tomorrow. Sam’s not just my brother, he’s my best friend, my compass, and my biggest supporter. I wouldn’t have Supernatural if it wasn’t for Sammy. I certainly wouldn’t have had the guts to go to art school. Sammy’s important to me, and I don’t want that to change. I don’t care if people need to put some stupid label on it. It’s worked for us our whole lives, and I don’t see a good reason to change it.”

“I don’t either. I just hope that there’s room for Tony and me in there somewhere.”
Dean nodded jerkily chewing on his bottom lip. “It wouldn’t be horrible to have more people around us. Bobby and Jody are good people, but… I had parents. S’not my fault one was murdered and the other went crazy. Doesn’t feel right just replacing them.”

“Then don’t,” Aaron offered gently. “None of us are going to dictate to you how your relationship with your brother should go. Certainly, not Tony and I. I can’t talk about his background, that’s Tony’s secret to tell. I can tell you that my father wasn’t much better than yours. He just had a rich pedigree to hide behind. Despite his law degree though, and all of his family money, he was just as much of a drunken, abusive father as your file suggests that your father was. While I hate the bastard, my younger brother Sean adored him. Even knowing what he did to mom and me, there’s still a part of him that misses the man.”

“Sounds like me and Sammy only reversed. Sammy hates dad. He won’t even say his name. Just calls him that man. I mean, I get it. Dad tried to kill him, but I mean he couldn’t help it! He was sick. If he hadn’t gone crazy, he never woulda done that to Sammy. MY dad woulda never done that to Sammy.”

Aaron nods gently, and reaching out took Dean’s hand in one of his again. “I get it, Dean. I don’t want you to worry. This is all going to work out. You and me, Sammy and Tony, the team, the job, the living arrangements will all work out.”

“Tell me about the new team, especially this Tony guy my brother is mated to. Is he a good guy? ‘Cause Sentinel or no, he hurts my brother and I’m kickin’ his ass.”

“He is,” Aaron promised. “Tony is a good man, and I am lucky that he applied for the spot when Derek left. He’s actually the Alpha for the new tribe, along with your brother. Are you going to be able to handle that? I mean, technically, Sam will be your Alpha Guide.”

Dean frowned but shrugged. “Better Sammy than some wimpy Guide with no backbone. Sammy will fight for himself and the other Guides… hell, the whole rest of the Tribe if needed. So, I’d rather it be him than have two new Alphas that don’t know. I just… I just want a place where Sammy and I can be with people who want to keep us. It sucks always being on your own. I don’t wanna do it anymore, and I won’t want Sammy to have to do it anymore, either.”

“You don’t,” Aaron assured pulling the younger man to lay with his head on his chest. “This is forever. If nothing else, you and me, Tony and Sammy, and I would be my life Spencer and Martin will always be Tribe. Everyone else may be fluid, but us 6 aren’t. We’re Tribe and we’re family. So, you and Sammy will never have to go through life alone again.”

Dean nodded and took a breath then rolled to look Aaron in the eye. “Sentinel.”

Aaron felt something settle deep within him. In that moment, he truly believed his own words. Everything would be alright.

“Guide.”

When Dean stood, Aaron just scooted back to make room as the man quickly crawled in his lap wrapping himself around him. Closing his eyes, Aaron breathed in his mate’s scent until it filled every cell of his being, and then just let go.

It would all work out. The tribe would protect them. They would find a way to see to Dean and Sam’s needs and protect them from every other person in the world if they had to.
Finally, after decades of wait, Aaron was no longer alone.

The End!

Chapter End Notes

Thank you SO MUCH for reading this fic. I hope you enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it. I do have plans for a sequel that will be the case side of this story. No promises though on when that will happen.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!