Summary

Sam is furious after discovering that Dean tricked him into being possessed by Gadreel. He demanded that they keep their relationship strictly professional and ignored his mate outside of what is necessary for hunting. Unfortunately, he's forgotten that omegas need their alphas, need the physical and emotional connection to stay sane and healthy. Now he must deal with the consequences of driving his omega too far . . .

Notes

This story is inspired by "Not Meant to Be" by majesticduxk, which makes me cry each time I read it. After the 2nd time I read it, a plot bunny popped up and demanded that I write my own version. This was while I was in the middle of writing the 3rd story of my The Monster That You Know series, so this is one of the reasons why that story look longer to finish! My version keeps the same premise as the original story but expands on it and changes some of the details.
As with the original, this is set in an A/B/O verse. It takes place sometime after 9.12 Sharp Teeth, since that's when Sam brings up keeping a working relationship only. The story diverges from canon in that the Mark of Cain or the heartbreaking conversation at the end of 9.13 The Purge apparently haven't happened; they weren't referenced in the original story, and I chose to stick with that.

The story title and chapter titles are from Don Henley's "The Heart of the Matter."

Standard disclaimer: The words in this story are mine, but the setting and characters belong to Eric Kripke, the CW, et al.

- Inspired by Not Meant to Be by majesticduxk
I stared into the beer I’d just ordered. I’d been in this bar for a few hours now, but this was only my third drink of the evening. The bartender couldn’t complain though, given how much the yuppies I’d fleeced earlier at darts had then spent drowning their humiliation.

I hadn’t been back to the Bunker in several days. Though my brother had been doing his best to comply with my demand that we keep our relationship strictly professional, it was hard to completely avoid all the pathetic glances, feeble excuses, and lame attempts at ingratiating even in a building that large. As if some fumbled words and a couple well-made meals would make up for what he’d done to me! And after the last hunt, where I’d nearly gotten seriously injured after the idiot almost dropped his gun, I wasn’t sure about the value of even maintaining a working partnership. I definitely needed some time away.

The beta I’d been idly flirting with for most of the past hour placed a hand over mine. “Would you like to come back to my place, alpha?” he asked.

I looked down at our hands in surprise. I didn’t have any significant intent when I first started conversing with the other man after he’d sat on the stool next to me, though he made his interest known fairly early on. It had been several weeks since I’d had any kind of meaningful sexual relief. But despite how upset I still was with him, was I really willing to cheat on my mate?

Dean had many faults, but infidelity was never one of them. I might’ve teased him about being a man-whore when we were younger, but his eyes hadn’t strayed once after we mated. He didn’t even flirt anymore except when getting information during a case or while hustling pool, and even then he was contrite afterward. Surely I couldn’t behave worse than him?

And while the beta beside me was quite pretty, he couldn’t compare to my omega’s beauty. More importantly, this man didn’t know me, not like my brother did—he didn’t have the shared history or the understanding of who and what I was. Was momentary pleasure with an attractive stranger worth the potentially irrevocable damage to the already shaky bond with my mate?

I sighed, recognizing that I wasn’t going to resolve any of the problems between Dean and myself by hiding here. I slid my hand free and pushed the drink away. I told my current companion, “I’m terribly sorry if I gave out the wrong impression, man. But I’ve got to get back home to my mate. I’ll pay for your drinks to make up for wasting your time.”

“Mated? But you’re not wearing a ring, and you don’t smell—” He suddenly leaned back with a sneer. “Fuck! Don’t tell me you’re one of those losers that use scent-blockers to try to get a quickie on the side? That’s just disgusting!”

I stood and dropped a twenty on the counter, not sure what he was babbling about and not caring either. I left the bar and got on the vintage Indian Chief I’d borrowed from the Bunker’s garage. I first stopped at the motel I’d been staying at to grab my things and then pointed the motorcycle towards Lebanon.

I pulled into the underground garage a couple of hours later and parked in one of the motorcycle bays. The Impala was in its usual place in the center of the garage. I noticed a couple large garbage bags near the outer door, which was a bit odd—I’d taken the trash out when I’d left, and I hadn’t
been gone long enough for one man to generate that much waste. I resolved to find out if Dean had tried cleaning out one of the many storage rooms without asking me.

The kitchen was dark as I passed by. The library was also quiet and surprisingly clean. I hadn’t spent much time in this room lately because my brother had been researching cases almost obsessively in his spare time. But his usual mess was gone—all the books and files back on the shelves, pencils and notepads put away, and not a speck of trash or dust to be seen. The only thing out on the tables was a stack of manila folders. I opened the top folder and found information for what appeared to be a case involving harpies near Marble Rock, Iowa. Something else to ask him about, apparently.

I stopped by my room—or more accurately, the room I’d been using since I’d stopped sharing a bed with Dean—to deposit my bag before looking for the omega. I noticed something on my pillow and frowned, pissed that he’d disturbed my privacy despite orders to the contrary. An uneasy feeling started to worm its way through my chest, however, as I approached the bed and made out a piece of paper with simply, “I’M SORRY SAMMY” printed on it.

Lying on top of the note were the keys to the Impala and a grooved silver ring. My apprehension spiked at the sight of the ring, which used to be our mother’s. My brother always wore it ever since Dad gave it to him as a teen—first on his right hand, and then later on his left ring finger after we mated. We’d had a matching ring made for me at the time, which I’d been keeping in my wallet recently. And Dean never left the Impala’s key behind. He was obsessed with that car to the point that I used to joke it was the “other woman” in our relationship, and he only let me drive it when he was dead tired or trying to make me feel better.

I dropped my bag and ran to Dean’s—formerly our—room. I threw open the door, and my disquiet turned into fear. The room was bare, the closet, dresser, and other furniture empty of everything not original to the room. Two cardboard boxes rested on the foot of the memory foam mattress.

The first box held all of my brother’s weapons, which were normally displayed on the walls and the shelf behind the bed. Even his favorite engraved Colt M1911 and the Purgatory axe were there. The only weapon I could tell was missing from the box was the silver-plated folding knife he usually kept in his pocket.

The second box contained a mix of items. There were books, both lore books and the few novels he’d picked up since we moved into the Bunker, and of course Dad’s journal. There was his iPod, headphones, and the handful of CDs and records he owned that I actually liked. There was a folder full of pictures—of Mom and Dad and our family before the fire, of myself at various ages, of me with Bobby, Kevin, and other lost loved ones. There were even some unopened toiletries from the medicine cabinet. His laptop and tablet were sitting next to the box on top of two neatly folded duffle bags.

Completely missing were any of Dean’s personal effects—his clothing, the rest of his music, his collection of dirty magazines, or any pictures of him. His duffles were here on the bed, so he couldn’t have taken his belongings somewhere else. I had a sudden sinking suspicion that I knew what the contents of those garbage bags in the garage were now. With a pang, I understood that he’d neatly packed up anything he thought I could use and thrown out everything he felt was only of value to himself.

I bolted back to the library to see if there was a clue to my mate’s whereabouts in the files he’d left on the table. There were over a dozen folders in the pile, each full of information on a different potential case. There were newspaper articles, printed photos, township and county records, and sheets of detailed notes in each folder. Some of the case documentation was less complete than the
others, but this still represented hours of meticulous research. However, none of this helped me find him now, since he wouldn’t have gone to deal with a case by himself and leave his weapons and gear behind.

I began to panic as I realized that I had no idea where my mate was. Nor what he was doing, other than it had to be something drastic. It could take hours to search the entire Bunker, time which I didn’t have to waste. I had a strong hunch anyways that he wasn’t anywhere nearby, but there was no way to be sure. And I couldn’t sense him anymore—I’d been blocking our bond for weeks, and now it was like it wasn’t even there.

In desperation, I called out, “Cas? Cas? It’s me, Sam. I—I can’t find Dean, and I’m afraid something’s happened to him!”

After a moment, I heard a faint rustle and then a resonant voice behind me. “Hello, Sam. What is the matter?”

I spun around. “Thank God you’re here, man! Dean’s gone. He packed up or disposed of all his stuff and then left! I—I’ve been away for a few days, so I don’t know how long ago he went. The Impala’s still here and none of the other vehicles are missing from the garage, so I assume he stole a car nearby or hitched a ride. Please tell me you can find him! I’ve got a bad feeling that he’s in trouble!”

The angel’s bright blue eyes unfocused. A few seconds later, he went pale and shuddered. “You were right to be concerned. Dean is still alive but gravely hurt. He currently appears to be in Sioux Falls. I must go to him immediately.”

I caught Cas’ arm as he started to turn away. “Wait a second! You’re taking me with you, right?”

He looked at me impassively. “Why would I do that?”

“What do you mean, why? He’s my mate, my omega! If he’s hurt, I need to take care of him!”

His gaze turned cold. “If how you have been ‘taking care of’ Dean recently is how you treat someone you supposedly love, I would not want to see how you behave towards someone you actually hate.”

“What’re you talking about? Dean’s been fine until now,” I said defensively. “Yeah, he’s been mopey and upset because I’m mad at him, but—”

“I know you are an intelligent man, so it cannot be stupidity causing you to say that,” Castiel interrupted. “Are you truly so self-absorbed that you have not observed what your actions has been doing to your brother? I may not know that much about human behavior, but even I can tell that he is not ‘fine.’” Sarcastic air-quotes accompanied the last word.

“Would you like to know what I have seen?” He stepped in closer, his eyes blazing. “I have been watching Dean since before his conception, long before we were allowed to intervene in mortal affairs. So I know, better than anyone else, that his entire life has revolved around you.

“He gave up his childhood and any chance for a better future so that you would have both. He damned himself to decades of the worst suffering imaginable to save your life. He sacrificed his opportunity for happiness and a family to join you when you returned from the Cage. He spent a year constantly fighting through endless bloodthirsty hordes to get back to you. He cast aside a man he loved like a brother to appease your jealousy and later killed him to once again save your life.

“And how have you repaid his devotion? You left him repeatedly, because you cared more for
normalcy or revenge than him. You deceived him and chose a demon over him, because in your arrogance you believed you knew better than even the Host of Heaven. You gave up on him when he disappeared and replaced him with a dog and a woman you barely knew. Yet he always forgave you and took you back, because his heart is too great to do otherwise.

“And this act that has you so self-righteously angry? That was all for you as well. Dean risked his own life in asking for help, not knowing if the angel who answered his plea would want revenge for the failure to close Hell or for my actions. He put your well-being above mine when I needed assistance, because Gadreel feared being found out. Yes, hiding the truth from you was wrong. But he was an omega whose alpha was dying, so how clearly do you expect he was thinking? And he should not be held to blame for Gadreel’s actions—he believed Gadreel was someone else who was trustworthy, someone I had vouched for. And I think Gadreel himself had no ill intent until he in turn was manipulated by Metatron.

“Dean definitely does not deserve the suffering and neglect you have put him through. You are fully aware that an omega needs his alpha, needs the contact and affection, needs the bond. Yet you have been so wrapped up in your own petulant emotions that you have willfully ignored the harm you are doing to him.

“I admit I have been so busy dealing with the problems of my brethren that I have not paid enough attention to the needs of my friend. But that ends now. If you will not give Dean the care he requires, I will. I will take him to someplace safe, someplace away from you. I cannot offer him a sexual relationship, but I can provide the love of a parent and a brother than he deserves.”

I stood stupefied through the seraph’s tirade, but the mention of losing my mate, even to Cas, spurred me into action. “Dean is mine! I'm his brother! You’re taking him only over my dead body!” I snarled, letting my canines extend and my eyes flare red.

“Do you think your posturing means anything to me? I am an angel of the Lord! I was a warrior when your ancestors were still swimming in tidal pools!” Castiel roared, his eyes glowing and his wings flaring out. “If you truly are Dean’s family, then act like it! Put him first for once in your sorry life!”

I suppressed the urge to step back or bare my throat. I did swallow before responding. “Okay, Cas, you’re right. Dean does need to come first. So let's both go to him now. We can argue over who’ll take care of him after he’s safe.”

Castiel stared at me and then nodded. He put a hand on my shoulder, and with another rustle we were gone.

Chapter End Notes

This is my first time writing an A/B/O story. I actually avoided reading A/B/O fics for a long time because I thought the concept was "too weird," and I'm still not comfortable with stuff like knotting and mpreg (so don't expect to see that here). But I have become a fan of omega!Dean and stories where the alpha/omega relationship is consensual (the ones that portray a more dub-con relationship as positive/sexy seriously bug me). Hopefully y'all will like my take on the trope.

And yes, I know that in canon Castiel no longer had the ability to fly after Metatron cast the angels out of Heaven. But it's necessary for this story, so we have to diverge from
canon again.

This story is complete, and the next chapter will be posted weekly at around this time. As with my other works, this is un-beta'ed, so constructive criticism is appreciated. Kudos and comments are always greatly appreciated.
I rode out the momentary vertigo when we reappeared and looked around. I immediately recognized our location—we were standing in the middle of Singer Auto and Salvage Yard. The place looked even more overgrown and decrepit than the last time we were here, when we’d captured Crowley for the third Trial. My gaze fell on the rusting hulk of Bobby’s Chevelle, and I could make out the shape of someone sitting inside.

I ran up to the car and skidded to a halt, staring in shock. Dean was slumped in the driver’s seat, a deep gash cutting across each wrist. Blood was everywhere—dripping down the seat, pooling in the footwell, and smeared on the steering wheel and console. He was corpse-pale and barely breathing. His pocket knife lay open and bloody on the passenger seat. Resting on the dashboard, behind the steering wheel where he’d have a clear view of it, was a picture of the two of us laughing together years ago.

I yanked the door open and pulled him out, collapsing to the ground with my brother carefully cradled in my lap. I shouted, “Cas, hurry!”

Cas crouched next to us and touched Dean’s forehead. There was a brief flash, and the gaping wounds on the omega’s wrists knit closed. The angel dropped his hand and slumped, looking tired.

“I have healed most of the damage to his wrists and replenished enough of his blood to no longer be life-threatening. I wish I could do more, but I need to conserve my energy for the return trip to the Bunker. He has lost a lot of blood—if we had come even five minutes later, he might not have survived. It is fortunate that he chose to cut across his wrists instead of down; if he had done the latter, we would have arrived too late.”

“Not that I’m complaining about the results, but why did he do it like this?” I asked. “It can’t have been a cry for attention—otherwise why pick a location where he most likely wouldn’t be found in time?”

Castiel glared at me. “Your brother chose to try to end his life this way because he felt he deserved to suffer. Look at him! Look at what your neglect has caused!”

I examined the unconscious man in my arms. His skin was cool, his breathing faint though stronger than before, and his pulse rapid. His complexion had improved somewhat but was still far too pallid. And it did nothing to hide the fact that his eyes were sunken and surrounded by dark circles,
that his eyelids and nose were reddened and swollen, or that his lashes and cheeks were crusted with dried tears as well as smears of blood. His dark gold hair was lank and dull, his full lips chapped and bitten. Most telling, he was thin—his cheeks were hollow, his skin was stretched tightly over his bones, and he felt far too light.

Cas continued, “I touched Dean’s thoughts as I healed him. He has been barely eating or sleeping these past several weeks. Instead he has been expending all of his time and energy in trying to please you, whether by researching or cooking or other methods. I am surprised he is still able to walk in his condition, let alone drive or hunt.”

I gasped as the seraph pushed up my brother’s sleeve past his elbow, revealing a series of cuts in various stages of healing on the inside of his upper arm.

“There are similar wounds on his other arm and on both of his thighs. He has been intentionally injuring himself whenever he thinks that he has disappointed or angered you. He spends hours each day crying and trying to find new ways to punish himself. And you have the gall to ask why?

“I will forever blame myself for becoming engrossed in other matters and not discovering Dean’s pain until it was almost too late. But you—what is your excuse? You have been right here, and yet you failed to notice how badly he was declining?” Cas’ look was scathing.

I hunched my shoulders in shame. “You—you’re right, man. I’ve avoided really looking at him because I didn’t want to deal with the guilt and recrimination, and—and I blocked out our bond. He was right in front of me this whole time, and I didn’t see what he was going through.”

“Your excuses are meaningless. When you first mated him, I thought, ‘At last, someone will finally cherish Dean the way he deserves.’ But this obviously was merely another way for you to hurt him.” The angel’s condemnation was inexorable. “Dean Winchester is the strongest man I ever have known. But you and your love have managed to break him more thoroughly than even forty years in Hell could. I simply pray I can heal the damage to his psyche after this.”

I flinched at each of his statements. “Cas, you have to let me make this right! I do love him, and I’ll do whatever it takes to prove that. He means everything to me—he’s my mate.”

Castiel tugged the collar of Dean’s shirt down, revealing the dull, faded grey mating mark on his nape. “Technically he is not. You did not merely block your bond, you broke it. Therefore you no longer have any rights to him. And before you try to protest, stop and admit the truth. Dean could not have done this—it is the alpha who initiates the bond and is the only one who can sever it. Now I have to hope that the profound bond he and I share can act as a replacement for the one you carelessly destroyed.”

I stared at the washed-out scar in shock. I’d only seen marks like that on omegas who’d been widowed or divorced. Even then it was a rare sight, since omegas in those circumstances seldom survived for long. And my poor mate had endured that loss for who knows what length of time, until something finally must’ve pushed him over the edge. No doubt something I’d said or done had finally driven him to attempt to kill himself.

I looked at Cas pleadingly. “Please, you have to give me another chance! I—I need to try to make this up to him. I promise I’ll take care of him, and I won’t let you down. Please, Cas!”

He paused in thought and then nodded begrudgingly. “I will allow you one more opportunity, but only because it is what Dean would want. You will have two days to redeem yourself. If I do not see a marked improvement in his mental and emotional as well as physical health when I return in forty-eight hours, I will take him away.
“The important thing now is to ensure that he recovers. I will return you to the bunker and help to get him settled. You can call on me afterward if he requires anything. And remember, it is not my approval you need to seek—it is his.”

Cas put his hands on my and Dean’s shoulders, and we disappeared to the sound of fluttering wings. We reemerged in Dean’s bedroom.

“Can—can you make up the bed?” I asked. “You can put the boxes on the desk for now. I’ll put all his stuff back later. I’m going to get Dean cleaned up first before putting him to bed.”

I carried my brother to the Bunker’s bathroom and cradled him in my lap as I sat on the lip of the tub. I turned on the taps, and as the tub started to fill, I removed his clothes. In addition to being soaked in blood, his clothing—and his person, for that matter—hadn’t been washed in some time. Dean normally was very fastidious, sometimes even showering twice a day, so this had to be another symptom of his decline.

Naked, his poor condition was obvious. Not all of his muscle mass was gone, but his ribs and hipbones were far too prominent. Small cuts covered the inside of his upper arms and thighs, and his skin was clammy and pale. I could feel him shivering, even though the room wasn’t cold.

Once the bathtub was half-filled with steaming water, I turned off the faucets and quickly undressed. I lifted the smaller man up, stepped into the tub, and settled in the water with my brother leaning against my torso. I soaped up a washcloth and gently scrubbed him all over until his skin was clean. Then I tipped his head back and used my scooped hands to carefully wet his hair. As I worked shampoo into his dark gold hair and then rinsed, I noticed it was longer than usual—he must’ve neglected to get it cut for a while.

Something else I realized as the blood and dirt washed away was that neither of us smelled mated any more. Yet another thing I’d been ignoring recently. And I now understood why the beta at the bar was so upset. My instincts cried out to reclaim him immediately, to re-establish my mark and ensure no one could confuse his scent as not belonging to me again. It took most of my self-control to rein them in and not take advantage of his vulnerable state. I wasn’t going to do that again, not like the first time.

After Dean was as clean as I could manage with one bath, I got us out of the tub and wrapped him in one of the large, fluffy towels he’d added to the bathroom soon after we’d moved in. As soon as he was dried, I lifted him up again, still cocooned in the towel, and brought him back to the bedroom.

Inside, Cas had not only remade the bed but also found additional pillows and blankets from somewhere and piled them onto the bed. He’d also unearthed a small space heater, so the room was pleasantly warm. As I carried the omega in, he pulled back the covers and helped me settle him in.

Cas waited until my brother was comfortable before speaking. “You should be aware that Dean has not used this bed in weeks. On the rare occasions that he allowed himself an hour or two of sleep, he lay there, as another means to punish himself.” He pointed to a corner of the room where the floor was bare and probably quite cold.

I put a hand on Dean’s soft, damp hair. “God, I have a lot to make up for . . .”

The angel continued as if I hadn’t said anything. “Dean will not regain consciousness until late in the morning—I am keeping him under because he needs the rest. He is still anemic from the blood loss, so you must keep him warm and make sure he takes in plenty of fluids. He will also require foods high in iron. But since he has been virtually starving himself, he should be restricted to small amounts of easily digestible foods several times a day initially to ensure it doesn’t make him sick. If
you do not have the appropriate supplies in the kitchen, I will acquire them.”

“Thanks so much for everything, Cas. I don’t know what I would’ve done without your help.”

“Your thanks are unnecessary. I am not doing any of this for you.” His gaze was icy.

I felt stung. “I know I’ve fucked up, man, but I thought we’re friends?”

“We were friends. But a person who abuses someone he is supposed to love—and make no mistake, Sam Winchester, your disregard and neglect towards your brother is abuse—is not one I wish to associate with. And when that someone is Dean, who deserves so much better than this, than you—well, you should be grateful that I can control my temper. You must make amends for your mistreatment and earn his forgiveness. Then perhaps you will be worthy of more than my disdain.”

With another flutter, he was gone.

I sank to the ground and wept. Castiel was correct. While I had a right be angry over the possession, I never should’ve abandoned my mate like I had. I was deeply ashamed that it had to take almost losing him to truly understand how much I took for granted. I just had to pray that he survived this and would still be willing to give me a chance to work through everything that had gone wrong between us.

I sat up after a few minutes and wiped off my face. I didn’t have time to feel sorry for myself—there was too much to do before I could rest tonight. Besides, I’d spent the past several weeks wallowing in my own self-centered emotions, and it was time to focus on my brother now.

First, I brought out our medical kit. I placed pads over the gashes on the omega’s wrists and wrapped them in gauze to protect them while they finished healing. I spread antibiotic cream over the cuts on his arms and legs and bandaged the ones that were still fresh. I checked and recorded his temperature, pulse rate, and other vitals so that I could monitor whether his physical condition was improving. I put some balm on his chapped lips before putting the kit away.

Next I emptied the boxes on his desk and painstakingly put Dean’s belongings back in their proper places. I retrieved the garbage bags from the garage and did the same with their contents, thankful that nothing was damaged. I grabbed the silver ring and the Impala’s keys from my room and slipped the ring onto his finger and the keys into his jacket pocket.

I also brought my clothes and other possessions and returned them to their former spots in what once was our shared room. It might be presumptuous to move back in now, to assume that the other hunter would want me here after how I’d treated him. But I hoped that seeing the bedroom back to the way it used to be, my stuff there as well as his, would make him feel better—a sign that I was trying to bring our relationship back too. For the same reason, I took my ring out of my wallet and put it on.

I went through the bunker, turning off the lights and activating the security systems, both physical and metaphysical. Once I came back to the bedroom, I stripped down to my boxers and slid into bed. I carefully rearranged the pillows and blankets around us to ensure my brother’s comfort, then wrapped an arm around his waist.

“Just hang in there, Dee. I’ll find a way to make this right,” I murmured as I pressed a kiss into his hair. I counted his breaths until I fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes
Sam is starting to truly understand how badly he screwed up. Let's just hope he's not too late . . .

One thing I noticed is that this story got a LOT more hits, bookmarks, kudos, etc. in its first week than any of my previous three works in the same amount of time. I'm rather curious as to why, since I think the writing quality is the same. Are A/B/O stories that popular? Is it because this is updating in the middle of the week instead of on the weekend? Or is there some other reason I'm not thinking of? If you have any insights into this mystery, I'd love to hear from you in the comments!

This story is complete, and the next chapter will be posted weekly at around this time. This work is un-beta'ed, so constructive criticism is welcome. Kudos and comments are greatly appreciated as well!
Even If You Don’t Love Me Anymore

Chapter Summary

Dean wakes up . . .

Chapter Notes

Warnings for suicidal thoughts and actions.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dean was still unconscious when I awoke. The rest had done him good—he’s skin was warm and had a little more color, his breathing was stronger, and his pulse was steadier. I lay there with my arms around him for several minutes, grateful he was still there for me to hold.

Eventually I forced myself to get up. Cas had said Dean wouldn’t wake up until late morning, so I figured I had at least a couple more hours to myself. I first took myself to the bathroom and had a proper shower—the previous night’s bath had been all about caring for my brother. After brushing my teeth and shaving, I returned to our room and dressed.

My next stop was the kitchen. My cooking skills were abysmal, as I’d always relied on my mate to handle our meals. But I was sure there’d be something simple I could put together for breakfast. Plus I needed to assess if the kitchen was supplied with the kind of food Dean needed to recover.

To my surprise, the fridge and freezer were fully stocked. There were plastic containers of prepared meals, each clearly labeled with the name of the dish and how to reheat it. There were sealed bags of cut-up and seasoned recipe components, also labeled with name and preparation instructions. And there were plenty of staples—milk, eggs, bread, and more. It was all the type of low-fat, high-energy foods I preferred—lean meats and dairy products, whole grain pastas and baked goods, fresh fruits and vegetables. But none of Dean’s favorites—no burgers or pie or any of the other greasy or sugary things he loved.

Disconcerted, I examined the walk-in pantry and found more of the same—all the healthy foods that I liked, none of the junk that he did. I wondered what he’d been eating this whole time, since it was rare that he willingly ate “rabbit food,” and he hadn’t been going out to get meals on his own. I soon discovered the answer in the rear of the pantry and wished I hadn’t.

Back when we first explored the Bunker, we found a closet full of old-fashioned “omega supplies.” Collars, leashes, whips, and similar crap that chauvinistic assholes had used to oppress their mates decades ago, before the civil rights movement in the late sixties rendered all that shit obsolete. Amongst the other deplorable rubbish were two bags of “kibble” that some alphas forced their omegas to live on back then. I’d assumed that the entire contents of that closet had been thrown out. But I now saw an open bag of the kibble in the far corner of the pantry, with a small bowl and spoon beside it. I was horrified—as tasteless and questionably nutritious as the stuff was back when it was fresh, who knew how unhealthy it was now? No wonder he’d lost so much weight in such a short time!
As I walked out of the pantry, I looked around the kitchen, frowning. Dean’s favorite mug, his “Kiss the Cook” apron, the pictures he had on the wall, and the other personal touches he’d added to the room were all missing. I hadn’t seen any of those items when I emptied the bags from the garage last night. I checked in the covered trash can, and sure enough, all his things were lying on top of the garbage. I cleaned everything but the apron, which needed laundering, and put them back where they were supposed to go.

I held the soiled apron and felt like crying in shame again. Dean had been so happy when we moved in here. For all that I’d always talked about wanting a normal life, he was the one who really needed to settle down. He gave his omega nesting instincts full rein, gleefully decorating our bedroom and spending the entire proceeds of our first pool hustle after the move on new kitchen gear. But in the space of a few weeks, I had managed to make my brother feel unwelcome in his own home. It was telling that he had chosen to try to end his own life on Bobby’s property, the only other place that we’d ever called home.

Maybe it was better if Castiel took care of Dean, because God knows I didn’t deserve him. His current condition was entirely my fault—I’d completely abrogated my duty as his alpha and left him to suffer through the consequences alone. I had absolutely no excuse for not only neglecting him but also ignoring the obvious signs of his deterioration. What made me qualified to tend to him now, after all the harm I’d caused? What if I just made him worse?

I wallowed in my recriminations and misgivings for several minutes before sternly shaking myself out of this funk. Ceding my brother and his problems to the seraph was taking the coward’s way out. I had caused this debacle, and it was my responsibility to make things right. Dean was my omega, even if I wasn’t worthy of him, and it was past time I lived up to my obligations and did the best I could for him.

I choked down a bowl of cereal, then walked back to the bedroom to check on my former mate. He was still sleeping, so I went to the library. I checked through the folders of cases Dean had put together to determine which ones were urgent. Neither of us would be working for some time, but we couldn’t let these people die in the interim. So I called Garth and gave him the information for the jobs that couldn’t wait, knowing that he’d pass them onto other hunters to be dealt with.

I returned to the bedroom and quietly pulled a chair up to the bed to wait. It wasn’t long before Dean began to stir awake. I wasn’t sure how he was going to react at first, so I decided to remain where I was.

Long-lashed lids fluttered open, and puzzled green eyes moved about the room. They widened when they fell on me, and his confusion abruptly turned into panic. He shot up into a sitting position and backed away from me on the bed, smelling of fear and distress.

“No, no, no! You—you weren’t supposed to . . . I’m s—sorry! I—I know I’m stupid and weak and useless, and you deserve someone be—better!” He stood up on the far side of the bed and swayed in place.

I flinched as I recognized almost the exact words I’d shouted at him when he’d fumbled his weapon during our last hunt. When I’d been too selfish and blind to notice that he was in no shape to be hunting rabbits, let alone anything supernatural, but was trying to force himself through the pain to please me.

“I—I’m gonna fix this, Sam. I—I won’t fuck it up th—this time, promise!” he continued before I could say anything. He staggered towards the wall, reaching for one of the guns hanging there.

I swore loudly and shoved my way out of the chair. I rushed toward him but knew that I couldn’t
get to him fast enough, not with the bed in the way. I hated to use this on him, especially in his current state—I’d only done it on a couple of occasions before, and he’d been furious afterwards each time. But I was left with little other choice.

“Dean, STOP!!”

The omega froze in place as the effects of my alpha voice washed over him. I vaulted the bed and caught him just in time as he collapsed. His eyes were glassy, he was desperately sucking in deep, rapid breaths, and he was sweating and trembling. I sat down on the bed with him in my lap and rubbed his back soothingly.

“Dean, listen to me. You need to calm down and take nice, slow breaths. Come on, you can do this.”

He stopped hyperventilating, but he began to struggle in my arms instead. “Lemme go! I gotta . . . I gotta—” His eyes darted around and fixed on the weapons on the shelf above the headboard.

I grabbed his chin and turned his face until his gaze focused on me. “Stop that! Why are you trying to kill yourself?”

“You don’t wa—want me. An—and you need a mate who ain’t such a f—fuck-up. But as long as I’m st—still around, you can’t find so—someone better. Once I’m gone, you’ll be ha—happy again,” came the devastating reply.

“Oh, baby . . . When did I ever tell you I don’t want you anymore?”

“Didn’t hafta say—say anything. This said pl—plenty.” A shaking hand touched his faded mating mark, and tears began streaking his pale cheeks.

“I wan—wanted to fucking die when that happened. Th—then I thought that I could still help you in other w—ways, even if you didn’t want me as—as a m—mate. But you to—told me I ain’t any go—good at that either an—and that you needed a—a real partner. I realized I was j—just being se—selfish, holding you b—back. So I knew wh—what I had to do. Wh—why didn’t you just let me?”

Sad, wet eyes gazed at me reproachfully, and my heart shriveled at what my thoughtless words had pushed him into.

“No, Dee. This is not what I want! You’re my mate, and I love you.” I hugged him tightly as I spoke.

Dean struggled harder, trying to push my arms off, and cried, “I don’t wa—want your pity! You don’t ne—need to pretend to care ’cause you feel so—sorry for me or obligated or s—some shit like that.”

I caught his forearms to prevent him from disturbing his bandages. “Stop struggling—you’re going to hurt yourself! I’m telling you the truth! I was—am—angry with you, but I never stopped loving you!”

He stared up at me in disbelief. “You ain’t t—touched me for weeks, and you b—barely talk to me or—or even look at me anymore! Wh—when you do bother to speak to me, it’s only to gimme orders or cr—criticize, and your eyes are so fu—fucking cold, like I’m worse than the m—monsters! You’re only here now ‘cause you’re feeling guilty th—that I hurt myself. And you expect me to be—believe that this is real?

“What you’re doing is w—worse than anything I did to you! At least what I did was for you, ’cause
you didn’t deserve to—to die, and you have everything to live for. And I—I ain’t blaming you for not wanting a loser like me anymore. But now you’re trying to force me back into a life that ain’t worth shit just—just so you don’t feel bad! Have th—the fucking balls to admit the truth and lemme d—do what you really want!”

The other man was nearly shouting by the end. He abruptly realized what he was doing and clapped his hands over his mouth. He shrank back, his eyes wide and his scent scared, and flinched when I raised a hand to try to touch his face.

I dropped my hand, feeling sick. I barely recognized my Dean in the weeping, trembling man in my lap. Castiel was right—I was responsible for breaking my brother. I’d disregarded his caring, selflessness, and courage and instead fed into his guilt, insecurity, and sense of worthlessness through my self-absorption and negligence. Now I had to pick up the pieces and hope he’d recover. I felt overwhelmed at the monumental task ahead of me. But this was no time for doubts—the omega needed me right now.

I shifted us both until we were lying against the bed, running my hands up and down his back gently until he stopped shaking. I then carefully cradled his face between my hands and waited until his eyes settled on mine in resignation. As I began speaking, I interspersed my words with soft kisses all over his face.

“Honey, please listen to me. I promise you, this isn’t about pity. I do feel guilty, but only because I fucked up so badly. You’re right—what I’ve done to you is worse. I’m not talking about saving you tonight, but how I’ve behaved since we got rid of Gadreel. No matter how justified my anger is, I never should’ve treated you this way. I shouldn’t have cut you out of my life and made you feel that hurting yourself and eventually killing yourself were your only options. I should’ve listened to you and paid attention to how upset you were, instead of being so damn focused only on myself. I never should’ve let everything get this bad!

“You’re in this situation only because I’m an utter fool! I’ve always prided myself on my communication skills and given you shit for never wanting to confront your feelings. But you were the brave one—trying to talk to me about what happened, to apologize for what you did, to tell me how you felt. Only I was too sanctimonious, too self-centered to heed anything you said or make any attempt myself to resolve our issues. Now you’re hurt, and it’s all my fault. I’m so sorry it took almost losing you to make me realize how much you mean to me!

“And I swear to you, I did not mean to break our mating bond! No matter how furious I’ve been, I never wanted you dead or gone, Dee! I never stopped loving you, and I never stopped wanting you as my mate. If it were just up to me, we’d already be mated again! But . . . you need the opportunity to decide what you want. You have a second chance now. You—you don’t have to settle for a self-centered, inconsiderate asshole like me when there are so many worthier alphas who’d love to have such a beautiful, smart, brave, kind, good mate!

“So I want you to take as long as you need to decide if you really want to take me back. If you do accept me, I will be eternally grateful, and I’ll make sure nothing like this ever happens again! If you decide instead that you want someone better, I’ll still do my best to help you until you’re strong and healthy once more. Either way, you have to promise that you’ll stop trying to hurt yourself, because you’re the one who doesn’t deserve to die, who deserves so much more!” I ended with a deep kiss on his full lips.

Dean buried his face in my chest and sobbed. I did my best to comfort him, rocking and stroking and murmuring endearments. I was less worried than before though, as I could sense that these tears were more about releasing pent-up emotion than relapsing into suicidal despair. When the sobs
eventually died down to a few sniffles, I gently cleaned his face with the hem of my shirt.

He looked at me timidly. “Wh—what if I asked f—for it now? To have the bond b—back?”

I sighed. “I’d have to tell you, ‘Not yet.’ It’s not that I don’t want you back! But this isn’t about me. You shouldn’t make an important decision like this right now, not when you’re so upset. You . . . you didn’t really have a choice when we first mated—I pretty much forced it on you like a stereotypical knuckle-dragging alpha! I don’t want that to happen again—I want you to be sure, whichever way you decide. And . . . and I need the time to earn your forgiveness.”

When he dropped his eyes and fell quiet again, I had to ask, “What are you thinking, sweetheart? Please tell me. I promise I won’t get mad, no matter what you say. And I’m not going anywhere—I’m never going to leave you again, not as long as you want me here.”

My brother hesitated a moment longer before meeting my gaze. “I . . . I don’t believe you. You made your f—feelings pretty damn clear over the past coupla months, an—and I don’t trust that this sudden change of heart ain’t nothing more th—than you feeling sorry for me. But . . . but I’ll give you the chance to prove me wrong. An—and I won’t do anything . . . drastic, I promise. At least not f—for now.

“Just . . . you better not be messing with me, Sam, ‘cause I can’t handle that! If this right now, being all loving an—and caring, is just some act until you ain’t feeling guilty . . . If that’s what’s really going on, you might as well put a bullet in my fu—fucking head right this second! It’ll be kinder than dumping me back in the cold when you decide I ain’t wo—worth the trouble again.” He lowered his glance and hunched in on himself, bracing for the irate or derisive reaction I would’ve given him a day or more ago.

I pulled the omega against my chest and caressed his shoulders and back, trying to reassure him. “It’s okay, Dee. I’m not angry. I don’t expect you to accept what I’m saying right away, not after what I’ve done. But I swear to you by everything that I hold dear that this is not an act. And I will show you that I’m serious about making everything better again.”

Chapter End Notes

So Dean’s obviously in bad shape, and Sam’s starting to understand how much work he has ahead of him . . .

Another minor canon change: I know in Season 9 Garth settled down with Bess and stopped hunting. But I’m having him at least keeping up with his role as the new Bobby, since Sam needed some way to pass on those cases that couldn’t wait. Dean is his priority now.

I also want to be clear that I’m not normally a Sam-basher. I’m a Dean girl, but I like Sam a lot too. My opinion is that some of his less admirable behavior towards Dean—his over-reacting over Amy in Season 7, his not looking for Dean while his brother was trapped in Purgatory (which Jared even said he felt was OOC) and his irrational distrust/jealousy of Benny in Season 8—were the result of bad writing, lame attempts at creating "drama" by forcing conflict between the boys. In Season 9, I understand why Sam felt so angry and betrayed--forced possession is a lot like rape, and then you add Gadreel using his body to kill Kevin and a bunch of angels on top of that. And I get that people say things that they don’t mean when they’re upset. (It still pisses me off that he
disregarded the reasons why Dean did what he did, and that it took Dean dying to get Sam to admit he was wrong to treat Dean like that, though.) But the set-up for this particular story required that Sam initially act even more insensitively than in the show. Also, this is in his POV, and Sam's just as capable of rocking the guilt and self-hatred as his brother.

This story is complete, and a new chapter will be posted weekly at this time. Constructive criticism is always welcome, and kudos or comments are greatly appreciated. :)}
“Alright, time to get up,” I said briskly a couple minutes later. “We need to get some food in you. And I have to change this shirt, ‘cause it’s pretty much covered in snot now.”

That elicited a weak chuckle from my brother. I smiled back at him as I helped him sit up and put on slippers and his “dead guy’s” robe. He then slowly made his way over to the sink in the corner of the room to brush his teeth and wash his face. He abruptly sat down at the nearby desk afterward, already winded.

I forced myself not to hover, not wanting to irritate him so soon. Instead I yanked my shirt off and threw it in the laundry hamper, then pulled a fresh one from the closet. I noticed Dean watching me as I put it on.

“So yeah, I . . . um, moved my stuff back in here last night,” I said a bit nervously. “Thought you might feel better if I was around. But if it bothers you, I can take my crap out again. I don’t want to impose or—”

“’Sokay, man. I—I like having you back.” He blushed slightly as he spoke. “Room’s lonely all by myself.”

“Great! But if you change your mind, I’ll move out. You’re calling the shots now,” I told him. I couldn’t resist bending over and planting a kiss on each of his adorably flushed cheekbones.

Dean accepted the kisses readily enough but leaned away when he saw I was about to pick him up. “Hey, hold on there! I can fucking walk!”

“Come on, Dean—you got tired walking from the bed to the sink! Let me help you. Listen, you’ve spent your whole damn life making sure I was as safe and healthy and happy as you could manage, no matter the cost to yourself. Now it’s my turn to take care of you.”

He grumbled but didn’t protest this time when I slid my arms behind his shoulders and knees and scooped him up. Normally hefting him up like this was a challenge, but it wasn’t as difficult now due to the weight loss. Getting him back on a regular diet of real food would take care of that issue soon enough though.

I carried the omega to the kitchen and settled him at the table. “You wait here while I fix something up.”

“You’re gonna cook?” He smelled alarmed.

“Relax, dude! Even I can’t burn down your kitchen just by heating up some Campbell’s,” I assured him.
I rummaged through the pantry and emerged with a couple cans of chicken noodle soup, thinking it best to keep the meal simple until we knew how Dean’s stomach would react. I emptied the cans into a saucepan and set it on the stove to heat, then dropped some bread into the toaster. While those were cooking, I returned to the pantry, brought out the bag of kibble, and dumped it into the trash can.

I turned to my brother. “Where’s the other bag?”

“Uh, still in that closet.”

“Okay. I’ll toss that out later, along with the rest of the narrow-minded shit still in there.” I walked over, knelt in front of him, and clasped his hands. “Please, Dee, you need to stop punishing yourself. No more starving yourself on that crap, no more sleeping on the cold floor, and no more cutting. You don’t deserve any of this.”

Dean tried to curl in on himself again. “Yeah, I do, Sam. I—I hurt you, and I got Kevin killed, an—and I’m always screwing things up. An—and I’ve never been a good omega—I ain’t respectful or obedient or any of that shit. I’m useless as a hunting partner, an—and you don’t even wanna f—fuck me no more. What good am I?” A tear slid down his pale cheek, and his scent turned miserable again.

I looked at the suffering man in front of me and forced myself to relinquish the lingering vestiges of my anger. He’d put himself through far too much pain and anguish all on his own already because of my behavior. Giving him any more grief would only be cruel and thoughtless, and I’d been that for far too long. I pulled him down into my lap and cradled him in my arms.

“Shh, stop that, Dee. I know now that you were only trying to help me, and that you never intended harm to come to me or Kevin or anyone else. What happened to him was Gadreel’s and Metatron’s fault, not yours. I understand that Gadreel took advantage of you when you were upset, that he misled and manipulated you into lying to me. I’m at least partially to blame for putting you in that position in the first place, for only thinking about myself when I considered letting myself die after the Trials.

“And you’re not useless or a screw-up! You raised me and protected me and still take care of me. You taught me almost everything I know about hunting, and there’s no way I could do this job without you. You come up with the strategies and watch my back and maintain our gear and so much more. You figured out that Ruby was full of shit, and that something was wrong when I was brought back without my soul. And you defeated Azazel and Eve and Dick Roman. I want you to disregard everything I said during that last awful hunt. I should’ve recognized you weren’t in any condition to be out there, and I never should’ve said those hurtful things to you!”

“I never think that you’re anything but the best mate I could ever wish for! I don’t want some antiquated bullshit version of an omega, I want you. You’re gorgeous and courageous and brilliant and selfless and—and more than I deserve. I never stopped desiring or loving you, and I’m a horrible mate for letting you believe otherwise! Once you’re well, and if you decide to give me another chance, I’ll gladly show you how much I want to make love to you!”

I wiped the tears from his cheeks, then tilted his face up and kissed him. I tried to show him with my lips and hands and body language how much I cared, knowing that words wouldn’t be enough. My brother didn’t say anything in response, just buried his face in my chest.

After a couple minutes, he raised his head. “Soup’s gonna burn, dude.”

“Crap!” I quickly set him back on the chair and rushed to the stove.
I managed to salvage the soup before it scorched, poured it into two bowls, and placed one bowl in front of the omega and one on the other side of the table. I spread a thick layer of butter and jam on the toast, just as Dean liked it, and set the plate next to his bowl. I poured two glasses of apple juice and carried them to the table before sitting down.

“Eat everything slowly, Dee, and stop if you start to feel queasy. You haven’t been eating properly for a long time, and I don’t want you to get sick,” I told him.

Dean nodded and blew on his soup. I waited until he’d taken a few sips and nibbled on his toast before starting on my own bowl. While he gradually worked his way through his food, I asked him about the cases he’d looked up, making sure to praise him frequently for his diligence and the quality of his research. When I noticed how his cheeks flushed and eyes brightened and scent perked up with pleasure, I mentally kicked myself for not acknowledging his efforts more often in the past.

Once he finished his meal with no sign of nausea, I put the dishes in the dishwasher and helped him walk to the media room. This was a bedroom we’d converted to the purpose, complete with a comfortable couch and reclining armchairs, multiple shelves of DVDs and CDs, and the largest television and best sound system our fake credit cards could provide. Fortunately he seemed to have forgotten this room when he’d tried to purge the Bunker of his belongings before his suicide attempt, so all his movies and music were still in place. I seated my brother on the couch with a lap blanket, brought some juice, cheese, fruit, and crackers from the kitchen, and queued up the *Die Hard* movies, which were always perennial favorites of his.

I initially settled on the other end of the couch, wanting to give Dean the opportunity to instigate any contact instead of pushing myself on him again. But after seeing him huddling dejectedly, ignoring the screen, I realized that he was still afraid that I’d reject his touch, like I’d done too often over the past several weeks. I moved closer and tugged him gently against me, then shifted until we were lying down with him resting against my chest. He relaxed as I gently stroked his back and turned his attention to the movies.

After he fell asleep near the beginning of *Die Hard with a Vengeance*, I carried him back to the bedroom, took off his robe and slippers, and tucked him into bed. I measured his vital statistics again and was reassured when they all appeared to have improved. Not wanting to leave him alone, I then sat in bed beside him and read through *The Cuckoo’s Calling*. I periodically ran my fingers through his soft blond hair and occasionally put the book down for a couple minutes simply to watch him breathe peacefully.

Dean began to stir after a couple of hours. He rolled over and looked at me with surprise in his drowsy green eyes. “You—you’re still here?”

I brushed my knuckles down the side of his face. “I’m not going anywhere, Dee. How are you feeling?”

“A little better, I guess. I . . . I think I’m kinda hungry.”

“Well, that’s a good sign! Let’s get some more clothes on you first. The Bunker always feels a bit chilly in the evening, don’t you think?”

We got him dressed in soft sweatpants and his favorite Metallica t-shirt under the robe and slippers, and then we made our way back to the kitchen. I searched through the prepared dishes in the fridge, looking for something rich in iron and energy that wouldn’t be difficult on his stomach. I pulled out a spinach quiche and followed the reheating instructions. While it was warming up in the oven, I took a couple sodas from the fridge. As I set one of the cans in front of the omega, I noticed his eyes on me were wary, and his scent was still tinged with fear.
“Is something wrong, Dee?” I asked in concern.

He immediately shrank back and dropped his gaze. “N—no! Everything’s fine.”

I sighed. “It’s alright, baby. Like I said before, I won’t get upset, whatever it is. My not talking or listening to you is what caused this mess, and I’m not making that mistake again. So please tell me what’s on your mind.”

He hunched his shoulders and met my eyes resignedly. “Just waiting for the other fucking shoe to drop, Sam. It’s nice that you’re being all lovey-dovey now, I guess, even if it’s fake. But you said you’re still pissed at me, so I know your real feelings are gonna come out sooner or later. Kinda wish you’d get it over with, rather than dangling this damn sword over my head.” He looked down again, obviously waiting for my angry response.

I felt a pang again, both at his words and his expression. “I’m not mad at you anymore, I swear. I know what I said earlier, but I’ve realized since then you’ve suffered enough—too much, really. What I put you through was far worse that what you did to me, and I have no right to hold onto any anger or blame. And I know you don’t believe me yet, but this isn’t an act. Actions speak louder than words for you, so I’m going to do my best to show you how much I truly do love you, Dee.”

The look he gave me was bleak. “You’re right—actions do speak louder, man. And what you’ve done all your life says that you don’t want me.”

“What! No, that’s not true—not even close!”

“Don’t bullshit me, Sam! I did everything I could when you were a kid to give you the best life under the circumstances—I stole and went hungry and worse so you’d always have enough, I dropped outta school so I could work and look after you better, and I protected you from the worst of Dad’s drunkenness and temper. But my best obviously wasn’t enough for you, since you first ran away to Arizona and then left me for Stanford. I still tried to keep calling and visiting and shit afterward, until you picked that fight and made it damn clear you didn’t want anything to do with me. Then that first year that you were stuck hunting with me, all you could fucking talk ‘bout was getting away after we found Dad and defeated Yellow-Eyes.

“I thought things were better after you claimed me as your mate, and when you tried so hard to get me outta my deal. But I wasn’t even gone two fucking months before you shacked up with that goddamn demon skank, and you kept banging her even after I came back! You dumped me over some monster chick that you met once and that we knew had murdered people. You didn’t lift a finger to find me when I was trapped in Purgatory, and it didn’t take long before you replaced me again. When I finally got out, you were more concerned with accusing me of two-timing you with Benny—which never fucking happened, by the way!—than with how messed up that place made me. And the past coupla of months made it real damn obvious how much I’m worth to you!

“So you can talk all you want, but I know the truth! You expect me to believe you don’t think I’m garbage when you’ve always looked for any chance you can to ditch me? Let’s face it—you might need my skills as a hunting partner, and you might enjoy fucking my ass, but you’ve never wanted me!” His eyes were swimming with tears and his scent reeking of hurt as he finished.

“Oh God, what have I done to you?” I dropped to my knees in front of him again and looked at him pleadingly. “I swear by everything that’s holy that I’ve loved and respected you all my life, Dee, as my brother and parent and best friend first and later as my lover and mate! I know I haven’t said it often enough, but I’ve always appreciated all you’ve done for me and sacrificed for me. You’ve always been my hero, someone I could only hope to measure up to someday. You mean everything to me!
“Flagstaff and Stanford were never about leaving you—they were about getting away from Dad and hunting and... and my incestuous feelings towards my own brother, who deserved better than a goddamn pervert like me! I drove you away when I was at college because I couldn’t handle how I felt about you, and I was wrong to do that. Just like I was so, so very wrong to pick Ruby over you, or to leave you over Amy, or to walk out on you any of those other times. I—I didn’t mean to abandon you in Purgatory—I was so lost when you disappeared, and I think I wasn’t myself that whole year, not until I left Amelia. And I should’ve trusted you about Benny, and I never should’ve treated you so very badly recently!

“I know I’m not worthy of your forgiveness after how I’ve behaved over the years, but I promise I’ll make it up to you for the rest of my life! I’m so sorry it took something so drastic to knock my freaking head out of my ass, but I vow I’m going to learn from my mistakes from now on! I will never, ever desert you again, and I will take care of you the way you deserve, the way you’ve always taken care of me. So please, sweetheart, tell me you’ll give me one last chance to make all this up to you?” I reached for his hands.

Dean shrugged listlessly. “Whatever you say, dude. I’ll believe it when I see it.”

I stood and wrapped my arms around his shoulders. “I understand that I’ve lost your trust, but I will prove to you that I mean everything I’m saying now, that this is how I truly feel, not my horrendous behavior before.”

The oven dinged, and I turned away to take the quiche out. I cut and served two pieces and added some baby carrots and grapes to each plate. I then looked at the other man.

“Do you want to eat here or go back to the media room to finish the Die Hard marathon?”

“Watch the movies, I guess. I don’t wanna think ‘bout anything for a while.”

I got him set up on the couch first with the lap blanket and took a couple of TV trays out of the closet. I then brought in the food, sodas, and some bottles of water. I once again pulled him towards me to cuddle together after I sat down. As the movies played, I spent more time watching him than the screen, tracking his slow progress through his meal and making sure he remained comfortable.

After finishing the last movie, I looked down at him and said, “Talk to me, honey. Are you feeling any better?”

Dean sighed. “I dunno, Sam. You’ve been acting nicer to me today than you have in ages, and you say it ain’t just ‘cause I’m hurt. You keep telling me that you’re sorry and that you love me, that I’m not to blame and I’m not worthless. And I really wanna believe all this, ‘cause I need you and I miss you. I—I wanna go back to how good things used to be between us.

“But... you hurt me bad, man—bad enough to make me wanna die. You hurt me before, over and over, and each damn time I tried to forgive you ‘cause I love you. But I’m at the end of my goddamn rope, and I’m fucking afraid. I got nothing left if I let you in now and you dump me all over again. I... I dunno if I can risk that.”

I picked up his hands and kissed them. “I get that this is overwhelming, Dee. Only a week ago, I was being a complete bastard to you, and then I abandoned you yet again, just like I always seem to do. Now I’m suddenly back, swearing that I’m deeply sorry for how I’ve acted, that I’m going to make everything better, that you’re the most important thing in the world to me. And you don’t know what to believe anymore.”

I then placed his hands over my heart and gazed sincerely into his eyes. “I know that my word
means shit right now though, so I will do whatever it takes to prove it. If you want, I’ll write all this down in my own fucking blood. I’ll get you the materials for every truth spell in the Men of Letters archives. Or I’ll call Castiel right now so he can stick his hand in my chest and read my damn soul. You tell me what you need me to do, and I’ll do it without hesitation.”

He regarded me seriously for a long moment. “I hope I ain’t making a mistake here, but . . . I’m gonna try to believe you. Just . . . please don’t lemme down, okay?”

“I won’t! You won’t regret this!” I kissed his hands again fervently.

We then retired to the bedroom. My brother wasn’t sleepy yet, so we lay beside each other in bed and read quietly for a while. I kept an arm around him and stroked him affectionately throughout, determined to show him as often as possible that I still cared. When he eventually started to nod off, I put both books on the desk and switched off the lights. I curled around him and pressed a kiss to his forehead, then watched him fall asleep before drifting off myself.

Chapter End Notes

We’ll have to see if Dean can learn to trust Sam again after all of this . . .

This story is complete, and new chapters will be posted weekly around this time. Constructive criticism is always welcome, and kudos and comments are highly appreciated.
And Beg for Something More

Chapter Summary

It's the next day of Dean's recovery, and things seem to be going better . . .

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dean was starting to stir as I woke up the following morning. The first thing I noticed was the improvement in his appearance. His skin had returned to close to its natural fair complexion, the freckles no longer standing out so starkly. The dark circles beneath his eyes from lack of sleep and redness and swelling from too many tears were almost gone. His hair had regained most of its luster, and his lips were once again soft and pink. It would take time to regain the lost weight, but his features already looked less sunken.

The second thing I noticed was that I had a major case of morning wood. It felt like it had been ages since I’d had any sexual relief besides my own hands, and my body apparently decided to react enthusiastically to sharing a bed with someone else again. Not to mention to the rich, sweet smell of an unmated omega filling my nostrils. My erection pressed up against my brother’s stomach, and my fangs itched to descend and bury themselves in the nape of his neck.

Before I could discretely turn away, his long-lashed eyes opened and blinked sleepily for a moment. He then smiled tentatively up at me.

I couldn’t resist immediately kissing him. “Good morning, baby. How are you doing today?”

“Pretty good, I think. I—I missed this . . . sleeping together, waking up beside each other.” His cheeks flushed, and he ducked his head.

I put a finger under his chin, tilted his face up, and gave him a deeper kiss. His full lips opened underneath mine, and our kissing grew heated. I slid my hands under his t-shirt and stroked up his ribs and around his chest, while he fisted his hands in my shirt. He moaned softly as I kissed across his jaw and down his neck, and then he dropped a hand between us to encircle my hard cock through my boxers.

That jarred me to my senses, and I pulled away and caught his hands. “S—sorry, Dee! I—I didn’t mean to start anything.”

His face fell. “Sam? You don’t wanna . . . ? You don’t want me.” The omega began to turn away, smelling upset.

I hauled him back into a tight hug. “No, sweetheart, that’s not it at all! I want to make love to you so very much! But you’re still hurt. Even if everything was perfect between us, I wouldn’t start something until you were feeling stronger. Okay?”

He studied my face for a moment and nodded. “Okay, Sam.”

I held him and gently rubbed his back for a moment, then looked down at him. “Dee? You haven’t called me Sammy since you woke up yesterday. Actually, you haven’t called me that in a while.”
He gave me a surprised glance. “You’re the one who made me stop doing that, dude. Every time I tried the past few weeks, you yelled at me or treated me like I just shit on the Pope. Even I’m smart enough to eventually get the fucking hint.”

This was a small thing compared to everything else, but I still felt like a total jackass. “Oh, honey, I’m sorry! I really do like it when you call me Sammy. It’s . . . it’s like an endearment when it comes from you. I—I’d be happier if you kept using it.”

I then caught his chin and gazed at him seriously. “And don’t knock how smart you are! I know you’d’ve done well if Dad had let you finish school, and you did score highly on your GED. You know the lore just as well as I do, and you’re even better at tactics. Not to mention you’re a genius with anything mechanical!”

Dean blushed again. “Okay, Sammy. Um, I wanna take a shower this morning before breakfast.”

“Sure thing, man. Let’s see how steady you are on your feet now and whether you’ll need my help. I also want to check your vitals to see how well you’re healing.”

Fortunately the omega was feeling strong enough to bathe without assistance, though I did insist on shaving him. I didn’t want to risk him getting wobbly while wielding something sharp near his face. Once he was cleaned up, I sat him down to change the dressings on his wounds. I sincerely hoped that none of them would scar badly—not because I’d find them unattractive, but because he didn’t need a constant reminder of his recent depression and the miserable period leading up to it.

He was still feeling good by the time we dressed and went to the kitchen. He demanded to make the scrambled eggs himself, while I sliced up some fruit and prepared the toast. After breakfast, we moved to the library, where we went through the cases I hadn’t passed on to Garth to see if we could dig up any more information together.

My brother began to relax after he saw I wasn’t going to belittle him and was actually proud of the work he’d done. As he loosened up, he smiled and laughed more, his green eyes sparkling, his freckled cheeks flushing with healthy color, and his scent radiating contentment. I watched him acting more like his confident, happy former self and realized how much I missed that. I also wondered how much more he would’ve enjoyed research previously if I’d ever bothered to actually encourage him. Almost all the hunts we’d been on recently—the majority of which had gone smoothly—had been the result of Dean’s legwork, and I never gave him an ounce of credit. And even before our current issues, I was more likely to harp on the shortcomings in his research efforts than commend his accomplishments.

After a while, something else started to bother me. “Dee? I have something I need to tell you.”

He looked up from his tablet. “Yeah? What’s up, doc?”

“You’ve probably already figured out that I had to get Cas’ help to find you, heal the worst of your wounds, and bring you home. He also made me pull my head out of my ass and see just how big of a douchebag I’ve been to you. He was really pissed at me, and he wanted to take you away from here himself. He didn’t trust me to care for you properly, not after how I’d behaved.”

“He wanted to what? I ain’t a fucking puppy he can seize like he’s the goddamn SPCA!” Dean’s expression was annoyed. “Sometimes I dunno if I wanna hug the dude or punch him in the face!”

“Well, at least his intentions are always good,” I said. “But that’s not the point of what I’m trying to say. I pleaded with Cas not to take you from me, and he gave me an ultimatum. He brought you here with me because he recognized that’s what you would want. But he’s coming back tomorrow,
and if he’s not happy with how you’re recovering and how I’m treating you, he said he’ll remove you like he originally planned.

“I’m not telling you this to make you mad at him. I wanted you to hear this from me so you don’t get the wrong idea about my intentions. I don’t want you to think that the way I’m acting now is only due to Cas and his threat. I’m doing all this because I want to, and because it’s how I should’ve treated you this whole damn time. I would’ve still realized how wrong I was before if I’d found you without him, or if he hadn’t rightfully accused me of being a selfish, uncaring sack of shit. I’ll keep on loving and cherishing you even if he doesn’t show up tomorrow, because you’re my brother and my mate. And no matter what, I’m not going to let him take you away from me—you’re always worth fighting for.

“I also don’t want to hide what happened from you. I think we need to really start being open and honest with each other if we’re going to truly fix our relationship. Everything that’s ever gone wrong between us started because we weren’t telling each other the truth. So no more lying or keeping secrets about anything important, because that always ends up biting us in the ass and hurting each other.”

He was silent for several minutes, and while his face was impassive, his scent wasn’t happy. He eventually said, “I’m gonna give you the benefit of the doubt for right now, Sammy. I get that you’re trying to be upfront with me, and I appreciate that. So I’m gonna try to accept that what you’re saying is the truth, like I’ve been trying to do with everything else you’ve told me since yesterday.

“But I am gonna ask Cas what’s going on when he gets here—before I punch him for being a presumptuous sonofabitch. If what he tells me ‘bout you don’t match up with what you’ve been saying to me, we’re done. No more bogus second chances, no more jerking my heart around like a fucking chew toy. You understand?”

“Completely. And I have been completely truthful with you, Dee. I hope you’ll see that.”

“And I do get what you’re saying ‘bout being straight with each other. We both hafta learn from our damn mistakes,” the omega continued. He looked at me tentatively. “You hafta know that I didn’t wanna lie to you ‘bout Gadreel. I wanted to tell you the truth several times, right from the beginning. But each time, he’d convince me that if I did, either you’d kick him out or he’d hafta leave, and then you’d die without him. And ‘cause I thought he was someone else, someone Cas said was a good dude, I thought I could trust him.”

“I do know that now, and I’m not angry about it anymore,” I assured him. “I understand that you were in an impossible position and tried to do what you thought was right. But no more secrets from now on! We need to be candid and trust each other going forward, so nothing like any of this will happen again.”

Dean nodded, and I came around the table to hug him. He put his arms around my waist and rested his head on my shoulder with a sigh. We remained that way for several minutes before making our way back to the kitchen, where I helped him make tomato rice soup and grilled cheese sandwiches.

He decided to take a nap after lunch, and I told him I was going to the nearby town of Smith Center to run some quick errands. My first stop was the supermarket, where I picked up food more likely to tempt my brother’s appetite, such as hamburger patties, frozen French fries, and of course pie. I bought some recent DVD and CD releases I thought he’d enjoy at the electronics store. Lastly I hit a florist and got a specialty bouquet made of fruit dipped in chocolate.

We’d rarely gotten each other gifts in the past, not even for birthdays or holidays—we were usually
too wrapped up in cases to remember special occasions, and life on the road discouraged the accumulation of possessions. My brother showed me how he felt in all the ways he took care of me, so I’d never felt the lack of material presents. But we had a home now, and he deserved more tangible demonstrations of my appreciation and affection.

The other man was still asleep when I returned to the Bunker, so I put my purchases away and cleaned up some of the rooms. I was contemplating popping some of the frozen snacks in the oven when he wandered into the kitchen, still rubbing his eyes. He was still wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt (a Dr. Who one this time), his hair was tousled, and one cheek had crease marks from his pillow. He looked delicious.

“Had a good nap?” I asked, firmly telling my downstairs brain to behave. “I was just about to heat up some pizza rolls or mozzarella sticks for you. Or would you rather have some pie? It’s not as good as your homemade ones, but I got your favorites—apple and cherry.”

“You got me pie? You never get me pie! Or the snacks that I like—it’s always granola bars and carrot sticks and frou-frou shit.” He grinned and smelled pleased. “I really hope this is real, ’cause I could get used to this!”

“I remembered this time. In fact, everything I bought today was for you, sweetheart. You need to put weight back on, so I decided getting the heart attacks on a plate you pretend are food would be okay for a change,” I teased. “You do everything for me, and you deserved to be indulged yourself. So you can definitely expect more of this treatment from me from now on! Now, what would you like?”

“Thanks, Sammy! Uh, let’s go with some pizza rolls, and a slice of apple pie while we’re waiting for ‘em to cook.” Dean sat down at the table with an eager expression. “Feed me, Seymour!”

I laughed before putting some pizza rolls in the oven and two pieces of pie in the microwave. I then added a scoop of vanilla bean ice cream on top of each slice and placed one in front of the hungry omega. As he attacked it with gusto, I pulled the fruit bouquet from the fridge.

He glanced at it curiously, his lower lip smeared with ice cream, as I set it in the center of the table. “What’s this, man?”

I leaned down and licked his lip clean before responding. “I wanted to get you something nice, but I figured you’d think a regular floral bouquet is too girly. But you can’t go wrong with chocolate, right? I also got some new movies and music that you might like.”

He looked uncomfortable. “You don’t hafta get me stuff to make me feel better, dude.”

“I know, but I want to. I’m not trying to buy your forgiveness or anything lame like that. But like I said, you should be pampered too sometimes, baby. Now here, try this.” I pulled a piece of chocolate-covered pineapple off its skewer and popped it in his mouth.

I alternated between eating my own slice of pie and feeding him more of the bouquet. Once the pizza rolls were ready, we carried them and some sodas into the media room to watch *Thor: The Dark World*. I was pleased when Dean curled up in my lap on his own. I wrapped my arms around him and caressed him tenderly during the movie, and I was even happier when he started to purr contentedly mid-way through.

After the movie was over, he shifted around until he was straddling my lap and reached up to kiss me. I placed my hands on his lean hips and kissed back, remaining responsive but letting him take the lead. He nudged my lips open with the tip of his tongue and slid it inside. He fist ed his hands in
my hair, and my grip tightened on his hips as the kiss turned hungry and passionate.

My brother pulled back momentarily to tug his shirt off, then leaned forward and nipped down my neck to the juncture with my shoulder. He proceeded to kiss and suck at that spot to create a noticeable hickey. I struggled to keep my hands in place until he growled impatiently at me, so I began caressing the smooth muscles of his back.

He unbuttoned my shirt and kissed down my chest until he could take one of my nipples in his mouth. I gasped appreciatively as he licked and suckled at the small nub and then switched to the other. His hands meanwhile slipped down my abdomen and started to unbutton my jeans.

I grasped his shoulders and pushed him back gently. “Wait, Dee! I told you this morning, you’re still—”

“I’m doing a lot better now, Sammy,” Dean interrupted. “After the rest and food and everything else you’ve been doing, I’m feeling much stronger and steadier than yesterday. I know I ain’t up for hunting or anything like that yet, but I can handle a little zug-zug as long as you don’t pull some weird Kama Sutra shit on me.

“I want this—no, I need this! It’s been months since you’ve touched me like this, and I’m tired of feeling like fucking Quasimodo. You keep saying you still want me, but I need you to show it!

“And it’s more than just the sex, man. I know you—you don’t do meaningless fucks. So put your goddamn money where your mouth is and prove how you feel. If you really still love me, then love me!” The omega glared at me defiantly with heated green eyes.

His words were bold, but I could smell the fear underneath. As I looked into his wide eyes, I recognized that if I pulled back now, he’d take that as a sign of rejection, not consideration, and I’d lose him for good. The risk of hurting him further emotionally far outweighed the possibility of tiring him out physically. And frankly, I wanted this too, and it was becoming harder and harder to resist the urge to make love to him.

I leaned forward and gave him a deep kiss. “Alright, Dee. But we’re going to do this right.”

I dropped my hands back down to his hips, and the smaller man squeaked in surprise as I picked him up and carried him out of the room.

Chapter End Notes

And cue the incoming smut!

I hope people don't think that this is moving too quickly. This is mostly due to the time constraints of the story--the plot needs to progress without dragging out for an excess number of chapters (this is meant to be a relatively short one-shot). But Sam is not getting a free pass yet--it should be clear from Dean's words and actions that he's still not sure of his brother... or himself.

This story is complete, but since I am starting a job in the next day or two, the remaining updates will occur on Wednesday evenings. Constructive criticism is always welcome, and kudos and comments are greatly appreciated.
I brought Dean to our bedroom and carefully set him down on the memory-foam mattress. I slid his sweatpants off and tossed them onto a nearby chair. I then took a step back and admired my brother, my omega, and hopefully someday soon my mate once more.

He was underweight, and the bandages on his wrists, upper arms, and thighs were stark reminders of what I’d almost lost. But he was still the most beautiful thing I’d ever seen. His dark gold hair, now almost as long as when he was a teen, made him look softer and younger. Long lashes swept down to mask green eyes bright with arousal when he noticed my stare, and freckled skin over high cheekbones flushed self-consciously. The pink tip of his tongue darted out to moisten full, even pinker lips. Lithe muscles moved fluidly under smooth, pale skin as he shifted and pressed broad shoulders back against the pillows. His long, dusky cock curved proudly towards his taut stomach and leaked a bit of clear fluid.

“I look bad now, don’t I?” he mumbled in embarrassment.

“You need to put some weight and muscle back on, true. But you’re always gorgeous, honey, and nothing’s going to change that,” I told him as I quickly undressed and added my clothes to the chair.

I climbed onto the bed and bent down to kiss him, running a hand gently over his chest. After he relaxed under my lips and fingers, I stretched out beside him and toyed with his nipples, pinching and flicking the tender buds. He arched his back at the attention and moaned into my mouth. I moved my lips to just below his ear to suck a love mark and moved my hand down to stroke his member.

“How do you want this, baby? Do you want my hand or my mouth on your cock? Or do you want my cock inside you?” I whispered into his ear as my thumb grazed his slit.

My brother whined and pushed against my hand before answering. “Your cock, Sammy—need your cock!”

I ran my hand along his shaft a couple more times before slipping it down to caress his heavy balls. He spread his thighs, and I rubbed my fingers down his perineum and around the puckered furl of his entrance, which was damp with slick. He gasped as I pushed two fingers past the outer ring of muscle and into his passage to press against his prostate.

“You like that, Dee? You’re already so wet for me,” I growled while he rocked against my hand and whimpered.

I slid my fingers in and out of him while positioning myself between his knees. I then removed my fingers and slowly drove my cock into his hole until I was fully seated in his snug channel.
lifted his legs and wrapped them around my waist, I had to pause to enjoy the feeling of being
enveloped in his tight, silky heat after so long.

“*Fuck, Sammy,* your cock feels *damn* good inside me! I missed this so much!” Dean moaned,
echoing my sentiments.

I gradually drew my member out until the head almost caught on his rim and then just as leisurely
pushed all the way back in, repeating this over and over while listening to his sighs of pleasure. He
squeezed around me rhythmically as I leaned over and took the weight of my torso on my hands so
that I could look him in the face. His eyes were half-closed, his teeth were digging into his lower lip,
his cheeks were even more flushed, and his scent was redolent with desire.

I bent down to kiss him. “How are you doing, sweetheart? Do you want more?”

His eyes fluttered open to meet mine, pupils blown wide with lust. “Yeah, gimme more, dude. I
ain’t made of glass!”

I sped up the pace of my thrusts, making sure to brush his prostate with nearly every pass. Between
strokes, I either kissed him or chanted, “Love you, Dee!”

Soon I felt the crest of my orgasm approaching. Normally I could last longer, but it had been *too*
long since I’d last made love to my omega. I punched into his passage hard and fast, and he shouted
and clenched around me as he climaxed. I plunged into him a couple more times before cumming
deep inside him, and I felt my vision white out for a moment as I spent myself.

I tumbled onto the bed and rolled over while still inside my lover, ending up almost on my back with
him mostly on top of me. I panted loudly as I tried to catch my breath, so I didn’t notice right away
that he was crying into my shoulder. His scent was both happy and scared.

I immediately turned his face up so I could look into his eyes. “What’s wrong, darling? Did—did I
hurt you? I thought you were enjoying this . . .”

Dean shook his head as the tears continued to flow. “No, you didn’t h—hurt me. It . . . everything
‘bout this was *awesome,* and you made me feel *real* good! I—I missed you making l—love to me
so much, man.

“But you—you gotta promise me that this is *real,* Sammy! I—I ain’t gonna be able to h—handle it if
this is only ‘bout f—fucking for you, or some way to—to make yourself feel better ‘cause you feel s
—sorry for me! *Please* tell me th—this ain’t an act!”

“Oh, Dee . . .” I hugged him tightly, wishing once again that he could smell emotions the way I
could. Omegas’ senses were far better than those of most betas, but they still weren’t as strong as an
alpha’s. The only way he’d been able to truly sense how I felt before was through the mating bond,
which he wasn’t ready for yet.

“This is *all* real, I swear! I love you *so very much,* and I’m ecstatic that you’re letting me make love
to you again!” I murmured in between fierce kisses. “You mean *everything* to me—you’re my
brother, my partner, my best friend, my lover, my *mate*—and I can’t believe that I let myself forget
that in my anger. But *never* again! I’m going to do my best to be the mate you always deserved to
have.”

His eyes moved desperately across my face, then he nodded and wiped his face with a corner of the
sheet. Before I could pull out and get up, he pushed me the rest of the way onto my back, moving
with me so that he ended up straddling my hips. He looked down at me for several minutes,
apparently deep in thought.

Just as I opened my mouth to say something, my brother leaned down and kissed me softly. He kept his lips’ movements delicate and slow, and I reciprocated, reaching up to cradle his head in my hands tenderly. Without removing his mouth from mine, he began to rock his hips lightly against mine and flex his inner walls languidly around my cock. I pushed up into him just as gently while running my hands adoringly over as much of his body as I could reach.

We moved together like this for a long time, neither of us getting any closer to climaxing. This wasn’t about physical pleasure but about expressing our love for each other. We gasped endearments into each other’s mouths between kisses and caressed each other as if worshipping something sacred.

Eventually Dean pulled himself off of me after a lingering kiss. He got onto his hands and knees and then pressed his head and shoulders into the bed, arching his supple back and presenting his perfect ass. This was a bit unusual. We both tended to prefer making love facing each other, so that we could kiss and look into the other’s eyes more easily. He typically only assumed this position when he was in heat or I was in rut.

I was puzzled but sat up and shifted myself until I was behind him without saying anything. I grasped his hips and slid back inside my lover with a quiet growl, then started to drive into him with long, steady strokes. He hummed blissfully and pushed back against my thrusts, inviting me wordlessly to ride him more vigorously. I complied, and he gripped the sheets tightly and undulated his channel around my member while I pounded into him.

As I continued to forcefully plunge deep into his wet passage, my eyes fell on the dulled mating scar on the nape of the other man’s neck, and my fangs extended in response. Suddenly I remembered that this was the very same position we’d been in years ago when I initially gave him that mark, and I understood what he was trying to do, what he was offering. I used every scrap of discipline I possessed to make my canines retract. That first time had essentially been rape, even though my brother loved me too much to ever accuse me of such, and I would not take advantage of his emotionally compromised condition now.

Dean had hidden his status from everyone while I was growing up—taking suppressants to stop his heats, using synthetic pheromones to mask his scent, and mimicking an alpha’s swagger and confident behavior until it became second nature. It helped that he was unusually tall and strong for an omega, and he passed successfully for years as simply an extraordinarily pretty alpha. After the fact, I realized he’d done it primarily to protect me, afraid that outsiders might take advantage if they discovered a young omega watching over a child alone in those crappy motels and abandoned houses. He also knew that other hunters, our father included, would likely treat an omega trying to be one of them with disdain.

We were on a hunt a couple months after Dad’s death when Dean’s secret finally came out. The case ended up taking far longer than expected, stranding us in a remote, backwater location deep in the bayou, and his judgement was still clouded by grief and guilt. The long and the short of it was that he didn’t notice that his suppressants had run out, and he suddenly went into heat late one night. I immediately recognized the change in his scent and was overwhelmed—with excessive rage at a deception that hadn’t been directed at me, with a driving lust that I thought had been buried after Jess, and with a primal hormonal reaction that I should’ve controlled. Instead I pinned my brother to the floor, took him roughly several times over the course of that night, and inflicted the mating bite on him without warning or consent.

Fortunately for my unevolved younger self, Dean forgave my violent behavior and even seemed
happy with the mating—it turned out he’d been secretly in love with me since right before I left for college. I eventually did come to understand that what I’d done to him was wrong, despite his acceptance after the fact, but we were both content with our bond for a long time. Now I had a chance to rectify my past misdeeds though, and this time I was going ensure that nothing happened without my lover’s full permission.

My instincts once again restrained, I turned my attention to my omega’s pleasure. I kept thrusting into him powerfully, hitting his sweet spot each time, and reached underneath him to jack his cock rapidly. He cried out at the intense stimulation, and his passage clamped around me as he shuddered through his orgasm. I in turn groaned loudly and pulsed hard into his depths.

I pulled my now-boneless brother against my torso as I fell back against the pillows, both of us gasping. I could make out his satiated purring over our heavy breathing, and his face was exhausted but pleased. I idly ran my hands over his chest as I felt his channel quiver around my cock and my cum drip onto his thighs.

After a couple minutes, he looked up to meet my eyes and indicated his neck. “You didn’t . . . take it?”

I dropped a kiss onto his nape, relieved that he didn’t smell upset. “No, love, not yet. At the very least, you have to talk to Cas first and verify what I’ve been telling you the past couple of days. I want to be mated with you again so badly, you have to know that. But only if you’re sure that you’re willing to take me back. I screwed up horribly by forcing the bond on you before, so I need to make certain that this time it happens for the right reasons. Once you feel confident that you can trust me and forgive me, then we can become mates again the proper way.”

Dean was quiet for a moment, then he caught one of my hands and brought it to his lips. “Okay, Sammy, I understand. You’re right—this ain’t something we should rush into, no matter how much we both miss it. We’ll just hafta see how things go after the conversation with Cas tomorrow.

“When we are ready, d’ya . . . d’ya think we should wait until the next time I go into heat? A lotta people think that the proper time for a mating is during a heat. Not that I usually give a flying fuck what other people think, but . . .” He smelled uncertain.

I shook my head. “No, I don’t. First, your next heat isn’t for almost two months, and I don’t want to wait so long only for that. More importantly, whenever we do mate, it has to be because it’s what you truly want, not because your hormones are pushing you into it. I do wish we could also get married for real someday without having to resort to fake IDs, but—”

“But our last name ain’t Targaryen, so incest is still against the law pretty much everywhere. Being mated is more than enough though, baby boy. A marriage license is just a piece of paper, and it ain’t like anything else we do is legal. The bond between mates is what really matters,” my omega pointed out.

“That’s true. I want to thank you for giving me this chance to try to make things right, Dee. I would’ve totally understood if you hated me after how I behaved. Instead you’ve done your best to try to take me back, in spite of everything that’s happened. You’re amazing, big brother, and I love you more than anything!” I buried my face in his neck.

He brought a hand up and caressed the side of my face. “I could never hate you, little brother—I love you too much for that to ever happen. We both fucked up pretty badly this time, and we both hafta figure out how to fix what we broke. The most important thing is that we’re family, and we gotta make sure that nothing comes between us again.”
Chapter End Notes

Things definitely seem to be looking up! But they do still have to face Cas' judgement . . .

I wasn't intending to make any kind of big statement with this story, but I couldn't resist poking at some of the A/B/O tropes. If you're a fan of said tropes, oh well. ;P

This story is complete, and a new chapter will be added on Wednesday evenings. Constructive criticism is always welcome, and kudos and comments are greatly appreciated!
You Better Put It All Behind You, Baby

Chapter Summary

Castiel shows up to evaluate the boys' progress . . .

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Castiel showed up late the next morning. We were in the media room once again, supposedly watching reruns of Mythbusters. In reality, Dean was sprawled limply on the couch, purring loudly, as I massaged his feet and calves. We both looked up as the angel walked into the room.

“Hello, Dean. You are looking better.” Cas glanced at me coolly. “Sam.”

Dean pulled his feet out of my lap and sat up, straightening his Motörhead t-shirt. “Hey Cas, it’s great to see you! I understand I’ve got you to thank for saving my ass again.” He got up and pulled the seraph into a hug.

Cas, awkward as always, stood stiffly and patted my brother on the shoulder. “I am always glad to help you, Dean. I have come to see how you are recovering.”

Dean sat down again and leaned against me. “Doing a lot better now! Sam’s been taking real good care of me the past coupla days—making sure I eat properly, get enough sleep, and all that shit. Still kinda wobbly from the blood loss and how crappy I was treating myself, but I’m getting stronger every day.”

“I apologize that I was unable to heal you fully when I found you, but as you know I am no longer at full power. I have had the chance to recharge since then, however. I can provide additional healing now, if you would like.” Cas waited until the omega nodded and then touched his forehead.

There was another brief flash of light, and then Castiel stepped back. Right away I could see a marked improvement in the other man’s appearance. His fair complexion had regained its full color, his delicate features had filled out again, and what I could see of his lean figure was back to its normal muscle tone. He peeled off the bandages on his wrists and upper arms, revealing either smooth freckled skin or faint pink scars.

“You should be at close to full capacity now, and your body should recover completely with another day or two of rest,” the angel continued. “I am inquiring about improvements to your mental and emotional well-being as well though.”

Dean hesitated and then shrugged. “Still a work in progress, I guess. I was pretty fucked up, and that ain’t gonna go away overnight. But I don’t wanna hurt myself anymore, and I ain’t sobbing like a damn girl all the time either. So those are marks in the win column, right?”

Cas looked concerned. “Has Sam not been treating you well, aside from your physical care?”

“No, no, Sammy’s been great!” my brother said quickly. “He’s been nice and caring and trying his best to make me feel good. It’s just . . . well, it’s hard to know exactly what to believe anymore, especially after the last coupla months. Is this how he really feels, or is it just guilt or some sense of
obligation or something? I mean, I really wanna believe him now, but . . .”

“I’ve told Dean that I understand that he’s having difficulty trusting my sudden turnaround, considering how I’ve been such a massive asshat lately,” I added. “I want him to talk to you, because we both know you can read me and then tell him the truth.”

“Is this what you want as well, Dean? I notice that you have not reinstated your mating bond yet.”

Dean nodded. “Yeah, I trust that you’ll tell it to me straight, Cas. And we’re waiting before deciding if we’re gonna be mated again. Sammy wants me to be really sure that it’s right for me this time, which I agree with. And I can’t make a choice like that if I dunno where he stands.”

Cas took a seat in one of the armchairs. “Sam is telling you the truth. He does feel blameworthy for his recent behavior towards you, but his primary motivation is his love for you and a desire to repair the damage to your relationship. He still loved you even when he was furious with you earlier, and he did not intend to sever your bond. He truly has let go of his anger and sense of betrayal regarding Gadreel and the subsequent fallout. His main concern now is ensuring your full recovery and treating you properly in the future.”

The angel’s expression hardened. “Despite this, I remain unconvinced that Sam should be allowed to care for you further. While his current positive emotions and actions are indeed sincere, the rage and selfishness that led him to neglect and hurt you before were genuine as well. He has a history of abandoning and betraying you, and I do not trust that this leopard can change his stripes sufficiently to be trusted with your health and safety.

“I still believe it is best if you come with me. I cannot be your mate, but I can be your brother. We have always shared a close bond since I rescued you from Hell, and that could become a substitute for what Sam has discarded. I know that I have committed grave errors in the past, but I never intentionally hurt you. That is not a claim your brother can make. I can take you away now and ensure that he cannot injure you again.”

Dean’s face had darkened over the course of Cas’ speech. “Listen to me, dude. I’m grateful to you for saving my life and patching me up, and for backing up what Sam’s been telling me. You’ve always tried to go above and beyond to help the two of us, and we both appreciate it—we really do. You’re already like a brother to me—you’re part of our family.

“That being said, who the fuck do you think you are? This is my goddamn home, and no one’s gonna fucking take me away from here! Not you, not Sam, no one. I’m a grown-ass man, and if I decide I don’t want Sam or anyone else around, then I’m gonna kick out the sonofabitch my own damn self! Got it?”

“And speaking of Sam, I’m gonna make up my own goddamn mind ‘bout if he’s the right mate for me, thank you very fucking much! Yeah, he fucked up royally, but so did I—and so have you before! If it’s okay to forgive you or myself for the monumental shitstorms we’ve caused, then it’s damn sure just as alright to forgive his mistakes too, you fucking hypocrite! If he does ditch me again, you can rub the ‘I told you so’ in my damn face as much as you like. But until then, keep your fucking junkless nose outta my goddamn love life!” he roared, standing with his fists clenched and his short fangs bared.

I wanted to cheer, and not only because he defended me. Seeing my omega acting so passionately, seeing him sticking up for himself, was like seeing the old strong Dean again. This made me confident that he would mend from this and be as good, if not better, than new. I also had the sudden urge to kick the angel out and make ardent love to my brother on the spot.
Castiel meanwhile had shrunk back in the chair, looking stunned. “I—I am sorry, Dean. I did not mean to imply that you are incapable of making your own choices. I . . . I only have your best interests at heart. If you truly want to stay here and give Sam another chance, then I will respect your decision. I do hope that this works out, for your sake. But if you need my assistance for anything, you have but to call.”

Dean took a minute to get his anger under control. “I know you mean well, man. But this is my fucking decision and no one else’s.”

I stood and put an arm around the other man’s waist. “Like I told you and I told Dean, he means more than anything to me, and I’m going to spend the rest of my life cherishing him the way he deserves. I’m never going to leave him or mistreat him again. I can change my spots, and one day I will prove that to you,” I said to Cas.

“And I get that you’re pissed at Sam for my sake, and I appreciate that you’re trying to have my back. But I’d really like it if you can find a way to forgive him too. You’re the two most important people in my life, and I don’t want you at odds. He can’t help that he’s just a big dumb moose!” My brother patted the side of my face affectionately.

“Hey!” I aimed a swat at Dean’s head, which he ducked with a snicker.

The seraph gave both of us a bemused look before standing. “I understand. And I will do my best to try to get over my animosity toward your brother, though I cannot promise that it will happen soon. I should be leaving now.”

“Stay for a while, Cas,” I said. “Neither of us has seen much of you lately, and we’ve missed you. So unless the other angels need you back right away, stick around. We were about to have lunch.”

“Yeah, I’m gonna make burgers. I know you don’t need to eat, but those are still your favorite, right?” Dean asked.

“Thank you, Sam, Dean. I suppose it would not hurt to stay for a little longer.” Cas tried to hide his eagerness.

Castiel left soon after lunch, during which he had downed three of the large, juicy burgers Dean prepared. The angel had a weakness for them ever since the incident with Famine, and my omega tried to indulge him whenever he visited the Bunker. Three burgers was Cas showing some restraint—his record so far was eight of Dean’s concoctions, which were significantly bigger and more satisfying than the average fast-food crap.

We were cleaning up the kitchen afterward—or more specifically, I was cleaning, since Dean always insisted on not doing dishes if he did the cooking. Since this was a return to typical Dean-ness, as opposed to the desperately subservient behavior of before, I had no complaints. He lounged at the table and kept me company, sipping a bottle of beer. I didn’t say anything because this was his first taste of alcohol in three days, but I did plan to prevent him from resuming his earlier levels of drinking if needed.

“So Sammy, I noticed you got all sorts of excited when I told Cas to shove it up his ass,” my brother drawled as I put the last of the dishes on the drying rack. “I might not have your nose, but I always know when you get horny!”

“What can I say? Watching you being badass always revs my engine, honey,” I replied with a grin. “How are you feeling after that conversation, by the way?”
“You mean besides no longer needing to sock Cas on his goddamn nose? Relieved, I guess. I mean, I *mostly* decided to believe you’re on the up-and-up on my own. But there was still that little fucking voice, y’know, trying to tell me that this is all an act, that you don’t really want me, that I ain’t good enough for you, all that sorta shit. What Cas said ‘bout you being sincere shut the damn voice up most of the way though.”

“Only most of the way? Is there something more I need to do?” I asked worriedly.

“Nah, it ain’t *you*, dude. It’s just . . . well, a lifetime of self-esteem issues ain’t exactly easy to get rid of,” he said, shrugging self-deprecatingly. “I had those kinda doubts even when things were great between us.”

“As long as you know that they aren’t true, baby, we can work on your sense of self-worth together. And listen, I understand Cas’ reservations about me, given how I’ve behaved in the past. I also recognize that it’ll take time before you can truly trust my intentions or feel confident that I’m not going to backslide. But I *am* serious about changing, and I’m willing to work as long as it takes to earn back your belief in me,” I responded.

“I know you mean what you’re saying, kiddo, and I’m gonna give you all the time you need to prove yourself.” My omega walked over and put his arms around my waist. “Getting mad at the winged dumbass did feel kinda good. I’ve been stuck in this depressed fog for so long, and the anger felt . . . I dunno, refreshing?

“I think it helped clear my head a bit. Made me remember this *is* the first real home I’ve had in thirty years, and I ain’t giving that up. Or giving up on *me* either. Even if things don’t work out between us, I hafta always keep fighting.”

“I am so incredibly glad to hear you say that, love! No matter what happens, you should *never* feel like you don’t belong here, or that hurting yourself is the only answer.” I hugged him tightly before asking, “What do you want to do now?”

“I wanna go *out,*” was the prompt reply. “Now that Cas has topped me off, there ain’t a reason to stay inside all fucking day, right? I dunno ‘bout you, but the walls are starting to close in. All work and no play makes Dean a dull boy!”

“Yeah, okay.” I paused in thought. “I’ve got to look up a few things in the library first though. Why don’t you kill an hour or two in the garage, Dee? I’m sure the Impala wouldn’t mind some attention. Then we can head out.”

Dean beamed at me and smelled pleased. “That’s an awesome idea, Sammy! I don’t want my Baby to think I don’t love her all of a sudden. Come get me when you’re done with your research.”

He quickly finished his beer and tossed the bottle in the trash, then grabbed a can of Coke from the fridge and left, whistling. I smiled, both at the choice of soda over more beer and at his assumption. I could tell that he thought I was going to look up things for a case.

I figured Dean was thinking of a casual evening out, like going to a diner or bar nearby. But since he was recovering so well, I wanted to do something special. It was my fervent hope that we were finally ready to become mates again, and if so I wanted the perfect setting for such an important occasion. And even if that didn’t happen yet, my lover still deserved a memorable outing.

I retired to the library and fired up my laptop. After some searching, I realized this would need to turn into at least an overnight affair. The Bunker’s location near Lebanon, Kansas was ideal for staying unnoticed, but it wasn’t very conducive to indulging in the finer amenities. We’d have to go
further afield to find what I was looking for, which ruled out merely an evening on the town.

After making the necessary arrangements, I went to our room and packed bags for the both of us. I then pulled Dean away from the Impala and sent him off to get cleaned and changed. I was sorely tempted to join him in the shower but knew that doing so would seriously delay or even derail my plans. Instead I stowed the bags in the car’s trunk and grabbed some snacks and drinks for the road.

My brother soon emerged, hair still damp, dressed in his usual jeans, plain t-shirt, and flannel over-shirt, and looking puzzled. “You put all my shit back, right? I can’t find some of my clothes. You doing laundry or something?”

“Or something,” I agreed. “I assume you want to drive?”

“Damn right I’m gonna drive!” He looked indignant at the idea of giving me the keys.

“Alright, then set a course for Omaha,” I told him.

“Nebraska? I thought we’re just going into town for something to eat, maybe see a movie or hit a bar after. Not go on Sam and Dean’s excellent adventure?” He eyed me curiously.

“Plans have changed. Just trust me.”

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter to go! We’ll have to see what Sam has in store for his brother in Omaha . . .

This story is complete, and the last chapter will be posted next week at around this time. Constructive criticism is always welcome, and comments and kudos are highly appreciated. :)
The boys go to Omaha for a romantic getaway . . .

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Dean spent most of the three-hour drive trying to wheedle the nature of my plans out of me, using all of the tricks in his considerable playbook that wouldn’t get us wrapped around a telephone pole. I managed to stay firm despite his threats, offers, wiles, and even his version of the puppy-dog face—those big green eyes could be just as deadly as my dimples! When we reached Omaha, I simply gave him the street address of our hotel.

As we pulled in front of the large Italianate building, he stared wide-eyed at the stately stone façade. “Dude, is this like the Ritz-Carlton or something?”

“No, it’s called the Magnolia Hotel. So get this—it was built in the 1920’s to mimic a palace in Florence, Italy, and it’s on the national historic registry,” I replied.

“Are we gonna hafta sell a kidney to afford to stay here? ‘Cause this is your idea, so it should be you ending up in the bathtub full of ice!”

I laughed. “It’s not quite as ridiculously expensive as it looks, though it is a big step up from our usual crappy motels! I’ve got some cash saved up from the last few pool and card games I hustled, and I picked up a couple fresh credit cards recently too. So don’t worry about the costs for anything on this trip. Just enjoy it!”

We got out and unloaded our bags, and I ignored my brother’s blatant attempt to intimidate the valet driver as he handed over the Impala’s keys. We checked in and went up to our suite, which was designed like a small apartment, with a separate living room, small kitchenette area, spacious bedroom, and a well-appointed bathroom.

Dean checked out the view of the courtyard from the windows, examined the soaker tub in the bathroom, and bounced on the plush king bed, grinning widely. “These are some nice fucking digs, Sammy!”

I smiled indulgently at my omega as I set my laptop up on the desk. “Glad you like it, sweetheart! We’ve got the room for three nights, though we can extend our stay if we want. We should unpack, then we’ve got about an hour to relax before our dinner reservations. Got to go to a steakhouse while we’re in Omaha, right?”

We went to the Drover Restaurant, where we both enjoyed their famous whiskey steaks and locally-brewed Lucky Bucket beer. Dean was almost as excited when we discovered the free cookie buffet on our return to the hotel. By the time we reached our room, he was running out of steam—Cas had said he still needed to rest—so we simply cuddled and made out for a bit before falling asleep.

After the complimentary hot breakfast the next morning, at which my brother tried to eat his own
weight in eggs, bacon, and pancakes, we decided to go to the Henry Doorly Zoo and Aquarium. I remembered the wistful looks when we couldn’t afford to join class trips to places like the zoo as kids, and of course Dad never wasted the resources to take us on his own. Dean’s favorites, unsurprisingly, were the big cat exhibits, while I was enthralled with the aquarium (though he squealed far louder than I did at the sea otters).

Our next stop was the Heartland of America Park, where we took a sunset gondola cruise on Conagra Lake. He predictably made some cracks about my sappiness at setting this up, to which I merely smiled secretively. And said nothing when he got misty-eyed halfway through at the lovely view and romantic atmosphere, just held him closely and kissed the dampness from his cheeks.

We then returned to the hotel to change into nicer clothes before our dinner reservations. This time we dined at an upscale Italian restaurant called Spezia, where we sat out on the patio. We shared a plate of spicy calamari, and then he had the pork chops and I the gnocchi. My brother surprised me by ordering a bottle of moscato to go with our meal and by restricting himself to only a couple of glasses.

Nevertheless, we were both mildly tipsy by the time we got back to the Magnolia, and we giggled and kissed happily in the elevator. I let Dean open the door to our suite, and he froze in surprise two steps in. A trail of red rose petals led from the door, through the living room, and up to the bed, which was turned down and strewn with more petals. Resting on a tray next to the bed were an ice bucket holding a bottle of champagne, two crystal flutes, and a plate of chocolate-covered strawberries. Candles were lit on nearly every surface in each room, and soft music played in the background.

My omega remained silent as I led him through the suite and pushed open the door to the bathroom. Inside were more candles and rose petals, and the tub was filled with steaming water laced with aromatic oils. His wide eyes glimmered as he took everything in and looked up at me.

I smiled at his stupefaction before unbuttoning his dress shirt. “The hotel has all sorts of packages to liven up their guests’ visit. I asked them to prepare the room while we were at the restaurant. Do you like it, baby?”

He had to moisten his full lips before he could respond. “It’s . . . it’s awesome, Sammy! I’ve never . . . No one’s ever done anything like this for me before!”

“I know, and I’m sorry for that. I took you and our relationship for granted for too long, even when everything was good. But I’m going to be a better mate now. You deserve this and more.” I kissed him slowly.

I slid his shirt off his shoulders and let it slip to the floor, then worked on the fastenings of his slacks. Dean in turn undid my belt, pulled my shirt out of my pants, and slid his hands underneath to caress my chest. I pushed his pants and boxer-briefs down and then quickly unbuttoned my own shirt and took it off while he stepped away from his pooled clothing. I dropped my pants and boxers and watched as he stretched sensuously.

I stepped into the tub first and sank into the water, hissing slightly at the heat, and then beckoned to my lover. He took my hand and settled down gracefully in front of me, his sturdy back leaning against my chest and his pert ass pressing against my groin.

He smirked up at me as my cock almost instantly hardened. “Is that a gun in your pocket, dude, or are you just happy to see me?”

I groaned as he intentionally rubbed against my member. “This is supposed to be romantic,
“D’ya want me to stop then?” Dean asked archly.

I growled and captured his lips with mine. I initially kissed him fiercely but slowed down when his mouth softened and opened underneath mine. We exchanged tender kisses, and I ran my hands up and down his chest.

After a couple minutes, he pulled his head away and rested it on my shoulder with a contented sigh. “This water smells like pie,” he commented.

I took a whiff of the aroma rising off the water, hints of apple, cinnamon, and nutmeg. I then buried my nose in my omega’s neck and smelled similarly sweet notes layered under the scent of leather, gunpowder, and motor oil. “Mmm, smells kind of like you too. Do you like it? I asked the staff to put in something like this. I figured you wouldn’t care for the floral stuff they normally use.”

“Hey, you know I love anything associated with pie! Though this better not turn into some kinda weird food kink, man.”

“I don’t know, eating pie off of you could be hot—licking fruit and crust off your stomach, rubbing ice cream on your nipples, having warm filling in my mouth as I suck your cock . . .”

Dean moaned at the thought, and his scent spiked with arousal. He turned around and shifted until he was straddling my legs and swiftly sank down on my cock. Once I was fully sheathed inside his tight channel, he reached up and kissed me passionately. With our lips still locked, he placed his hands on my shoulders and started rising up and sliding down on my cock, his velvety inner walls squeezing repeatedly around me.

Water splashed over the rim of the tub as I gripped his lean hips and began thrusting up into him in time with his downward movements. He mewled as each stroke grazed his prostrate and rode me faster. He dropped his head back when I growled and pounded into him vigorously, and he soon came with a shout. Feeling him clamp down on my member pushed me over the edge, and I ejaculated deep into his passage a moment later.

He collapsed limply against my chest, panting loudly. I wrapped my arms around the smaller man, stood, and stepped out of the tub. Still buried inside him, I sat on the edge of the dais around the bathtub and dried both of us off with a large, soft towel, then carried him into the bedroom. He stirred when my shaft slipped out of him and gave me a blissed-out smile as I laid him back on the petal-covered bed, smelling of satisfaction.

I poured champagne into the flutes and pressed one to his lush pink lips. “Are you happy, love?”

My brother took a sip and curled his fingers around the stem of the glass. “Yeah, baby boy. Today—the past coupla days—have been awesome! I almost wanna pinch myself sometimes, make sure I ain’t dreaming.”

I leaned down to kiss him deeply and then sat back, picked a chocolate-covered strawberry off the plate, and held it to his mouth. After eating it, he took another one, set his teeth halfway into the base, and looked at me expectantly. I laughed before taking the offered morsel, our lips brushing as I bit down, and then sipping from his glass. We continued feeding each other the sticky fruit and bubbly wine until only a pile of stems and leaves remained on the plate and the bottle was more than half-empty.

I bent down to lick the remnants of chocolate from Dean’s sinful lips and then stretched out beside
him. He carded fingers through my hair as I peppered kisses down the column of his throat and mouthed along his clavicle, while my hands stroked the firm muscles of his abdomen. His fingers tightened as I moved down and sucked at first one nipple and then the other, while my hands slid southward to fondle his cock.

When I tried to slip my hand between his legs, however, he caught my wrist. His eyes were resolute when I lifted my head from his chest to meet them, and his scent was full of love. “Wait a second, Sammy. I need to tell you something first.

“I . . . I wanna be your mate again. And before you ask, yes, I’m sure. I know it’s only been a few days, and maybe this is going too fast—I dunno. I know we both got a lot to work on still. But I never stopped wanting you or loving you this whole damn time, and there ain’t anyone else I’d ever want as my mate. I just wasn’t sure before if you still wanted me after everything. I know now though, and I’m ready to take that last step. Whaddya say?” His eyes were now vulnerable and hopeful.

Tears started to swim in my eyes, and I had to bite my lip for a moment to stay in control. I gave my lover a long kiss before replying. “Of course, my answer is yes! I love you so much, baby, and I’ve missed being mated to you ever since I realized how badly I screwed everything up! I . . . I was hoping you might be willing to take me back, so I set all this up so that everything would be as perfect as possible in case you were. I want to make up for how horrible that first mating was.”

He smiled up at me. “I get that, and I appreciate you trying to fix things. I know how down on yourself you’ve been the past few days. I gotta admit, I hate how you behaved before, and I never wanna go through anything like that again! It’s—it’s gonna take time before I can completely get over what happened. But you did have a right to be angry with me for how I handled things, and you’ve been doing your best to make up for what you did. So I—I forgive you, and I want you to forgive yourself too.”

I dropped my head. “I—I’m not sure how easy it’ll be to forgive myself, Dee, even though you want me to. I let myself overlook my responsibility to you as your alpha, and I can’t just let that go! I mustn’t ever forget that I almost lost you through my carelessness, and that I should never take how important you are to me lightly. I’ll always be grateful that you’re giving me this second chance, even though I don’t entirely deserve it yet. I know I still have a long way to go before I’ve truly earned absolution.”

Dean sat up and caught my face between his hands. “I ain’t telling you to overlook what happened, but don’t fucking hate yourself for it, kiddo! Remember what you did—what we both did—wrong and learn from it, but don’t let it eat at your soul. You’re a better man than you realize. You’re strong, brave, passionate, gentle, and so caring. You’re the man I love, and I ain’t ever gonna give up on you, baby brother.”

I buried my face in my big brother’s shoulder and began to sob. He wrapped his arms around me and rocked me, stroking my hair and humming Hey Jude softly. This made me cry harder, emphasizing how little I deserved this man. Barely four days ago he’d slit his own wrists, thinking to free me to seek a better mate, and now he was comforting me. He was the one who ought to find a worthier alpha, but I was too selfish to let him go as long as he still wanted me. The best I could do was try to live up to his expectations and be the mate he should’ve had all along.

I eventually managed to stop my tears and ducked into the bathroom to wash my face. I sat back on the bed, refilled my champagne flute, and swiftly downed half its contents. “Sorry about that, man. This is supposed to be a happy occasion, and I’m blubbering away! I guess I really am a big girl!”

“’Sokay. C’mere, darling,” my omega said with a soft look.
He tugged me down to lie beside him and rolled on top of me. He kissed me gently several times before abruptly sliding down until he was between my legs. He stroked my cock for a moment and then licked long stripes from the base to the head until I hardened again. I gasped as he swallowed my length down, sucking and swirling his tongue around my shaft.

“Oh God, that’s incredible,” I groaned after a couple minutes of being enveloped by his talented mouth.

He hummed briefly, then pulled off and grinned up at me. “Feeling better now, Sammy?”

Before I could reply, Dean got up on his hands and knees facing away from me, dropping his head to rest on his hands and curving his lean back in a graceful arch. I shifted onto my knees as well and positioned myself behind him. I spread his round buttocks with my hands and ran my tongue down his crack to the pink furl of his entrance. I lapped at the slick seeping out before pushing my tongue into his hole.

I thrust it in and out a few times until he groaned, “Come on, dude! Gimme your cock! Need you to fuck me!”

I straightened and lubed up the head of my cock with the slick dripping onto his perineum, then sank into his hot passage. He sighed as I buried myself fully in his depths and pushed back against me. I grasped his narrow hips and began gliding in and out of him with long, slow strokes, then gradually picked up speed. He rocked back and flexed his tight channel around my shaft, matching my pace. Soon I was plunging into him vigorously and listening to my lover cry out each time I hit his prostate.

“Yeah, take it, take all of me!” I growled. “Are you going to cum just on my cock, Dee? Tell me how much you love it!”

“Lo—love you, Sammy, ahh, love your cock! Don—don’t stop,” he babbled as he arched his back further and dug his fingers into the sheets. “Need it, need your cock s—so much! Ahh, I’m gonna . . . I’m gonna—”

I heard his breathing start to stutter and knew my brother was moments away from climaxing. I snapped my hips forward once, then twice, driving deep into his passage, and let my fangs lengthen. As his inner walls clamped around me, heralding the beginning of his orgasm, I grabbed his shoulders and suddenly pulled him up so that his back was pressed against my chest.

The moment I surged into him and started to cum, Dean dropped his head forward to expose his nape. I immediately bit down, fitting my teeth over the old scar and obliterating it as they broke through his skin. I sucked at the wound, swallowing his blood while pulsing my seed inside him. We both shouted in ecstasy as the bond flared into life. I felt a surge of almost overwhelming emotion from the other man—love, happiness, desire—and wrapped an arm around his waist in a tight embrace. My lover, my mate, shuddered as he experienced the same from me and wept in joy.

Still lapping at the wound, I bent him over and continued to pound into his quivering channel, supporting our weight with my other arm. After so long, I needed to make love to my omega, my mate, while connected once again through our bond. He gasped as our mingled arousal grew and dropped his hands down to the bed to help prop us up.

I kept riding him hard, slamming my pelvis into his ass. He keened and squeezed around my cock as each stroke brushed his sweet spot. Our pleasure fed into each other, spiraling higher and higher as my brother, my mate, and I moved together. He jolted when I shifted the hand on his waist and
started to stroke his member. The added sensation pushed him over the edge, which pulled me along too.

We collapsed back on the bed, both of us shaking not only from the nearly simultaneous orgasms but also from the combined rush of feelings. I cradled him against my chest and examined the fresh mating mark. The wound was no longer bleeding, the clotting factors in my saliva having done their work.

I kissed my mate repeatedly. “Thank you, thank you, thank you! You’ve made me so happy today, sweetheart! You won’t regret this, I promise!”

Dean returned my kisses just as fervently. “Love you so much, baby! This has been the awesomest day ever! I never wanna give this up!”

“You won’t ever have to, Dee. I’m going to devote the rest of my life to continuing to make you feel cherished and adored. Tonight is a new beginning!” I gazed at him blissfully, basking in the devotion and elation I could once again feel as well as smell from him.

He smiled contentedly and closed his eyes. I continued to hold him tenderly as he drifted off to sleep. I still had a lot to do, a lot to make up for, before he could fully trust me or I could truly forgive myself. But as long as I had my mate in my arms, in my heart, in my life, everything would be alright.

Chapter End Notes

And that's a wrap! I hope you all enjoyed this story and how it ended. :)  

Please note that I have never been to Omaha, so everything described in this chapter is the result of Google-fu or my imagination. The hotel the boys stayed at is here (http://magnoliahotels.com/omaha/). They really do have a cookie bar and a "Love is in the Air" package.

Unlike the first plot bunny that attacked me, this is going to stay a stand-alone story. I do have ideas for some other A/B/O fics, but I don't know when they'll be written. In the meantime, I have another series here on AO3 called The Monster That You Know (http://archiveofourown.org/series/642743). It's not A/B/O but does have some of the same elements. The basic premise is that the Dean that we know is secretly a shapeshifter (NOT the one from 1.06 Skin). In the first story, Sam finds out, Wincest eventually ensues, and things go on from there. Parts 1-3 are complete, and Part 4 is in progress. Please check it out if you're interested.

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