### Family Size

by GlassRoom

**Summary**

The Winchester Pack faces some expansion.
Rated explicit for later chapters.

I’m also on Tumblr at houseofglass.tumblr.com where there is a button on my profile page.
You know what I mean ;) Come over? Say hi? Stay for coffee?
Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Cas' bladder pulled him out of sleep. Unlike his mates, he never fully woke up in the middle of the night. Usually he'd stumble to the bathroom and back without ever being completely aware of what he was doing. Tonight was no different, until his eye caught the open door across from their bedroom.


A heavy sigh fell out of his lungs as he turned back to their room. He'd promised Dean there would be no pressure to have pups, and there wasn't. Cas was content to live his life with his mates. As long as the three of them were together he was satisfied. But the desire to have a baby was getting difficult to ignore. At home he shoved the thoughts away quickly. It was only at work, far enough away from the channels, that he truly indulged himself in thinking what their lives would be like with a tiny Winchester livening up the bunker.

Cas hovered in the doorway of their bedroom. While he watched, Dean shifted and Sam tightened his hold on his brother, neither waking in the process. The sheet had slipped down and Dean's shirt ridden up slightly, just enough for Cas to see the slash of exposed belly. Flat but soft belly. A belly ready for a pup.

He shook his head gently, trying to dislodge the baby thoughts. A conversation would need to happen soon so he could put all this firmly behind him and move on if Dean didn't want pups. If he did, then Cas could allow himself more latitude on his imaginings. Until then he did what he'd been doing since finding out about Dean's miscarriage: locked the thoughts away from his mates.

He crawled into bed, planted a soft kiss on each mate, and fell asleep with images of pups crowding his dreams.

That morning, freshly showered and dressed, Dean stared at the blister packet of pills in Sam's hand. He was halfway through the packet, but it was probably the last one. Maybe. If his mates still wanted children. Their channels were suspiciously empty of baby thoughts – Dean checked regularly – but he figured the silence was because Cas had promised not to pressure him at all. Somehow, the silence weighed more than words.

Sam pushed the pills out of their packaging with ease. “Open up,” he said to his brother.

Dean did and swallowed both the heat suppressant and birth control dry. “Are we...gonna...y'know....”

“No Dean,” Sam said. “I don't know. Try complete sentences.”

“Bitch.”

“Jerk.”

“Enough!” Cas took a calming breath. It was far too early in the day for squabbling. “Dean? What do you mean?”
“I mean is that the last birth control packet? Are we gonna start trying?”

Hope crashed through Cas so hard he almost didn't have time to squash or mask it from his mates. All three eyed each other, nobody willing to answer. “Why don't we make some coffee while we think about how we feel,” Cas suggested and motioned to the door.

Sam led the way, grabbing the carafe when he got to the kitchen. While Sam filled it, Dean checked the meal plan and started on the scrambled eggs. Once breakfast was on the table, Cas broke the silence. “It's been five months since we agreed to talk about having children. I, for one, definitely want to begin trying as soon as both of you feel ready.”

“Me too,” Sam agreed.

“Yeah, I, yeah. Me too,” Dean said.

“We are in agreement then,” Cas said. “Sam? You had some stress about wanting to be pregnant. Is that stress still there?”

Sam's eyebrows shot up, surprised Cas would ask in front of Dean. “Some, yeah.” His hand brushed over his flat stomach before dropping it on Dean's knee. “But I know I'll never be pregnant, so it's not like it's new. Before the virus I couldn't ever have a child, and I can't now.” The strange thing was, before the virus he hadn't ever considered being pregnant. It simply wasn't an issue then. Now, well now if he'd presented as Omega he could have pups. But that wasn't the way the world went. “But I can't be sure, sorry,” he whispered.

“No need to apologize,” Cas soothed. “Please remember to come to me with any issues before they become damaging.”

Sam nodded, gave Dean's knee a squeeze, and ate his eggs.

Cas decided Dean was to finish this month's prescription, arguing it would be hard on his body to suddenly stop. They had all agreed, but each day Dean became a bit more tense. Now there were only five pills left and Dean was developing a permanent crease between his eyebrows. “Dean? Are you having second thoughts?” Cas asked as Sam gave his brother the pills for the day.

“What? No, 'course not.” Dean frowned harder, feeling the pills scrape down his throat and land in his stomach like a lead weight. “Why? Are you?”

“No. Dean, you're very tense. Will you tell us why?”

“I'm not tense.”

Sam selected a bitchface and displayed it to Dean. “Yes, you are. It's all right, I'm nervous too. Being a father is a huge responsibility. If you don't want to tell us what's wrong that's okay, but if you don't tell us we can't help.”

Dean flicked his eyes between his mates. He thought he'd been hiding how frightened he was about getting pregnant. Clearly he'd failed. Since both mates seemed to be expecting an answer, he said the first thing that came to mind. “What if I get pregnant and lose the pups?”

“Then we'll help you through it,” Cas assured him kindly. “Is that your biggest concern?”

Dean opened his mouth to say it was, but different words fell out. “What if I can't get pregnant at
all? What if I've caused too much damage? What if I turn out like my dad? What if Sam gets too upset?” He choked on his words and took a step away from his brother, disgusted with himself for even thinking it much less saying it out loud. They'd talked about children extensively and Sam was open with his envy of Dean's ability to carry children. Sam had also assured them he would be happy to be a dad.

“How about,” Cas said, gently pulling Dean into a hug, “we take things one step at a time. First, finish your prescription. Second, we try. Everything else can be dealt with as it comes.”

“Even the bad stuff,” Sam agreed, taking a turn at hugging Dean. “We've been through some shit and ended up here, together. We'll figure this out too.”

Dean melted into each man's arms, wishing he could be as calm as them.
Nesting

Chapter Summary

Sam and Cas have a surprise for Dean, something to help him drain the stress away.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sam gave Dean his morning cuddle in the kitchen then waited in the truck for Cas. The cuddles had become a bit more frequent since they all decided to try for pups, but Sam didn't mind. Any excuse to hold Dean close was acceptable. He also hoped the morning cuddles before or after breakfast would help Dean feel a bit more relaxed and secure. He had another idea, something he thought Dean might respond well to, but he needed to talk to Cas first.

Speak of the devil, Sam thought when Cas entered the garage. They'd been carpooling for a while now, Cas adjusting his schedule to match Sam's, but Sam always drove. Sometimes they took the Impala, but usually the truck, just in case Dean wanted to run out for something.

Cas slid into the passenger seat. “Dean has been tense,” he said without preamble. “I want to help him but I'm unsure of what to do.”

“Yeah,” Sam agreed, pleased that he had an opening to help his Alpha. “He's been getting more and more stressed, probably about pregnancy. I know something that might help. It's expensive, but from what I've read it's worth it.” He went on to explain and they agreed to purchase the item after work.

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Dean stared at the text from Sam. On our way home with a gift. Pls wait in the garden. He shot off a quick k, used the washroom, and went to the garden. It was just as well, he wanted to walk the fence anyway.

Dean had done some renovations to the bunker while he healed from his miscarriage. The first was the shower, ripping down three stalls to make one huge stall. It had several shower heads, a ledge for sitting, and stones instead of tiles. The stone retained heat, prompting Dean to stretch out on the ledge and let the water rain on him when he was tense. If he positioned himself just right, it was remarkably enjoyable.

Next they'd installed a seven foot fence around the entire property and put in a brick fire pit. Many soft summer evenings were spent sitting around the fire and watching the sun dip down, relaxed and happy the fires weren't from burning bodies or mementos. The fence had become Dean's walking route when he had a lot on his mind. He could get far enough away from his mates to let his feelings run wild and loose without having to block his channels. It worked well when he wanted his pack close but not too close.

As he walked he examined the yard, mentally adding the playground they'd install later. They had talked about it and decided what equipment to purchase, but all of them wanted to wait until a pup was actually here before installing anything.
After two complete circuits of the fence line, Dean stopped at the garden to admire their work. Last year's harvest was quite good, so they doubled the vegetable garden and added more fruit bearing bushes along with Cas' flowers. He never would have thought he'd be a gardener, but it turned out he liked weeding and watching the plants grow. An added bonus was the way Sam's face lit up when Dean cooked with the fresh vegetables.

He lifted his head, scenting Cas at the same time as hearing the door open. “Hey Cas, all done with your secret project?”

Cas smiled and hugged Dean from behind, feeling the tension in Dean. He didn't like hiding things from Dean but he really wanted this to be a surprise. “Yes, we are all done. Will you come inside?”

Dean turned in Cas' arms and kissed him. “Is it a good surprise?” he whispered, hoping for the best.

In that moment, Cas wanted to go back in time and destroy whomever taught Dean surprises were generally bad. “Yes,” he confirmed, squeezing his mate. “Come and see.”

Sam was waiting by the door next to their bedroom door. As Dean got closer, Sam opened his arms and wrapped them around his brother. “Hope you like it,” he murmured, dipping his head to kiss Dean a little.

While Dean was still confused, he definitely did not mind kisses. Sam pulled away a bit sooner than Dean would have liked, but before that could become a full thought Sam gave him a little push into the bedroom.

It took Dean a moment to figure out what he was seeing. Cas and Sam had cleared the junk out of the room and there, in the middle of the floor, was a nest.

Not one built of pillows or of blankets, but an actual nest big enough to fit the three of them comfortably. The outside rim was made of wood, stacked to resemble sticks and attached to the circular frame with a ledge on top. Inside was filled with stuffed eggs of varying sizes and colours, the largest two were big enough to use as beanbag seats and outside the nest, the smallest were the size of cats.

Dean wasn't aware of walking over to it until his knee bumped the top edge. “Is this...” he trailed off as he bent down to pick up a small pink egg. One squeeze and a moan slipped out of his lungs. Something about the soft, fuzzy fabric and squishy beads inside made it extremely satisfying to clutch.

Cas placed a hand on the small of Dean's back. “Try it out,” he encouraged.

Cas was barely done speaking when Dean toed off his boots and got one foot inside. The lining was padded and soft, practically demanding to be sat on so he did while moaning softly. As he settled into the nest the eggs moved and pressed against him, giving him much needed contact in a soft manner. Another egg ended up in his hands before he remembered he wasn't alone in the room.

“This is yours,” Cas said as he crouched down, “Sam and I have already talked about it. Any rules or conditions you place on it are welcome.”

“Do you like it?” Sam asked, settling into a large egg outside the nest.

A tear slipped out, which confused Dean because he was happy, not sad. “Yeah. I do. Thank you,” he breathed, kneading the eggs in his hands, considering what rules he'd like to impose. He knew immediately what he wanted. Everything in his life was shared, but he felt deeply territorial about
this. He tried to find the least offensive words to use, ending up going for honesty. “I don't want you inside unless I ask. Please.”

“Of course,” Cas agreed with a smile, sitting back into the other large egg. “That's one reason for the large ones. This way we can sit in the room with you when you want company. You can also close the door for more privacy or ask us to leave when you want to be alone. Neither of us will step inside the nest without your explicit permission.”

“The whole thing is washable,” Sam added. “The lining comes out and each egg's cover comes off.”

Dean dropped one egg and turned the other over in his hands until he found the hidden zipper, sewn so the teeth wouldn't graze skin. He couldn't even begin to figure out how to thank them, so he sent as much uncensored emotion through both channels as he could while stifling a yawn.

Cas' chest puffed up with pride that Dean liked his gift and wanted to make it his and his alone.

Sam smiled and sent Dean a bundle of love while watching him arrange a couple of eggs near him. All the research he'd done indicated Omegas needed a safe, warm, soft spot where they could rest away from the noise and harshness of the world. The nests were new on the market and were receiving excellent reviews from both Omegas and Alphas. One of the professors at the university had raved about how well mannered her Omega was after buying one, which initiated Sam's research on them. While he didn't think Dean needed to be well mannered, not exactly, he knew Dean needed something and making partial nests of blankets and pillows was no longer sufficient.

Cas released a tiny amount of protection scent and felt Dean respond positively to it. “You need some rest. Here, we have blankets for you as well.” He reached over to a cabinet and pulled two of the softest blankets out. Rather than tuck Dean in, he simply gave him the blankets so he could fit them where he wanted around the eggs.

Dean stretched his arms out, asking for hugs which he received with enthusiasm, and thanked them individually. He didn't notice them leave and didn't care if the door was open or closed. Instead, he arranged the eggs so they cushioned him nicely, tugged a blanket over himself, and kneaded a small egg until he fell asleep.

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Dean loved his nest to the point where he spent most of his time inside it. If he wasn't planting or cooking or cleaning, he was in the nest. All his research was done in the nest as well. He learned quickly to assemble a list of books he'd need so he only had to make one trip to the library before sinking back into the eggs to find what the hunters needed. The only times he wasn't in the nest was when his mates were home. Mostly. He still retreated to his nest sometimes. At first he felt he needed to justify the time in it while Cas or Sam was home, but he soon realized they were okay with it and even encouraged it if they sensed he was needing a different kind of comfort.

So it shouldn't have surprised Dean the first time he left his nest to make dinner for his mates and discovered his hands were full of a small egg. Deeply embarrassed for carrying one around the bunker, he plopped it back where it belonged before Sam or Cas could see him clutching it like a child with a blankie.

The second time, Cas caught him.

Cas wasn't surprised at all. Charlie and Gilda also bought a nest to share and told him about how they would discover they were squeezing an egg outside the nest without knowing it. The feeling
of the beads inside calmed all Omegas, scientists saying something about tactile comfort.

Sam had been in the kitchen getting some beer for movie night while Cas loaded Netflix on the large TV in the common room. Dean had just come back from the washroom with a purple egg in his hands. Cas saw it, met Dean's eye, and opened his arm to indicate Dean should snuggle in the center of the couch.

Dean approached with flaming cheeks. On his way back from the washroom he'd intended to grab the stack of books to put away. As it turned out, his hands clearly did not do as ordered. “I uh...I should put this.....um, back,” he said.

“Or you could keep it with you,” Cas suggested kindly. Dean muttered something Cas couldn't quite hear. “What was that?”

“It's stupid,” he said, slightly louder. “I'm not a child. Don't need a toy.”

“It's not a toy,” Sam said as he handed over a beer and sat down. “It's an egg. And they're everywhere now.”

Dean sat in the middle of the couch and let Cas pull him close. Sam moved in closer as well, helping Dean feel wonderfully safe. “What do you mean?”

“Students open their bags and I can see the egg poking out. Some even bring it out and keep it on their laps in class. Some profs demand they keep them at home, but I don't. Squeezing them helps keep the Omegas calm in class, especially around exam time.” Sam took a swig of beer. “Some Betas have them too, but it's rare.”

“Really? Betas?” Cas asked.

“Yeah. I'll bet there's Alphas out there who squeeze them too and don't admit it,” Sam said with a smile.

Cas chuckled. He could see the allure but he'd rather hold Dean or Sam.

They watched two movies, Dean rhythmically squeezing the egg the whole time.

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Dean startled out of sleep harder than usual, knocking into Sam by accident.

“What's up?” Sam mumbled, squinting in the low light to see why Dean woke him.

“Bad dream. Go back to sleep.”

Sam hummed and moved in, curling against Dean's back. “Wanna talk 'bout it?”

Dean mumbled a 'no' and tried to get comfortable. Sam was wonderful, so was Cas, but his arms were empty. He'd dreamt of people stealing his pups right out of his arms and woke aching to hold a baby.

Cas blinked awake, unsure what brought him out of sleep. One glance at Sam cuddling Dean made him feel better – his mates were safe – but the determined look on Dean's face was concerning. It appeared as though he was trying to sleep by sheer force of will. Without saying anything, Cas got up, used the washroom, and came back to bed with a small egg. After crawling back in he pressed the egg into Dean's arms.
Dean's eyes jerked open to see Cas, tender and sleep rumpled, pushing an egg to his chest.
“Thanks,” he said barely audibly, immediately cradling the egg in his arms as best he could while lying on his side. His fingers pressed into the egg's surface, not quite squeezing, not quite petting, just feeling the soft fuzz and letting the weight of the egg pull him back to sleep.

After that there was always a small egg in bed with them.

ps: the nest idea came from this image I found online (which in turn took me a ridiculous amount of time to figure out how to upload):

And the website to find it is: HUMAN NEST

Chapter End Notes

Porn in the next chapter :)

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Sam woke, noting his morning wood was eager for some attention. Dean was usually the first one up but when Sam checked he was still asleep, as was Cas. He rolled over into Dean, tucking himself around his brother and within grasp of Cas, who was on his side facing Dean like they'd fallen asleep mid-kiss. At first Sam kept his erection to himself, twisting his lower half away from Dean's, but that didn't last long.

Dean shifted in his sleep, clutching his egg a bit tighter and rocking his hips a little. The movement created a burst of scent to drift over to Sam's nose, intoxicating him with thick, sweet tendrils. Cas must have scented him too, going by the grunt he let out in his sleep.

“Dean,” Sam breathed, pushing his hips into his brother. When Dean didn't respond, Sam ran his hand up under Dean's shirt over the soft expanse of his side. His arm slipped around to the front, sliding up over Dean's soft belly and over to his nipple, the back of his hand bumping into the egg through the shirt. He moaned long and low at the feeling of the egg nearby. “Dean,” he whispered just before plunging his mouth on Dean's mark.

Cas woke to the sound of a moan from Sam. Dean's scent drifted over, hardening his cock. In his opinion there was no better aroma than when these two brothers were aroused by each other. What made it even better was the fact that he was the only person who was privy to this scent. He cupped himself and watched Sam for a moment while inhaling discreetly. “Are you touching your brother while he sleeps?” he rumbled, making sure to add a healthy dollop of disapproval to his voice just to get a rise out of Sam.

It worked. A cascade of shivers coursed through Sam, making him lift his mouth off Dean's mark so he could pant. “Just....”

“Just what Sam? Just touching him? Just fondling him?” Cas watched Sam buck into Dean and decided to give his mates a bit of direction. “Take your clothes off,” he commanded as he tossed the blankets back and stripped. “Now.”

Dean hovered at the edge of waking, hoping the feeling of Sam's long, hard cock was not a dream. Sam rolled away, making Dean gasp at the loss of contact. “Sammy,” he whispered, unsure what he was asking for. He squeezed his egg a bit and cracked open his eyes in time to see Cas lean over him.

Sam stripped, sucking in a breath when he pulled his pants off and Cas reached over Dean to stroke him. “Cas,” he gasped as his hips bucked up to meet Cas' hand.

Cas knelt up and shifted so he was higher up on the bed. While still fondling Sam, he poked Dean's mouth with the tip of his cock. “Open up Dean.”

Sam lifted himself up in time to see Dean open his mouth and Cas slide his cock in as far as he could without choking him. “Good boy,” Cas grunted when Dean began to suck, sending Sam's
libido through the roof. “Your brother's going to fuck you first. Then I'm going to have a turn. Let's get you ready.”

Dean was ready. More than ready. Now would be good to start the fucking. Immediately, if possible. Suddenly his pants were being tugged off, so he helped by lifting his hip for Sam while he kept suckling on Cas and squeezing the egg in his hands. He wanted his shirt off too, but didn't want Cas to pull out of his mouth.

“I think your brother wants to be filled from both ends, Sam,” Cas said as he pulled out of Dean's mouth and let go of Sam's cock. “Get his shirt off.”

Sam did with Dean's help, Dean staying on his side. As Sam was tossing it on the floor, Dean grabbed himself and started stroking while he opened his mouth as a hint for a cock.

“I did not say you could touch yourself Dean,” Cas admonished while watching Dean fuck his fist. When Dean didn't stop right away, Cas cracked his palm over his ass. “Hands on your egg.”

Dean cried out, hand flying back to the egg. He was more aroused than he'd have thought and absolutely thrilled Cas remembered he liked a bit of discipline sometimes.

Sam looked down in time to see a gush of slick exit Dean in response to Cas' hand. His cock practically moved to Dean's ass all on its own, dragging his hips with him and making him grab Dean's arm for stability. He would have slid right into his brother if Cas' hand hadn't appeared and blocked the path.

Cas slipped his cock back into Dean's waiting mouth at the same time as leaning over and palming Dean's crack. “Sam he's so wet for you,” Cas moaned. “Give me your hand. I'll show you.” When Sam's hand brushed his, Cas grabbed it and guided it over Dean's hole, using his fingers to indicate how Sam should touch him. “That's right Sam, good job, get two fingers inside, yes like that. Hear how he moans? Stay away from his prostate, that's right, let's try three now.”

Dean was clutching the egg so tightly he was surprised his fingers didn't punch holes in the fabric. He had a fleeting thought of pushing the egg against his cock – technically he wouldn't be touching himself – but he knew he'd come. Instead he sucked on Cas as best he could in between pants while Cas used Sam's hand like a dildo, thrusting it in and out of his soaked hole.

Sam felt Cas run his hand over his while he pumped in and out of Dean. His hips had a mind of their own, bucking against nothing in time with his hand.

“You are both doing so well,” Cas praised, pausing to listen to the filthy moan from Sam. “Dean? Are you ready for your brother's cock?” Dean started nodding wildly while still sucking, prompting Cas to slide out of him. “Your mouth feels too good Dean. I want to come in you, but not in your mouth. Sam. Let's get your brother into position for you.” Cas tugged Sam's hand out of Dean only to plunge his own hand into the wetness. “Roll over Dean. Present for Sam,” he whispered while he pulled on Dean's rim to indicate which way he should be moving.

Dean gasped loudly and moved so his ass was high in the air and his forehead pressing into the pillow. He hadn't been told he could let go of the egg so he pushed it to the center of his chest. This way he could reach his nipples with his thumbs while still holding the egg like he was told.

“Good job Dean, so quick to obey,” Cas cooed. “Now Sam come here.” Sam got behind Dean and grabbed his hips. “Separate his cheeks, yes Sam just like that. So good for me. You know just what I want to see. Slide your cock up and down his crack.” Cas took his hand away from Dean only to stroke Sam as he slid his shaft over Dean. “Get yourself nice and wet, that's right. Do you want to
be inside him? Do you?”

“Yes....please let me,” Sam gasped, staring at Cas' shining hand moving over him while he slipped and slid over Dean's slicked hole.

Cas positioned Sam's cock so the tip was resting at Dean's entrance. “Wait. Not yet Sam. Wait for me.” He moved his hand to Sam's ass, smearing slick over his cheek. “Push in, one long push, come on,” he urged as he pressed on Sam's ass.

Sam couldn't remember the last time he was this turned on. His whole body shook with the need to pound Dean, and gauging from Dean's trembling, he wanted it too.

“Is he milking you yet? Can you feel it?” Cas asked as he dragged his fingers down Sam's crack and cupped his balls from behind. “Oh my, you're about to come aren't you?” he murmured as he rolled them in his hand. “Start thrusting, be gentle though, I'm not letting go,” he said directly into Sam's ear.

Cas' hot breath and sticky hand were almost too much considering Dean had started to move his hips. Sam was panting so hard he didn't think he'd ever be able to catch his breath. He desperately wanted to ask Cas to keep talking but his mind couldn't think of the words to use. Dean was getting wetter, Sam's fingers were digging into Dean's ass, and Cas' hand was catching the slick and smearing it over Sam's balls as Sam tried to match Dean's thrusts without dislodging anyone.

Cas caught an image in his mind, so he brought his free hand up to Sam's chest and started cupping his pectoral like he would a breast, pinching his nipple and dragging his fingers over the mound. “So pretty,” Cas murmured in Sam's ear, too low for Dean to overhear. “And you're so wet.” He brought his fingers to Sam's hole and pushed the soaked tip inside. “I want to feel you come. I want your hot, wet walls to grab me.”

Sam stopped moving, opting to let Dean do the work while he rode the wave. When Cas started licking and sucking on his mark he knew he was done. There was no stopping it or delaying it.

Dean felt Sam thicken inside him and knew Sam was about to come so he thrust a little harder, keeping the angle so Sam wouldn't make him come too.

Cas felt Sam hovering right at the crest, ready to explode. Taking a wild risk, he put his lips up against Sam's ear and whispered in his gravelly voice, “sometimes I think about Dean making love to you, getting you wet and ready just like he did with his women, and sliding into you slowly just to hear your pretty sounds.”

Sam's body locked up and he came so hard his vision greyed out, calling out so loud his throat would be raw until lunch.

Dean had no idea what Cas did to Sam, but he felt his brother shoot up inside him so hard he was sure he felt a splash up in his tummy. It took every ounce of self control to not follow Sam over the edge. Cas hadn't told him he couldn't come, but he didn't say he could either.

“Good job,” Cas praised with a small suck to Sam's earlobe. “Coming so hard for me. Squeezing my fingers like that.” He helped Sam through the aftershocks by making his touches slower and gentler. “Thank you for warming him up for me,” Cas praised in his Alpha voice directly into Sam's ear.

Sam's whole body convulsed again as if he could come a second time. His Alpha's praise resonated deep inside him, making him feel safe, loved, and sated.
“My turn,” Cas murmured. “Do you want anything else or just to watch your brother's face when I make him come?”

“Wanna suck him off,” Sam rushed out, carefully backing up out of Dean.

Cas moved with Sam so when Sam was out, Cas was already pressing his tip into Dean. “Do you hear that Dean? Your brother wants to suck you off.” He pushed in and wrapped a strong arm around Dean's lower rib cage as Sam positioned his mouth in front of Dean's cock.

Dean was barely hanging on. Sam felt incredible the way he trembled and shook inside him after coming. Then when Sam pulled out and Cas nudged his hole with his thick cock Dean was certain it was going to be over for him. “Please,” he panted, letting himself be lifted to kneeling with his back pressed against Cas. “Please Sam, please,” he begged quietly as he squeezed the life out of the egg in his hands.

Sam stared at Dean's hands, wondering why the egg turned him on like this, and decided it made Dean look more vulnerable and scent sweeter...and it was awesome. Without saying anything he took in as much of his brother's cock as he could in one go.

Dean almost screamed. Cas started moving in shallow thrusts while Sam worked him like he was being paid for it. “I can't...Cas...gonna...”

“I know,” Cas said tightly, “you feel so good, I can't last either. So hot. Wet. Dean. Can't.” He made the mistake of looking over Dean's shoulder to see Sam's eyelids fluttering while he drew his mouth up Dean's length. The image was too much. His knot inflated and he pushed into Dean as deeply as he could, pouring into him with a cry.

The instant Dean felt Cas' knot in him his rim snapped down and he came, hard, shooting down Sam's throat with no warning. Luckily, Sam seemed to like it. Cas ground into him for a while, spurting more each time his knot was pulled by Dean's tight rim, until he felt Dean wince. Very carefully, Cas helped Dean lie on his side and get comfortable. Sam tugged the blanket up over them and snuggled closer to Dean, who was already sighing happily in his post-coital cuddle.

“Good morning,” Cas murmured when Dean was fully relaxed.

“Fuck yes,” Dean said at the same time as Sam said, “hell yeah.”

Dean pressed back into Cas while making sure he could still reach Sam. This had become his favourite cuddling position lately: Cas locked in behind him and Sam crowding the area in front of him. None of them spoke but all of them focused their attention on Dean's lower belly to wait and see if today would be the day. When Cas' knot began to deflate they all resigned themselves to hoping for next time.

Dean grabbed the last stack of books to put away. As much as he loved researching in his nest, he was starting to realize he should put the books away on a daily basis rather than whenever he felt like it. Although the best thing about going into the library was how he was hit with Sam's scent every time he entered the room. He didn't know if the library smelled like Sam or Sam smelled like the library, and he didn't care. It was immensely comforting to him, so after he shelved the last book he sat in one of the leather chairs and inhaled for a while.

He'd been feeling off all day. Well, since just after their shower. There was no nausea or bowel issues, no stuffy head or tickling cough, just an ache in his insides and a general sensitivity to his
skin. Breathing in Sam's scent helped but not enough, the real Sam would be better. Or the real Cas instead of vague pockets of his scent floating around the bunker. Either would be good. Or both.

Without being fully aware of it, Dean wandered into the bedroom and found the shirts his mates used for sleeping last night. Refusing to admit what he was doing he took the shirts to his nest and dressed a medium egg in each one. From there he snuggled down to rest, tugging a blanket over him and hugging both shirt covered eggs to his chest. There he lay, curled in a ball, dipping his nose into the valley between the eggs to scent both mates, when he felt the spark, bright and strong and terrifyingly real, ignite his lower belly and tip his whole world on its axis.
The spark flared again: bright, strong, alive. Dean wanted to run. Bolt. Dash out of the room. Out of the bunker. Away. Far away. But he didn't. He curled up tighter and tried to remember how to breathe. Panic clawed at his insides every time the spark flared. He tried to tell himself he wanted this, he planned this, they talked about it, everything was fine. But the old part of him, the hunter wrapped in flannel and covered in grave dirt, was mortified at the mere idea that there could be a life inside him. A sob fell out of his chest, which was how he realized his lungs were heaving, trying to get oxygen while his mind screamed in terror. It suddenly occurred to him he felt like safewording out of the situation, if that was possible.

It is possible, his brain supplied amidst the turmoil, if you call your mates, they will help.

Dean froze. He could call his mates. They would help. They could-

The spark intensified, pulling Dean's attention down, deep down. Something was different this time. He needed his mates, NOW. His hands shook so badly it took four tries to get his phone out of his pocket, and a small eternity to get the screen unlocked. Once opened, he tapped on the most recent caller in his call log, knowing it was either Sam or Cas but not caring which one.

~

Sam settled in his office. Teaching was done for the day but he didn't need to pick Cas up for a couple more hours. It was exam time and there was a pile of essays on his desk in need of marking, but he relished in the quietude first. His phone went off, startling him out of a doze he didn't know had been happening. One look at the call display and he swiped the phone to answer. “Hey Dean, what's up?”

“Come home. Please.”


“Please. Come home. Bring Cas. Please.” The last word sounded so desperate it broke Sam's heart.

“I'm leaving now. I'll get Cas. Can you hold on?” Sam rushed to stuff his things in his bag and grab his coat, all without taking the phone away from his ear. “Do you want to stay on the line while I drive?”

“Don't know. Sammy. Sam. Need you.” There was a pause while Dean cried. “Please. Come ho-” and the line went dead.

Sam stared at his phone as if he could open the line by psychic force. When that didn't work, he ran to the truck and drove to Cas as fast as possible, deciding calling him would take too much time and driving required his full attention.
Cas was hip deep in invoices. One supplier was claiming theirs hadn’t been paid and was causing a major stink about it. As far as he could see it was paid, but he wanted to check every last one before contacting them again. On the edge of his awareness he scented Sam, which was odd since he was at the university, and almost had a heart attack when Sam burst into his office.

“Dean called. He was crying. He wants us home. Now. I think his phone died,” Sam blurted.

Cas was up and moving before Sam was done talking. He grabbed his trench coat as Charlie poked her head into the office to see what was going on. “Charlie. I need to leave. I'll, um, I'll-”

“No worries. You go. I've got all this,” she said, motioning toward the papers. “Let me know if everything’s all right!” she yelled as Cas strode out.

They were in the truck and driving before Cas spoke again. “What's going on? Tell me. Right now.”

“Dean called me. He was upset and crying. He told me to come home and bring you. His phone died. That's it.”

Cas chewed on that, wishing there was more information. “Drive faster.”

Dean wailed when he saw his phone screen wouldn't turn on. He shoved the phone away, buried his face in the nest, and screamed.

The truck was barely parked before Cas was out the door and striding into the bunker. Dean's distress scent blocked everything else, forcing the Alpha in Cas to take over and remain calm while he scented for any kind of threat.

Sam followed, making sure to remain behind Cas, instinct telling him not to block the path between his Alpha and his frightened Omega.

They found Dean in his nest, looking tiny and afraid, wrapped in a blanket and sitting in a sea of eggs. He had such a lost expression on his face it made Sam's heart ache. Both went to the nest edge while Dean crawled over to them.

“Guys,” Dean started in a watery voice, “I'm.....guys....there's.....” and started to cry again, both hands braced on the edge.

Cas crouched down so he was eye level with Dean. No threat was present so he focused on Dean, scenting him deeply......and he knew. “Dean,” he asked tenderly, reaching out to cup his Omega's face, “are we going to have a pup?”

Dean just nodded and let himself cry, not knowing what to say.

Sam’s heart stopped. Pregnant. Dean was pregnant. And terrified.

Cas gathered him up as best he could, frustrated at the nest edge but wanting to respect Dean's wishes to stay out unless invited. Deciding his mate needed a full body hug, he stood, dragging Dean with him, and pulled him out of the nest until they were both upright where he hugged him
tightly. “Oh Dean! I know it's very frightening, but we're here now.”

Well that just made Dean cry harder. He was chilled now that the blanket had dropped away, but deeply comforted by Cas' hug. Except he wanted more. Feeling selfish, he turned slightly and put an arm out. “S-s-sammy?”

Sam snapped himself back to reality and away from the tinkle of children's laughter livening up the bunker. He moved in and embraced both mates with his long arms. “I'm here. I'm here.” Tears sprang up from nowhere and fell over his cheeks onto Dean's hair. The strangest mix of unbelievable happiness and deep envy was confusing for him and he tried to hide it from his pack. Gauging from Cas' kind expression when he caught Sam's eye he knew he failed, but that it was okay.

They stood in a cuddle huddle for a long time. Long enough for Dean to cry himself out, long enough for the hitching in his chest to subside, long enough for Sam's comfort scent to finally seep through Dean's panic.

While Dean calmed down, Cas tried to sort out the storm inside him. Dean was pregnant – this was good news! – but worry ate his insides. Once he figured out his problem, he tried to find a way to address it, deciding directness was best. When Dean was considerably calmer, Cas took a deep breath. “Dean?” he murmured, moving so he could see Dean's face. This was going to be difficult, and Cas was mostly sure he may not want the answer, but he had to know. “I need to.....I have to ask.....Dean? Do you plan on keeping the pup?”

White hot anger flared up in Sam. He glared at Cas while shielding his channel from Dean. This could wait. Forever. They could just take it a day at a time. He pulled Dean a little closer, trying to offer comfort.

Dean was hurt. Of course he was keeping it and was confused about why Cas would ask. Before he could retort he felt Cas pulling him into his channel. He let himself feel what Cas was presenting to him, and was floored at the depth of pain he still carried from Dean's abortion and miscarriage. Understanding dawned on him. Cas wasn't being rude or heartless. Cas was trying not to hope until he was given permission. Dean knew, after everything that had happened, Cas deserved a clear answer. “Yes,” he said honestly, holding Cas' eye. Suddenly he knew what was different about the spark. “I'm keeping them.”

Cas' beautiful blue eyes widened in joy and shock. “Them?” he whispered, eyes darting from Dean's belly to his face. “Them?”

Sam stared at his brother, who was looking much calmer but still badly shaken and a bit green. “Dean?”

He looked from Cas to Sam and back to Cas. “There's two,” he whispered. “Cas made two pups.” The sheer weight of his world crashed on him all at once: not one pup but two, he may not be able to carry them to term, and his entire life was about to change. He managed to turn away from Cas only to vomit all over his brother.

“I guess I'm having a shower,” Sam decided as he pulled away. “Unless you're not done?”

Dean paused, horrified at having done that. “Sorry,” he uttered. “I....there wasn't time....” A tear fell down his face while he put a hand over his mouth.

Cas did everything he could to avoid adding to the mess, telling himself he damn well better get used to it because babies were unpleasantly leaky sometimes. “Maybe a warm shower would help
you feel better too, Dean?”

Sam was already stripping and dropping clothes on the drips on the floor. “I'll clean this up and meet you there.”

Cas managed to get Dean to the bathroom before he threw up again, this time in the toilet. He undressed Dean carefully and then himself, all while thinking a bath would be more soothing but there was absolutely no way he would even suggest it. Instead he had Dean sit on the ledge in the shower while he adjusted the temperature and pressure before guiding him under the spray.

Sam joined them and let Cas scrub his skin until it was pink while he held his brother as much as possible. When they were done Cas dressed Dean in the warmest, softest clothes he had and took him to the couch for cuddles while Sam assembled some food since it was almost dinnertime anyway.

“Dean?” Cas murmured, stroking his hair and back. “How are you doing?”

He choked on a sob and got himself under control. “Freaked out,” he admitted barely audibly.

Cas nodded even though Dean couldn't see him. “I will do anything for you. If there is something you want, I will make sure you have it. If you want something from me, it is yours. If you want space from me,” his voice cracked, making him pause, “I will give you space. Anything I can do, I will do. Anything I cannot do, I will learn to do.”

Dean let that sink in and resonate inside him. He realized he had only one request and it took a moment to get his voice to work. “Don't leave me,” he whispered. “Please don't leave. Even if.....even if I lose......even if.....please don't leave.”

Cas tightened his hold, noting Dean had a death grip on his shirt. “I'll be right here. I'm not going anywhere. No matter what.”
Chapter Summary

Dean has morning sickness :( But also the love of his two mates........and knowing the sex of his pups :)

Cas slept fitfully, waking every time Dean made a noise or moved. Every time he woke he checked on Dean; soothing him, cuddling him, planting small kisses in his hair. It was no surprise when Cas woke for the day feeling like he'd barely slept.

Work nagged at Cas' mind. Not the tasks to be done, but the concept of leaving the bunker to go to another location to complete the tasks. After their shower he dressed Dean in the softest and least restricting clothes he could find, then grabbed his suit while Dean sat on the bed and Sam dressed himself. Cas' mouth spoke before his brain caught up. “I cannot do it,” he said, clothes dangling from his hand.

Sam's fingers froze. He was about to text the dean and ask for a sick day. “Cas?”

Dean couldn't speak. Tears sprung to his eyes as he mouthed Cas' name while he clutched at the bedspread.

“No!” Cas shouted. “No! No. Wait. I intended to say I cannot go into work. I cannot imagine leaving Dean home alone.”

“I was going to take a sick day,” Sam said as he shot off a text. “Do you want to call Charlie and see if she can cover you for today?”

“Yes, I- um, I should call her anyway. She wanted an update.”

Dean tried to breathe. His mind had leaped ahead and was still trying to comprehend what Cas said. Nausea came back, giving him something else to focus on for a moment.

“Dean?” Sam asked tenderly. “Are you all right?”

He nodded and swallowed a few times. “Yeah,” he rasped. “Thought Cas was gonna say-”

“I wasn't. I'm sorry,” Cas rushed and knelt at Dean's feet. “I should be more clear. I cannot fathom leaving this bunker for nine or ten hours of my day. Not with you carrying my pups.”

Sam's phone went off. “The dean agreed to give me a sick day. Just as well, I have to mark the papers in my bag. I can stay with Dean if you want, Cas.”

“No. Well yes. But no. I feel like I need to be here.”

Dean's tummy rolled again. “My stomach's not doing so great. I don't think it likes being empty,” he said as he rubbed it gently. “Can you two figure out your jobs without me?”

“Of course. Let's get breakfast,” Cas decided. He dressed quickly and turned to Sam. “Please help Dean to the kitchen and get coffee started while I call Charlie.”
“Sure.” Sam helped Dean to standing, ignoring Dean's grumpy look at needing assistance.

* 

“Charlie,” Cas said when she picked up the phone, “I am unable to come to the store.”

“Are you sick?” she asked. “Do you need us to bring you anything?”

“I'm not sick, no, but, well, can you keep a secret?”

Cas heard a sharp intake of breath through the line. “ohmyChuckisDeanpregnant?” she asked all at once.

“Yes. But please don't tell anyone! We won't know if he can carry them to term or not until it happens.”

“THEM? THEM?” In the background Gilda started yelling. “I'm putting you on speaker. So. Say it again,” she urged.

Cas smiled. “Dean is pregnant with two pups.”

Gilda started shrieking with Charlie and screaming congratulations. “Don't worry!” she added, “me and my beautiful mate won't say a word to anyone. Not a single word. Will we Charlie?”

“Nope! Not a word. Do you want to work from home Cas?”

“Yes, I would,” he said, relieved she figured it out. “We can figure out the logistics another day. Can you manage without me?”

“Yeah sure, we'll be fine. We'll rearrange the workload so you can take stuff home and remote into the computer at work when you need to. I'll set that up today. Maybe one of us can swing by the bunker to drop stuff off and pick it up.”

“Thank you. Both of you. Sam might be able to shuttle documents back and forth as well. I need to get back to them, can we talk about the details later?”

“Sure! We have to go open up anyway.”

Cas disconnected, feeling like the luckiest person alive to have both a pack he loves and workmates he respects.

* 

In the kitchen, Sam started coffee and poured apple juice for Dean, cutting it in half with water. “Here, try this.”

Dean sipped at it, grimacing at the strength but understanding why Sam watered it down. After half a glass he leaned towards his brother, who pulled him close.

Sam took the glass from Dean and set it on the counter. “How're you doing?” Sam murmured into Dean's hair and wrapped his long arms around him.

He made a noncommittal noise. “Not puking, so....great?” He buried his nose in Sam's neck and breathed deeply. “How are you doing?”

A burst of envy exploded inside Sam. “Not bad. Better than I felt after your accident.”
“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” he said slowly. “I'm still a bit envious, but it's not as bad. Maybe because we plan on keeping the pups this time?”

Dean wanted to argue he'd planned on keeping the pup before but didn't see the point. “I'm gonna need your help. Two pups at the same time is going to be hard.”

“You're going to have to physically hold me back from completely taking over when the pups are here. You're going to be telling me to back off.”

Dean chuckled, suspecting his brother was right.

Cas hovered at the threshold of the kitchen and watched his mates for a moment, marvelling at how easy it was to love them. He pushed a hand to Dean's back to get his attention. “Dean? Did you get something to eat?”

“Juice.”

“Do you want to try food?”

“No. Yes. No. Goddammit.”


Sam checked the schedule and made breakfast while Cas had his first cup of coffee. When he was done he put a platter of pancakes on the table with all the fixings, but didn't give Dean a plate.

Dean knew as soon as there were only two plates that Cas would feed him. He was fine with that. More than fine. For some reason he really liked having Cas feed him. “Did your phone call go well?”

“Yes,” Cas said, tearing off a tiny bit of pancake for Dean. No butter or syrup, but he figured they would be too oily for Dean's tummy. “She agreed to have me work from home and keep our pups a secret. I can work in the library.”

“Or we can clear out a bedroom,” Sam suggested. “We have extra.”

“I can help,” Dean said, refusing the next bite.

“How about we see how much energy you have?” Cas asked.

Dean rolled his eyes and drank more watery juice, but didn't argue.

*

He had no energy. None. Ten minutes into helping and he wanted a nap. Cas tucked him into his nest as best he could. There was a water bottle on the low table along with Dean's phone and laptop as well as chargers nearby. “Do you need anything else?”

Dean allowed the flash of guilt to rise up and go away before answering. The nest was his and the squishy-firm eggs felt divine for napping. But he didn't want Cas to feel bad that he wasn't invited in, or that right now he wanted the comfort of the eggs and not his mate's arms. He couldn't explain it so he didn't try. “I'm good, thanks,” he mumbled.

“All right.” Cas leaned over and kissed Dean, then gave one last tuck of the blanket. “Let me know
if you need anything. Would you like your door open or closed?” Dean told him open so Cas only swung it halfway closed before turning off the light and leaving him to nap. He made sure to keep his channel wide open just in case, and went back to Sam. “How are you doing? We haven't had much time to talk and I wanted to make sure everything was all right.”

Sam shuffled some things around. “I'm okay. Good.”

Cas watched Sam's movements. “Are you?”

Sam fought a wave of tears and stopped cleaning. “I was envious but I'm better now. Most of the time. I kind of.....want to believe one of the pups is mine but I know that's not likely.” It was less than 'not likely'. Betas were known to be sterile regardless of when they presented and whether or not they could have children before the virus. Sam had considered getting tested anyway. All it involved was him in a room with a specimen cup and probably less than five minutes of thinking about his mates, but he didn't want confirmation of sterility. Denial was a happier place.

Cas closed the distance between them and pulled Sam into a light hug. “The pups are yours. You and Dean are brothers, so the pups will have your DNA,” he said softly.

“Oh,” Sam startled, meeting Cas' eyes. “I hadn't thought of it like that.” Joy slowly started to fill him up, seeping into all the dark spots in his soul.

A smile spread over Cas' face. “Congratulations Mr. Winchester, you are going to be a father.”

Sam squirmed happily in his arms. “Maybe we should celebrate?” he whispered with a smile.

“How do you propose we do that?” Cas asked mischievously.

“You could start by kissing me,” he suggested with a coy smile.

Cas did exactly that, keeping his kisses sweet and tender, just the way Sam liked it sometimes. After a few minutes he broke off. “Would you like to join me in the bedroom where it's more comfortable?”

“Alpha Winchester! Are you trying to get me into bed?” Sam teased with a pretty flush on his cheeks.

“Only if you are willing,” Cas rumbled, dipping his head to lick at Sam's mark.

“Well, horizontal would be more relaxing.”

Cas chuckled, picked Sam up bridal style, and carried him to the bedroom where they resumed their kissing on the bed.

Two hours later, lips puffy, limbs tangled, hair mussed, Cas realized Dean was waking up. “Do you want me to take care of this before I tend to Dean?” he asked, grinding his pelvis down into Sam's.

“No, not today,” Sam whispered. “Do you want me to take care of you?” he asked with an equal roll of his pelvis.

Cas bit off a moan. “Yes please,” he exhaled, beginning to pant. “But only if you want to. I can excuse myself to the washroom for a moment if you prefer.”

“You will do no such thing Mr. Winchester,” Sam informed him as he flipped them over and
started undoing Cas' pants. "You're going to lie back and let me take care of you." He didn't bother
to wait for a response, he scooted down and put his mouth to work using his best moves, knowing
there wasn't much time.

For a brief moment Cas tried to catalogue what Sam was doing in hopes he could return the favour
someday. Sam was really good at this. Within seconds Cas' brain went offline. In less than a
minute he was dangerously close. "Sam," he gasped as a warning.

Sam ignored him for once and managed to get Cas in even deeper, choking off his air supply. He
started swallowing and was rewarded by Cas shooting straight down his throat. After swallowing
all of it he pulled off and wiped his chin with the back of his hand. "Dean's awake."

Words were a mystery for Cas. So were hands. Thankfully Sam still had some motor control, so he
tucked Cas away and adjusted his pants.

"You two having some fun time? Want me to go back to bed?" Dean asked sleepily, rubbing his
eye and clutching an egg as he entered the bedroom.

"We're done, it's all good." Sam assured him. "How was your nap?" he asked, leaving Cas on the
bed while he got up to hug his brother.

Dean melted into the hug. "I wanna have sex too," he said out of rote. The last thing on Earth he
wanted right now was sex. What he wanted was cuddles and his nest. "Hey Cas. Did Sam suck all
your brain cells out?" he teased when he saw the blissed expression on his face.

"He swallowed.....all of it."

Dean pulled away enough to look Sam in the eye. "Jesus Sam, you looking for a tummy ache?"

Sam dismissed them both with a wave of his hand. "There was a lot, sure, but he didn't beat my
personal record."

Dean hesitated. "Do I want to know the details of that?"

"If you're asking, I'll tell you," Sam shot back.

Dean pushed himself back into Sam's neck. "I'm gonna try eating again. The bit of pancake stayed
down. Maybe more will."

"Still feeling sick?" Sam asked quietly.

Dean shook his head and went to the kitchen, both mates trailing after him. He checked Cas' schedule out of habit to find it was supposed to be a meat dish at dinnertime. His stomach seized unreasonably. "I um, I don't think I can make dinner," he said with a hand on his belly.

"It's all right," Cas soothed. "Many people have problems eating certain things during pregnancy. I
would rather you ate something you could keep down than follow the meal plan. Sam and I can
pick up the cooking duties for a while or the duration. Do you think you could eat toast with
jelly?"

"Yeah," Dean said. "Maybe."

While his mates buzzed around getting stuff ready, Dean sat at the table and tried to keep his
breathing even and stomach relaxed so he could eat.
“Hey Dean,” Sam started as he grabbed a bowl of cut fruit from the fridge, “can you tell if the twins are fraternal or identical? Like....did Cas fertilize two eggs or did one egg split?”

“I don't....I'm not....” Dean concentrated again but came up empty. “No idea. I suppose we'll know when I know the sex.”

“How soon did you know last time?” Cas asked tentatively.

“I didn't know when I left the bunker, but I knew when I got in Baby to go home,” Dean told them. “I should have known by now. So I should know soon?”

Cas fed Dean bits of toast, waiting after each bite to make sure it all stayed inside. So far so good. When he was done Dean yawned and rubbed his eyes, fiercely craving his nest again.

Both mates felt the craving. Sam kissed Dean and said, “I'll clean up the dishes and stuff. Cas why don't you help Dean to his nest?”

Cas would rather cuddle Dean, but that wasn't what Dean wanted, so he escorted him to his nest and made sure he was comfortable. “May I stay in here with you?”

Dean nodded, already dropping off to sleep. He felt Cas' hand on his back so he moved closer to make it easier on him.

When Sam was done the quick cleanup he went to the nest room. “Hey Cas,” he said softly, “I brought some stuff.” He set a pail down near Dean's head. He also draped a towel over the nest edge so if Dean missed he wouldn't get the wood dirty, and set out a couple of water bottles.

“Sam,” Cas murmured, “I need you to let me know if you start to feel poorly about Dean's pregnancy. I don't want to sound rude, but right now I'm having a difficult time focusing on anyone except Dean right now. I don't want you to feel excluded or left out, but I cannot shift my attention very easily.”

“I get it. Maybe when Dean stops getting sick it will be better for you. And yeah, I'll let you know.” Sam huffed a laugh. “I want the pregnancy to be over so I can hold your pups.”

Cas chuckled softly. “Me too. You are both going to be excellent fathers.”

“So will you.”

Cas tipped his head in thanks. They talked quietly, Cas' hand never leaving Dean's back.

~

Dean woke slowly, the weight of Cas' hand on his back offering some much needed comfort. He didn't feel rested, not at all, but he did have to pee. And puke, if his stomach had its way with him. Very carefully, Dean attempted to get himself to sitting. There was no way he was going to throw up in his nest. Nope. Not even maybe. His stomach tried to disagree, twisting violently and making Dean launch himself upright and lean over the edge. It was only after he was done did he notice the towel and pail. Luckily, he got most of it in the pail. “Sorry,” he cried when he saw the mess had splattered.

“It's fine Dean, I'll clean it up,” Sam said kindly.

While Sam was retrieving some cleaning supplies, Cas offered a water bottle to Dean to rinse, which he used. “I take it you're still not feeling better?”
“Not really. I thought I was, but I guess not.” Dean looked down at himself to make sure he didn’t get any on him. He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw he was clean. “I have to pee,” he mumbled and tried pushing himself up.

Cas was right there, supporting Dean to standing and making sure he stepped out safely. Thankfully it wasn’t a long walk to the bathroom, Dean felt like he was going to burst.

“Sit down please,” Cas told him gently when they arrived at the stall.

“I can stand,” he retorted, swaying on his feet.

“Then I will hold onto you.”

Dean would have argued, but his bladder was emptying almost before Cas got his pants lowered. While he was doing his business Sam arrived and cleaned out the pail. “Do you want to try some more food?” he asked as Cas pulled Dean's pants back up.

“No but I know I should.”

“Do we have any saltine crackers on hand? Maybe plain bread?” Cas suggested. “Do you want to go to the kitchen or eat in your nest or bed?”

“Uh, I uh, kitchen,” Dean decided, sitting carefully when they arrived.

Sam made sandwiches for him and Cas and gave Dean plain bread. Cas tore off tiny bits and fed them to Dean, waiting for a while in between bites and watching as Dean took little sips of water to wash it down. About half way through Dean turned his head away and refused the next piece.

“Sick?” Cas asked, poised to get out of the way.

Sam put his sandwich down and gauged the distance between Dean and the trash pail.

Dean shook his head and tried to find the right words. Failing, he went with blunt. “You're having daughters. They're both girls.”
Doctor

Chapter Summary

Dean is well enough to travel to the doctor for prenatal care.

Dean lay curled up in his nest, trying to ignore the hunger. If he ate, the food would almost surely come back up. That was his life now. A month in and he was pretty sure he'd never stop throwing up. The biggest problem was the hunger. It wasn't like regular hunger, this hunger was intense and absolutely could not be ignored under any circumstances. Groaning loudly he hauled himself up slowly and carefully, opened his door, and immediately bumped into Cas. Or more accurately, Cas seemed to pop out of his home office just as Dean entered the hall. “You stalking me Cas?” he asked with a small huff of a laugh.

“Maybe,” he said, drawing Dean into a hug.

“Keeping an eye on me?” he teased. Secretly, he felt better knowing Cas was concerned for him and the pups. If Cas was a bit overprotective he could stop any stupid decisions Dean felt he might make. Things like driving, for instance.

“Yes,” Cas told him, then kissed him and released him. “Come on. You're hungry, let's see if we can find something to keep down.”

Sam just got back from the grocery store and was putting stuff away. “Hey Dean, good rest?”

“Yes. No. I'm starving.”

Sam laughed and leaned over to kiss Dean. “Here,” he said when they broke apart, “I bought some new fruit to try.” He grabbed a kiwi, sliced it in half, and used a spoon to scoop out some green mush.

Dean didn't take the spoon, he just leaned forward and accepted it into his mouth. The mush was barely on his tongue before he was spitting it into the sink, gagging and using a finger to clear the kiwi out of his mouth as fast as possible. When he was done he wailed, “how is it possible to be hungry and nauseous at the same time!” while gripping the sink edge and listening to his stomach demand food.

Cas stepped up and passed a hand over his back. “I take it one of the pups didn't care for kiwi?”

A glass of water appeared in front of Dean, so he washed his mouth out and agreed with Cas. “Is this normal?” he asked almost inaudibly.

“Sometimes,” Sam said as he folded the cloth grocery bags. “Morning sickness is normal, and yes you can be sick all day not just in the morning. I'm going to call Dr. Jones though, and see if she can refer us to an obstetrician.”

“Thank you Sam,” Cas praised. He'd been debating on how soon to get Dean to a doctor. While he didn't want the world knowing about the pregnancy just yet, he also knew Dean needed prenatal care. Up until this morning Dean could barely move without vomiting, so it was time to risk a bumpy drive. “Please make an appointment when you are available as well so we can all attend.”
“Sure,” Sam agreed. While Cas worked from home Sam still had to go to the university to teach. He did lighten his course load though, teaching only three days a week for this term and probably the next term as well. “I'll call today. After we get some food in preggo here.”

“I am so fucking sick of puking,” Dean said. Most of the smoothies Sam made stayed down, and occasionally solid food, but there was no pattern he could see so far. It was trial and error at every meal.

Cas helped Dean to sit at the table while Sam brought some fruit and vegetables out of the fridge. He cut off a little piece of each and put them on a plate. “Here. You don't have to chew them, just lick them or something. Figure out what the pups really hate.”

Dean did as he was told, finding nothing repelled him as much as the kiwi. Sam took the plate back and dumped it into the blender. He added more vegetables and fruit, honey, water, and a small dab of yogurt. After it was blended he tasted it and poured it into one of his smoothie cups that had a straw in the lid and handed it to Dean.

“I wanna burger.” Dean mumbled sourly.

“If you feel like you can keep it down, we can try it,” Sam said.

Cas watched the battle play out on Dean's face. Eventually Dean took a sip of smoothie and thanked Sam. “Not bad,” he admitted grudgingly. Sam had made it sweet enough it masked the veggies, although he could still detect them.

Cas watched Dean's skin gain some colour. He'd been trying not to worry, but Dean had been getting gaunt and always had an odd greenish tinge to his face. The smoothie seemed to perk him up a tiny bit. “Don't worry about drinking all of it, just as much as you can.”

He drank a little more while his mates ate their lunch. As much as it bothered him to admit, the smoothie was good. All those years of teasing Sam and here he was almost enjoying it. Out of the blue he realized how stuffy the air in the bunker had become and suddenly craved fresh, clean air. “I'm going up to the garden. Need some air,” he said, getting up slowly.

“I'll join you,” Cas decided, rising quickly and placing a hand on Dean's lower back.

“Me too, after I clean up and call Dr. Jones.”

Cas followed Dean closely, making sure he had his smoothie and one squishy egg. He'd been wanting Dean to get some fresh air but he had needed to stay near a bathroom or bucket and was too weak to go up the stairs in Cas' opinion. He kept his hand on Dean's back until they were sitting on the bench. “How's your stomach?”

“Not bad. Not great. But I don't feel like I'm going to throw up. Not yet, anyway.” He closed his eyes and inhaled gently, filling his lungs with scents of pine, grass, and recent rain. "Will I ever feel rested?" he asked without expecting an answer.

Cas tipped his head to the side. “It might help if you write down some of your questions to ask the doctor. We could do some research online as well, but I'm not sure how accurate it would be. I have seen some very pregnant people being quite active, so I would guess that yes, you will eventually feel rested.”

“Hey guys,” Sam said as he came up behind them. “I got a referral and found out there was a cancellation for today. Your appointment's in an hour.”
Cas helped Dean back inside and into some going out clothes instead of his stay home stuff. Sam told them he would drive as if somehow Dean could argue. Honestly, Dean didn't even want to be in the car, never mind behind the wheel. It wasn't until he was settled in the back wrapped in Cas' arm that he noticed his mates brought a travel pail and wet wipes. He still had an egg in the crook of his arm as well.

Sam drove carefully, mindful of Dean's tummy, and remained on alert for either mate to tell him to pull over. The ride went without incident, Dean breathing deeply and slowly every time his stomach rolled wrong. He didn't have to use the pail though, so that was a win.

Sam pulled into an underground parking garage and parked away from the other cars, receiving a 'thank you' through the channel from Dean. The last thing Dean wanted to do was buff out any scratches or dings from other cars.

They went up one floor and found the doctor's office. A massive sign on the door informed them that by opening it they were agreeing to a confidentiality clause which was laid out in plain English. Cas read every word while Sam took a photo with his camera. Dean leaned on Cas.

Once inside, Cas led Dean to a seat while Sam notified the nurse they were there and came back with paperwork. He filled it out, dropped it off, received a number, and they waited.

Dean squeezed his egg while shifting between leaning on Cas and Sam. The waiting area was busy but not crowded, allowing each pack some distance between the others. Dean saw all the chairs were covered in vinyl, the floor was linoleum, and there were airplane bags for vomit on every end table as well as the larger table in the middle of the room. He also noticed every Omega had an egg. Two were squishing bright blue ones with lettering on them. After a moment of searching he saw a bin of those blue eggs, the writing was the doctor's name in white.

Cas kept an eye on Dean, noting the ride seemed to have drained the colour out of his face and he was eyeing the bags on the table. Rather than ask, Cas reached over, opened one, and held it loosely just in case.

Dean heard the nurse call out another number and expected one of the other packs to get up but Cas was gently bringing him to his feet. They followed the nurse into a room where she asked that Dean be stripped and in the gown for the doctor.

Dean tried to keep himself together and failed. Gowns meant hospitals and miscarriages and abortions. Before he could stop himself he was crying hard with no ability to inform his mates of what was going on.

“Sam,” Cas ordered quietly while he held Dean and rocked him gently.

“Got it,” Sam whispered and undressed Dean while he cried, gently moving his arms and legs when necessary, keeping his channel wide open to absorb as much of Dean's emotion as he could. Once Dean was dressed, Sam pulled him out of Cas' arms and into his own. “It's okay, you're healthy, so are the pups. I know this is hard. Just let it out,” he murmured as he let out as much comforting scent as he could.

Cas only allowed Sam to take Dean because there was something about him, maybe because they were brothers, maybe because sometimes Dean did better in Sam's arms. Either way, if Dean needed Sam, Cas didn't mind.

There was a knock at the door immediately followed by a Beta doctor entering with a nurse.
Dean saw the doctor at the same time as his stomach started to rebel again. “Cas,” he choked, handing Sam the egg and reaching for the bag.

Cas got the bag to Dean who used it. At first he tried to be discrete but gave up almost immediately. For the record, the smoothie tasted much better going down than coming up.

“I see our patient has some morning sickness,” Dr. Day said.

“Could someone...” Dean trailed off, holding his bag of sick away.

The nurse snapped on some gloves and took it, folding the edge down before placing it in the garbage. She gave him a new one when she was done, Sam handed him his egg.

“I'm Dr. Day and this is Nurse Hodgins. I understand you are the Winchester Pack? Castiel, Sam, and our patient Dean.” Cas agreed. “There are a few rules here. You saw the sign on the door?” He waited for Cas to agree again. “Any patient you see in the waiting room deserves the same discretion as you, so no disclosing their presence here and you can expect the same treatment. If we can trace any breach of confidentiality back to you, your pack will not be welcome here. Every time you arrive you will be given a number rather than have the nurse call out your name. If and when you are comfortable revealing your identity, you may request the nurse call you by name instead of number.” He made sure Cas was clear on the issue and requested Dean get up on the table.

Dean did with Sam's help, still shaking a bit.

While Dean was getting up, Dr. Day explained, “we understand here that Alphas are extra territorial when it comes to pups or pregnant Omegas. I can explain as I go, you may watch anything I do, and you may stop me at any point for any reason.”

“All right Dean, will you please lie back, bum on the edge of the table,” Nurse Hodgins instructed. “If you prefer stirrups we can pull them out, or you can anchor your feet on the edge.”

“No stirrups,” Dean rushed. This exam was bad enough, but he hated stirrups.

Dr. Day pulled on gloves and positioned himself between Dean's legs. “Castiel, I need to do an internal exam on Dean. This may cause a bit of discomfort, but it's largely due to sensitivity and not pain.”

“I understand,” Cas said and moved so he could see what Dr. Day was doing. He was about to ask Sam to comfort Dean, but Sam was already holding his hand.

Dr. Day probed Dean inside as well as palpitated his lower belly. “About a month along?” Cas confirmed that he was. “We can do a urine test to confirm pregnancy, but I can scent it so we won't unless you require it.”

“There's no need. I can scent them as well,” Cas informed him.

“Them? Dean, how many pups do you think you have?”

Dean shifted against the foreign fingers inside him and clutched Sam's hand a bit harder. “Two. I'm sure there are two.”

“Then there are two,” Dr. Day said and pulled his fingers out. “Sit up please.”

Dean let Sam help him up but refused to go fast. He sat still while the doctor checked his blood
pressure and took a family history, Nurse Hodgins taking notes on a tablet as Dean answered the questions. He was taken to a scale as well and told them he had no idea what his starting weight was. “My clothes are looser so I know I've lost some,” he told them.

“Everything looks good. Your Omega is in good health although a bit underweight. Has he been vomiting a lot?”

“Yes. He has trouble keeping anything down,” Cas said.

“Try to eat only good food Dean,” Dr. Day instructed. “Your pups will take the nutrition first and leave some for you second, even if you vomit some food is absorbed. If you eat junk, they get junk. The sickness usually passes around the end of the first trimester. Do you have any questions? Any of you?”

“Will I ever feel like I'm rested?” Dean asked. “I sleep but I wake up tired. I'm starting to feel like a blob, what exercise can I do? Am I ever gonna want sex again?”

“You will eventually feel like you've had a good night's sleep,” Dr. Day soothed. “Usually just in time for your belly to be large enough to get in the way. You'll see what I mean later. Imagine the conception to have the same energy as a nuclear blast. It takes a lot out of the host body, but you will adjust. As for exercise, be careful. Your heart is pumping far more blood but only working about 10% harder. If you didn't do it before becoming pregnant, don't start now. If you did it before, go ahead but go very slow. Listen to your body, it will tell you when to slow down. As for sex, some people go the entire pregnancy not wanting it at all, others can't get enough. Everyone's hormones are different. Castiel, please don't engage in sexual relations with him unless he consents. The stress of non-consensual sex is hard on the pups.”

Cas couldn't even imagine a world where he would do that to Dean. “Of course,” he agreed readily.

“Um, doctor?” Dean asked quietly. “Is there, um, like a, y'know, timeline? Or deadline? How will I know I won't, uh, miscarry?”

Sam slid an arm around Dean, who leaned in close.

“Yes, actually. If you make it past the twelfth week you will carry to term, almost guaranteed.”

“But I thought women miscarried in their second trimester too,” Sam said.

“They do. Men are different. The virus altered men's bodies to accommodate pregnancy and the science community has been studying the changes. The male body can spontaneously miscarry up until the beginning of the thirteenth week. After that only outside influences will terminate the pregnancy.”

Dean gulped. “Like car accidents?”

“Yes. That's one possibility. Also abuse, abortion-”

“Please stop,” Cas ordered, taking Dean's hand. “We understand.”

Dr. Day nodded curtly and asked if there were any more questions. None had any. “Next visit in a month, make an appointment on your way out. Write down any questions you have when you think of them, sometimes memory is bad during pregnancy. Castiel, Sam, please be understanding if Dean is forgetful in ways he never exhibited before, it's very common but frustrating to the pack.” With that, he left so Dean could get dressed.
“So twelve weeks huh?” Dean said as he slid off the table. “Just have to make it past that.”

“We will. You'll see,” Sam whispered, helping Dean into his shirt.
Sometimes Dean needs a little self-love :)

Everywhere Dean went, Cas followed. Literally everywhere. If he got up in the middle of the night to pee, Cas trailed after him. If he forgot a book in the library, Cas tracked him with his eyes as he searched the shelves. It was getting annoying. The only time Dean was left on his own was in his nest. But even then, when he got out Cas was entering the room. Once Dean shut the door for privacy, sat in the nest and sulked for two hours, then got out as quietly as possible, opening the door to see Cas standing there with a worried expression on his face.

“This has to stop,” Dean said as he pushed past Cas to go to the kitchen.

Cas followed, disgusted by his own behaviour but unable to stop. “Dean. I need to ensure you are all right.”

He grabbed a glass and filled it with water. “Cas-”

“I can't help it.”

Sam entered the kitchen and poked his head into the fridge. “He really can't,” he pointed out, closing the door. “Hungry?”

“What do you mean 'he can't'?"

“He's extra protective right now. With each successful pregnancy he'll get less possessive. But for now, you're just going to have to deal with it.”

Cas blinked a few times, wondering how Sam could possibly know that. In his own mind he understood he needed to ensure the whole world knew Dean was his Omega. His pregnant Omega. He knew anyone could scent Dean's pregnancy and would know innately the pups were his, but Cas felt he needed to mark Dean somehow. Right now that meant being within arm's reach, even in the bunker.

Dean was about to bite off a nasty comment when he reminded himself Cas had two previous pups and Dean lost them both. He cuffed the back of his neck. “Sorry Cas. Yeah. I'll, uh, I'll learn how to be okay with it.”

“I am sorry Dean. I don't intend to crowd you or suffocate you,” Cas said as he stepped closer. “Your health is equally important to me as the pups' health. Yes, your vomiting has decreased, but I need to make sure you are-”

“A fit vessel for your pups?” Dean said and immediately regretted it. Cas glared at him with such intensity Dean's belly turned to ice.

“Do not ever devalue yourself in that manner,” Cas said menacingly. “Your health is my top priority. Your stability is my largest concern. You, Dean. You are of utmost importance.”
Sam watched the two of them, knowing well enough to stay out of it. Dean broke first, nodding with his head down and aiming his body to Cas, who immediately engulfed him in a hug. “Do you two want lunch?” Sam asked when it felt safe enough to talk.

“Yes, please,” Dean said. “I can make it. If Cas lets go.”

Cas grunted and released Dean only enough to face him properly. “I love you,” he said while staring into Dean's eyes. “I will do anything for you. If space is what you need-” his throat closed and he choked on the words. One deep breath later and he continued. “If you need space I will give you space.”

“Thanks Cas,” Dean murmured without breaking eye contact. “If my door is closed, please don't wait outside it like you've been doing. You'll know if I need you.”

“Of course. You are correct. I will respect your wishes.” Cas' cheeks pinked up as he remembered how often he pressed his ear to the door. “Let's have some lunch.”

Cas tucked Dean into his nest. “Is there anything else you need before I go?”

Dean yawned widely. “Just close the door please.”

Cas kissed Dean and did as asked, retreating to his home office.

Sleep took Dean before Cas was out of the room. He woke feeling rested, truly rested, for the first time in a while. Not wanting to get up quite yet, he snuggled down into the eggs without opening his eyes. He was mostly on his belly, held up by random eggs, and had one leg bent and the other stretched out. When he moved his bent leg down an egg slipped and landed between his upper thighs. His breath caught in his chest as he squeezed his thighs together, squishing the egg against him. One rock of his hips and the egg was now rubbing his taint, slick dampening his underwear. *I should move it. Don't want it to get covered in slick,* he thought, realizing he wanted exactly that, also realizing he was hard as nails.

He reached behind him and pressed the egg in place while he rubbed against it, gently, slowly, as if testing his body, waiting to see if this was something he wanted to share with someone or indulge himself alone. When he started to feel the desperate need to be naked, he fumbled with his clothes without getting out from under the blanket, hoping his mates wouldn't scent his arousal.

It was time for a onesome.

*Sam showed Cas the website he'd talking about. They were getting close to week thirteen, and Sam was starting to seriously hope they could go shopping for baby things soon.*

Cas' head snapped up at the faint, sweet aroma of his Omega. Another wrinkle in Dean's pregnancy hormones was Cas feeling constantly horny. He assumed it had something to do with the slight change in Dean's scent, making him want to do things he'd never thought of before. Things like marking his Omega in come. All over. All the time. These desires embarrassed him, made him feel like an animal, so he squashed them and only brought them to the surface in the dead of night when his mates slept and he stripped his cock in the bathroom. There he let his mind run wild with images of what he'd do. It was especially difficult as Dean was sick most of the time. There was no possible way he would impose himself on his sick Omega. Sam, however, helped out by providing some very nice distractions. But his Omega was aroused. **RIGHT NOW.** He rose, cock joining him
in becoming upright, and made for the door.

Sam leaped up and blocked his path, staring his Alpha in the eye. “His door is closed.”

He growled low in his throat. “Sam.”

“Cas.” Sam dropped his eyes but stayed in front of the door.

“He's aroused. Maybe he wants us.”

“If he did he'd call for us or come out.” It suddenly occurred to him Cas didn't know. “He likes being alone sometimes.”

“Yes. I know. We talked about that. But he's aroused.”

“Cas.” Sam paused, trying to find the right words. “He likes to masturbate.”

“I don't understand.”

“Yeah. I'm picking up on that.”

* 

Naked, Dean gave himself a moment to pay attention to how the eggs felt on his bare skin. How the tiny furs brushed him sensually, how the beads felt when he pressed into them. He adjusted himself so he was almost covered in eggs, even risking releasing his scent by lifting the blanket to shove some smaller eggs between it and him. Almost immediately he began rutting against a larger egg, gasping into a smaller one so as not to alert his mates he was awake.

* 

A small burst of Dean's scent reached Cas. “Sam. He's ready.”

“Cas. I know. Just-” How the hell do I explain this?

“I don't understand. If he's aroused and knows we're home, why masturbate?” He cupped himself through his pants and grunted. The need to be balls deep in his Omega was getting overwhelming. He believed he'd been incredibly understanding in not pushing Dean into anything sexual, but if Dean was aroused he must be wanting his mates. Preferably himself. Right this minute. Sam was in for a shock if he didn't move out of the way soon.

“Because- well- I-” Sam took a deep breath and tried not to watch Cas' nimble fingers kneading the tent in his pants. He failed. “No matter how much sex Dean has, he still jerks off.”

Cas glanced at the long, hard line of Sam's cock in his jeans. He wanted Dean immediately. But Sam was here and clearly willing. Maybe a threesome? “No. He hasn't been. Not since I claimed him.”

“Okay. First, how would you know? Second, yeah, he has.”

Cas slammed his palms on the door on either side of Sam's head, blocking him in. “Explain.”

* 

Dean wanted to plunge his fingers inside himself badly but then he'd have to wash his hands and he didn't think he could get to the bathroom without stumbling over his pack. He cracked his eyes
open, saw the sink in the room, and groaned as his fingers found his hole. His other hand pushed an egg against his cock so he could feel how it moulded around him. A small gasp tumbled out of his mouth at how wet he was, how hard he was, how much he wanted to explore all the new erogenous zones that appeared with conception.

His balls tightened and pulled up. Rather than let this session be over, Dean pulled his fingers out and shoved them in his mouth, sucking and licking the slick off as he gently humped the egg beneath him. When he moved just right his nipples got some attention, dragging over the soft furs on another egg. Shoulda brought the dragon dildo in here. Could be riding it now, he thought with a shivery moan around his fingers. That dildo was something Cas brought home, full of ridges and bumps, thick like Cas and long like Sam but different from both, making it his favourite toy. The first time he used it he ended up having a three hour onesome because it felt too good to let it end.

Since leaving the nest to retrieve it was not an option he sat up, straddled a large egg, tucked the blanket around him like a teepee and ground down. It was divine. The friction from the soft egg cover coated in slick felt better than anything else he'd straddled. But he wanted more. Grabbing the smallest egg he squished the tip until it was small enough for a makeshift dildo. A moment of adjustment and he got it inside him, not nearly as deeply as he wanted, but it was better than nothing, most of it staying outside him. And if he clenched his cheeks he could almost suck the egg inside him a bit more. He figured out how to brace his new toy on the big egg below him and relax, creating the tiniest sliding sensation. His cock was screaming, so he fumbled to find another egg. When he did he shoved it under the blanket and humped it while still rocking on his new egg toy while straddling a big one, practically heaving to get oxygen.

* 

Sam gasped and slammed his palms against the door near his thighs. Cas trapping him like this, making him feel small and protected while still radiating danger was a massive turn on. He wanted Cas to fling him somewhere, anywhere and just take him. “Cas,” he mouthed, unable to get his vocal cords to work. Cas fought not to shove his Beta out of the way, wondering how he could possibly be this turned on. “Sam. I need him,” he grit out, leaning closer. Sam smelled good.

Sam made a choice. He knew Cas was overtaken by hormones. Alphas were excessively possessive of pregnant Omegas. The first glimmer in Cas’ eye led Sam down some excellent research paths. Any other Alpha probably would have fucked the Beta right through the door before mounting the Omega. But Sam knew Cas well. Cas wouldn't force himself on either of them. Sam knew if he made it clear Dean was to be undisturbed, Cas would respect that, and still have a hurricane of hormones crashing through him. Time to use some of those hormones to his own advantage. “Leave him alone,” Sam ordered clearly, body betraying him by trembling. “He usually waits until we’re not home, but you've been hovering lately. He doesn't know I know. Or at least I don't think he does. Let him have his secret. Let him come by his own hand.”

Cas bit back a roar and leaned so close his lips brushed Sam's. His cock was so hard he was sure he was going to punch a hole through his pants. “Tell me how you know what Dean's been doing.”

Sam couldn't stop panting. “Caught him a few times.” His palms pressed into the door. “Mostly before the virus. He can have sex the night before and be satisfied and still jerk it the next morning. I never told him what I saw.” Stop babbling, he chided himself, but babbling kept him from coming. “He still does it. A few times I've caught a whiff of his arousal when I came home from work before you when we had different shifts. Whenever he seems happy but shy he's probably been at it recently. Like he's afraid he'll be caught, but does it anyway. The slick must be a hassle
for him, the scent gets everywhere.”

“Well,” Cas rumbled, “aren't you a dirty little brother.”

Sam's knees buckled.

*

Dean caught a whisper of arousal from his mates. The scent made him gasp and rock harder, one hand playing with his nipples, the other holding an egg against his cock. At this point, he couldn't stop even if he wanted to.

*

Sam finally met Cas' eyes and took a huge risk. “Dean's own hand is better than anything his Alpha could provide.” While Cas was locked into an instant of shock Sam dipped under Cas' arm and made as if to run deeper into the room. He made it one step.

Cas' arm operated without his brain, lashing out and catching his deceptive Beta by the hair. “Now you've done it,” he growled into Sam's ear. In a flash he whipped Sam around and flung him onto an old couch in the corner. Cas struggled to hold on to humanity, not let the hormones rule him while Sam crashed into the cushions.

Sam felt the hesitation in Cas, the desire to not let things go too far. Just for good measure he filled his channel with green, trusting Cas would stop if he changed colour.

A brilliant green filled his Sam-channel. Cas let his Alpha out. “I'll show you what I can provide,” he rumbled and tore Sam's pants off. Rather than remove the delicate blue panties he ripped them off, leaving a shred still looped around his long thigh. “If you think you're getting lube, you're wrong.” He flipped Sam over, forcing him into presentation stance – hands on the back of the couch, knees on the cushions, hips thrust back – and dropped his own pants. “You will learn your place Beta.” Cas had the presence of mind for one last consideration. Instead of plunging into Sam he rested the tip of his cock over Sam's barely open hole and let the copious precome flow as lube. “I'll show you what a real Alpha has,” he grunted and thrust in.

Sam was so turned on he couldn't see. Lust made his hole relax and welcome Cas' slippery cock – barely. With no prep at all it burned but he loved it.

Cas didn't wait. The moment he bottomed out he pulled out and started slamming his Beta.

*

Dean could scent his mates wildly aroused. An image appeared in his Sam-channel of his brother being fucked merciless by Cas and loving it. Dean had to bite an egg to stop himself from screaming as he came, soaking the nearby eggs in slick and come.

*

“You like to watch,” Cas grunted out. “I'll bet you found out about your brother's habit by peeking in on him.”

Sam flushed at Cas' accusation. His correct accusation.

“Such a dirty brother,” Cas leaned closer to his ear, still pounding away. “I'll bet you'd wear his come-soaked underwear so you could remember what he looked like when he
came...thinking....of.....ME. One final thrust and he poured into Sam, pulling out just enough for the come to slide out and dribble down his thigh while he sprayed the last pulses over his crack. Barely done, he scooped up some come and grabbed Sam's cock. “You want to come?”

Sam couldn't figure out words. Cas' hand was dirty and warm and doing nothing other than circling his cock. He groaned and tried thrusting but got nowhere until he croaked out a 'yes'.

“Such a good Beta,” Cas praised in his Alpha voice close to Sam's ear. He jerked Sam the way he liked, twisting at the crown and catching the tender spots. For good measure he brought his teeth to Sam's mark and bit down.

Sam came so hard his vision greyed out. One hand flew up and held Cas' head in place while he screamed, making a mess all over the sofa.

*

Dean heard his brother and rutted on the eggs for a while, until he was over sensitive and no longer breathless. When he sat up he saw the blanket had fallen away. Heat rushed up his face at the thought of his mates scenting him. *Maybe they were too busy to notice me.*

When he felt less embarrassed he got up and washed. After dressing he found all the dirty eggs and took the covers off, piling everything into the blanket to take to the laundry room. As an afterthought he tucked the naked eggs behind covered eggs, just in case his mates looked in the nest. He knew it looked like he was hiding what he'd done, but he wasn't. Not really. He just didn't want to explain how sometimes he liked onesomes. He checked the channels and found his mates happy and sated. Torn about what to do with the laundry, he eventually decided to leave it behind the nest. Laundry day was tomorrow, he could wash these things then.

He felt his mates probing the channel and smiled, feeling loved for reasons he couldn't explain. As soon as he felt steady and like he wouldn't give away what he'd been doing he sought them out.

*

“That was hot,” Sam choked out as Cas washed him gently.

Cas cleaned himself as well and pulled Sam into a cuddle away from the mess on the couch. “Are you okay?” he asked softly. “Did I hurt you?”

“No. Yes. I'm.” He took a shaky breath to regain the ability of actual sentences. “I liked it a lot. You hurt me but in a good way. I won't be able to sit properly for a while.”

Cas chuckled and nosed at Sam's hair. They lay together for a while, both checking on Dean through the channels.

“Dean's up,” Sam murmured.

Cas hummed a response and heard a knock at the door. “Come in.”

Dean entered and saw the mess. “You guys have fun?”

Sam started to get up so Cas let him and approached Dean. “Hello Dean. Did you have a good rest?” he asked as he pulled him into a hug.

Dean blushed faintly and dipped his head into Cas' neck with a happy smile playing on his lips. “Yeah,” he said shyly, watching Sam get organized over Cas' shoulder.
Sam got up, ruined panties dropping to the floor. “Yes we had fun. How's your libido?” he asked as he put a hand on his brother's back.

Dean blushed and ducked his head shyly. “There are some stirrings,” he said to Cas' neck.

“Yeah?” Sam asked, swatting Dean's ass lightly. “Well, when you're ready just let us know, okay?”

Dean thought he caught something playful in the channel but ignored it, believing it to be the sex his mates enjoyed. “You know I will.”

Sam winked at Cas and joined the hug, pressing into Dean's back and skimming his palms over Cas.
Marking

Chapter Summary

Cas has some new thoughts and hormones, distressing him a great deal. Thankfully he has two mates who are willing to help him out.

Dean had a nighttime routine when they hunted: he'd sleep for several hours, wake up, lie in bed assessing danger, and eventually fall asleep again. Since Dean conceived, Cas adopted this routine except for a few minor details: he would sleep for several hours, wake up, go to the washroom, masturbate furiously while picturing marking his Omega, wash up, return to bed, lie in shame at the images he got off to, and eventually fall asleep again.

Tonight he woke with the usual combination of excitement and dread. His cock was already standing at attention in the bee pajama pants, ready and waiting for the nightly ritual to commence. This time he tried to fight it. He moved away from Dean as if to get out of bed but shut his eyes and demanded his body return to sleep instead, deciding he was the one with control over his body and not the other way around.

He listened to his mates even breathing, comforted in knowing they were safe and sound. The sheet shushed softly as Dean rolled over. Sam sighed gently at the apparent loss of contact. Cas screwed his eyes closed harder, as if that would help relax him enough to sleep. Dean grunted in his sleep and the bed dipped slightly as he pressed his ass down.

Cas' eyes flew open and his head snapped to his mates. Dean was on his back, Sam on his side facing him and Dean. Dean was hard, pitching a beautiful tent in the sheet. Sam's arm was draped over Dean's naked belly. Cas' breathing picked up. The sheet had fallen down so it was barely covering his mate's pelvis', leaving their upper bodies exposed. Sam was wearing a t-shirt, Dean wearing only wearing loose pants to bed. Cas bit his lip as he slid a hand into his pajamas. A gasp escaped when he felt how hot his cock had become. He kicked the sheet off gently, intending to finally get up and deal with his problem, but his body betrayed him. He knelt up on the bed and faced his mates.

As soon as he realized he was touching himself while staring at his sleeping partners while kneeling above them he sat back on his heels.....but didn't remove his hand. He stroked his balls, circled his cock, twisted the crown, massaged the deflated knot, and tried so hard to convince himself he was going to stop.

Sam sighed softly. His hand slid up Dean's torso and rested on his shoulder. Dean's pants strained with his erection, pulling the waistband low, exposing the edge of his curly hairs.

Dean's belly was exposed.

Cas stopped breathing.

The Alpha part of him surged to the surface, obliterating the human side of him.

Dean had a baby bump.
A tiny itty bitty mound.
Barely noticeable really.
It could be just pudge.
But it was rounded.
From pups.

Cas shoved his pants down and knelt up again, chest heaving while he tried to breathe and stay quiet. Barely registering what he was doing, he leaned forward, aimed his cock, and pressed the tip to Dean's belly. He dragged the tip back and forth, leaving a shining trail of precome in its wake.

Dean breathed slowly. In. Out. The trail glistening differently as his belly inflated and deflated.

*Mark him*, his Alpha brain whispered, *he'll like it.*

Cas' brain went offline.

Private images filled his mind.
Images of his Omega dripping in Alpha fluid.
His cock hardened to diamond status under his palm.
His lungs stopped working.
His balls slammed up.
His knot inflated.
He came.
All.
Over.
Dean.

It took superhuman effort not to scream with his orgasm. He whimpered as his cock pulsed and jumped with each rope. By some miracle he managed to get all of it on Dean's torso, missing the pants, sheet, and face. Well, some splashed up to his neck. As soon as Cas saw the pearly white settle in the hollow of Dean's throat he spatred some more, massaging his knot to milk every drop. When he was fully wrung out he sat back and stared.

Dean was coated in come.

And the sight was *glorious.*

Gleaming white coating a nipple. A bead slipped into his belly button. Baby bump frosted like a bundt cake.

The haze wore off and Cas came back to himself, Alpha retreating to the background once more. One glance at Dean and Cas was *horrified* at what he'd done. Sam liked messes. Dean liked cleanliness. And above all, Cas didn't have *consent* to do this to him.
Cas backed off the bed. Trembling slightly he pulled his pants up and stared, trying to figure out what to do. He had no idea how long he stood there watching his mates sleep, come winking in the low light with Dean's breath. Sam shifted again, galvanizing Cas into action. He thrust himself to the sink, wet a towel in warm water, and approached the bed again. Being as quiet as possible, he crept back up onto the bed and held the towel over Dean. As much as he wanted to clean him up, he wanted the mess to stay. A sob burst out when he realized he'd been poised long enough for his muscles to strain. He clapped his free hand over his mouth at the same time as finally lowering the cloth to Dean's body.

Dean woke to a cool sensation on his chest. It felt the same as when he had to sponge bathe, cool air tensing the clean, damp skin while the rest remained warm. A sound caught his attention, something like a whimper or confined sob. His eyes snapped open and he was instantly fully awake, a leftover from hunting and having a distressed little brother with nightmares. What he saw took a moment to understand.

Cas was kneeling next to him, hand over his mouth, eyes huge and shining with tears, visibly trembling as he moved a towel over him, apparently cleaning him. The fact that Cas hadn't noticed he'd woken told Dean a lot.

“Cas?” he murmured, “what's going on?” He pinched Sam discreetly, as he used to when they were young.

Sam woke to the pinch, instantly alert. Years of conditioning told him to remain still until the situation could be assessed. Waves of distress were coming from Cas, confusion from Dean. He cracked his eyes open to see Cas cleaning Dean. “Guys?” he asked, turning the bedside lamp on low. “What's up?”

Dean stared at Cas' face. It was so bright red it almost illuminated the room.

Sam watched a war play out on Cas' face.

Cas felt confusion from his mates, further adding to the shame. He took his hand away from his mouth to try and explain but burst into embarrassed tears instead.

The brothers froze for a beat. Neither had seen Cas like this. Not ever. Dean, however, went into autopilot as he used to with Sam's nightmares.

“Oh hey, hey come on, it's okay,” Dean soothed, sitting up and pulling Cas close.

Sam sat as well and wrapped his arms around Cas' face.

Cas felt confusion from his mates, further adding to the shame. He took his hand away from his mouth to try and explain but burst into embarrassed tears instead.

The brothers froze for a beat. Neither had seen Cas like this. Not ever. Dean, however, went into autopilot as he used to with Sam's nightmares.

“Okay, okay, it's okay,” Dean soothed, sitting up and pulling Cas close.

Sam sat as well and wrapped his arms around Cas. “Cry it out. Let it all out,” he said in the same way that used to break all his brother's defences. One hand rubbed soothing circles on Cas' back in a nice, steady rhythm.

Cas fell apart. Great, heaving, snotty sobs rocked his body while his mates rocked him while he strangled the towel in his hands. Several minutes later, and many shuddering breaths, he was finally calm enough to try to speak. “I couldn't.....I.....Dean.......so-sorry.....I-”

“Hush,” Dean commanded. “Sammy, water. Cas, let me wash your face.”

Sam disentangled himself and filled the bedside glass with water while Dean rubbed a clean cloth over Cas' cheeks and nose. Once his face was presentable, Dean instructed Cas to drink the water. When that was done, Sam took the glass and set it down.

Sam slipped an arm around Cas' upper body while Dean kept hold at the small of his back.

Cas took a few deep breaths. “I couldn't stop this time. I'm so sorry,” he said to his hands in his lap. “I didn’t-, I-.” One breath in. One out. “I'm sorry,” he repeated in a tiny voice, shoulders curling in as if to make his body small.

Dean glanced at Sam, who gave him a 'who knows?' look. He put a few things together in his tired mind. “Did you come on me while I slept?”

Cas let out a strangled noise and nodded, still staring at his hands.

“And you've almost done it before? Or wanted to?” Dean clarified.

Cas nodded again. “I wa-wanted to.”

It was Sam's turn. “But you've held yourself back?”

“Y-yes. I g-go to the washroom.”

Dean didn't think it was possible for Cas' face to get any brighter, yet it did. “Cas. Look at me.” It took a moment, but he did. “You know there's nothing wrong with jerking off, right?” Cas nodded and dropped his eyes. “Look at me Cas. Tell us why this is a problem.”

Cas struggled. He did not want to explain this. He didn't even want to live this nightmare of uncontrollable desires. One glance at Dean's concerned expression and Sam's supporting face made him spill everything, voice rising in panic with each word. “I can't control it. Every day it gets worse. I go to the washroom at night when you sleep, and that helps. After I ejaculate it isn't so bad. But then I wake up and the feeling is there again. I want to mark you all the time. It's disgusting. You don't like messes like this. You deserve better than to have me defile you this way. But I can't stop! I thought I could. But tonight I saw your little belly and I-”

“Okay, okay, it's okay, breathe deep now, breathe slow,” Dean chanted, keeping his voice low and level like he used to with little Sammy.

Sam kept a gentle hand on Cas, trying to stay calm so Cas would be calm. Personally, he saw no issue here. “Is it because of the pregnancy?”

“Yes?” Cas warbled. “I think so. Dean scents differently. I want to make sure he knows-” He slapped a hand over his mouth again, eyes widening in horror.

“Knows what Cas?” Sam asked quietly. When Cas shook his head and squeezed his eyes shut Sam added, “we love you no matter what. Nothing you say is going to change that.”

“Noah Cas,” Dean agreed. “We love you. Nothing is going to take that away.”

“Now,” Sam tried again, “knows what?”

Cas turned his pleading eyes to Sam and dropped his hand. After a moment he whispered, “knows who he belongs to,” and burst into tears again.

Dean struggled to keep a calm veneer. The absolute last thing he wanted was to be owned by someone.......but the Omega part of him really liked the idea. “Well, it's not like you're asking to pee on me,” he reasoned.

Desire slammed through Cas so hard he reeled back, tears immediately halted. Urine would have a
Both brothers caught the aftershocks of the desire bomb exploding in the room. Sam's eyes met Dean's. Nothing like this had ever been mentioned, not even teased about as teens. Both were aware it was a kink, but that was about it.

“Oh my lord,” Cas whispered, blood rushing back to his face, “I'm so sorry. I've never-. I don't-. Dean please. Sam. I-”

“Come here,” Dean whispered, pulling Cas back into a hug. “It's okay. Nothing has to be decided or discussed right this minute. It feels like all of this is a bit shocking to you. What's done is done. I would have preferred if you'd asked first, but it's okay.”

“No Dean it's not! I told you when we became sexual I would never do anything without your consent and here I ejaculated all over you like some kind of animal and-”

“Okay, hush,” Dean murmured. “That was then, this is now. Your Alpha hormones must be difficult to contain right now. I know you would never harm me.”

Sam joined the hug as well, suspecting Cas was about to shut down if they pressed the issue too far right now. “Why don't we sleep on all of it? Cas? You didn't finish cleaning up. Dean? Are you okay leaving it on you tonight?”

Dean took stock of his skin. The come was mostly dried and a bit icky. Really, this was Sammy's thing not his, but it wasn't awful knowing it was from Cas. “Yeah. It's fine. It's okay. Cas? Do you want to talk some more?”

Cas wanted to curl up into a ball and disappear. “Oh my lord no.”

“Then let's all settle back down and see how things look in the morning,” Sam said. “We'll get through this. There's nothing to be ashamed of Cas. Alphas are extremely possessive of pregnant Omegas. I'm sure the fact that Dean already lost two is a factor here.”

“Oh,” Cas startled, “maybe. I can tell you I never felt this way before conception. I swear. I never even thought of such things.”

“We love you Cas,” Dean said. “I love you. I want you to be relaxed and happy about the pregnancy, not stressing out about stuff like this. Besides, it's not, um, terrible.”

“I love you too Cas. We'll help however we can.”

With that, the whole pack went to the washroom, Dean staying sticky but wiping a little off so it wouldn't drip too much. Bladders empty, tears dried, and emotions soothed, they got back to bed. Sam watched Cas curl around Dean, forcing him to be the little spoon, and had an idea. Instead of sleeping so Dean was in the middle, Sam snuggled up behind Cas.

Dean lifted his head and watched his brother. “Sammy?”

“I think it'd be easier on Cas if my scent isn't on you so much,” he said.

Cas almost started crying again. “Thank you,” he breathed.

“Anything for you guys,” he said, and pressed against Cas.

Cas felt the wave of contained disappointment from Dean. He knew how much Dean liked being
in Sam's space. “Sam, move for a moment,” he said. When Sam did, Cas rolled onto his back, pulling both brothers against his sides. “Is this better?”

“Yeah, thanks Cas,” Dean said as he covered Sam's hand with his on Cas' chest.

They exchanged 'love yous' in the quiet of the room and waited for sleep to take them. It was a long wait.

^^

Morning found them all quiet. Each woke within minutes of the others, none wanting to speak first. Dean's body made him take the lead. “I gotta pee really bad. Shower?’”

Cas was deeply relieved nothing had changed. “Yes. Shower. Of course.”

Sam smiled, momentarily disoriented at being on the wrong side of the bed. “Come on preggo. Quick shower so we can get food in you.”

The shower was indeed quick, Cas' hand staying on Dean's belly most of the time. In the bedroom, Cas selected clothes for him and Dean when he saw Sam had already chosen his own.

Dean watched Sam dress because, well, Sam looked good getting dressed. If there was such a thing as reverse stripping, Sam would be the champion. When Cas nudged Dean's arm as a hint to raise them for a shirt, Dean blocked him.

Cas froze. “Dean?”

“I um,” Dean tried and gave up. He went to the laundry bin and pulled out Cas' undershirt from yesterday. Even though he worked from home, Cas dressed in his suit as a way of remaining professional. Under his dress shirt was always a white t-shirt. “I'll wear this under my plaid.”

A single tear of gratitude trickled down Cas' cheek. He'd been perspiring yesterday, stressing about his filthy thoughts while trying to remain professional in his work. His shirt carried a great deal of scent. “Oh. Well. Yes. All right. That would be acceptable,” he babbled as he smoothed the shirt over Dean's torso.

^ After coffee and food, which Dean kept down, Sam broached the topic again. “Do you think Dean wearing your shirt will help enough or do you need more?”

Cas considered. Dean scented very nicely as his. “Yes. I believe so.” His cheeks reddened when he remembered the conversation at night. “I need to apologize. I don't feel in control at all. I feel like an animal who needs to mark his territory. And I've never desired to, um, urinate, on, um, I, uh-”

“Cas,” Sam said firmly, “most people have some kind of kink, sexual or otherwise. Some people find out by accident and are embarrassed. But it's okay. It's okay if you like it or want it. It's okay if it's a bit embarrassing. We aren't going to make fun of you. And if it's something you want to try we can discuss it. If it's something you'd like to keep buried and only think about that's okay too.”

Cas' face lit up like a stoplight. “I'd like to not discuss it at all please.”

Dean was a bit confused. Cas never showed any judgment or embarrassment about anything before. “Why is this bothering you so much? Not the act, but not wanting to talk about it? You never seemed to care before.”
“Because it's not me! I'm not in control of it! Everything else can be reasoned away, this feels like there's a filthy animal living inside me!”

Sam watched them and remembered the transition between angel and human. “Cas? Do you feel similar to when you fell?”

Cas froze, coffee mug halfway to his mouth. “Oh. Yes. I remember how strange it was to not be in control of everything.”

Dean remembered those times vividly. Cas had fallen and both brothers helped him adjust to everything from errant bowels to the inability to heal with a touch of a finger. The transition was difficult but every passing day got easier. “Maybe this will be like that. You adjusted to humanity and Alpha status, now you're faced with adjusting to new hormones again.”

“Oh,” Cas said as he lowered his mug. “Yes. It's just hormones. All of this should pass when you give birth. But Sam, I don't like restricting your contact with Dean. I know how much you also enjoy keeping a hand on him.”

Sam wasn't going to mention it right away, but Cas was right. “I know. But if it makes things better for you I can try to hug him less.” A large ball of disappointment lodged in his throat. They'd agreed he could touch Dean's belly a lot, but that was before Cas' hormones were out of control. And Dean was still in his first trimester, there was still a lot of time left.

Dean's stomach dropped. The last thing he wanted was less of Sam. “How about giving us some scheduled time together? That way you'd know it would be happening and his scent won't surprise you or rile your Alpha side.”

“Like a date night?” Sam whispered hopefully.

“Yeah,” Dean said, smile creeping over his face. “Date night. We could go out. Or stay in. But it would just be you and me for a while.”

“Not always with sex though? Sometimes just being together?”

“Yeah. Yeah like that,” Dean agreed. “You could cuddle my belly as it gets bigger. We could watch a movie. Go for a walk.”

Cas watched them fondly. They both lit up beautifully at the idea. “Would either of you be offended if I scent marked Dean beforehand? And possibly after?” Both brothers agreed it would be fine. “I've been putting off going into the shop. Charlie has been asking but I haven't been able to be separate from Dean. How about I arrange a consistent day during the week where I go in for a minimum of eight hours?”

“The dean said my schedule won't change much in the new term,” Sam said. “My days off will be the same. Can you arrange your day at the shop with one of my days off?”

“Of course,” Cas agreed. “I'll ensure that happens.”

“So it's settled,” Dean said with a huge smile. “Sammy and I will be going on a date once a week.”

Cas was relieved to put the conversation to bed, but unsure how he'd feel after their date. One day at a time, he told himself, knowing he could talk to them later if he needed to.
Date Night

Chapter Summary

Dean and Sam have their first date night, Cas struggles with some Alpha issues.

Chapter Notes

Here's a nice long chapter for you :)

Sam stared at his laptop screen until it went to sleep again, wondering what Dean's preparations for date night involved. He'd agreed not to check the channel so Dean could surprise him, and he kind of liked the idea of Dean deciding what they would do. But he was still curious.

In an effort to distract himself, he tried researching Alpha hormones and pregnancy but there wasn't much information out there. While Omegas were open about presentation and daily life, Alphas were not. There were forums everywhere of Omegas with helpful information on Omega life, but damn near nothing from Alphas. It's like they had their own secret society or something, he thought, immediately followed by, Chuckdammit. Omegas probably have information on how to deal with their Alphas during pregnancy. He was barely into his research when he found a gossip site detailing something he'd never heard of before, something Betas could do to ease their Alpha's instincts.

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Cas watched Dean fuss in the nest room, trying to give him space to get things ready for his date and failing. “I'm sorry,” he said for the hundredth time as he pulled Dean into a hug.

“It's okay,” Dean murmured, pressing close to him. “I get it. This is going to be difficult for you, so whatever you need from me you've got, okay?”

“Thank you,” he whispered and clutched at Dean's back. Marking Dean would be ideal. Absolutely fantastic. But he didn't want to interfere with their date in any way.

Dean relaxed into Cas' arms, feeling the power of the embrace in his hard muscles. All his hard muscles. Especially the one poking at him. An idea popped up, most of his preparations were done, so after a quick calculation of timing he pulled away a little and said, “if you want to mark me you can, but I'll wash up before you leave.”

Cas gasped into Dean's neck. “Dean. I don't want to interfere. This is going to be your time with Sam.” His hips disobeyed and ground into him anyway.

“That's why I'll wash it all off,” Dean said. Feeling brazen, he dropped his hands to Cas' belt and pulled it open. “You can scent-mark me just before you go. But right now I need my Alpha. I need you Cas.” His nimble fingers opened Cas' pants and pulled him out, already throbbing in his palm. He lifted his own shirt a little and lowered his soft pants a bit. “Don't you want to? Don't you
wanna show the world whose pups these are?” He shifted and dragged the tip of Cas' cock on his little belly bump.

Cas' brain flew away with his inhibitions. In one heartbeat he pulled Dean closer and flung him up against the wall, gentle enough so he wouldn't hurt Dean or the pups, hard enough to show force. Inside his mind he roared, in reality he whimpered as his mouth closed over Dean's mark.

Dean's knees went weak. He slammed his arousal down. This was for Cas, not him. “Come on Alpha,” he moaned and bucked his hips a tiny bit, “make me yours,” he jerked Cas as best he could while being crushed between the wall and his mate, “mark me so the world knows I'm taken.”

Cas bit down and exploded, fingers digging into Dean's hips, whining around Dean's mark.

Hot ropes splashed up Dean's shirt and over his tummy, dripping down and staining his waistband. Dean pushed into Cas, gyrating his body against his Alpha's, rubbing the come in and smearing it around.

Panting and trembling, Cas shoved his hands between them, coating his palms in come. He dragged his wet palms over the bitty pup mound. “Mine,” he grunted, “mine.”

Dean pressed his mouth to Cas' ear. “Yours,” he said, barely audibly, “yours.”

In the library Sam sent kudos to Dean through the channel. For the first time since mentioning date night Cas was scenting as relaxed. With a little smirk he returned to his reading.

Cas showered with Dean, redressed them both in clean clothes, and met Sam in the garage. “I'm sorry,” he said again as he pulled Dean close. “I still need to scent-mark you. And it isn't just you. I feel the need to mark the whole bunker.” Only yesterday he caught himself releasing his Alpha scent in the air in the kitchen, for Chuck's sake. The kitchen. As if the salt shaker would somehow get up and betray him, or the plates try to take his pups away.

“It's okay Cas,” Dean said and let Cas do his thing.

Sam accepted the same marking without a fuss. “We can reduce the time if you want,” he suggested. “Make it five or six hours instead of eight.”

“No,” Cas said, “it will be better if I jump right in.” Even though he was a bundle of nerves. Even though he suspected he'd get no work done. Even though he wanted to drag Dean with him. “You both deserve this. Time together will strengthen your bond.” When he was done marking Sam he pulled away, and was astounded by what happened next.

Showtime, Sam thought. He took a step so he was behind Dean, lowered his eyes to Cas' chin, clasped his hands in front, and called on the Beta part of him. When he felt he had it, he said, “what are your instructions?” in a tone he'd never used before. The tone was beautifully supplicant, gentle, aware, alert, and ready for orders. There was no question he would obey, all he needed were direct commands. This tone was something only rumoured about, but gauging from the look on Cas' face it was successful.

Something shifted inside Cas, leaving him deeply comforted. Sam will do anything I say. Anything. He's asking for orders. Oh the orders he wanted to give and the things he wanted to say.
“Ensure Dean's health and safety at all times,” was the only order he gave.

“Yes sir.”

Cas' heart swelled. Dean will be safe. His pups will be safe. He could leave and know his Beta would care for his Omega properly.

Dean saw Cas straighten his spine in confidence. “You.....you have a Beta voice. Cas could have just used his Alpha voice, couldn't he?”

“It's different,” Cas said. “Sam was, um, offering his servitude.”

It took a moment for Dean's mind to catch up. “Oh. Instead of being ordered to do something he was offering to do anything?”

“Yeah,” Sam agreed, “that sounds right.”

Dean's mind whirred. “Does that mean Sam can order me around?”

“If Cas orders me to after I ask, yes.”

That didn't sit very well, but Dean knew better than to argue.

Cas took a deep breath. “I need to go. I'll be back in eight hours plus travel time. I won't call or text. If there's an emergency I trust you both to let me know.”

After hugs all around, Cas got in the truck and left his mates alone.

He made it halfway down the block before turning around. The impulse was too great to be ignored. At the bunker he jumped out of the truck, left it running, opened his pants, and urinated on the seam where the bunker met the ground near the garage. By some miracle of body function he stopped the flow, went to the front entrance, and drained his bladder. Refusing to be embarrassed by his actions he got back in the truck and went to work. He made it a block before blushing so hard he couldn't see and had to pull over until the humiliation passed.

Thor is there guarding the door of the store as usual. Cas nodded a greeting and retreated to his office. As he expected, he got no work done. Instead he shuffled papers, tapped on his keyboard, and wondered if other Alphas acted like dogs around their Omegas. And he couldn't get his mind off knowing Dean was going to scent as Sam when he got home. After much deliberation, he called Thor into his office for a discussion.

Thor came in and closed the door. “What can I do for you boss?” he asked as he sat in the chair opposite Cas' desk.

Cas shifted. He opened his mouth and closed it. He shifted again. “I hear your Omega is pregnant,” he started.

“Yup. You bet. Our first. I hear congratulations are in order for your pack as well.”

“Who told you?!”

“Nobody. I swear. I overheard you talking to Charlie earlier. I won't say a word until you release the news. Is there a problem?”
“Thor. This is extremely personal, but do you, um, have the urge to, uh, to, um, do you, uh-”

“Castiel. Spit it out.”

“Do you have the urge to mark your territory?”

Thor sat patiently. “Please try that again but slower.”

Cas breathed deeply and blushed furiously. “Do you have the urge to mark your territory with urine?”

“Yes. My yard stinks. My neighbour's got a pregnant Omega too. Our scents compete.”

“So it's normal?”

“Very. Every Alpha's house repels other Alphas if there's a pregnancy. After the birth it isn't so bad. Or so I hear.”

“What about when your Omega leaves the house? What do you do?”

Thor regarded him carefully. “You can milk your scent.”

“I beg your pardon?”

“You have scent glands located near your some of your lymph nodes. The three strongest are just under your jaw, in your armpit, and in the crook of your groin.” Thor dug in his coat pocket and pulled out a small vial wrapped in a blister pack. “You massage the gland and the scent fluid oozes out. Collect the fluid in one of these. You can take this one. If you need more buy the expensive kind 'cause they're sterile and the cap doesn't leak.” He grabbed a pen and a Post-It note. “Here's the website I found. It explains how to do it. Get your mates to help. Dab it on Dean's jaw, pits, and groin like cologne.”

“Thank you,” Cas choked, still very red. “But. How do you manage to still allow your Beta's scent on your Omega? Shouldn't your scent be the strongest?”

Thor's brows knit together in confusion. “Tell me the first five words you use to describe Sam.”


“Why wasn't Beta the first?”

Cas startled. “Oh. I. Oh.”

“This damn virus changed everything. You are Alpha now. Your instinct is to lead your pack.”

“But they're people not things.”

“Indeed they are. Your first designation is now Alpha. Anything or anyone you were before presentation is secondary now, especially with a pregnant Omega. Sam is all the things you said, but first and foremost he's Beta. He's there to protect your Omega when you aren't around, and tend to you as needed. Trust this instinct. Know it fully, and you will be better about having his scent on Dean. It's a comfort, knowing your Beta is protecting your Omega with cuddles, love, kindness, and yes, even scent.”

Sam's Beta voice did help, he thought. I know he loves Dean and will protect him. “Do you still want to mark your Omega?” he asked softly.
“Yup. I do. But it doesn't tear me up inside like it does you. You love Sam. You love Dean. They are your pack. And Dean is pregnant. Let the hormones win and you won't have to fight. You'll come back to yourself after the birth. That's what my brothers say.”

“Thank you,” Cas said, deeply relieved he wasn't the only one struggling. “I'll do my best.”

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The garage door was barely down before Dean was leading Sam to the nest room. Inside, Sam gasped. The room was decked out in candles, which Dean started lighting as Sam stared. Dean – or probably Cas – had moved the bedroom TV into the room as well, facing the nest.

Dean watched Sam, pleased his brother seemed to like what he'd done. “I didn't want to go out,” he explained, putting a hand on his tummy, “not yet anyway. Maybe after-”

“It's perfect,” Sam whispered with a soft smile.

“Wait till you see the kitchen,” Dean smiled. “But first,” he turned some music on low from his phone attached to speakers, “may I have this dance?”

Sam's belly flipped. “Yeah,” he breathed, “I always wanted to dance with you.”

“Me too,” Dean murmured. He pulled Sam close and anchored him with a strong arm around his waist. Sam slid his arm over Dean's shoulder and they swayed with the music, talking softly about nothing, until the pups demanded food several songs later.

“Gotta eat,” Dean said apologetically. It was early for dinner, but his stomach had its own schedule these days.

Sam's head was swimming. Dean smelled so sweet, so good, so healthy, so happy. His promise to Cas overrode any other thought though. “Yeah, food would be good. Kitchen?”

Dean took Sam's hand. “Yeah. Come on.”


“Go ahead. I used candle holders. Each one is on a spike, see?” Dean pulled the nearest candle out of the dish to show Sam how it was anchored. “And the dish is non-tippable.”

Sam was uneasy. Lit candles unattended was not a good idea. “We can re-light them when we come back. Sorry.”

“It's fine. Better to be safe.” They blew them out. Dean took Sam's hand and led him to the kitchen.

Sam gasped softly when Dean turned the light on. He'd strung up lights so it looked like stars on the ceiling. The table was draped in a pretty cloth, two nice place settings waited for them with a vase in between of flowers from the garden and two tall candles. “It's so beautiful,” Sam said quietly.

“Thanks. Dinner's in the oven. Sit,” he commanded gently, kissing Sam before going to the fridge. As much as he wanted a beer he knew that was off the menu, so he served chilled water and lit the candles. He brought out a salad with apricots and toasted almonds, again serving Sam.

A burst of love exploded in Sam's belly. “You made my favourite salad.”

“Of course. Dinner too. Cedar plank salmon. Give me a second and I'll get it.” Dean knew he could
eat four times what Sam would and still be hungry, but he had a plan for more food later. For him, this was an appetizer. For Sam it was probably dinner. “And I made pie.”

“That's why the bunker's been smelling so damn good all day?”

Dean laughed softly. “Hope so.”

They ate, again talking about nothing in particular. Dean kept watching Sam's eyes light up and his face relax, pleased he could have this affect on his brother. After dinner and cleanup, Dean used the washroom and they went back to the nest room, where Sam was waiting with the lit candles.

“What now big brother?”

“Movies little brother. Your choice.” Dean guided Sam to the nest and pulled him inside.

Sam sank into the eggs with a shivery moan. “These are amazing,” he said, leaning into the eggs.

“Right?” Dean pushed more against Sam, tucking him securely into the nest. When he felt Sam was protected enough he twined their limbs together like they used to as children, creating one body from two, tucking Sam against him as if he was the smaller brother.

“Dean,” Sam whispered as he snuggled down, “we haven't- not since-”

“I know. I had to stop holding you like this when I started gettin' hard. Dad noticed and.....never mind. But we can now.”

Sam tucked his head into Dean's neck. “Can we just cuddle for a while? Just like this?”

“For as long as you like.”

Dean ran his hands up and down Sam wherever he could reach. Gently pressing, slowly caressing, lightly kissing his hair. Sam did the same, slowly feeling how Dean had changed, how soft he was getting but still solidly muscular, breathing in his scent. One hand wandered to Dean's belly where it cupped the tiny bump. “How've you been feeling?”

“Better. Not so sick, still tired though.” The warmth of Sam's hand bled through the shirt and warmed the pups pleasantly. “Scared,” he said so low Sam almost missed it.

“What're you scared of?” Sam asked, matching Dean's tone.


Sam kissed Dean's neck with a slow open mouth, licking the stray tear in his path. “Dr. Day says you're doing really well,” he murmured into Dean's skin. “You're gonna make it. I can only prove we won't leave by not leaving. Everything else will be dealt with as it comes.” He tipped his head up to see Dean staring down at him with bright green eyes. “I love you so much.”

Dean stared down into Sam's open fox eyes. “I love you more than I ever imagined I could,” he admitted and leaned down to kiss Sam's pretty pink lips.

Sam moaned softly at how Dean kept the kissing gentle and sweet. One arm slid up and pulled Dean deeper into the eggs until they were level with each other, still woven together. They kissed like it was their first time, exploring each other and eliciting new sounds with every pull and press. Neither let their hands wander anywhere too enticing, keeping their movements chaste. Dean rolled
on top, gasping into Sam's mouth when he pressed down on Sam's pelvis. It took effort but he didn't keep rolling his hips or grinding down. Instead he focused on the taste of Sam's neck and jaw while plunging a hand into his hair.

Sam felt how hard Dean was, and himself as well, but didn't encourage dealing with it. For the moment he preferred the electric feeling in his belly at the anticipation of Dean's next kiss. When he felt a wave of exhaustion roll through Dean he pulled away only far enough to talk. “Nap time?”

“No,” Dean pleaded in a whisper, “not on our date,” he added, stifling a yawn.

“It's okay,” Sam assured him. “The babies take a lot out of you. And I'm going to hold you the whole time, if you'll let me.”

Dean wanted nothing more than to snuggle down into Sam's arms and chest. “Fine,” he conceded and rested his head over Sam's heart, the rhythmic beating lulling him to sleep.

Sam tugged a blanket over them without disturbing Dean. Under the warm cover he slid his hand up and down Dean's back while peppering his hair with light kisses. He released his calming scent into the cocoon, encouraging Dean to have good dreams and deep sleep.

Dean woke, feeling fantastically rested and stunningly horny. Not knowing for sure if that was what Sam wanted he pulled away and announced he had to empty his bladder.

Having his brother curl up in his arms and sleep-rut against him had driven him wild, and he was pretty sure Dean felt the same way. “Hurry back,” Sam said, voice husky and low. “I'll be waiting.”

Breath flowed out of Dean's lungs at the sight of Sam's massive pupils. “I will.” And he did, after cursing having to pee with an erection.

Back in the nest room Sam was still under the blanket up to his chin, hair splayed on an egg, hand cupping himself under the cloth. “Get naked first?”

Slick burst out when he saw Sam's hand move around, just like it would under the blanket in the back seat as a teen, or while thinking everyone was asleep in bed, like Sam somehow thought he could hide what he was doing. “Sammy,” he grunted.

Sam gave himself a squeeze at the sight of his brother watching him. “What are you waiting for?”

Dean shucked his clothes and crawled back in, gushing slick when he realized Sam was naked as well. They regarded each other for a heartbeat before Dean surged in to kiss his brother and was met with equal enthusiasm. Sam rolled them so Dean was on top again and opened his legs, inviting Dean to nestle between them. They rocked together, rubbing against each other, hands scrabbling for purchase anywhere they could reach. Their breath became frantic, moans louder, kisses stronger, bodies hotter, nerves alive and screaming for contact.

“Need lube,” Sam panted when Dean's lips left his for an instant.

Dean whimpered at the idea of topping. “Here, got, I gotta, just,” he gave up and reached around to the inside edge of the nest near Sam's head. Part of his planning was putting the big hand pump bottle of lube in the nest to warm, just in case Sam wanted sex and to bottom. A few pumps later and his hand was between his brother's legs, slicking him up, getting him good and wet.

Sam's legs fell open, pretty moans slipping from his throat. “These eggs feel so good,” he grunted
out, trying to explain how they cuddled against him and set his skin alight.

“I know, fuck I know,” Dean panted, two fingers deep in his brother's hot, tight hole. “You feel so good Sammy. So good.” His mouth found Sam's ear where he sucked the lobe and licked the whorls while exhaling hot and wet.

Sam felt his body start to lock up, grip Dean's fingers, balls creeping up. Dean must have felt it too because he pulled them out and went back to kissing his mouth until Sam calmed down. “You know what I found when I got undressed,” Sam asked in between licking down Dean's jaw.

Dean made a questioning noise, words beyond him. He was so hard he thought he was going to burst. So wet he could fill the lube bottle. He glanced at Sam's hand to see the dragon dildo he'd hidden not too long ago. His hips moved on their own, pumping away, hole clenching as if it was already in him. “Sammy,” he whined, “please.”

“I've got you big brother. But I want you in me first.”

No problem. None at all. Dean wanted to be surrounded by Sam's tight walls immediately anyway. He reached around, gathered a bunch of slick, and coated his cock, almost coming from the sensation alone. One quick adjustment so Sam was comfortable on the egg and Dean slid in, groaning loudly the whole time.

Getting filled by Dean's cock was glorious. Dean practically split him apart, stuffing him so full it took effort to breathe. His own cock was throbbing but he didn't want to touch himself, instead he wanted to come just from this, just from his big brother melding their bodies together. A broken moan from Dean reminded him of his brother's new biology, the need to bottom even if he was the top. “I got you,” he whispered as he nosed the dildo at Dean, and slid it in.

Dean froze, trying to keep his orgasm at bay. He could come right this instant and still keep going, still come again, just because his body was different now. But he knew Sam couldn't. Sam's body wouldn't allow for an encore so quickly, so he resolved to make this last. But it didn't stop him from begging, wanting friction or something pressing the dildo into his ass. “Sammy. Need. God. Sammy. I need. Sam. Please.”

Sam caught an image in the channel and used his long legs to anchor a large egg against Dean's ass, holding the dildo in place, giving him something to rub against. “Good?”

Words were too complicated. Dean started rocking into his brother, slowly, lovingly, ass pressing against the egg and forcing the dildo inside, driving him wild. There was nothing like it, nothing that could compare to feeling his little brother rock with him, let him do this to him, want him to do this. Dean nosed at Sam's head until he bared his neck, then sucked and licked at the long, sweaty column, getting drunk on the taste of him, the scent of him, the feel of him. With every slide in and out of Sam he used his mouth to distract himself from coming, to feel Sam's blood pulse through the artery, and finally to lock onto Sam's mouth and steal all his pretty, soft sounds.

From below, Sam sighed, moaned, and whimpered, all while running his wide hands up Dean's hot back. Each thrust slid against his prostate agonizingly slowly. He matched Dean's thrusts with his own, keeping his heels locked on the egg, tipping his hips for better friction, gasping into Dean's mouth when it was just right. When it got to be too much, when the buildup was too high, when the need to explode became desperate, he pulled away from Dean's mouth and stared at his brother. Cheeks pink, lips parted, eyes unfocused, his brother was beautiful. “Come for me,” he whispered, needing the image like a parched man needs water.

“Sammy,” he got out as his body bowed, screwing his face up in a way only two people ever got to
The look on Dean's face threw Sam over the edge hard. With a shout he painted their torsos, pulses ripping through him as he clamped down on Dean's cock.

They rode together, shifting, moving, coaxing the last drips out of each other. Sam's mouth sought Dean's and found it, kisses bringing them both back down to reality. Warm, sticky, reality.

Dean peeled away from Sam with a chuckle. “Do you wanna keep the mess or....?”

In an instant Sam knew Dean would sit here, dripping and chilly, if he asked, even if he'd rather be clean. “I wanna clean you,” he murmured and flipped them gently. He grabbed a towel to catch most of it coming out of him, leaving some there as a reminder for himself, and dropped it outside the nest.

“Thought you wanted to be clean,” Dean challenged, debating whether he should keep the dildo where it was or not.

Sam's eyes glinted in the low light, clever and secretive. “Oh, you're going to be clean,” he said and lowered his face to Dean's chest. One long lick over Dean's nipple caught some of it, the next lick pulling more off. His long hair tickled Dean's skin, his eyes holding Dean's as much as possible, his hot tongue wiping the mess away.

When he was done, Dean was rock hard again, panting and clenching around the dildo. “Sammy,” he begged, eyes apologetic, body strung tight.

Sam reached to the nest edge and grabbed his phone. He opened the camera app and said, “may I?”

Dean nodded wildly, hoping for a reward if he posed well enough. Sam backed away a bit, letting the candlelight flicker over Dean's body. He took several photos of the tiny bump highlighted in the light, of his brother all stretched out, hands gripping eggs in an effort not to touch himself, of his brother's aroused face. His own cock jumped hard when Dean ground his ass down, making his eyelids flutter and his mouth fall open. He switched to video and said, “do it like I'm not here.”

Dean's eyes screwed shut as one hand flew to his cock and the other around back to fuck himself with the dildo. He lifted a leg for better access and got down to it, touching himself as he liked when he was alone, giving his nipples and ass cheeks the attention they deserved, gathering slick dripping off the dildo to wet his cock. Sam recorded it all, everything from how his abs looked as he lifted his hips in the air to how he thrust his head back into the pillow, gasping and grunting, teasing himself until he couldn't stand it any more.

“Holy shit,” Sam bit out, body thrumming with anticipation of watching this later. There was nothing better than watching Dean give himself pleasure, let himself have this, allow his body to relax enough to enjoy something, after all he'd been through in his life.

Sam's voice reminded Dean he wasn't alone. He'd forgotten for a second, lost in the pleasure of his own body. Without warning he came, rim catching on the dildo, cock trying desperately to spurt some more.

Sam recorded Dean's face as he came, burning the image into the camera, preserving how Dean finally let go.

This time Sam cleaned them both with a warm, wet towel, Dean's sheepish expression melting Sam's heart. “It's not that it wasn't enough with you, I just-”
“It's okay,” Sam assured him, placing the towel with the other outside the nest. He pulled the blanket up again. “Your body's different. I wish I could go again. Right this instant.” One tender kiss later he added, “thank you for letting me see.”

Dean's cheeks reddened. “Yeah, no problem. Gotta treat you sometimes, y'know?” His stomach grumbled, fuel expended and in need of replacement. “Could you reach the little fridge there?”

Sam did, seeing it packed with fruit, water, and juice. Beside it was dry snack food, which he brought into the nest as well. They took turns feeding each other, Dean eating far more, until their bladders burst and their bellies filled.

After a short washroom trip Sam loaded Netflix and they cuddled through a chick flick he chose, noting how Dean's eyes lit up briefly at the suggestion. Sam fed Dean throughout, making sure he drank enough water as well, until Dean's phone chimed halfway through the next movie.

Sam shot a questioning glance. Dean explained they had Cas' travel time left. “Then let's get you ready for him,” Sam decided with a smile and paused. “Hey, uh, if you want I can erase the photos and stuff. I know how my um, smaller brain, says yes to stuff my bigger brain might not.”

Dean blushed, intimately familiar with getting off on something he'd never consider when he wasn't horny. “It's fine. Just don't keep 'em on your phone where just anyone can see, okay?”

“I'll move them to my laptop after Cas comes home.”

He dressed Dean in Cas' boxers and undershirt, completing the outfit with his bathrobe. When he was done he put on soft clothes, unwilling to wash Dean off him or himself off Dean. “Come on,” he said, taking Dean's hand and leading him to the door to the garage. “Wait here,” he commanded. In a flash he retrieved a throw pillow and set it on the floor. “Kneel,” he ordered, “sit back on your heels.”

“What's this?” Dean asked gently.

“Presentation,” was all Sam offered and moved to stand behind Dean.

Minutes later, Cas walked through the door.

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Cas spent the last hour staring at the clock, telling himself to stay attached to his chair, knowing he'd go home the instant he stood. The conversation with Thor helped tremendously, but he still wasn't sure how he'd react when he scented his mates. Only time would tell. And time was crawling.

It took monumental effort to drive normally instead of racing home, but he did it. As soon as he was in the garage he scented his mates. Dean was gloriously happy and sated, Sam calm and pleased. Muscles Cas hadn't known were tense loosened up with the scents. They're safe and content, he told himself as he reached for the door. He was completely unprepared for what he saw.

Dean was kneeling in front of Sam. Both had their heads tipped down slightly, Sam's hands clasped in front, Dean's resting on his thighs. Cas caught wind of that special scent the two of them had, the one where they mingled, the one no one else was privy to.

When his lungs managed to inflate again, Cas stumbled forward and bent down to check on Dean, who was almost glowing with contentment. “Did you have a good time?” he asked, tipping Dean's
chin up with his finger until Dean was looking him in the eye.

Dean's whole face lit up. “Yeah. Thanks Cas.”

Cas pulled him close, sliding a hand over the pup mound, then helped him to standing. There he hugged Dean with his whole body, scent-marking him without being aware of it. Next he moved to Sam and pulled him close. He put his lips to Sam's ear and said, “you did an excellent job, thank you,” in his Alpha voice.

Sam sagged against Cas, his brain releasing sending a cascade of chemicals in response to his Alpha's praise. Date night, it appeared, was a success.

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At bedtime, Sam moved to slip into his new position, sandwiching Cas.

“No,” Cas said gently, “sleep on Dean's other side please. He prefers it, so that's how it will be.”

“But my scent-”

“Is perfect. I know you'll protect him.”

Sam didn't argue, but also didn't bother to try to hide his joy.
Cas has his mates help milk his Alpha scent, along with admitting he needs help in other areas too.

Dean barely slept. This morning was the first day into his second trimester, and he hadn't lost his pups. He was still pregnant. They were going to have babies. Two babies. He wasn't sure if the storm inside him was excitement or abject terror.

Cas blinked awake, immediately on guard with Dean's scent. “Dean?” he mumbled urgently. “Are you all right?”

“Yeah. No. We're past three months.”

Cas gathered Dean up, forcing him to be the little spoon. He put his hand on the tiny mound of Dean's belly while Dean squeezed his egg. “You're safe. We're here. Everything is going to be okay. We'll help you.”

“I know. ’m still scared.”

“I know,” Cas whispered. He sent a bolt through Sam's channel to wake him.

Sam jolted awake to the sight of Dean and Cas spooning, Dean looking absolutely terrified. “Hey guys, you know what day it is?” he asked softly and moved in closer, crowding Dean's space. “Today's the day after your first trimester.” He dragged a hand down to cover Cas' on Dean's tummy. “We're gonna have two babies.”

Dean breathed in his mate's scents, trying to calm down. “We don't have any supplies. We're gonna have pups and we don't even have a place for them to sleep. What about clothes? Diapers? Furniture?”

“Actually,” Sam smiled, “I've been doing some research.”

Dean gave him a tight smile, suspecting he knew what kind of research. “Let me guess, you have the whole nursery planned out?”

“Maybe not planned out, not exactly. But, y'know, I've been looking at safety standards, and product reviews, and-”
“Colour schemes,” Dean interrupted, “toys, hair ties-”

“Yeah fine,” Sam laughed. “Do you wanna see?” he asked tentatively.

Dean saw the hope in his brother's eyes. Sam had been so good in not blasting jealously or envy at every turn. There was still a whisper of it, but he found he could ignore it easily. He saw how Sam wanted to deck out the nursery as his contribution to the pregnancy. “Yeah, I'd love to see.”

Sam leaped off the bed to retrieve his laptop, Dean rolled off to go empty his abundantly full bladder. When he was done Cas informed him they would meet in the kitchen where the coffeemaker was located.

They sat at the table drinking coffee, eating cereal, and clicking between tabs on Sam's laptop. Sam excitement was infectious, before long Dean was caught up in it as well.

“Most of these things are available at a store in town. Can we go shopping today?” Sam asked slowly.

Cas glanced between the brothers. “Are you up to it Dean?”

Dean squished his egg in his arm. *Shopping. In public. Where everyone can scent the pregnancy.* Panic rose, choking him for a second. *Sam wants this. Cas will stay right next to me. Nobody will bother us. Men get pregnant now. It's old news.* “Yeah. Puking's gone I think.”

Cas watched Dean, wondering if he was aware he was practically screaming his concerns. “If you feel you need to leave please tell us, out loud or through the channels.” After Dean agreed he added, “I had a discussion with Thor about milking scent glands in Alphas. He didn't give me much information about how it's done, but he did give me a web address.”

Sam opened a new window on the laptop. “What is it?” Cas recited the address, having read it so many times he committed it to memory. Sam navigated through the site, finding milking instructions easily. “Do you want our help with this or is it something you’d rather do on your own?”

“Either. I don't want to impose.”

“We're your mates. It's hardly an imposition,” Sam said. “Do you have a collection vial?”

Cas fidgeted. “Yes. In the bedroom.”

Sam took in Cas' pink cheeks, averted gaze, and hands shredding a paper towel to confetti. “Cas? What is it about this that bothers you?”

“Noth-”

“Don't you dare lie,” Sam warned.

After a few false starts Cas finally blurted, “what if I make the wrong choice?”

Dean was shocked. He trusted Cas completely and told him so. “There is no wrong decision here,” he added.

“But there is! With our first-. When you were pregnant the first time I chose wrong! You needed me and I didn't listen. I was too overrun with hormones to even consider what you were saying. And then I left when you- when-” Cas’ chest heaved a few times. “The milking will bring out my
Alpha side. Sometimes I can't control myself as Alpha and I when I can't I make the wrong choices!"

Sam waited to see if Cas needed to add anything else. When it was clear he was done he said, “I have an idea. Come into the bedroom.” He stood along with Dean, grabbed his open laptop, and noticed Cas remained sitting. “Please,” Sam added.

Cas got up and reluctantly followed. Inside the bedroom Sam set his laptop on the top of the dresser and opened a drawer. “I get that you're worried and trying to do your best,” he said as he pulled out an adjustable leather bracelet. “I'm going to help you.” He turned and faced his pack, noting Dean's light confusion and Cas' wariness.

“Cas, whenever you feel like making decisions is too hard or too much, hand me this bracelet and I will put it on your wrist. By giving it to me you are agreeing that I will make your decisions for you until you feel more stable. All your decisions. When the bracelet comes off you are in charge of yourself again.” Sam paused to ensure Cas understood. “You know how to use the stoplight safe words. I expect you to use them when necessary, or I will if I think you need to. By taking this bracelet from me now you're agreeing to my terms. Do you accept?” Sam held the bracelet in his open palm.

“I can safe word out?” Cas asked carefully.

“Yes.”

Dean watched the struggle on Cas' face. A part of him wanted a bracelet too, but that could be a discussion for another day. Right now he wanted to know how this was going to play out. Feeling incredibly selfish he asked, “do I have a part in this?”

“You can participate or not,” Sam said. “There will be times I will need you and occasions where this will be between Cas and I. When you're involved you can safe word out as well. But if you undermine my orders or try to get Cas to disobey you will pay for it.”

“What, like a spanking,” Dean teased.

There was only one way Sam could think of to get his brother to understand the seriousness of this activity. “The first time I'll put you in the bathtub without water. Second time will be with cold water. Do you understand?”

Dean's brain short circuited. Bathtubs were bad. One look into Sam's eyes and he knew his brother wasn't fooling around. “I understand,” he agreed, swallowing thickly.

Sam cupped Dean's jaw with his free hand. “Thank you. I'll never hurt you. But in order to help Cas we both need to respect the boundaries.”

“Yeah,” Dean nodded, “I get it. I'll behave.”

“It's not just about behaving,” Sam told him as he closed his fist and hid the bracelet. All his attention needed to be on his brother for a moment. “It's about respect. Cas needs our help. Making it hard on him will not be helpful. I know he loves you and wants to do well by you. If you put him in a position where he has to choose to disobey me, it will make his situation worse, not better.”

Dean nodded wildly and pushed into Sam's arms for a hug. “Sorry,” he mumbled, “sorry. Don't need to threaten the tub. I get it. I'll help.”

Sam hugged Dean tight. “I know you will,” he whispered. When he pulled away he caught Dean's
eye and added, “a threat is something that may not come to pass. I was not threatening the use of
the bathtub.”

Cold fear washed over Dean, arousing him alarmingly fast. Something about his little brother
laying down the law was an enormous turn-on. It was unfortunate his kidneys decided to process
the copious juice and coffee from breakfast at the same time. Rather than leave the room, he
waited to see where this would lead. “I understand.”

Cas watched the scene play out. He'd been concerned about how Sam would be as a Dom, and
those concerns were put to rest. The instant Sam opened his palm again Cas reached to take the
bracelet.

Sam's hand snapped around Cas' the instant he came in contact with the leather. Without letting go
he said in a low voice, “understand this clearly. You must hand me the bracelet. You cannot hint. I
will not accept it if you drop it in front of me, dangle it, let it peek out of your pocket, find it in my
pocket, nothing. You cannot wear it unless I put it on you. You must actually hand it to me and
wait for me to accept.”

The authoritative tone gave Dean a pleasant shiver down his spine. He watched, mesmerized, as
Sam's long fingers uncurled until his palm was open and flat again.

Cas took the bracelet and held it close as if to inspect it. He turned it over, twisted it, fiddled with
it, stretched it, and finally held it out to Sam. “Please,” he whispered.

Sam took it back and slipped it on Cas' wrist.

Dean felt a small burst of slick at what might happen next, in addition to the annoying press of his
bladder. Damned if he was going to leave the bedroom right now though. Oh no, he was going to
see where this scenario led.

Just as Sam checked the tightness of the bracelet he caught Dean squirming discreetly. “Castiel.
Escort Dean to the washroom. Use the toilet while you're in there. Wash your hands, dry them, and
come back. Nothing else. Clear?”

Cas nodded.

“Audible answers Castiel.”

“Yes.”

“Go then.” Sam stepped back.

Cas placed a hand on Dean's back and led him to the washroom where he did as he was told. They
returned to see Sam reading something on his laptop. Neither wanted to speak so they waited
quietly. Cas slipped his hand into Dean's while they waited.

Sam skimmed the information on milking. It wasn't complicated at all but Cas would need to feel
territorial to get the best results. Both mates returned and remained quiet. Sam read until he was
done, then turned and saw their clasped hands. “Who took whose hand?”

“I took Dean's,” Cas rushed.

“Was that part of your instructions?”

Cas startled. “I- No.”
“No.....”

“No sir.”

Sam approached and stood a prayer away from Cas. Using his height to his advantage he straightened up, pushed his chest out, and said, “drop the hand or get a swat on the ass.”

Dean forgot how to breathe. Slick burst out into his sleep pants, making them cling to the back of his balls and crack of his ass. He would give his left nut to see Cas spanked.

Cas couldn't help it. Part of him didn't believe Sam would take things that far. “Yes sir,” he said with a dollop of disobedience and dropped Dean's hand.

Sam’s hand flew through the air and clapped Cas' butt cheek with a crack. Keeping his hand cupped on Cas' ass he closed the tiny distance and stared down into his blue saucer eyes. “Don’t you ever use that tone again. Clear?”

Dean's cock pulsed and bobbed in his pants. His lungs could barely inflate. White hot pleasure poured down his spine and pooled in his lower belly.

“Clear,” he squeaked.

Sam stepped back. “Get naked and lie on the bed on your back,” he ordered and waited, Cas holding his gaze. When Sam raised a single eyebrow at him and opened his palm, Cas’ eyes dropped, the tiny movement sending a shudder vibrating down through his balls. “That's right. Good Alpha,” he praised as Cas stepped out of his clothes and lay down. The thick scent of Dean's slick filled the room. Sam turned to see his brother's eyes were like olives ringed in beautiful green, mouth slightly parted and damp, nipples poking out of his thin shirt, and his pants were soaked in the back. There was no way to hide his own arousal, nor Cas', but he ignored all of it. “Dean. Come here.”

Walking was difficult, but he managed to get to the side of the bed next to Cas.

“Castiel. Where is the vial?”

“In my over coat pocket. Right hand side.”

Sam retrieved it and tore it out of the packaging. He set the empty wrapper next to the laptop so he could remember the brand if necessary. “Dean. You can choose to be naked or clothed.”

Dean undressed so fast he almost ripped his clothes. “Naked.”

Sam bit back a giggle at Dean's obvious answer. Part of him wanted this to be a surprise to Cas, but he didn't want to push things too far. “Castiel. This will work best if you feel territorial. My actions are to garner that result,” he said as he sidled up behind Dean and dropped the vial on the bed.

Cas gripped the sheet, then his hair, back to the sheet. Sam was dragging a palm over Dean's bump. *His* bump. “I understand,” he said in a tight voice, Alpha dangerously close to the surface.

Sam watched Cas struggle and amended his plan slightly. "I'm going to help you get comfortable,” he said. He went to the closet, leaving Dean huffing for air and Cas gripping the bed. When he returned it was with some of Cas’ ties. He looped one around Cas' wrists, then tied the loop to the head of the bed, stretching Cas’ arms up. Next was feet, Sam delighted to find the bed frame manufacturers had small decorative loops at the foot of the bed. He made sure to tie Cas with his legs spread open. “Are your bindings satisfactory Castiel?”
Cas gave a tug and tried to move. Sam had left almost no slack, but the bindings weren't tight. Both knew he could rip out of them if he wanted. Somehow that made Cas relax, the bindings taking the effort of remaining still away. “Yes.”

“Good.” Sam returned to Dean's back and pressed himself against his brother, slick wetting the front of his pants. A gasp escaped before he could stop it. As a distraction he ran his wide palms over Dean's baby bump again. Suddenly, Sam understood the need to mark Dean. Every pass of his palms made him want to make Dean his, make sure the world understood who this pregnant Omega belonged to, which pack was his. His mouth found Dean's mark, licking and sucking gently while holding his hands over his Alpha's pups, protecting them from harm, guarding them for his Alpha.

Dean was melting inside and leaking outside. The moment Sam's mouth landed on his mark he was gone, slick flowing freely and cock oozing gently. He couldn't help it, he closed his eyes, dropped his head back, and rocked into Sam to get friction.

Cas struggled. Sam's scent changed. He was marking Dean. Gently, slowly, almost imperceptibly, he was scent-marking his Omega. “Sam.”

The croak in Cas' voice brought Sam back down to reality. Next time we do this I'll jerk off first, he thought as he stopped grinding. The possessive look on Cas' face almost drove him over the edge. He shoved Dean forward, bent him over so he was gripping the sheet at Cas' side, and grabbed the vial. “Your Omega needs your scent,” he grunted, deliberately not looking at Dean's pink, wet hole fluttering and clenching. Instead he popped the vial open and caressed the soft join between Cas' tight, huge balls and his leg. When he found the gland he worked it as per the instructions. Viscous, clear fluid oozed out, which Sam caught in the vial. In one second the whole room stank of Alpha.

Cas stared at Dean and tried to release as much scent as he could to cover his Beta's scent. Dean needed to smell like him, not Sam. The milking was remarkably distracting though, Sam's nimble fingers working him without brushing against his aching cock was amazing and frustrating. Every press made Cas try to tip his hips into Sam's fingers, to get him to finally stroke him or at least graze his fingers against him. The whole time Cas kept his eyes on Dean, his flushed and aroused Dean, his beautifully pregnant Dean, so close he could feel Dean's breath punch out but too far to touch. It was maddening.....and fantastic.

All three were breathing harshly. Cas letting out small grunts, Dean little whimpers, and Sam breathy sighs as he worked Cas' gland. When the vial was full he pressed on the gland to stop the flow and replaced the cap on the vial. “You've both been so good,” he breathed, trying for authoritative and coming off as wildly aroused. Rather than wipe the remaining scent on the bed or Cas, Sam reached over and wiped his fingers through Dean's trimmed hair right at the base of his cock.

Dean moaned, long and low, at Sam's fingers and whimpered when they went away.

Cas felt his cock start leaking precome, wetting it and his belly, when Sam marked Dean with Alpha fluid. He needed to be inside his Omega immediately. “Sam,” he cried, “please.” And hoped his Beta would understand since words were getting too difficult.

“Castiel. You need release.”

“Yes. Please. Yes,” he panted, chest heaving, eyes pleading, hips attempting to rut, heels digging in, hands gripping the tie, cock oozing.
“Dean likes toys. Castiel. You are Dean's toy. Dean. Use him as you please.”

Dean was up on the bed in a flash. He straddled Cas' chest, slick dribbling everywhere, cock leaking, and leaned forward to brace his hands on the headboard. “Clean my dick,” he whispered and brought his cock to Cas' mouth.

Cas tried to get free and roared when he couldn't. There wasn't even enough leverage to thrust his own hips up. Doing the only thing he could, he licked and sucked until there was only a single bead of precome resting on Dean's slit, the only bead that wouldn't leave no matter how many licks Cas gave.

“Gotta stop, don't wanna come, gotta stop,” Dean chanted, moving down Cas' body. Friction was his new best friend with onesomes, so he did what he remembered girls used to do with pillows sometimes: he sat on Cas' thick cock pushing it against Cas' belly, feeling the hard line of him in between his cheeks. He didn't allow Cas to enter, not yet, instead he dragged his hips forward, sliding his soaked hole over the length of him until he hit the crown. Then he slid backwards, balls trailing down Cas' now-wet cock.

Cas plunged his head back into the pillow. His cock was squished between Dean's hot, wet body and his own stomach, practically pouring precome. “D-Dean! Feels so good!” he managed through clenched teeth. It felt amazing but frustratingly far away from getting him to the finish line.

Dean took his time, letting his nerve endings get the friction he craved while bracing his hands on Cas' strong chest. After several slides one hand flew to his cock where he jerked himself slowly, matching his own pace, slicking himself with his own precome until he couldn't stand it any more. Not letting go of his cock he lifted his hips and used them to tease Cas' cock back to upright. Once there he sat down a tiny bit, only letting the head in, swivelling and swirling his hips around before dipping it in and out slowly.

Sam stood back and watched. Dean looked tortured, but in a good way. “Castiel you cannot come until Dean says so,” he ordered at the same time as trying to be discrete about touching himself. When Dean whined prettily he gave up all pretense, dropped his pants to the floor, and jerked himself while staring. Cas looked like was going to burst the instant Dean engulfed the head of his cock. Dean had to keep changing the pace of his hand from gripping to stroking to cupping the tip to playing with his balls. At this rate he wasn't going to last either, his flushed face gasping with half-lidded eyes and open mouth. Sam burned the image into his mind, felt his own cock thicken, and felt his balls tighten up.

“Please let me come,” Cas begged, voice broken and straining. “Dean please. I'm too close. Dean. Please let me come. I need to. Please Dean. PLEASE.”

“....just.....one......” Dean's whole body shuddered and he soaked Cas in slick. While he was gasping for air and clenching down to stop the rest of his orgasm he kept his eyes on Cas' face. Tears had gathered in his dark lashes and his face twisted hard. “You're doing good,” Dean praised, knowing how hard Cas had to work to keep his orgasm at bay. They'd done a lot of work on increasing his stamina over the years. Coming within six pumps just didn't do it for Dean, and Cas was willing to work at it, so they did. Right this minute he could feel Cas was coiled too tight. A tiny voice reminded him not to prolong this, not this time, not when they were also working on his Alpha issues. So he let go and sat down fully on his cock. He started bouncing hard, forcing the angle to strike his prostate every time. “Come for me. Need your knot,” he gasped as he stroked himself furiously.

At the order, Sam shot all over the pair, painting them both.
Cas' body locked up. He threw his head back and slammed it into the pillow while screaming.

Dean wasn't far behind, shooting so hard he got it on the underside of Cas' jaw. He pushed down to get Cas' knot and succeeded, grinding himself down on him until he hurt while Sam coaxed the last drips from himself.

When Sam was done he moved to Cas and untied his arms, tenderly moving them to his sides and placing Cas' hands on Dean's thighs. “Let the circulation come back. Don't rush anything Castiel. You did very well. I'm proud of you.” Next he untied each ankle, giving them a small rubdown to ease any ache. He was going to rub Cas' shoulders as well but noticed Dean was seeing to it while locked in on top.

“So,” Dean said, “the milking seemed to go well.”

Cas smiled up at Dean, who reeked of Alpha now. “It made me very aroused. Similar to the wing oil.”

“Was I too rough with milking? Not firm enough?” Sam asked as he grabbed a towel.

“It felt excellent, thank you.” Cas' cheeks pinked a bit. “Did you get enough?”

Sam wiped his hands, deciding his mates could stay sticky until the shower. “I had to stop the flow when the vial filled. We'll have enough for a while I think.” Sam caught a small shiver from Dean, so he grabbed a blanket and tossed it over them, grazing the bracelet on Cas' wrist. “How do you feel Castiel? Answer honestly.”

“Better. I was....upset....when you scent-marked him, but I understand why you did it.”

Sam nodded. That impulse came as a surprise. Nothing about it was mentioned on the website. He shrugged it off as instinct, figuring it was the combination of controlling an Alpha and dominating Cas at the same time. A part of him wanted to scent-mark Cas too, but that was a big step too far and he knew it. “Is the gland area sore at all?”

“A little, yes.”

“Dean, can you shift your weight to make Castiel more comfortable?”

“Yeah,” he breathed. “Knot's going down anyway. Didn't that usually last longer?”

“You're pregnant now. There's no need for Castiel to stay locked in and his body knows it.” Sam got his hand under the blanket and held a towel to Dean's rear to catch the flow.

Cas smiled softly as he dragged his hands over Dean's belly. “I love your shape,” he whispered shyly.

“Oh do you now,” Dean said with a chuckle. “Just wait, I'll get huge.”

Cas gasped and rutted into him, letting out a groan as Dean pushed his belly out.

“It's shower time,” Sam ordered softly. He helped Dean off the bed, then Cas. “We agreed to shop today.”

Anxiety burst through Dean but left easily. “Right.”

“Castiel. After we shower you will dab your scent under Dean's jaw, his armpits, and near his groin. Only then will we leave the bunker. While we shop you will remain next to Dean,” Sam
ordered knowing full well Cas would anyway.

“Yes sir,” Cas said as he fingered the bracelet. Sam had given him rules but he didn't know if he was allowed to ask for anything while wearing it. “May I keep it on while we shop?”

Dean snapped his head to Cas. Why in the everloving fuck would he want Sam bossing him around in public? his mind yelled.

Sam and Cas each startled slightly. “Dean,” Sam said, “your channel has been very loud lately. We've been able to hear most of your thoughts.”

“Wha- oh. Um. Sorry. But I don't get it. Why Cas?”

“I'm not sure of my behaviour. We've only been to doctor's appointments with other pregnant Omegas, not in the general public. I'd prefer if Sam, um, kept me, um, I just, I'm not sure how, uh, possessive I'll be. I would rather ensure my behaviour be appropriate.”

“Thank you for being honest Castiel,” Sam said, drawing him into a firm hug. “Yes. You may wear it while we're out.” Privately Sam wondered how, exactly, this was going to work, but he resolved to figure it out.
Shopping

Chapter Summary

The pack needs some baby stuff, and they finally get out to do some shopping.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is longer than usual, hopefully that's a good thing :) I can't guarantee all chapters will be the same size though.

Cas bathed his pack, cupping Dean's baby bump as often as possible, following Sam's instructions about who to wash first. Sam said he'd dress himself and informed Cas he needed Dean dressed first but only after dabbing scent on both of them. He did as ordered, using his scent as cologne just behind Dean's ears, a dab under each armpit, and on either side of Dean's cock. For Sam he dabbed his scent only near the ear, as ordered. Cas wasn't sure that would be enough scent on Sam, but didn't argue.

Sam selected Dean's clothes and handed them to Cas, who knelt at Dean's feet to slip on socks and kiss his belly. While he was down there he had Dean step into underwear while kissing his belly. Next were jeans, which Dean stepped into while Cas kissed his belly. One more kiss was planted before rising and pulling the jeans up over his bum. It took more work than usual to get the button in the little hole.

“Let me,” Dean said and got them closed. One heartbeat and he ripped them open again. “What the fuck?” He tried again and learned there was a new circle in hell called constriction. “I'm barely showing! Why don't my pants fit!” he yelled as he tore them open again.

“Because all your organs have to move out of the way for the pups,” Sam said. “Here, Cas' are a size larger. Try them on.”

Cas nodded and helped Dean out of the offending jeans and into his, with a kiss on Dean's belly. “These are better,” Cas said, able to get a finger between the waistband and Dean's tummy, which he wanted to kiss again but caught Dean's little eye roll.

“You gonna keep kissing my belly Cas?”

“At every available opportunity. How do these pants feel?”

“They feel funny. They don't fit right. The cut is wrong. I don't like them.”

It was Sam's turn to roll his eyes. Leave it to his brother to find something wrong with just about anything. “Do you want to go shopping in sweat pants?”

“.....no. Fine. I'll wear these. While we're out I need some clothes.”

“There's a new store Charlie and Gilda keep talking about,” Cas said. “Omega Mine. They have
items just for Omegas, including maternity wear. We could go there. If that's all right with Sam.”

“Yes, it's fine.”

“Baby stuff or me stuff first?”

“Baby stuff,” Sam decided. “I've been patient enough. I want to shop for baby stuff.”

“Cool. Let's go,” Dean said, grabbing his keys. It wasn't until he was standing in front of his car that he questioned whether or not he'd be able to drive. Sam had been driving to all the appointments, but Dean figured he'd drive now that his stomach was actually digesting food. Except driving meant getting behind the wheel. Last time he did that while pregnant he lost the pup. Not that he would this time. Not at all. But he could if he was careless and not paying attention to the road.

Sam watched the twisting in Dean's features. “We're taking the truck. If we buy furniture we can take it home right away. Do you want to bring an egg?”

Relief made Dean's knees weak. “Yeah, that's a good idea. We should do that. Yeah. An egg too. But I won't bring it into the stores. And if I have it I can't drive.”

“You aren't driving. I am,” Sam said. “Castiel. Go to the nest and retrieve a small egg for Dean.”

Cas did, they piled in to the truck with Dean in the middle, and left the garage. As soon as the door opened they could scent Cas' marking of the building. Dean wanted to ask just to confirm what he thought, that Cas peed all over, but Cas' faint blush and unwavering gaze out the windshield told him all he wanted to know. “Thanks for making sure no Alphas will come by,” Dean murmured.

Cas' cheeks darkened as he gave one single nod. Sam slid praise through Dean's channel.

Sam found a parking spot easily and turned the engine off. As much as he wanted to tell Cas what to do, he knew Cas needed to learn to trust himself. And in order to maintain Cas' reputation he couldn't be seen taking orders from a Beta. While Sam chose his words carefully, his mates waited silently, Dean's egg squishing the only sound for a moment.

“Castiel,” Sam started, “you are to keep a hand on Dean at all times. You may hold his hand, put an arm around him, keep a hand on his back, whatever makes you comfortable and gives Dean support. Dean will be your primary focus. Whatever he needs or wants you are to provide. If at any point I feel you need clearer instructions I will give them in a manner which shouldn't alert others to our arrangement. Clear?”

“Yes sir.”

Dean squashed his rising arousal. Hot damn Sam was good like this. Really good. He let his brother's nature distract him as they got out. Cas' hand appeared on his lower back before he was fully out of the truck. It wasn't until they'd entered the store that he realized he was still holding the egg. “Uh-”

“No Dean,” Sam said, “it makes you feel better to have it. Just squeeze it. Besides, I don't see a single Omega without one. And if you put yours back in the truck and want one later, you'll have to squeeze a store egg instead of retrieving yours.”

Dean scoured the store to discover Sam was right. Every Omega he saw had an egg. Some had a yellow one with the store's name embroidered on it. While he watched, an Omega sneezed on her store egg. Nope. Germs. Nope. Keeping mine, he thought, bringing it closer to his body. The other
fascinating thing was how they seemed to be in a bubble as they walked around. Nobody came close. Those that came near veered away quickly. Oddly, Cas was doing the same thing with other groups that had pregnant Omegas. “Weird. The marking worked.”

Tension drained out of Cas. He'd noticed the same thing. “Thank you Sam,” he said quietly. “The milking is effective.”

Sam held Cas' gaze. “And?”

Cas dropped his eyes to Sam's cheekbones. “And other Alphas have marked their pack in the same way. It's common. It was the correct decision.”

“A decision you brought to your pack. You are a good Alpha. Now let's look at furniture.”

Cas led them through the store to the cribs, Sam immediately gushing over the one he'd bookmarked on the computer. “See? This one's extra wide. I figured because we're having twins they would want to sleep in the same bed for a while.”

“I like it,” Cas said. “Can it be converted to a bed later?”

“By the time they need a bed instead of a crib we can get bunk beds or something,” Dean said, eyes scanning the store.

“It does convert,” Sam said. “But Dean has a point. They may not want to share by then. Either way, I like this one. It rated well on safety standards and is well made. But then so is this one,” Sam said as he showed his pack another wide crib.

Dean smiled lightly, pleased that Sam was so happy, and followed his glowing brother around while he flitted between displays.

Cas kept his arm around Dean's waist, staying near as Sam ordered. Although he believed he would have anyway. “How are you doing?” he asked softly.

Undefined uneasiness rushed up to the surface. Dean slammed it back down. “Good. Okay. I love seeing Sam like this.”

“Me too,” Cas said, eyes crinkling at the corners.

Dean mostly opted out of the decisions. Honestly, he didn't much care one way or the other. It was all just stuff. The girls wouldn't care what their crib looked like or whether it matched the bookcases or not. For all he knew his girls wouldn't even like reading and would store clothes in the bookcases instead. But whenever Sam or Cas asked for an opinion, he gave one.

They were busy enough that Dean even forgot to be stressed about the pregnancy for a while. One major drawback was his energy level, but the store had many chairs set out for resting. Dean took advantage of them whenever he started feeling a bit overwhelmed, Cas sticking by his side while he sat. The store even had a clerk with a trolley of water bottles, juice, and light snacks for the pregnant Omegas. Dean accepted food and drinks frequently, discovering shopping was hungry work. The washrooms were also kept neat and clean, something Dean noticed as he recycled the copious liquids. The ads bothered him, but no more than usual. It's like he couldn't not see them anymore, but he brushed it off as yet another pregnancy hormone imbalance or something.

At the strollers Dean participated a bit more in the selection. He wanted the nice black one with shiny silver wheels. Sam disagreed saying it was too dark and maybe a pretty blue one would be better.
“Besides,” Sam added, “the blue one has cute designs on the inside.”

“So does this one,” Dean argued. “Stripes are cute. And it has bigger wheels. The wheels on that one look like they'd snap off if we hit a bump.”

“Fine. Yes. They are a bit small. But not black, okay? Can we find a different one? Maybe the pink one over there?”

Cas wasn't sure about the black one either. While he hadn't even considered stroller colour anything of import before, black did seem a bit morbid. “There's a nice dark purple one too.”

But the black one was bigger in Dean's opinion. And more puffy on the inside. And was modular so it would function well up until the girls were toddlers. And the handle was more comfortable. And the storage underneath was huge. But he saw the pleading look on Sam's face and the vague distaste on Cas'. “Fine. Doesn't matter.”

“This one has a big basket underneath,” Sam said, showing them a green one. “And it's really easy to get the covers off for washing.”

Dean didn't bother looking at it. “Sure.”

“This one here has large wheels,” Cas said, showing them one with actual tread on the tires. “It also has a setting so one child can sit higher than the other.”

Dean's eyes bounced off displays in a different section of the store. “Cool.”

“Or how about this one,” Sam said. “The girls can sit beside each other instead of one in front.”

Dean picked at the egg's fluff, resolutely keeping his gaze down. “Okay.”

Cas squinted. Dean was retreating inside himself, and that never led anywhere good. “Dean. Come sit down,” he said and guided him to a puffy bench seat.

Rather than sit back, Dean leaned forward, braced his arms on his knees, and turned the egg over in his hands while staring at it. When Cas slid a hand up his back he said, “don't,” quietly and leaned away.

Hurt and confused, Cas withdrew his hand but sat closer so their thighs pressed together.

Sam knelt at their feet. “Talk to me Dean.”

“Fuck off.”

Rage boiled up in Cas so fast he almost couldn't stop it. “Do not speak to your mates that way,” he said, proud for keeping his voice low and level.

Sam took a calming breath. “Are you seriously gearing up for a tantrum about strollers?”

“Not a tantrum Sam,” Dean said in a monotone.

“Yeah. It's a tantrum,” Sam said, barely containing his irritation. “Now why don't you tell us what the fuck is going on instead of sulking? Between the three of us we can come to an agreement about what to buy.”

Dean kept turning the egg over and over and over and over. “Doesn't matter.”
“Yeah, it does-”

“No Sam. It doesn't.” Dean clenched the egg, his voice remaining a quiet monotone. “There's three of us. Majority rules right? Even if it's not a majority, Cas has ultimate say on fucking everything in our fucking lives. Oh. Except when he's wearing a fucking bracelet. Then you're the goddamn fucking boss of everyone. Pick whatever you want. I get it. You're envious because you can't have children. I never even wanted to be pregnant but here I am, overshadowing your fucking world. If I put my foot down about anything it'll come out as me getting everything I want because I'm some stupid emotional Omega who threw a fucking tantrum in a goddamn motherfucking store. But no. I won't do that. Pick whatever the fuck you want. I'll sit here and be quiet. Just like I should, right? It doesn't matter. The girls won't care what their stroller looks like. Or their crib. Or clothes. Or cloth or disposable diapers. Or fucking anything. It's all for you guys. I got a nest. It's more than I need. I don't need anything else. Now fuck off.”

The world fell away from Cas. His ears stopped hearing about halfway through Dean's quiet rant. “You never wanted.....you.....did you lie?” he whispered, unable to repeat what Dean had said.

“That's not- no, I-, oh fuck it. No Cas I didn't fucking lie. You two wanted children, so why not?”

Sam sat back, shocked at his brother's revelation. “Did you get pregnant just to please us?”

The tears Dean had been holding back spilled over and splashed onto the egg. “No. Yes. Partly. I thought it'd be different.”

“What do you mean, different,” Cas asked.

“You don't see it?” Dean said, looking at Cas for the first time in a while. “Seriously? Look around. Pregnant men are freaks.”

Sam and Cas shared a look and did as instructed. Sam caught on first. “It's the ads, isn't it?”

Dean nodded, choking back tears. “A-all of them. Even TV. Internet. P-print ads. H-here in the st-store. All h-have a woman who's pregnant. A woman with a child. A w-woman pushing a stroller. A woman h-holding her belly. A woman Sam. Never a guy.” Dean gave up trying not to cry. Instead he tried to cry quietly. “Never a guy,” he repeated in a whisper, hiding his face behind his egg.

Cas put an arm around Dean, delighted when Dean moved in closer but crushed that he'd feel this way. Now that he was paying attention he saw it everywhere. “Society needs some time to catch up,” he murmured.

“Actually,” an Omega said, “this store is particularly bad for it.”

Sam turned to see a very pregnant Omega male with an Alpha female. “I beg your pardon?”

“I'm sorry,” he said, “I overheard you. But this store supports certain manufacturers. If you're looking for a more inclusive place, try Pup Stuff over by that new place called Omega Mine. They make sure to include brands with more diverse advertising.”

“Then why are you shopping here?” Cas asked suspiciously.

The Omega looked to his Alpha, who answered. “My sister sent me here to buy some things for her bedridden Omega. She's extremely particular about brands.”

“Thank you for your advice,” Cas said, pulling Dean in for a tighter hold. “If you'll excuse us.”
“Of course,” the Alpha said and moved away.

“Dean,” Cas murmured, “why didn't you say anything about all this?”

“Because it wasn't a problem until right this fucking minute,” he said, chest hitching.

Sam handed over some tissues. “I'm going to cancel our sales order. Then we'll go to the other store.”

Next thing Dean knew he was being bustled into the truck. Sam didn't start it though.

“We need to talk about some of the things you said, Dean.”

“No we don't,” he retorted almost too quiet to hear.

“We most assuredly do,” Cas said.

Dean caved and started spewing words he didn't know were inside him. “Part of me hates my life. I hate that I cry. In fucking public. I can't control anything about myself any more. I almost fucking pissed myself the other day because I waited too long to use the can! I go from being so horny I'll jerk off until my dick hurts and other days I can't stand even the thought of sex. I thought being pregnant would be easy. I didn't even think about how they're gonna come out. Or that there's two! Fucking two! I'm barely able to take care of myself and I fuck up most everything and now there's gonna be two children I'll be responsible for? All I ever wanted was for Sam to be happy. For Sam to have the life he wants. For Sam to be a success in whatever he wants to do. He can't have pups but wants them, Cas wants them, so okay, I can get pregnant. You were both so happy! And it seemed so easy! But holy shit there are people growing inside me. Real people. Everywhere I look I see women who are pregnant! Sure there's Omega guys but somehow it's overshadowed. Even on a pack of diapers there was a picture of a woman holding her baby! Never men! I'm a freak of nature! How can this even be happening?”

Both Sam and Cas stared for a beat.

“And apparently I can't keep my mouth shut,” he added woefully and burst into new tears, horrified at what he'd just said.

Cas felt Dean lean into him and raise his arms, so he responded by pulling him into a hug while Dean wrapped his arms around his neck and sobbed. Over Dean's shoulder he saw Sam shrug like he had no idea either. “We didn't know you felt this way. I'm sorry. I should have been more attentive.”

“No,” Sam interjected softly, “Dean has been hiding this from himself or we would've heard it through the channels.”

They waited while Dean cried himself out, Cas rocking him gently and Sam running a hand over his back. When he finally pulled away from Cas and cleaned his face, Sam spoke. “Listen. We'll do anything to help you. Anything. We can find someone for you to talk to-”

“No.”

“Dea-”

“NO.”

Sam stared at Dean and tried a different approach. “Stop walking on eggshells around me. I'm a
grown man. If I have a problem with something, or feelings like envy or jealousy, they are mine. Do you understand? You aren't responsible for how I feel. I am.”

“Really Sam?” Dean retorted gruffly. “Really? ’Cause that's not how our world works.”

“That's not how our world used to work. It's how it works now.”

Dean squirmed.

“Can we attempt at taking this one day at a time?” Cas suggested. “We knew shopping might be stressful, and we were correct. Would you both prefer to continue shopping or go home?”

“I gotta take a leak,” Dean mumbled.

“That doesn't answer my question. But we will get you to a washroom.”

“I wanted to go into the hardware store anyway to buy paint. It's right over there,” Sam pointed across the parking lot. “Walk or drive?”

Dean shifted in his seat. “Drive.”

Inside the store Dean made a beeline for the bathroom with Cas in tow. After doing his business he pushed into Cas for a hug. “I'm sorry,” he mumbled. “I do want the pups. I really do.”

“I know.” Cas kept hugging Dean until he pulled away. “Let's find Sam.”

It wasn't difficult to find his moose brother in the paint supply aisle.

Dean checked the cart, seeing supplies but no paint cans. “I thought you wanted paint.”

“I do. But I thought I should at least show you the colour first.”

“Not pink,” Dean said before Sam even produced the chip.

Sam chuckled. “Not pink. Green. I've been sticking chips to the wall in the bedroom across from ours for a while. I like this colour best, but if you can choose if you want.”

Dean glanced at the soft green chip and agreed it was fine.

“It's beautiful Sam,” Cas agreed, slipping an arm around Dean's waist again. “I like green as your colour scheme.”

“Thanks. I didn't want to go with pink for girls, y'know? And I like green. It's soothing.” Sam had the clerk mix two gallons, plus a pint of brilliant white.

“What's the white for? Trim?” Dean asked absently, half his mind rolling back on the past and remembering hardware store trips for completely different reasons.

“Sigils under the green,” Sam said. His channel filled with hunting images from Dean. “Hey,” he whispered as he cupped Dean's jaw, “I'm happier now than I ever have been, thanks to you.” Before Dean could react, Sam tipped his head down and kissed Dean thoroughly, like he always wanted to, in public, in full view of the world, and without apology.

Cas smiled softly at them, relieved when he felt most of Dean's tension melt away.
While Sam put the paint in the back of the truck, Cas assessed Dean. He was a bit worn out but otherwise holding up all right. The snacks in the store helped a great deal, but he could hear Dean's stomach gnawing away at nothing. “Dean needs lunch. There's a diner near Omega Mine.”

“Sure,” Sam agreed, leaning in to kiss Cas before shoving the tailgate in place. “Get in guys.”

Sam drove them to the store, parking in front of Omega Mine since it would be the last stop. They walked across the parking lot to the restaurant, arriving a bit late for lunch. Dean didn't mind, it meant it wouldn't be crowded.

The server came by and asked for their orders. Dean surprised Cas when he asked for a vanilla milkshake, fries, and a burger.

“If you're sure your stomach can handle it,” Cas said slowly and nodded to the server. “But you will eat some salad. No argument.”

Dean rolled his eyes but agreed. In the booth next to them was a pack with two pregnant Omegas. Dean eavesdropped on their conversation for a bit. Not that he could help it, they were excited and loud. “What's a naming ceremony?” he asked as the server brought their food. Somewhere in his mind he'd heard of it but couldn't quite grasp the concept. His plate was barely down before he was dipping a fry in his shake.

“Dean. What are you doing,” Cas asked with open disgust.

“Don't knock it till you try it,” he said. “Sweet and salty.”

“That is pretty gross Dean,” Sam said. He debated ordering Cas to feed Dean, but caught a whisper of independence from Dean's channel and discarded the idea. Besides, Cas was already holding a forkful of greens to Dean's mouth.

“You didn't answer me,” Dean said around salad. “What's a naming ceremony?” He chased the salad down with more milkshake fries.

“Like a baby shower but after the pup arrives,” Cas explained. “It's a bit formal for some packs.”

“It's also where lineage is announced,” Sam said as he stirred his salad. “The Omega announces the baby's name in front of the crowd and then passes the baby to the biological father. By taking the baby, the father's accepting full responsibility. If the Alpha refuses, the baby is passed to the person who can be considered a father in the pack.”

“But,” Dean said around fries, “why wouldn't the father take the pup?”

“Sometimes the father is just a donor,” Sam said. “Like Charlie and Gilda, they can't have pups without Alpha sperm, so they'd need a donor. I imagine they'd work it out in advance that the Alpha is to keep their arms down during the ceremony. But if the Alpha doesn't, the Omegas must accept the Alpha being included in parenting.”

Dean considered all that while taking a tentative bite of his burger. His new norm was small bites and waiting to see if either pup didn't like it. So far so good. “Can't the Omega lie and say the father is a different Alpha?”

“DNA testing is available,” Sam said.

They ate the rest of their lunch in relative silence until it hit Dean. “We're having a naming ceremony, aren't we?” he asked slowly.
"I would like to," Cas agreed. "But you don't have to involve yourself in the plans if you don't wish to. Sam and I can handle it. We won't set the date or send invitations until after the delivery to ensure you'll be feeling all right. Think of it as a good time to introduce our daughters to all our friends."

Dean glanced at Sam, who was looking at him with those puppy dog eyes. "As long as we have pie, you can plan whatever you'd like," Dean said, watching Sam light up beautifully. He managed to get four more milkshake fries in his mouth before Cas could refill the fork with salad.

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After lunch they stopped at Pup Stuff. The store was smaller but friendly. Dean strangled his egg and glanced around, slowly accepting what he was seeing. The banners for the departments featured pregnant men as well as women, and even had different races. For the life of him he could not conjure a single instance where he saw an ad with a pregnant black male, but here it was, advertising reading to your pups.

"Better?" Sam murmured in Dean's ear.

"Yeah," he breathed. "Sorry I was so, uh, so difficult."

"You aren't difficult," Cas assured him. "Simply sensitive. Let's see what their selection is like."

The cribs were much the same, as was rocking chairs, changing tables, bookcases, and dressers. Dean let Cas and Sam debate one over the other and stared at a banner for strollers, unable to determine if the Asian Omega was male or female.

Cas nudged Dean. "I asked you a question."

"Sorry, what?"

"Which do you prefer?" Cas indicated two cribs.

"Dunno. Doesn't matter."

"It does," Sam said. "You'll be using it just as much as us. Try lowering the side. Do you find it easy or not?"

"I....." Well shit. He hadn't even thought about it. Yeah, he'd have to pick his pups up out of it. He tested both, Cas remaining close but letting go of his hand. "This one's easier. The tag says the mattress can be higher too."

After that Sam ensured Dean touched everything from rocking in each chair, to running his hands over the bookcases, to keeping one hand on the top of a changing table while the other reached for the shelves under the platform. Only after Dean gave an opinion did Sam write the UPC code on the sheet he'd been given by a sales clerk. When they moved to the stroller area, Sam saw it first. The black one was here too. Instead of dismissing Dean's choice like he did before, he said, "explain why this one's better."

"It's bigger but rolls nice," Dean said, using a finger to push it. "And the handle's comfortable. Look, the inside is really cushy. And there's tons of storage. Plus the seats convert from bassinet to upright for a toddler, see?" Dean grabbed the tags on the handle and showed them. "It's made to last and has a warranty."

Cas inspected the tag, finding the rear seat can be raised or the same height as the front seat. He
checked the safety tag and saw it met all standards. A thorough check of construction showed it to be well made. “I'm not fond of the colour, but otherwise it's a good stroller.”

“Yeah, I recognize the name,” Sam mumbled. “Online reviews are excellent.” Dean pushed the stroller back and forth and it hit Sam hard. “It looks like the Impala.”

“Maybe,” Dean agreed. “Just a little. It's a stroller not a car.”

“Uh huh,” Sam teased. “A stroller that looks like a muscle stroller compared to the others. Like the Impala is a classic muscle car. This stroller has thicker posts and wider seating.”

“Classic car period,” Dean corrected. “Mini Baby for my babies,” he whispered to himself, imagining his two girls in the seats.

Cas glanced at Sam, who had tears standing in his eyes. Sam met his gaze and nodded, then wrote the UPC code for the black stroller on the sheet.

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Sam made arrangements for pickup after being told it would take an hour to assemble the purchases. He figured they could go to Omega Mine and come back when they were done. Dean was never long with clothes shopping, but Sam could find a way to make it last an hour.

They walked to Omega Mine, Cas with his hand on Dean's back. Sam opened the outside door and held it for his pack. All three took note of the security guards in the vestibule, but none batted an eye. Every place where Omegas congregated had security now, mostly to step in if rowdy Alphas were present. None of the pack was prepared to be stopped.

“Pardon me,” Cas said, reaching for the door handle to enter the store.

The security officer blocked him. “All Alphas are to wait in the Alpha room.”

Cas drew himself up to full height and pushed his chest out, trying for confidence while he shook inside, hoping he was doing the right thing. “I will be accompanying my pack inside.”

“No sir, you will not. This store permits only Omegas. Betas may enter only with an Omega.” The security officer motioned towards a signed ordinance on the door.

“It's okay, we can go somewhere else,” Dean said, mentally making a note to come back another time.

Sam saw Cas practically bursting with conflicting emotions. No doubt he wanted to force his way inside or scoop Dean up and take him home. Sam hustled them both off to the side, grabbed Cas' wrist with the bracelet discreetly, and leaned in to his ear. “Castiel. Dean and I are going inside. You are going to wait in the Alpha room. Clear?”

Cas struggled hard and pressed his lips together. He didn't like this, not one single bit.

“You will scent-mark us both first,” Sam added, squeezing the bracelet.

Cas transmitted a very yellowish green light through the channel and marked his mates. “Why are Alphas barred?” he blurt out to security.

“It keeps the shopping experience calm and Omegas feel less rushed. There are no problems of molestation either,” the security guard offered.
Sam had heard of Omegas being cornered and taken advantage of, mostly when the virus was new. It was a small comfort to know Dean would be safe here, but awful to think it was even needed.

Cas wanted to force these two security guards out of the way. He'd barely left Dean alone in his nest, he couldn't imagine not being by his side now. One look on Sam's face and he nodded curtly. “Where is the Alpha room?”

“Just through those doors, sir,” the officer indicated a set of glass doors to the left. “If you require your Omega or Beta, the server inside will page them for you.”

“Thank you.” He turned to Dean. “Take your time. Get whatever you need or want.”

They watched Cas enter the Alpha room, which they figured resembled a bar from what they could see through the glass.

“Oh, let's see what's inside,” Sam said and turned to the main entrance.

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Cas entered the Alpha room slowly. There were several Alphas, some playing cards, some reading, some on their phones. He found a news rack, picked up the day's paper, sat in a nearby chair, and started reading.

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Soft lighting, quiet voices, and pleasing displays were inside. Dean relaxed muscles he hadn't known were tense. They headed for the clothes first, finding the maternity section pretty easily.

“There's dresses here. Where's the, uh, men's stuff?” Dean asked.

“Right here,” a young clerk pointed to a nearby rack. “There's a manufacturer on the market catering to men's bodies for pregnancy. If something doesn't quite fit you can try the women's.” She eyed Dean's figure. “But you have a classic male shape, so the men's should fit.”

“But, these are dresses,” Dean said.

“Yes,” she agreed, “for men. There's also pants and shirts if you prefer.”

“Thank you,” Sam said and turned to Dean. “Of course we don't have to buy the dresses. But you do need pants, so pick some to try on.”

Dean examined all the choices, discovering the pants (and fine, shorts and skirts) had this large elastic panel on the front. When he tried on some jeans he was amazed at how comfortable they were. “These ones,” he said, dropping three pairs into the cart. “Sam. Is that for you?” He pointed to a plaid dress.

“No. It's for you. Before you argue, you can wear it only at home if you want, but trust me, you'll find pants restricting after a while.”

“I doubt it,” Dean countered, fingering the flannel dress. It looked like a huge shirt. It might not be too bad. Maybe. Not in public though. He grabbed a bunch of maternity t-shirts and dropped them int the cart. “I need underwear,” he said.

“Come on.” Sam led him to the underwear and gasped. In the men's section was lingerie. “Hey Dean, d'you mind if I try some stuff on?”
Dean's head was turned. Not too far away was a nest. This one fit about twenty people and had a bunch of Omegas sitting in it. “No, go ahead. I'll be over there.”

“You going to pick out some underwear?”

“What?” He whipped his head back to Sam. “Oh, yeah. Uh, these,” he grabbed a packet in his size and tossed it in the cart. “Come get me when you're done.”

“Sure,” Sam called out, checking the package Dean dropped. They were maternity and his size, so at least he grabbed the right ones. He reached out and grabbed two more packages so Dean wouldn't have to do laundry as often, then moved to the lingerie. Everything said it was for men but he didn't know how to get the right size for some things.

“Can I help you?” A deep voice asked. His name tag said he was Arthur.

Sam tried not to blush. “Um, yeah. I don't know how to find my size.”

“Here, I can measure you and help.” Arthur wrapped a tape measure around Sam and informed him of his size. “Try on a few, every manufacturer is different in sizing. Just leave your cart parked outside the fitting rooms.”

“Thank you,” Sam said shyly and took his time.

Dean went straight to the nest. When he was close enough, the Omegas waved him over and told him to take off his shoes first. He did and sank into the large nest, clutching his egg.

“Do you have one at home?” an Omega asked.

“Yeah,” Dean said, “but smaller. I love it.”

“I'm waiting until I can afford it. They're expensive. I'm Debbie.”

“Dean.”

Debbie introduced everyone, Dean promptly forgetting their names. Two were asleep.

“How can they sleep here?” he asked, yawning widely.

“It's quiet. Maybe you should try,” Debbie suggested. “Are you here with someone? Do you want us to listen for the intercom?”

“Intercom?”

“Yeah, they page you by name when your Alpha is ready to go.”

“Oh. I'm with Sam. He knows I'm in the nest.” He yawned again. “I don't think I've ever been so tired. I didn't think shopping was so tiring.”

“You're pregnant too, that makes a difference,” another Omega said. Jack? Jace? Dean couldn't remember. “Is this your first?”

“Uh, well—”

“I mean first successful pregnancy. Almost everyone here has had miscarriages. The men, anyway.
I've lost two but had three pups.”

“Oh. I'm sorry. I lost two,” Dean said, deciding not to tell them he aborted the first. “This is my first successful one. But I'm only just into the second trimester, so there's that.”

“Nah,” Jack/Jace said, “if you made it this far, you're having a pup.”

Dean snapped his eyes open. “Sorry.”

“Don't be,” Debbie said. “Just curl up. We'll listen for a 'Dean' on the intercom and wake you.”

“Thanks,” Dean mumbled, already curling up. He fell asleep before he knew he was comfortable.

Sam tried on everything he could in his size. Left with a mound of underwear, he debated on whether to buy it all or pick his favourites. He liked all of it. Eventually he decided to take it out of his spending money so the household budget wouldn't be strained. Dean had set up their bank accounts so all their pay went into the main account, and every Friday he transferred a fixed amount into their own separate accounts. That way they all had spending money so they didn't have to ask permission if they wanted to go out for lunch or buy themselves something. Sam hadn't been using his much, just the odd lunch here and there, and could easily afford the mountain of silks and light cottons. Decision made, he took his selections and put them in the cart and handed the clerk the rest. On his way to Dean he grabbed two more t-shirt dresses for him, thinking he might object now but will want comfort later. He also found lounge pants with the elastic panel in his size, so he added four pairs to the cart.

He knew which direction Dean had wandered in, but didn't know why until he saw the nest. It makes sense they'd sell them here too, he thought. With a little smile he pushed the cart to the edge near Dean. His beautiful big brother was curled up on a big egg and clutching his own, sleeping peacefully. He almost didn't want to wake him.

“Are you Sam?” an Omega murmured.

“Yeah. Has he been sleeping long?”

She glanced at her phone. “Almost an hour.”

“Holy shit I didn't realize I'd been so long,” Sam said, placing a hand on Dean's back. “Dean? Come on, Cas is waiting.”

Dean stirred out of sleep slowly. He was so comfortable. Why was Sam shaking him? Oh yeah. The store. “Stop it Sammy I'm up,” he muttered and stretched out, remembering to twist so as not to advertise his sleepy woody. “Few more minutes.”

“No. Cas is in the Alpha room. Come on, you can nap at home.”

Dean let out a grunt. “Fine. Gotta pee though.” He said his goodbyes and thanks to the Omegas and followed Sam to the washroom. After doing his business, he followed Sam to the till, rubbing his eyes and wishing he could sleep longer.

Cas read every newspaper and was working through their magazine section. A few Alphas tried to talk to him, but he was concentrating on his channels for any whisper of discomfort, so he politely
declined conversation. He was certain he felt Dean drift off to sleep but couldn't imagine how. Just when he was starting to get frustrated he felt a wave of fatigue from Dean and decided enough was enough. He got up and made for the door. He would accept whatever punishment Sam had, but Dean needed him.

Dean realized he'd woken in the wrong stage of sleep. He was having difficulty paying attention, much less standing.

Sam noticed. “Dean, why don't you take the keys, get Cas, and meet me at the truck? I've got this. I'm sure I can pay without an Omega next to me.”

Gratitude blinded Dean. “Thanks. Yeah. I need to sit.” He stumbled out and ran into Cas.

“Dean? Are you all right?” Cas scented him hard but found nothing wrong. Well, except he stank of Omegas. Cas hugged him again and scent-marked him to try to get rid of the other scents.

“Yeah. Tired. Napped a bit. Sam gave me keys.”

Cas took them from him and led him to the truck where he gently pushed him into the middle seat. “Just rest for me.”

“I can do that,” he mumbled, falling against Cas and tumbling back to sleep.

Sam arrived at the truck, laden with bags. He put them in the back and got behind the wheel, leaning over to kiss Dean's forehead and Cas' lips. “Is he buckled?”

“Yes,” Cas said.

Sam leaned over and kissed Cas more thoroughly. “You've been very good today,” he murmured as he pulled away. His hand caught Cas' wrist and gently removed the bracelet. “You did very well,” he praised, handing Cas the leather.

Cas beamed and tucked the bracelet in his pocket. “Thank you.”

“Any time. Now. Let's pick up the furniture and get sleepyhead home.” Sam drove to the Pup Stuff pickup station, then home, keeping the ride as smooth as possible so Dean could nap.
Sam accepted Dean into his arms while leaning against the counter. This was often his favourite part of the day, running his wide palms over Dean's back, kissing his hair, and holding him tight while Dean nuzzled into his neck. “Got any plans for the day?” Sam murmured near Dean's ear.

“Get the stroller washed and assembled,” he mumbled into Sam's neck while pressing a little closer, squishing his belly against Sam's. “I want it to be ready.”

“Yeah, I'm a bit surprised you didn't do it the second we bought it,” he teased lightly while pushing a hand against the small of Dean's back, holding him in place. Dean was getting almost too big for this, soon his belly would not allow such close cuddles. “We still have a couple of months though.”

“Yeah I know.” ‘A couple’. More like just under six months which was both an eternity and the blink of an eye. Sure there was lots of time but there was no reason to put things off either. The padding on the stroller needed washing – he didn't want his daughters upset by the feeling of starchy sizing – and he wanted to make sure it was completely assembled and ready. He even had a spot in the garage picked out where it would be out of the way but still accessible. And he did want to do it the day after buying it but he found he couldn't, for no reason he could identify. But now he could.

Sam smiled into Dean's hair, half listening to his channel send mixed images. It had mystified him a bit, Dean's reluctance to set up the baby room or the stroller, but he figured Dean would do things on his own schedule. The very instant Dean felt like helping assemble furniture or paint, Sam would be ready. He'd already cleaned the room out and washed it, next would be painting sigils then the pretty green. Once Sam had moved to the stroller box with a knife intending to get it assembled, but Dean threw a fit about it, saying he wanted to do it and to back the fuck off. Sam backed off.

Cas watched them as he sipped hot coffee at the table. Dean was always more relaxed after this time with Sam, and Sam seemed more centred as well. The two of them somehow managed to create a private bubble that bothered Cas at first, but now he understood. Honestly he'd rather they did this every day, but they don't, and that's okay too.

Eventually Dean pushed away from Sam, leaned back in for a kiss, then disengaged completely so Cas could kiss him too. After Sam left for work, Cas asked Dean when he planned on assembling the stroller.
“Now. Might as well get it done while I'm thinking of it. And there's laundry to do anyway so the stroller padding can get washed with the rest.”

Cas felt a bit uneasy leaving Dean alone in the garage. It was probably the farthest point from his office, other than the garden. And Dean wasn't allowed up in the garden without supervision, although Dean hadn't been told that. Yet.

Dean picked up on Cas' hesitation and shielded channel. “Cas,” he said, “it's the garage. Which is attached to the bunker. Which is within range of the channels. I'll be fine.”

“I suppose,” Cas mumbled with pink cheeks. “I simply want you to be safe.”

“There's nothing unsafe in the garage. Come on. Come see.” Dean led the way into the garage and showed Cas. “There's nothing in here to hurt me or the pups. Go to work, check on me often, keep the channel open, whatever suits you. But I'm putting the stroller together right now while you go to your office.”

Fifty different arguments slammed around Cas' head, but he stored them all away. “Of course. But I do expect you to take care.”

Dean lost the battle in trying not to roll his eyes. “Cas-”

“I know,” he interrupted and moved in to hug Dean. “I'm being overprotective.”

“A bit yeah,” Dean said as he hugged back. “But I'll be fine. Your pups will be fine. Now go away.” He pushed Cas away slightly and smiled.

Cas smiled back uneasily. “I'll be in my office.”

Dean waved him away. When Cas had cleared the doorway Dean exhaled. As much as he liked Cas taking care of him he didn't need to be joined at the hip. Not all the time.

The stroller was easy to assemble, although his belly made things a bit difficult. It stuck out now, like an actual pregnant belly and not just a fatty mound. Online searches showed him most people still look pudgy at this stage, but he figured it was because there were two crammed in there, making his belly bigger by default. And Dr. Day has assured him he's just the right size for now, so he didn't worry. Much. He didn't want to get too fat.

The metal poles were dusty so he polished them and the tires before taking the padding to the laundry room. Once the wash was separated and the washer was running with the first load, he checked on Cas. Or more accurately, went to Cas' office to prove he was still alive and unharmed.

“Hey,” Dean said from the doorway, knowing full well Cas had been practically spying on him. “Stroller's done. I'm gonna do some weeding.”

“Oh you think so,” Cas said and got up. “I'll join you.”

Dean kept the sigh inside. “I can go by myself you know.”

“I know. But no.”

“Cas, I'm-”

“No.”

“Ca-”
“Dean,” he said, dangerously close to using his Alpha voice, “please. The garden can be out of range sometimes. Either Sam or I will go with you whenever you want to go up there.” Two steps and he had his hands covering Dean’s belly. “Please,” he whispered.

Dean tipped his forehead to Cas’. “I can hear your Alpha voice under the surface Cas. You gonna use it on me?”

An odd mixture of emotions plowed through Cas. Yes, he wanted to use his Alpha voice on Dean, but not for this. No, he wanted Dean to present for him, and didn't mind the idea of ordering him to do so. Whether it was the pregnancy, or Dean's combative nature, or Sam's attentiveness, he didn't know. But something was making him feel very possessive, controlling, and fine, yes, horny. “No. But you're still not going up without me. I have a few things to take care of, then we can have a light snack, then go up to the garden.”

There was no way out of this, Dean realized. “Sure,” he sighed. “I'll be in my nest.”

“Thank you. And I love you.”

“Love you too.” Dean kissed Cas and bumped him with his belly on purpose. “See you in a bit.”

Cas watched him until he was in his nest room, safe and sound, before returning to his work. By the time he was done it was almost lunch, so he decided Dean could have lunch instead of a snack before the garden. He went to get Dean and found he wasn't in the nest room. White hot anger lanced through him at the idea that Dean disobeyed. The instant before he exploded in a rage he heard a sound in the kitchen, telling him Dean had simply left his nest for food. Shame cooled his anger significantly as he entered the kitchen. “Dean.”

“Hey Cas. I made lunch. Hungry? All that anger burn a bunch of calories?”

Cas sat at the table with Dean. “Don't get cheeky.” Oh Chuck how I want to bend him over the table and fuck him senseless, he thought, keeping that thought far, far away from the channel. The last thing he wanted to do was hurt Dean or the pups.

Another retort filled his mouth, but he managed to bite it off in time. “Why were you angry?”

“I thought you disobeyed and went to the garden.” He filled a spoon with soup and held it for Dean, who closed his mouth over it. “I didn't think, I'm sorry.”

“You've been on edge lately. Something you wanna talk about?”

Cas dipped a bun in the broth and swirled it around before giving it to Dean. “No.” It had been embarrassing enough discussing his desire to mark Dean, he absolutely didn't want to enter a discussion about how he wanted to pound his Omega into the mattress. Or floor. Or wall. Or whatever surface might be nearby. Dean wasn't even having heats, which meant Cas wasn't having ruts, and yet all he thought about was his Omega's hole shiny with slick. Sweet, thick, slick.

Dean twitched his eyebrow when Cas appeared to vanish inside himself again. He'd been doing that a lot lately – spacing out randomly – and would seem embarrassed when he came back to himself. As much as he tried, Dean was unable to read anything in the channel. Cas was far too adept at shielding, probably from being an angel with constant prayers. For the moment Dean was passing it off as pregnancy stuff. Probably thinking about the pups and what life will be like when they arrive.

After lunch they both changed clothes and Cas guided Dean to the washroom then outside. The day was beautiful, not too hot and not too cold. Dean got to work on weeding while Cas pruned
bushes nearby. They worked in companionable silence, Dean stopping to admire Cas periodically. Cas' strong back muscles rippling under his shirt. His huge arms bunching and relaxing with the shears. It was one such admiration when he caught the image in the channel: Cas fucking him hard. The image vanished quickly, chased away by words like: stop, hurt pups, hurt Dean, not appropriate, and others Dean didn't catch before Cas moved on to thinking about work, probably completely unaware he'd let his guard down.

But Dean caught it and was thrilled. Cas had been so gentle lately, which was fine, really it was, but dammit all to hell he wanted a good fucking. A loose plan formed in Dean's head, one he hoped Cas wouldn't mind.

“It's warm out,” Dean said.

“Yes. But pleasant. How are you doing?” Cas turned to see Dean getting up from the vegetable garden. “Do you need some water?”

“Yeah but I'll grab it.”

“Don't be silly. It's right here.” Cas picked up a water bottle and brought it over, uncapping it as he walked.

Dean was sure Cas would tip the bottle to his mouth if he let him, but that wasn't part of his plan. He took the bottle with thanks and put it to his mouth, drinking deeply, letting a small stream flow over his lip and down his chin.

Cas gasped quietly. How can he make drinking look sexy? he thought, eyes trailing over Dean's throat as he swallowed. Inevitably, his eyes moved down to Dean's belly. Something about the roundness of it, or how it was filled with his pups, or how soft Dean looked, something was remarkably appealing. It embarrassed him a bit, being turned on by the belly, but he tried to squash down any bad thoughts. Neither mate seemed to mind his attraction, so it must be okay. Or so he told himself every time he caught himself staring. “How are you doing?” he asked again, this time placing a hand on the side of the beautiful mound.

Dean finished the water. “Good. Kinda hot though.” He stripped off his shirt and tossed it aside, pretending not to hear Cas' little inhale.

Cas was now touching Dean's bare belly and making a note of his hard nipples. “Do you, um, want to go inside?”

Dean could almost hear all the blood rush south in Cas' body. “No, I'm good.” He stepped away and stretched, arms high over his head, belly pushed out. “Just wanted water.”

Cas wanted to mount Dean. Fuck him into next week. Plow him into the dirt. But he also wanted to be gentle and not hurt him. Sam has been an excellent outlet for any Alpha rough sex, but good Chuck almighty did he want to pound Dean. “Oh, um, okay. Well. I'll, um, I need to prune the uh, bushes.”

“Okay.” Dean put his hands on his lower back and arched it, pretending like Cas wasn't practically salivating. “I was just gonna……” he met Cas' eye, turned around, glanced over his shoulder, and pushed his ass out a bit. “……keep weeding.”

Cas' mouth fell open slightly. Dean was almost, just about, presenting. “Dean,” he said, trying for low and ending up croaking.

“Yeah Cas?” he asked as he turned, pushing the elastic panel down under his belly, then dragging
his sweaty, dirty hands up over the mound. “You want something?”

“To fuck you,” fell out of his mouth.

“Yeah? Well. You gotta catch me first.” Dean winked, turned, and ran.

All the air left Cas’ lungs. Dean was running. While pregnant. His Omega was running when he should be presenting. It took him a split second to get the message to his legs to fucking move. When he did he dropped the pruning shears and tore after Dean.

There was no way he could run fast enough to not get caught, Dean knew that, but he wanted a rise out of Cas. But not too much, no way would he run so fast he'd hurt himself, he would keep it safe. After all, he wanted to get caught. A thrill zipped through him when he heard Cas' running. His blood felt electrified, his nipples hard little diamonds in the breeze, his cock filling fast, and slick gathering quickly. The Omega in him wanted to stop and present against a tree, but he wasn't ready yet. Cas needed a bit more of a chase.

Cas slowed abruptly, not ready to catch Dean quite yet. Instead he dipped behind a tree and hid. “I can smell you,” he called out in a gravelly sing-song.

A shudder cascaded through Dean. Cas was close. “Still haven't caught me,” he called in one direction and ran in the other.

The soft padding of Dean's feet told Cas exactly where he was and how fast he was moving. Internally, Cas commended Dean on not pushing himself too far and not running all-out. A few well placed strides and he'd be able to catch Dean. Instead he called out, “some hunter you are, crashing through the trees,” and moved stealthily.

Dean fell to his knees, one hand braced on a tree, ready to present. No, he told himself, not yet. He stood and took off again, this time toward the greenhouse, wishing he could go longer, but truth be told, he was tiring out. It would appear that pregnancy took away his stamina. Rather than get lectured by Cas and treated delicately, he planned his end game.

Cas watched Dean. For a second he thought he had him, all he had to do was run up and grab the back of his neck. Then Dean stood on wobbly legs and started running again. A breeze pushed through his worn jeans, curling around his cock, making him palm himself to ease the ache. He let Dean get close enough to the greenhouse, then took off at an all-out run.

Laughter bubbled out of Dean, half scared half thrilled, when he heard Cas closing the distance fast. He made it to the greenhouse, dropped his pants and underwear, gripped the wooden table, and thrust his hips out just as Cas crashed through the door. “Fuck me like you want to add a pup,” he demanded.

A growl ripped out of Cas chest. He wasn't aware of opening his pants, only of grabbing Dean's hips so hard his nails dug in. “I need to fuck you hard,” he grit out as he poked the tip of his cock against Dean's hot, tight, dripping hole.

“Well what are you waiting for? I ain't some delicate flower. Fuck me or I'll find someone who will.”

Intellectually, Cas knew Dean was just spouting nonsense. But it didn't matter. It worked. With a mighty roar he plunged in, drew out, and set a brutal pace.

Finally, Dean thought, gripping the table, grateful they'd bolted it to the floor. He took it, let Cas pound into him as hard as he could while loving the feeling. At some point Cas put one hand on his
shoulder, forcing him down on his cock. Dean wanted this to last for hours, days even, but his body had other plans. Cas slammed into his prostate while letting his hand graze his mark and Dean came, spraying everywhere and clenching on Cas' cock. “Keep going! Don't stop,” Dean cried through his orgasm, “another, there's another, keep going!”

Cas had no intention of stopping. Oh no, he was too busy fucking to stop for something as common as an orgasm. Lust blinded him, made him slide his hand from Dean's shoulder around to cup his belly, made him think about how big Dean was getting, how round his belly was becoming, how heavy he was getting with pups, finally letting all the forbidden images flood his mind. Images of Dean's belly in bed, in his nest, naked, clothed, heavy, full, wet, dry, anything and about his belly. His fingers skimmed the rounded surface, feeling the skin stretching out, the weight of the pups as Dean leaned forward. When he cupped Dean's belly he gasped out loud and moved his other hand to the belly as well, cupping it while continuing to slam into his lovely Omega.

Dean noticed Cas' hand wasn't anchoring him in place any more, so he braced himself harder on the table and with his feet. He was sure he could change the angle so Cas wouldn't be ramming against his prostate, but he didn't want to. It felt too good. Somehow Cas was holding his belly gently while keeping up a wicked pace, but it wasn't enough. He was so close but too far at the same time. One hand let go of the table so he could strip his cock as well at the same time as he felt Cas drape himself over his back, covering him and protecting him from behind.

Cas kept his hands on Dean's belly as he pressed himself against him. Dean felt so good, so silky hot inside, so tight, so round, and so heavy. His mind provided an image of Future Dean, hugely pregnant, weighted with pups, and it drove Cas wild. The thrusts shortened down to tiny rabbit punches as his balls pulled up, while his throat whined and moaned, while his mouth closed over Dean's mark and bit down.

A soundless scream punched out of Dean as he came again when Cas' hot, wet mouth bit him. With nowhere to go he spasmed and shuddered in Cas' tight embrace, dribbling come on the greenhouse floor.

The instant Dean clamped down on his cock, Cas poured into him with such force he expected Dean to feel it warming his lungs from the inside. His legs barely kept him standing while his knot inflated and he locked into his trembling mate. Several shudders later, Cas found his voice again. “So good,” he croaked.

“Yeah,” Dean breathed. “I needed that. Fuck. That was. Yeah. I'm good. Okay.”

A chuckle danced through Cas' throat and onto Dean's shoulder. “A bit fast. Sorry.”

“Don't care. Fuck. Damn.”

Cas dragged his hands over Dean's belly. “My knot isn't staying. I don't have a cloth. Here. We can use my shirt.”

“I've got a towel,” Sam said.

Both startled. Dean managed to speak first. “Jiminy Fucking Crickets! How the fuck did you sneak up on us?”

“I didn't sneak,” Sam informed them. He was even holding Dean's discarded shirt. “You were preoccupied. Here,” he got the towel to his brother as Cas backed out, finally letting go of Dean's tummy.
“Thank you Sam,” Cas said as he took over and cleaned Dean as best he could then pulled his pants up for him. After getting his own pants up he asked how Sam’s day was.

“Not bad. The usual. I saw the stroller is ready except the padding. Painting next?”

“I would like that,” Cas said and led his pack to the door. “I’m anxious to get the furniture set up as well.”

“Me too,” Sam said, holding the door open. “Did you want to help paint sigils Dean? Cas drew a list of them to put under the paint.”

“Yeah, I’d like that,” Dean said. He started down the stairs and twisted around to face his mates. “Can I help paint too? I want to-” his foot scraped the edge of the step instead of on the riser. Before he could understand what was happening, he was landing at the base.

“Dean!” Cas and Sam shouted, both rushing down the stairs.

Cas’ heart stopped when Dean didn’t speak but kept trying to get up. Nothing could stop the panic from slamming into him with the intensity of gale force winds. “Do we need an ambulance? Are you hurt? Are you bleeding? DEAN?”

Years of hunting gave Sam the ability to work on autopilot. “Stay down,” he ordered. When Dean stopped trying to crawl away Sam did a fast triage, checking for blood and broken bones, finding nothing. “He lost his breath. Give him a second.”

This wasn’t the first time Dean had fallen down stairs or lost his breath, but it was just as terrifying as always. In a small eternity he was finally able to inhale properly. His belly cramped, making him grunt and grab it.

Cas watched Dean curl in on himself and grunt. “That's enough! We're going to the doctor either by ambulance or car.”

“Car,” Sam decided. “Can you pick him up? Is he too heavy?”

“Not that fat Sam,” Dean rushed weakly, still holding his belly. “Ow.”

Cas didn't answer. Instead he scooped Dean up bridal style and followed Sam to Baby.

They went to Emergency where they were seen quickly. Cas practically tore Dean's clothes off to get the gown on, and a nurse strapped a fetal monitor to his belly. The nurse told Dean to lay quietly until the doctor arrived then left them.

The shock was wearing off and Dean's body started announcing where the pain was located. His ass, elbow, back, and one knee ached and he kept cramping. One particularly bad cramp made him call out and then cry when it passed.

Cas moved so he could gather Dean up, cradling his head and shoulders while he cried. “It's okay Dean, the doctor will help, please try to relax.”

Relaxing was the furthest thing from Dean's mind. Hysterics were much closer. Try as he might he was unable to stop crying and clutching at Cas’ back. Sam did his best to stay calm, knowing if he freaked out Dean would get worse not better.
A Beta doctor arrived quickly and did her exam with practised hands after practically peeling Cas off him. The fetal monitor was attached to a computer that was spitting out a ream of paper similar to an ECG. She picked up the ream and read it, then turned to the pack. “Everything looks good.”

Dean squeezed his hands over his eyes and clenched his ass while another, smaller cramp took him. “I'm bleeding,” he whispered in a reedy voice. “I'm bleeding.”

Cas' heart stopped. His world stopped. He couldn't breathe. He couldn't think, except for no.

Sam scented deeply and still detected the pups. “Dean, I'm sure—”

“No!” he cried, still covering his eyes while writhing on the bed a bit. The absolute last thing in the world he wanted to see was bright red staining the absorbent pad under him. Enough of that. Denial was better. But not possible, not with another burble of liquid exiting him.

The doctor wasted no time in tearing the sheet back and forcing Dean's hip up to check. “No blood.”

Confusion made Dean pull his hands away and peek at the doctor. “But...I can feel it....”

The doctor gave him a patient and slightly bemused look. “Dean. Did you have sexual relations recently?”


Cas exhaled, suddenly boneless. “I know Dean, I know,” he whispered.

Sam moved in to hold Dean this time, rocking him gently while he cried and shifted every time a new little gush exited him.

The doctor spoke to Cas over Dean's cries. “There's no bleeding and your pups are doing well. I'm putting him on bed rest for a week anyway. That means he can only get up to pee or shower, that's it. Do you understand Alpha? You are to bring him food and drink and ensure he gets rest.”

“Yes,” Cas agreed readily, resting a hand on Dean's belly. “Is there any danger of miscarriage?”

“If it was going to happen it would have by now,” she said to Cas and turned to Dean. “But rest. Keep your feet elevated. You may experience spotting, but if you start outright bleeding then come back. Do you want to tell me what happened?”

“I fell down the stairs,” Dean hitched, realizing how cliche it sounded. “I turned to talk to them and slipped.”

She eyed Cas wearily and scented Dean heavily. “I'm not detecting abuse, but I'm entering the information into the database just in case.”

“Database?” Sam asked, slipping his hand into Dean's.

“We keep a record now of suspicious injuries. I'm sorry, but this one is going on record.”

“I understand,” Cas said, disgusted at the world for needing a database of this sort.

The doctor released Dean with instructions to use a wheelchair to the exit doors. Sam retrieved one while Cas attempted to dress Dean. He got the gown undone before grabbing Dean and hugging him tight, crying silently into his neck. “Please be careful,” he choked out, “please Dean.”
“I will,” he whispered, “I'm sorry.”

Sam returned and saw Cas crying. “What's wrong? Are you okay?”

Cas pulled away and nodded. “I'm simply worried. Please help with the gown.”

“Sure.” Sam pulled it off Dean and rested his hand on Dean's belly. “Any more cramps?”

“No,” Dean whispered, shivering in the chill. Realization seeped into his skin. “I'm not going to be allowed in the garden, am I?”

Cas strangled Dean's shirt that he was about to hand to Sam. “Dean-”

“Please Cas?” Giving up the garden was too much. No way. He liked weeding or even just sitting outside. “I can be more careful. You can walk in front of me. I'll go slow.”

Cas and Sam took in Dean's huge, bright green, wet eyes. “Sam should not have taught you the puppy dog look,” Cas said, fighting a smile.

Sam snorted. “Gotta share everything.”

“Fine,” Cas relented, “but only with supervision. And you may have to descend the stairs like a child with me holding you.”

“That's fine,” Dean said as Sam dropped the shirt on him. “Besides, I need to wash the greenhouse floor and table.”

Fluidity

Chapter Summary

Sam's been keeping something private, but as always his mates are there to help.

Chapter Notes

I genuinely hope I've written this with the grace and dignity the topic deserves.

Sam stopped at the post office on his way home from work. He'd been low-key avoiding it lately, ever since he heard about the upcoming event for small business owners. But Dean told him there should have been a package earlier this week, so Sam promised he'd check today. Sure enough, Dean's package was there as was the invitation to the event. The envelope was thick cream vellum with gold lettering. Black tie for sure. Sighing lightly he stuffed it in his bag with the rest of the mail and carried the package to Baby.

“Hey guys,” he called out when he got home, setting the package on the kitchen table.

Cas was there almost instantly, pulling him into a hug. “How was your day?”

Sam shrugged and leaned back only enough to kiss Cas, then shuffle-danced with him around the kitchen. “How was your day?”

“Trying,” Cas said in a low voice. “Your brother does not take well to remaining still.”

“Really? News to me,” he teased.

Cas hummed and pulled him closer. “What's in the package?”

“Dunno. It's Dean's. Don't suppose you'll let him come to the kitchen for it?”

“I think we both know the answer to that.” Cas kissed Sam again, this time lingering for a while, keeping a warm hand on the small of Sam's back. “Do you want to bring it to him? He's in his nest.”

“Sulking?”

“That was earlier. Now he's simply annoyed.”

Sam laughed lightly and brought the package to his brother. “Look what was waiting for you.”

“Awesome! Gimmie!” Dean made grabby hands at it while knee-walking to the edge of the nest. One glare from Cas and he was back on his butt.

“What's in it?” Cas asked.
“Check it out. Look.” He tore the tape off and opened the box, pulling out two plaid diaper bags, one green one purple. “I saw them online and since we didn't have any yet I bought these.”

Cas smiled, loving how Dean was lighting up, privately wondering if Dean was aware of any pattern other than plaid.

“Oh! And check this out,” he beamed, pulling out a stuffed moose, squirrel, and an angel wearing a beige trench coat. “I had them specially made. We don't have many toys yet either. I thought the girls could share. Or not. I could buy more.”

Sam crouched near the nest edge. “Holy shit that's cute,” he said, playing with the angel. “The coat comes off!”

“Yeah. But it's still safe. The button on the front is too big for choking. You know, just in case one of the girls chews it off.”

“These are adorable Dean,” Cas praised, enjoying how Dean was finally taking a bit more of an interest in setting things up.

“Oh hey, do the girls get gifts for the naming ceremony?” Dean asked.

“Yes,” Cas said. “People will bring gifts. We can register at a few stores to make it easier for guests to choose.”

Dean sat back in the nest as if to become part of it. “So, I guess we'll have to go shopping to see what stores are good?”

“Not until later. We can wait until your eighth or even ninth month,” Sam said as he slipped the little coat on the squirrel and buttoned up the one big button. “Or we could go sooner. How about we let you choose?” The halo was made of flexible bumpy plastic, like a teething ring, and was attached too tightly for him to put on the moose.

Cas debated internally. Having Dean retreat into himself was not a good idea, and by not going with them he'd do exactly that. But if Dean went with them it would be stressful all around. “We have most of the larger items anyway,” he finally said, “we could register at Pup Stuff for toys, clothes, and miscellaneous items.”

“Yeah,” Dean mumbled, “Pup Stuff was okay. Anything else in the mail Sammy?”

Sam pulled the little coat off the squirrel and tried to get it on the moose. “Yeah. In my bag.”

Cas' eyebrows twitched together at Sam's dismissal. Something was off. “May I retrieve it?”

“Yeah, sure, go ahead. Hey Dean, are there any other little clothes?”

“Actually,” Dean dug in the box, “yes. Here.” He pulled out a small bag of mini flannels and tiny jeans. “They should fit each.”

“Really?” Sam got to work getting an orange bacon-stripe-like flannel on the moose. Each stuffy had the same basic proportions and the little clothes were made to fit reasonably well on each one. Except the squirrel, it had no room for pants what with the fluffy tail in the way. The moose tail fit through the small hole in the pants or could be shoved inside the back. The moose legs were longer so the shirts looked like short sleeved on it but long sleeved on the squirrel an angel.

Cas pulled the mail out of the bag, seeing nothing out of the ordinary except one cream envelope.
“I've been waiting for this. The city is having an event for small business owners. Gilda told me I should receive an invitation.” After tearing open the envelope he saw he could RSVP online. “Would you both like to attend?”

“Won't I be huge?” Dean asked, getting the small angel into a red flannel.

Cas checked the date. “Maybe not huge but definitely bigger than right now. We can have a tuxedo specially made if you like. Sam? Does yours still fit?”

“Uh, yeah, I'm sure it does,” he said, fitting a pink flannel on the squirrel and seeing if the coat fit on top. It did.

Something about Sam's tone nagged at Cas, but the way Sam was studiously not looking up told him he didn't want to discuss it right now. “Neither of you have answered me. Do you want to attend?”

Dean shrugged. Going out and dressing well wasn't the worst thing in the world. Last time there were pregnant Omegas so he probably wouldn't stick out like a sore thumb. And people would be on their best behaviour, unlike stores, so it wouldn't be too bad. “Sure I guess. Will it be like the thing we went to of Sam's? Formal?”

“Yeah it will,” Sam said, finally putting the toys down. “And yes I'll go. I'm going for a run.”

“Now?” Cas asked. Usually Sam went in the morning.

“Yes now,” Sam said and kissed Dean then Cas before either could say anything. “Be back in a bit.”

Cas didn't say anything until Sam was out of the bunker. “Dean? Is something bothering Sam?”

Dean shrugged. “Dunno. But he gets broody. You know that. A run will do him good. Look, the angel looks like a hunter now,” he said, holding up the toy in flannel and teeny jeans.

Bed rest sucked. Dean thought he'd like it, being catered to and waited on hand and foot, but it was boring. Incredibly, monumentally, boring. Cas gave him the choice: bed, nest, or couch. That was it. He even expected Dean to pee into a bucket until Dean threw a massive fit about it. At least his mates were waiting until he was better to paint, mostly because Sam was thrilled Dean had shown interest in it. When Dean was released from bed rest, it was a relief for the entire pack. Cas was getting ragged from Dean's near constant complaining, Sam was irritated from the general tension, and Dean was pissed off that he wasn't allowed to even go into the library.

The morning Cas agreed bed rest was over, Dean took his laptop to his nest and settled in, answering emails from hunters. Caesar and Jesse were doing well it seemed, killing things regularly, giving reviews of some locations as if they were vacation spots. The Wayward Daughters – now Sisters according to their email address – were developing well too. Claire and Alex were turning out to be quite the hunters with good instincts and common sense. Jody and Donna had become a couple as well, not surprising Dean at all considering how much one talked of the other to him. The strangest was Max and Alicia. Seriously, witches who hunt. Weird. But they were included in the email circles, forums, and information chains just like the others, even though not every hunter respected them. Actually, any hunter that was nasty to them was suspended from the Bunker Information Source until Dean decided otherwise.

Charlie had programmed a forum as well, which Dean helped moderate. Whenever he had time he
visited the boards to see what people posted, liking the way it was organized to have ongoing information about monsters as well as a section just for fun. The fun section had started to get a bit gossipy, so a new section was developed just for tidbits and info drops. That one was hard to moderate. It was fascinating to read what people posted but difficult to keep things in context and respect some people's wishes about privacy. Opinions ran rampant there, and opinions could sometimes do more damage than a horny werewolf during a full moon.

“I thought you'd be pacing the halls now that you're off bed rest,” Cas commented from the doorway, which Dean had left open.

“It's different. I choose to be in here. Wanna sit?”

Cas did, wiggling into what was now 'his' beanbag egg. “How are the hunters?”

“Not bad. There's a few that need to be put in line. I mean, Garth's been a werewolf for a while now, why are some people still harping on it?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, look,” he turned the laptop so Cas could see but it didn't work. Dean gave up and shoved a bunch of eggs over. “Just come in here.”

Cas was surprised but tried not to show it. He knew Sam had been in the nest, but this was the first time he was invited in. The lining was soft and comfortable, already well worn. Instead of sitting beside Dean, he sat with his back against the edge, opened his legs, and coaxed Dean to sit in front of him, his back to Cas' chest. This way he could slip his hand up Dean's shirt and rest it on his belly. Which he did, immediately.

“All right,” Dean said, shifting a bit against Cas who felt like a wall of muscle moulding around him. “Here, look. This whole thread is about how werewolves have no place in society. That they are nothing better than dogs in need of taming. But come on! Garth's a good guy. A bit freaky, but good. You can't go around saying all werewolves are bad. Some are good. And not all vampires are bad either. And Max and Alicia are good witches, so no need to bash all witches.”

“It sounds like hunting has changed since we were out.”

“It has, actually. There's more grey area now. Not everything needs to be ganked. Even some spirits don't need to be taken out right away. Max and Alicia found one who was keeping a little old lady company. See, the lady's son complained the spirit was harming his mom. Max and Alicia investigated and found the son was trying to poison his mom as well as slowly draining her bank account. The spirit was protecting her by hurting the son every time he came to the house. Alicia got the police involved, the son was arrested, and the lady got to keep the spirit for company. Apparently she liked talking to it.”

Cas gave Dean a squeeze. “What will happen to the spirit when the lady dies?”

“Alicia knows which object is grounding it and will include it in the lady's cremation when the time comes.”

“That's really sweet.” Cas tipped his head towards the door. “Sam's home.”

“Yeah I scent him too.”

Sam ambled toward the nest room, figuring Dean would be there and he was right. What surprised him was Cas sitting directly behind him. “Hey guys, good day?”
“Yeah I can go wherever I want,” Dean said, pulling Sam down for a kiss when he was close enough.

“And he chose the nest,” Cas said after it was his turn with a kiss.

“Join us?” Dean offered, kicking more eggs out of the way.

“Sure.” Sam took his shoes off, left his bag near the edge, and sank in slightly to the side of his mates. As soon as he was relatively comfortable he tangled his legs with theirs. “What're ya looking at?”

“The forums,” Dean said. “Well, the gossip parts. Did you know Eileen is dating someone?”

“Uh, yeah,” Sam said with a little shrug. “Sort of. She hasn't told me who.”

“Eileen keeps in contact with you?” Cas asked.

“Sometimes. We text or Skype occasionally. Not lately, but she did warn me her time would be taken up by her new partner for a while.”

Cas wanted to know why he didn't know that, or why Sam kept it from him, but he reminded himself he couldn't control every aspect of his pack's lives. He also suspected Sam and Eileen had a brief fling or something a while back, but never asked for confirmation. After tucking his jealously away he asked Sam if he'd tried his tux on yet.

Sam shifted and averted his eyes. “No.”

“Oh right,” Dean piped up and reached for his phone. “I was gonna see if Crowley could recommend someone for mine.”

Cas' grip on Dean tightened. “Crowley? You have Crowley saved as a contact on your phone?”

“Why is that a problem?” he mumbled as he tapped out a text.

“Didn't you and Crowley, uh, you were, when you were a demon, didn't you, with Crowley-”

“Complete sentences Castiel,” Sam ordered.

Cas jerked back at Sam's tone. He was tempted to ignore it as there was no bracelet on his wrist, but he let it go. For now. “Didn't you and Crowley have a relationship?”

Dean rolled his eyes in Sam's direction. “No Cas, we didn't. Yeah we partied. Yeah he hit on me. A lot. Yeah I teased. But you're the first guy I was ever with.”

Sam's eyebrows shot up. “Seriously? I mean, you were a demon and you're telling me you still had moral fibre?”

“Shut up bitch.”

“Jerk.”

Cas only half listened while running his hand up and down Dean's belly. There was no deception in Dean's channel but he still didn't like Dean talking to Crowley.

Dean's phone chimed. “That's what I thought,” he said as he read the text. “He does use Benny as his tailor.”
Cas snapped back to attention. “Benny Lafitte?”

“Yes. And no, nothing happened with Benny either.”

“Nothing? I seem to recall several prayers about the comfort of his arms and you wishing it was me curling up with you.”

“Oh for fuck's sake,” Dean bit off. “Fine. Yes. We cuddled. It was fucking purgatory and scary as shit. We slept in shifts. I would wake in his arms. But nothing happened.” Well, he thought privately, believing he was shielding himself from his mates, nothing-

“I can hear you,” Cas said menacingly.

Sam tried to be invisible so he wouldn't get kicked out. He'd been wanting to know what went on between them from the first moment he saw Benny look at Dean, and from the way Dean defended him so hard.

Dean shifted, leaned forward, fiddled with his laptop edging, stared at his belly, and finally admitted, “I would jerk off with him curled up against me. Only when he was against my back. Nothing else. I swear.”

Cas modulated his breathing. “And what would Benny do?”

“Same,” Dean said, barely audibly. “But I'd think of you Cas,” he whispered, “and Sammy.” The whole thing embarrassed him a bit. He had vivid memories of wondering how he could possibly be horny there, and if he didn't take care of it his thinking was skewed. The best option was to jerk off as discretely as possible while still protected by Benny so no monsters would catch them off guard. Neither ever talked about it, not ever, and Dean was fine with that.

“Yes. I knew that,” Cas said in a more conciliatory tone. “But I'm not sure if I want Benny fitting you for a tuxedo.”

“Why?” Sam asked, figuring it was all right to speak now. “You'll be there.”

Cas glanced at Sam and ignored his comment. “Something is bothering you about this event. Will you tell us what?”

Sam startled. “Uh, I uh,” his mind raced on how to phrase this. “I don't want to wear a tuxedo,” he finally said.

“But it's black tie Sammy.”

“Yeah Dean, I know.”

“And tuxes are for black tie, right?”

“Yes.”

“I don't get it. You look fantastic in a tux. Why don't you want to wear it?”

Cas watched the struggle on Sam's face but said nothing, opting to let Sam explain if he wanted to.

Sam reached over and grabbed his laptop, opened it, clicked a bit, and hesitated, fingertips white where they gripped the computer. *I don't have to show them*, he told himself. *I can wear a tux. It's no big deal. It's what we wear. It's fine. But I want this so bad.*
Cas could feel an odd combination of longing and nervousness coming off Sam even without the channels. “Sam? If you don't want to talk about it, that's all right.”

“No I-, uh, no. I. Here. I want to wear this, or something like it.” He took a huge breath, turned the computer to his mates, crossed his arms over his chest as tight as he could, and refused to watch their reactions. Anxiety ate his insides at the silence.

Both stared at the monitor. The image was a model wearing a blue dress made of some kind of silky fabric. It had spaghetti straps, fitted bodice with a sweetheart neckline, and flowing skirt down to the floor.

“You'll need to wax everywhere,” Dean said.

“I think this would be very flattering on you,” Cas said. “Perhaps Benny could make it?”

“I'll ask,” Dean said, hoping the Benny conversation was done. “Hey Sammy, do you, I mean, I know you like lingerie, but do you want to, you know, be a girl?”

“No,” Sam pushed at eggs with his feet and stared down, “not a....no. I don't.”

“But you like dressing in lingerie and now dresses?”

Sam took a breath and held it, unsure how to explain this. “Do you remember when we were little?”

“Which part?” Dean teased. Images filled his channel and memories came rushing to the surface. Memories of Sam twirling in a skirt found in a crappy rental, memories of Sam trying on skirts at Goodwill without Dad around, memories of getting upset he couldn't wear a dress to a fancy party day at kindergarten, a memory of Sam's where he was standing in front of a full length mirror, newly bursting into manhood at Stanford, wearing Jess' dress when she wasn't home. “Oh.”

Cas was allowed the images as well but kept quiet, knowing this was more about Sam needing Dean's acceptance than anything else.

“But,” Dean stumbled, trying to understand, “why do you want to wear dresses if you don't want to be a girl? I mean, you also said you wanted to be pregnant.”

“Yeah. I know. I,” Sam swiped at his eyes to get rid of the mist developing. “It's not. Shit. Okay.” He took a massive breath and forced it out. “Sometimes I uh, I like skirts and stuff. But that doesn't mean I want to change my sex.”

“Your gender,” Dean corrected.

“No Dean. My sex. There's a difference.”

Dean's brain stalled. “What?”

“Okay.” Sam tried to find a way to explain this in a way Dean would understand. “I like the feel of uh, a rounded chest. On me. Sometimes. I feel more, uh, pretty that way. And sometimes during sex I don't want anything other than to be penetrated.”

Cas understood fully. He knew this for a long time but never called attention to it. Instead he provided Sam with contact where he wanted it during sex, and sometimes peeked in his channel to see if he wanted his breast area played with, or talked to differently.
Dean’s eyes fell on Sam's chest where he was crossing his arms and accentuating the pecs he’d spent so much time perfecting in the gym. The thought of a soft or silky bra covering them invaded his thoughts, of sucking a nipple through the fabric, of Sam's pretty moans when Dean lubed him up, of the way Sam would brush his hand away when it got too close to his cock, or when he would sometimes say 'just like this' and mean he didn't want to come with anything other than being filled up. “I think I already knew that,” he mused, squashing his arousal. Now was not the time. Later maybe, definitely not now.

“Yeah I think you did. Cas too. But I’ve never said it out loud.” Sam scrubbed his eyes again and breathed deeply. “I’m not trans. I don’t want to be a girl. But sometimes I feel feminine.”

“What the fuck is the difference?” Dean blurted. “Sorry, I meant-”

“I get it,” Sam rushed. “When people are born, before this virus, your sex was determined by which reproductive parts you had. Girls have ovaries, boys have testicles. Period. Sometimes nature didn’t get things so black and white and there’d be people born with both. Gender is different. Gender is about what society decides is masculine or feminine. With me still?”

Dean’s brain churned. “I think so? Sex is about your physical body you have at birth, gender is what the world says you are?”

“Sort of. Gender is about what *society* deems acceptable as feminine or masculine. In some parts of the world women have been in the military for a long time. Other parts of the world think soldiers are very masculine. Two decades ago a man wearing a skirt here would have been called a cross-dresser or transvestite because skirts are feminine.”

“This is confusing.”

“No shit. So you can be born with a penis, be male, and still want to feel what society says is feminine. Our society says that's softer, flowy fabrics, skirts or dresses, makeup, that kind of thing. Delicacy. Softness. Pretty. Men are more sturdy, hard, handsome.”

“May I interject?” Cas asked. Sam nodded. “If Charlie binds her breasts one day, wears jeans, a t-shirt, has a wallet instead of a purse, wears army boots, has short hair, no makeup, no jewellery, would she be mistaken for a man?”

“Yeah. I think she would,” Dean said. “Oh! Oh I get it! Gender is about having your outsides match how you feel inside?”

“Yes!” Sam said. “Kind of. For a trans person, that could mean changing their physical body permanently, either with surgery or without. For a gender fluid person, it would mean presenting their body in a manner society recognizes as male or female depending on how they feel in that moment.”

“I don’t get it. How do you change your body permanently without surgery?”


Dean watched Sam fidget. Dressing in skirts or pretending to be Princess Jasmine after watching Aladdin was nothing new, Dean had just never assigned any importance to any of it. But he was starting to suspect Sam did and had for a long time. “So, are you saying that sometimes you want to wear a skirt because you feel feminine?”

“Yes,” Sam said with a great deal of relief. “Sometimes I just want to be pretty or delicate. I like how women's clothes feel sometimes. I like how I feel in women's clothes sometimes.”
“Okay.” Something tugged at Dean's memory from a long time ago. Something on a program he watched when it was the only thing on? Or an Oprah episode? His pregnancy brain refused to provide it and he ended up saying, “how does having sex fit into all this? Would you change from uh, gay to hetero if you changed sexes?”

“Do labels really matter?”

“Well, kinda, yeah. To me, I guess.”

“Okay. Well. There are three distinct aspects here. Sex as in male or female, gender as in how you feel, and sexual attraction as in who you'd like to be intimate with. Sexual attraction is not attached to the body you have. It's more about what excites you sexually. Some people are repelled by penises—”

“Gilda.”

Sam chuckled. “Yeah, actually. And some people are repelled by vaginas. But that's on the extreme ends. There are people that get really turned on by the combination of breasts and a penis on one body, or men's bodies, or women with a strap-on, or women's bodies, that kind of thing. And some people don't even like sex with anyone other than themselves but can be turned on by porn. Some people are more attracted to the person regardless of their parts.”

Dean thought hard. “But I remember some program where the guests said something about performing sexually. The guy said he didn't feel right having sex using a penis, it felt wrong to him to own one.”

“Yeah. Sometimes your sex can affect your sexuality. Imagine your frustration at not being born with the right parts to feel pleasure of that kind during sex. That can be a factor in trans people. Not always, not conclusively, but it can be. Sex isn't a big part of life until it's not working right, then it's a huge part of life.”

Dean stared hard at nothing in particular. “You mean like, how I get kind of grumpy if I don't come for a while?”

_Not just 'kind of' grumpy_, Sam thought. “Yes. Sex is important to you. Very important. You need it regularly, you rely on it to give you good feelings, having orgasms keeps you stabilized. If you suddenly weren't allowed sex, it would be a massive part of your day wouldn't it?”

“Yeah,” he admitted quietly, blushing slightly, remembering purgatory again. “It'd piss me off. And bug me. And I'd feel, uh, off center and weird.”

“Yes. Sometimes your sex can affect your sexuality. Imagine your frustration at not being born with the right parts to feel pleasure of that kind during sex. That can be a factor in trans people. Not always, not conclusively, but it can be. Sex isn't a big part of life until it's not working right, then it's a huge part of life.”

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“Yeah,” he admitted quietly, blushing slightly, remembering purgatory again. “It'd piss me off. And bug me. And I'd feel, uh, off center and weird.”

“Exactly. So if you felt that way a lot because your body parts weren't right, transitioning may be something to consider. If you kept looking down expecting there to be a hard penis ready for sex and kept seeing breasts and labia, it would impact your sex life a great deal.”

“So,” Dean's brain struggled to keep up, “you're okay with having a dick, but sometimes you want to dress different and be treated more, uh, gently during sex, and you want to wear a bra because you feel even more feminine?”

“Yeah. That's pretty close.”

Memories of their sexual exploits slipped into his thoughts. “I'm sorry, I don't think I was very considerate. I uh, I think I could have been better for you. I think I shoulda asked or somethin'.”

Cas wanted to jump in so badly, to soothe Dean and assist Sam. But this was Sam's moment to
speak up, not his to speak for him, so he kept his mouth shut and his channel shuttered.

“No Dean. You've been awesome. I don't remember leaving any session wanting something different. If I have, it's because I didn't say anything not because you did something wrong.”

Dean nodded and fought tears for reasons he couldn't figure out right now. “What about you Cas? How do you, um, are you, uh......you know what? I don't know how to ask.”

“As an angel I took both male and female vessels, it made no difference to me. I am sexually attracted to you and Sam. I have no desire to alter my appearance or dress differently.”

“You don't much like being a bottom though right?”

Cas wobbled his head. “Before the virus I didn't mind. I received a lot of pleasure from you enjoying being a top. But I prefer to top, yes, and I suppose I always have.”

“My body's changed,” Dean mumbled, staring down at his belly. He ran his hand over it, bumping Cas'. “I used to really like topping. And sometimes I still do. But even when I top I need, uh, I need somethin', um,” he shifted slightly, embarrassed to have to say it. “Coming's different now. If I don't have some kind of friction or something inside me it just doesn't happen. Not like it used to.”

“Why are you embarrassed?” Cas asked quietly.

Dean shrugged with one shoulder. “Dunno. I feel less manly. Less of a man. Less. Before it was a choice to bottom, now I kinda need to bottom.”

Sam watched Dean closely. Since their presentation Dean had grown to accept a lot about himself and his new body, but he knew it was still a struggle some days. “Do you think of me as less of a man after everything I said?”

“No. You're still Sam.” A smile broke through as he gazed at his brother. “My Sammy.”

“And you're still Dean. My tough big brother Dean.”

“Tough big brother that cries at commercials.”

“Little brother that likes skirts.”

Dean chuckled. “Okay fine. But how does all this relate to you wanting to be pregnant?”

Sam flushed down to his toes, taken aback by the quick turn. “I never wanted to be pregnant. I didn't even think of it. Then the virus came, and things changed.”

“No shit,” Dean said, pointing to his belly.

“Yeah,” Sam huffed. “At first I was fine with being Beta. It kinda suited me. But the more time that's passed the more I think about, I think. I” Sam tried to control himself, wiping tears away, breathing slowly. Everything he thought were just that: thoughts. No bearing in reality. But now, on the verge of giving his thoughts a voice, he realized if he said it out loud it was permanent and could never be unsaid.

Cas and Dean waited, Cas pressing on Dean when it looked like he was going to speak. He understood Sam needed to say this without prompting, of his own accord, and that he could back out if he wanted. Sam would do anything for Dean and Cas knew it, so Dean had to stay quiet so as not to influence Sam's next words.
What felt like an eternity in Sam's mind – but was really a few moments – he decided to go for broke. “I think I want to be Omega.”

“Okay,” Dean said against the nervous quaking in his guts, “can it be done?”

Sam nodded. “They've managed to isolate how the virus works. It's not reversible, this is our world now, but you can transition.” Dean's fluttering nerves filtered through the channel. “Why are you nervous?”

Dean shrugged again. “Dunno. Maybe 'cause I didn't know you were unhappy. Maybe 'cause I don't wanna lose you.”

“Why would you lose me?”

Dean shrugged with one shoulder again. “Dunno. Maybe as Omega you won't want me. Maybe you'll want an Alpha or something.”

“I can't imagine not wanting to be with you. Not after wishing I could have this all my life. Not after finally getting it. I can't see how Omega would change that. Did how you feel about me change when you presented?”

“No,” Dean rushed, “not even a little.” Something slid into place in Dean's mind. “This isn't about me though. It's about you, and if you wanna transition to Omega, then I guess I'll have an Omega brother. If you need someone to talk to about it or have questions you don't wanna ask anyone else, I'll help as much as I can.”

Sam tried not to cry. “Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“Whatever you need from me you've got as well,” Cas said. “Literally anything. Simply ask or let me know.”

“Thank you,” Sam gushed, tears spilling over his cheeks. “I don't know if it's something I definitely want or not. I still want to do some research. Maybe talk to someone who's done it. And I don't know if it'd be possible for me to get pregnant or not, so I have to figure out if that's a deal breaker or not. And, um, my scent might change.”

“For the better? I can't imagine you smelling better, but damn, that'd be a good side effect,” Dean said.

“I don't know. That's part of the problem.”

“Sam,” Cas said, waiting until their eyes met, “we'll work it out. One step at a time. Thank you for trusting us with this.”

“Thank you guys for being so fucking accepting.”

“Stop it,” Dean said gruffly, tears coursing down his face. “I'll take you any way you are or want to be. I'll love you no matter what. Now I'm gonna stop talking like a chick flick movie. C'mere. Gimmie a hug.”

Sam crept over and was engulfed by his pack. “So....you guys would be okay with me wearing a dress to the event?” he asked, voice muffled by Cas' chest. “And maybe heels?”
“Fuck yes,” Dean said with gusto. “You'll be the prettiest one there. I'll call Benny's shop and set up an appointment.”

Cas tucked Sam into his side. “I still don't know about this. Having an ex touching you is not my idea of a good situation. And he's a vampire still isn't he? How does he work when he's hungry?”

“How about,” Dean said in a moment of bravery, “you shut up and stop making judgments until after we meet with him?”

Cas reared back as if slapped. Just before he was about to put Dean in his place he actually heard what Dean was saying. “Understood,” he managed through a tight windpipe, already deciding Dean would be *drenched* in his Alpha scent the day of the appointment.
First there's a bit o' porn, then the pack goes for their first tailor fitting with Benny Lafitte.

Long one again. I don't know why I keep doing this to you guys. Oh wait, yes I do, because you like it :)

Cas checked the calendar on his phone for the millionth time. Tomorrow was the appointment with Benny. All the searching he'd done told him Benny was the best tailor around, he respected privacy, and had an elite clientele. Many people couldn't even get an appointment with him unless referred by someone Benny trusted. Apparently there was even a bodyguard on the premises although no one had ever actually seen the bodyguard. That was all great. Fantastic, really. He'd do an excellent job with Dean's tux and Sam's evening gown. But he was still – and always would be – a flame of Dean's. He tried to return to his book, tried to relax because it was his and Sam's weekend, their time to lounge around the bunker with no purpose. The words swam around the page anyway, no matter how many times he tried to pin them down with his eyes.

Sam glanced over from the easy chair. Cas was checking his phone again and fidgeting. Sam was genuinely surprised Cas hadn't given him the bracelet yet. There were a few times he saw it poking out of Cas' pocket, and once he saw Cas turning it over in his hand and shoving it in his pocket when Sam approached him. Right now Cas was pretending to read his book on the couch, channel barely shuttered against the noise. The word 'mark' kept coming up in the channel, which gave him an idea. Well, refined an idea that had been stewing in his mind for a while. He'd woken up a bit aroused but neither mate had shown any sign of wanting anything sexual, so he'd stowed his feelings away for later. But now as he shifted on the easy chair he was very much aware of how much freedom his lounging pants allowed.

Sam set his own book down and went to the bedroom, suspecting Dean wasn't done putting away the laundry. It may be his and Cas' day off but Dean still kept to his own schedule and laundry got done on Wednesdays and Sundays no matter what. The instant he entered the room Dean slammed a drawer shut and spun around.

“Hey,” Dean said.

“Hey,” Sam returned, staring at his brother. His blushy brother. His caught brother. “What'cha doing?”

“Putting laundry away, what the fuck does it look like?” he grumbled as he folded a t-shirt on the bed.

Sam hummed nonchalantly and decided some teasing was in order. The slammed drawer was his
lingerie drawer. “You don't do delicates today.”

Dean blushed harder. “Shut up.”

“You want to try something on?”

Dean glanced over and kept folding. “Fuck off.”

Sam was going to keep teasing, but he caught Dean discreetly tugging his shirt down in between folding shirts. His belly was getting pretty big, but his erection was still visible in the soft pants he wore around the bunker.

*

Dean knew he should have kept out of the drawer while Sam was home but he couldn't help it. The soft material felt good in his hands. He'd been getting closer to actually putting some on. Once he jerked off with a pair, wrapping them around his cock and sliding the fabric over himself until he came. Another time he put a pair on an egg, straddled the egg and rubbed while stripping his cock. Yet another time he’d dragged a pair over his nipples while jerking into the laundry pile. So far he hadn't been caught, always making sure it was laundry day and that he was fast, always feeling a bit of shame at what he was doing. They were Sam's panties, not his. But if he was really honest, that was part of the allure; imagining Sam wearing them and how they must feel against him.

His cock filled, lazily moving in his underwear while he thought of his brother. Sammy in panties. Sammy's lacy ones showing his cock behind a delicate veil. Sammy in a thong, thin strap resting on his tight hole. Sammy humping the bed in satin panties. Sam coming and soaking cotton bikini panties. Sammy in black lace with delicate ruffles. Sammy. In panties.

There was a part of him that wanted to drop his pants and put the panties on, but he just couldn't do it. The whole thing would be easier if Sam or Cas would just order him to. Then he could enjoy the feeling of them without admitting he'd been thinking of it for a while. And now he just about lost a finger slamming the drawer because he was too damn scared to just say he wanted to try.

Dean caught the teasing tone in Sam's voice and ignored it while he folded shirts. “What do you want anyway?” Dean asked, hoping his shirt came down far enough to cover his problem.

Sam sauntered over to Dean who startled when he touched his shoulder. “Cas is having a tough time right now—“

“Fuck I know,” Dean rushed, trying to hide how he flinched a bit. He'd been so wrapped up in thinking about not thinking about what was in the drawer he didn't notice Sam come all the way into the room. “I've been thinking of letting him, uh, you know,” he made jerking motions with his hand and spurting motions toward his belly.

Sam gently pushed Dean up against the closest wall. “Yeah? Good. Here's what we're going to do, if you're up for it.”

“I'm up for anything,” he teased, slightly breathless at Sam's dommy nature at the moment. Good Chuck that look melted his insides sometimes.

“Better watch what you say,” Sam said in a low, dark voice. He braced his forearm on the wall near Dean's head and let the other hand slip over one nipple, pinching and rubbing it while Dean tried to keep his breathing even. Sam tried to resist kissing Dean, but dammit his plump lips were parted like they were waiting for it. One second he was staring into Dean's eyes, the next he was kissing Dean deeply while fondling him. His arm left the wall only to join his other hand in
cupping Dean's perky ass.

Dean was already hard, now he was wet too. Sam's hands were practised at knowing where to touch and how hard. As much as Dean wanted to return the favour his mind was offline at the moment, so he buried one hand in Sam's hair and the other gripped the side of his shirt all while chasing Sam's tongue around.

Sam broke off only to kiss a path to his ear. “Listen carefully,” he whispered and licked the shell of Dean's ear, “I want you in the common room,” he sucked Dean's lobe and licked at his jaw, “wearing your robe and underwear,” his mouth found Dean's mark and sucked at it in between nips.

“Sammy,” Dean panted, nipples poking through his shirt, cock demanding attention and getting none. His damn belly was too big to rut into Sam unless a thigh appeared between his legs. “Please.”

“You getting worked up?” Sam dragged his hands up Dean's sides and pressed his thumbs just under Dean's nipples. “Need something?”

“Please Sammy,” Dean's head thumped back against the wall, “come on.” He tried bucking his hips but Sam moved away. The whine that came out of his throat would have embarrassed him in another lifetime.

Sam sucked a path back to Dean's ear and gave instructions. “You don't have to,” he added, “and you can change your mind at any time.”

Dean's breathing hitched. “Okay. I'm uh, I'm gonna need-”


Dean stared after him, not trusting his shaky legs quite yet. Sam had opened the drawer. Sam told him to put on underwear. Sam didn't say it had to be his underwear. It could be panties. Dean looked longingly at the drawer's contents before screwing his eyes shut. I'm overthinking this. It's only underwear. Sam opened his drawer. He saw me touching his stuff. I don't have to wear any of his stuff. I don't. He won't mind. But damn what would they feel like? The red satiny ones? With the black lacy trim?

*

Sam took a few deep breaths before going back to the common room. Cas was still on the couch, this time staring at a spot on the floor as if he could burn a hole through it. He sat sideways on the couch, one leg folded under the other, facing Cas. “Everything okay?” he asked softly.

Cas looked up and did a double take. Something was different. Sam's lips were slightly swollen, his hair mussed, his cheeks flushed, his pupils huge.....but he was soft somehow. There was nothing demanding in his face, nothing lascivious, nothing dirty. It was like they'd been kissing for hours and Sam had paused to check in with him. “I'm worried. About. Benny,” he finally said, watching closely to see if Sam would close up. When he didn't, Cas added, “I know I can trust Dean, and you, but I still feel very possessive.”

“Yeah?” Sam let his fingertips dance over the back of Cas' neck. “Dunno about Dean, but I kinda like that you feel that way.”
Sam's hot fingers played with the short hairs at the nape of his neck. His expression was open and trusting, and that tiny bite of his bottom lip sent shivers to Cas' cock. “You like that I am possessive?”

“And protective,” he murmured, moving closer, “and safe,” he breathed, “and kind,” he whispered as his other hand rested on Cas' knee.

Arousal blossomed in Cas' lower belly, igniting a spark he hadn't known was there.

“You're a good mate,” Sam said through a light panting. His breath hitched, his cheeks pinked a bit more, and his tongue rolled out to wet his lips. “You're a good Alpha too.” He darted forward and kissed Cas' cheek, ducking his head shyly when he pulled away. “I trust you completely.”

Cas' arm flew out, hand landing in the middle of Sam's back, holding him in place, not letting him back up. He hadn't stopped staring at Sam, drinking him in. Very slowly, while still watching Sam, he closed the distance between them and brushed his lips against Sam's. Not quite a kiss, not quite a caress. Sam let out the prettiest "oh!" along with a heavy exhale as if he'd been holding his breath. Cas moved in a bit closer, pressing this time, puckering slightly, and was met with a whimper that set his nerves alight.

Sam let Cas take the lead, allowing him decide how fast and how much pressure was used. It started as a game, Sam knew exactly what he was doing, but the second Cas' tongue slipped in and curled around his he was lost. All the arousal he'd stuffed away rushed through his blood, heating him up and hardening him ridiculously fast. His hands hadn't moved from the back of Cas' neck and his knee on purpose, his plan involved not touching Cas in certain places. That plan was getting difficult to follow with every adjustment of their lips.

The arm holding Sam in place tightened as Sam moaned and whimpered into Cas' mouth. His hand splayed out over Sam's back, pressing him closer, urging him to straddle his lap, but all the little signals were lost. Confusion drifted through Cas whenever he pushed a certain way and didn't get the response he was accustomed to. He was about a heartbeat away from grabbing Sam's hand off his knee and putting it in his lap but he held back. Instead he used his free hand to unbutton Sam's flannel and slide his palm over Sam's chest, melting inside when Sam had to break away from the kiss to moan. Cas took advantage of his free mouth and began sucking a path down the long column of his neck. His hand remained busy, caressing his chest, pinching his nipples, stroking over his hard abs.

It took Sam a while to realize his hips were rocking in place, gently pumping into nothingness, while Cas' hand felt him up and his mouth found every sensitive spot on his neck and jaw. His mouth closed over Sam's mark at the same time as his roaming hand wandered over his cock and cupped it through his pants.

Dean leaned against the wall and tried to calm down. The scent of his mates drifted to him and curled around his cock. Fifteen minutes was both an incredibly long time and no time at all. He stripped down and dug around in the playtime drawer until he found it; the textured plug designed just for Omegas. Cas had brought it home from the store one day and Dean had tested it thoroughly for him. After slipping it in place he had to grip the edge of the bed with his legs spread wide to stop himself from rocking on it and coming. Only when he was certain he could move properly did he grab his dead guy robe and make a decision about underwear.

*
Sam didn't think it was possible for him to feel any better but Cas proved him wrong. Cas' hot breath drifted around his ear while his hand dipped into his pants to grab his bare cock. Sam rocked into the touch, calling out, gripping Cas' hair and knee with everything he had.

Cas made sure to stroke Sam too lightly to make him come, too slow to get him to finish, just so he could play his own game. Sam hadn't moved his hands at all, regardless of how much Cas pushed his hips up or squeezed his thighs together or pressed on his back. Well, if he couldn't come yet, neither could Sam. But he could take Sam to the edge and hold him back, so that's what he did until Sam was a panting, sweaty mess. When he couldn't stand it any more he grunted Sam's name and almost begged him to touch his cock.

“No,” Sam whispered, “I have a gift for you first.”

Cas' brain didn't understand the words. “Gift?”

“Yeah,” Sam exhaled. He opened his eyes and saw Dean come into the room, robe on and closed, egg in hand. “C'mere you,” he said, locking eyes with his brother.

Dean stared. Sam was beautifully dishevelled, shirt open to reveal his heaving chest, hair a mess, pants pushed only low enough to expose his cock. “You should take your pants off,” he whispered, staring as Sam obeyed. His cock was so hard it looked like Dean could kiss it and he'd come. Cas was still clothed, cock jutting out the front of his bee pyjama pants, shirt in place, looking wildly turned on.

“Hey Cas,” Dean said as he dropped the egg between Cas' feet and untied the robe, “look what Sammy said I could wear.” He let the robe slither off his arms and turned slightly, showing off his belly.

Cas' hand dragged down Sam's thigh and over to his own lap, only to be stopped by Sam's hand finally leaving the back of his neck. Dean's belly hung heavy over the waistband of Sam's red satin panties with the black lacy edging. Somehow the way the panties fit under the belly accentuated the size of him, the roundness, the perfection of his pups inside Dean. Cas moaned Dean's name long and low while trying to buck up into anything to relieve the pressure.

Sam had to shift suddenly at the sight of Dean, pink faced and aroused, wearing his panties. They barely fit to cover the long, hard line of his cock, which had already started leaving a wet spot on the front. He reached over with the hand not holding Cas' and ran it over Dean's satiny ass, dipping between his cheeks to feel the plug. “Oh Dean,” he groaned as he pushed it around.

“Change in plans,” Dean rushed and launched himself onto Cas' lap. “Don't come. Can you do that? Can you not come yet?” he begged as he pushed his cock against Cas'.

Cas adjusted slightly to make it easier on Dean. Sam had let go of his hand – thank Chuck – and he immediately put it on Dean's nipple while clutching the back of Sam's shirt. “You'd better hurry,” he grit out, hips rolling up to match Dean's rolling down. Every thrust pushed Dean's glorious belly against his torso, making him squirm with the need to come. “Dean,” he said in a tight voice, heels digging into the floor, “please hurry.”

Sam was mesmerized by the sight of Dean's ass moving beneath the satin, the way his cock was trapped under the belly, and the way Cas was barely hanging on. He pushed his face to Dean's chest and sucked the nearest nipple while creeping a hand around to play with the plug again.

Dean was in heaven. Absolute heaven. The panties felt better than he'd imagined as he humped Cas. One tiny adjustment and he got down to business. Sam held the plug in place so every time
Dean rocked his hips it slid in and out, scraping against his prostate. When Cas' hand vanished and his mouth closed over his nipple he screamed, coming so hard he couldn't see, soaking the panties against Cas. Shaking and barely done coming he backed off Cas' lap. “Don't come either Sammy. Not yet. Wait,” he whispered as he stepped out of the sticky panties. “Here,” he croaked, slipping them over Sam's feet, “you get to wear them while they're still wet.”

Sam thought he couldn't be any more turned on. He really did. And Dean just proved him wrong. He helped Dean get them on him and immediately rubbed himself through the wet satin, groaning so loud his throat would hurt until bedtime.

Cas couldn't stand it any more. One hand was now trapped behind Sam's back and the couch, the other fumbled to get his pants off while Sam writhed in place. If no one was going to touch him he'd do it himself because he needed to come immediately.

“Dean,” Sam choked out, “need to see. Wanna come while I watch.”

Dean yanked Cas' pants off the rest of the way and knelt between his legs. The egg he brought was big enough for him to straddle comfortably and rock on while he took Cas into his mouth. His original plan had been to come while sucking Cas off, but, well, things don't always go as planned. It still felt good, amazing really, and one look at Sam losing his mind while groping himself hardened him up again.

Sam shifted slightly, putting his back to Cas' side. Cas' arm slid around to the front, his hand joined Sam's in kneading and stroking through the sticky panties. Sam's head lolled to the side so he could watch as Dean hollowed his cheeks and slid his wet lips over Cas' cock.

Cas knew Sam didn't mind swallowing but didn't think Dean would do it. And he was right. Just before he could call out a warning he glanced down to see Dean pulling off and jerking him fast but with the tip far too close to his face. Cas had no time to react or tell him to move. Instead he started coming, marking Dean's face with each pulse. Cas had no time to react or tell him to move. Instead he started coming, marking Dean's face with each pulse. Dean's mouth fell open as come dripped off his lashes, his cheek, his lips, onto his belly.

Sam watched Dean's face and came as well, spurting right through the fabric onto his and Cas' hands, sending him flying right out of his mind.

Cas stared, mouth wide open in shock. Dean had never let him do that before. He'd never even suggested it or alluded to it at all. Cas had wanted to come on him, yes, come on his belly specifically, but this was worlds better.

Dean kept his eyes closed as he guided the tip of Cas back into his mouth. He needed to be stuffed full right now. The plug filled him from below, his hand stripped his cock, and now his mouth was full again too. When he came again it was with a muffled cry around Cas' cock, spilling into his hand and on his egg.

Sam came back to himself slowly, cock twitching when he set his eyes on his brother. It took some fumbling, but he managed to get his phone out of his breast pocket and get the camera app open. He snapped as many pictures as he could of Dean's dripping face both with Cas' cock in his mouth and without. “There. Feeling less stressed about tomorrow Cas?” he gasped, dropping the phone on the couch.

Cas wasn't done staring. He was busy burning the image of his Omega marked in come kneeling in front of him. “Mine,” he mouthed, “mine.” When he could control his limbs again he reached forward and cleaned around Dean's eyes with his fingers, then slid the fingers into Dean's mouth. “Suck,” he ordered in a whisper.
Dean did, eyes meeting Cas'. He pulled back when he was done and said, “yours,” in a whisper.

Sam smiled. His plan worked. And when his legs worked again he'd get up and help clean, but for now he sagged against Cas and relished in the contentedness coming off Cas in waves.

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Cas dabbed his scent on Dean but it didn't seem like quite enough. Not for today. Not with an appointment with an almost ex-lover of Dean's. No. Dean needed to be truly marked today. Yesterday was fantastic, but today the pressure was building again. Without thinking about it, he poured a generous amount of scent on two fingers, nudged Dean's legs apart, and rubbed the scent inside him.

Dean gasped at the clinical intrusion. When Cas pulled his fingers out Dean said, “well that's new.”

“I'd like Benny to remember you're in a pack and unavailable,” Cas said.

Dean caught himself before his eyes could fully roll out of his head. “Okay.”

“I think that's clear by his belly,” Sam pointed out. “And his claiming mark. And your scent all over him.”

“Still-”

“It's fine,” Dean interrupted. “Really. It's fine. Let's get moving, okay? Sam, make sure you have pictures or something to show him.”

“Already ahead of you there.”

Cas finished dressing them and himself, then pushed Dean to the back seat of Baby. “Sam is driving.”

Dean wanted to argue that he hadn't driven since the moment he found out he was pregnant, but Cas was on edge and would fight just to fight. What he didn't understand was why he was in the back seat. If Sam wasn't riding shotgun he was, status be damned. But again, he didn't argue. It wasn't a hill he wanted to die on. Besides, Cas made it obvious by how he crowded Dean, slung an arm around him, and released Alpha scent into the car during the entire drive.

Sam parked in front of the shop where two teens were scrubbing what looked like a racial slur off the brick. Cas led his pack to the door where they had to ring a bell and wait for the lock to release. None of them were prepared to have the door opened by Cain.

“Winchester Pack, please, come in,” Cain said graciously, stepping back and holding the door. His piercing blue eyes followed the trio as they entered, assessing each one carefully. “Benny will be out in a moment. Please hang your coats here,” he indicated a rack as he closed and locked the door.

Cas couldn't help staring. Cain hadn't presented, that was immediately obvious, yet he still could be the Alpha of all Alphas an no one would challenge him. Marble-hard muscles rippled beneath what looked like the softest denim ever invented. Even the hair on his chest appeared to bend to Cain's will and poke out the vee of his chambray shirt just perfectly.

“I understand you're here for a tuxedo for Dean and something black tie for Sam?” he asked as if the pack wasn't drooling.
Sam recovered first, facing Cas and tapping his chin discreetly to encourage him to shut his gaping mouth, then facing Cain. "I have some pictures to show him. Are you his, uh, bodyguard?"

"Yes, actually. But more for your benefit than his. No one is allowed in the shop unless I've vetted them so I know they won't attack Benny."

"So why do we need protection?" Dean demanded running a hand over his belly.

"Dear Dean. Your blood still runs hot doesn't it? Benny has strict rules and I'm here to enforce them. We can't have him hungry while serving clients now can we?"

"I suppose not," Cas agreed.

Benny strode into the room, licking his lips a little. "Hello. I apologize for my tardiness. It's good to see you again."

Dean shook his hand even though a hug would have been nice. Cas and Sam followed suit. It did not escape Dean's attention how Cas kept darting his eyes back to Cain.

"Now. Who would like to go first?" Benny asked.

"Uh, me," Dean volunteered, figuring it would be best to get it over with. Cas would be much more relaxed with Benny touching Sam, so best to get his part out of the way. "But I dunno how you're gonna make a tux that'll fit me later."

"I have my methods. This is for the small business event?" Dean agreed. "All right. Castiel. I have a few styles that I can alter for Dean. Come and choose?"

Cas snapped his attention away from Cain. "Should we discuss payment options first? I read some, uh, rumours online about how you prefer to be compensated."

"All right," Benny agreed easily. "I take a combination of currency and blood. If you aren't comfortable donating blood I will take currency at a higher rate."

Dean was already rolling up a sleeve. "Sure. How do you wanna do this? You have a rig nearby?"

"No Dean," Cain cooed, stepping up and rolling his sleeve down. "Benny is not to have blood from a pregnant person. Not ever. Do you understand me Dean?"

Dean couldn't look away from his eyes. "Sure. Yeah. I was just volunteering. I've uh, I've donated before." It wasn't until Cain looked away that Dean could move his eyes.

Cas' eyes widened. "You have?"

"Yeah. Back when he um, came back from purgatory. He didn't bite. I donated like you donate at the blood bank."

"Hey," Sam said. "what do you do if people only pay in cash?"

"I have donors who give regularly," Benny said. "Charlie helped develop an app for the vampire community."

"Was that," Sam started and hesitated, "a slur on your wall?"

"Yes," Cain said. "Not everyone is accepting of vampires. Many still believe they're dangerous. Benny is not. He's simply a tailor with a condition that requires regular treatment. So. How will
Sam and Cas agreed to donate a pint each at every fitting and cover the difference with debit.

“Excellent,” Benny said, “now Castiel, please come choose.” He led the pack behind a curtain to the fitting room lined with row after row of racks of clothes. “These styles are most current and suited to your event.” One rack was wheeled out. “I can alter any of them or sew them from scratch if you prefer a mix of styles.”

Cas stepped up and looked through them but was unable to decide. “Any would look good. Dean? Do you have a preference?”

Actually, he did. Some looked too stuffy or too fitted. “This one,” he said and held it up. “But I don't think it'll fit.”

“How have faith,” Cain said and handed Benny a tape measure.

While Dean was being fitted, Sam wandered through the racks just to see what was there.

Dean felt like a model, but not the good parts. He was told to put on the tuxedo and pose while Benny made what seemed like a million chalk marks on it. By the time Benny was almost done Dean was definitely done. “Is there anything else? Can't you just measure later?”

“Dean,” Cas admonished quietly, “please.”

“It's all right,” Benny said. “This is tedious for anyone. We're almost done. The shirt will be made last minute to accommodate your growing form. How far along are you? If I may ask.”

“Halfway,” Dean said, which was mostly accurate. He was at a strange place in the pregnancy. The calendar showed he'd be pregnant for nine months, but if he counted the weeks it was 40, which was ten months. So even though he was in his fourth month, he would four months along for two months. Or five months for two months? Every time he thought about it his brain ached. It was easier to say halfway for a while.

Sam smiled at Benny's surprised look. “He's having twins,” he provided as he examined a rose coloured gown.

“Oh yes, that explains it.”

“I'm not that big!”

“Yes cherie, you are,” Benny said with a laugh. “But as long as you're healthy it's fine. And you're healthy.”

“How do you know?” Dean demanded as he struggled out of the tux laden with pins. Cain stepped up to help which Cas allowed, although he watched carefully.

“I can smell your blood. You are very healthy. Very very healthy. In another time....”

Cain's gaze sharpened on Benny, who was staring at Dean's neck.

“I need a break,” Benny said in a shaky voice. “Please excuse me.” He hesitated then left quickly.

“I apologize,” Cain said. “He struggles with very specific situations.”

“Why?” Dean asked as Cas helped him back into his own clothes.
“That's for him to tell you if he chooses.” Cain offered them coffee and treats, which Dean ate with gusto.

Benny returned shortly, licking his finger. “I'm sorry. Usually I don't need a break. Sam? Do you have images?”

“Why did you this time?” Dean asked with a full mouth.

“Dean!” Cas chided. This day was long and getting longer for him.

“It's all right. Before moving here I was at a party where blood was served. Someone dosed me with child's blood and it was pristine. Delicious. Outstanding.” Benny's eyes unfocused as he remembered. “But,” he said, giving himself a head shake, “it was also addictive, which is why vampires stay away from children. I was in a bad way for a while. Never taking directly from a child, please understand, but I certainly had it procured for me. Cain was a godsend, helping me to see the I could get off it and stay off. I haven't touched it since, and I'm extremely careful about who donates now.”

“And you've been very good,” Cain praised, giving Benny all his attention for a moment. “You were right to step away. You did well, leaving before I had to step in.”

“Thank you,” he whispered. One deep breath and he straightened up, ready to continue.

Dean sat next to Cas on the loveseat out of the way. “Why don't you drink from Cain?” he asked.

“Do you have no filter today?” Cas blurted.

Dean just shrugged.

Cain shook his head. “My blood made him very sick.”

“Happy Dean? Can we move on please? Sam has been very patient.”

Dean shrugged again and leaned in to kiss Cas. “Fine. I'll stop.”

Cas interlaced their fingers and held tight.

Sam showed Benny the images on his laptop. “It doesn't have to be exactly like these, but the same style.”

“I see. Yes, I can definitely provide this. Here,” he led Sam to a rack, “this one is similar.”

Dean and Cas watched as Sam lit up and held gowns against him. Cas' eyes kept flicking to Cain, unsettled he would have this effect on him. Normally he didn't even notice other people much, and certainly never ogled. But there was something about Cain that made him pay attention.

Dean caught Cas' internal struggle and left him alone. He knew without a doubt that Cas wouldn't do anything that would hurt them, not ever. So if he wanted to crush on Cain so be it. Besides, he knew Cas liked to be dominated sometimes and Cain could make you submit with a single glance. Dean also knew Sam liked to read porn sometimes. Specifically Alpha on Alpha porn. Everyone had uncomfortable secrets. No one teased him when he wore Sam's panties, so he could keep quiet for his mates too. Someday he might tell Sam his screen name on AO3 where he'd been posting a bit of porn he wrote. Specifically Alpha on Alpha porn featuring Dr. Sexy. But not today.

Sam felt shy at first, figuring his height and broad shoulders would give Benny something to giggle
about, but Benny was fantastic. He helped select several dresses to try on and not once made Sam feel silly or out of place.

“Take these into the changing area if you prefer,” Benny said. Dean was so used to being dressed by someone else he'd simply let Cas strip him at the fitting podium. “Some of these require a tuck. Have you worn one before?” he murmured.

“Uh, yeah. Once or twice. I didn't bring one though. I didn't think of it.”

“That's all right. There are a few in the changing room. Throw it away when you are done. We aren't looking for an exact fit today, simply what makes you feel best and highlights your silhouette in a way you prefer. Come out when you're ready.”

Sam nodded and went behind the curtain into a generous changing area with flattering lighting. The tucks were on a shelf, factory sealed in individual packaging. Sam got the right size on with little fuss. He was more familiar with the process than he'd let on. These tucks weren't perfect, but better than plain underwear. For a disposable item it was surprisingly good.

Dean's mouth fell open when Sam swished the curtain back and stood on the podium. “You look amazing,” he said with awe. The dress was similar to the picture he'd shown them but with a plunging neckline and draped fabric in the front. It was backless, or mostly so, skimming off his ass beautifully. Even the colour was fabulous, although he didn't know what colour it was. “Is that blue or purple? Blurple?”

Benny chuckled. “Periwinkle. Sam's colouring suits it, no?”

“Fuck yes,” Dean breathed.

“I don't think I have enough to fill the top,” Sam said as he stared at his chest.

“Nonsense,” Benny said. “This particular style is designed for people who are not as heavy on top.” A few pins later and it fit better. “Do you see?”

“Oh,” Sam spun a bit, catching his reflection in the arc of mirrors, tugging the pooling hem out of the way with each partial spin. “I really like this.”

“It's beautiful on you,” Cas said. “A bit long perhaps.”

“Will you be wearing heels?” Benny asked, fussing with the skirt.

“Yeah, but not too tall.”

“Please bring them to your next fitting. I will ensure the hem falls properly with heels on.”

Dean was speechless. Sam looked absolutely wonderful. “You're gonna be the prettiest one there,” he mumbled, eyes trailing over his brother.

Sam blushed and dipped his head. “Well, the tallest anyway.”

“No. Uh-uh,” Dean corrected. “You don't get to toss away my compliment. You're beautiful just standing there and I know you're gonna do something nice with your hair and wax all that off,” he motioned to Sam's chest. “Don't you dare devalue yourself.”

Cas stared at Dean in amazement. Those are words he'd used on Dean. Words he didn't think Dean internalized at all. Today was just full of surprises. “I agree with Dean.”
“Well, thank you,” Sam managed and blinked away a few tears.

“Would you like to try on the others?” Benny asked.

“No. I want this one. Is that okay?”

“It's fine. Please stand still so I can make a few marks.”

After Sam changed back into his street clothes they were taken to another room while Benny prepared a sales receipt. “I will see to your donation,” Cain said. “Have you donated blood before?”

“Only all over monsters,” Dean said with a laugh.

Cain’s eyebrow twitched. “Some don't like to drive after.”

“I'll be fine,” Sam said, “I've lost more than a pint and driven Baby while Dean was unconscious.”

“Dean didn't drive his car here?” Cain asked as he pulled out a sterilized needle and set up the tubes.

“I haven't driven since I got pregnant.”

“Why? Slow breath out Sam. There you go.” Cain checked to make sure the blood flowed nicely.

“I drove when I was pregnant last time. I got in an accident and lost the pup.”

“Oh. I'm sorry.”

“s okay,” he mumbled.

“Clearly it's not if you aren't driving. Were you at fault?”

“No,” Cas interjected. “He wasn't. Someone sped through a stop sign and t-boned him.”

Cain's eyes settled on Dean's and stayed there. “Fear is unnecessary. When you've been around as long as I have you learn that. Take comfort in the good things, do not worry about things you cannot control.”

“Yeah, well,” Dean tried. “I'm not scared.”

“You can lie to yourself but don't bother lying to me. Castiel? Please have a seat. I'll set you up now that Sam's flowing nicely.”

Cas did and tried to ignore the slight tremble to his hand as he rolled up his sleeve. Cain's touch was gentle but firm, the needle went in almost without Cas realizing it. Well, the fact he was preoccupied with attempting to smother and murder some inappropriate thoughts helped.

Dean smirked as he watched Cas try to control himself. “Where's Benny?”

“Benny does not attend donation sessions.”

“Why?”

“Benny. Does not attend. Donation sessions,” he repeated with a warning look.

Dean shut his mouth and nodded. It made sense, now that he thought about it. Sam and Cas finished up and were given a cookie and juice each. Dean paid the rest of the bill while they sat for
a moment. He also set up their next appointment, making sure Sam entered it into his calendar because he knew he'd forget the instant they walked out the door.

Sam unlocked Baby. “Any stops on the way home?”

“Please no,” Dean said, “I really want to be in my nest.”

“Let's go then,” Cas suggested, pulling Dean into the back again.

Sam made sure everyone was buckled before starting the car and driving. “I had no idea Cain protected Benny.”

Cas stared out the window.

“Me either,” Dean said. “Do you think they're a couple?”

“Why didn't you just ask?” Cas said nastily. “You asked everything else.”

“Touchy, aren't you,” Dean teased.

Cas stared harder. “Stop it.”

“Nope. This is the first time I've seen you with a crush since I noticed how you look at Sam.”

“What? No. Dean. I don't have a 'crush'.”

“Yeah you do,” Sam teased, smiling in the mirror. “But it's okay. I mean, if Cain wanted to bend me over the counter I'd let him.”

Cas snapped his head to Sam so fast it cracked. “What?!?”

“I meant if I was single. I'll bet Dean would too.”

“Oh fuck yes. Something about the way he looks at you makes you wanna do what he says.” Dean looked pointedly at Cas' bulgey lap. “I bet you would too.”

Cas shifted and tugged his trench coat over his lap. How there could be blood arriving there when he was missing a pint was a mystery. “This is embarrassing. And before you ask why, it's because I was unkind about Dean's faithfulness. There is no reason for you two to be any different about this. And it's not a crush.”

“No,” Dean said, “it's a fantasy. Something that's not gonna happen. You know why? “cause you're not the cheating kind. Having fantasies is okay. Looking at porn is okay. Finding someone else attractive is okay. Acting on it is not okay.”

“Unless we're involved,” Sam said at a red light. “I mean, a foursome with Cain? Oh yeah. I'd be on board with that.”

“Fuck yes,” Dean said, slick heating up a bit. “I would definitely enjoy watching Cain dominate you Cas. Then Sam. Me too. Maybe he'd be a soft dom, you know? Not yelly or anything.”

“And the aftercare,” Sam mused. “Can you imagine? Him massaging your sore spots?”

“Wearing just jeans and nothing else?” Dean said, tipping his tummy forward to squish his erection a bit. “Like nothing under the jeans?”
“All right you two,” Cas tried, sliding a hand under his coat for a second. “Best we talk about something else.”

Sam turned down the road to the bunker. “Or what?”

“Or I'll fuck you both over the hood of the car while I tell you what I think of Cain.”

The brothers hesitated. “Do you think Cain goes commando?” Dean asked. “I mean, those jeans looked like fucking velvet over his package.”

“No idea,” Sam asked as the garage door opened. “I was too busy watching his biceps move.”

The car was barely parked before Cas was opening his pants. “You're first Dean. Get out and bend over.”

“Yes,” Dean cheered quietly as Sam helped him out of his pants.

Cas soaked his fingers in slick so he could open Sam up while pounding Dean. “Next time,” he grunted, “we do this before the appointment.”

The brothers winked at each other while their upper chests were pressed against the warm hood, Dean's belly hanging comfortably. They pressed their interlocked hands on the fender as Cas described exactly what he liked about Cain while sliding into Dean and fingering Sam. Overall, the day turned out better than expected.
Dean has an ultrasound appointment, along with some embarrassment.

Dean stared at the calendar taped to the fridge. This month was riddled with appointments. There was his usual monthly doctor, the ultrasound, and the second tux fitting. Well, plus his date nights, but those weren't really appointments even though they were on the calendar. It felt busy even though it was far less that he was used to. Back when they hunted he barely had a few days off if he didn't count driving from one place to another. But this still felt very full. Sighing quietly he dipped another nacho cheese Dorito chip in marshmallow fluff while wondering how tiring it would all be.

“What are you eating?” Cas nearly shouted, shocking Dean so badly he dropped the marshmallow tub. “Where did you get that?”

Dean swallowed hard. “I thought you were in your office.”

“And that's a good excuse?” Cas chided as he picked up the tub and read the ingredients. “Dean! This is garbage! I won't have my pups eating useless calories! Not at this stage! Wait, not at any stage! You're just over halfway through your pregnancy. It can't be too difficult to not eat crap!”

“I can't help it!” he yelled and snatched the tub from Cas' fingers. Before Cas could recover from the surprise, Dean used a finger to scoop out a bunch, jam it in his mouth, then cram chips in. “Your daughters like it,” he said with a full mouth.

Cas was horrified. “Dean Winchester you will stop this.”

“Or what?”

Fuming, Cas grabbed the tub and slammed it into the garbage, catching a partial thought in the channel. “Don't you dare pull it out of the garbage.”

“Well, it landed upright so it's not like there's germs inside the tub,” he reasoned as he sucked his fingers clean.

Cas growled, grabbed a handful of icky stuff in the garbage pail, and slammed it on top of the tub. “That's disgusting,” he muttered, staring at his hands. After scrubbing his hands and drying them he turned back to Dean. “Please. Your health is important. Junk food is not good for the pups,” he said in a softer tone.

“Dr. Day said I'll have food cravings.”

“Yes. He did.” Cas closed his eyes and took a few deep breaths. When he opened them Dean was drinking Mountain Dew. “Seriously?”

Dean gulped it down as fast as possible and belched when he was done. “The girls like it,” he said with a sheepish grin.
“Where are you even getting it?”

Sam walked in, saw the fluff and chips on Dean's mouth, the bottle in his hand, and considered leaving quietly. Cas pinned him with a gaze so instead he said, “uh, hey guys, how was your day?”

“Sam! Have you been buying junk food for Dean?”

“Well....I mean.....” Sam's eyes grew big with feigned innocence.

Cas swiped a hand over his mouth as if to hold the words inside.

Sam and Dean watched Cas reign himself in. Dean felt bad – sort of – he knew junk food wasn't the best option but he couldn't stop himself. Honestly, he felt a bit sick from guzzling the pop, but it was damn tasty going down. A huge burp barrelled out of Dean's mouth. “Oh that's better,” he said, deeply relieved it was only air coming up. “Sorry guys. 'scuse me.”

Sam tried so hard not to laugh. He really, really did. Cas was pissed off. This was serious. It took some effort but he got himself under control. Mostly. Giggles infected him as he wet a dishcloth and tossed it to Dean. “Clean yourself up. Cas, you've been stressed because of the ultrasound?”

“Yes,” he agreed uncomfortably.

“Why?” Dean asked, scrubbing his face. “Dr. Day said it was routine and wouldn't hurt the pups.”

“I know. I just.” Cas heaved a sigh. “I'm worried. Everything about the pups worries me. I can't help it.”

“I get it,” Sam said. “But the girls are healthy. You'd know otherwise.”

“Yes,” he agreed with resignation. “I suppose I would. But Dean-”

“Yeah I know. Stop eating crap.”

“And Sam-”

“Yeah I know,” he parroted, “stop buying crap.”

Cas' eyes narrowed. “Do I need to check your nest room for junk?”

Dean made a noise while frantically searching for some kind of excuse to explain what was in there.

“I'm checking your nest.” Before Dean could argue Cas was striding toward the room.

“Shit,” Dean hissed and ran after him, stopping after a few steps. “Ow.”

Cas turned so fast he almost fell over. “Dean? Are you okay? Dean?”

“I moved too fast,” he grunted as he held his belly. This was becoming a problem. Dr. Day assured him it was very normal. The weight of the pups pulled on his tendons and joints. If he moved too quickly he'd cramp up in his pelvis. Getting out of bed was a production now. He had to roll over, sit carefully, wait for the pups to settle, then slip off the bed. Because it took longer he also had to leave a bit more time to get to the bathroom before having an accident.

“Deep breaths,” Sam soothed, rubbing his back. “Straighten slowly.”
Dean wanted to bark out how he knew that thank you very much, but he understood Sam was just helping. “We should watch a movie now that Sam's home.”

“Nice try,” Cas said. “Nest room first.”

Dean cursed under his breath and followed Cas with Sam in tow.

“How much is in there?” Sam whispered.

“Too much,” he whispered back.

Cas dug around and created a pile on the table of chocolate bars, chips, dip, pop, candy, and an odd selection of dried fruit and nuts. “The fruit and nuts can stay. I'm throwing everything else out.”

“NO!”

Sam and Cas stepped back at the volume of Dean's voice.

“Your daughters like candy sometimes. I still eat good food. You feed it to me at dinner! And fucking lunch and breakfast! Fuck. I could go for eggs right now.”

Cas pinched the bridge of his nose. “Dean,” he started and gave up. “If Dr. Day says you need to stop will you stop?”

“Yes.”

Cas pulled out his phone and made a note of it. “I'll ask at the next appointment.”

“Can I have eggs now? Poached? Oooo, on toast so the yolk's all drippy and makes the toast soggy.”

Sam wrinkled his nose. “Sure. Then we can watch a movie if you still want. Ultrasound is tomorrow. Make sure you drink lots of water.”

“Yeah yeah,” Dean said, knowing he'd probably forget.

“I'll remind him. You're coming too, Sam?”

“Yeah. I'm leaving work early for it. I should be home in time to pick you two up.”

After Dean ate four poached eggs on toast they settled in to watch some Netflix. It took a moment to get everyone comfy; Cas now sat behind Dean as often as possible and kept a hand on his belly while Sam snuggled close to them and draped an arm over Dean's belly if it was comfortable. Today it was. Well, for ten minutes.

Dean shifted a few times, each time his mates lifted their hand or arm until Dean settled. “Pause for a sec,” he said. Sam did. “Sam move. Your arm's heavy.”

“Sorry.” Sam moved so he was partially reclined against them, hand resting lightly on Dean's tummy.

Ten minutes later a weird sensation filled Dean's belly. He knew what it meant. Usually his girls flipped around when he was in his nest, so his mates hadn't felt this yet. “Pause,” he whispered urgently, “wait,” he added, holding their hands in place. Less than a minute later the girls shifted and rolled, bumping into each other and scraping Dean's insides.
“Oh!” Cas cried. “Oh Dean! Sam? Oh!”

“I feel them!” Sam's hand chased one girl around. “I think this is an elbow.”

“This might be a knee,” Cas whispered happily.

Dean grunted as one bumped his bladder.

“Do they do this a lot?” Cas asked.

“Yeah, but usually in my nest. Every time I wanted to get you guys they stopped doing it. But yeah, about once a day they shift around like this.”

“But you're only five months along,” Sam said. “You've felt it the whole time?”

“No. Only definitely in the last month maybe. Couple of weeks maybe. But I could only feel it on the outside this past week. Maybe we can feel 'em 'cause it's so crowded in there?”

“Maybe,” Sam whispered. He didn't care why. Every pregnancy was different, or so he kept hearing, some babies barely moved, others moved sharply early. “Hey little girls,” he murmured to Dean's tummy and kissed it.

Cas wiped his eyes. “My pups. My wonderful pups.”

“All right little dames,” Dean said to his belly, “that's enough. And stay off my bladder.” One didn't listen and kicked him again. He pressed on that side. “Stop it.”

“Little dames?” Cas asked.

“Yeah. I dunno what else to call them.”

“We're going to have to discuss names soon,” Sam said and kissed his belly.

Cas stroked Dean's belly but it seemed the girls had settled down. “Do either of you have any suggestions?”

They tossed a few ideas around while waiting for the girls to move, completely forgetting about the movie.

*

Cas sat with Dean on the couch, monitoring how much water he drank. “Drink more water,” he commanded gently without taking his hand off Dean's belly, hoping to feel his pups move again. Right now, Cas needed to make sure Dean's bladder was full.

“I'll have more when Sam comes home,” Dean said as Sam entered the common room. “Dammit.”

“Are you two ready?” Sam asked, leaning down to kiss his mates. “We'll be late if we don't leave now. Did you drink all your water Dean?”

Dean was about to say he did when Cas cut his gaze to him. “No. But I'll drink it in the car. Let's go.” He grabbed the travel egg and squeezed it, feeling himself relax...and almost wet. He put the egg down and accepted Cas' help in getting up. “Taking your laptop?” he asked and pointed to Sam's bag.

Sam chuckled. “Yeah.” His laptop wasn't in the bag, but he didn't want to tell Dean why.
The ride was torturous. Absolutely, horrendously, painfully, torturous. Every pebble on the road reverberated through the tires and into Dean's bladder. By the time they arrived at the lab, the clock saying it was a ten minute drive but Dean was sure it was an hour, he was trying to resist the urge to clutch his cock like a toddler.

Sam dealt with the reception while Cas helped Dean sit. Dean took a look around the waiting room to see four Omegas in varying stages of discomfort. Thank Chuck it's not just me, he thought when they squirmed. One Omega had an Alpha that looked exhausted, Dean figured they had lots of pups at home.

They were barely getting comfortable when they were called to the room. Dean was told to lay down on the table. Dean did, making sure the absorbent pad was under his butt. Cas helped lower his pants and underwear while Dean lifted his shirt.

The technician came in and checked her equipment before grabbing a squeeze bottle. “This might be chilly,” she said perkily and squeezed a glob out onto Dean's belly.

Dean gasped at the chill and tried to cross his legs. “Can you please hurry? I don't think I can hold it.”

“Sure you can,” she smiled. “I know it's uncomfortable but the bigger the bladder the better the window to see.” She dragged the wand over his belly, smearing jelly everywhere.

Sam and Cas stared at the screen while she took measurements and checked different angles. Dean felt tears drip out and thought it might actually be pee backing up.

“Okay pack, here we go. See this here?” She pointed to the screen and pushed the wand into Dean's belly. “That's baby number one. And this is baby number two. They both look healthy. You know the sex?”

“Girls,” Dean said through clenched teeth.

“You're correct! Here, let's get a picture.” The girls seemed to know where the wand was and adjusted themselves in time for the technician to capture the image. “Perfect! Oh, and you know they're fraternal? Your Alpha fertilized two eggs.”

“How do you know?” Sam asked.

“Look, see? There's two sacs. Usually that means fraternal. Almost done Dean, you're doing so good!”

Dean thought he was going to burst any second. In order to distract himself he watched the monitor. One girl seemed to be trying to use the placenta as a pillow. My pups. Those are my pups. Cas' pups. They're perfect. Oh Chuck we're going to be dads, he thought and felt all warm and squishy inside. And outside. His pants were suspiciously warm. And wet. He had a split second to realize he was peeing, and oh Chuck was it fantastic.....and humiliating. “NO! No no nononono!” He tried to cup himself as if that would stem the flow but ended up with a wet hand.

“Oh dear!” the technician said. “I guess you were fuller than I thought. Might as well finish now. We're done anyway. If you want, the washroom is right through there.” She pointed to a door and left.

Dean was trying not to cry and failing, sure there was steam coming up as the tears coursed over his burning cheeks. “Fuck! I can't stop!” he wailed.
“It’s okay,” Sam soothed. “Just finish up and we’ll help you get clean.”

He covered his face with his clean hand and cried, barely noticing Cas had leaned down to hug him. His breath was still hitching when Cas helped him off the exam table and into the bathroom.

Sam followed, absorbing as much of Dean's shame as he could in the channel. “Dean?” he said softly. “I brought extra clothes. Let’s get this wet stuff off.”

“Good thinking Sam,” Cas praised in his Alpha voice and helped Dean out of his clothes. He wiped Dean down and helped him into dry things while Sam put the wet stuff in a plastic bag before tucking it back in his laptop bag.

Dean tried to be invisible when they walked through the lobby, though his bright red face felt like a beacon. He was certain everyone would notice he was wearing a different pair of pants. The sight of an orderly cleaning up a puddle with a wet Omega nearby made him feel a tiny bit better. At least he wasn't the only one.

*

At home Dean made a beeline for the shower with Cas following. Sam ducked into the bedroom for a new set of clothes after leaving the wet stuff in the laundry room. They’d agreed to finally paint the nursery today, so tattered clothes would be best.

Cas scrubbed Dean thoroughly, knowing he wanted to be as clean as possible. “It's all right you know. Many pregnant people cannot hold their urine.”

“I know,” he whispered.

“I'm sure the technician has other things to talk about than yet another patient wetting.”

Dean nodded, staring at the floor.

Sam came in with old clothes for both of them, having changed as well. “Here, I brought stuff for painting. Dean? Are you up to it?”

“Sure,” he muttered.

Dean's tiny voice tugged at Sam's heart. He held a towel out for both of them while Cas turned the water off. “Hey,” he said, lifting Dean's chin. “Dad's not here. Nobody's going to yell at you. It was an accident and it happens a lot with ultrasounds.”

Cas tipped his head and squinted. “Sam? What do you mean about John?”

Sam dried Dean off and pulled him close. “Do you want to tell Cas?” Dean shook his head. “May I tell him?” Dean nodded slowly. “Cas, when Dad trained us he started Dean pretty young. The first hunt he went on he wet himself. Dad didn't let him live it down for years.”

Cas' heart broke. “Oh Dean I'm sorry.” He cuddled Dean as best he could while Sam dressed him. “Do you want to nap in your nest instead of paint?”

“No I wanna paint.”

“Then lets go.”

Cas taped the list of sigils to the door. They crossed it off with paint as each one was added to the wall. With each sigil Dean put the incident a little farther behind him. Dean's sigils were okay,
Sam's were good, but Cas' were damn near artistic.

Dean stared at Cas' newest addition. "Have you considered taking up painting? You're really good at it."

"Thank you. But I suspect my life will get very busy soon," he said with a swipe over Dean's belly.

"Seriously though," Sam said, "you have a natural talent for making the sigils beautiful. If you ever want to paint them on a canvas for the different rooms, that'd be awesome. But no pressure."

Cas laughed a genuine, gummy-smile laugh, for the first time in a while. "No pressure my ancient ass. You were probably already assembling a list of supplies."

"Well," Dean added, "and figuring out what room would be best 'cause there's no natural light in here."

Cas' face remained open and happy. "That's something else I wanted to ask you both. How do you feel about moving? Not before the pups come and maybe not for years, but a house would be nice. Natural light coming in for the girls. A better accessible yard. Maybe near a school."

Not once had Dean even considered ever living anywhere else. This was the first place he had his own room. Now he had his own nest room too. This was where he kissed Sam for the first time. This is where he and Cas consummated their relationship. This was where he'd become pregnant. This was home.

"Hey," Sam rushed, dropping his paintbrush and going to Dean who looked shell shocked. "It's only something to consider."

"You too?" he whispered with wet eyes.

"Not-, well, yeah actually. I like the bunker but it's not really child friendly. What about when the girls have play dates? How are we gonna child proof this place? Other hunters can keep it up. We could live a more normal life."

Dean swallowed hard. "I like our life just the way it is," he murmured. "It's normal."

"I know, I know," Sam soothed and hugged him. "We won't move right now. Like Cas said, it's just something to think about."

Dean hugged him back and mentally kicked himself for ruining the mood. Cas was at ease for the first time in a while. Each day there was something new for Cas to stress about and now here he was wrecking the tentative good mood.

"Stop berating yourself," Cas ordered kindly, pulling Dean from Sam's arms and into his own. "I am stressed, yes. Especially lately. I feel on edge a lot. I shouldn't have brought up moving. I know you're happy here. Please don't worry. We won't make a decision about it for a while."

Dean nodded into Cas' neck and stifled a yawn. "We have more sigils to paint."

Cas assessed Dean. "You're tired and it's been a long day. I think a nap-"

"Yeah. After the sigils."

Sam kissed Dean's head. "Then let's get them done," he said, deciding for all of them the wall paint covering the sigils could be done another day.
Sam clicked through the pages on Omega Mine's website. They had a pair of silver shoes with delicate straps he liked. But he'd need to try them on his massive feet. But he couldn't go into the store without Dean, which irritated the everloving fuck out of him until he remembered Dean hadn't been allowed to even go to the grocery store without him or Cas. Sighing in resignation, he closed his laptop and went to the nest room. Dean was talking, so instead of interrupting he eavesdropped.

“....I gotta stop reading here. That's dirty stuff. Well, not dirty. But not for little dames' ears. That's stuff for when you get bigger. Sex is fine. Sex is good and healthy. I don't care who you have sex with, none of that matters, but that person better treat you two with the respect you deserve. Got that? No picking someone who makes you feel bad or inferior. I'll sic daddycas on that person. Better yet, I'll hunt them down and educate them about how to treat my little dames. Oh, and only start having sex when you're old enough to understand how it affects you emotionally, you know? Of course you don't know. Oh man, please don't get pregnant though. Please wait until you're adults before making babies, 'kay? Ow. Stop kicking me there. We can talk about it later. You hungry? Yeah you are. Tonight's supper is beef pie. No? What would you rather have, veggie lasagna? Fuck, really? We'll see if daddycas will change his meal plan. I'm sure daddysam will like it. He likes his veggies. Dammit now I want cucumber. Mmmm. With salt. Ow. Fine, no salt. Oh man I could eat a tomato like an apple. Yeah. Let's have a snack. Gotta get up first. You dames gonna let me move easily?” He grunted. “Guess not. Fine. Get settled. Let's go.”

Dean opened the door and saw Sam leaning on the door jamb, hands in his pockets, little smile on his lips.

“Daddysam? Daddycas?”


Cas was in the kitchen making tea. “What's this about a priest kink?”

“Wouldn't say it's a kink,” Dean corrected and pecked Cas on the cheek, “but way back, when Sam and I dressed as priests, holy crap did he look good. Fantastic. I can't even count the number of times I used the image for my spank bank.”

Sam chuckled. He had too. A lot. “Did you know Dean talks to the girls?”

“You do?”

“Yeah. Just started. Dunno why. You guys can talk to them too. Or read to them.”

“He calls us daddycas and daddysam.”

“Does that make you daddydean?”

“Yeah,” Dean chuckled, “guess it does. You two okay with it?”

“Sure,” Cas shrugged.

Sam agreed as well. “Hey, after your snack, can we go to Omega Mine?”

Cas hated that store. More specifically, he hated the Alpha room. “Do you need me to go as well or
will you two be all right without me?"

“We’ll be fine,” Sam assured him, “I’ll keep Dean safe.”

Dean ripped the plastic off the cucumber before biting into it. “When do you want to go?”

“When you’re done eating.”

“That may be a while,” Dean said around a mouthful as he dug in the fridge. “Oh Cas, can we
switch up the meal plan? Your daughters want veggie lasagna of all things. I'm adding garlic
though. And cheese. Lots of cheese.” He glanced at his belly. “Yeah you like cheese too don't you?
Here. We have some marble, how's that?”

“Of course. Any time they want something different we can have that. Except junk,” he clarified,
eyes softening as Dean talked to his belly. “Something’s wrong with my laptop. Charlie said she’d
look at it during your next date night but if you two are going out, may I borrow one of yours?”

“You can use mine,” Sam offered.

Dean sliced a bunch of marble cheese and ate it with the cucumber. “We need to stop at the
grocery store too.”

“No junk,” Cas reminded them. “I'm serious.”

“I'll save the receipt for you,” Sam mostly teased. “Mark Dean up and we can go. I'll put my laptop
in your office,” he said on his way out of the kitchen.

Cas smiled softly, watching Dean eat. “I love you, you know.”

“Yeah I know. I love you too.”

“I don't intend to be short with you. I really don't. I know you take good care of yourself and the
pups.”

Dean drank some water to wash the cheese down. “I know. It's my fault anyway.”

“No, Dean no it's-”

“Yeah it is. I aborted your first and ran away with the second. Of course you're going to be
possessive of the pups this time.”

“Dean,” Cas pleaded softly. “The car accident was an accident. Nothing more.”

“Yeah. And if I hadn't freaked out and left instead of talking to you about it I wouldn't have been in
the accident.”

“Dean, love, please. I've come to accept that pup wasn't meant to be. These two are.”

Dean fought tears and stared at the floor, nodding wildly. “But still. I'm okay with you being a bit
overbearing. I want the pups to be healthy too and you help with that.” He leaned back on the
counter and gripped it behind him, still not looking up. “I'm really scared I'll do something stupid
and hurt them,” he said so quietly Cas had to strain to hear.

Cas' heart squeezed. “Dean,” he gushed softly, “you haven't so far and I trust you won't.” Very
slowly so as not to spook Dean, he approached and slipped his arms around his waist. “You're
doing very well,” he praised in his Alpha voice. “You're a good dad so far, a good Omega, a good
brother, a good mate, and a good man.”

Dean nodded and choked back a cry. “Thanks,” he hitched out. “I didn't know how much I needed to hear it.”

“Well, I should say it more often anyway.” One gentle tug and he was holding Dean close, rocking him in place, whispering how much he loved him.
Inappropriate

Chapter Summary

Sam and Dean go shopping for clothes while Cas tries to work. Instead of getting anything done, Cas stumbles on something that occupies his time. The brothers get in a bit of trouble, but unlike Cas, they don't feel bad about it.

Cas marked Dean with his fluid and sent them on their way to Omega Mine. Back in his office he opened Sam's laptop and checked to see if there was a tab open for the Internet. In his search he encountered a window filled with pictures. Of Dean. Of Dean's belly. At first, Cas clicked away from it. This was a privacy issue after all. He was borrowing the laptop and had no right to snoop around. But the window was open. It's not like he opened it. Not on purpose. His fingers clicked on it again while his brain debated the ethics. The dates under the photos coincided with their date nights, starting with the first one. Which Cas clicked. It was a video. Of Dean. Masturbating.

Dean watched Sam open the driver's door of Baby. “Maybe I should drive,” he said before Sam could get in.

Sam's head snapped up. Dean was squishing his travel egg hard. “Are you sure?”

“Traffic won't be bad. Probably. Cain had a good point. If I don't drive I'm just letting myself marinate in fear, right?”

Well, that wasn't quite what Cain had said, but Sam didn't argue. “Okay. But if you need to pull over, do it, don't stress out.”

“Yeah,” Dean agreed. Somehow his feet didn't seem ready to move. “No problem.”

“And you can't hold your egg while you drive. I don't care if you're used to one hand on the wheel, you put both on today.”

Dean squished his egg, satisfied at the sound it made and feel beneath his fingertips. “Not a child Sammy.”

Sam presented a bitchface then softened. Dean looked like he needed a push to get moving. “Well? What are you waiting for?”

My feet to obey simple commands. “Nothing. Let's go,” he said gruffly. After getting in he shoved the egg between him and the door panel, which was almost as good as carrying it. He also put his seat belt on and made sure it was under his belly properly and resting across his chest the way it should.

Sam watched Dean prepare without saying anything. The fact he was even sitting in the driver's seat was a huge step. Following Dean's lead he also put on his seat belt, somewhat surprised the Impala even had them. “Do you ever think the bunker is sentient?”

Dean forgot to be afraid for a second. “What the fuck?”
“I'm sure the Impala didn't have seat belts.”

“No. They've always been there,” he said, voice faltering. Had they always been there? “Besides, how can a building be sentient?”

“You seriously need to ask that after the life we led?”

Dean pressed his hip to the door just to feel the egg squeeze. “The bunker does have a power source we can't explain, so I guess it could be some kind of spirit or something inhabiting it.” His fingers toyed with the keys dangling from the ignition. “But how would that explain Baby? She's not the bunker.”

Sam smiled lasciviously. He'd been horny for a while but hadn't done much about it, so his mind had gone off to some pretty interesting places lately. “Maybe Baby and the bunker get it on when we aren't looking.”

Dean stared at Sam like he'd sprouted a third arm. “Have you been taking drugs or something?”

“Is it really that far fetched of an idea?”

Ideas for stories started forming, distracting him enough to start Baby and get her out of the garage without really thinking about it.

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On the laptop, Sam's harsh breath was the only soundtrack to Dean, bathed in candlelight, eyes shut, naked body writhing on the eggs. Cas could practically smell the slick as Dean gathered it up and used it as lube on his nipples and cock. The angle wasn't right to see properly, but he suspected there was something inside Dean, some toy he liked. Dean plump lips stayed parted as his chest heaved and one hand slithered down to his ass, coming back shiny and dragging over the tiny baby bump on its way to his nipples. After that the video stayed mostly on Dean's face, occasionally following his hand to his belly or cock. “Holy shit,” Sam's voice rushed and Dean came, cock barely spurting.

The video ended. Cas' laboured breathing was the only sound in the whole bunker. He was so hard he thought he might actually tear a hole in his underpants. This is wrong, he thought. This is private. If either wanted to share they would have. I should close the window and go back to work. I should NOT view this again. His hips stuttered in hopes of relief. His nipples scraped his undershirt. His lungs could not get enough oxygen. His hands curled into fists. His eyes refused to blink. He clicked the next folder. It was photos of Dean pushing his tiny belly out. The next one had a slightly bigger belly. The last folder had his big belly, glistening in the low light as if they'd oiled it or something.

Cas' chair creaked under his rocking hips as he viewed random photos. As long as I don't touch myself, it's fine to look, he told himself. He lifted up off the chair and sat back down, the motion scraping his cock against his now-wet briefs. His fingers shook as he unbuttoned his shirt while staring at a photo of Dean sitting on the bed holding his belly. He cried out when his thumbs brushed his nipples through his undershirt. One trembling hand dropped to his lap and barely touched the fabric of his suit pants, dancing over the creases, palm close enough to feel the heat of his cock through two layers of fabric. His thumb scraped the tip of his cock, almost pressing down into the slit, making him hiss and allow the pads of his fingers to put a little pressure on his shaft.

Guilt made his throat emit a broken sound while he yanked his hand away, put his elbows on the desk, plunge his fingers in his hair, and stare at the keyboard. I wonder if I can make a slideshow,
his filthy, dirty, rude mind whispered to him, and he crumbled.

Pants were first. His cock was suffocating inside them. Without touching himself he pushed his pants and briefs down far enough for his cock to spring free and burble precome down the shaft. Technically he was still dressed. Next was the photos. While his cock strained, he highlighted the images and set them to sideshow, clicked to make it start, then gripped his chair while he bucked up, rocked his hips, squeezed his thighs, and whined at the desperate need to touch himself. Each hand kept letting go and hovering over himself for an instant before he pulled back and held the chair. On the monitor, images of Dean faded in and out, full screened for full effect.

Dean holding his belly, Dean smiling, Dean pushing his belly out, Dean on the bed, Dean on his back, Dean in sexy poses, Dean gripping his cock with one hand and the other on his belly, Dean humping an egg with a big belly, Dean Dean Dean Dean belly belly belly belly. The best image appeared and Cas froze the screen. Dean in his nest, on his back, buried in eggs. His face was visible, mid laugh. His beautiful egg-sized belly was visible. Cas lost his mind.

One hand flew to his balls, the other to his cock. Unblinking, he stared at the photo while smearing precome all over himself. One graceful finger slid behind his balls to play with his ass, rubbing in time to his stroking, imagining being in the room with Dean, stroking his belly as he set the eggs around him. He could hear Dean's laugh, could smell his slick, could see how big he was getting, all from staring at the image, burning it into memory. Grunting and groaning, he tried to make it last, lifting his hips off the chair so his finger could press a little harder inside his pants. Normally he didn't particularly enjoy bottoming, but just the thought of hugely pregnant Dean fucking him made his nipples tighten and hot arousal pool in his lower belly. Cas dug his heels into the floor and arched up off the chair as much as possible without tipping it. Faster than he'd like, a cry ripped out of his lungs as his balls slammed up and his knot inflated. He soaked his chest, lap, neck, hand and still stroked, pulling out every last drop.

Shame settled into his skin as he came back to himself. This was not appropriate. He should have asked permission. The damage is done now, his traitorous brain said, might as well watch the video again. Instead he continued the slide show and watched each image fade in and out. He didn't think he could get hard again. He was wrong the moment he saw the picture of Dean's lust-softened face dripping in come from that day he wore the panties. It didn't take much work to come the second time.

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Once he realized he was on the road and not in the garage, Dean drove carefully, mindful of every distraction. When he pulled into the parking lot he breathed a sigh of relief and felt his muscles loosen. They made it alive.

Sam was tense but tried to relax for Dean. He didn't speak or joke around, just calmly watched the scenery go by while keeping his channel tuned to his brother. At the store, Dean parked far away from other cars as usual. “Ready for shopping?”

“No but yeah.” Dean grabbed his egg and locked Baby up. “What are we here for anyway?”

“I saw some shoes I like in their online inventory. I want to try them on first though. You can sit in the big nest if you want. I don't mind.”

They passed through security and entered the store. It took Dean a moment to figure out one of the good things about the store was the lack of Alpha scents. There were secondary Alphas – many Omegas had been marked – but that scent is different somehow. Softer maybe. Definitely less harsh. “Maybe,” he mumbled as they navigated through the store. “Do you want me to?”
“What?”

“Well, you can’t come in here without me but I thought maybe you wanted to shop on your own or something.”

“No. I mean,” Sam paused, wondering if Dean was oversensitive because of driving for the first time in a while. “I don't want to put up with any jokes or ribbing or anything. Can you keep a lid on that?”

Dean saw a touch of fear in Sam's eyes and remembered some rather unattractive behaviour from their previous lives. “Yeah. 'course I can. For you. Sorry.”

“Don't be. It's fine. I just-, this is hard for me.”

Almost every aspect of being Omega was hard for Dean to adapt to. “I get it. Maybe I'll go and....” he trailed off while staring at the nest as it came into view. Several Omegas were there, a couple were crying hard. “Actually I'd rather stay with you.”

Sam's eyes followed Dean's. “Why are they crying?”

“How the fuck would I know? Probably miscarriages. Apparently it's super common for men and some have had several. Come on. Shoes are this way.” Dean led them away from the nest and into the shoe department. While Sam inspected a few styles Dean stared at the ads, as was his custom when he was out. These were like the ones at Pup Stuff: inclusive and diverse. He especially loved the hairy-legged man wearing espadrilles. Maybe it was the hairy legs he liked. Cas didn't manscape at all, preferring the natural look where Dean liked his bush trimmed. Sam fluctuated but never got too hairy. Sometimes he even shaved down there. He waxed recently to prepare for the party but had been too sensitive for either mate to really enjoy the smooth planes. Dean's mind took a turn, imagining Cas’ hairy legs in short jean shorts. Really short shorts. So short they showed some underbutt beneath the fringe. Bending over Baby. Washing Baby. Mmmhmm. All wet, t-shirt sticking to him while-

“Dean!” Sam stage whispered. Images of half-naked Cas crowded his mind, igniting arousal he'd been trying to keep away. “You're channel is loud. And full of images.”

“Yeah but good images,” he said while waggling his eyebrows. “Find any you want to try on?”

Sam adjusted himself discreetly. Cas in shorts was rather attractive. “Yeah actually. These,” he held up a silver pair then a beige pair, “or maybe these.”

“Try them both. Or all of them. Find the ones you like the best. Did Benny give you that bit of fabric?”

“Swatch, and yes he did.” Sam pulled it out of his pocket and held it next to both pairs. “Oh, the silver really do look nice with it.”

Dean found Sam's size and presented him with the box. “Here. Sit and try them on.”

While Sam was getting them on Dean wandered to the display. Several clutch purses were there, probably to match with the shoes. He picked one up and fingered it, wondering why women bothered changing their purses so much. This thing looked too delicate to be durable. Why not just have one purse that goes with everything? He turned to ask Sam and lost his breath. Sam had rolled his pants up to expose his ankles and was walking in front of one of those shoe mirrors, spinning, pointing his toes, flexing his calves, checking the back view, all while wearing the silver pair. Sam took dance in school without telling their dad, and it paid off. Right now he was long, lithe,
graceful, and a little wobbly. “Sammy,” he whispered.

“Do you like them? Do they look okay?” When he didn't get an answer he glanced over to his brother, whose plump lips were parted in awe. “Earth to Dean.”

“You um, you look good in those.”

“Thanks. I don't know how to balance though and these aren't even tall heels.”

“Well darlin’,” an older woman said, “ya vacuum the hell outta yer house in the heels. Back and forth, over and over, 'til it's natural.” She stepped into platform heels, each shoe a different colour, and strutted over. “Got that advice from Patrick Swayze, God rest his soul. Whaddaya think, black or red?” she asked, showing off her feet.

“Red,” Dean said, “definitely red.”

She spun in front of the shoe mirror. “Good call. Thanks boys.”

Both stared after her as she sashayed away, box of red shoes under her arm. “So, vacuuming,” Dean said, “if you buy one'a them black ruffly maid uniforms I'm gonna have to watch.”

“If I buy a maid's uniform I'll make sure you see.”

Well, now all he could think about was Sam in a french maid uniform, skirt barely past his ass, little white apron tied in front, heart-shaped top positioned to barely cover his nipples. Slick heated up inside Dean as he opened and got hard. “We gotta stop.”

Sam thought about how the uniform would feel, how the fluffy skirt would swish around his hips, how the top could have a built-in push up bra to give him cleavage, how his long waxed legs would feel all exposed. He cleared his throat and adjusted himself again. “Yeah. So. I like these.”

“They look good,” Dean said, squishing his egg between his arm and chest and trying not rub it on his aching cock. “Have you thought of a purse? Like one of these?” He held up the silver one he grabbed.

Sam took it from him and checked the mirror, liking what he saw. “What would I put in it?”

“Condoms.”

A glint appeared in Sam's eye. “Why? You worried about getting pregnant?”

“No. Worried about the mess dripping out of your ass into your skirt.”

The breath rushed out of Sam's lungs. For one second he gave serious consideration to taking Dean to the washroom and fucking him senseless. “I want to look at skirts too,” he said, bending his brain back to normalcy.

Dean's mind took a moment to adjust to the topic change. “Uh, yeah. Sure. But then you'll need shoes for skirts too. Like, everyday shoes. Ballet flats maybe?”

Sam found a few pairs and tried them on, putting on a display for Dean who seemed to be enjoying it. After choosing two pairs – one black one beige – they wandered over to skirts. There were several to choose from, Sam liking the fuller skirts more than the fitted ones. “I'm going to try these on,” he said as he went to the fitting room. “Do you want me to show you each one?”

“Yes please,” he said, settling into the comfy chair provided and definitely not holding the egg in
his lap so he had something for his cock to rub against.

The first skirt was pink and airy. The second black, long, and plain. The third had a smattering of flowers. Dean couldn't help wondering what the skirt would feel like if Sam wore it during sex. Would he feel it if Sam took him from behind? Would the fabric drape over him too? When Sam came out wearing a soft brown one of heavier fabric, Dean had to stop himself from grinding down on the chair or up into the egg. Well, much less discreetly than he'd been doing.

“This one feels like a kilt,” Sam told him, smoothing the front down. “It's soft too.”

*Is he hard?* Dean thought. *I think he's hard. The front wouldn't bulge like that. He's definitely hard.* Instinct took over. He rushed at Sam and pushed him into the cubicle, drawing the curtain roughly. “F*ck,” he breathed, dropping the egg, “you look amazing.” His hands roamed down over Sam's tight ass, cupping it while sucking his way up his neck, cursing his belly for not letting him get closer.

“Why Mr. Winchester, are you aroused?” Sam teased, slightly breathless already, fingers finding Dean's nipples through his shirt.

“F*ck. So're you.” One hand slithered to the front and cupped him through the skirt, pressing him against the wall. “F*ck! I want you to ride me in that skirt. Just the skirt. F*ck.”

Sam pushed him away, panting hard. Someone had entered the cubicle next to them. “Quiet!” he hissed.

“F*ck!” Dean mouthed and dropped to his knees and lifted the skirt, finding out his brother was naked underneath. Before he could repeat the only word he seemed to know, he took in as much of Sam as he could and started sucking, head covered by the skirt. Deciding there was no point in letting Sam's waxed balls be ignored, he switched from Sam's cock to licking and sucking at his balls.

Sam clapped a hand over his mouth to stop himself from screaming. The feeling of Dean taking his bare balls in his mouth almost threw him over the edge. His head thumped back onto the wall while he tried not to groan.

“You okay?” came a disembodied voice from the other cubicle.

“Sorry!” Sam called out as he put a foot on the chair nearby. Dean licked the tender skin behind his balls. “Lost my balance!” he said in a tight voice, screwing his eyes shut.

“All right,” the voice said without conviction.

Dean didn't stop. He didn't even slow down. What he couldn't get into his mouth he covered with his hand while doing his absolute best to keep his arousal under lock and key so he wouldn't stain his pants in slick. Once his hand was soaked in his own spit he switched, bringing his wet hand between his brother's cheeks while the other joined his mouth. He pressed against Sam's waxed hole and wished he could get a better angle so he could lick the crease.

“If....if I knew....skirts...did this....to you....I'd've worn....them.....sooner.....,” Sam gasped, trying to keep his voice down. Dean responded by working the crown while poking a finger up inside him, finding his prostate with ease. Sam grunted into the hand he'd put back over his mouth as he came, shooting down Dean's throat without warning.

When Sam was done Dean scrambled back up. “Do me,” he begged quietly, fumbling with his pants, “so close, please, do me Sammy.”
Sam took Dean's pants with him as he slid down and took Dean into his mouth. Two fingers plunged into Dean, knowing he needed to be fast. Judging by how hard Dean was, this wasn't going to be long anyway.

“They're in there,” said a voice. “I think they're being inappropriate.”

Somehow that did it for Dean. One look down at Sam in a skirt sucking him off with his fingers inside him and people outside the room and he was locking up, coming with a soft grunt, spilling in his brother's mouth.

There was a knock at the wall beside the curtain. “Security. Come out at once.”

Dean yanked his pants up, still dribbling a bit, while Sam dragged a slick-shiny hand over his chin. “One sec,” Sam rasped.

“Now.” Security opened the curtain. “You two. Come with me.”

Sam stood on shaky legs. “Can I put my own clothes on first?”

“You own that skirt now. Gather your things and follow me.” Behind the security officer was another one who looked bored with the whole process.

“Worth it,” Dean whispered as he helped Sam grab the items.

“Hell yeah,” Sam whispered back, still going commando. They were taken to a till where they paid and were informed they were banned from the store for a month.

Dean put the purchases in the trunk. “So apparently first offence is a month.”

Sam kept the skirt on but changed shoes. “Yeah. Is it good or bad that they have a policy in place for changing room fucking?”

“You gonna put underwear on?”

Sam turned, flaring the skirt high enough for Dean to almost get an eyeful. “Maybe at home,” he dismissed and got in the car.

Dean slammed the trunk and wondered if Sam might like to blow him again.

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“All right,” Dean said as he parked Baby in the garage, “let's do this in one trip.”

Sam opened the trunk and took the majority of the bags. Dean had gone a little overboard at the grocery store – Sam trying to concentrate on not getting hard while wearing a skirt and nothing underneath, mostly succeeding, keeping Dean's jacket folded over his arm to cover any bulging – but it was all good food. Well, except for ice cream, but it was the good brand no few additives or mystery ingredients.

As they dumped the bags on the kitchen table, Cas entered the kitchen.

Both brothers stared, concern etched into their faces. Cas was timid, clutching the laptop to his chest, one hand's fingers were fidgeting with the laptop seam, his eyes downcast, his hair a mess, his clothes different from before they left, and his cheeks pink.

“Cas?” Sam asked kindly. “Are you okay?”
Dean had no idea what to say. It was as if someone had taken his Alpha and replaced him with a skittish mouse.

Cas' cheeks pinked some more, his eyes almost made it to the boys but flitted away. “I....um....was using your laptop.....”

“......and?” Sam encouraged. “Did you break it or something? It's just a laptop, no harm done.” He approached and put a hand on Cas' shoulder, feeling the flinch under the clothes.

“I found some photographs.”

“Photogra-, oh.” Sam smiled. “Of Dean?” Cas' head bobbed up and down. Sam winked at Dean, who looked relieved. “Did you like them?”

Cas swallowed thickly and nodded. “But they were private.”

“I said you could borrow the laptop. If I had wanted to hide the photos I would have. Unless you snooped around in the folders?”

“No!” Cas shouted, finally meeting Sam's eyes, then Dean's, fingers white where they gripped the laptop. “I wouldn't invade your privacy like that!”

“All right, okay,” Sam soothed, warm hand heating up Cas' shoulder and slipping down over his arm. “What's the problem then?”

“I......couldn't....when I saw the window open I couldn't stop myself.”

Dean understood. “Are you feeling bad because you jerked off to them or because you feel like you invaded Sam's privacy?”

Cas rested his eyes on Dean's, seeing only kindness and a bit of amusement. “Both I think.”

“Cas,” Dean said patiently, “we know you have a belly kink or a pregnancy kink. It's no big deal. Sam started taking pictures, I let him, it's become a bit of a tradition on date nights.”

A smile crept over Sam's lips. “Cas? Do you want a copy of them all?”

Cas inhaled sharply. “You aren't angry?”

“Fuck no,” Dean said.

“Not at all,” Sam said at the same time. “I'll put a copy of the folder on a thumb drive and update it after every date night.”

“Thank you,” Cas breathed. “I like your skirt, by the way. It gives you a flattering silhouette.”

“He's naked under there,” Dean whispered conspiratorially. “You wanna see?”

It was Sam's turn to blush. “Dean!”

“I don't think that would be wise,” Cas said. “I um, I'm very, uh, sore.”

“Castiel Winchester,” Dean said with amusement, “how many times did you jerk off?”

“Five.”

“I would like to stop thinking about your waxed genitalia swinging freely in your clothing,” he retorted and bent over slightly with a small, “ow,” and cupped himself gently.

“Sam's right. Five's impressive. My record is eleven in one day. But I was a teenager and walked in on Sam rubbing one out in the shower before school. I skipped school and had to lie to dad about why I was limping that night.”

“You saw me? Huh. My record was eight. We were in a motel with a porn channel for free. Dad and Dean went out on a day trip and instead of going to school I watched a lot of porn.”

“Can we please stop talking about this?” Cas begged without moving his hand away.

“Sure,” Dean said and pecked Cas on the cheek. “Oh, and Sam and I can't go into Omega Mine for a month.”

“Why? Is it closed for renovations?”

Sam was kind enough to fill Cas in without going into explicit detail.

* 

A couple of hours before their last fitting with Benny, they lay on the bed in a sweaty, sticky mess. Curled against each other, each caressing where they could reach, enjoying the afterglow before showering.

“It's weird,” Dean mumbled, stroking his belly. Cas hummed a questioning noise and Sam turned to look at his brother. “Having sex while pregnant. I mean, I know the girls don't know what's going on or anything. But I feel a bit weird about it. Only after we're done though.”

“Nothing we're doing is hurting them,” Cas assured him with a squeeze. “Dr. Day said sex is healthy when you're pregnant.”

“Still weird,” Dean grumbled under his breath. “I'm starting to stick to the sheets,” he said in a normal tone. “Time for a shower.”

“Yeah,” Sam agreed, “we have to get to the fitting.”

This time Sam wore his own tuck and brought his shoes along. He'd done as the woman suggested and vacuumed the entire bunker until walking in heels was normal for him. “May I go first?” Sam asked Cas as they waited for Cain to answer the door.

“Yes,” Cas agreed, deciding to remain close to Dean for the duration.

Cain answered and ushered them in, stepping back so everyone could pass. Cas had to make a concerted effort to not brush against him as he entered, reminding himself he was the leader of a pack and needed to conduct himself appropriately. “Sam would like to go first,” he said by way of greeting.

Benny was waiting for them. “Absolutely. Sam? Do you have shoes?”

“Yeah.” Sam disappeared behind the curtain to change, Benny pulled Cas aside.

Dean noticed Benny talking to Cas but was led away by Cain.
“Come,” Cain said, “sit down while you wait.”

“What are they talking about?”

“Nothing of your concern.” He placed a hand on Dean's arm. “How are you feeling?”

Cain's touch sent electric shocks through his arm. “Uh, good I guess. Sometimes I forget I'm pregnant but don't tell Cas that.” Many times Dean had wondered why he couldn't reach something or why his back hurt only to remember the twins. Another time he panicked because he looked down and couldn't see his dick, then remembered his belly was distended because he was pregnant. When stuff like that happened he had to remind himself 'pregnancy brain' was normal.

“Your secret is safe with me,” he assured Dean, squeezing his arm a little.

Cas asked Benny if there was a problem while keeping his attention on Dean. Cain had a hand on his arm. That would not do.

“Castiel,” Benny murmured softly, “your blood didn't taste quite right.”

“I was an angel before. Perhaps I still have traces of grace. Why is Cain leaning so close to Dean?”

“They're just talking. Castiel, I must say-”

“Benny. Thank you for your concern. If you prefer we can have only Sam donate and pay the remainder. I must get back to Dean.” He didn't wait for a response. Instead he returned to Dean's side. “Cain. Hello,” he said politely and stared at his hand.

Cain removed his hand. “Hello Castiel. Are you well?”

“Tired. But yes, I'm fine. Thank you for asking.”

Dean gave Cain a look filled with, yeah, tired, irritable, grumpy and short-tempered, but said nothing out loud. Cas had been marking him often, Dean assumed he was stressed about the final months of pregnancy. He was considered high-risk because of the twins so Dr. Day was keeping a close eye on him, Cas a closer eye.

Sam swished out of the changing area looking stunning in his gown and heels.

Benny was at his side in an instant. “Step up on the podium.” He held a hand out for Sam to use as balance. Sam lifted the skirt with the other hand. “Oh! Kitten heels, nice choice.”

“Kitten heels for my tiger,” Dean whispered to Cas without looking away from Sam.

Benny made some tiny adjustments. “I don't have much to alter. I can do it while you donate today if you prefer.”

“Yes,” Cas said, “thank you. Will you two be attending the gala?”

“No,” Cain said. “We received an invitation but I fear most attendees will not appreciate a vampire in their midst.”

“That's stupid,” Dean blurted.

“It is our society at the moment,” Cain said.

As Sam changed, Dean was helped up on the podium and into his clothes. Benny had designed a
shirt for him with a ribbon lattice in the back, similar to a corset, with a soft fabric panel between the lattice and his skin. This way, Cas could loosen or tighten the ribbon for Dean's comfort and Dean would still appear to be wearing a well-tailored shirt.

“Castiel,” Benny said, “please come here.” Cas did and followed Benny's instructions on how to tighten the ribbons for comfort. “Excellent. Now do it without my help.” Benny took the shirt off Dean and held it out to Cas, who fumbled a bit but got it comfortable for Dean. Once that was figured out, Benny showed Cas how to adjust the cummerbund so Dean's belly wouldn't be squished. A few tweaks were added for the jacket and Benny retreated to the sewing area while Cain took them to the donation room.

“Just Sam?” Dean asked when Cas leaned on the counter instead of sitting in the other chair. Dean took a seat even though he wasn't donating.

“That's correct,” Cain said and set Sam up. “Good?” Sam nodded. “Excellent. Relax and we'll be done momentarily.” Cain pushed a rubber bee into Sam's hand to squeeze and help the blood flow.

“Why not Cas?” Dean asked.

“Benny prefers Sam's blood,” Cas offered.

Dean saw Cain's eyebrow twitch and wanted to know more, but the look on Cas' face told him the conversation was over. The girls made their hunger known, making Dean's belly grumble rudely. Luckily the counter held basic kitchen supplies. Including cookies. “Can I eat one?” Dean asked, pointing to the transparent beehive cookie jar.

“Yes, you may,” Cain said. He reached over, retrieved two, and handed them to Dean.

“Got a thing for bees or something?” Dean asked with a full mouth, pointing to the jar again.

“I do,” Cain said. “I keep bees on my property.”

“Oh?” Cas asked. “Honey bees?”

“Yes.” Cain moved in front of Cas and put one hand on the counter near Cas' hip. The other snaked around Cas to grab a small pot of honey.

Cas was giddy. Actually giddy. Cain was so close Cas could see the pores on his cheek. Cain's scent filled the tiny space between them, heating the air slightly. Cas immediately opened his channels completely, unwilling to hide how he was feeling or how absolutely, deliciously masculine Cain scented or how badly he wanted to lean in and close the short distance to suck on Cain's earlobe.

“This is honey from my bees. Would you like to try some?”

The blood in Sam's body tried to re-route to below his waist instead of through the tube. Dean leaned forward with interest and stopped chewing, hoping to watch Cain dip his fingers in the honey and slip them into Cas' mouth.

Cas held his breath. He very much wanted to lick honey off Cain. Any part of Cain. All of Cain. “No thank you,” he said against his shrieking body. “Cain,” he said with great discomfort, “please back up a step.”

Cain did, immediately. “I apologize. I seem to have misread signals.”
A blush dusted Cas' cheekbones. “No,” he said, “you didn't.”

Cain held Cas' gaze. “Then I'm afraid I don't understand. Are you comfortable explaining it to me?”

Cas hesitated, eyes going to his mates before returning to Cain's. “Right now I can't stand the idea of you touching Dean. Not while he's pregnant. And I won't have sexual relations with anyone other than my pack. If we- if I do that with someone else it will be with my pack's consent. But not while Dean is pregnant. Not even maybe.”

New, unfamiliar love blossomed in Dean's chest. While he was absolutely fine with Cas and Cain together he was flattered Cas would put him first. All at once he remembered Dr. Jones telling him he'd be okay with his Alpha making decisions like this, decisions he'd've disagreed with in a previous life. He was a bit weirded out about not being upset, but he was getting used to weird things, like pups in his belly for instance.

Sam was disappointed. If Cas could have sex with Cain, so could he. Or at least, he could argue how it would be fair. But now that wasn't going to happen. Now he'd have to suffice with his imagination of Alpha Cas getting it on with Super Massive Alpha Cain. Alpha of the Alphas, leader of every pack. He made a private note to scour AO3 and see if there was some new stories by his favourite authors so he could insert Cas and Cain into some Alpha slash porn.

Cain nodded gently. “I will respect your decision. If, however, you change your mind, perhaps I could show you my apiary after the children are born. Parents need to take some time for themselves occasionally and I do believe I could help you and your pack relax for an afternoon.”

“Thank you,” Cas said graciously, shoulders lowering slightly.

Sam's pump stopped, indicating the pint was full. Cain turned his attention to Sam, making sure everything he did was in Cas' line of sight. “The pot of honey is a gift. Please, take it home and try it out. I personally find the flavour suits lightly toasted bread. Let me know if you find a better pairing.”

Cas took the pot off the counter with thanks. They met Benny at the front, paid for the remaining cost, and took their garments home.

The next morning, Cas did find a better pairing. He didn't allow Sam to come inside Dean, instead he drizzled honey over Sam's cock, already dripping with slick, and sucked the combination off. Truly divine. Although he decided to wait a few months to inform Cain.
Event

Chapter Summary

The pack goes to a formal event.

Cas began to dress Dean. During the day he'd tried to find a reason to stay home. Normally he'd be excited about going – seeing his pack all dressed up was glorious – but he'd been feeling a bit off all day. It was as if everything had been moved over an inch without his knowledge. At one point he cursed his body, demanding that he either get all the symptoms for a flu or get better but enough of this in-between bullshit. He'd tried to nap with Dean but woke feeling groggy and worse than when he laid down. The bath Sam suggested had helped tremendously and put him in a better mood for the evening's festivities, although he was still feeling a bit run down.

Sam and Dean noticed Cas' mood over the last day or so. Both had broached the topic only to be shut down. Between the two of them they decided Cas was coming down with a cold or flu and braced themselves for grumpiness to come. Dean especially had been more attentive and less combative, Sam commending him for his efforts.

Dean watched Sam, wincing at the tuck. “Doesn't that hurt?”

“Sort of. Not really. If everything is positioned just right it's not a problem.” Sam made a few adjustments. “As long as I don't get hard. Then it hurts.”

“Dean,” Cas ordered softly.

“What? Oh, sorry.” Dean stepped into the pants Cas was holding. “Are you feeling okay? We can stay home.”

Cas thought of all the effort put into their evening wear and how excited and nervous Sam was for the last week. “I'm fine. Just tired. Kiss me?”

“How could I ever say no?” Dean teased and kissed Cas after his pants were fastened.

Cas smiled and helped Dean into his shirt, laced the ribbons, then attached the cummerbund. “I have gifts for you two,” he said as Sam dropped the dress over his head. He helped zip Sam up then retrieved two velvet boxes. For Dean he'd bought sterling silver cuff links, for Sam he had a delicate silver bracelet and matching necklace, both with diamonds sprinkled in the chains.

“Cas,” Sam gushed, “they're beautiful.” He brushed his hair out of the way so Cas could fasten the necklace.

“You're beautiful,” Cas said with a kiss to the back of Sam's neck. “Wrist?”

Sam held his arm out feeling ridiculously pampered. After Cas was done Sam examined himself in the mirror, twisting this way and that, looking from every possible angle.

Dean was floored. Sam looked fantastic. “I want a picture of all of us. Can we do that?”

“Yeah,” Sam breathed, still twisting in the mirror. “I can prop my camera with the tripod thing.”
Cas got Dean's cuff links on, Dean noticing the diamond chips were in the same pattern as Sam's necklace, albeit smaller. “Thank you Cas,” he said and kissed him, feeling his Alpha surge forward into the kiss.

“You're both worth it. Sam? Camera?”

The three posed, Sam checking to make sure the pictures turned out, then Cas escorted them out the front door.

Sam and Dean passed through the ever-present stench of Cas' urine to the sleek black limousine.

“You got us a limo?” Dean gushed. “Seriously? A limo?”

“I decided the Winchester Pack was to arrive in style.” Cas stepped aside to allow his pack in first, then followed.

The ride was without incident, Cas had sent instructions to the limo company to not include alcohol in the car, knowing Dean would want some. Dean did look, saying a sip or two of champagne wouldn't have been the end of the world, but gave up easily. Sam sat demurely, as Dean had seen in classic movies where women were considered delicate, and tried to tamp down his nerves. Nobody said much on the ride there, Cas being tired, Dean in awe of Sam, and Sam struggling with a touch of anxiety. When the limo slid into the loading zone Sam's heart sped up and his stomach dropped.

Dean placed a hand over Sam's. “You're beautiful,” he said, “I'm proud to be your mate.”

“I agree,” Cas said. The driver opened the door for Cas, who exited first. He held a hand out to both mates in turn, then looped each of their hands through an arm.

“Um Cas,” Sam stumbled, “it's formal. You have to lead with Dean behind.”

“My pack will enter as equals.”

Arousal zinged through Dean at Cas' tone. “Well, the girls will enter first anyway,” he joked.

Sam giggled. “Yeah. You're getting pretty big.”

At the entrance they were announced. The room stood still for a breath, then talked animatedly. Pins were available again, this time Dean wasn't allowed alcohol but could have food without permission, Sam received the green pin for no permission needed.

Another bonus was a decorative bowl full of pocket-sized eggs. There was a discreet sign in front of the bowl saying Omegas could take and keep one. Dean chose the blue closest to Cas' eyes and kept it in his fist, delighted it fit comfortably.

Last event Dean had hung out with the other Omegas but Cas would not let go of his hand this time. For a while Dean tried to pay attention to conversations between Cas and Alphas but grew bored quickly. He couldn't imagine caring any less about how businesses are run or what regulations are getting in the way or leases or any of that shit. Although he was wise enough to keep his negative attitude to himself and was polite when spoken to, as a good Omega should be. Or so he heard when one Omega acted up and Dean was used as a comparison by the Alpha not too far away.

When they finally had a moment of peace in between Alphas stopping by to say hello Dean asked if he could go socialize.
“Do you really want to?” Cas challenged and sipped his champagne.

“Well, no,” he admitted sheepishly. “But I thought you'd want me to.”

“I want you close tonight.”

Dean watched Sam swirl around the dance floor. Sam seemed to have a lineup of people wanting to dance. “But not Sam?”

Cas took a deep breath. “Think of this as Sam's night. He's wanted to be the belle of the ball for a long time. You told me that. Now, he has the chance.”

Sam approached, flushed from dancing, eyes twinkling. “Hey guys. Having a good time?”

“Sure,” Dean said. “Are you too tired to dance with me?”

“Never,” Sam said with a smile he reserved for his pack.

Dean finally let go of Cas' hand and led Sam out to the dance floor, tucking his new little egg in his pocket. Sam let him lead, which raised a few eyebrows as Omegas never led. “Wish I could get closer,” Dean said, poking his brother with his belly.

Sam laughed softly. “I'm in your arms. What more could I want?” One glance at Cas and Sam murmured, “is he doing better?”

“Kind of,” Dean said, matching Sam's tone. “He's tired but not grumpy at the moment. He wants you to have a good time. Are you?”

“Fuck yeah,” Sam breathed. “I was nervous but nobody's said anything bad, you know?”

“I know. I've overheard a few talk about how good you look. They're not wrong.”

After the dance Cas escorted Dean to the washroom to empty his bladder, which was about the size of a teacup these days, and ran into Charlie and Gilda on the way out. Charlie was wearing a beautifully fitted tux, Gilda a stunning deep green gown. “You two look amazing,” Dean gushed. “Seriously.”

“Thanks,” Charlie said with a small bow. “You too. Where'd you get a tux to fit so well?” she asked as she hugged Dean's belly.

“Benny. He has a tailor shop.”

“Dean,” Cas murmured, “may I leave you in the company of these two fine people while I dance with Sam?”

“Of course.” Dean kissed him on the cheek and watched his mates for a moment.

Gilda looked around then leaned in conspiratorially. “Have you heard? There's a bacteria or something going around.”

“Yeah I think Cas has it. Grumpy as fuck lately.”

“Well, keep an eye on him. It's pretty bad.”

“Right?” an Omega in a yellow gown said, jumping into the conversation. “My cousin's friend's mate has it.”
Another Omega stepped closer, this one in a coral gown. “Is it just Alphas?”

“I don't know,” Yellow Gown said.

“My Alpha doesn't have it,” another new Omega, this one a man in a tux, offered.

Yellow Gown's eyes crawled up and down this new one. “Maybe you'd be better off talking to the Betas,” she said nastily.

Tux started to step back, then squared his shoulders and looked Yellow Gown in the eye. “There's no call for rudeness.”

“I wasn't being rude,” Yellow Gown said, voice dripping with condescension. “I was stating a fact. You don't belong with us.”

“Okay that's enough,” Dean said quietly. “Can't we all just get along?”

“Oh excuse me,” Yellow said. “You obviously don't know. He's Beta. He just thinks he's Omega because he's taking hormones. So he's not a real Omega.”

Tears stood in Tux's eyes but he held his ground.

“All right, first off,” Dean said menacingly, “you don't get to out someone like that. Secondly, the only one with a shitty attitude is you. Thirdly, get the fuck away from us. You aren't welcome here.”

The song finished just in time for Cas to catch Dean calling for him through the channel. It took one second for him to see Dean at the center of a bunch of Omegas.

Sam caught the message too. “Cas, Dean needs-”

“Come with me,” he ordered and took Sam's hand. “Dean?” he asked as the group parted. “Is there a problem here?”

Dean stared at Yellow. “This........person,” he spit out, “was just leaving.”

“Well,” she said icily, “I'll see to it my Alpha is aware of your deviant attitude,” she said to Dean.

“Yeah?” Dean challenged. “Do it. Go on. Get your Alpha. I have some things I'd like to discuss about how to adjust your attitude.”

Cas raised an eyebrow. “Where is your Alpha?”

No sooner did Cas finish speaking than an Alpha appeared. “Is there an issue here, Josephine?” he asked Yellow Gown.

“Well-”

“No,” Cas interrupted. “Your Omega is being rude and insensitive.”

The Alpha pushed his chest out but not in time. Cas already had his out and was advancing forward. “My Omega felt the need to call me over,” he said in a low, threatening voice. “My pregnant Omega. I will not have my pack feeling threatened in any way. You and your pack are to steer clear for the remainder of the evening. Do you understand?”

Dean and the Omegas watched, mostly holding their breath. The Alpha opened and closed his
mouth a few times before saying, “come Josephine. It's time to leave anyway.”

As they left more Alphas approached. Coral Gown's Alpha steered her to the dance floor, Charlie and Gilda floated to the bar, Tux's Alpha asked his what was wrong.

Tux explained in a halting voice. “He stepped in though,” he said, indicating Dean. “I seriously thought he was going to take her down like some monster or something.”

“Thank you,” the Alpha said to Dean. “I'm Amir, and you?”

Dean introduced his pack, Amir introduced his Omega Brian.

“Do you want to leave?” Amir offered as Brian struggled for composure.

“No,” he sniffed. “I'm not leaving because one person was rude. Just give me a moment.”

Sam pulled some tissues from his purse, making Dean wonder if Sam had a pocket dimension filled with tissues that followed him around everywhere. “Here. I'm sorry.”

“Thanks.” Brian dabbed his eyes. “My hormones are a bit out of whack since I started to transition.”

“This is your new normal,” Dean teased. “Hormones everywhere, crying at forgetting to buy milk or because you love your pack so damn much it hurts.”

Cas pushed a hand to the small of Dean's back and stepped in closer. He could tell Dean was joking, but he also understood how unsettling the hormones were for Dean.

Brian huffed a laugh. “Yeah. Guess I'll have to get used to it. Some days are harder than others. Some people are meaner. You'd think people wouldn't care if you're Omega or Beta, but some do.” His eyes shifted to Sam. “Your dress is beautiful. I was going to wear one but didn't have the courage.”

“Thank you. I almost didn't either,” he admitted, “but my pack lent me some confidence.”

Dean saw an opportunity here but didn't know how to address it, so he figured he could ask for forgiveness later and blurted, “hey Brian, would you be okay talking to someone about your transition? I know someone who is considering it but doesn't know anyone who's done it.”

Cas opened his mouth to chide Dean but saw Brian perk up and figured it was all right.

“Sure. I had lots of support. What's your friend's name so I know who it is when they call?” he asked, already writing his name and number on a card from his Alpha.

“It's me,” Sam said, blushing furiously.

“Yeah? Well, I'll help you out any way I can.” He gave the card to Sam, who slipped it into his purse with thanks. “No problem,” Brian said. “Now if you'll excuse us I really want a beer.”

“I'd love one too,” Dean joked, displaying his belly. “Have one for me?”

“You got it,” Brian laughed, “and thanks again. Alpha, your pack is amazing.”

Cas straightened up proudly. “Thank you. Enjoy your evening.”

After they left Cas assessed his pack. Sam was waning and Dean was rubbing his back a bit. “We
should leave soon,” he suggested.

“One more dance?” Sam asked.

“Of course,” Cas agreed.

They turned around to find photographers behind them. “Pictures for the website?” one asked. The pack agreed, posing together and separate. They asked who made Sam's dress, Sam gave them all the information for Benny's shop. Cas stepped in and raved about the service and quality of the garments. Dean adding how well his fit.

“Isn't that the vampire's shop?” one photographer asked.

“Yes. He takes appointments only,” Cas said, “and is excellent. I recommend him highly.”

“Can I quote you?”

“Yes, you may.”

“Well, that should bump Benny's business,” Dean said as the photographer group left to snap pictures of someone else.

“He's worth it,” Sam said. “Now. Dean? Dance with me? Then Cas?”

Dean laughed and led Sam to the dance floor.

+ 

They were barely home before Sam was freeing himself from the tuck without bothering to take the gown off first. “Holy shit that was getting painful,” he said with a huge, relieved breath.

“I can imagine,” Dean said, shucking his jacket. “You guys wanna watch a movie or something? Podcast? I'm too wound up to sleep.” He grabbed the bitty egg out of his pocket and held it while Cas started undressing him.

Cas would have liked to snuggle down with Dean in his arms and sleep for a year. “I'm very tired. Please keep it low.”

“How've you been feeling?” Sam asked. “And don't tell me 'fine'.”

Cas unzipped Sam and helped Dean out of his clothes. “My bones ache. I feel unsettled.”

“There's something going around,” Dean said as he tried to be easy for Cas to undress.

Sam stepped out of his gown and hung it up carefully. “The university is a petri dish. All kinds of bugs going around.”

“Maybe that's why Benny didn't like my blood.” Cas rooted around in the sleepwear drawer but couldn't find pants for Dean. “Dean? Where are the sleep pants?”

“Should be in the drawer. What do you mean 'didn't like your blood'?”

“No Dean. They aren't here.” Cas opened other drawers. There were pants for him and Sam but not Dean, and Dean was way too big to try to get into regular pants. “Are they in the laundry?”

“No. I did laundry yesterday.”
Sam tugged on sleep pants. “I'll check.”

Dean watched him leave then turned to see Cas rubbing his eyes. “Are you okay? Really?”

“I'm fine. Just so tired.” Cas looked at the bed, longing poring out of him.

“Come here,” Dean ordered softly. He drew the covers back on Cas' side of the bed. “You're ready for bed. Just get in.”

“Dean. I still need to dress you,” he objected as he crawled in. “And Sam might need something.”

“Sam needs a rested Alpha. And I can put my own clothes on.” Dean tucked him in, going all squishy inside when Cas practically cooed.

“You put the clothes in the dryer but didn't turn it on,” Sam said as he entered the room. “I turned it on but it'll take a while.”

“Fuck,” Dean hissed, internally chiding himself for being so stupid.

“Not stupid,” Cas mumbled. “Just forgetful.”

“Here,” Sam said. “Try this.” Before Dean could put up too much of a fight, Sam dropped the t-shirt dress over Dean's head and tugged it down.

“Sam! You like dresses, not me. This is-, oh. Uh. Comfortable.” He dragged his hand over his belly, feeling how soft the fabric was. It was breathable too, he was neither too hot nor too cold. Except his feet. “My feet are cold,” he complained.

“Well thank Chuck we own socks,” Sam said and grabbed a pair of Cas' fuzzy ones.

Dean sat on the bed and shifted at how his nethers didn't feel cramped or trapped in clothing. The shirt came down to his knees – an impressive feat considering how big his belly was getting – and was roomy without being too baggy.

Sam got the socks on then turned off the light. “Bedtime.”

“You don't wanna stay up for a bit?” Dean asked as he scooted backward and got under the covers.

“We can. But I thought Cas might like the dark.”

Cas mumbled something incoherent and pulled Dean close. Dean got into small spoon position andiggled a little to find the right divot. Once he was done he reached for Sam, who moved in close.

“What was that about your blood?” Sam asked quietly. Cas murmured something grumpy and set his hand on Dean's belly.

“You want your egg?” Sam murmured, digging around the pillows while trying to keep them still for Cas.

“Yeah,” he breathed. He couldn't pinpoint exactly when it happened, but he let go of feeling silly for carrying one or cuddling it in his sleep. The moment it was in his arms he squeezed it and relaxed. The tiny egg got set on a shelf in the headboard. “Did you have a good time tonight?”

“I did,” he said, keeping his tone low like Dean's. “I wish Cas was feeling a bit better. This wasn't exactly the nightcap I'd been considering.”
Dean huffed a quiet laugh. “Yeah, me either. You looked so pretty. But I didn't want to stain your dress, so it's just as well we didn't do anything.” Arousal bloomed, deep inside, at the thought of Sam riding him in that dress.

Sam didn't want to get his dress dirty either. Normally he'd be all over that, but not with this one. Right now he wanted to keep it clean. Dean's scent wafted over like a gentle fog. A smile crept over Sam's lips. “We could make out,” he suggested coyly.

Dean's nipples tightened and he ground back on Cas a little. “We could.” When Sam's lips met his he gasped slightly and pushed into Cas again. His cock sprang to life, free to move however it wanted under the dress. One arm stayed curled around his egg while the other reached out to pull Sam closer, unable to because of his belly. Neither moved fast. They kept everything languid in respect to their almost asleep Alpha. Every time Dean got a bit carried away he squeezed the egg to remind himself to calm down. Sam liked kissing, so kissing was what they were going to do.

The soft crunching of the egg's filling lit a fire in Sam. Every time Dean squeezed one, no matter where they were, Sam's breath hitched. A new love for his brother had blossomed since the nest was set up. Dean was softer with the eggs, less stressed. After a lifetime of almost continual stress, he was now relaxing. That relaxation made him trusting and sweet. And hot damn did that do things to Sam.

Every time Dean caught his hips gyrating on Cas he stopped and tried not to whine. Instead he squeezed his egg and felt Sam huff as if he was squeezing his cock. It took a couple of times before Dean saw the pattern. He broke away from the kiss as he squeezed the egg again. “You like the sound?” he whispered, squeezing slowly as Sam's eyelids fluttered.

Pinkness dusted Sam's cheeks in the darkened room. He ducked his head shyly for a second before nosing at Dean. “Yeah. Keep doing it.”

Cas shifted, pulled out of his almost-sleep. His body was reacting to his Omega's warm body rocking on him. The hand that was resting on Dean's belly moved to his thigh and dragged the dress up. Once it was pushed out of the way he lowered his pants and poked Dean.

Dean gasped. “Sammy, he's, oh!”

Cas slid up inside Dean with a soft grunt. One hand stayed on Dean's hip, anchoring him in place lightly. He kissed Dean's neck and rumbled, “pleasure yourself.”

Sam thought he might burst. Dean's face had gone slack at the same time as he squeezed the egg. Dean shifted a few times, getting a feel for how much Cas was going to participate. Not at all, apparently. Through the channel Dean could feel Cas was still awake, but exhausted. One check to confirm this was all okay – it was – and Dean built a rhythm. Cas' muscular body cradled him from behind, his thick cock impaling him, while Sam moved in for more kissing. No matter how he moved he couldn't quite get himself to the finish line, ending up soaking Cas in slick in the process. Before long his breathing was harsh and ragged, cock screaming for attention. “Sammy,” he begged, disappointed in himself for not letting this be just for Sam, “I need, I gotta have, Sammy please.”

“You want to come?” Sam murmured, breaking the kissing to lick and nibble at Dean's jaw. He slid a hand down, grabbed Dean's cock, and stroked him once, long and firm. At the tip he gathered the precome and slid his hand back down to the base. “Keep squeezing. Oh, and you're gonna come on me.”
Dean nearly did right then. Sam had *that tone* to his voice. “Wanted,” he panted, then groaned at Sam's hand, fingers gripping Sam's shoulder.

“What did you want?” Sam whispered in his ear while Cas grunted softly. “What can I give you?” One more drag of his hand over Dean's cock and he slipped it back over his balls, Dean raising a leg to make it easier, and fingered where Cas was lodged inside. His mouth found Dean's again while Dean clenched around Cas, Sam's long fingers feeling Dean contract and Cas pulse.

Cas was in a haze. He'd intended to simply be a toy for Dean, his possessive nature not wanting anyone else inside his aroused Omega, but Sam's probing fingers changed things slightly. When Sam started to take his hand away Cas grabbed his arm and held it in place.

Sam took the hint and kept slipping the pads of his fingers around where his mates were joined while chasing Dean's tongue around his mouth.

Dean rocked his hips back onto Cas and forward to drag his cock over Sam's forearm. Someone needed to grab his dick, immediately. When he remembered he had a free hand he scraped it off his brother's shoulder and down between them with the intention to grab himself. Sam's hips bucked, pushing his cock into Dean's hand, which changed course and circled his brother instead.

The prettiest whine fell out of Sam's mouth and into Dean's at the first touch. Most of the evening was spent tamping his arousal down, trying not to feel how the fabric of his skirt caressed his bare legs, or how the front draped and hardened his nipples. Now he was mostly naked, pants only pushed down far enough to be out of the way, and getting close to marking Dean up.

“Someone grab my cock,” Dean begged as he tugged on Sammy just the way he liked. “Please,” he added and dove in to kiss Sam some more. “Please,” he whispered against Sam's lips.

Cas let go of Sam's arm, trusting he'd keep his hand exactly where it was, and circled Dean, who groaned so loud his body vibrated the bed slightly.

Sam could feel Dean's orgasm just before it crashed through him. Under his soaked fingers, Dean's rim tightened impossibly before beginning to spasm and milk Cas, who aimed him so he splashed on Sam.

Finishing wasn't on the agenda for Cas. He only wanted to plug Dean up, let Dean use him as needed. But there was no way to resist Dean's hot, wet hole milking him. With a small grunt he spilled into Dean, very aware of Sam's long fingers probing the area, making him push into Dean just a bit more.

Cas felt Cas pulsing while Dean kept milking. Dean's hand never stopped, gliding up and down Sam's long cock. The way Dean squished his egg as he came did Sam in and he came, shooting onto his brother.

Both felt Cas tumble into sleep. Dean shifted a little but Cas hadn't retracted and was now sleeping while still hard enough to stay inside. The timing had been wrong so Dean's rim hadn't caught Cas' knot, but Dean hoped Cas would stay inside long enough for him to fall asleep too. If he was going to drip he'd rather do it while asleep.

“You good?” Sam murmured.

“Yeah. You? Was gonna keep it to kissing but-”

“I don't think I could have, sorry.”
“Don't be,” Dean mumbled, “never gonna say no to getting off.”

Sam kissed him lightly and reached above them for a towel. As much as he wanted to keep his come on Dean's tummy he knew Cas would object, especially while grumpy. He cleaned Dean as best he could without sacrificing the warm cocoon of blanket coverage, then cleaned himself as well before tossing the towel toward the bin. “Sleep well,” he whispered and kissed Dean again as he tugged the shirt dress down for Dean, then pulled his own pants up.

“Mmmmm, you too,” Dean said without opening his eyes. Cas was warm behind him, Sam cozy in front of him. He was asleep before he knew it.
Sick

Chapter Summary

Cas is sick :(

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sam set up the painting supplies. All three agreed to get the nursery done today, even though Sam personally thought Cas could use a nap. The night out drained Cas for the following day, but he said he was up to it today, and Sam knew better than to argue at this point.

Dean cut in the edges while Sam and Cas soaked rollers in green paint. As much as Dean wanted to roll paint on he discovered the little job he was doing was strenuous. All the stretching and moving and bending was more effort than he bargained for.

Cas saw the tremor in Dean's hand and he knew Dean was straining himself. “Dean!” he barked, “stop right now. You will rest.”

Sam and Dean turned to him. Cas hadn't used that tone for a long time. “Are you all right?” Sam asked, noting Cas' pale face and dark circles under his eyes.

Everything was too harsh. The light hurt Cas' eyes, the paint stank, his clothes were itchy, and he felt wrong. “No. Dean. Lay down with me.”

Dean didn't argue, the edges were done anyway. He kissed Sam, used the washroom, and followed Cas to the bedroom, waiting for Cas to tell him how he wanted him.

Cas stretched out then lay on his side, indicating Dean was to be the little spoon. “I apologize. I seem to be irritable.”

“'sokay,” Dean said, wiggling to get comfortable. “Just want you to feel better.”

Cas pushed Dean's shirt out of the way, rested a hand on his belly, and fell asleep. After a long time, Dean fell asleep too.

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Dean startled out of sleep. Cas was still behind him, breathing evenly. He could hear Sam across the hall, probably putting paint stuff away. Dean probed Sam's channel just to get a push back. That's when he figured it out. Cas' channel was dark.

“Cas?” Dean sat up and turned. Cas was breathing deeply. “Cas?” He pushed at his Alpha, hard enough to tip him onto his back. Nothing changed. “Cas!”

Sam rushed into the room. “Dean?”

He started shoving him harder. “Cas! CAS!”
“Dean! Move!” Sam checked Cas' vitals. His pulse was even but he wasn't waking up. “We need an ambulance.”

“What? No! Cas? CAS!! Wake up! WAKE UP! You said you wouldn't leave me! Get up!”

Sam called 911 and gave instructions. While he was on the phone he bolted up the stairs and opened the door for the ambulance, then returned to a hysterical Dean.

By the time the ambulance arrived Dean's voice was raw from screaming. Nothing Sam did could calm him down, his mind had completely disengaged. When the EMT tried to work on Cas, Sam had to drag Dean off the bed and hold him back.

There wasn't much the EMTs could do so they strapped him to a gurney and hoisted him up the stairs, muttering something about this being the fourth Alpha this shift in this condition. They denied access to the ambulance – Dean was too distraught to ride inside with Cas – which caused a whole new round of screaming tears from Dean.

Sam jammed his feet into shoes and was going to order Dean to do the same, but his brother was already wearing boots – untied but on the correct feet – and moving toward Baby. Sam got ahead of Dean and ripped the keys out of his hand. No possible way, in no universe, was Sam allowing Dean behind the wheel.

They got to the hospital in time to see the loading zone clogged with ambulances. Sam took Dean through emergency to triage, where a row of gurneys lined the area. Each gurney held an unconscious Alpha and one EMT looking horribly bored by the process. EMTs had to wait for a doctor to admit the patient and sign off on the paperwork before leaving them and tending to their next call. Crying Omegas filled the hallway as well, some next to a gurney and some searching like Sam and Dean.

Dean checked every gurney in the cramped hallway, looked at every Alpha, but couldn't find Cas. “Sam. He's not here. Sammy. Where's Cas? Sam?”

“Hold on,” Sam said and tried to ignore the death grip Dean had on his sleeve. “More are coming in.”

As they watched, four more EMT pairs wheeled their patients in and lined them up with the others. One was Cas.

“Cas!” Dean launched himself to the gurney and gripped it, despite the growl from the EMT about being in the way. Nonsense fell out of Dean's mouth while he stared at Cas and ignored the world around him. Eventually Cas was put in a ward with other unconscious Alphas.

“There's a bacteria going around that only affects Alphas,” the doctor tried to explain. “We don't know much about it, but Alphas are beginning to lose consciousness. We don't know how long it will last. We've started him on antibiotics, but right now we need to wait and see.”

Dean paled. “I can't do this without him. I can't. I really can't.”

“It's okay,” Sam assured him. “He'll wake up.”

“No Sam! It's not OKAY! I can't do this!”

“Dean. You need to calm down. Think of the pups.”

“I AM SAM. I CAN'T HAVE THEM WITHOUT CAS!”
“Omega,” the doctor ordered, “calm down or I’ll sedate you.”

“NO!” Dean heaved himself up on Cas’ bed, curling up to him. “Wake up. Cas wake up. I need you. Wake up. Please Cas. Wake up.”

The doctor tried to force Dean off the bed. “Omega you-”

Dean tossed the doctor away and started screaming fragments of words, gripping Cas and not letting go. He felt a pinprick, then fuzziness, then nothing.

“I’m sorry,” the doctor said to Sam. “We can’t have Omegas disrupting the whole ward. Your Alpha will wake up, it’s just a matter of time. Hopefully.”

Sam wanted to burn the whole world down. “That sedative better not harm the pups.”

“I assure you it won't. Your Omega can stay if he remains calm. Any more screaming and he will be forcibly removed.”

Sam nodded curtly. He went to the bed and pulled up a chair, preparing for a long night.

*  

By morning there was no difference.

*  

In a week Dean was numb.

*  

After a month Sam had a routine down pat.

Shower, breakfast, hospital, take-out lunch, home, dinner, cuddles, sleeping. Nights were broken. Sam would wake at least once every night to the sound of Dean crying quietly. He'd pull Dean into cuddles and stroke his side or arm to let him know he was there, but let him cry himself back to sleep. A few times Dean's body decided it was horny despite his slurry of emotions. Sam took care of that too, jerking Dean off and expecting nothing in return.

Except for one thing. One thing he wanted from Dean. And he almost got away with it, too. Almost.

While he tended to his brother, the reality of their missing Alpha hit Sam hard. There was no one to protect Dean, no one to shield the pups, no one but Sam. As he cuddled Dean he kissed his hair, stroked his back, and rubbed his neck on Dean's head.

The first time it happened Dean ignored it. The second time made him feel protected but suspicious. The third time he turned to stare at his brother. “Sammy? Are you marking me?”

Sam froze, mid-rub. They were watching a movie, both in their nighttime clothes, under the covers, but sitting up against the headboard. Sam had been absently releasing his scent through his neck and rubbing it on Dean while he barely paid attention to the cowboy movie. “Uh, yeah.”

Dean stared. “Why?”

Why indeed. Sam knew, but wasn't quite ready to give that feeling a voice yet. “Cas isn't here,” he reasoned, “I thought, I dunno, maybe you'd want to be marked?
Dean kept staring. “But, I have a mating mark. People know you’re in my pack. Why mark me with your scent?”

It took a while for Sam to summon the words. “I want to.”

“But why?”

“Jesus Dean, can’t you just let it go?” Sam rubbed his eyes and slammed his channel shut.

Dean pulled away and sat up straighter. “No. Why is your channel shielded?”

“Look. Dean,” Sam started, “I just, why not?”

Dean watched Sam's face carefully. “You're acting like Cas when he wanted to jerk off on me.”

Sam's eyes danced around the room, landing anywhere but on Dean.

And he knew. “You want to jerk off on me.”

Sam felt the heat in his cheeks. Dean got it right. Dead on. Absolutely correct. No question.

“Sam?”

“What?” he very nearly barked. The crushed expression on Dean's face made him cram his negativity away. “I mean,” he said much more calmly, “what?”

“Why do you want to?”

“I don't know,” Sam said with mounting discomfort. “I just do.”

“Because Cas isn't here?”

“Probably? The pups are his and he's not here to.....”

“Make sure the world isn't confused about the pups' father?”

“Yeah,” he mumbled, “yeah.” That wasn't quite right, but he absolutely did not want to investigate what he was feeling. There was a part of him that wanted Dean to remember who he belonged to, as well as the pups.

“Well,” Dean said as he stripped off his nightshirt, “how do you want to do this?”

“You'll let me?”

Dean shrugged. “Sure. Why not? Getting messy is more your thing but I don't mind. Not really.” His eyes dropped to his belly. “And I actually kinda miss Cas marking me like that.” Truth be told, he missed everything about Cas, even the most unpleasant bits of him.

As much as Sam didn't want to be a stand-in for Cas he also didn't want to pass up this opportunity. “I think I'll need help.”

Dean stared pointedly at Sam's lap. “Not sure you need help Sammy.”

Some blood left his cock to burst into his cheeks. “It feels awkward.”

“I've got you,” he said softly and pulled Sam out of his pants.
Dean's first touch sent electric shocks through Sam's cock to the rest of his body. “Dean,” he breathed as his brother started stroking him. All the awkwardness disappeared, leaving Sam to feel all the sexuality he'd been repressing since the day they painted. One hand migrated to Dean's belly where it stayed. “Do you need me to-”

“Nope,” Dean said as he played with Sam's waxed balls, “we did me already, remember? This is for you.” One finger slid behind his balls to rub at Sam's hole before returning to his cock, using his best moves to help his brother along.

Sam let himself think about what, exactly, was happening. Dean was letting him mark him. The thought alone pushed Sam perilously close to the end, but rather than fight it he dropped his free hand to help Dean aim him, and watched as he came all over Dean's belly. Something deep inside him rested and uncoiled as he left streaks on Dean's tummy. Dean even leaned forward and wiped the tip on his belly, just to get that last pearly drop out. “Holy shit,” Sam whispered, wishing he had more to leave on his brother.

Dean leaned in and kissed Sam before shuffling back to his position for movie watching. “Gonna have to rewind a bit,” he commented as if this had been a mere washroom break.

Sam gathered his wits and tucked himself away. He grabbed the extra throw blanket from the foot of the bed and tossed it over Dean's bare shoulders to keep him warm. Once they were snuggled down again, Sam rewound the movie and started it again. While Dean watched the screen, Sam kept glancing down at the mess on Dean and thought mine, knowing Dean was technically Cas', but right that instant, Dean was his.

* 

Sam shuttled Dean to and from the hospital for visiting hours, always having to tear Dean away when it was time to leave. The days drained the energy right out of him. Between comforting Dean and talking to Cas he had nothing left for himself or anyone else. It dawned on him after the second week of calling in sick to ask for a leave of absence from teaching, which he was granted.

About three weeks in, Dean was too restless to sleep so he and Sam started setting up the nursery. Sam watched Dean's energy levels closely and went very slow. It took three days to get the extra wide crib assembled and dressed, and five days to get all the furniture where they wanted it.

Dean sat in the rocking chair to take a break from putting baby clothes in the drawers. “What if he doesn't wake up?” he asked quietly.

Sam just about broke. He'd been asking himself the same question. “We'll get through it together.”

Dean's mind turned over the last few weeks. He'd been on autopilot, not aware of anything except going to see Cas, laying on Cas' bed in the hospital, and being torn away from Cas. For the life of him he couldn't remember showering this morning, eating anything, or if Sam had helped him or not. “I'm sorry.”

Sam turned to see Dean staring at his hands on top of his belly. “What for?”

“I haven't been a very good mate to you.”

“Yes, you have. Besides, your husband is sick. I expect you to be stressed about that.”

“But.....I've been kind of ignoring you. You were with me before Cas. Not with with, but you know.”
Sam stopped putting clothes away and knelt at Dean's feet. “Dean. You've done a great job in making sure I never feel like the third wheel around you guys. Remember what you were like when you finally got together?”

Dean huffed a laugh and cuffed the back of his neck. The world could be burnt to cinders and all he'd've seen was the glitter of ash settling in Cas' bedheady hair. “Yeah.”

“Yeah. You wouldn't have noticed if I was on fire. But that's okay. You were so happy to be with him. And now we're all together. I love you more than any other person on Earth. If you need to focus all your energy on Cas then do it. I'll be here. I'll wait for you.”

Dean saw the sincerity in Sam's eyes and burst into tears.

+ 

Dean thought it would get easier visiting Cas. He was wrong. Every day was hard. Seeing Cas in the bed was hard. Watching Cas not respond to tests was hard. Seeing other Alphas wake up was hard. The whole world was hard.

Every day he'd climb up on Cas' bed and talk to him. He'd tell Cas about how the twins rolled around or how he and Sam put posters on the nursery walls. He lifted Cas' limp hand and placed it on his belly so Cas could feel his pups moving and waiting for him. A few times he almost wet Cas' bed because he didn't want to get up – not even for a second – in case Cas woke up.

Every day Sam would sit with them, also talking to Cas. After two weeks Sam started bringing a book to read out loud. Dean would curl up against Cas, put Cas' hand on his belly, and settle in to listen to stories he didn't care about just to pretend they were at home and everything was normal. It never worked. The sharp scent of disinfectant assaulted his nose, the hush of crepe soled shoes scraped his ears, and the feeling of the plastic liner under Cas' sheet always reminded him of exactly where he was.

While Sam was in the cafeteria getting lunch for them, Dean always whispered in Cas' ear things he didn't want his brother overhearing. Phrases like 'you promised you wouldn't leave' and 'please live' and 'I don't want to do this without you'.

+ 

Dean's voice was back. It always came back. There was darkness, then voices. Most of the voices he discarded as unimportant. But Sam or Dean's voice would come and brighten his darkness, so he made the effort to listen.

Cas didn't understand why he couldn't see them. He was sure he opened his eyes, but saw nothing. It took a while, but he started to understand he was in a hospital. Something about a bacteria. Nurses came and went, complaining about their day, their mates, their social lives, other patients. Doctors too, but they spent less time talking and prodding.

What he couldn't grasp was all these Greek words people used around him. Alpha, Beta, Omega. He didn't understand why the alphabet was so important. But then Sam or Dean would talk again, and he'd forget to care about anything else. One day, Cas could feel his body. It hurt everywhere. He returned to the darkness.

Another day he felt something hard and round rest against his side. Dean's voice was in his ear on the same side, saying something about not being able to do this. The round thing poked at him. Cas didn't understand, and it hurt his brain to think. He returned to the darkness.
Yet another day he felt someone prodding at him, using words like 'stable' and 'soon'. He didn't like the smell of the person. He returned to the darkness.

#

Warm lips pressed against his forehead. Plump lips. Dean's lips. Dean was talking, then Sam. Cas anchored himself to their voices. When Sam started reading aloud, Cas hooked into his voice as best he could and used every ounce of strength to pull himself up.

Dean felt something. He held his breath and tried to be as still as possible. Next to him, Cas twitched. “Sammy! He moved!”

“Are you sure?” Sam put the book down. “Cas? Cas can you hear us?”

Dean sat up and pushed on his Alpha. “Cas? CAS!”

“Dean calm down or they'll sedate you again.”

“CAS?”

A nurse bustled up to them. “Sirs. I need you to remain calm. Oh! Our patient is waking. I'll get the doctor.”

Dean didn't notice her leave. He pushed himself off the bed to give Cas room. “Wake up! Cas? Are you there?”

Cas pulled himself awake, blinking in the low light. “Dean? Sam?”

“Oh thank Chuck,” Sam gushed while Dean burst into tears.

Cas turned to Dean. “Why are you crying? What's wrong? Was I in an accident?”

Dean couldn't talk so Sam answered. “No Cas. You had a bacterial infection. How do you feel?”

“Sore.” He stared at Dean. “Why is your stomach so big? Are you sick?”

Sam and Dean froze, Dean's breath hitching in his chest. “I'm pregnant. With your babies.”

“That's not possible,” Cas said. “Men don't get pregnant. Did Gabriel do something?”

Dean fainted.

The doctor entered.

Sam didn't know what to do, who to comfort, whose hand to hold. The doctor decided for him, snapping orders to the nurse to get Dean into recovery position and monitor him. Sam went to Cas. “How much do you remember?”

Cas blinked at the doctor's intrusion of checking his vitals. “I live in the bunker. We hunt. Why haven't I healed?”

The doctor finished his exam. “He's doing well. We'll keep him another day to make sure and the IV and catheter will come out later today,” he said and left.

“Doctor!” Sam ran up to him before he got to the ward door. “He doesn't remember. How long until his memories come back?”
“There is no timeline. It happens when it happens. Other patients are waking and unable to use body parts. Some cannot speak, hear, or see. You're lucky, memories generally return. I have other patients, excuse me.”

Sam watched him go, wanting to tackle him and demand he fix Cas but knew it was pointless. He went back to Cas' bed, checking to see if Dean woke. Dean was waking slowly.

The nurse helped Dean sit up on the floor. “Sammy?”

“Yeah Dean I'm here,” he said and helped Dean to a chair next to Cas, leaving the nurse to go tend to other patients. “We're taking Cas home tomorrow.”

“Sam? Why haven't I healed?”

“Cas. You fell. Remember?”

“No,” Cas said, squinting at Sam.

Dean heard glass shattering around him. When he looked around, he realized the sound was in his own mind. “I can't. Sammy I can't.”

Sam glanced between them. The nurses would just have to take care of Cas. “We need to go Cas, but we'll be back tomorrow to take you home okay?” He didn't wait for an answer, he helped Dean up and took him home.

#

At the bunker Dean broke. He cried, threw things, and ended up puking from screaming so hard. Sam let him rant, cleaning him up when needed. When Dean seemed done he took his brother to the shower and held him under the spray. Once Dean was warm and not shaking as hard, Sam washed him gently and murmured praise to keep him calm. He got Dean into a shirt dress, socks, and underwear then asked if he'd like his nest or the bed.

“Nest.”

Sam led him there, holding his hand while he stepped inside. “I'll stay here,” he said, motioning to the huge egg.

Dean met Sam's eyes for the first time in a while. “Come inside?” he whispered.

“Yes.” He stepped in and let his brother adjust him to be comfortable. When Dean had him where he wanted him, he leaned against Sam who wrapped his long arms around him. Once settled, he asked if Dean liked the dress, hoping to distract him.

“Kind of. I mean, I'm not gonna wear it outside of the bunker. And it's not a dress. It's a nightshirt. But yeah, it's comfortable.”

Sam stroked Dean where he could reach and kissed his hair. “Weird world we live in, huh?”

“Yeah.”

“Cas will remember. Not right away. But he will.”

Dean snuffled. “Yeah.”

“Did you guys kiss before or after he fell?”
“Before. Just a little. I was scared.”

“That’s what I thought.”

“Sorry I didn't tell you about us right away.”

“It's fine. You needed to adjust to Cas being a man.”

“Yeah.” Dean hugged Sam tighter and yawned.

“Go to sleep. I'll be right here. Everything will work out. You'll see.”

Dean cried himself to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

I was going to draw this out some more but chose to keep it to one chapter so y'all wouldn't hate me too much.
Cas was released from the hospital and waited somewhat patiently for Sam and Dean to pick him up. The nurses directed him to a waiting area with hard plastic chairs, where he sat and shifted about every four seconds. He was in the process of trying to figure out if the chairs were specifically designed to be uncomfortable or whether that feature was an added bonus during production when one brother arrived. “Where's Dean?”

“He stayed at home.” Sam sat down next to Cas. “We need to talk. How much do you remember? Anything new?”

“No. The nurses keep calling me Alpha. What do they mean?”

Sam sighed heavily and texted Dean to say he'd be a while so he could explain. “There was this virus,” he started. An hour later Cas was up to speed on everything.

“So...the three of us are a.....pack?”

“Yes.”

“I can't say I'm upset about that. I've had feelings for you for some time but I was with Dean. Please don't misunderstand, I love Dean very much, but I found I was attracted to you as well.”

“Yeah well same goes. Dean's hormones are a mess right now. He really needs you. Even if you don't completely remember, do you think you can be supportive?”

Cas assured him he could. Sam retrieved a wheelchair and got him to the Impala. Cas felt fine enough to walk but hospital policy apparently forbade leaving on your own two feet. The ride home was quiet, Cas processing everything Sam said, Sam trying not to worry.

When they arrived at the bunker Cas was surprised he could smell Dean even though he couldn't see him, but then remembered what Sam said. “Is he scared? Is that the scent?”

“Yes,” Sam murmured, holding Cas back from leaving the garage. “He's afraid you won't love him, or you'll reject the pups, or say something rude. Please be kind.”

“I can't imagine being any other way. I'd like to see him now.”

“Of course.” Sam let Cas walk ahead, partly to test if Cas could find him by scent. As luck would have it he could.

Dean had felt them arrive, and heard the message from Sam about being patient, but he was still terrified. He didn't know where to stand or what to do or what to say, so he stood in the common...
room with his hands deep in his jeans pockets. When Cas entered the room, Dean's stomach dropped to the floor and tears sprang to his eyes. “Ca-as?”

“I'm here,” he said. Cas crossed the distance and pulled Dean into a hug. “I'm here. I love you.”

Dean burst into tears.

*

The day was difficult. Dean carried such a hopeful aura and every time Cas didn't respond the way he used to the hope dimmed a little more. It crushed Cas to see Dean's face close up and his eyes water as he brushed something away as 'it's okay, you don't remember'. All Cas wanted to do was keep the hope shining in Dean, scrub away the caution surrounding Sam, and get things right for once.

Too many conversations began with 'it's different now'. Cas remembered Dean being tactile but not liking affectionate touching around others. This had changed. Vastly changed. Dean seemed to need Cas to kiss him or hug him or keep a hand on him at all times. When Cas didn't, he could feel Dean's pain through the channel until he slid a hand to Dean's back again. 'It's different now,' one of them would say, 'Omegas need comfort and attention'.

There was a room in the bunker now, a room permeated with the unique scent of Dean. Inside was a huge, round 'nest' full of soft, squishy eggs. Dean retreated there and closed the door. Cas discovered an unattractive part of himself resenting the separation from Dean. 'It's different now,' Sam explained, 'you're Alpha and want to control him'.

Cas noticed either brother effortlessly completing tasks he'd barely mentioned. A question of lunch became Dean dropping everything to prepare food. A question of research and Sam was amassing information and updating him at regular intervals. 'It's different now,' one would say, 'following unspoken orders is part of understanding our place in the pack'.

The rules were rigid now, and in a way neither brother seemed to mind. Research from Sam indicated the ABO virus changed the chemistry of the brain, which helped Cas to understand why Dean wasn't as combative and closed off as he used to be, nor was Sam distant and aloof.

At bedtime, Cas didn't know what to do. “Should I sleep separate until-”

“No,” both brothers said in unison. Sam didn't want to even think it, but he wanted to make sure Cas woke after falling asleep, and that would be easier if they were all in the same room. And Dean needed a cuddle, preferably from Cas.

Cas nodded and prepared for bed, noting Dean fidgeted and remained rooted to the spot. “Dean? Are you coming to bed?”

“I, uh, yeah, but you, uh, you get me ready.”

Cas had no idea what to do. None. Sam crossed his field of vision with a folded shirt and balled up pair of fuzzy socks. Sam set the items on the bed and gave Cas a tiny nod to Dean. Cas stepped up to Dean and fiddled with the hem of his shirt. “Would you prefer to do it yourself tonight?”

“No,” he said in a tiny voice, “want you to.” Dean didn't mention how Cas took his clothes off in the wrong order, or how Cas' eyes widened at his bare tummy, or the confused expression in Cas' face at him tucking an egg under his arm after getting into bed. No. Instead he relished in Cas' fingertips brushing his skin, in Cas' surprise arousal at the sight of his belly, and the cute tilt of his head when Dean found his egg. “You sleep here,” he said, patting the bed after making sure his
nightshirt wasn't twisted under him.

Sam slipped in bed on Dean's other side and watched. Cas was hesitant but eventually spooned Dean, unable to keep his hands off Dean's belly. “I'm sorry. I should give you space,” he mumbled and started to roll away.

Panic gripped Dean. Cas had to stay near. “No! I mean, no. It's fine. I like it.”

Cas nodded and rested a hand over the mound. Part of him stood up, warmed by Dean's heat. Sam scented Cas' arousal, as did Dean, neither mentioned it. Cas shifted a few times, trying to get comfortable without poking Dean. “I'm sorry,” he eventually whispered.

“It's okay,” Dean murmured. Dean did his absolute best to quash his arousal, not wanting to spook Cas or demand anything out of him. But it was difficult. For the first time in a little over a month his Alpha was right there, warm and cozy behind him. Cas' muscular body wrapped around him awakened the need to have his Alpha take him, pound him, love him, stroke him, fill him. He barely managed to keep the slick in check, shy about what this new Cas might think of it. “You feel nice.”

“So do you.” After a few more attempts he found a comfortable position with his upper body pressed against Dean's back and his lower body twisted to keep his erection away. Sex was out of the question. His body wanted it very, very badly, but he refused. It felt wrong if he couldn't remember. What confused him was the idea he wasn't aroused ten minutes ago and now all he wanted to do was bury himself in either brother.

Sam scented the complexity in both mates and his Beta nature kicked in, ready to solve the problem. “Cas? Come with me.” Sam slipped out of bed, grabbed his laptop from the dresser, and led Cas to a guest bedroom.

Cas followed, glancing back to make sure whatever was happening was all right with Dean. In the guest room he asked what Sam needed.

“It's not what I need, it's more about what you need. It's diff-”

“It's different now,” Cas said wryly, “right?”

Sam chucked. “Yeah. It is. The Alpha in you will rise up and be difficult to control sometimes. When Dean, your Omega, your pregnant Omega, is aroused, you will be too.”

“I don't think it's proper for me to engage in sexual relations until my memory returns,” he said uncomfortably, ignoring how he was jutting out of his sleep pants. “Not even with you,” he added firmly.

Sam nodded and ducked his head with a chuckle. “I wasn't going to proposition you. I'll go take care of Dean, get it out of his system. You can take care of yourself.” He opened the laptop and the folder of Dean's belly pics, noting Cas' sharp inhale behind him. “You have a belly or pregnancy kink. Dean's shape arouses you very much. It's okay, we are all good with it,” he said when Cas blushed. “Take your time. You'll be able to scent when Dean is done too. Pay attention to the scents. Come back to the bedroom after washing up. Oh, and you produce a lot more ejaculate than before the virus, so don't be alarmed when you see it.”

Cas lifted his head in the direction of their bedroom. “Yes. I can scent him. He smells so good.”

Sam adjusted himself with more cupping than necessary. “Yes. He does. He's very aroused.”
One hand danced over his waistband, brushing against the tip of his cock, while his eyes locked on to the pictures on the laptop screen. “Sam. May I have some privacy please?”

Sam pulled himself together, caught between the sweet arousal of both mates. “Yes. Sorry. I'll tend to Dean.”

Cas stopped him. “What, exactly, do you plan to do?”

Sam’s eyes flitted to Cas’ hard nipples, rapid breathing, and magnificent outline in his pants. “I'm gonna push him to his back, gently. Kiss him thoroughly, make him moan and buck his hips up.” A hand found its way to his cock, tracing himself through his pants and cupping his balls. “Then I'm gonna push his nightgown up and feel how wet he gets. Oh yeah, that's different too. Dean has slick now.”

“You have a knot at the base. It inflates when you come. If you time it right with Dean, you get stuck inside him for a while.” Sam swallowed thickly. Cas’ hand was getting remarkably distracting.

Their eyes met. For a fraction of a second they held their breath, waiting for one to make a move.

“I need to be alone,” Cas choked out.

“I'll make sure you can scent us,” Sam said and ran down the hall with the grace of a gazelle. At the bedroom entrance he caught sight of Dean, humping his egg while riding a toy, nightshirt off socks on. Holy Chuck did he look good.

“Dean,” he grunted.

“Sammy,” he exhaled and moved the egg away. “Fuck me. Just-”

Sam heard all the words he wanted to hear. He was naked and behind Dean before Dean could reach around and get the toy out. “On your hands and knees,” he ordered, plans for being gentle discarded. Sam took the toy out and slid in, ending any gentleness when he was balls deep. One pull back and he pounded Dean as hard as he could.

The slapping sound of Sam's hips snapping against Dean's ass made Cas' cock drool. He'd come within seconds of Sam leaving the room. One glance at a photo of Dean's wet body in the shower, belly glistening in lather, and he was done, all over the towel Sam provided. Afterwards he scented something new, something delightful, something delicious. He tugged his pants up and padded to the bedroom, staying away from the open door. Closing his eyes and tipping his head back, he let his Alpha nature identify the scent. It was the brothers, together. Their scents mingled and created something new and irresistible. He dropped his pants, letting them puddle around his ankles, and he jerked in time to Sam's thrusts. Dean whimpered, moaned, cried out, begged, and pleaded for Sam to let him come but Sam was ruthless. 'Gonna fuck you blind' Cas heard, 'gonna make you come so hard your balls'll hurt' floated to his ears. The snapping never wavered. Cas could scent it, the instant Sam went from just fucking to desperately chasing his orgasm. 'Right there!' Dean screamed inside the room, 'there! Fuck!' Dean scent changed too, making Cas' balls cuddle up around the base of his cock. Both brothers cried out as they came, Dean shooting so hard Cas was sure he could hear it hit the sheets. Cas shocked himself by coming again, this time almost hitting
the wall across the hall.

Guilt and shame tried to sneak into Cas but he blocked them. These were his mates, whether he remembered all of their relationship or not. He did nothing wrong by listening. Nothing at all. He repeated this over and over as he cleaned up after himself, washed up, and returned to bed.

It took less time to get comfortable. Once curled around Dean, snuggling him as close as possible, he whispered 'thank you' to Sam.


Nobody slept. They all lay quietly. Cas eventually broke the silence. “So we're a pack now.”

“Yeah,” Dean said with a wiggle into Cas and a quick kiss from Sam.

“Sam tells me we invited him into our private life?”

“Yeah. You helped Sam and me, uh, get together.”

“I'm glad I did. You two belong together.”

Sam caught Cas' eye and smiled at him. “So do you guys.”

“You two have your own thing going too,” Dean said.

“Our own thing?” Cas asked.

“Yeah. Sammy here likes kissing. A lot. And you kiss him for hours. You both like those foreign movies and rabbit food. And gardening.”

“You like gardening too Dean,” Sam chided gently.

Cas listened to them chat quietly, basking in the closeness of them until he fell asleep.

* 

They fell into an uneasy routine, each one waiting for Cas to remember. A few times there were some close calls, Cas would have an idea or feeling about something but was unable to clarify anything. Both brothers were understanding but Cas was getting frustrated with each passing day.

While Dean took his daily nap, Cas stayed in his home office. There was no way he could work, but he wanted to see what it was he'd been doing for Charlie's store. Rummaging around his desk one day he found a leather bracelet and knew it was important but not why.

He turned it over in his fingers while straining to remember. Like everything lately, he ended up frustrated and with no new memories of anything. Tears threatened but he forced them back. All Sam's research said the memories would come back when they came back and not a minute sooner. Scents were most powerful apparently, so Cas paid attention to them the most, but still had no luck. He'd been dragged to Dr. Jones for a checkup, she assured him the more he fought it the worse he'd feel and to relax. As if relaxing was even possible.

Dean apparently now had an appointment every week for the twins. Sam filled Dr. Day in with what was going on, inciting Dr. Day to do some additional testing to ensure the pups were healthy and Dean was doing well. So far so good. Dr. Day instructed Dean to keep the stress to a minimum anyway, try to remain calm and relaxed for the final stretch of pregnancy. Dean was overjoyed the phrase 'bed rest' hadn't been used.
It was weird for Cas at first, trying to bend his brain around the idea of children, or 'pups' as the brothers kept saying. But the more he was around Dean the more he loved the idea of these two 'little dames' as Dean called them. But he wanted to remember before they arrived. He wanted to remember the day they were conceived, apparently both brothers remembered that. And the first time he felt the girls kicking. And everything. All of it. Right now would be good.

Sighing heavily he stood up and sought out Sam in the library, who hadn't returned to work yet and said he wouldn't at this point. It was too late in the pregnancy to bother since he'd be going on paternity leave anyway. Cas was grateful for it. Having Sam around felt like a buffer between him and Dean, but a necessary buffer.

“What can I help you with Cas?” Sam asked kindly.

“I found this,” he held up the bracelet. “I know it's important but I don't know why. Can you help?”

Sam set his book down and indicated for Cas to sit, which he did. “I gave it to you. For a while you were unsettled about some of your Alpha tendencies. You were worried the decisions you were making would drive Dean away. So I gave you this. Every time you felt out of control you handed it back to me, I put it on you, and I made every decision for you.”

Cas rolled it in his fingers. “I understand.” There were several times he felt remarkably embarrassed by how he felt only to be assured by either brother it was natural. He had been Dean's Dom many times that he remembered, and enjoyed it very much, but didn't feel comfortable with that status outside the bedroom. Dean assured him he preferred it, as did Sam sometimes. Something about pack mentality, Cas figured. Alpha was the leader, he was Alpha, therefore he made all the decisions. And now more than ever did he want to not make a decision. “So I hand it to you? Like this?” he held it out to Sam.

“No.”

“I beg your pardon?”

“No,” he repeated. “I won't accept the bracelet from you until your memories return. You don't have the capacity to consent right now.”

“Sam. I am an adult. I can consent.”

Sam shifted in his seat and cleared his throat. “Yes, you can. But I am not going to engage in something as trusting as this without your full mental capacity.”

Cas slumped. “Sam. I need help. Please.”

“And I will help you. But not like this. Not with the bracelet. What do you need?”

“I don't know. Not exactly.” He fiddled with the bit of leather. “I'm frustrated.”

Sam watched the struggle on his face. He'd been home for a couple of weeks and was getting more and more skittish. “Yes, you can. But I am not going to engage in something as trusting as this without your full mental capacity.”

Cas slumped. “Sam. I need help. Please.”

“And I will help you. But not like this. Not with the bracelet. What do you need?”

“I don't know. Not exactly.” He fiddled with the bit of leather. “I'm frustrated.”

Sam watched the struggle on his face. He'd been home for a couple of weeks and was getting more and more skittish. “Trust yourself.”

“Sam, I-”

“Seriously. You are a kind person. You are generous. You love us, deeply. You won't hurt us on purpose. I will step in at any time I feel it's necessary. But trust yourself to make good choices.”

Cas nodded. “How about we start small? We need a new menu plan for the next week. Here,” he dragged his laptop over and opened a file. “This is a list of meals we usually have. There's at least
one day you leave open for ordering out or casual eating. What would you like planned for this week?”

Cas studied the list as if it had the answers to the world. “Why are some of these in red?”

“Dean has some food aversions and cravings. The items in red he doesn't like at the moment.”

“Do I select them anyway?”

“No. You've been very accommodating to his food cravings. Most of the time. You'd prefer if he ate less junk food.”

Cas filled in the schedule Sam provided, doubling up on vegetable dishes. “If Dean is eating junk, he can eat more vegetables.”

Sam noticed there was veggies at every meal, including breakfast. “Dean will eat whatever you give him. He may complain, but he'll eat it. Oh, and the girls like veggies even if Dean won't admit it.”

“They do?”

Sam chuckled. “Yeah. One day he ate every carrot he could find. Another he ate a massive pile of steamed broccoli with butter and salt for a snack. So yeah, he grumbles but he eats it.”

Cas smiled fondly. “I like feeding him.”

Sam perked up at the idea of a memory returning. “Yeah?”

“Yes. I don't know why. I suspect I’d like feeding you too. Why don't I? Should I?”

“No,” Sam said quickly. “You tried once. Way back. When we were a new pack. Dean just couldn't handle it. Being fed is something intimate between you and him. He doesn't mind if I feed him, and I like doing it too, but no, you don't get to feed me.”

“Oh,” Cas said with disappointment. “I thought-, well, it doesn't matter.”

Both shifted their attention to the door. “Dean's awake,” Sam said.

“Yes. I can tell now,” he said with reverence. “It's so strange. Being aware of your feelings and his at all times.”

“It does take some getting used to.”

Dean entered, rubbing his eyes. “Are we going to Pup Stuff today?”

Cas held an arm out, indicating Dean was to enter his embrace. “Do you still want to?” he asked as he pulled Dean onto his lap. “Are you up to it?”

“Are you?” Dean countered.

“Yes. Besides. I think we need to go to the grocery store.”

Dean glanced at the meal plan. “Yeah. We're out of cheese again.”
Registering at Pup Stuff was tense but not too awful, according to Dean. Cas remembered to keep an arm around him or hold his hand, as well as consult him on toys, clothes, and baby stuff. Overall it was a win, mostly. Sam kept an eye on both of them, making sure Cas didn't overdo it to the point of a meltdown and Dean didn't get too tense.

The grocery store was better. Many people stopped by to offer well wishes to the pack, some with Alphas and some without. Those that had an Alpha were in a similar situation; something was different. A few seemed unaffected with relaxed Omegas and Betas, so Dean clung to hope.

Dean tried to buy chips, pop, candy, chocolate, and even marshmallows but Cas stopped him each time. Eventually Cas allowed cookies but made a point of saying Dean had to ask for them rather than help himself. Dean wanted to argue but didn't.

Sam agreed to one more stop on the way home: Benny's shop. Dean said he wanted some special outfits made for his dames' naming ceremony and wanted to see if Benny could make them. Sam agreed, although Cas was looking close to being done with people.

At the store, Dean asked to go in by himself, irritating an already grouchy Cas. “I want it to be a surprise,” Dean said, “I'll only be a minute.”

“Fine.” Cas tried to contain his negativity. “Sam can explain how we could have ever allowed Benny back into our lives.”

Sam parked in front of the store and Dean fed the meter before ringing the doorbell. Cain answered, looking as stunning as always.

“Dean. Did we have an appointment?” Cain asked coolly.

“No. We were in the area. I was wondering if Benny could make some baby clothes.”

“Come in. Our next appointment is in a few minutes, but Benny can see you now.” Cain stepped back enough to let him in.

“Dean! Good to see you,” Benny said and started for a hug before stopping himself. “I don't see Castiel with you. Is he here?”

“Yeah. In the car.”

Cain remained near the door and kept an eye on Benny. As soon as Benny noticed Cain's gaze he kept an arm's length away from Dean. “So what can I do for you?” Benny asked.

In the car, Sam explained about the shop and what they had made. He even pulled up a photo of the three of them on his phone to show Cas. “We had a good time that night.”

Cas could almost, just about, grab a tendril of memory about the event. “I'm sorry,” he said and rubbed his eyes. “I can remember feeling good to have the two of you with me. Or maybe I want to remember that so I feel it. This is immensely frustrating.”

For all of us, Sam thought behind a shield in the channel. “You were great. I was really nervous about wearing a gown but you and Dean were supportive.” Sam wanted to spill all his feelings about that night but held back, figuring it would overwhelm Cas. “Dr. Jones said it'll happen. Your memories are there, your brain just has to figure out the path to them.”

“I know. But thank you.” Cas stared at the entrance to the store, silently willing Dean to hurry up. The outing had been draining and all he wanted now was a nice cup of tea and his book, preferably
with Dean cuddled up to him. Just when he was about to actually follow Dean in, he came out and got back in the car.

“Got what you need?” Sam asked and pulled the car out to go home.

“Yeah. But can you guys not poke through the channels? I want their outfits to be a surprise.”

Both agreed, Cas was too tired to go searching anyway. The channel was a lot like prayers and longings as an angel, he’d learned how to keep it as background noise and listen for important things as they arose.

At home, Cas forbade Dean from carrying bags inside.

“I can lift the light ones you know,” Dean snarked.

Cas took a deep breath to calm himself. He was going to give his Omega a nasty retort, but “my scent is fading,” popped out of his mouth.

Sam’s eyebrows flew up his forehead. “Yeah? What do you mean?” he asked, hoping something tripped Cas’ memories.

Dean froze and waited.

Cas tipped his head and squinted. “I'm unsure what I meant. The outside of the bunker has a distinct odour of urine.”

“Yeah,” Dean said with a crooked smile, “that'd be yours. You marked the bunker.”

Horror bled through Cas. “I beg your pardon?”

“Dean's pregnant,” Sam explained. “Marking your residence with urine is one way of keeping other Alphas from coming too close. It's normal now.”

“I see,” he said with a great deal of discomfort. The problem was he wanted to refresh the scent now that he’d been out and around a lot of people. The world needed to remember who this pack belonged to.

“It's okay Cas,” Sam said tenderly. “Go on. I'll take the stuff inside.”

Cas hovered for a moment, then strode to the entrance, telling himself Sam wouldn't suggest it if it wasn't okay. It was still embarrassing though.

Dean chuckled at Cas and followed Sam inside. “Did you ever, in your wildest dreams, think Cas marking territory like a giant cat would be normal?”

“No,” Sam said with a laugh and set the stuff on the table. “But my wildest dreams usually had you in some pretty interesting positions.”

Dean blushed and turned the kettle on for Cas, having felt his longing for tea. “You have a favourite?” he asked coyly as arousal floated through him.

Sam put the fridge stuff away and closed the door. “Favourite?” he asked, enjoying how Dean's scent sweetened a little.

“Yeah,” he breathed and shifted against the counter. “Like, favourite fantasy or dream.”
One look at Dean's pink face and Sam knew what he meant. “Actually yeah. I wanted to watch your face when you came.” He wandered over and crowded him against the counter. “And not just came, but came from what I was doing to you.”

Dean blushed a little harder. “You wanna know mine?”

“Yes,” Sam murmured in Dean's ear and kissed his jaw, working his way down to his neck.

“It's kinda silly,” he said around a gasp.

Sam licked Dean's mark. “Mmmm?”

“I uh, I wanted to be the one who caused the pretty moans and sighs you make.”

“Oh?” Sam teased and pushed Dean's pants down, freeing Dean's erection to bounce up against his belly. “Did you listen when I jerked off? Naughty.”

“Hard not to Sammy. Motels have thin walls,” he panted. “You going to do something or just let me swing in the breeze?”

He reached down and cupped Dean's ass. “Aren't you impatient.”

Cas walked in on them, immediately noticing how Sam was crowding Dean but in a good way. Also, Dean's pants were around his ankles. So that was good. Very good. “Gentlemen.”

Dean startled and turned sharply, elbow smashing into the electric kettle and knocking it over. It bounced on the counter, the lid opened, and boiling water poured out, some of it landing on Dean's leg. He called out at the same time as trying to move away.

Sam went on autopilot, shoving Dean sideways away from the dripping hot water. With one hand still on Dean, Sam reached the sink and wet a cloth with cold water. “Hang on, you're fine,” he soothed and pressed the cold, dripping cloth on Dean's thigh. “It's first degree, it's okay, no water on your belly,” he murmured, keeping his tone mellow so Dean wouldn't freak out.

Cas stared. Dean's leg was pink. Pink legs. Something about pink legs. Dean's pink legs. Dean in a clinic. Dean looking terrified. Pup. Dean killed his pup. Rage boiled to the surface, clouding Cas’ mind. Rage at Dean. Absolute fury that Dean would abort a pup. Deep, dark terror chilled the rage. Terror at the idea of hurting Dean to make him pay for his action. He'd left to stop himself from hurting Dean. He remembered not being able to speak. He remembered leaving the clinic. He remembered Gabriel helping him work out his anger. He remembered Dean inviting him to dinner. Oh! And kissing Sam for the first time. Planting the garden. Working at the greenhouse. Helping Charlie. Dean's miscarriage. Sam magnificent in a periwinkle dress on a dance floor. Dean's new slick. Dean's nest. Buying baby furniture. Conception! Oh how he remembered coming home and scenting the pups, so overjoyed he was frightened by the intensity of it. How Dean clung to him, crying and afraid but willing to see the pregnancy through. Twins! Little girls! Sam stroking Dean's belly. Sam's quiet smile when he would lay eyes on Dean when he thought nobody was looking. Sam giving him an earbud so they could listen to a podcast together while Dean napped. Sam talking about transitioning. Sam holding Dean. Seeing Sam's claiming mark on Dean's neck. His pack. Dean. Sam. His PACK.

Both brothers froze at the plethora of images flooding the channels. Dean relaxed his mind – something that took time to learn – and let the images wash over him instead of fight them. Cas was remembering and Dean didn't want to interrupt the tidal flow.

Sam knew he had to re-wet the cloth but couldn't make himself move. He too allowed the images,
quietly happy Cas had fond memories of him as well. Fragments of images cascaded through his mind. Bits of memory, familiar scents, good emotions all clamoured for attention now that they were released from whatever prison Cas’ mind created.

After what felt like an eternity, “oh,” slipped out of Cas’ mouth as a breezy sigh. “I love you both so much,” he whispered.

Tears dripped down Dean's cheeks, pain in his leg forgotten. “Cas? Is everything, uh-”

“Yes.” Cas rushed over and hugged him, one hand tugging Sam and embracing him too. “Yes. I think so. I believe I have-, I-. Yes.”

“Good to have you back,” Sam murmured, projecting as much love through the channels as he could.

Dean cried and sent his own bundle through the channels, deciding words couldn't be found for the amount of relief he felt. Pain bit him again, pulling him back to the world.

“Sam!” Cas ordered urgently and released the brothers. He kept an arm around Dean and trusted Sam to tend to the burn. “Is there anything I can do to make it up to you?”

“Make what up? Cas, you were sick,” Dean insisted. “It's not like you had any control over it.....did you?”

“No,” he said vehemently. “None. But I am...ashamed...to have forgotten some very important moments.”

“Cas,” Sam said, “it's okay. We're just glad to have you back.”

“That's an understatement,” Dean huffed. Sam pressing the cold cloth against him reminded him he was bare from the waist down. Bare when his mates were clothed. Since his filter had left some time ago he said, “so, I think Sam was about to give me a blowjob. Is that still happening, 'cause.....” and pointed to his renewed erection. “Anyone?”

A twinkle appeared in Cas' eye. “I believe I remember how to do that.”

Chapter End Notes

Was I going to drag this out? Hell yeah. But I didn't because y'all have been patient with me. And those damn pups need to arrive :)
Chapter Summary

Just as Sam starts feeling too controlling, Dean's labour starts, pushing everything else to the background.

Chapter Notes

Pup Day!!

Cas cupped his coffee mug and stared unblinking at the brothers. They'd adjusted their positions so Sam could still lean on the counter and hold Dean in the morning. This wasn't unusual. They cuddled often. The scent in the room was what made Cas' body freeze, his mind sharpen, his eyes focus. Sam, dear sweet Sam, was marking Dean. Again.

Dean felt it, the way Sam rubbed his neck on his hair. He knew what was going on. Not that he minded – he didn't – but he knew Cas did. Yet he still allowed it. Still pressed close to Sam. Still moved to accept the marking.

Sam felt at peace with Dean in his arms. Murmured words were traded, none of which Sam tracked since none were urgent or panicked or angry. This tiny cocoon they created was a soft bubble away from everything, the world safe and complete with his brother nestled in his arms. He'd become accustomed to Cas' stony gaze from the table and could even ignore it some days. Today was not that day. “What's up Cas?” he asked without pulling his eyes away from Dean.

“You're marking Dean. Stop.”

Denial sat on the tip of Sam's tongue but it was bitter. Cas caught him. Again. “We aren't going anywhere,” he reasoned as he held Dean's head in place and rubbed some more. “Why does it matter?”

Cas took the time to inhale and exhale calmly. “Sam. I need you to stop. Now.”

“It's okay,” Dean whispered and pulled away. One quick kiss and he sat next to Cas, grunting and huffing as he did. “I can't wait to put these pups down so one'a you can pick'em up.”

Alpha scent, strong and thick, filled Dean's space. Cas didn't need to rub as much, not any more. The fluid worked incredibly well, but Cas had also learned how to release a targeted stream of scent when Dean was near. Right now, Cas released enough to mask Sam's scent. “Why do you keep marking him?” he demanded.

Sam picked up the plate of toast Dean had been buttering when Sam grabbed him. After setting it on the table with the rest of the food he poured himself a cup of coffee. Sugar was next, dissolving in the hot liquid. One splash of milk and his coffee was ready for consumption. Sam stirred it, watching the milk billow prettily. Lifting the mug to his lips he finally glanced at Cas to see his
expression hadn't changed and was waiting rather calmly for an answer. “I marked him when you were sick. I got in the habit.”

Cas squinted. Sam was telling the truth, but there was more to it. “Sam.”

“Am I feeding myself?” Dean asked, wanting to dispel the current of tension. “Yes? Okay.” He grabbed a pancake, poured a bit of syrup on it, put a fried egg on top, then two bacon strips, and topped it with another pancake.

Cas stared at Dean eating his sandwich, marvelling at how much food this man had been putting away lately. “Sam.”

Cool hazel eyes landed on Cas. “I want to. I do it because I want to,” he finally admitted.

Cas tried to rein himself in somewhat. Sam had been excellent in caring for Dean and the pups while he was sick. Of course Sam would want to keep marking Dean, it was most likely a side effect of being a pseudo-Alpha for a while. But Cas was well now. There was no need for Sam to continue marking. Cas understood it might be difficult for Sam to stop, but he was running out of patience on the matter. His Alpha voice crowded his normal voice when he said, “I am requesting, kindly, that you desist immediately.”

Sam sipped his coffee. Arguments popped up in his mind, none of them strong enough to win. Not against Cas. Not now with the pups almost here. “Yeah, I'll stop,” he whispered, uncomfortable with how difficult it was to get his mouth to form the words. He tossed his coffee back in one large gulp, got up from the table, and announced he was going for a run.

Outside, Sam ran all-out until his lungs screamed and legs shrieked, then he ran a little longer. Just before imminent collapse, he slowed to a reasonable jog. Cas' 'request' was well within bounds. There was no need to test Cas. No need to push him. No need to disobey. But Chuck almighty he wanted Dean to reek of him all the time. At night he caught himself marking Dean while Cas slept. Every time he could get Dean alone he rubbed a bit of scent on him. It made him feel better, knowing Dean was marked, probably because of Cas' sickness. Cas was their leader, but Cas had been essentially absent for about two months of the pregnancy, pushing Sam to take a leadership role. The problem was, he couldn't stop now that he started.

All of this could be solved with a conversation, Sam knew that, but a part of him balked. He didn't want to have to explain himself. At first he was envious of Dean, but the longer Dean was pregnant the more he was able to let go of the envy. Possessiveness had taken its place without Sam's consent and he didn't know how to deal with it.

Sweaty and purged of most negativity, Sam turned back to the bunker and jogged home. By now, Cas would have bathed and marked Dean, erasing all his scent. Just as well, Sam knew he was causing tension by marking. As a silent form of protest, Sam approached the bunker from behind and urinated on the seam where the wall met the hard ground. There was no entrance here, which was probably why it wasn't drenched in Cas' urine, but it had become Sam's little defiance area. His tiny space where he could scream MINE without using his voice.

Cas bathed Dean without drawing attention to the new mounds on Dean's chest. Nobody had said anything, but Dean appeared to be getting ready to produce milk. One morning Dean had clear fluid leaking out of his nipples, which made him freak out. Sam calmed him down and explained it
was colostrum, a kind of pre-milk, even showing him websites to explain it. But Dean shut down the discussion fast. He wouldn't even discuss breastfeeding at all. Sam and Cas figured it would be better to wait until after the twins arrive before forcing the conversation. Many babies did just fine on formula, not every Omega could produce good milk, so it's not like it was a necessity. Well, to Cas it was, but it was a discussion for another time. Right now Dean needed to be marked and dressed. “Do you have a preference to clothes today?” he asked after marking.

Nothing was comfortable any more. His belly was gigantic. At some point he'd lost sight of his dick. Clothes pulled and gathered wrong. Fabrics were too itchy, too hot, too breezy, too loose, too tight. “A sheet. How about we wrap me in a sheet?”

“Funny man,” Cas said and chose a loose shirt and Dean's most comfy pants.

“Hey,” Dean said softly, “lay off Sam, okay?”

Cas had to breathe deeply to calm down. “I don't think you understand.”

“Then explain it to me.”

“These are my pups,” Cas dropped his hands to Dean's belly, “and I don't like any other scent on you. Not ever. I've been very supportive in allowing your date nights, and for your scents to mingle. But Sam outright marking you bothers me quite a bit.”

“Has it bothered you the entire pregnancy or just recently?”

“From the moment I knew you were pregnant.”

Dean nodded slowly. “How about a compromise? How about you let Sam just go to town, mark me so I stink, just once.”

Cas had to actively stop his muscles from tensing. “I don't believe that would help. It would only serve to anger me. Dean.” He waited until Dean met his eyes. “I understand my request is unreasonable. I understand Sam loves you and you love him. I love him too. I don't understand why I feel like I need to have you reflect my scent and my scent only. I've been told the need to mark you will decline when the pups arrive. It won't be long now.”

Sam listened from the hall, dripping sweat on the floor. “Maybe the need is greater because the due date is so close?” he asked as he leaned on the door frame.

“Perhaps,” Cas drew out. Sam looked on edge. Maybe the imminent arrival of the girls was causing him some stress as well. “Dean? Will you be all right in your nest for a while?”

“Yeah,” he agreed quickly. He was in the middle of a new Dr. Sexy fic that was giving him some trouble. Last night he'd dreamed of Cain in chaps, cowboy boots, a hat, sunscreen, and nothing else. Now he knew what he wanted his new chapter to have. “You have good intentions with my little brother?” he teased with an eyebrow wiggle.

Cas leaned forward and kissed Dean thoroughly. A symptom of pregnancy seemed to be Dean's complete inability to censor or shutter his channel. As much as Cas would like to role play Dean's dream, he understood Dean wanted to keep it private for the moment. “I have only the best of intentions,” he murmured against Dean's lips.

When Cas nudged Sam away from the door, Sam startled gently. He'd been lost in images of Cain, sweaty from a full day's work outside in the summer sun, wearing velvety soft jeans. Damn Dean and his imagination, he thought to himself. “You need something Cas?”
“Yes. You. Come with me,” he murmured and held out his hand.

Confused, he took the hand and allowed himself to be led to the bathroom. Cas indicated Sam should use the toilet and brush his teeth. Sam obeyed and watched Cas fill the tub and add bubbles. As soon as Sam was done, Cas undressed him. Once he was nude, Cas held his hand for balance while Sam stepped over the edge and sank into the water.

Sam could not have stopped the groan as he lowered himself with Cas' firm hand as support. Cas managed to get the water to the perfect temperature and the feel of the water slowly massaging his skin as he slid down was nothing short of euphoric.

“Lay back,” Cas commanded quietly. When Sam was leaning against the back of the tub, Cas pushed him down slightly to get his shoulders wet.

Sam was grateful to have such a large, claw foot tub. He could sink down so only his head was above the water. What absolutely shocked him was Cas pulling one foot out of the water. Sam opened his eyes that he didn't know he'd closed to see his Alpha had taken off his button up shirt to reveal a thin t-shirt and was holding a soapy cloth and his foot.

“You've been so wonderful,” Cas praised as he began washing Sam's foot. He made sure to get in between each toe, as well as pull on each toe as he washed. “So helpful for me,” he slid the cloth up Sam's calf and shin, massaging the soap in rather than simply scraping it over his skin. “Such a good mate,” he murmured as he rubbed the expanse of Sam's inner thigh. “Such a wonderful Beta.”

Every muscle in Sam's body went limp....except one. Cas was delightful with his hands and *that voice* as he spoke. Sam couldn't even pay attention to the words, just the tone, and it was more than he could have ever hoped for.

Cas washed every square inch of Sam's skin except his face and genitals. He washed Sam's hair, scraping his nails over his scalp for a good twenty minutes before placing a hand in between his shoulder blades to hold him up while Sam tipped his head back for Cas to rinse. Next he took a hand towel, dipped it in the warm water, and draped it over Sam's face while he rested his head back. While Sam's skin softened, Cas ran his fingernails through Sam's clean hair, murmuring praise and compliments in a low voice. After a few minutes, he removed the towel, dipped the razor into the water, and carefully shaved Sam's face with a thin coating of foam. Well aware that Sam's arousal was building fast, Cas wrapped his long hair in a towel turban before pulling the drain.

Sam tried to sit up, reluctantly admitting to himself that bath time was done as soon as the water started draining. Cas put a firm hand on his shoulder and kept him there. As the water drained away, every bit of stress left Sam's muscles, leaving them heavy with gravity and nothing else. Cas produced a bowl from somewhere and turned on the faucet. He filled the bowl and poured it over Sam to rinse the bubbles away. Fully cleaned, Cas produced the largest, fluffiest towel they had and draped it over Sam's shoulders. He shook out a second towel as he helped Sam to standing, and wrapped it around his waist, ignoring Sam's erection. Cas held out a hand again to assist Sam in getting out of the tub and onto the bathmat. Rather than move the towel from Sam's shoulders, he patted it in place to absorb the water. When he got to Sam's lower half, he undid the towel, knelt in front of him, and slid him into his mouth.

Sam didn't even bother trying to keep quiet or not come. He just rode the fantastic waves of Cas' hot mouth on him, sliding up and down, bumping against the back of his throat. When he did come it was with a shout and gripping the corners of the towel over his shoulders. If he thought he was boneless in the tub, he was wrong. This was boneless.
Cas swallowed every bit but wiped him clean anyway. When he was done, Cas murmured praise as he pulled the towel off Sam's head and combed through Sam's hair, letting the comb's teeth drag over Sam's scalp just to see his nipples tighten and mouth fall open. Completely done, he led him to the bedroom and dressed him tenderly.

Dean caught their arousal and used it to fuel his writing for as long as possible before admitting he was humping an egg in his nest. There was no point it containing his own arousal. Instead he shifted until he was naked and managed to get himself off relatively easily. Nothing was super easy these days, but between the dream, his writing, and the scents of his mates it took no time at all. The cramp afterwards was a bit of a surprise, but he figured he strained himself without being aware of it. Rather than risk another cramp he cleaned up slowly, making sure he was careful to not cause himself more pain.

After dressing and writing for a while, he discovered he was rubbing his belly while he rode out another cramp. Worry tried to rise up but he squished it down and immersed himself in his fantasy world of Dr. Sexy making a house call on a farm.

Cas had become accustomed to Dean's random aches, pains, cramps, and twinges through the channel. His whole world was varying degrees of discomfort. Sleep was difficult with his giant belly in the way of everything. If he dropped something on the floor, he decided the floor was the item's home now rather than pick it up. Constipation had become his constant companion, along with a low grade ache in his back. He even had trouble jerking off properly. None of this was new information for Cas, so it was no surprise at all when he felt Dean's discomfort again.

Dr. Day had told them about Braxton Hicks contractions, how they're normal and hardly noticeable in the early stages of pregnancy, which helped alleviate a lot of Cas' fears.

But today was different. When Dean emerged from his nest room Cas glued himself to Dean's side. “Are you all right?” he asked as he took the stack of books from Dean.

“Extra crampy today,” he grumbled and let Cas take the books. Cas followed him to the library and held the stack as Dean shelved them. After the second book Dean had to pause and grunt while holding his belly. “Fuck,” he hissed.

Cas did some mental calculations as Dean straightened and shelved more books. It was a few days early, but the pups could be coming. “Dean. The pups could be coming any time now. Are you sure it's just cramps?” He placed a hand on Dean's belly. “Are they contractions? Are they regular?”

Fear seized Dean at the same time as a particularly hard cramp. “Dunno,” he grunted. “Haven't been tracking them.”

“Come on, sit down.”

The cramp had passed. “No Cas I'm fine.”

“Please,” Cas said.

Dean looked into Cas' blue eyes and saw only concern and love. “Cas, I'm fine. It's just cramps. Your daughters are just too damn big is all.”
“Well, I'm going to start timing your cramps.” Cas pulled out his phone and set the stopwatch to begin. “If they fade away then it's only me wasting time.”

Fear zinged through him as he put away another book. “There's still a few days left you know. The girls might not be coming. You okay wasting days of time?” he teased uneasily.

Cas smiled widely. “Yes.”

Sam poked his head in the library. “Hey guys. I got everything from the store. How's everything here?”

“Dean has cramps.”

Sam's eyes widened as he stared at his brother. “Is it Baby Day? Do we need to go to the hospital? How do you feel?”

“Stop!” Dean yelled. “I don't know!” Tears sprang to his eyes. “It's just cramps. It can't be time yet. I'm not ready. I don't know what to do. I don't feel good. How are they gonna come out? What if they get stuck? What if I can't do it? What if—” another cramp ripped through his midsection, making him grab his belly and bend over, gripping the shelf with his free hand. “Ow,” he grunted.

Cas slipped a hand over Dean's back, immediately feeling a wave of thanks through the channel. Both him and Sam waited until Dean straightened up and took a breath before talking. “Dean?” Cas said softly. “I'm going to use the channels as a way of tracking whether you're comforted by what I do so you don't need to speak. Is that all right?”

Dean nodded and wiped his eyes. “Yeah,” he said in a watery voice. “Don't know if I could explain what I want anyway.”

“I'll do the same,” Sam whispered. He pulled Dean into a loose hug. “The pups will come out either naturally or by cesarean section. We'll be with you the whole time. Your body will do it whether you help or not.”

For some reason that actually made him feel better. He whispered his thanks and clung tight. “I'm scared,” he whispered.

“I know,” Sam soothed. “We'll help all we can, but this really is all you.”

A few more cramps later and Cas could see a vague pattern. They didn't last long and were about twenty minutes apart, so there would be lots of time before the arrival of the twins. He made sure to keep a water bottle filled and near for Dean, even though Dean complained about peeing constantly as a result. “I want you hydrated,” he explained, “food might be too hard right now but water is good.”

Nausea accompanied the next cramp. “I don't want food,” he gushed when he could speak. “That one felt like it was too close to the last one.”

“It was closer,” Cas agreed and reset the stopwatch. “But labour isn't always regular.”

Just the idea of Cas saying 'labour' out loud terrified Dean. “Don't wanna,” he said in a tiny voice.

Sam jumped in, suspecting Dean was about to burst into tears. “Dean, it's okay. We're here. Would you feel better at the hospital with doctors around or do you think you'd rather stay here for a while?”
“Doctors. I want doctors,” Dean said and made for the garage. He got four steps before having to cling to Cas and breathe through another contraction. “Are they closer?”

“Yes and no,” Cas said. “It's more irregular right now. Let's get you to the hospital.”

Sam dashed down the hall and grabbed the two bags he'd packed for Dean last week. One was full of diapers, wipes, diaper shirts, and sleepers. The other had clothes for Dean and sanitary pads. One quick dip into the nest room and he grabbed Dean's laptop and phone with both chargers. The package from Benny's shop was tantalizingly close as well. He'd picked it up for Dean a few days ago and Dean had clearly opened it but not allowed his mates to see what was in it. For all Dean's inability to censor the channel he hadn't let on what Benny made, which frustrated Sam more than he cared to admit. One longing look at the package and he zipped out to see Cas helping Dean into his boots.

“Did you get my phone?”

“Yeah.”

“I doubt you'll need it,” Cas said and helped Dean up. “But thank you Sam.”

“No problem. Get in the back guys.” Sam tossed the bags on the passenger seat and trusted Cas to get Dean into the car.

The ride went without incident, Dean grunting through two contractions on the way but then felt fine when they got to emergency. He was able to walk in himself – with Cas' hand on him the whole time – fill out the forms, talk to the nurses, get a wristband with a bar code, all with the barest of twinges in his lower belly. A nurse took them to a labour assessment area with three beds in a room separated by curtains. Dean was given the middle bed and told to strip down to his socks, put on a gown, and get in bed.

Cas made short work of getting Dean in the gown. Sam gathered up the things and put them in the bag. None of them acknowledged the other two patients, one of which was moaning in pain. Luckily, that one was wheeled out as Dean hopped up on the bed. “Guess her baby's on it's way,” Dean joked. Less than five minutes later two Omegas arrived, one pregnant, and took the free bed.

“Busy in here,” Sam commented. “How do you feel Dean?”

“Good. No contractions. False alarm?”

A nurse entered. “Dean Winchester?”

He nodded and answered all her questions. “My contractions stopped. Maybe a false alarm?” he asked hopefully.

The nurse made a noncommittal noise and hooked up a fetal monitor. “Doctor will be in shortly,” he said and left to attend to the patient that just arrived.

Nobody spoke much. Cas kept an eye on Dean, Sam as well, Dean stared at nothing and tried to feel whether he was having more cramps or contractions. When the doctor swished the curtain open they all startled.

“Hello. Dean Winchester?” She checked his bar code against her tablet. “So your labour has begun? How far apart are the contractions?”

“Uh, well, they stopped. I think.”
“Well let's take a look,” she said and snapped on some gloves. “Alpha, I need to do an internal exam.” Cas moved so he could watch her probe inside Dean. When she was done she checked the readout from the monitor. “Well. Your contractions have slowed down but you're dilated too far to stop the labour. Due date is soon anyway I see. Instead we're going to get it moving again.”

“How are you going to do that?” Sam asked.

“Break his water.”

“Uh.....” Dean tried to back up off the bed. “What...uh....how....”

A nurse appeared beside the doctor with what looked like a flat plastic knitting needle with a small hook. “This won't hurt,” he assured Dean. “Lie still. On your back please.”

Dean absolutely did not want to lie back. He did not want a giant hook inside him. He wanted to go home and be in his nest. Immediately. “Maybe the labour will start on its own again?”

“Dean,” Sam soothed, “it's okay. This won't hurt at all.”

Cas ignored the rest of Dean's protests and got him on his back. Sam was holding one of Dean's hands so Cas took the other. “Just look at me. Pay attention to me.”

Dean stared at Cas' beautiful blue eyes and tried to ignore the nurse who was pushing his legs apart.

“If you aren't going to keep your feet near your bum I'll get out the stirrups,” the nurse threatened. Dean anchored his feet to the bed. “Now you won't feel anything,” he said as the hook went in. The nurse made a few motions but nothing happened. “Stubborn membrane,” he muttered and pushed on Dean's stomach with one hand. “There we go!” he said a second before Dean felt a flood gush out. “One sac is done! Now, let's get the next one.” This time Dean moved slightly and managed to gush all over the nurse.

“Sorry!”

“It's fine,” the nurse said, “I'll go change.” He received a nod from the doctor and left.

“Okay,” the doctor said, “your contractions should have a bit more force to them. If you feel like you need to walk, go ahead. Just don't go too far. When a birthing room is available we'll get you in it.”

Dean didn't notice the doctor leave. He was in the middle of sitting up when the contraction tore through him, knocking the breath right out of him. Tears slipped out as he panted through it. “A bit more force my ass. This fucking hurts,” he said when it passed.

Cas helped Dean to sitting then standing, partly to get him out of the wet bed. An orderly was waiting and whipped the soaked sheet off, wiped the rubber sheet down, and smoothed a new sheet on, all faster than Cas thought possible. Next the orderly tended to the mess on the floor. “Do you want to walk?” Cas asked as he marvelled at the efficiency.

“Yes. No. Maybe. No. I-” the girls shifted when he stood up straight. One pup was now lower. So low Dean was sure a hand was dangling out between his legs. “Um?”

Sam caught it all in the channel. “Most babies don't drop until labour is active for first pregnancies. It's okay, it means she's getting into the birth canal. She won't fall out.”
Dean debated whether Sam was lying or not. It felt like a pup could just slip out. Another contraction rocked him after a few steps. When it was over he was sure the pup was even lower. “Uh? I don't think I should walk,” he warbled.

“If it feels better to sit then sit,” Cas murmured, taking Dean's weight in his embrace. “Or lie down.”

From that point, things were a blur for Dean. An orderly arrived with a wheelchair to take him to his birthing room. Sitting was ridiculously uncomfortable but only because the position forced his legs together. Sitting wide-legged was undignified but much more comfortable. In the room he was told he could walk around, lie down, sit, even take a shower as long as someone was right next to him.

Sam tucked their belongings in the closet provided while Cas practically sprayed the room in scent. One glance at his pink face and Sam said nothing, assuming it was normal. He also didn't add how he had to actively stop himself from doing the same thing. Too many competing scents, he figured. While the room was sterile it still did scent lightly of the previous Alpha.

“Tryin’a make the room stink like home?” Dean joked.

“Be thankful I am only emitting scent and am refraining from urinating everywhere,” Cas retorted. But now that he had the idea it was remarkably difficult to resist. Luckily, the doctor entered with an entourage and interrupted him.

“Ah, you've marked the room,” Dr. Day said. “Good to see you all. I'm on rotation today and from the looks of things your pups will arrive before I go home.”

“How can you possibly know that?” Dean barked.

“Experience,” Dr. Day said. “Today is Baby Day. Your file says your dilation is coming along nicely but I'll check for myself. Castiel, a lot of people will be handling Dean. Please understand we mean him no harm but will need to push you away sometimes.”

This was when Dean noticed the other people in the room. “Sammy?” he whispered, “who're all these people?”

Dr. Day answered for him. “This is a teaching hospital and you are a male having twins. Your pregnancy is high risk and an excellent teaching opportunity. We have residents here,” he motioned to a group of four other doctors. “Nurses, student nurses, and a midwife with a student. You can refuse to have them here, but they need to learn. We also have the NICU staff standing by and an OR ready if necessary.”

“NICU?” Dean squeaked, pronouncing it like the doctor did – nickU – and asked, “what?”

“Neonatal Intensive Care Unit,” a voice said. “It's just in case. Your pups are doing well right now. The OR is in case a c-section is required.”

Dean was about to seriously freak out when another contraction grabbed him. For a moment he wondered who was screaming, then realized it was him. When it passed, he heard a nurse explain something called 'transitional labour' to someone. “Pain meds?” he demanded, loudly.

“Things are moving too fast,” Dr. Day said, “no pain meds. It'll be done before you know it. I'll be back.”

Sam swooped in and cuddled Dean, sitting on the bed and pulling him close. “Just breathe. The
only thing you have to do is breathe. Slowly.” Sam demonstrated until Dean was following his example. “Let your body bear the contractions. Just breathe. You don't have to do anything else.”

Cas was immensely grateful for Sam. Poor Dean was a sweaty mess and hadn't noticed his bladder had let go with the last contraction. Dean's eyes kept pinning him in place, so he kept his own eyes softened and full of love. Dean appeared to use them as a focal point for contractions, so Cas did his best to ignore everything else in the room and only look at Dean. “You're doing so well,” he said in his Alpha voice, “so good Dean.”

The praise made Dean melt inside. Time became elastic, stretching impossibly slowly and moving incredibly fast concurrently. Each contraction was bad, but Sam breathing with him anchored him, Cas' blue eyes kept him focused, and before he understood what he was saying he blurted, “I'm pushing! Oh god I can't stop! I'm pushing!”

Dr. Day appeared between his legs. “Then push. Help your body.”

Dean did. If he was forced to describe it, he felt like his body was trying to take the biggest shit of his life and pushing it out whether he was on a toilet or not. And it felt so good to finally bear down. From that point Dean couldn't comprehend anything else. Literally nothing. His entire world was remembering to inhale deeply just before his body started forcing the pup out.

“What!” Dr. Day called. “Open your eyes to see!”

Dean hadn't realized they were shut. He cracked them open to see someone had put a large mirror on two tall posts at the foot of the bed. Dr. Day still had room to do his thing, and when Dean looked up he could see between his legs.

There was a dark, wrinkly thing stuffed inside him.

There was no time to process what he saw. His body pushed again, he helped, and the wrinkly thing became a head, then a baby slithered out attached by a pulsing cord.

“Baby girl number one!” Dr. Day called out. A nurse checked Dean's bar code with a tiny wristband, then she attached the band to the baby's ankle. “Alpha? Would you like to cut the cord?”

“Oh!” Tears flowed out of Cas' eyes. “Yes!” he ensured Sam had Dean and accepted the scissors, cutting where indicated. The pup was picked up by a nurse and taken to a table across the room.

“Oh Dean she's perfect!”

Envy rose up so fast in Sam he almost vomited. “Hey Dean, you're doing great. One more, okay?” he cooed in an effort to control his emotions.

Dean babbled nonsense. His body wasn't done and it was freaky as fuck. He had zero control over anything. Nothing mattered. Only getting the next pup out. That was the only thing that existed in his world. He no longer noticed his mates, the staff, the surroundings, nothing. Just *get this pup out*. He stared at the mirror as a bloody, wrinkly head appeared, lighter than the one before. In one contraction he managed to get this one out too, then cried great, heaving sobs and flopped back on the bed, which was partially upright.

“What!” Dr. Day said. “Would you like to cut this cord too?” he asked as the nurse checked the bar code against the anklet and affixed it to the baby.

“No,” Cas said. “This one Sam can cut. If you want to?”
Sam burst into tears. “Yeah,” he sobbed, “I do!” His hands shook but he managed to cut the cord. “Dean! This one's blonde!”

A nurse whisked the pup to another table just as the first pup was being wrapped. “Here's your baby,” she cooed and set the bundle in the crook of Dean's arm.

Dean curled his arm around the baby and tried to stop crying. A weird cramp hit him as Cas wiped his face clean. “Something's- oh!” a slippery mass slithered out of him.

“It's the placenta,” a nurse said. “Second one should come soon.” She was barely done talking before the next one slipped out.

Another nurse brought the second pup over. “Here's baby number two!” And set the bundle in Dean's other arm.

Dean blinked away a bunch of tears. “Hey there,” he cooed. He shifted them so they were both on his thighs. “Good to see you on the outside.” Both babies were clean but beat-up looking with misshapen heads.

Sam was desperate to hold one. Or both. He barely kept himself in check while his brother stared at them. “Dean?” he whispered. “May I hold one?”

Dean forgot there were people in the room. He even forgot he had mates, much to his shame. “Yeah! Sorry! Fuck, here.”

Cas and Sam each took one and cooed at them, bouncing them around and staring. They switched at some point as well, both pointing out where the girls inherited Cas' features or Dean's, unwrapping them so they could examine their tiny limbs and bitty toes.

“Look,” Sam whispered, “does she have my eyes?”

Cas smiled at the pup's narrow, foxy eyes. “Yes,” he agreed enthusiastically, “she does. And she's so blonde like Dean! Hair the colour of spun gold. This one has my hair.”

“And your lips,” Sam said, leaning close to see.

They compared notes while a nurse cleaned Dean up and changed the absorbent padding under his butt. For some reason he couldn't stop crying. Sam noticed first.

“Dean! It's okay! They're healthy, you're doing good! Everything's fine,” he soothed, running a free hand over his shoulders.

“It's normal,” Dr. Day assured them. “His hormones have been through a lot. Dean? Let all your feelings out. Don't hold back.”

Dean kept crying. Cas ordered Sam to sit, then passed the baby to him and embraced Dean. “I'm so proud of you,” he said. “Anything you need or want, you let us know.”

Sam bounced both pups, loving the differences between them. Neither pup cried, just yawned and stared at nothing. “Their eyes are blue but foggy looking.”

“Yes,” a nurse said. “Their eyes will settle on a colour at around three months or so, but can change up to three years old. They may not stay blue. They might be green like their Daddy here,” she said, indicating Dean. “They can't focus yet, but they will soon. Do you have names picked out?”
“Sort of,” Dean said in a hitchy voice. “Dash One and Dash Two for now.” His mates were about to ask when he pointed out the anklets. “Their bar codes are mine with a -1 and -2.”

“Those anklets stay on,” Dr. Day informed the pack as Dean wiped his eyes again. “You don't remove them or you'll be fined. During your naming ceremony a registrar will fill out the paperwork and cut the bands off. Yours as well, Dean. If you don't have a ceremony, simply bring the infants to the registration office. Someone will remove them there. All the information is in your Welcome Baby package you'll receive before being discharged. Now. The nurses will take Dean to his recovery room. You'll stay for 36 hours before being discharged. The pups will room in with you.”

“Thirty-six hours?” Cas asked. “I thought the standard was one day.”

“It is,” the doctor agreed, “but it's two in the morning right now, so I approved an extra twelve hours so Dean could rest. Some new parents don't sleep immediately after labour because of the adrenaline. This way he should get one good night's sleep before going home.”

Dean was floored. He thought an hour had passed since they left the bunker. The longest hour of his life, but an hour nonetheless.

“Can I carry the twins to the room?” Sam asked as porters prepped Dean's bed.

“No. They go in the bassinets. But yes, you can steer the bassinets.”

Dean paid no attention to anyone doing anything. His bed moved and he was in a new room. “Do I have a roommate?”

“No,” Cas said, “I ensured you could have a private room.”

“Thanks Cas,” he whispered.

“Anything for you.” Cas watched Sam park the bassinets and returned his attention to Dean. “How do you feel?”


A nurse followed them in, checked the bar codes on the anklets against Dean's, made notes, and said he could shower but only with someone for balance.

Dean didn't know what she meant until he stood up. His body had become accustomed to having weight in front and now it was gone. He was a lot more wobbly than he would have guessed. The shower took a long time, but Cas never complained or rushed him. The washroom had a storage of clean gowns, disposable underwear, and sanitary pads. Cas raided them and got Dean clean, dry, and comfortable before returning him to bed.

Sam was grateful for the long shower. It gave him time to hold the girls up close to his neck, coo at them, rock them, and fuss over their teeny tininess. The doctor said they were a good weight for twins and very healthy. Sam was beyond thrilled. If he squinted, he could pretend one looked like him, and he let himself have the fantasy while Cas tended to his brother.
Recovery

Chapter Summary

The pups are here, now Dean needs to let his body recover from the trauma of birth. Luckily, he has two wonderful mates who help him out.

As much as Dean hated hospitals, he didn't mind the way it felt like a kind of security blanket. If something went wrong someone could help immediately. He knew once they were at home help would be farther away.

He kept expecting to fall into the parenting role the same way he did with baby Sammy but it wasn't happening. His body felt weirdly not his and it was difficult to focus on the babies while blood was coming out of one end of him, his joints were far looser than they ever were, and his balance was completely out of whack. A tear dripped down his cheek while he watched his mates rocking his daughters.

“Dean?” Cas leaned forward and thumbed the tear away. “What's going on?”

“Everything feels weird. I should be loving my girls but I—” he shifted and a gush of blood soaked his pad. “Ew,” he said in a tiny voice. “I feel gross. Not me. Everything's so loose.” For emphasis he squished his flabby belly he foolishly thought would snap back right away.

“That sounds pretty normal,” Cas said. “Pregnancy, labour, and birth all have an extreme level of hormones. It's going to take some time to level out.”

“Besides,” Sam said as he shifted the pup so she was on his chest, head at the base of his long neck, “you have two mates. Both of us will do whatever is needed while you just rest. Seriously Dean. The only thing you have to do is rest.”

“Yeah right. I'm gonna have to change diapers, feed them, bathe them, rock them, dress them, play with them-”

“And rest,” Sam re-iterated. “Both Cas and I are home. I filled out the paperwork for paternity leave. The university benefit plan allows me to have six months off for sure and I can petition for more. The laws are changing with the virus, many states are looking at other countries' maternity leave plans. Like Canada, did you know they can take a full year off? With pay?”

“Really?” Cas asked, rocking the pup gently. “A year would be good for you, Sam. I can still work from home, or try to. And Dean, if you want to return to work you can. Nothing is stopping you."

Dean let that sink in. “You don't mind? Some people would think I'd be a, well, a bad Omega for abandoning my pups just to work.”

“No,” Cas said, “not a bad Omega. And definitely not abandoning your pups. The first person you have to care for is you. If work is what you want to do, then work. If you'd rather be a stay-at-home parent, then stay home. One day at a time, okay? And Sam? If you want to stay home permanently you can as well. We can figure out the financial side of things.”

Sam's world fell away. Stay at home. With the pups. Watching them grow every day. “I think.....I
think I might want that,” he gulped and tried not to cry.

Dean felt such a wave of love for his mates he had to sag back against the upright bed. “Sammy, c'mere,” he murmured when he saw his brother struggling.

Sam nestled himself in Dean's open arms without letting go of the pup. It was a tight fit but Dean made it work. “How're you doing?” he asked softly.

“Okay,” Sam said honestly. Now that the pups were here he had much less envy lurking around, but his emotions were still a bit fragile. “Can't seem to stop dripping,” he said and wiped his eyes again. “Part of me can't believe this is actually happening. You had pups. You actually gave birth to two beautiful girls.”

Dean ran a hand over his brother and flicked his eyes to Cas, who was cooing at his daughter. “It's a lot to take in.”

“Yeah.” The pup fussed for a moment then sighed and was still again.

The scent wafted up to Dean's nose. “Hey Sammy, your pup needs a change.”

“Yeah, I can smell it too.” Sam tipped his head and kissed Dean first then sat up properly. “Cas? Pass me the stuff?”

Cas reached with one arm and grabbed the diaper bag. “Here you go. Do you need help?”

“Nah I'm good,” Sam cooed to the pup as he lay her down on the bed.

Dean took one look at the thick, dark green, tarry stuff stuck to the diaper and her little bum and decided he was not changing any of that. “That's gross.”

“It's meconium,” Sam corrected. “The pups don't poop inside you, so for a few days they'll be pooping this stuff until they clear out their little digestive systems.”

“Which brings me to my next concern,” Cas started and paused. “Dean? How do you feel about breastfeeding?”

Dean bristled. “Dunno,” he mumbled. “Tired.” While he was planning on simply closing his eyes and resting, his body had other plans. Before he could form another thought he was asleep.

- 

Sam changed both girls, giving the dark haired one to Cas and keeping the blonde in his arms afterwards.

“Are you feeling better Sam?” Cas asked quietly so as not to wake Dean.

Sam had to wipe his eyes again. “Yeah. I am. Now that they're here it doesn't matter who carried them, you know?”

“I think I do. Soon they're going to want to eat. Do you think Dean will breastfeed?”

Sam laughed quietly. “Doubtful. If there was a way to do it, I'd do it for him.”

Cas tried to hold down the need to order Dean to do it anyway. Breastfeeding would be best in his opinion. “You've been wonderful this whole time. Thank you.”
“So have you,” Sam said and adjusted the pup so she was resting on his chest again. “At some point one of us will have to go home. We left the car seats in the garage.”

“Yes. Is there any way you would go so I can stay here?”

“You may have to order me to,” Sam told him honestly. “We could go together.”

Cas nodded. “We need names.”

“Dean needs to participate in that.”

Cas laughed softly. “Yes he does.”

Dean woke to the general hospital noise and a crick in his neck. One shift and he filled the pad again. “Should I be bleeding so much?”

Cas was on instant alert. “How much are you bleeding?” he demanded while scenting deeply for any kind of injury or energy drain.

“Dunno, just, this is like the fourth pad or something.” It took some manoeuvring but he got off the bed without leaking and hobbled to the washroom. He turned to see Cas had followed. “Where’s the pup?”

“In the bassinet. Let me see how much blood is there.”

At this point Dean realized he may never feel self-conscious again. Too many people had stared at his private area while delivering the twins, and too many doctors had examined him to ensure he was healing well. Too many nurses had also wiped him clean, which was embarrassing at first and a relief later. Rather than fight Cas he simply pushed his underwear down and sat on the toilet, letting Cas assess the pad.

Cas noticed a chunk of something in the pad and called for the nurse, forbidding Dean from getting off the toilet in the meantime. Sam wandered in, pup in arms, to see what the fuss was about.

A nurse bustled in and checked. “It's remnants of the placenta. It happens sometimes. There's no extra bleeding so he's okay.”

“How do you know there's no extra?” Cas asked in a gentle but demanding tone.

“Experience. The maternity ward has been full to capacity lately. We've seen a lot of babies and new parents. Any other questions while I'm here?”

Dean let Cas change the pad on his underwear while Sam sauntered away with the pup. “I don't have stitches. Does that mean I'm, uh, like, I mean, I want to still be,” he shifted his eyes to Cas and back to the nurse. “You know. For sex? Like, uh-”

“Not everyone needs to be cut or torn during delivery. Your pups were small because they're twins. Some pups are more than nine pounds! Some bodies just don't stretch either. You may be looser for a while, but you'll probably tighten up. Kegels will help too.”

Dean nodded and hoped he would tighten up enough for Cas and Sam. “Um, why did my chest hair, uh, fall out?” He didn't have much to begin with, but he noticed the other day how smooth he was.
"Oh, that's new with men having pups. There's so many new hormones in your body. Some of them are for making milk and the side effect is a clean chest. Your hair will grow back when you stop breastfeeding."

"What if I don't breastfeed?"

"Then the hair will come back as your body realizes it's not using the milk."

The nurse left and Cas helped Dean back to bed. "Dean. Please don't worry too much about sexual expectations. The doctor made it clear to both Sam and I there is to be no penetration with you for a minimum of six weeks, or until you feel up to it."

"I know," Dean argued and tucked himself in bed, "but I don't wanna be too loose and sloppy or anything. I know you like it tight," he whispered.

"Dean Winchester you listen to me," Cas said, leaning in for emphasis. "I love you. I expect your body to be different after having pups. Whatever differences you have we will celebrate, not condemn. I love you, not what your body does for me."

"Ditto," Sam called out without looking up from the pup.

Cas sat next to Dean and pulled him into a hug. They cuddled for a while as Sam cooed at both pups. "We will have to go home for a while so we can pick up the car seats."

"Okay." Dean watched as Sam figured out how to get both pups on his broad chest and lean back on the chair. "You're gonna spoil them rotten."

"Yup," Sam said proudly, "absolutely rotten." He dipped his head and inhaled the sweet scent of the girls. "Hey Grace," he whispered, "you like facing your sister, huh?"

"Grace?" Dean asked.

Sam's head snapped up. "Oh sorry! I just-, well. This one feels like 'Grace',' he said and jostled the dark haired girl.

"I like it. Grace."

"Me too," Cas said with a tender smile. "Grace Winchester it is. Any suggestions for her sister?"

Sam didn't want to say. He'd effectively named one, it didn't seem fair to name them both. When nobody spoke he glanced up to see both mates looking at him expectantly. "Do you guys have names picked out?"

"I have some in mind," Cas said, "but I want to hear yours first."

Pink dusted Sam's cheekbones. "I like Celeste."

"Ah," Cas said, smiling widely, "meaning 'heavenly'."

"Hello Celeste," Dean murmured, leaning forward to swipe a hand over her little head. "You look good with them Sammy," he whispered and flopped back on the bed. Cas shifted slightly to keep him in his arms.

"Thanks." Sam sniffed and wiped his eyes. "You know I used to dream of this? Of you and me being a couple with kids."
“Well that's my job,” Dean said, “makin' your dreams come true. With a few tweaks,” he added and squeezed Cas' knee.

Dean exhaled long and slow when his mates were out of range. They finally left to pick up the car seats, leaving him alone with his two daughters. Having Sam and Cas picking them up was awesome, but he hadn't had any time with them yet, and while it felt selfish, he kind of wanted to be alone with his girls. As it was, he only had about a half hour before someone came into the room.

“Hello?” a voice said, followed by a male nurse entering the room. “Hi. I'm Jag, the lactation consultant.”

“Lactation consultant?”

“For breastfeeding. Have you tried yet?”

“Dunno if I want to,” Dean pouted. “Do I have to?”

“No. It's voluntary.” Jag kept his voice soothing and low. “But I can answer any questions you have and show you anything you want. I've breastfed my four pups, so I have personal experience too.”

Dean's eyes flitted from Jag's chest back up to his deep brown eyes. “Do uh, do your um, does, uh.” He huffed a sharp breath. “Do you have tits now?”

Jag laughed softly. “No. When I was done breastfeeding they went back to normal. Would you like to see?” Dean nodded shyly. Jag set his bag on the floor and took off his shirt, exposing a pelt of hair on a soft torso. “See, the skin is a bit different but there aren't any noticeable breasts remaining. It just looks like I'm a bit chubby, which I am.”

Dean felt the blush in his face. “Thanks. I was worried.”

“I know, right? This world is so different! Men having children is very strange to some people, easy for others. No question is off limits for me.” Jag put his shirt back on. “Seriously. I've had four pups. Nothing you could ask would shock me.”

“My girls haven't cried for food yet but the doctor said that's normal?”

“It is. Babies don't need food for the first day. Their livers are huge. But they will need to eat. We can introduce them to your chest if you want. Babies sort of know how to latch on, but some need help.”

“I guess,” Dean said, heavy with reluctance. “What do I do?”

“First, we need to get their food out. May I?” Jag indicated the tie on the gown and waited for Dean to nod. “Okay, while you're learning it's easier to let things just hang out. Once you know what you're doing you can learn to do it covered up if you want. You know, in case you're in a restaurant or something and you don't want the world to see your nipples.”

Dean wasn't even sure he wanted to do this here and now, never mind a restaurant. He sat cross-legged with the top half of his gown puddled in his lap. “Do I just put her mouth there?”

“Kind of.” Jag picked Celeste up and ran a finger down her cheek. “See how her mouth is opening
and turning to my finger? She's rooting. That means she's looking for food.” He settled her in Dean's arms. “Now, we need to get the nipple in far enough so her jaw can suck. Aim to get the tip in near the back of her mouth. May I touch you to help?”

“Uh, yeah?”

Jag took a handful of Dean's new mound and brought Celeste's mouth close. When he tipped her forward she clamped on and started sucking.

“Oh!” Dean felt the pull deep in his chest. “This is weird.”

Jag chuckled. “Yes. It can feel weird. Some people report having an orgasm during feeding as well. Try not to be alarmed if it happens. Your body only knows it feels good and may respond that way. Some people find it painful, if this hurts, try a new position. It really shouldn't cause too much pain. Only discomfort-level pain.”

“Even weirder.” Moisture made his other side cool. “Oh shit I'm leaking!” he cried when he saw the milk flowing.

“Totally normal. To stop the flow just press like this,” Jag pushed Dean's forearm to the nipple. “See? The flow stops.”

“Still weird.” Dean glanced down and met Celeste's eyes. Or thought he did, she seemed to be staring right up at him. “Hello,” he said softly, “enjoying your dinner?” She wiggled a little in his arm, paused from sucking, and went back down to business. Dean forgot about everything else for a moment, entranced with her little sucking motions and slow blinking. Eventually she fell asleep. Dean popped her off and shifted her so she was resting on his shoulder. “Do I need to burp her?” he whispered when he noticed Jag again.

“No. Breastfeeding has no air bubbles. If you express your milk or go with formula you may need to burp her.”

Grace started making fussy sounds. Jag was closer and picked her up while Dean lay Celeste down in front of his legs. He held his arms out to his daughter, waiting for Jag to hand her over. When he did, Dean cooed at her. “Looking for your sister? She's here. She ate. Are you hungry too?” Grace fussed some more. “Okay, let's try this with you.” He did what Jag did but Grace wouldn't latch on.

“Try the other side. Your first daughter may have drained that one.”

Dean did. Grace was a lot fussier and refused to do as instructed, even though she was rooting too. After a few moments Dean was in tears. “Why isn't this working?”

“Every child is different. Let's try the football hold.” Jag adjusted Grace so Dean held her head in his palm and her feet at his elbow. Grace opened her mouth wide and Dean used the opportunity to stuff it full of his nipple. She tried to bite down and tear, then her little tongue flicked around, but she wouldn't latch on. “Let's squirt a little in there so she knows it's food,” Jag suggested. He pulled Grace away and squeezed Dean's nipple. A thin stream of milk landed in her mouth. She swallowed and tried to suck. “Okay, stuff it in there,” he murmured. Dean did and she sucked once, startled, sucked again, and figured it out, tiny hands making bitty fists while she appeared to concentrate on the task at hand.

Jag handed a tissue to Dean who cleaned his eyes and blew his nose. Now that Grace figured out this food thing she was like a vacuum, sucking him dry fast. She was done much sooner than Celeste, turning her head and refusing the nipple after what felt like too little time. “I guess she's
done?"

"It looks that way," Jag agreed. "How do you feel? Was it painful?"

"No, not really." His nipples felt different and his chest didn't feel as painful or full. "Maybe I should feed Grace first next time. Maybe she'll prefer the other side. Is that possible?"

"Absolutely. Some pups prefer one breast over the other. Some are very sensitive to taste as well. Remember, what you eat they eat."

Dean put her next to her sister and got his gown back on with Jag's help. "Thanks," he whispered.

"Anytime. I'll leave my card with you. If you have problems or questions about feeding, contact me, okay?"

- 

Sam and Cas stopped at the grocery store to stock up on everything they could think of. After putting everything away Sam changed the bed sheets and tossed them in the washer even though it wasn't laundry day. "I want Dean to have clean sheets," he mumbled when Cas raised an eyebrow. The dryer had a load in it from before so Sam took the stuff out and put it away. Most of it was egg covers. Cas helped get all the naked eggs dressed, suspecting he knew why they had been dirty.

Cas insisted on a shower as well, taking the time to wash Sam thoroughly. Both sported chubbies, neither seemed to want to deal with it so they left it without talking about it. Cas dressed himself and prepared to dress Sam as well, but Sam was already pulling on his favourite pink panties.

By the time they got back in the car it'd been four hours, Sam gasping at the time and berating himself for taking so long.

"It's fine," Cas soothed, "Dean is with professionals. And he needed some time with his daughters."

"Yeah I guess I've been hogging them."

Cas laughed gently and told him it was fine, they would all have tons of time to hold each daughter.

It was supper time at the hospital when they got back. Porters were dropping off food trays and more visitors were milling about. Cas walked into Dean's room and stopped in his tracks, lungs forgetting how to inhale. Dean was breastfeeding Grace, who had her tiny hand splayed over his upper chest while he stared down at her. Celeste was laying on the bed in front of Dean, content to watch her sister eat.

Dean scented them and lifted his head. "Hey guys," he smiled, "could one of you please fill my fork for me? I'm fucking starving."

Sam saw Dean's food tray had barely been touched and rushed over. "Here. Meatloaf, yummy," he said and got some into Dean's waiting mouth.

"Not yummy. Just edible. But I'm hungry," he stated around the food. "Didn't want to drop the food on her, y'know? I'm just not coordinated lately."
Sam grinned and fed his brother while Grace popped off his nipple.

“Guess she's done. Cas? Take her?”

Cas did and sat down. Grace wiggled a little in his arms until he put her upright on his chest. “You decided to breastfeed? What changed your mind?”

Dean picked Celeste up from the bed and gave her his other nipple before taking more food from Sam. “A lactation guy showed me what to do. Turns out it wasn't so bad.”

Cas could not be more pleased and let Dean know. Grace processed her food and created a package of used food in her diaper. “I'll take her to the washroom to change her.”

“Or do it here,” Dean said. “I'm too hungry to care. Bigger mouthfuls Sam.”

“Yes sir,” Sam teased and gave his brother a massive forkful of carrots.

Another porter came into the room. “Dean Winchester? I have your Welcome Baby package-, oh! Twins! Well, I'll give you two.” He fished around and dropped two packages on the bed. “All the information you need is in there, pamphlets and all. Contact numbers for health care and lactation consultants as well. DNA results are with the registrar's office and will be brought to the naming ceremony. Information about all that's in there too.”

“Wait,” Dean called before he could leave, “when did they take blood for DNA?”

“They didn't. When you were in labour they swabbed your inner cheek along with your pack and babies. Don't you remember?”

Dean watched him go thinking a car could have driven through the birthing room and he wouldn't've remembered. “Did that happen?” he asked Sam.

“Yeah. You want to open the package?”

“Nah. You go ahead.”

Sam finished feeding Dean but Celeste was taking her time. Since he had empty arms, Sam opened the packet to find sanitary pads, newborn diapers, multiple pamphlets, random baby items, tons of coupons for baby stuff, and a book on basics of child care. There was an adjustable band as well with a soft liner. “What....” he whispered then read the tag. “Oh hey, Dean, this is to bind your chest if you want in case you leak. Look, this liner comes off and is washable, and the band is adjustable.”

Dean looked at it and thought it looked a bit like a bandeau bra girls sometimes wore. But considering how fast he started leaking when he put the first daughter on his nipple, he reluctantly admitted the band might come in handy. “Wash it before I try it on?”

“You bet,” Sam agreed, knowing how much sizing bothered Dean. All the baby clothes were washed as well just in case one or both daughters didn’t like the sizing either. He stuffed the unopened packet in Dean's bag and the opened one in the diaper bag.

Cas was done changing Grace and saw Sam glance longingly at Celeste. “Here Sam, would you like to take her for a while?”

“Yes,” he gushed and held his arms out, immediately cooing when she was nestled on his chest.
Dean stared down at Celeste, who was clutching his finger in her tight little fist. “After I have a shower can we go home? I wanna go home.”

“Are you sure Dean?” Cas asked. “The doctor said you could stay an extra night.”

“It's loud here. And smells like a hospital.”

“How about,” Sam said without looking up, “you have a shower at home? That way you can wash the hospital off completely.”

“Fuck yes. Can we do that Cas?”

“I'll find out.” Cas tracked down a nurse, who found a doctor, who discharged Dean. They stopped at the payment booth and paid for everything not covered by insurance. Dean wasn't allowed to walk out, he had to ride in a wheelchair, so Sam pushed him while Dean held his daughters. It took a bit of fidgeting but they got the girls in their seats and secured. Cas elected to stay in the back with them while Dean rode up front. At home, Dean made a beeline for the shower, hoping to get done before either girl needed food, and trusted either mate to unload everything.

Cas followed Dean after ensuring Sam was all right with the twins.

The next month passed by in a blur. Cas insisted Dean was to stay in bed or his nest – Dean chose bed because of the flat surface for laying his daughters down – and Dean didn't protest. Dean genuinely thought he'd have to continue cooking and cleaning after getting home but Cas decided to do something different. He declared the time between birth and the naming ceremony to be Dean Resting Time where Dean wasn't to lift a single finger to do anything he didn't want to do. Cas doted on him, tending to his every whim, serving him and cuddling him as much as possible. Much of the weight of caring for the twins fell to Sam, who stepped up proudly and relished in all of it, even when Grace demonstrated the power of her lungs when Celeste was fed first.

Visitors started popping by, checking on Dean and leaving gifts. Dean visited as much as possible but sometimes requested Cas close the bedroom door so he could sleep, even though he felt it was rude with company over. Cas never complained or berated him, just kissed him and praised him for honesty.

About three weeks in Sam caught the undercurrent of irritability in Dean. Much of that could be from broken sleep – after all, Dean was woken at night to feed the girls – but Sam suspected a different source. He arranged with Cas to take the girls on a walk in their new stroller. The day was pleasantly chilly and fresh air would do the girls some good.

“Cas?” Sam said as he snuggled the girls in the stroller. “We have to be out for at least an hour, maybe two, okay?”

“Why?”

Sam gave a quick explanation and they set out.

Dean felt weird knowing he was alone in the bunker. No guests, no mates, no children. At first he didn't know what to do with himself.

When his mates were out of scent range he relaxed muscles he hadn't known were tense. One part
of him popped up and gave him some suggestions about what to do next. He pulled his laptop close and debated whether he should open up some porn or not. His mates had been taking care of each other's needs without bothering Dean, which was good. He hadn't been in the mood. Not at all. Rubbing his elbow would have given him a similar sensation to sex right now. The pamphlets told him it was normal, yet another hormonal change that would adjust and pass. But right now he could see and feel his diamond hard status.

Skipping the porn, he closed his eyes and let his hands feel everything through the blankets and clothes. Any touch that was overwhelming or painful or just too much work was halted. Any touch that made him breathe a little faster and awaken a new nerve ending was cherished. His nipples were tender but he learned how to caress them. His hole was still sore but he figured out what kind of friction worked best. His belly felt floppy and loose but he figured out how to skim his palms without accentuating the yucky feeling. Before long he was touching his bare skin under the sheets, wide palms re-acquainting himself with his body, familiarizing himself with his erogenous zones, re-affirming how his body was his again. With just a touch of tenderness and the right amount of rough he brought himself to an incredibly satisfying orgasm, one he didn't have to share with anyone, one that was his and his alone.

Afterwards he stayed wrapped in his cocoon of sheets for as long as possible before getting up. His chest was damp, he'd released milk in the process, and the sheets were soiled. Dean trudged to the shower where he took his time washing, luxuriating in the warm spray, letting the heads massage his sore body. In another lifetime he'd've used this time for a second onesome, but as it was he was satisfied to the point of comfortable exhaustion, stress seeming to have left when he came.

In the bedroom Dean slipped on clean pajamas and tore the sheets off the bed. He re-made the bed, took the sheets to the laundry and set them to wash, then went to the kitchen for juice. In the fridge was beer but he avoided it, knowing how Cas felt if he was breastfeeding. On the table was Sam's notes for the naming ceremony. Dean read it while drinking his juice, noting Sam had added the names Dean had requested be invited. Under the food section Dean clarified 'pie' to mean ten different varieties off the top of his head, adding two more as they popped up.

Back in bed he snuggled down intending to read. The book didn't even get opened. Instead his arm curled around an egg as he spread out and slept.

Sam and Cas scented Dean's peacefulness instantly. Cas had been extremely reluctant to leave Dean alone, but it appeared Sam was correct: Dean required a bit of alone time with himself. Cas could tell by scent Dean was sexually satisfied and felt a little put out that he wasn't involved in the activity.

“Cas,” Sam berated gently, “I've told you about how he likes to masturbate.”

“I know. But I thought he might like to be with one of us.” Grace cooed to make sure she was lifted out of the stroller first. Celeste sucked on her fist and watched her sister get lifted up.

Sam lifted Celeste and her blanket into his arms and parked the stroller. “He will. You know he will. Right now his body isn't his, not completely. Let him decide when he's ready to share it with us.”

That made so much sense Cas felt chagrined. “Of course. I'm acting terribly selfish.”

Sam smiled. “A bit, yeah.”

They took the girls to Dean who started to wake at the scent of his mates and daughters.
Cas watched in awe as Dean snuffled awake. He'd had a showered but not done his hair, and had fallen asleep with a damp head. Now he was all soft and sleep rumpled, looking content with an egg snuggled close. Cas put Grace on the bed and made sure Sam kept an eye on her while he scooped Dean up, all warm and pliant and marshmallow soft, and held him gently while Dean shook off sleep. “Have a good rest,” he murmured sweetly.

“Yeah. Was good.” Dean felt the blood rush to his cheeks when he remembered his activities. “Did you have a good walk? Were the girls good?” he asked and pushed his face into the crook of Cas' neck.

“We did and they were.”

Sam winked at Cas at Dean's shyness and noticed the different sheets. “Did you put the sheets in the laundry?” he asked when both girls were side by side on the bed.

“Yeah, but just the sheets, sorry.”

“Don't be sorry, I was only asking.” Sam did some quick figuring in his head. “There's only two loads other than the sheets. I'll finish them after dinner.”

Dean nodded and mostly pulled away from Cas. There was a part of him – a huge part – that felt like he was being a burden by not caring for the girls, the bunker, or his mates as much as he thought he should be. That feeling rose up again with Cas' strong arms around him.

“Hey,” Cas squeezed him to get his attention, “you aren't a burden.”

“I have got to learn how to shutter my channel again,” Dean muttered.

“Regardless,” Cas said, “you aren't a burden. I will tell you that until you believe it. I want to cuddle you. I want you to rest. You deserve it. The girls are well cared for, healthy, and happy. The better you feel the better care you give to them.”

“Yeah but I don't want Sam to be over-”

“I'm not,” Sam rushed and leaned in to kiss Dean, pleasantly surprised when his brother's tongue made an appearance. When he pulled away he said, “I can't believe how much I love taking care of them. I love changing them, bathing them, talking to them, everything. I can't wait to feed them too.”

Cas smiled a gummy smile, pleased beyond words his pack was safe and content, and excited at the upcoming ceremony to show off his new family.
Preparations

Chapter Summary

The three adjust to live with infants and fret about the upcoming naming ceremony.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Dean finished feeding Celeste while Grace lay on the bed and stared at them. Cas and Sam had taken to leaving the girls with Dean for a while every day, partly so they could have some couple time but also so Dean could enjoy his daughters. These private, quiet moments with the girls started to become something Dean looked forward to, a time when he could babble at them or just rock them silently. Through the hours and over the days he watched their bodies unfurl like flowers in the early morning sun. Celeste's limbs stretched out long and thin like daisy petals, Grace kept herself a bit more contained, more like a chubby rose.

Cas came into the bedroom just in time today – Grace was wet. “Hey Cas, wanna do the honours?” he asked and held their daughter out.

“Sure,” he agreed with a smile, pleased beyond measure at how well Dean was recovering from their birth. “Did you have a good time with DaddyDean?” Cas cooed while Grace kicked her feet. “I'll bet you did. Let's get you all dry.” Cas whipped off the diaper and got a new one on, all without taking her out of the room. Any flat surface had become a changing table, all three learning a baby blanket could be thrown down for cleanliness and tossed in the laundry after. Or in the case of just a wet diaper: the new diaper made an excellent changing pad. “All done!” he soothed. “Should I check your sister too?”

Dean traded girls so Cas could change Celeste as well. At some point he'd have to change them, he knew that, but for now he was content to allow his mates to take over that chore.

Sam hovered in the doorway and watched his mates. Cas had a permanent smile these days and Dean was finally looking less strained. Just in time too, the naming ceremony was only a few days away.

“Hey Sam, you gonna lurk or come all the way in?” Dean asked and scooted over in the bed. Almost every day Sam cuddled him in the bed, just like he used to against the kitchen counter.

“I'm coming in,” Sam said and kissed Grace's head, then Celeste's. “You need help with them Cas?”

“I don't think so,” Cas said, jostling them until he was holding both. “I'll give you two some alone time,” he said without looking up from the girls.

Dean watched Cas leave with them, surprised when Sam swung the door so it was closed but not latched. “Sam?” he asked, a trickle of fear dribbling in his abdomen. Sex was not something he was sure he wanted yet. Well, maybe not. Getting off was always welcome, putting work into helping someone else get off was a bit more effort than he had available.
“I thought the quiet would be nice. I can open it.” Dean shook his head ‘no’. “Okay.” Sam fitted himself against the headboard with Dean in the open vee of his legs. Once Dean settled down Sam embraced him. During these cuddle times they talked about nothing important, sometimes watched a fluffy show, sometimes Sam read to him, sometimes they just breathed each other in. A few times Dean cried quietly, not because he was sad but because his hormones made him weepy. Sam kissed his forehead and stroked his back, letting Dean cry himself out whenever it happened. Today they made out a little, kissing gently while allowing roaming hands to get close to sensitive areas – but not too close. Dean pulled away with an apology on his lips, Sam swallowed it in a semi-chaste kiss.

“Does it bother you?” Dean whispered after snuggling again.

“What? Not having sex with you?” He felt more than saw Dean's nodding against his chest. “Yes and no. I miss it, sure, but I can wait. I'm a grown up.”

A whirlwind of emotions blustered through Dean, none of which he could name except insecurity – something he wasn't much used to. “But.....what if we start something and I don't want to keep going?”

“Then we stop,” Sam assured him, tracing his fingertips over Dean's back.

“But what if you're already in and I can't-”

“Then I pull out and we stop.”

“But that will leave you frustrated.”

“I have a hand.”

Dean was silent for a while, then blurted, “I jerk off when you guys go for a walk.”

“Okay.”

“Okay?”

“Yes Dean,” Cas agreed from the door, “okay.”

Both brothers turned to the door. Cas was empty handed. “They're in their crib,” he said before they could ask. “Dean, there's no rush. None at all. Just because the doctor clears you for sex doesn't mean you have to engage in the activity.” He sat on the bed and leaned in to kiss Dean then Sam. “Besides, I get far more enjoyment out of it when you really want it. And there's a lot we can do without you bottoming.”

Dean's lips tugged a smile then relaxed. “It's weird now. I'm always aware of the girls. I don't want them to hear us.”

“Many new parents feel the same way,” Cas said. “Remember they joined our lives, we didn't join theirs. We can still be quiet or reserve the extra kinky sessions for times when we have a sitter.”

“Yeah,” Sam laughed, “and trust me, there's a lineup of people wanting to babysit.”

“I stopped bleeding,” Dean said. “Haven't needed a pad since yesterday.”

“Good,” Cas said, “that shows you're healing.”

“But the birth control won't be effective for another week. So we should definitely not do anything
that might get me pregnant for at least two weeks.”

“All right,” Cas agreed.

“You don't have to set conditions,” Sam said, “we can wait as long as you need to without any explanation at all.”

“I know,” Dean whispered, knowing he was lying to himself. “I’m also kinda freaked out that I might not be able to keep it up or something. Come too quick maybe. Or not be able to come at all.”

“I seem to remember many times I came almost as soon as we started,” Cas admitted. “But I had a partner who helped me through the embarrassment. You never made me feel bad because of it Dean, and I would never do anything intentionally to make you feel bad about your performance.”

Relief seeped into Dean's insides. “I'm fat too,” he admitted, still circling the real reason he was hesitant.

“Softer,” Cas breathed, full of awe.

“Fat,” Dean clarified sharply.

“Wondrous,” Cas exhaled. “You bore my pups. Your body housed them. Now your body is different in a good way.”

Sam chuckled at Cas' wide eyes aimed at Dean's belly. “If it really bothers you we can work out. I'm sure you remember the training sessions of dad's. I can help you if you want.”

“Thanks,” Dean muttered, brow furrowed at Cas. “Do you seriously prefer me this way Cas?”

“Prefer is the wrong word,” Cas said, finally raising his eyes to Dean's. “I am honoured you bore my children, and I see your new body as a reflection of that gift.” One hand rested on Dean's jiggly belly. “I will worship you no matter what. You have my support if you want to work out, as long as you start slow and listen to your body's limits. You have my support if you don't exercise.”

Tears burned Dean's eyes. He'd suspected as much. Neither mate had made any disgusted glances or remarks about his new, loose form. And Cas seemed to like the softness of him. Sam too. But he wanted his body to feel like his own again. Which raised his next problem. The one about leaking nipples. But rather than actually say anything he snuggled closer to Sam, who bent down to kiss him again. Cas' hand dropped to stroke Dean's thigh until Sam pulled away.

“May I kiss you?” Cas asked, “or would you prefer more time with Sam?”

Dean checked and made sure there was only acceptance from Sam before pulling Cas close. When their lips met Dean melted back into Sam and felt his brother's erection through his jeans. Sam's hands roamed but stayed away from Dean's hot spots. Slick gushed out, soaking Dean's underwear and making him think it was blood at first until he could smell it, then he relaxed.

Sam rocked his pelvis into Dean, unable to stop. There was no refusal or flinching, so Sam kept at it, but gently. Gasps and little moans tried to exit his lungs but he tried to hold back, not wanting to overwhelm Dean. But Chuck almighty did Dean feel good. “I want to make you feel good,” Sam murmured. “I want to help you come. Will you let me?”

“May I help too?” Cas rumbled against Dean's plush lips. “May I touch you?”
Dean tossed his head back against Sam and grunted. “Please,” he managed, trying to stuff away any guilt for not participating as much as he thought he should.

Sam angled his head down and sucked at Dean's mark while Cas' hand cupped his brother's cock. Very slowly, stopping for many kisses, hickies, and touches, Sam and Cas got Dean naked. Cas shed his clothes in the process, as did Sam, except for the black satin teddy he'd had put on in the morning. That stayed right where it was, Sam loving the feeling of Dean feeling him up and grinding on him through it.

Cas pulled Dean into a deep kiss while tugging Sam down until he was on his back, legs spread and waiting. Just as Sam got comfortable Cas pulled away from Dean and gave him a tiny shove. “Your brother needs your mouth on his,” he commanded. The instant Dean's mouth met Sam's Cas reached over and pumped lube onto his fingers, then slid them between Sam's cheeks.

Sam arched up into Dean, pressing his satiny cock against Dean's bare one. Cas' fingers worked him expertly, opening him fast. But that wasn't the plan. The plan was to get Dean off, not himself.

An urge hit Dean so hard he whimpered and broke off the kiss. “Can I top?” he whispered, almost too quiet to be heard over his mate's harsh breathing. Cas was pressed against them, hard, thick cock leaking on the side of Dean's hip while he worked on Sam and kept a hand on Dean's ass.

“Yes,” Sam panted as he bucked against Cas' fingers, “oh fuck yes.”

“Gonna keep this on,” he moaned and slid a hand over Sam's pecs.

Cas groaned long and low at how Sam cried out at the way Dean was touching him. Sam's teddy fit him beautifully, hugging his muscular frame, outlining every valley and curve. To help Dean, he pulled his soaked fingers out of Sam and pushed Sam's leg up. “Here Dean, he's ready for you,” he said and held the g-string out of the way.

Dean slid into Sam with a cry. The satin g-string dragged on the side of his cock, making him intimately aware of how naked he was and how not naked Sam was. “Cas,” he gasped, not knowing how to ask for what he wanted.

“I've got you,” Cas rasped. As Dean gave Sam a few trial thrusts Cas fitted his fingers between Dean's cheeks, instantly soaking his hand in slick. His other hand flew to his cock, unable to not touch himself while Dean was sliding in and out of Sam. His hand slid between Dean's cheeks and pressed gently and evenly without entering him. “Does this feel good?”


Cas took his wet hand away from his cock, he'd already released enough precome to make himself slick, and grabbed Sam's perky pec, thumbing his nipple through the silky fabric while still rubbing Dean. The way Sam arched his back up and cried out made Cas' cock scream again. Cas leaned in close to Dean's ear and told him to lift up for a moment, giving some space between the brothers.

Dean did as instructed, lifting just enough so he wasn't pressed against Sam. Cas' hand between his cheeks barely moved as he thrust into Sam, but this time as he slid out Cas poked one finger inside, making Dean call out before he could remember to be quiet.

Being inside Dean's hot, wet hole was divine, even though it was only one finger. Dean gripped him, not as tightly as before but tight enough for Cas to feel the walls tensing, and it was enough for him. Grunting from the effort of keeping the pressure the way Dean liked best, Cas started jerking himself again. It took him no time at all to tense up and come, aiming for Sam's torso. Cas
wrung himself out while staring at where the brothers were joined. Dean's dick looked amazing, covered in lube and hard as a rock as it slid into Sam.

Dean watched Cas come all over his brother as he slid in and out of him. Sam tipped his head back, leaving his mouth open and eyes fluttering shut. The sight was glorious – Sam so completely lost in how good he felt. Cas' finger was still inside him, stuffing him full. He'd had much larger things up there, but right now Cas' finger was huge and glorious.

Sam arched his chest up as Cas painted him, silently gasping at how good it felt to have Cas soak him. He barely heard the next command, but suddenly felt Dean's weight on him, squishing Cas' mess into the front of his satiny teddy. There was no way Sam could hold back from crying out. Not even a possibility. Luckily Dean's neck was right there to catch all the sounds while Sam tried to suck on his mark.

The angle changed and Cas' finger found Dean's prostate a bit easier. He monitored Dean closely to find he now preferred if he just pressed on it rather than stroking it like before. Cas followed Dean's images from his channels and his partial instructions, pressing with just the right amount of force to make Dean tremble.

Dean held back. He knew what would happen if he came, and he hadn't told his mates. A large part of his brain was trying to will the milk to stay in, to not leak, to just enjoy the experience, but it wasn't working. Sam was too hot and tight. Cas' finger was too massive and pressing just perfectly. In the instant Dean forgot to control himself his body locked up and he came. As he filled Sam up his chest emptied and soaked his brother while his hole grasped at Cas' gigantic finger.

Sam felt his torso get warmer and wetter at the same time as his brother's plump lips sealed over his mark. Dean's extra belly pressed down on his cock, trapping it under satin wet with Cas' come. Sam's brain short-circuited and he came harder than he had in a long time.

Dean ground into Sam for as long as he could, but his erection flagged faster than normal and his hole felt a bit raw. Cas seemed to understand and pulled out while Sam slowly came back to himself, panting and whimpering.

"Was I okay?" Cas asked Dean, peppering him with kisses and helping him roll off Sam.

"Yeah," he panted, "really good. Finger's fucking huge though."

A chuckle fell out of Cas' throat and landed on Dean's neck. "We'll work up to full penetration again, like we did when we were new."

Sam heard them talking but their voices were far away. He was wet and dirty and even though he came, still hard. One hand stroked his cock through the sticky fabric while the other flicked his nipple. After a moment he discarded the idea he was done and actively bucked his hips up and increased twisting his nipple. He wanted to remember how this felt for the rest of his days. He wanted to burn the sensations into his body, how the warm wet fabric peeled off and stuck on, how it was from his two mates, marking him up like he was theirs. His hand dipped into the leg hole of the teddy so he could grab his cock, the back of his hand scraping the dirty teddy in a way that made him cry out.

"Hey Cas," Dean murmured, "Sammy's still got some juice left. Looks like he doesn't mind the milk," he added quietly, blushing slightly.

Cas' lips parted in a smile. He waited as Sam seemed to forget there were people watching, running one large hand through the messy teddy while the other was shoved through a leg hole and jerking
his bare cock. Cas waited until Sam was on the brink, heels digging into the bed, hips canted up, mouth open, eyes screwed shut, cheek pressed into the pillow, balls high and tight, then he spoke in his most gravelly voice. “Aren't you filthy,” he rumbled.

Cas' voice started Sam coming again, barely spurting this time but convulsing just the same. When he came back to himself he was being held by Dean, pulled close to his warm, soft body. Cas was on the other side of Dean, one arm stretched over to rest a hand on Sam's side. They lay together for a while before Grace let them know nap time was over.

The day before the naming ceremony arrived just in time for Dean to crave being anywhere other than bed. The time Cas gave him to recover was fantastic, but Dean's natural inclination for activity was rearing its ugly head, demanding he move his body again. Under Cas' watchful eye he cleaned the bathroom and kitchen as thoroughly as possible, giving the rest of the public areas a quick pass to look clean enough for guests.

In the control room Dean noticed a light on over a huge handle. “Anyone know what this does?”

Cas wandered over. “No.”

“Let's find out.” Dean grabbed the handle and pulled it down before Cas could finish saying his name. The bunker trembled as a rumbling sound filled the air. Both rushed to the common room where Sam had his arms under the bundles in the sling Gilda bought them.

“Guys,” Sam shouted, “look!”

Everywhere the bunker had odd areas of lighting – like behind the telescope – panels were retreating into the walls to reveal windows.

“The bunker has windows?” Dean shouted in time for the rumbling to stop. All around them were streams of natural light filling the area. “Sometimes I wonder if Chuck listens and makes stuff happen,” he mused quietly.

“Why?” Sam laughed. “Because we only found the windows now?”

“Because we found them after you and Cas talked about how you wanted to move because there's no natural light in here.”

“Dean,” Sam chided, “that was months ago.”

“Yeah. It was. And how many times have you been in the control room since then?”

Sam couldn't answer that. “Cas? Any ideas?”

Cas was staring at the beautiful beams of light. “None. I could ask Gabriel if he knows what's going on. But really, the bunker is mysterious and always has been.”

“We'll have to ward the windows,” Dean said. The weight of the task rested heavy on his chest. “I suppose we should get started.”

“They're warded,” Cas said. “I can see them. If you look at just the right angle you can see them too.”

Both brothers moved around and eventually saw what Cas meant. Each window did indeed have
warding. Powerful warding.

Sam moved into a sunbeam and cooed at the girls. Dean stared. Grace's eyes were an arresting blue in the sunlight. Celeste's hair was like spun gold. Her eyes were murky still, shifting daily between bluish and greenish. Dean hoped she would have kaleidoscope eyes like Sammy's. He gave each girl a kiss on her head then one for Sam. “You look so good with them.”

“Thanks,” Sam said proudly. “Do you want to hold them for a while?”

“No. I gotta finish cleaning.”

Sam’s heart swelled. He hadn't wanted to hand them over anyway. “Okay. Let me know if you change your mind.”

Cas kissed each girl and Sam as well before following Dean to ensure he didn't overdo it with scrubbing.

Cleaning was exhausting, but in a good way. It also took the entire day to do chores that normally would have taken a couple of hours. When Dean was done he sat on the couch and immediately became one with it, melting into the cushions with a long sigh.

Cas sat next to him. “You got terribly close to overdoing it today,” he warned as he opened a water bottle and handed it over.

Dean heard the quiet reprimand in Cas' voice and considered a snarky retort. The problem was Cas was right. “Yeah,” he said and gulped some water while trying to ignore the tremble in his hand and warble in his voice. “Sorry. Thought I had more energy.”

“Dinner will be here shortly. Just rest until then.” Cas took the bottle back and capped it.

“We ordered out?” Dean tried to remember if anyone asked what he would like for dinner.

“Yes. Sam has been busy with preparations for tomorrow. Everything is ready.”

Dean could hear Grace start to cry, his chest pulled to bring all the milk to the nipple all at once. “What am I gonna have to do?” he said as Grace's cries got louder.

“Feed your daughters,” Sam said as he came into the room, pups in the sling. “Bathroom looks awesome Dean. And Grace is hungry.”

Grace was working up to a wail while Celeste watched. Little fists were shaking in the air while her tiny pink mouth was stretched wide mid-cry. Sam wrestled her free of the sling – her tiny legs kicking the whole time – and handed her over.

Part of Dean wanted to just lift his shirt and have someone else hold her in place, but she was remarkably finicky about how she ate. “C'mon Grace,” he mumbled, “let's not be too fussy today.”

She disagreed. She fussed and cried rather than take in food, even though she was screaming from hunger. By the time she was latched on and actively suckling, Dean was in tears again and feeling fragile. “Sammy,” he hitched, “bring her sooner.”

“Well she wasn't fussy!” Sam sniped and prepared to get Celeste out of the sling. She almost always ate immediately after Grace. When he had her out he handed Dean some tissues. “She wasn't hungry until just now.”
“Well she obviously was!” Dean shouted.

“Guys,” Cas warned.

“She doesn't latch on if she's too hungry!” Dean added loudly. Celeste startled, paused, took a deep breath, and wailed. “Now look! Now she's crying too!” Grace bit down and turned to look at her sister, effectively tearing Dean's nipple out of her mouth. “Ow! Fuck!”

“Well stop yelling!” Sam bellowed.

“Enough!” Cas boomed, frighteningly close to using his Alpha voice. After a calming breath he tried again. “Stop. Both of you.” He took Celeste from Sam and did his best to change his energy from wanting to scream at his mates to love for his daughter. Celeste seemed to sense when he was calmer and calmed down as well. Grace followed Cas with her eyes until Celeste was down to huffing breaths, then tried to nurse again.

Dean's nipple hurt from where she bit down but he couldn't put her on the other side or she'd drain the milk reserved for Celeste. His toes curled from pain when she started nursing again, sucking harder than before. He fought the urge to pop her off and put her down... hard... while he sulked.

Sam caught the anger in Dean's channel and was there the instant Grace was done. “I'm sorry,” he whispered to Dean, “I didn't mean to yell at you.” He took the bundle from Dean's shaking hands. “Take a minute Dean.”

All kinds of incredibly rude responses slammed to the forefront of Dean's mind. On a dime, his emotions shifted and he burst into tears while nodding, acknowledging that yeah, he needed a minute.

Celeste rooted in Cas' neck, little mouth looking for a food source, but he didn't give her to Dean yet. Instead he rocked her as Sam put Grace on the floor then hugged Dean.

“I know tomorrow is going to be hard,” Sam said. “It'll be hard for me too.”

Dean clung to Sam and let himself be rocked. Celeste started snuffling, working up to a cry. “Cas,” he said as he pulled away from Sam. “She's hungry.”

“I know,” Cas murmured and handed her over. At the same time he sent Sam an image through the channel to keep holding Dean, which he did. As soon as Celeste was in Dean's arms Cas bent down and picked up Grace. “Hey little one,” he cooed and put her the way she liked; upright against his chest and facing her sister.

When Celeste was done she kept Dean's nipple in her mouth, little jaw vibrating so she was sucking but not drawing milk. “Okay, nope, I don't think so,” Dean said and pulled her off and set her on his thighs, big hand keeping her in place. “I'm not a soother.” Her little fist ended up in her mouth instead.

“Cas?” Sam asked, “Are you okay with your girls having soothers?”

“Babies need to suck for comfort, so yes. Either can have a pacifier for a while.”

“It may be hard to take it away later,” Sam warned.

Cas filled his eyes with love and looked at Dean. “Maybe. But Dean is right. He's not a soother. If the girls want to suck for comfort Dean shouldn't be held to that.”
Dean tried not to cry. He failed.

“Oh Dean,” Sam leaned in and embraced him while keeping a hand on Celeste so she didn't roll off Dean's lap.

Celeste's smacking sound made Dean huff an almost laugh through his tears. “Yeah,” he sniffled, “she needs a pacifier.”

“Here,” Cas murmured. While Dean cried Cas had gone to the nursery and found the soothers from the welcome kit Sam had washed and kept out on the dresser. He gently prized her fist out of her mouth and slipped the rubber bulb in. She sucked, looked surprised, then sighed happily, sucking away. “Grace?” he asked and tapped her lips with another soother. “Do you want one too?”

Grace opened her mouth and tried to suck on it but forced it out. Cas tried again with the same result. “Well, I suppose she can have one later if she wants. Now, we need to talk.”

Dean's belly froze at Cas' tone. Sam sat back cautiously and kept an arm around Dean.

Cas waited until he had their full attention. “I understand the ceremony is going to be difficult for different reasons. Yelling at each other solves nothing and only upsets the girls. Work it out. Now.”

Dean avoided all eye contact and stared at Celeste, still laying on his thighs.

Sam cleared his throat and stared at nothing in particular.

Cas huffed and resisted rolling his eyes at the brothers. “Dean. Why are you stressed out about it?”

Dean cooed at Celeste, picked her up, showed her to Grace, and eventually muttered, “I'm still fat. I thought-, never mind.”

“You thought what, Dean,” Cas asked kindly while rocking Grace so she could still see her sister.

“I thought I'd be back to my normal shape by now,” he whispered.

“It's been six weeks,” Cas reminded him. “Very few people regain their shape in only six weeks. Nobody is going to care. People have already seen you and said you're looking well.”

“Yeah,” Dean shrugged, “I guess.”

“Dean. Please be honest. Is something else bothering you?” Cas asked.

For a while Dean said nothing. Then, “no. I'm just really tired. I thought I could cle-ean, but I can't ev-en do that. When am I gonna be m-me again?” he muttered and cried quietly.

Sam presented Dean with a tissue box. “This is the new you.”

“Yeah,” Dean stared at Sam without seeing him. Suddenly he understood. Nothing was the same. Nothing would ever be the same again. His old life was gone.

Cas knelt in front of Dean and put a hand on Celeste. “Dean?” he asked softly. “Your life has been very different for some time now.”

“But…..but…..” but before I could pretend, he wanted to add. Before I could pretend I'm still a hunter, still killing things, still tough, still relevant, still needed. Reality washed away his words. He'd been Omega for a while, gotten used to the slick, gotten used to the hormones, gotten used to needing cuddles and love, gotten used to serving his pack, gotten used to the way many people
didn't see him until they acknowledged Cas. He'd even gotten used to being pregnant, just in time to give birth. “Oh,” he cried. “I get it.” I'll get used to this. Get used to having no energy. Get used to being a milk machine just in time to stop. Get used to having my attention span shortened. Get used to listening for the girls all the time. Get used to my mates not paying attention to me because the girls needed it more. Get used to arranged sex instead of spontaneous sex. Get used to feeling sexual with children around. Get used to not being the center of attention anymore.

Cas caught all of it in the channel. “Mourn the loss of your old life. Take the time. Really feel how it's gone now,” he advised. “Even if that means packing up your feelings and stuffing them in a duffel for tomorrow's ceremony. Unpack them when guests leave. Mourn if you need to. Take all the time you need.” He stared into Dean's bright green eyes. “When you're done, you'll see how life is different now, and better. But you cannot feel the joy until you let go of your expectations of what your life was going to be.”

Sam slid Celeste into his arms while Cas spoke. He also caught Dean's mixed emotions in the channel and understood how difficult everything had been for Dean since the day he woke up with soaked sheets and new urges. Tears flowed down his cheeks at what Cas said. While Dean had been resisting change, Sam had already been dealing with his feelings. Rather well, he believed.

Cas moved in and hugged Dean, letting him cling until he was done without squishing Grace. When Dean let go Cas kissed him and turned to Sam. “Your turn.”

“What? No. I'm fine,” he insisted with blotchy, wet cheeks, a runny nose, and swollen eyes.

“Try again,” Cas insisted.

Sam bounced Celeste a few times. He took a giant breath and said, “I'm going to be standing up there with you two and have to watch Dean hand over the girls to Cas. I know, I know, I'm their dad too. But biologically they're both of yours and tomorrow the whole world will witness that. I know I'm still important to the girls. I know, I'm still in your pack. I get it. But I can't help thinking I want to be the one handing the child over to Cas. God Dean! Part of me wants to slap some sense into you so you see how good you've got it. I won't,” he rushed when he saw the look on Cas' face. “but this is going to be hard.”

“Thank you for your honesty,” Cas said and passed Grace to Dean so he could hug Sam around Celeste. “It will be difficult. But you will be standing right next to us, an important part of our pack, a member we both love deeply. No matter what stuffy ceremony this new world forces on us you are and always will be our mate and the girls' dad. Period. And nobody will be able to convince me otherwise.”

Sam snuffled in Cas' arms. “Guess I'm not dealing with things as well as I thought.”

“That's okay,” Cas assured him. “Everything is so new. Give yourself time to adjust. Let's get through tomorrow. Think of it as a big baby shower. There'll be one part that'll be hard, the rest is merely a party.”

“Yeah,” Sam agreed and pulled away. “Okay.”

Grace noticed Celeste and kicked in Dean's arms. Dean shifted her so she was closer to her sister, Sam doing the same. “I thought you liked all the party planning,” Dean said and wiped his eyes.

“I did. I do,” Sam emphasized. “I enjoyed every part of planning from making up invitations to picking a caterer. It helped keep me busy and not think about what's going to be happening.”
Cas kissed Sam's temple. “You did well. Everything is ready. Everyone RSVP'd. We're ready to go. I know this is hard. I do. But bottom line? It's only a party to introduce our daughters to the world. Nothing more.”

“Well, I might just go lock myself in the nest room during the party.”

“Dean!” Sam admonished lightly.

“I hate crowds Sammy.”

“One moment at a time,” Cas reminded them as the doorbell rang.

Dean was groaning before Cas was halfway down the stairs with a paper sack of food. “That smells like those burgers I like,” he moaned. “The ones from that diner up the road?”

“It is,” Cas said as they marched to the kitchen. “We found a company that picks up food from places that don't normally deliver.”

Dean settled Celeste in her bouncy seat while Sam got Grace arranged and Cas pulled deliciousness out of a bag. “I hope I got your burger right,” Cas said.

“I honestly don't care,” Dean said as Sam dumped fries on a plate for him. “Do I have to wait for you guys?”

Cas laughed. “No. Dig in. Or one of us can feed.....you....” Dean was already moaning around his first bite.

“You remembered bacon,” he groaned. “Hey dames, you get bacon too. And melty cheese.”

Sam stirred his salad with a smile.

Dean practically inhaled his food. “Do I have to give a speech or anything?” he asked when he was down to fries.

“No,” Cas assured him, “not if you don't want to.”

“How is it all gonna work?”

“Broad strokes?” Cas asked as he set his own burger down. “Caterers will set up food. Guests will arrive. You will stand in front of everyone and announce each of our daughters. Then you can circulate through the crowd or sit in one place. Either way, people are going to want to hold the girls.”

“When I announce the girls I tell them you're the father?” Dean asked, picking at his fries.

“Yes. And then pass them to me. I will accept them.” There was no room for discussion in Cas' voice. They were his daughters. He would accept them in front of everyone. “Is there another problem Dean?”

“No,” he rushed, “not really. I just hate the formality. Can't we just fill out the paperwork and have you sign as the biological father?”

“No,” Sam said. “That was abolished when Omegas lied about who fathered the pups. Alphas pushed laws through. Now a registrar will come to the ceremony and ensure everything is above board. Paperwork will be signed and witnessed by the registrar in front of everyone.”
Dean would rather all this be done in private, but mostly because he didn't much like the whole world being invited into his private life. “Fine. It'll be good to get this wristband off anyway.”

Before bed and after feeding the girls, Dean stood in front of his closet and debated what he was going to wear tomorrow. Nothing fit. Well, except maternity stuff. He passed a hand over his squishy middle, disgusted that he didn't fully revert back to his previous form. A lot of the excess flab had been leaving, but not fast enough.

Sam approached from behind and slipped his arms around Dean's middle. “Finding what you're looking for?”

“No,” he pouted, “nothing fits.”

“How about your maternity jeans? Are they too loose now?”

“No,” he sulked, “they still fit.”

“Well, there you go. Unless you want to wear a suit?”

“No.”

Cas watched them carefully. Dean's emotions were still scattered and probably would be until after tomorrow. “Anything you choose will be good,” he assured Dean. “Besides, most of the attention will be on the two girls anyway.”

Dean leaned back into Sam. “Yeah. I guess.”

“When I ran errands yesterday I bought some clothes for you,” Cas said. “They are in the dryer. Would you like to try them on? If you don't like them or they don't fit, we can donate them to a shelter.”

“Yeah,” Dean agreed, thinking it would be better to do it now rather than wait until tomorrow.

Cas retrieved them from the dryer and brought them to the bedroom.

Dean tried them on, discovering Cas had accurately predicted his size. The maternity pants were still needed – he just couldn't button the others and the new ones felt wrong and uncomfortable – but the new black t-shirt fit better than the maternity clothes or his old clothes. Cas even bought him new flannels to wear over top. Dean chose a red one and felt somewhat better. The mirror showed he was still chubby and his belly just could not be hidden, but he didn't look so bedraggled in his opinion. “Thanks Cas,” he whispered, checking to make sure the nursing band didn't show through the shirt. He was not going to leak while speaking in front of a group. Nope. Not even maybe.

“You're welcome. Now, let's get you ready for bed.”

Rather than fight it Dean let Cas undress him again and put a nightshirt on him. After completing their nighttime routine – including checking on the girls – they each snuggled under the covers. Dean thought he'd be up for a while with stress and worry, but was wrong.
I know Cas' advice about stuffing your feelings away isn't the best, but sometimes it's what you have to do to get through something. As long as those feelings get handled sooner rather than later. The stress of the ceremony will be there until the party is done, so Cas just needs to get his pack through it.
The naming ceremony is finally here, the pack gets to introduce their new girls to the world :)

The next afternoon Dean had to digest the butterflies fluttering in his tummy. Public speaking was never his thing and even though this was basically a party he still had to stand in front of everyone and say stuff, preferably sounding intelligent at the same time.

Sam changed outfits four times, settling on his professor pants, button down shirt, and cardigan. Cas looked marvellous as always in his pinstripe pants and white shirt. Dean put on the clothes he'd tried on the day before, delighted they still fit and feeling silly that he thought they wouldn't.

Grace yelled for them from her crib, making Dean laugh. All three went to see the girls, wide awake from their nap and ready for the day.

“Why don't they have channels?” Dean asked as he picked up Celeste, who didn't need changing quite as desperately as Grace.

Sam picked up Grace and took her to the changing table. “They won't have them. Children are different. We can sense their moods with accuracy but not read their thoughts. Only their packmates will have channels with them,” he explained as he got Grace all comfy and dry. “Pass me Celeste. She probably needs a change too.”

Dean did, taking Grace before Cas could. She immediately tried to access his nipples through his shirt. “Hungry?” He sat on the rocking chair, lifted his shirt, and lowered the band. It had taken some practice but the whole procedure was starting to feel very normal.

Cas' heart melted at how casual Dean was with feeding now. Grace looked adorable fisting Dean's shirt and eating as if she was never going to be fed again. There was no way to stop the tide of love welling up in Cas so he didn't try. Instead he flooded his mates.

Sam glanced over and smiled at him, Dean as well.

“Hey guys,” Dean said as he fixed his clothes. Grace loved her food but wasted no time in getting it down. “Can you both stay out of my channel for a few hours? I really want their outfits to be a surprise.”

“Of course Dean,” Cas said and took Grace just in time for Sam to deposit Celeste for feeding.

“You bet,” Sam agreed, pecking Dean on the cheek.

+ People were here. All over the bunker. Milling about. Talking.
Dean had shut and locked many doors, there was no reason for guests to be lurking in the dungeon or the spell pantry. Right now, he was getting his daughters ready for the ceremony while his mates greeted guests.

Sam and Cas showed people to the common area, letting them spill into the library and kitchen. Caterers circulated the rooms with appetizers and drinks, but no alcohol. Cas decided if Dean couldn't have beer then no one could.

Cas leaned into Sam and sighed heavily. “Gabriel's here.”

Sam smirked. “Even though you fell you can tell where he is?”

“No,” Cas bit out, “he simply makes his presence known.”

“Hey little brother!” Gabriel shouted as he descended the stairs. “I need you to lower the warding.”

“Gabriel,” Cas started, pulling away from Sam, “no.”

“But-, but my partner! He can't come in.”

Cas' eyes narrowed. “Your ‘partner’? Who are you dating?” One glance at the open door and a groan slipped out. “Crowley.”

Sam burst out laughing, startling a few people around him. “Oh my Chuck that makes sense! You're both troublemakers!”

“Yes, well,” Crowley intoned from the door, “he does have a few good tricks up his sleeve. Now, if you don't mind.....” he waved at the entrance as if he could make the invisible warding show.

Cas rolled his eyes hard. “Fine. But consider the bunker a demon trap until you need to leave. The warding will only be down long enough for you to enter.”

“Wouldn't have it any other way, Moose.” Crowley entered when Sam indicated it was safe. “Congratulations on making pups and all. Good stock.”

Cas wanted to argue they weren't cows, they were children, but took Crowley's compliment in stride. Gabriel draped himself over Crowley's arm. “Sorry we had to keep our relationship hush-hush, but-”

“But you like the intrigue?” Sam interjected.

Gabriel shrugged and let his eyes dance over Sam's long frame. “You look good, as always. You know, if you ever find yourself in need of-”

Cas barked his brother's name. “That's quite enough from you.”

Gabriel sighed dramatically and yanked Crowley toward the caterer with cookies.

“I don't think I could be more surprised,” Sam murmured to Cas. “Did you know they were dating?”

“No. I don't keep tabs on Gabriel's affairs.”

“Well who could?” Bobby said gruffly, making Sam and Cas spin around. “Now where's my other boy? Where's Dean?”
“Bobby!” Sam flung his arms around him, noting he was almost unrecognizable without his ball cap on. “You made it!”

“Wouldn't miss it,” he grunted and hugged back, even moving in to hug Cas, who accepted it gracefully.

“Dean's getting the girls ready,” Cas said and waved at Eileen.

*So good to see you,* Sam signed to Eileen.

*Your signing is getting better,* she signed. “Bobby is getting good too,” she added aloud. She glanced adoringly at Bobby and took his hand.

“You, uh, you two,” Sam motioned between them. Eileen nodded and Bobby pursed his lips. “Why didn't you tell me?” he asked Eileen.

“We weren't sure how you two would take it,” Bobby said before she could answer. “Age difference and all.”

“He's sweet,” Eileen said. “I enjoy his company.”

Sweet wasn't the word Cas would have used to describe Bobby. Crusty, maybe. Loyal, definitely. But sweet? “I'm happy for you both,” Cas said with a smile.

Guests continued filtering in, taking Cas and Sam's attention away from each other. Max and Alicia made it as did Garth and his wife Bess. Jesse and Cesar arrived as well, Jesse heavily pregnant with their first pup. Charlie and Gilda had been among the first to arrive and directed new arrivals to the the gift table and gave them a short tour of the bunker. Cain and Benny arrived shortly before Jody and Donna with Claire, Kaia, Alex, and Patience in tow. Kevin showed up, alone as usual lately.

“Kevin,” Sam greeted when he had the chance. “Did you bring someone?”

“No,” he said, shuffling his feet. “I'm not dating anyone.”

Sam raised his eyebrows. Honestly, he couldn't remember the last time Kevin mentioned anyone significant in his life. “You never are, are you?” he asked cautiously.

Kevin shifted from foot to foot some more. “No.”

“Do you want to? I know several professors who might be interested in having a Beta in their pack.”

“Uh, no, but thanks,” he stammered then took a big breath. “I'm asexual,” he blurted.

“Oh!”

“Yeah. I haven't told many people yet, so keep it to yourself, okay?”

“Sure, yeah, of course. That doesn't mean you can't be in a relationship though.”

“I know,” Kevin said and took a sip of his punch. “But not many understand. I just don't want to have sex with anyone and I'm tired of explaining why, so I stopped dating.”

“Oh, well, yeah. This new virus made our world about sex and claiming didn't it?”

“Yeah it did,” Kevin said with a chuckle.
Dean fed his girls and got them dressed, babbling at Grace as he got one foot in her black tights and fed the rest under the damn anklet. Normally he didn't bother, just zipped up her sleeper over top, but today the anklet would be cut off so he wanted it accessible, even though it was a giant pain in the ass to get the tights under it. Someone knocked. “Go away,” he sang.

“Dean,” Sam said from the other side of the door, “the registrars are here and need to see you. I'm sending them in.”

“Okay but don't look at the girls!”

The door opened and a tall, thin woman slipped in. A squat man followed. “Hello,” she said after closing the door. “I'm Betty from the registrar's office. This is my assistant Javier.”

“Hi. Dean. This is Grace. Over there is Celeste,” he motioned to the crib where she was dressed and waiting.

“Hello,” she cooed at each girl with Javier standing unobtrusively near the door. When she had her fill she addressed Dean. “Okay. So today you announce who fathered your daughters. I will cut off your bracelet at the beginning with everyone watching. Then I will cut off each of your daughter's anklets after the lineage is announced. I attach the anklet to the paperwork and the father signs the form. My assistant will be the witness and sign the forms accordingly.”

“Sure,” he said dismissively, finally getting the tights through and getting her wandering foot into the other leg. “I only have one bracelet. Which form do you attach it to?”

“We have forms for multiple births, so I attach it to the top page. Some of the information needs to be filled out in advance.” She didn't wait for a response, just opened her bag and pulled everything out. Before doing anything she compared Dean's bracelet to the anklets, and those bands to two envelopes in her hand. After it was confirmed the envelopes were indeed Dean's she said, “now. Which was born first?”

Dean answered all her questions but only gave her half his attention. Grace was a wiggly girl and difficult to dress, especially with someone new to look at.

+  

Cas and Sam both felt a bolt through the channel. Cas prepared to go to Dean, but the bolt was covered fast and his channel quiet again. “Sam?”

“The registrars are with him. They have to fill out some forms, which means she's asking him all kinds of questions he probably doesn't want to answer.”

Cas laughed lightly. “Yes. That does sound like our Dean.” Everyone seemed to be having a good time, but many kept glancing down the hall to the bedrooms, presumably looking for Dean. “Will he be ready soon do you think?” Cas asked Sam absently.

The crowd quieted. Cas turned to see the registrars leading Dean into the room. Dean had the girls in their big black stroller for easy transport.

“May I have everyone's attention please?” Betty called out over the crowd while Dean positioned himself so people couldn't see into the stroller. “It's time to announce some new arrivals in the world. The Winchester Pack has had pups, as you all know. Will the pack please join Dean at the front?”
“It will be fast,” Cas soothed to Sam, who relaxed slightly. They made their way through the crowd to Dean, both glancing down to see their girls covered in light blankets from the neck down. Cas rested a hand on the small of Sam’s back and felt the muscles loosen a bit more.

“All right,” Betty continued when they were in place. “Our pack today began with three, Alpha Castiel, Beta Sam, and Omega Dean. Today we welcome two new members of their pack.” She pulled a small pair of scissors out and snipped Dean's bracelet off. After handing it to Javier, who attached it to the form, she turned back to Dean. “Omega, will you announce your first born?”

“Sure,” Dean said and took a calming breath. He whispered, “love you guys,” and then addressed the crowd. “Hey everyone. So, First born is our lovely Grace.” He tossed the blanket off and picked her up, holding her to display her outfit. She was wearing a white diaper shirt under black tights with a tiny beige overcoat on top. His tiny angel. The crowd oohed and ahhed, multiple cameras and phones snapping photos and recording. “Grace's father is Castiel Winchester,” he announced and held her out.

“Castiel Winchester?” Betty boomed, “do you accept responsibility?”

Cas stepped up, tears standing in his eyes, and took her from Dean. “I love you,” he mouthed to his favourite Omega and turned to face everyone. The crowd applauded as Betty snipped off the anklet. Javier attached it to the form and held it on a clipboard for Cas to sign.

Sam kept his hands in his pockets and kept his tears at bay. Grace looked adorable in her little outfit. He focused on that instead of the emptiness of his arms. Cas would need to sign the next form, so Sam was already figuring out the logistics of taking one girl from him to free his hand.

Dean took another calming breath while Cas shuffled Grace into one arm, leaving the other at ready for the next pup. “As you know, we have two,” he said and relaxed when the crowd giggled lightly. “Not long after Grace joined us, we had Celeste.” Again, he discarded the blanket and held her up. She was wearing tiny jeans, a black diaper shirt, and a green flannel over top. His tiny hunter. More oohs and ahhs echoed through the room. Cameras clicked and flashed. “Celeste's father is Sam Winchester,” he announced and held her out to his brother.

Sam's heart stopped. Cas' eyes widened. The room went dead silent.

“Sam Winchester?” Betty boomed over the silence. “Do you accept responsibility?”

Tears fell out of Sam's eyes. “Don't fuck with me,” he whispered sharply, “not about this.”

“I'm not,” Dean murmured, still holding Celeste out, “registrar double checked the DNA stuff 'cause you're a Beta and it's rare. She's your daughter. You gonna take her?”

Sam figured out how arms work and took Celeste, instantly bursting into happy tears. Betty snipped off the anklet, handed it to Javier, who attached it to the form, and held the clipboard for Sam to sign, which he did while sobbing.

The room erupted in applause and cheers, none of which Sam noticed. All he felt was Cas' warm body pressing him into a hug and his Alpha's voice wishing him congratulations. When Cas let go Sam took one look at his stunning brother and grabbed him, hugging him tight. “Oh fuck we made a pup!”

“Right?” Dean said, voice muffled by Sam's body.

“Cas!” Sam cried as he released Dean. “I'm a father! She's my daughter!” Before Cas could answer, Sam turned to Betty. “Show me the papers.”
She did, explaining the form. The DNA results were conclusive: Sam was Celeste's father. Dean nudged Sam's elbow. Sam turned to see his brother offering a tissue, which he used to clean up. “I can't believe it. I really can't. I'm sorry I didn't believe you! But fuck! Seriously?”

“Me either,” Dean said. “But there you go. Now that I know I can see you in her. She's long like you, her fingers are definitely yours. And her eyes. Oh man, her eyes, foxy like her dad's.”

Cas thumbed away a stray tear from Sam's cheek. “I'm so happy for you,” he said while Grace fussied until she was facing Celeste again.

People approached, offering their congratulations and asking to hold the girls. Max approached and put a hand on Celeste's back since Sam hadn't let anyone hold her since he took her from Dean. “I'm surprised,” he mused, “how did you not know? Castiel's instinct would have been to obliterate any scent of Sam. Omegas who carry a pup that isn't fathered by the Alpha are subject to near constant marking.”

The pack shared a look and laughed. “Well,” Dean said, “that explains a lot.”

“No kidding!” Sam agreed.

“I admit,” Cas said, “resisting marking Dean was remarkably difficult.”

“You barely resisted,” Dean reminded him gently.

“Yes, well. I didn't understand.”

“But how?” Max persisted. “Sam? Didn't you do any research?”

“Yes but everything said Betas almost never get Omegas pregnant so I didn't pursue it. And Cas' marking seemed normal. Well, possessive, but normal-ish. Besides, Dean lost two pups so Cas marking him all the time seemed right.”

“It's rare,” Max agreed. “My cousin had a similar situation where the Beta impregnated his Omega. The stories he told about what his Omega had to endure are a bit frightful. Sorry about the lost pups though.”

“Thanks,” Dean acknowledged without explaining how the pups were lost. He'd learned in this world people just assumed miscarriage and he was fine with that. Dean thought of the bunker stinking of Cas' urine outside, how Cas practically sprayed his scent everywhere, and how relieved Cas always was when Dean let him come all over his belly. “Well, Cas was quite considerate with marking. Never forced me to endure anything.”

Cas stared at Sam, gears turning in his mind. “That's why you were marking Dean. To obliterate my scent.”

“I.....yeah. I guess so,” he agreed. “I didn't know, though.”

“Well now we know for the future,” Dean said.

Cas perked up at that. He would absolutely welcome more pups, his or Sam's. But he didn't want to spook Dean so he shifted his attention to the crowd.

While Sam and Cas mingled, Dean retreated to the kitchen. Jesse was sitting at the table and rubbing his belly while Cesar stood nearby. There were posts on the forums about different hunters who were pregnant but Dean couldn't remember how many months Jesse had left. “How far
along?” Dean asked.

“Eight months,” Jesse said. “People keep telling me how pregnancy is beautiful. I think they mispronounced ‘undignified’.”

Dean burst into giggles. “I know! Wait until you waddle instead of walk.”

Jesse made a disgusted noise. “I'm so gassy.” He leaned close to Dean. “I bend over and fart like a foghorn some days.”

Dean choked on laughter. “I didn't have to deal with too much gas but the food cravings were weird.”

Sam bustled in with Celeste. “Oh hi guys! Dean, she's hungry.”

Dean sat and got her set up without thinking about it. Only after she was nursing did he look up and see the guests noticing. “Oh. Uh-. Fuck it. Yeah. I breastfeed.”

“Good for you!” Cesar said. “Did you choose to? Jesse here keeps saying he'd rather use a bottle.”

“Come on,” Jesse argued, “I'm a guy. And hairy.”


“Really?” Jesse peered down his shirt. “I don't know, there's a lot there.”

“My lactation consultant was covered in hair. Seriously. Like, thick, dark hair all over his chest. He said it fell out with breastfeeding but came back.”

Jesse didn't look convinced. Celeste finished up and grunted.

“Hey Sammy. Your daughter is creating a gift for you,” Dean said and handed her over mid-grunt.

Sam laughed. My daughter. MY DAUGHTER. “I'll change her while you put yourself away.”

Jesse and Cesar rejoined the party in time for Cain and Benny to come into the kitchen.

“I thought you ate already,” Cain was saying as they entered.

“I did. But there are so many people. It's stressful.” Several of the guests cornered him after Dean announced the outfits were specially made by Benny. Dean overheard a few make appointments for formal wear. “We should leave. I didn't bring any extra food.”

Jody came in. “Oh, sorry. I was looking for somewhere quiet for a minute. So many damn people.” Her eyes rested on pale, trembling Benny. “Are you all right?”

“We need to leave,” Cain said. “Benny needs to eat.”

“Well, if you want he can have some of my blood,” Jody said and pulled out her phone. “I'm available.” She showed them an app stating it'd been seven weeks since her last donation.

“You donate?” Benny asked, sniffing her discretely, “to vampires?”

“Yes. There's one on my squad.” She pulled her shirt away to reveal a port-a-cath on her sternum. “Dean? Is there somewhere more private we can go?”
“Yeah, follow me.” He took them to a guest bedroom. “Do you need anything?”

“I have his rig,” Cain said and crowded Dean against the wall. “Thank you,” he said quietly while staring into Dean's eyes. “You were very kind to invite us. Not everyone enjoys a vampire in their midst.”

Dean tried to squish away any arousal that seemed to come from nowhere. Cain's hard body was a breath away. Dean knew he could lean in and lick his neck or slip a finger into the waistband of his incredibly well-fitting jeans. “No problem, Garth is also getting some unwanted attention I see. You, uh, you work out at all? You're really fit.”

Cas appeared from thin air with a questioning expression. “Dean?”


“Hmm. So is Grace. You'll feed her somewhere else.”

“Yeah. 'course.” Dean nodded to the group and left the room, closing the door gently on the way out and not missing Cas' appraising glance of Cain ass as he turned to Benny. “You too?”

“Enough,” Cas said, blush rising. “Grace is hungry.”

They went into the nursery where Dean settled into the rocker and fed Grace. She was barely on before Sam came in with Celeste.


Cas took Celeste from him. “Sam. Sit.”

He did and stared at Dean. “Holy shit,” he repeated and pushed a hand over his mouth again.

“Right?” Dean said. “When Betty showed me the DNA form I didn't believe it. Not at all. You must have some pretty strong swimmers or something.”

“Fuck,” Sam hissed and gripped his knees. “I'm a father.”

Cas smiled wide. “Yes. You are. And a good one. Now that I know, I can see a lot of you in Celeste.”

“Yeah,” Dean agreed as Grace squirmed and pulled away. He re-dressed himself and said, “she's so long. And those cheekbones are definitely yours.”

“Her eyes,” Cas added, “they even look like they'll be hazel. Her hair is Dean's, as are her lips, but her fingers and toes are definitely yours Sam.”

“How did I not see it?” Sam asked and took Grace from Dean's lap as she was starting to fuss about being prone. He shifted her so she was upright.

“Same way none of us did,” Dean said. “I think we just assumed she was Cas' and ignored the obvious.”

“By the way,” Sam said, “excellent choice of clothes. The girls are adorable.”

“Indeed,” Cas agreed. “Benny did an excellent job on the trench coat. It's almost an exact replica of mine.”
“Yeah,” Dean said, “I wanted her to have a blue tie too but thought about choking hazards and decided against it.”

Cas hummed appreciatively. “Yes. I don't want anything restricting around their necks.”

They glanced at each other. “We should really rejoin our guests,” Dean said.

Cas and Sam laughed but nobody moved for a few minutes.

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Dean watched his brother move through the crowd and show off Celeste. He couldn't remember the last time Sam's back was so straight and his smile so wide. Just before his heart felt like it might explode from love he noticed Crowley had sidled up next to him.

“Remarkable world,” Crowley said. Dean agreed. “So very different. What changed your mind about pups?”

Knowing how much Cas loves me. Knowing how badly he wanted children. Wanting to give him and Sam what the family they craved, he thought. “Dunno,” he shrugged. “Biology.”

Crowley's eyebrow twitched. “Your children, both these and future pups, will be protected. Gabriel and I have a gift for you.”

Dean glanced at the mountainous pile of gifts on the table. Sam assured him they would open them all tomorrow or the next day and send out thank you cards, just like a wedding. “How'd you two hook up anyway?”

“Gabriel was causing some problems with my demons. Pranking them, really. After a while we conspired and, well, ended up in bed.”

That was all the details Dean wanted. “Which one is your gift?”

“It needs to be given in person. We'll wait and be the last to leave.”

Dean mingled as best he could, relieved most people were more interested in the girls than him. It was weird having all his friends in one place. In another lifetime he'd consider how dangerous that was – so many hunters in an enclosed area – but right now he knew Gabriel would die for his nieces and Crowley would protect them in his own way.

Guests started taking their leave about the same time as Dean felt like he had enough company for the rest of the month. As soon as the first guest left the bunker emptied fairly quickly. Last were Gabriel and Crowley, as they'd planned.

“Little brother,” Gabriel said, “we have a gift for you. Crowley has created an anti-possession mark for your daughters. I can use my mojo so the mark appears as a birthmark. The symbol will not only stop possession but actively repel demons.”

“It's of my own making,” Crowley said with pride.

“The spell I'll use will make the mark permanent until their twenty-fifth birthday. It'll fade then and can be replaced at that time, if they choose it.”

“If they choose it?” Cas asked.

“By then they'll be adults,” Dean said gently. “We won't have much say in their choices at that
“I'll need to examine the mark and the spell,” Cas said.

“I expected nothing less.” Gabriel showed him everything and left him to ponder it while bouncing both girls in his arms. “Crowley.....do you think we'll ever-”

“No,” Crowley stated firmly.

Gabriel pouted. “We could you know.”

“I'm aware of how spells work. Still no. Not having children.”

Cas checked and re-checked. The mark would be stunningly powerful, repelling angels from even asking for permission to possess as well as repelling demons. From the looks of it, the birthmarks would be delicate. “All right. How do we do this?”

“You just let me,” Gabriel said. Some chanting later and both girls had indistinct birthmarks near their hearts, similar to the anti-possession tattoos both brothers still had. “There you go. Protected from all evils.”

“Thanks,” Sam whispered, eyes dripping, “seriously.”

“Oh Samsquatch, stop your blubbering and come here,” Gabriel said and dragged Sam down for a hug.

Dean couldn't help smiling at the sight. As annoying as Gabriel could get, he was adorable sometimes. Crowley received thanks from the group as well, although he refused any hugs. Not that Cas would have hugged him anyway.

Once everyone was gone the girls were fed, bathed, and put in their crib. Both fell asleep incredibly fast, worn out by all the handling and visitors.

“Dean,” Cas ordered, “go rest in your nest. Sam and I will clean up.”

An argument sat on Dean's tongue but he swallowed it. Resting was a good idea. He was worn out too. In his nest he closed his eyes but didn't sleep. The door remained open so he could hear his mates talking in low voices, calming him and lulling him to that sweet spot of rest.

Cas and Sam made short work of cleaning. Neither wanted to do it, but neither wanted to see the mess in the morning either. The gifts stayed where they were, Sam leaving a notepad and pen next to them so he could record who gave what when they were opened. When they were done they sought out Dean to bring him to bed.

Nobody spoke much, the day had drained all the words from them. Instead they changed into pajamas, curled up in bed, and lay quietly in a cuddle puddle. Each poked the others' channels with whispers and partial images of the party, congratulations and joy filled Sam's channel at being a father, praise to Dean for handling everything so well, and thanks to Cas for being supportive throughout. Each fell asleep more content than they could ever have imagined.
Well I KNOW some of you predicted the parentage but hope it was a surprise to others :)

Does anyone want a fifth part? Something about life with babies? Lol.

I really need to focus on original stuff first, which is so much harder to write than fan fiction. You guys have been excellent, I cherish each and every comment – they seriously give me the energy to keep writing! (I wish there was a platform like this one for original stuff, but at the same time I'd really like to be paid for my original work). I've always wanted to be an author of my own work, so I best be typing it out so I can try to get it published. So, having said that, a fifth part MIGHT be written but not posted for a minimum of six months. That's not too long, is it?

End Notes

This part was difficult for me to write. I wasn't aware of how much PTSD I had with my pregnancies/labours until I started typing. It reminded me a lot of the bad relationship I was in at the time (my kids were the best parts of that marriage). So, if any regular readers find this part to be sub-par, please take the difficulty level into account as well as my apologies.

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