A Lesson Not Quite Learned

by thelonelywriter

Summary

It took awhile, it took way longer than it should have before Dean realized. It was in the looks Cas gave him when he was with Crowley. It was his ministrations. It was those eyes that meant something. That meant that Cas was playing a game. A sick game all in the means to rile Dean up. And when Dean realized, Cas couldn’t have been more thankful.

~or~

The one where Cas teases Dean to the point wherein Dean really needs to teach him a lesson.

Notes

i haven't written just about every aspect of this fic in months and months so please consider this me shaking off my porn writing dust and just trying to redeem my ability to write sex k thnx ((i opened up commissions on my tumblr too so if you wanna check that out i'll put a link in the end notes))
Dean doesn’t fucking know how Cas manages it. Truly, he doesn’t. Well, alright, maybe he does, but the fact of the matter is that it’s such a strange unnerving feat that it perplexes Dean to the point where he has to sit down and rub his temples and try and focus on something other than what shouldn’t be the main matter at hand. The “main matter at hand” being Cas and the way he can tease like nobody’s Goddamn business. The “main matter at hand” being that Cas can attract just about anyone he wants in the Sandover office, even in one of those ill fitting suits with that perpetual mussed hair.

The “main matter at hand” being that the closer Dean looks, he can tell and know exactly why anyone who takes a second glance at Cas is ever so validated. Having been with Cas for nearly a year, Dean should know better.

Castiel Novak who had been fresh blood, young, and new to the office about a year ago, and did Dean mention young? Like, this kid was a few years into college young, a drastic age difference for Dean who was about in his late thirties.

Cas had been assigned to work mostly in Dean’s office mainly, somewhat of a PA, dabbling in the early stages of Marketing, though Dean had no clue why exactly he wanted to be there what with his bright demeanor and his sly sense of humor, his eager eyes and soft smile. Dean had decided early on that, one; Castiel Novak was more cut out to be some sort of model, and two; Dean had to stay away from the kid or else… well, Dean didn’t really know what else but he knew it just wasn’t right. Cas was young and free and had the world to himself, he deserved someone new and fresh and ready for adventure.

Cas, apparently, did not think this. Because Cas decided that Dean was his target. For lack of better word usage.

And how did Dean know this? Well, if you’ll re-read previous paragraphs, you’ll remember that whole teasing issue.

Cas was a Goddamn tease and it only took so long for Dean’s moral standards to crumble to the point where Cas had him wrapped around his little finger.

But see, this was all a year ago, and since then, things had changed.

Somewhat.

The teasing thing? That did not change at all.

And it drove Dean fucking mental.

Dean knew he had a possessive side, a jealous side. You wouldn’t think it with the past history of one night stands, but upon revisiting longer lasting relationships, you would see it. So, after Cas decided he was going to stick around, after he decided he would be moving in with Dean about a little over half a year, it showed.

And at first, it was simple stuff, people glancing at Cas in the office, Dean sending them glares. No one knew that Dean and Cas were together, but, well, a detective would have an easy open and shut case if he or she were to look into it.

But it got worse.
See, as time went on, Cas himself saw how Dean reacted to people’s eyes on Cas. Cas saw it in the way Dean acted after catching Cas at the water cooler with a colleague, chatting things up and laughing. And Cas knew then and there that this was his leverage. And since then, it was all Hell for poor poor Dean.

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Today was no different than a usual day at the office. Cas had come into work a little later than Dean, gotten Dean his morning coffee just the way he liked (Cas was a sweetheart like that), shared a few quick and simple kisses behind the closed doors of Dean’s office. Everything was normal. Peaceful, almost, if Dean dared say it. Of course, Dean had paperwork and work and that was no fun, but Cas tended to brighten Dean’s day, and Cas seemed to be sticking near Dean. Until things took a turn.

Cas had disappeared from Dean’s office, and Dean had simply figured it was work stuff on his end since Cas was doing a lot more solo work those days instead of the usual assistance to Dean. So, Dean was content and calm (for once) until a knock sounded at his door.

“Come in,” he immediately answered, not bothering to look up from his paperwork, thinking that it was probably just Cas. And sure enough, upon the door opening, in walked Cas, Dean could see as he glanced up from his papers. Though, he took a second glance when he realized that there was someone else with him.

Dean sat up to take notice, looked at the man who slipped into the room next to Cas. It wasn’t anyone Dean had seen before, but it was someone that Dean didn’t… get the best vibe from. Off the bat. He was well dressed, a little short, and had a look about him. A look that said he wasn’t necessarily up to any good.

“Dean, this is Crowley. Mr. Adler has brought him in as an associate to the company to help in the Marketing department.” Cas paused and glanced over at Crowley with a soft smile. Crowley glanced back at Cas and then nodded at Dean with a grin.

“What Castiel is saying is that dear Zach is taking a break. I imagine the stress is getting to him, sales isn’t doing so well,” he told Dean with a placid smile. Dean frowned as he stood up from his seat. Sales was within his department and he had thought that things had been going alright. The last thing Zach had said was something nondescript and not necessarily kind but not negative. Something like, ‘We’re not going down the tubes so just keep working.’

“Ah,” Dean said simply, working things over in his head as he plastered on an ever so fake smile and held out a hand. “It’s very nice to meet you Mr. Crowley,” Dean said.

“Just Crowley is fine, no need to be formal. I won’t be here long. Hopefully,” Crowley told Dean with what Dean presumed to be just as fake a smile. Crowley glanced back at Cas and then nodded at Dean with a grin.

“What Castiel is saying is that dear Zach is taking a break. I imagine the stress is getting to him, sales isn’t doing so well,” he told Dean with a placid smile. Dean frowned as he stood up from his seat. Sales was within his department and he had thought that things had been going alright. The last thing Zach had said was something nondescript and not necessarily kind but not negative. Something like, ‘We’re not going down the tubes so just keep working.’

“Just Crowley is fine, no need to be formal. I won’t be here long. Hopefully,” Crowley told Dean with what Dean presumed to be just as fake a smile. Dean wanted to frown even more at what he took as a silent jab to his work, but only forced on a brighter smile as he dropped his hand back to his side.

“Well, I was just finishing up some paperwork for Marketing, I can have it on your desk by tonight,” Dean offered, knowing that it was always best to get on the good side of anyone higher above in his business.

“Yes, that would be wonderful. I have some more spreadsheets that need filling by Thursday, I’ve told dear Castiel here to bring them to your desk by tonight,” Crowley said, turning to give Cas a smile.
Dean felt his stomach flip in an unpleasant way when he heard Cas’ full name on someone else’s lips, especially in such an… endearing way. Crowley seemed the type to sweet talk, definitely perfect for this line of work.

“Oh, Cas is fine, everyone around here just shortens it,” Cas told Crowley with a kind smile, his posture upright, his general self seemingly eager and smart and ready for whatever this Crowley guy was about to press onto him.

“Pity. Castiel is such a wonderful name. From the bible I presume?”

Cas lit up just the slightest, Dean could see it in his eyes. Rarely ever did people know that Castiel was a name associated with the bible, with angels. Cas had told Dean that it was always lovely to have someone recognize that.

“How’d you know?” Cas questioned, his smile deepening. Crowley nodded his head with a smile.

“I’ve dabbled in religion and the history of it. Angel of Thursday, am I wrong?”

Cas grinned and shook his head.

“Exactly right.”

There was a universal pause in the room wherein Dean tried not to gape as he realized that this was borderline flirting (at least from his point of view) and he would not stand for it. But with Crowley being his new boss, Dean couldn’t very well tell him to fuck right off.

After what felt like an eternity, Crowley sighed and turned, heading for the door.

“Well, it was great to meet you Dean. I expect the very best from you,” he told Dean with another one of those fake smiles. “Cas, would you mind grabbing those spreadsheets for Dean?”

Cas shook his head and followed as Crowley left the room.

“Not at all.”

Cas shot Dean a warm smile before closing the door.

Dean frowned a deep frown as the sound of the door closing resonated through the room. None of what had just happened pleased Dean in the slightest. If anything, it made him angry.

He plopped back down in his chair with a great sigh and looked at the paperwork he had previously had no trouble with. But now, looking at it, knowing that it was going to this Crowley guy, Dean had a different view. A bad one.

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“So, how about that Crowley guy, huh?” Dean said rather conversationally later that night when him and Cas were resting comfortably in their apartment, Dean sitting on the couch in sweats and a tee, slouched down and legs spread as Cas curled beside him in one of Dean’s oversized t-shirts, the collar falling off one of his shoulders, tan skin exposed.

“Oh, yeah,” Cas said simply as he flicked through channels on their TV, frowning when nothing particularly eye catching appeared.

“Kinda creepy, right?” Dean went on, side eyeing Cas to gauge his reaction. Much to Dean’s dismay, Cas only frowned and shook his head, eyes still set on the television.
“He’s sweet,” Cas argued. “And he knew about my name and everything. I thought that was kind of
cool. God, why do we have so many channels, you can’t even find the nature channel on here,” Cas
trailed off, shaking his head.

“Sweet?” Dean echoed, hung up on the word. Cas raised an eyebrow and looked over at Dean.

“Yeah. He’s polite at least. Zach is so creepy, he’s probably a pervert,” Cas grumbled, eyes set back
on the TV.

“Okay, yeah, I agree with you about Zach, he probably has…” Dean trailed off, sighed, and shook
his head. “Issues or something. But Crowley? Cas, he’s a creep,” Dean stated firmly. Cas shot Dean
a dubious look.

“Yeah, sure,” Cas replied, giving up on the TV with a sigh.

“Cas, he was basically flirting with you. Like, in my office. In front of me,” Dean went on. Cas let
out an exasperated huff of air.

“Dean, you don’t have to be jealous.”

“Who said I was jealous?” Dean asked in a tone one who was jealous would use.

Cas took a breath and sat up, shifting around and then moving over, straddling Dean’s lap and
putting his palms on Dean’s chest, feeling a steady heartbeat. Dean swallowed and looked at Cas
who had a kind look on his face, soft, glinting eyes and a little quirk to his lips.

“Dean, just don’t worry,” Cas assured in a calm voice. “Don’t worry about anything.”

“But-”

“Shh,” Cas soothed, sliding his hands up and over Dean’s shoulders, looping them around the back
of his neck. “I love you,” he continued on, looking at Dean with intent. Dean’s heart warmed and he
couldn’t deny that with Cas like that, sat perched on his lap with eyes full or ardor, it was hard to be
jealous. So, he forgot momentarily about Crowley and leaned forwards to press a soft kiss to Cas’
lips.

Dean was a smart man. He was, really. He did well in high school, did even better in college, turned
out to become a vital piece to the Sandover business. He was doing well. But sometimes, in love,
even smart people fail to see the truth. Sometimes, lust blinds the eyes. And that is exactly what
happened to Dean.

The days went on with Crowley in the office, and to Dean’s great dismay, Crowley wasn’t like Zach
who always stayed in his office, cooped up like some animal. Crowley was like some animal stalking
prey, going between cubicles, slipping into people’s offices, and wandering around like the whole
building belonged to him.

Dean hated it.

Not to mention, Crowley put a workload on Dean that would have Dean’s hair graying earlier than it
was supposed to. And the worst part, the very worst part… was Cas. Crowley wouldn’t leave him
alone. And to Dean, it didn’t even look like Cas wanted to be alone.

To Dean, it seemed as though every time he saw Cas, Cas was with Crowley. They were by the
water cooler on Monday, they were by someone’s cubicle on Tuesday, Wednesday they were working together in getting paperwork to the right people.

It infuriated Dean.

Dean knew, however, that he couldn’t bring it up at home. He couldn’t keep asking Cas about it, he couldn’t harass him. Doing so would probably result in even more Cas and Crowley time. So Dean shut up and watched with gritted teeth as the days passed by far too slowly.

Dean thought that all of this was purely the universe hating him. He thought that this was karma for all those stupid pranks he had pulled on Sammy when they were kids. Or maybe for the times he didn’t hold doors open for elderly people. He had no clue. But he had some feeling that it was some all knowing being getting back at him. Until he realized it was the opposite.

It took awhile, it took way longer than it should have before Dean realized. It was in the looks Cas gave him when he was with Crowley. It was his ministrations. It was those eyes that meant something. That meant that Cas was playing a game. A sick game all in the means to rile Dean up. And when Dean realized, Cas couldn’t have been more thankful.

Dean called Cas into his office one day, a day that had involved the last straw for Dean, a day that involved Crowley brushing a hand over Cas’ waist. That was it.

“Lock the door,” Dean said bluntly the second Cas stepped foot in the room. Cas tried to pretend he had no clue what was going on, he plastered on a look of fake innocence that Dean knew all too well by now.

Cas clicked the lock shut and turned to face Dean.

“Something wrong, Dean?” Cas asked.

“You’ve been doing this on purpose?” Dean said, half statement, half question. Cas’ lips twitched as if he was trying his best not to smile.

“Doing what?”

“This shit with Crowley.”

Cas’ brow furrowed.

“What do you mean?”

Dean gestured Cas forwards.

“Come here.”

Cas did so obediently, trying to keep a straight face as he walked up to Dean’s desk.

“You’re on dangerous territory, Castiel,” Dean said, voice low as he watched the slightest shiver run through Cas. Cas bit the inside of his cheek.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Cut the crap, Cas, I know what you’re up to.”

Finally, Cas let a slow grin spread on his face, wicked and wide and accompanied with bright eyes.
“Took you long enough,” Cas said, voice full of intent. Dean grit his teeth and reached forwards, grabbed Cas’ tie and tugged. The slightest bit of shock ran across Cas’ face as he jolted forwards, his hands coming down to plant themselves on Dean’s desk. Dean could feel Cas’ breath on his lips and he watched as Cas’ eyes flicked down to Dean’s mouth, then back up to his eyes. That same grin came back as Cas eyed Dean.

“Is my Daddy gonna punish me now?” Cas asked, hushed and almost mocking in tone. Dean fought the urge to groan as he huffed a breath of laughter.

“That’s what you were after, huh? You just wanted to get all roughed up but you were too shy to ask?” Dean questioned.

“Not too shy, just wanted to rile you up,” Cas breathed out.

“So you had to do it by acting like a little slut? Going around with Crowley trying to get my attention?”

Cas didn’t reply, just bit his lip and eyed Dean more intently.

“If I didn’t have any resolve you would be bent over this fucking desk right now with my hand on your ass,” Dean growled. Cas let out a soft whimper, and Dean watched his pupils widen slowly but surely. “You’d just beg for more too, huh?” Dean added on.

“Yes,” Cas breathed, his breathing picking up at this point.

“You little fucking slut,” Dean said, voice low and rough. Cas swallowed thickly and Dean looked him over from his wide eyes to his pink cheeks. He took a deep breath and let go of Cas’ tie. “Go,” Dean said simply, not even looking at Cas as he sat down back in his chair. Cas was still in place, hovering over Dean’s desk with his palms planted down.

“But-” Cas began to protest.

“No. You’ve got the rest of the day off,” Dean cut him off. He ran a hand through his hair and shook his head. “I can’t deal with you right now, I’ve got paperwork to finish up. I want you home and I want you to think about what you did.”

Cas blinked and frowned, looking down at Dean. Dean took a deep breath and looked up at him.

“But-” Cas began to protest.

“No. You’ve got the rest of the day off,” Dean cut him off. He ran a hand through his hair and shook his head. “I can’t deal with you right now, I’ve got paperwork to finish up. I want you home and I want you to think about what you did.”

Cas blinked and frowned, looking down at Dean. Dean took a deep breath and looked up at him.

“Go on,” he said with a nod. Cas took a deep breath and let it out, still frowning as he turned around and headed out the door, closing it slowly behind him. He could only imagine what would he would be waiting for at home.

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The rest of the day felt like an eternity to Dean. It was paper after paper being filled out in chicken scratch writing, his brain being able to think of only Cas who was waiting at home probably all eager, probably elated that Dean had finally got the fucking message he had been trying to get across.

As the day wound down and Dean was finally on his way home, tugging at his tie with a huffed breath as he drove down a stretch of road, he thought to himself of just what he was going to do to Cas. He thought of just what Cas deserved. He also thought of just how dense he had been, how long it had taken him to get the message Cas was laying out, but he paid no attention to that, he put that aside for later. When his head was clear of all the dirty images of ways he could have Cas, that’s when he would pay more mind to it.
Even the drive home seemed long, and Dean was more than relieved when he pulled in the driveway and parked the car, refusing to admit how fast he got out and walked to the front door. He took a deep breath before he opened it, stepping into the house and closing it behind him, simply standing in the front hall, letting his nerves settle. It wasn’t that he was nervous, he was more excited than anything else. Even more excited when at the call of ‘Cas?’, barefoot footsteps rang through the house, heading directly in Dean’s direction until at the end of the hallway, Cas’ head peeked out from the living room.

“Safeword, baby,” Dean said simply, letting his tone offer something slightly soft as if to let Cas know that even though the night ahead would be rough, he would be taken care of.

“Peach,” Cas said, his own voice quiet, submissive already. It sent a thrill through Dean, who nodded.

“Come here,” Dean ordered smoothly, watching as Cas made his way down the hallway, still in his work clothes but looking slightly more disheveled than usual. Cas stood in front of Dean, a few feet away, and Dean gave a little nod of his head. “Not gonna bite you, honey,” he went on, the slightest grin on his face. Cas ducked his head and walked even closer, within distance to feel the heat of Dean’s body radiating against his own. He kept his head down, only glancing up at Dean with doe eyes that had Dean’s heart leaping in his chest. “Oh, so now you look guilty, huh?” Dean chuckled, cupping Cas’ chin, tilting it upwards. “You didn’t look too guilty in my office today when you asked me what took me so long to find out about your little game,” Dean continued with a raised eyebrow, slowly turning, walking towards Cas so Cas was backing up.

“I-” Cas began, but was cut off when his back hit the wall and he realized Dean had him cornered. A rush of adrenaline struck him at the prospect, and he watched Dean’s face shift, his expression something that of an animal about to catch prey. It occurred to Cas that he had already been caught, however.

“You like playing little games like this, don’t you?” Dean questioned, tilting his head and letting his hand that was on Cas’ chin drift down. “Just to get some attention, yeah?”

Dean’s hand ghosted over Cas’ neck and Cas’ breath hitched.

“You’re so fucking desperate, aren’t you?”

Cas could tell that Dean wanted an answer for that one, and he did his best to nod. Dean’s grip tightened just slightly on his neck.

“Use your words, baby,” Dean soothed. Cas licked his lips and took a breath.

“Yes,” Cas managed. Dean grinned softly.

“What are you so desperate for, Cas, huh?” he asked quietly. Cas hesitated and Dean’s grip tightened on his throat to the point where Dean’s fingers were digging into his skin fairly harshly, even though Cas could still breathe. When Cas swallowed, Dean could feel his Adam’s apple bob underneath his palm.

This was pure trust to Cas, to both of them. Cas knew that Dean wouldn’t take it too far, Dean knew that Cas could take it, that he wanted it. The pure rush of it, the thrill it gave them had the air strung tight, almost crackling with energy.

“Desperate for Daddy’s cock,” Cas choked out, feeling his cock start to perk up at about every aspect of their current situation. Dean leaned forwards just enough to feel it too, and he smirked.
“I guess you really are,” Dean mused, searching Cas’ eyes that were full of light, submission, fire.

“Yes,” Cas breathed back. “God, yes.”

There was a steady pause before Dean took a breath.

“I love you, baby, but you’ve been bad and you know it too,” Dean began.

“Yes,” Cas agreed, struggling to nod. Dean eyed Cas for a moment before speaking.

“I want you upstairs in the bedroom, naked and kneeling by the time I get up there,” Dean stated.

“Understand?”

“Yes, Daddy,” Cas replied. Dean nodded, slowly relinquishing his grip on Cas’ neck and backing up. He gave Cas another nod and with that, Cas was scurrying off to the bedroom, leaving Dean to sigh and shrug off his dress coat and loosen up his tie a little more.

Dean ran his hand through his hair and took a moment to collect himself, to get his thoughts in order. It was a lot easier to do so now that he didn’t have Cas pinned to the wall. Still, his mind seemed foggy as he wandered to the kitchen and poured a glass of water, figuring he would give Cas a little time to get ready, even though he knew how fast Cas could be in these situations.

Dean took a long drink of water before setting the glass down on the counter and taking a deep breath. Figuring enough time had passed, he headed out of the kitchen and up the stairs, straight for the bedroom. And, upon opening the door, just as requested, Cas was there, naked, sitting back on his haunches on the floor at the end of the bed, and already looking at Dean expectantly. Dean tried to stop the smile that spread across his face, but it was rather difficult. Seeing Cas behave so well, so obediently, seeing the light in his eyes, it was enough to warm Dean’s heart. And other places.

Dean closed the door behind him, leisurely wandered over to stand in front of Cas who looked up at him with hopeful eyes. Dean stared down at him, smiled softly and tilted his head.

“What am I gonna do with you?” Dean mused, voice quiet as he nudged at Cas’ knee with his foot, coaxing Cas to spread his legs. He looked away from Dean, almost bashfully as he did so, letting Dean eye his half hard cock. “Ah, ah, ah, look at me,” Dean tutted, taking Cas’ chin between his thumb and forefinger, tilting his head up.

A beautiful pink blush was beginning to stain Cas’ cheeks and Dean could barely stand the sight of it combined with those wide doe eyes just filled with lust.

“You love being such a tease, don’t you?” Dean asked. Cas’ blush darkened, and though he didn’t reply, Dean didn’t quite mind. “You sweet talk people right into things, don’t you? I bet you sweet talked Crowley into wanting a piece of you,” Dean went on. Cas opened his mouth to protest at that one but Dean shot him a knowing look and Cas closed his mouth. “That mouth of yours does a lot of talking, Cas, but you know that’s not what it’s made for, right?” Dean went on, eyebrow raised. Cas swallowed thickly, nodding as he caught on to where Dean was going. “That pretty mouth of yours has to be put to some good use, Cas,” Dean sighed. Cas shifted slightly, his cock filling out even more at the words, at the knowledge of what was about to come next.Dean’s eyes turned fiery, set on Cas’ face as his thumb fell over Cas’ bottom lip. “You want it, Cas?’

“Yes, Daddy,” Cas answered immediately. Dean smirked, wicked and evil and way too hot for Cas to handle.

“Beg for it, bitch.”
Cas’ mouth went dry, his stomach flipping at the command. Don’t get Cas wrong, being praised was wonderful, but sometimes the rawness of degradation, the begging, the shameless submission, it made his blood run hot in a way he couldn’t quite describe.

“Daddy, please, please let me suck you. I know I’ve been bad but I wanna make it better, wanna please you, be good for you,” Cas said, his words coming out in more of a whine than anything, much to his dismay. “Want your cock so bad, Daddy, please,” Cas sighed, trying his best on the puppy dog eyes front. And Dean could never deny those puppy dog eyes.

“You know you’ve been bad, huh?” Dean questioned, raised eyebrow as his hands came up to his belt, undoing the buckle rather slowly, a little too slowly for Cas’ taste.

Cas nodded immediately and glanced down as Dean finished unbuckling and began working on the zipper of his slacks.

“I’m not so sure about that,” Dean went on. Cas’ eyes continued to follow Dean’s hands and their movements as he began to pull out his cock, but Cas was rudely interrupted. “Eyes up here, sweetheart,” Dean said smoothly, coaxing Cas to keep his eyes on Dean’s. Cas frowned deeply and Dean just chuckled. “I know you’re hungry for it, baby, but you gotta be patient,” Dean soothed as one hand came out and cupped Cas’ cheek before sliding back and through his hair. Cas leaned into the touch, still doing his best to keep eye contact with Dean. Dean’s face softened as he ran his hand through Cas’ hair once. “Will you let Daddy be a little rough with you, use your mouth as just a hole for Daddy’s cock?”

“Please,” Cas breathed simply in reply, his whole body heating up at the thought, at the images Dean’s words brought to mind. Dean smiled and threaded his fingers through Cas’ hair, tilting his head back just the slightest.

“Open up, baby,” he ordered, his tone soft even though his grip on Cas’ hair was fairly tight. Cas immediately opened his mouth, glancing down and watching Dean angle his cock into Cas’ mouth on a groan.

The tight and wet heat that enveloped Dean was far too pleasurable. Dean slid in easy and only slightly, only until the head of his cock was bumping the back of Cas’ throat. Dean took a second to breathe, tilting his head back and letting out a breathe. It only fueled the pleasure that Cas was sitting there, still as ever and seemingly eager for more. Dean waited a few seconds before looking back down at Cas whose eyes were lust blown wide.

“You wanna take some more for Daddy?” Dean asked, voice smooth. Cas did his best to nod as he hummed what had to be a ‘yes’. Dean only smiled as he pushed in further, feeling Cas’ throat flutter around him as Cas’ nose slowly found itself buried in golden brown curls. Cas only looked up at Dean almost pleadingly. Dean only looked down at him with a look of dominance, even though something kind was underlying it.

Dean took a moment to collect himself, loosened his grip on Cas’ hair momentarily before returning it.

“God, Cas. Fucking drive me crazy,” Dean huffed as he pulled out just the slightest and pushed back in, watching Cas breathe carefully through his nose, obviously very focused and rather calm too.

“You won’t even see this as your punishment, will you?” Dean continued on, pulling out again, this time pushing in a little deeper. “You like this too much for your own good, don’t you?” Dean grit out, his grip on Cas’ hair tightening, Cas’ eyes fluttering shut momentarily at the feeling, the slight sting of pain.
Dean watched Cas as his eyes shut, watched the way his lips were stretched around Dean’s cock, watched that pink blush spread. All of it only fueled Dean to pick up a rhythm, to thrust harder.

Dean watched as Cas’ resolve slowly faded, noises starting to spill unbound from his lips, little whimpers and moans that made for a lovely symphony on top of the short little grunts Dean was letting loose every now and then as his thrusts turned harsh, his hips snapping forwards relentlessly.

Dean felt as though maybe he should be talking, telling Cas about all those dirty thoughts that had been plaguing him throughout the day. But Dean found that watching Cas was entirely too captivating, that it stole his thoughts and his words and basically his breath. Seeing Cas on his knees like that, watching his cock sink past those lips, it was all enough to take Dean straight to the edge of orgasm. And it all ended when, after a period of Cas’ eyes being closed, they opened, and stray tears had gathered in the corners of his eyes. Cas didn’t look like he was in pain though, Dean knew what those tears looked like. Those tears were completely different, those were the tears that spilled down Cas’ face when Dean fucked him just right. Those were the tears that stained Cas’ cheeks when Dean ate him out. Those were those tears that screamed that Cas was enjoying things far more than should be allowed.

Dean pulled out right in time, and Cas, confusion briefly ghosting his face, went to close his mouth. But then he realized exactly what Dean was looking for. And he didn’t mind one bit.

Dean silently thanked whatever god or gods there were on the earth when he saw that Cas was on the exact same page as him. And when he saw Cas like that, when he saw that Cas was on the same page, it tipped him right over the edge.

A hot rush of arousal ran through Dean, his knees weak as he came, landing stripes of come directly on Cas’ face. A long, low groan was drawn out from him as Cas sat back and took it obediently, only opening his eyes after he knew Dean was finished.

The final product in front of Dean’s eyes was an extremely debauched looking Cas, tear stains on his reddened cheeks, come splashed here and there over sharp cheekbones, over his chin. Cas’ eyes were still wide and bright, pupils impossibly wide, his lips now pink and puffy and spit slick. Dean felt his spent cock twitch at just the image. Keeping his calm, however, he reached out a hand and brushed a thumb over one line of come streaked across Cas’ cheek. He swiped it up and directly into Cas’ mouth where Cas sucked greedily on his thumb with an impossible enthusiasm. Dean let out a groan at that, he just couldn’t help it. He kept up that routine, however, until Cas’ face was free of come and all that was left were those delicate tear stains that stayed as a testament as to how much Cas really got out of that whole deal.

Dean took in a breath and shook his head as he finally tore his gaze away, tucking himself back into his slacks and steadily doing up his belt buckle again.

“Daddy.”

Cas’ voice was rough and desperate and it made Dean’s insides flop. Dean didn’t even bother looking at Cas, however, when he answered a,

“‘Yes?’”

“What are you gonna do to me now?” Cas questioned, his voice almost meek yet still tinted with something like hope. Dean grinned at the sound of it, slowly lifting his head to look down at Cas.

“What am I going to do with you now…” Dean repeated with a sigh, reaching out to cup Cas’ chin. “You know, I had most of the day to think about what I was going to do with you,” Dean began.
“But when I see you kneeling on the floor like this with those pretty tears on your cheeks, it’s like I lose everything I had thought of,” Dean told Cas, stroking a thumb over his cheekbone. “But I’m not at a total loss for words because I know that whatever I do to you has to be based on the fact that you’re the biggest fucking cocks Slut in the office and that you would probably bend over to take it from anyone. And when I get that in my mind, when I see proof like this that you’re desperate enough to beg shamelessly, well, I have some ideas,” Dean went on, watching Cas’ gaze turn intent, almost searing. Dean held it for a moment, eased a gaze on Cas that held total dominance and threatened to push Cas into further submission. It was hard to keep that stare, but Cas knew that Dean wanted him to.

Eventually, Dean dropped it, pulled away slightly to eye Cas a little more. His whole chest was flushed now, and his cock was hard and leaking, arching up to his stomach, begging to be touched. Dean couldn’t help but smile at his work. Cas looked pretty good already and they hadn’t even started the half of things.

“Up on the bed, all fours,” Dean ordered, and it was almost amusing how fast Cas scrambled to get up off the floor and onto their rather large bed. Dean smiled once more at the sight as he rounded the corner of the bed and undid the knot on his tie, smoothly pulling it all the way off. “I’m gonna tie up just your wrists, baby, okay?” Dean said, watching Cas nod simply in response, holding his wrists up to the bedframe as he let his chest dip into the mattress.

Dean tied Cas’ wrists carefully and securely, having done it enough times to know how to keep Cas in place but not cut off his circulation. He pulled away to let his eyes rove over Cas, from his ass that was stuck up in the air, down his bowed back, his arms, his wrists that had been tied safely.

“Aren’t you a sight,” Dean murmured, running a hand down Cas’ back, watching goosebumps rise in its wake. “Bet this is exactly what you wanted, to be tied up with that pretty little ass in the air.”

Dean gave Cas’ ass a firm little swat and Cas jumped, a quiet yelp falling from his lips at the surprise of contact. Dean smirked and turned, walking away from Cas and to the drawer to one of their dressers.

Cas didn’t say anything, didn’t ask what Dean was getting even as he heard the shuffle of objects from behind him. He only stayed in his position, trying to get as comfortable as possible since he had a sense that he would be there for awhile. There was a certain thrill to Cas’ current position that Cas knew he couldn’t recreate. The knowledge that he was at Dean’s mercy, the fact that he was basically helpless, it sent a submission through him that he wished he could offer up to Dean even more than he already had.

It was a minute or two before Cas heard the drawer close, and his heart leapt as footsteps stalked over to beside the bed. Cas felt Dean’s figure looming by his side and he turned his head, poked it up as much as he could to look at Dean who set some things down on the bed behind Cas.

“I know that you wanna know what I’m gonna do to you,” Dean began conversationally as he kicked off his shoes and socks, still fully dressed as he climbed up on the bed to sit behind Cas. “But you’re just gonna have to go along with what happens for a bit,” Dean sighed. Cas’ stomach flopped at the words, then again as he heard the distinct and clear sound of a cap opening. “We’re gonna start off easy though,” Dean continued after a pause. Cas held his breath and waited for the inevitable until a cool, slick finger was pressed to his rim. “You let me use that whore mouth of yours pretty good so we’ll slow it down for a second,” Dean went on as Cas felt that one thick finger slowly open him up with a solid sort of tenderness that surprised Cas. Cas had figured that Dean was going to go all out on him but Cas could tell Dean was taking an alternate route.

Sometimes, when Dean got angry with Cas, or when Cas misbehaved, Dean didn’t let it out in a
breath of rage, he didn’t assert dominance blatantly, he did it in his ministrations. It was in the way he had wrapped his hand around Cas’ neck, the way he had growled out degradation yet still managed a way to make it almost loving. It was in the way Dean’s fingers opened up Cas solidly and steadily, one after the other, each one a wonderful stretch, each time teasing Cas’ prostate to the point where Cas felt like he was burning up. Dean’s motive wasn’t to completely dominant Cas in intimidation, Dean’s motive was to take Cas apart just like Cas had done to him.

Cas was holding back whimpers by the time Dean got a fourth finger in. Dean usually only used three, but Cas wasn’t complaining. His only complaint was that his cock was hard and leaking and there was no way for him to get any friction for it. That, and Dean was going agonizingly slow.

Cas didn’t complain though, only relished in the stretch and pull, in the way that he felt full when Dean’s knuckles were buried deep in him. Cas didn’t know if Dean was about to fuck him, hell, he didn’t know if Dean was even going to fuck him, but he knew that time had passed and Dean’s refractory period was almost up (Cas silently thanked God for that one).

Finally, Dean’s fingers were removed leaving Cas feeling empty and cold and very upset. He let out a pitiful sounding whine, and Dean laughed sweetly from behind him, causing Cas’ blush to only darken.

“I know you like being full, sweetheart, and you will in a second, you just gotta be patient,” Dean soothed as Cas heard another click of a cap. Cas waited with bated breath, still unsure of what Dean’s plan was, what his next step was. But it became apparent when what Cas knew was a plug slowly and smoothly slid inside of him.

Cas couldn’t stop the wanton groan that escaped him. He could tell which plug it was, it was the biggest one they had; that had likely been why Dean had used four fingers instead of three, Cas mused silently to himself.

Dean toyed with the plug for a few moments and Cas whimpered, his hips squirming as Dean traced his stretched rim, pushed the plug into where he knew Cas wanted it.

“You’re being so good for me, Cas,” Dean started, stroking a hand over Cas’ thigh. “That because you know you’ve been bad? Because you wanna make everything better by sitting here and taking it?” Dean asked. Cas whimpered once more but nodded.

“Y- yes,” he breathed out shakily. Cas heard Dean sigh, and felt his hands drop from Cas’ sides.

“Well, I think you know that that’s not all you have to do to make things better,” Dean continued. There was a pause in the air, and before Dean said anything, Cas caught on.

“I’m sorry,” Cas said, trying to keep his voice steady.

“Sorry for what?” Dean asked, his tone smooth, almost indifferent. Cas swallowed thickly.

“For being a tease.”

“And for being a cockslut too, right?” Dean added on. Cas nodded.

“Yes.”

“Well, I’m glad you apologized, but you know what I gotta do still, don’t you, baby?”

The answer seemed obvious to Cas.
“Spank me,” Cas replied, voice quiet.

“Exactly right,” Dean said, stroking a hand once more over Cas’ thigh. “But, I know how much you love getting spanked so we’re gonna put a fun little twist on it, okay?” Dean proposed. Cas’ whole stomach flipped.

“O- okay,” Cas managed shakily.

“This pretty plug you have in you just happens to vibrate, and I’m gonna turn it on and keep it turned on. And I know that with that and the spanking, you’re gonna be pretty close to the edge,” Dean told Cas whose breathing picked up. “But I don’t want you to come,” Dean clarified. “Because if you come, then you’re not getting fucked.”

Cas clenched his teeth and nodded. Usually he hated cock rings and cages but he was starting to wish Dean had used one on him since he really wasn’t sure he could manage what Dean was asking.

“And we both know how desperate you are to get fucked,” Dean added on for good measure, casually turning on the vibrator to a medium setting as Cas nearly jumped out of his skin at the sudden stimulation. “And you know what else?” Dean questioned as Cas tried to adjust to the plug. “I think you should beg for this too, baby.”

“Daddy,” Cas moaned, his hips squirming again. “Please, Daddy, please spank me. I know I’ve been bad, I know it and I deserve it, Daddy, I deserve to be spanked.”

Silence, save the plug vibrating, draped itself over the bedroom for a moment’s pause before Dean’s hand was coming down quick and sharp, enough to offer a sting that Cas enjoyed a little too much.

“Oh, Daddy,” Cas breathed out, hearing a chuckle from Dean in response.

“We’re just getting started, baby,” Dean said through gritted teeth, his hand coming down again, this time jostling the plug enough to make Cas jump.

The hits continued, each one different, each one offering a different sort of pain that had Cas whining and whimpering into the sheets. The plug was relentless, vibrating inside of him and hitting his prostate every now and then, always gaining a moan from him. Cas knew that his ass must have been pink, turning redder with every hard hit and it only made him harder, his cock aching, hard and leaking between his legs that were spread just for Dean. The position was starting to become a little less fun than it had been originally, and Cas’ long arms strained against the headboard, his wrists staying put no matter how much he thrashed which he began to do as the pain began to turn into a steady burn.

Tears began to prickle once more at Cas’ eyes, again, not because he was upset or in too much pain, but because everything was overwhelming. With each hit of Dean’s hand the plug moved, sometimes jabbing his prostate, other times just sinking in deeper, drawing even louder whimpers from Cas as time went on.

“Daddy, please,” Cas finally choked out when everything felt like too much, when Cas felt like he was about to tip. Dean’s hand hesitated, even though the plug kept on vibrating, and a tear dripped down Cas’ face.

“Please’ what, honey?” Dean asked, and even though his voice was smooth, Cas could hear some ragged breaths interspersing it.

“Fuck me, Daddy, please, please,” Cas whined, wrists wriggling, hips twitching.
“You think I spanked you enough to teach you something? You think you know now what happens when you behave like a little cockslut?” Dean asked, tone darkening. Cas nodded immediately, almost before Dean had even finished his sentence.

“Yes, Daddy, yes, I learned my lesson, I promise,” Cas breathed out, trying his best not to squirm any more than he already was which was a rather difficult feat to attempt.

There was another pause before the plug clicked off, the room going totally silent as the vibrations of it disappeared. Cas sighed in relief, shifting where he was on the bed, trying to get a little more comfortable, his cock throbbing at this point.

“You better promise,” Dean sighed simply, slowly easing the plug out of Cas as Cas whimpered at the loss. Cas was still overstimulated, his mind foggy, but even then he could hear something in Dean’s voice, something like a slight desperation. On top of that, he heard Dean’s belt unbuckling, his zipper being pulled down in succession. “You got off easy this time, honey,” Dean began, lining his cock up with Cas. “Next time I might use the whip.”

And with that, with no warning, Dean slid into Cas, bottomed out in one smooth thrust, hissing at the tightness as Cas gasped at the suddenness of it.

It was almost too much for Cas, the feeling of being full washing over him and making his skin heat even more. He took a few shaky deep breaths and shut his eyes as he felt Dean circling his hips behind him, likely trying to adjust just as Cas was.

“God, you’re fucking tight,” Dean ground out, and Cas bit his lip in attempts to hold back a piteous whine that was begging to come out. Cas was still trying to hold that in when again, with no warning, Dean pulled out and slammed right back in, burying himself to the hilt.

“Fuck!” Cas gasped, his exclamation dissolving into a shaky moan. Dean grinned at that and pulled out once more, hips snapping forwards and eliciting a beautiful cry from Cas.

Dean picked up a rhythm after that as he let his hands wander, smooth up Cas’ thighs, over his ass, down his lower back. His hips rolled forward seemingly even more forcefully as he went along with Cas crying out all prettily from underneath him.

Cas’ hands clenched and unclenched where they were tied to the headboard as he forced his hips back as if silently asking for more. The pleasure of it all was unbearable and he could nearly hear his heartbeat in his ears. And it only got worse (or perhaps better) when Dean’s thrusts angled in just the right way and the head of his cock nailed Cas’ prostate straight on.

Cas let out a noise that Dean knew the neighbors had to have heard, and at that he also knew what he had just did.

“Oh, did Daddy hit your sweet spot?” Dean asked, smirking, relentless with his thrusts, watching Cas practically writhe beneath him.

“Yes, oh fuck, oh God, yes, Daddy, please,” Cas panted, his breaths ragged. Dean smirked even more, and he could tell just by Cas’ ministrations that he was close, and Dean had to admit that he was close himself.

Dean leaned over just the slightest, slid his hand down Cas’ back. He let his fingers tangle in Cas’ hair and he tugged causing Cas’ back to arch beautifully, a choked noise falling from his lips.

“You gonna come on my cock, Cas?” Dean asked, his other hand gripping Cas’ hip, fingers digging in hard enough to bruise.
“Yes,” Cas managed as he felt his whole body strain at his current position, as he felt his body nearing the breaking point, his heart nearly beating out of his chest.

“Such a fucking slut for it,” Dean growled. “You look like a fucking bitch in heat like this,” Dean went on.

That had Cas really on edge there, those words being spat in his face on top of everything else, on top of Dean grabbing him tight, on top of Dean fisting his hair, Dean fucking the living daylights out of him. It was all building and building in a glorious arc that Cas knew would be all too good.

“Daddy, please, please,” Cas mewled loudly as a few more tears dripped down his face. He couldn’t help it, it just felt so fucking good, it felt like he was on fire, it felt…

“Gotta work for what you want, Cas,” Dean said simply, his teeth gritted as he neared the edge of his own orgasm too. “You work to sweet talk people, you work to tease me, and you work to get spanked and fucked and told how fucking dirty you are.”

“Daddy,” Cas breathed out. Dean dirty talking him would push him over the edge, he was sure of it.

“But the fact of the matter, Cas,” Dean went on, jaw clenched, hips still slamming forwards. “Is that there’s a lesson you need to learn. And the basis of that lesson is that you’re fucking mine. You’re mine, Castiel, and no one else is gonna lay a fucking hand on you,” Dean growled.

That was it, that was all Cas needed to tip right over the edge. His nerves lit up, that white hot rush of pleasure coursing through him in a cresting wave that ebbed and flowed as his cock pulsed and a cry of Dean’s name came out of his mouth.

Dean only had to give a few more thrusts after that because when Cas came he clenched around Dean so tight Dean was seeing fucking stars. Dean rode out his own orgasm, hips stuttering into Cas who was panting underneath him like he had just run a marathon.

The two came down together simultaneously, and Dean gave a moment’s pause before he slowly pulled out of Cas, soothing a hand over Cas’ hip. Immediately, after he had done so, Cas completely let go, not caring about anything other than the fact that he was going to have a full body muscle cramp if he didn’t relax.

Dean watched Cas slowly collapse to the bed with a groan, this time not as sexy as much as spent. Dean took a deep breath and started up crawling to the head of the bed to undo Cas’ wrists from their bonds.

“You okay, angel?” Dean asked softly, brushing a hand over Cas’ side before working on the skilled knot in his tie.

“That was,” Cas began breathlessly, slowly rolling over to his side and immediately going to rub at his wrists to get the circulation going. “So fucking worth having to hang out with that creep Crowley for more than a week,” he went on, flopping onto his back and staring up at the ceiling. Dean sat back on the bed and gaped at Cas.

“You… you said he wasn’t even,” Dean began, though Cas cut him off.

“Yeah, he’s polite but he’s gotta be like evil or something. And I only said that to get this. I had to play you a little,” Cas said, throwing a playful, sneaky look over at Dean complete with a sly smile. Dean just sighed and shook his head.

“You’re a monster.”
Cas laughed at that, his voice still rough, Dean not having to wonder why.

“Seriously though, that was fucking good,” Cas went on, looking back over at Dean.

“You sure? You must be sore, baby,” Dean mused as he leaned forwards and brushed some sweat damp hair out of Cas’ face.

“Yeah but in a good way. The best way,” Cas told Dean with a soft smile. “That was exactly what I wanted,” Cas assured him. Dean smiled softly back, watching that light in Cas’ eyes dance.

“Well, I gotta clean you up now. I’ll get you some water and whatever you want to eat and then we can clean you up,” Dean offered. Cas’ smile widened.

“Can we watch a movie too? After we’re done?”

Dean leaned forwards and pressed a kiss to Cas’ forehead.

“Whatever you want, baby.”

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It was about a week later that Crowley left, relieving Dean of just about all his worries. The day he left, when Dean was packing his things up, Cas wandered into Dean’s office with a sigh.

“So, you’re lover left, huh?” Dean teased, glancing up at Cas who shot him a glare.

“You know, he might have been a little evil and possibly a creep, but seriously, at least he was polite.”

“Polite enough to give me enough spreadsheets to take some to the grave,” Dean grumbled as he shifted some papers on his desk. “Seriously, you should have seen the work load he had on me. He had it out for me, I swear,” Dean added on, giving Cas a knowing look. Cas shrugged as he stepped forwards and leaned on the front of Dean’s desk.

“Maybe he knew we were together and he was the jealous one trying to steal me from you,” Cas proposed. Dean shot Cas a dubious look but Cas just shrugged again.

“Just sayin’,” he sighed, looking around Dean’s office. Dean took a breath as he shoved the last of his papers into his briefcase and rounded the corner of his desk. “The true question is though,” Cas began, a devious look on his face that Dean knew all too well. “Who am I gonna have to hang around now before you get jealous enough to punish me?”

“Oh, you’re already looking for another punishment?” Dean asked, stepping in front of Cas who straightened up and looked at Dean with a twinkle in his eye.

“Not necessarily, but I mean, I wouldn’t be opposed,” Cas told Dean. Dean huffed a breath of laughter.

“You’re such a masochist,” he grumbled, and Cas laughed a sweet little laugh.

“Not a masochist, just really love taking your cock,” Cas clarified, looping his arms around Dean’s waist, slipping them under his jacket.

“You know you don’t have to go around teasing to get it,” Dean said, nosing at the side of Cas’ cheek.
“I know,” Cas sighed. “But it’s a lot more fun that way,” he went on with a devious grin. Dean smirked and kissed his cheek before pulling away.

“Well then maybe you can hang around with Zach for a while,” Dean joked. Cas wrinkled his nose and shook his head.

“Gross, no way.”

“Well, better get creative then,” Dean said, giving Cas’ ass a little slap that made Cas jump. Cas grinned and pressed his lips gently to Dean’s.

“Oh, I intend to.”

End Notes

please just... spare me for this one, i know that the kinks were like all over the place and i feel like i was missing detail but hey, listen.. i have not written porn like this is a long gosh darn time okay. ALSO as i said in the beginning notes: WRITING COMMISSIONS ARE OPEN BITCHES yes that is right my friends i decided to open up commissions so if you wanna read more into that i have the post right here on my tumblr, the best way for you to reach me is by messaging me on tumblr but if you can’t do that then we’ll figure something out!! thanks for reading the fic tho, i really just hope that one of you out there liked it :^)

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