Replacement #4

by Chicktar

Summary

Dean acquires his fourth alpha slave—a tall youth named Sam. Hopefully this one can give him what he needs.
Chapter 1

Dean opened the door to find Crowley standing there with that sleazy self-satisfied smirk on his face. Behind him were two movers, with a large crate. Dean moved aside and ushered them in—watching as the men rolled the crate in with his latest purchase. After they set it down and removed their wheel cart, the men stood back and waited.

"Well, let’s see it,” Dean said, his voice aggressive and revealing his expectation of disappointment.

Crowley chuckled. “Dean Dean Dean, have a little faith. I don’t want to have to bring a new slave over here every month any more than you want me to. You asked for someone strong this time and you’ve paid a premium for that. I’ve scoured our entire national system to find this one for you and i think you’re gonna like it.” He nodded to the two men, who stepped up to the crate and pried one side open. When the wood fell down to the carpet, a large naked man was revealed huddled inside.

"Out!” Crowley commanded, and the man scrambled roughly out and took a position on his knees before Crowley with his head facing down.

He looked healthy enough—in fact his physique was defined, as if he worked out regularly.

"I need a better look,” Dean gritted out, not wanting to reveal he was pleased so far.

"Stand!” Crowley ordered, and the slave rose to his feet.

"Head up!” The slave lifted his head, picking a spot on the wall in front of him to stare at impassively.

Dean slowly circled the alpha. He was definitely tall—at least three inches taller than Dean. He was young enough that he wasn’t yet covered in scars as quickly became the case for most slaves. He had only a smattering of scars here and there, none very pronounced. Perhaps it was not just a sign of his youth but also evidence that he was generally obedient. Dean could only hope—he enjoyed inflicting pain, but it was far preferable to be able to limit it to when he felt the desire rather than being required to spend large amounts of his free time punishing a rebellious slave. His ass was particularly beautiful, Dean was thinking, as he passed around the slave’s left side and his eyes fell on the alpha’s cock. He felt a rush of heat slide down his spine and flare in his groin.

Fuck, yes! It was perfect. He forced himself to remain passive and not show Crowley his pleasure, but he couldn’t immediately tear his eyes away.

"Let’s see how he grows,” he growled out.

"Masturbate!” Crowley instructed.

The slave’s eyes flew up to Crowley’s face, but he hesitated for only a second before bringing his right hand up and taking his cock in hand and starting to stroke himself steadily. It took quite a few strokes, but Dean imagined the circumstances were more than a little stressful and they weren’t employing any encouraging chemicals yet, which he always had at his disposal if necessary, so he didn’t let that bother him. He and Crowley merely watched as the alpha worked himself eventually to a full erection. A very impressive one. Dean estimated he was at least 11 inches—more than
he’d ever had. The warm feeling in his groin had turned into an undeniable heat and his own cock was becoming uncomfortably restricted in his tight jeans.

"Knot, too."

"You heard him," Crowley barked.

The slave brought his left hand up to massage the base of his cock and occasionally reach around behind his balls to press against his perineum. Slowly, the alpha’s knot started to form and then bulge and swell. It, too, was impressive. Dean tried to surreptitiously grind his palm into his own crotch to calm his erection, but he was certain Crowley didn’t miss the gesture.

"Do you want to see it come?"

"No. No need. I guess I’m willing to give it a try. The usual terms?” Dean said, turning brusquely now and ignoring the slave who was still stroking his cock and massaging his knot, his face starting to show some strain as he held back an orgasm.

Crowley laughed. “Stop!” He commanded the slave. Turnin back to Dean he said, “You must be kidding, Dean. I’ve sent you three other slaves within the last six months and you have worn through all of them. You only left me one alive to try to resell and you know I’m not going to get pennies on the dollar for that one after the damage you inflicted. This one is an outright sale only. And the price is double the usual. I searched worldwide for your...specifications...and had to pay through the nose. I’m barely going to make any profit even at double.” Crowley’s voice had become whiny enough that Dean felt he was being somewhat genuine. He had no doubt Crowley was setting a price that would give him a hefty profit but it sounded like it was far less than he was used to or wanted it to be.

He looked back at the slave. That cock was perfect. It was what Dean had been looking for for years. Finally. But it all depended on how long the alpha lasted. He couldn’t afford another slave every month even at the regular rate, and certainly not at double.

"What’s it’s name?"

"Sam."

He walked around Sam slowly again, looking for signs that there were hidden health problems. Crowley had already sent him a certified bill of health, but he had physicians willing to fake that for him.

"I want it checked out by my own physician."

"Fine,” Crowley said. “If you call him now and he can come over and do it while i wait.”

Dean nodded. Of course Crowley didn’t want to give Dean a day alone with the slave. He could inflict all sorts of damage then and claim it was caused by preexisting conditions and try to return a now much less valuable slave. He pulled out his phone and called his physician, promising to make the immediate house call worth his while.

Crowley dismissed his movers and the two men sat down to have a drink while they waited. Dean watched the alpha continue to stand at attention, his knot and erection slowly flagging. Yes, this one would be good.

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Dr. Collins gave the alpha a thorough exam and declared it healthier than any slave he’d ever seen. At Dean’s request he double checked the slave’s collar and confirmed it was ready to administer all typical mood-inducing medications and that he saw no reason they would not be effective on Sam. Dean knew it was already in his contract that he could return the slave for a full refund if the mood control system failed, but it was reassuring to hear anyway.

With the physical done, he became suddenly frustrated and anxious to try out his new toy, so he paid Collins and sent him off and rushed through the paperwork with Crowley and pushed him out after one quick whiskey toast. By the time he was alone, except for Sam, he was sporting a raging erection and already had three days worth of plans lined up for his shiny new alpha.

He stood in front of the slave, soaking up the heat and power that emanated from him.

"Look at me."

The alpha dropped his head slightly and brought his gaze to Dean’s. He showed no sign of interest of any kind.

"How long have you been a slave?"

"I finished my training eight weeks ago, Sir."

Shit. Practically newborn. It meant he would be less likely to handle the pain and stress of the type of service Dean had in mind. He wondered if he’d been taken for a ride by Crowley.

“I prefer Master or Master Dean.”

"Yes, Master."

"How many masters have you served in that time?"

"One mistress only, Master."

Dean raised an eyebrow.

"How many men did your mistress have you provide services to?"

"None, Master."

"You’re telling me you have not provided service to any men ever?"

"Only in training, Master."

Fuck. Something about that was incredibly hot. Even though Dean knew it more likely meant Sam wouldn’t be up to handling Dean. He’d already broken three experienced slaves. But they were smaller, less healthy, older, and none of them had the size attribute Dean had been seeking. Not like this one. He was fucking huge in every way, especially where it counted. Dean couldn’t wait to have that huge cock and knot slam into him.

"But you have been trained to take a man’s cock?"

"Yes, of course, Master."

“Fine. Here are the house rules. You must be clean and ready for me at all times. You will eat what and when I instruct and will act only and precisely as I instruct you to at all times. If I have not instructed, you will remain at call on your knees in the same room I am in. That means you
will follow me around on your knees. The only exception is when you have to perform bodily functions you may politely request my attention and request permission to be dismissed for that purpose as I do not want you to make messes throughout my home. Any misconduct will be dealt with severely and immediately.”

"Yes, Master."

"So you understand the rules?"

"Yes, Master."

Dean slammed his fist into the alpha’s stomach. The slave doubled over momentarily, but quickly drew himself back up and pushed the grimace off his face. “Then why are you standing?”

He could practically see understanding flash across his slave’s face as less than a second later, Sam dropped to his knees.

"I’m sorry, Master."

"That’s alright,” Dean said, ruffling his hand through the slave’s long hair. That hair was going to be very useful. “It was your first time, so I won’t punish you just this once. But let’s not have any more errors today, shall we?”

"No, Master."

"Why did your mistress return you?"

"She got married and her husband returned me, Master."

Dean smirked. I bet. He couldn’t imagine many men would want to compete with this specimen.

"Well, let’s see what you can do.” Dean stepped back, opening his pants as he did and shoving them over his hips and down to his thighs, then relaxed back onto the couch. “Suck me.”

Sam crawled forward between Dean’s knees and immediately plunged his mouth over Dean’s cock. He didn’t waste time with initial tastes or licks, just started immediately sucking hard while caressing Dean’s cock with his tongue. It was decent, but nothing special. Dean ran his fingers into that mop of hair and took a tight grip with each hand. He tugged down rather experimentally and the alpha’s head moved with him, providing no resistance whatsoever, taking Dean deeper in his mouth, right up to his throat. Dean pulled the slave’s head back and forth, setting a steady rhythm he liked, ensuring the slave continued sucking and using his tongue and that no teeth were grazing his cock. Better. Still not particularly impressive, but this was already something some slaves could not maintain. So Dean started pushing the alpha’s head down further with each stroke, forcing his throat down onto Dean’s cock, beyond his gag reflex. The slave proceeded without any visible reaction. His breathing was sounding labored through his nose and Dean could feel saliva dripping down to his balls now, but that was to be expected. The slave’s mouth was hot and wet and his tongue remained insistent, and his throat was tight around the head of Dean’s cock, swallowing beautiful each time Dean shoved in. Not bad. He sped up his pace a bit and started to soak in the sensations and enjoy himself. Yes. This slave could handle being used, at least in basic service situations. Dean noticed his hips had started to rock up into the blowjob and he forced himself to still. He was supposed to be having Sam do all the work so he could learn any weaknesses in his slave’s oral skills. He held his lower body still as a rock and instead forced his slave’s head down even further each time, pressing so hard he could feel the alpha’s nose pressed tight against his pelvis and his lips pressing down against the very base of his cock. Fuck yeah. He
tugged hard, pulling that mouth back and then tugged again pulling him forward. He let one hand slip around to the back of the slave’s head so he could really get leverage to push hard each time he came forward and shove the alpha’s face hard and tight up against his body. The alpha swallowed around him and his tongue worked Dean’s shaft and Dean let out a soft moan. He was close. He tugged the head back and the alpha pulled in breath desperately as Dean reversed and slammed his head back down again. He did it over and over and felt himself building to a finish. He listened to his slave struggle for breath and felt the pleasure of how even though he was desperate the alpha—an all powerful alpha—did absolutely nothing to fight him, just let himself be used and abused for Dean’s pleasure. Suddenly he could feel it and he pulled the slave roughly off him and took hold of his shaft, working himself through a powerful orgasm, holding Sam’s head still with the other hand so he could watch his jizz spurt out across that soft, young face. His slave merely stared forward and let the come mark him, making no reaction whatsoever. Dean reached out and slid a finger across the alpha’s cheek, dragging some of his come to the slave’s mouth. Sam licked his finger clean reflexively, suckling at it with no discernible reaction.

Dean could feel his cock twitch with interest already. He wanted to try more. What he wanted most was to feel that monster shoving into his ass, but he couldn’t help wanting to wait also—wanting to string it out and build up his own anticipation and ultimate pleasure.

He gave himself a few more minutes to relax, then stood and walked to the kitchen, noting with pleasure that the alpha obediently crawled after him as instructed. He pulled a bottle of water from the fridge, opened it and drank two-thirds in one long, satisfying pull.

“Heard up, open your mouth,” he instructed, and then poured the rest of the water into his slave’s mouth. Sam swallowed obediently, and Dean tossed the empty container in the corner bin. It was rather late and he felt tired, so he went up to bed, locking his slave in the cage in the corner for the night.

He fell asleep wondering what to start with the next day, but unable to stop thinking about his ultimate destination—that monster alpha cock and knot being buried deep inside Dean.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks to the lovely Fandorica for proofreading this chapter!
Chapter 2

Dean spent the next week experimenting with his new slave. At first he just wanted to find out if it was strong, how high its pain threshold was, how well it followed orders. But as he watched the alpha take everything Dean dished at him and still obey immediately and without question, Dean was becoming more and more pleased and excited for the possibilities. With his failed prior slaves, he had begun to use medical treatments almost immediately to get the responses he wanted—to dull their senses when he really wanted to inflict damage so they would remain conscious despite the pain; to stimulate a rut in them when he needed a hard cock; to stimulate them when their bodies had become exhausted; to force them to stillness when they were too frightened to stop shaking. But with this slave so far he hadn't needed any of that. He could save that for when he wanted a special and unusual experience. Several days ago he had put Sam through some torturous pain treatments including shock and enema treatments that had nearly killed one of his earlier slaves. Sam had held still and strong throughout—the slave's body shook but Dean could see Sam working to contain it and forcing himself back to position and to stillness. It was fucking beautiful. The alpha gritted his teeth and forced a passive expression back on his face, pulled his back up straight and simply waited for more. Sam followed all orders without question or argument. Sam never forgot to call Dean Master. And Sam seemed to have endless stamina--Dean was pushing his fun so hard that he himself was exhausted and desperate for bed each night while Sam still waited, erect and at attention, to be directed to his cage to sleep.

Sam was so good at following orders that Dean had become very excited about the possibilities of an alpha rut on this giant. His ultimate sexual desire and the thing that really drove him to acquire an alpha slave was to be taken regularly by an alpha in rut. To be forced down and have his hole used and pounded by a monstrous alpha cock. But with such a large, strong slave as Sam, he had to be certain the slave's training and obedience would trump the hormones and instincts flooding his body when he was in rut. He always had the remote that would allow him to trigger the knockout circuit in Sam's brain, but that could damage the slave beyond repair, which was becoming a more dissatisfaction possibility each day as he became more and more enamored with the alpha's performance.

The only thing Dean was a little unhappy with were the alpha's arousal reactions. He had yet to figure out what stimulated this one. Most slaves were easy--most hated pain and would shrivel up at the first serious strike. Occasionally you got one that had the opposite reaction and it was pain that really got them going. You would start whipping and watch their cock twitch and fill and begin to stand out proud and ready. Sam clearly was not frightened of pain, and a couple of times he had seemed to be aroused by it, his cock swelling, but never becoming fully hard. And it wasn't consistent--other times there had been no discernible sexual reaction whatsoever. And that was true for all the activities Dean had put the alpha through. Sometimes he showed sexual interest, but then the next time Dean conducted the same activity the alpha's cock would remain flaccid and quiet. Sam did respond to physical stimuli, able to masturbate himself to erection on command, and even more responsive to Dean's touch. But it would be so much more satisfying to be able to trigger the alpha even without touch—to know how to get that monster to grow and swell for him without it being directly stimulated. Dean was determined to find the key—he would love to be able to control that cock without medication, so he could turn his slave on and off at will, rather than have to send him into rut for hours in order to get the impressive erection he was hoping for.

So he spent the next three days studying the alpha closely. And then suddenly it clicked. It had been so obvious Dean couldn't believe he hadn't seen it.

He had spent the morning testing various stimuli on Sam--playing with hot and cold against the
slave's nipples, running his tongue or a blade over various sensitive spots on the alpha, testing his reaction to anal beads and dildos. There had been a twitch or two here and there, but nothing that seemed to particularly interest Sam. Dean had started getting bored and frustrated and finally took his frustration out on Sam by slapping his face as hard as he could. When the alpha's head rocked to the right and Dean saw the red mark his hand had left he had felt a little better. So he'd done it again on the other cheek. His own cock had twitched with interest. He was naked, too, of course, and stood in front of Sam, starting to slap him harder and harder back and forth and reveling in how red his slave's face was becoming while the alpha just returned to attention time after time--so beautifully obedient. Dean's cock swelled and stood in front of Sam as Dean worked him over and then Dean noticed it as he looked down at his slave. The alpha was hard and leaking onto the floor between his knees. An instinct to punish the alpha for the mess flashed through him, followed by a pause. Same was aroused. Very aroused. His hands were behind his back as usual, so this was entirely due to--being slapped around? Dean had beaten him before... He looked down at Sam's reddened face, staring resolutely forward as usual, straight at... Straight at Dean's now rock hard cock. Dean wrapped a hand around himself and stroked slowly. Sam's eyes tracked the movement--it wasn't obvious, but it was there.

Shit. He had let Sam's alpha nature blind him. Alpha or not, Sam was born for exactly this--born to serve someone else's desires. It was Dean's arousal and excitement that triggered his slave. The very first night he'd had Sam when he'd fucked the alpha's face and come down his throat, he realized the alpha had been sporting an erection when Dean had locked him in his cage for the night a few minutes later. Every time he'd let his experimenting drift into something too clinical and dry, Sam wasn't aroused because Dean wasn't. But when Dean let himself go and did what felt good to him--those were the times Sam had started to swell and his cock had become ready to serve. Fucking shit, but this alpha was perfect. Dean dropped his hand, forced himself to calm. He needed to be sure. He left Sam there and moved to the kitchen for a light lunch. His erection flagged and when he returned to Sam, he let his flaccid cock hang directly in front of the alpha's face. The alpha of course was also relaxed by that time and he showed no reaction to Dean's presence. Dean brought his hand and held his palm in front of the alpha's mouth.

"Lick," he commanded.

The alpha dutifully swathed his palm with spit and Dean wrapped his hand around his cock and started to stroke.

"I'm very happy with you so far, Sam," Dean said casually, stroking himself very slowly and steadily to hardness. "I think you might have the ability to make me feel very good." He was hard now and the tip of his cock was just millimeters from Sam's lips. He stroked back and forth. "Your body is going to provide me so much pleasure." His hand slid back and forth. He looked down and sure enough, Sam was half hard now, his cock twitching occasionally as the alpha's eyes tracked Dean's hand. Dean moaned, perhaps a little too theatrically, but he sped up his strokes as well. "You looked so strong and beautiful just now when I slapped you--and your face still shows the marks of my hand--it's so red and gorgeous--and it made me so hot to see you take my frustration and show the marks of my ownership, Sam." He was actually panting a little now and stroking himself fast, realizing that he was telling Sam the truth. It had made him so hot to watch his obedient alpha be owned like that and his skin turn red from Dean's hand. He glanced down and saw that Sam was fully hard again and he smiled. Oh yes, Sam was the one.

"Does it turn you on to make me feel good, Sam?"

"Yes, Master." It was said with the same, flat tone that Sam always used. He had been trained to show no emotions whatsoever in aspect and in tone. And Dean loved that--loved watching his new, strong alpha take a beating with no fear and no cringing. And he had always hated the
messiness of sexual partners' emotional reactions and shown arousal. That's why he'd switched from having sex with equals to slaves. He hated watching men pant and drool and beg and ramble about being turned on. It had always killed the mood for him and he'd always been so much happier with the cold steel of an alpha slave. Where the cock was the only way to see any arousal reaction whatsoever. Because it was the only one that mattered--who cared if they were turned on, if they were feeling good, if they were into it. And he still wasn't sure he wanted anything different from Sam. But he did want to be sure it was the truth.

He strode over to the medical chest and unlocked it. He loaded a syringe and brought it back to Sam, pressing the needle into the dispensing tube in the slave's collar. This chemical was a sort of combination truth serum and inhibitions remover. It would render Sam unable to lie and make it more difficult for him to hide his physical reactions. Dean didn't like to use it on an alpha as it could diminish the hardness of their erections, but for this occasion it should be perfect. He didn't plan to have the alpha fuck him right now--just needed to talk to him a bit. After the medicine was loaded, Dean stepped back to the chest and disposed of the used needle and re-locked the cabinet. When he turned back he could see from the slight slump in Sam's shoulders and slightly glazed eyes that the chemical was already working. Dean stepped over to the couch and took a seat, turning sideways and stretching his legs out on the couch, his back leaning against the armrest, then beckoned to Sam.

"Come."

Sam crawled over and stopped in front of Dean.

Dean patted the couch between his legs. "Up."

Sam crawled onto the couch and Dean pressed his head down until the alpha had settled curled up on his side between Dean's legs, his head resting on one thigh, Dean's cock directly in front of his eyes.

"Good boy." Dean wasn't usually interested in positive care for his slaves, but he was feeling a little cuddly at the moment. The phrase certainly worked on Sam, though, as he squirmed very slightly and his mouth dropped open a bit. Dean thought if his slave had been a cat he would be purring.

"Sam, I want to talk to you for a little bit. So I want you to speak freely. Just for this little bit while we're here on the couch, anything you say is fine and you won't be punished for it unless it's a lie. As long as it's the truth, you will make me very happy. It's okay if you forget to say Master. It's all okay while we're here on the couch like this--as long as you're honest with me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master." Sam's voice was quieter than usual, a little breathy, but still mostly flat.

"Okay, let's start with something simple. What's your name?"

"Sam."

"Do you have a last name?"

"No....I don't remember."

"That's fine, Sam. Do you remember your mistress before me?"

"Yes."
"What was her name?"
"Lilith."

"Were you happy with her?"
"No."

Dean raised an eyebrow. The medicine was definitely working. There was no way Sam or any slave would normally say that.

"That's fine, Sam. Thank you for being honest. Why not?"

"She was..." Sam paused, searched for something. "...unhappy."

"With you?"
"With everything."

"Do you like being here with me?"
"I...it's...I don't know yet."

"Are you afraid of me?"
"No, Master."

"You do know that I will want to hurt you sometimes?"
"Yes."

"But that doesn't bother you?"
"No."

"Do you like to be hurt?"
"I...sometimes."

"But not always?"
"I...I don't know."

"Would you like to hurt me?"

"No!" Sam's head had flown up to look at Dean and his eyes were large and round. Dean couldn't help but think it was rather cute, and his hand drifted down to pet at his slave's head.

"Would you hurt me if I wanted you to?"

"Yes." Sam's head dropped back down and his eyes drifted back to Dean's cock.

"And then would you like it?"
"I..."

"It's okay, Sam." He realized his hand was still idly petting Sam's hair. He liked the feel of the
alpha's head on his thigh and that warm breath over his dick.

"Maybe. I don't know."

Dean thought for a minute. "What turns you on, Sam?"

"Master?" He sounded genuinely confused.

"What makes your cock hard?"

"Whatever you say, Master."

"But sometimes it gets hard on its own, doesn't it?"

"I guess."

"So when that happens, do you know why?"

"No. Does Master want that to stop? I can try not to."

"No. I love your hard cock, Sam. I wish it could be hard all the time, but that wouldn't be good for you. I want to know, though, so I can make sure you're hard when I want and not hard when I don't want. You want that too, don't you?"

"Yes!" Sam said without any of the slow thought time of most of his responses.

"So Crowley trained you never to pleasure yourself without being told to, right?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember your life before Crowley? Before your training?"

"Not really. A little sometimes."

"Well think back to that and try to remember. What used to get you hard? Was there something you really liked? Did you like to see other boy's cocks? Or girls' breasts? Would that make your cock swell?"

"Uh...I...sometimes my Dad would use my mouth or my hole...and sometimes he was really into it and he would tell me how good I felt...I would always get hard then. He didn't really like seeing me get hard, though. He said I was too big and ugly and he wanted me to be his sweet little omega not some big dumb ugly alpha."

"He would get made if my cock got too big, but I couldn't help it sometimes. A lot of times he was just drunk and he fucked me and it was like he was almost half asleep and didn't even realize it was me. Like it could have been anyone, girl or boy, just a hole. But sometimes he would call me Sammy and pet my head while he rocked in and out of my mouth and then maybe he would even get really into it and start breathing hard and saying it felt so good and then I wouldn't be able to help myself--it would just happen. I would get really hard and I would really want to grab myself, but I never did because then he would notice so I would just cross my thighs over it and hide it and pray he wouldn't notice and then when he was done and I was alone I would take my hand and pretend it was his..."

"That's good, Sam. You're very good telling me that. I'd like to try something with you for a couple weeks that I've never done with a slave before. Have you ever had a reward?"

Even from Dean's position, he could see Sam's brow furrow a bit. "You mean like when Master
comes in my face or my mouth?"

Dean chuckled. "No. That is something you are lucky to have, but it's not what I mean because that is also part of your duty to Master. I mean something that is only for Sam."

"I...I don't..."

"That's okay, Sam. Maybe it will help if you understand what I'm thinking. See, you were trained that if you are bad you will be punished. And that is supposed to make you try to be good, so you won't get punished. But you aren't afraid of getting punished, are you, Sam?"

"No."

"I didn't think so. I don't think being afraid of being punished is why you are good. Plus, I enjoy hurting you sometimes, so it would be confusing for the same kind of things to be punishment. I think we should just keep me hurting you as something we do for me to enjoy, but it doesn't have anything to do with whether you were good or bad. Instead, I want you to try very hard each day to be good—to do everything I say and follow all your training and my rules. And then if you are very good, then each day you should get a reward. And maybe there could also be bigger rewards over time. And if you aren't good you won't get your reward or you might get a reward taken away if you were very bad. So I want you to do something for me right now, okay?"

"Yes, Master. Anything you want."

Dean smiled.

"I want you to think really hard about something you would like me to give you if you were really good. Maybe there's a special food you would like, or a comfort toy? Think about what Master does and has and what other slaves and masters and mistresses have that you've seen. I want you to tell me even if it's something I won't want to agree to. Because then maybe we can work our way to something that I do think is reasonable for you and—"

"Your bed!" Sam interjected and then clamped his mouth shut hard, his head sliding down Dean's thigh a bit as he bent it in apparent shame.

"That's okay, Sam. I told you to talk freely. What about my bed?"

"Sl-sleeping." His voice was quiet now, timid.

"You want to sleep in my bed?"

"Want to sleep with Master." It was barely a whisper.

"Hmm...well, let me think about that, Sam. I will consider it. Is there anything else you can think of that you would like? Take your time."

They sat quietly for a few minutes, Dean idly playing with Sam's hair.

"Lessons."

"Lessons?"

"To be better for Master. To do things Master would like that I don't know. I don't know what. I haven't been here long. But if Master knows...anything my training is missing...anything to be better..."
Fucking hell. Sam was too good to be true. Dean hoped he wouldn't break him.

"That's a very nice idea, Sam, but that's part of your duty to me if I want you to learn something. It isn't really the kind of reward I had in mind. I wanted to come up with something that is just for Sam."

"Is for Sam," Sam insisted, and Dean was impressed with his boldness even with the medication helping remove his inhibitions. "If I'm better, Master is happier and I'm...I feel..."

"Okay, that's okay, Sam. If that's what you want as a reward, we can try it. I will have to think about what training I might want you to have. How about you continue to think about the reward ideas and I will check in with you in a few days to see if you've thought of anything else. But we'll start with sleeping in my bed. If you are very good each day then you will be allowed to sleep in my bed with me that night. If you are not, then as punishment you will sleep in your crate. If you are very bad, then I will move your crate to a different room for the night and you will sleep in it there, alone. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master."

"Do you want to try this--to have the chance at the reward?"

"Yes. I will try so hard, Master."

"I know you will, Sam. Thank you for being honest with me. I want you to always be honest with me."

"Yes, Master."

Dean relaxed for a little while longer, thinking about the next few days. He was ready to get a real taste of that massive cock--to feel that knot splitting him open from the inside.
Chapter 3

Dean had been hard and ready for the last two hours. He was now nearly shaking from stringing out his own anticipation. He had woken that morning and fed both himself and Sam well. He was starting to think of Sam more as a pet, enjoying praising and cuddling him already now that he understood how well his alpha responded to it. Sam had been trained well enough that he never moved into the touches or let his expression change, but Dean could tell his tension eased with each positive phrase and touch.

And he had certainly tried very hard all day so far to be a very good boy, as he had promised Dean. After breakfast, Dean had strapped Sam to the wall and ordered him to be still and quiet, then worked through his collection of flogs, whips and canes. He didn’t spend much time with any tool, just wanted to work through all of them from easy to rough with Sam to start to get to know what he liked—how Sam’s skin and muscles reacted—whether he could really take as much as Dean thought. Dean had wanted to string it out for most of the day, so after every couple of tools he would take a break, sometimes running his hands over Sam’s skin, feeling the residue of his work, and sometimes leaving the room to check his email, make a call or have a drink. He had been at least half hard all day—he really did enjoy watching Sam in pain—as good as Sam was about keeping his affect calm, somehow the pain still radiated out from him and straight into Dean’s cock.

By midafternoon he had been through all of his floggers and whips and was ready to begin with paddles. He released Sam from the cross and allowed him to relieve himself and even gave him a small snack of granola. He really had been doing well—not a sound had come from him all day, though his eyes had started to become dark and bit unfocused and he was unsteady on his feet when Dean first released him. But he recovered quickly when Dean told him there was something he wanted Sam to do and gave him the task of rimming Dean, fingering him open and sliding a plug in to keep him ready for Sam for later. Sam’s eyes focused and he dropped immediately to his knees between Dean’s legs. He was soft and gentle at first, but took direction well, changing and increasing his efforts as Dean instructed. Dean allowed himself to come once while Sam worked and for Sam’s benefit he made sure not to muffle any of his panting and groans of pleasure. Sure enough, by the time Dean rose with the plug nested in his ass and the cum cleaned from his body by Sam’s tongue, Sam was rock hard and leaking onto the floor again. Dean couldn’t help but ruffle his pet’s hair and say, “Good job, alpha.” The resulting shiver he saw run through Sam’s body spoke volumes. *Oh yes, this was going to work very well.*

That done, Dean strapped Sam down to a bench, face down, and worked his ass and thighs over with a few paddles. He moved on to a couple canes, using the gentlest on Sam’s feet, just a few strokes, just enough to see Sam winced when he walked for a few days, and using the next on Sam’s ass, leaving actual bruises on top of the reddening base left by the paddles. Sam shifted his body a few times—he was clearly in some discomfort now—the heat emanating from his bruised body would be growing and making it more and more difficult for him to be still. Dean’s other slaves would have been emitting constant whines and whimpers at this point, but Sam remained as cool as ice, only beginning to release a rough grunt with each fall of the last cane.

Now Dean was down to his fiercest cane. It was something he usually saved for serious punishment as it was too damaging for most people—human bodies were so frail. But this alpha—his pet Sam—Dean thought he could handle a couple of careful strikes. Actually, he was nearly certain that Sam would, for Dean’s pleasure, take quite a few hard strikes from this cane and be left hard and wet and ready for more, even if his body was severely damaged. But Dean would save that for some other occasion when he had a more desperate need to inflict pain. Today he just
wanted to test the waters. And he loved the thought of seeing the bright line bruises that would be left, of pressing into them in the next days and reminding Sam who owned him and controlled his body. He stepped around in front of Sam and bent down to see his face.

“Hi, alpha.” Dean swept his fingers along Sam’s forehead, moving the bangs from Sam’s eyes.

Sam looked up at him.

“I’m very pleased with how you’ve done so far, pet. I have one more cane I’m going to use. Are you ready for that?”

“Yes, Master.” Sam’s voice sounded as if he were hungry for it and it made Dean’s cock twitch with excitement.

“That’s good. Now you’ve been silent and still just like I asked, but this time I want you to do something different. I want you to try really hard to ignore all of that training. I know it’s going to be hard, but I want you to react to each strike of this cane exactly how your instinct tells you. If you want to scream or howl or whine or moan, I want to hear every delicious sound. If you feel like squirming or need to jerk or open your mouth or lick your lips or anything else, I want you to do that. I want to see your beautiful body react to what I’m doing to you. Can you do that for me? Show me exactly how your body feels about what I’m doing to you?”

“I…I want to, Master.”

“That’s good. I tell you what, I’ll do two practice strokes and I won’t count them against your reward for tonight, okay. So you can practice trying to react. And then on the third one I need you to be good for me. Tell me you will try, alpha.

“I will try so hard, Master.” Sam’s voice sounded wrecked already.

“That’s very good, alpha,” Dean said, rising to stand in front of Sam’s face. He reached down and tilted Sam’s chin up with one hand, so the alpha was staring at his crotch. “See how much I like it when you’re so good for me? Open your mouth and take a taste.”

Sam opened his mouth and Dean rocked forward until the head of his cock was in Sam’s mouth and Sam suckled it gently. Dean rocked his hips and let out a soft moan to make sure his pet knew he was pleased. Then he pulled back and let Sam’s head fall. He walked around to Sam’s left side and took his stance, taking a few practice swings in the air.

“Okay, Sam, here we go. Two practice swings. Try to react naturally for me.” He brought his arm down fast, but not hard, just using the weight of his arm and the cane along with gravity. He struck high on Sam’s back. There was a pause and then Sam gave an audible “Oh” and his hands clenched into fists.

Dean struck much harder with the next stroke, a hit that would definitely leave a stripe across Dean’s upper back. This time Sam immediately released a sound close to a muffled scream and his back arched roughly for a moment.

“Okay, we’re going to do six more, alpha. If you want your reward tonight, I need you to be good for me.” Dean let loose then with six quick, hard strokes of the cane in succession, two more on the back, two on the ass and two on Sam’s thighs. By the last couple, Sam was actually yelling in pain and writhing as much as he could within his tight bonds. His body rocked on the bench and Dean was sure that if he checked he would see tears streaking Sam’s face. It was fucking gorgeous. On the first stroke Dean had felt his cock twitch and throb and by the end he was leaking precum and
feeling deep desperation to get his ass filled and stuffed with a rock hard cock. The little plug was just not enough. He needed more. He needed it now. He rushed around to Sam’s face and grabbed him by the hair, pulling his face up to meet Dean’s cock.

“Look what you did to me, Sam. Look how hard you made your Master. Look how hot and sexy you are to me when you scream and writhe like that for me. You make me hotter than anyone ever has before. Open that fucking mouth for me,” Dean rambled, watching Sam weeping before him.

Sam’s mouth dropped open and Dean shoved in. Sam sucked hard and tried to work Dean over but Dean didn’t want to come. He didn’t want to come until Sam was deep inside him. He jerked the alpha’s head hard by the hair. “Not so much, pet. Soft. Just a taste.”

Sam released the suction and started to gently caress Dean’s shaft with his tongue. It was nice and definitely calming, but without killing Dean’s need. He could still feel that plug up against his prostate whenever he shifted his weight. And it wasn’t even close to enough. Dean rocked his hips, sliding in and out of Sam’s mouth.

“It’s time, pet. It’s time for you to do what I really wanted you for. I’m going to release your straps and then I’m going to bend over that table over there and you’re going to fuck me. Hard. And knot me. Can you do that for Master?”

“Ymmph.” Dean took that as a yes. It better fucking be a yes.

“You’re going to stuff that monster cock of yours in me and fuck me until I tell you to knot. You’re going to let loose and make all the noise you want and you’re going to touch me any way you want and say anything you want as long as you’re fucking me. Hard.” Jesus, Dean needed it. Talking about it was making him even hotter and he felt so empty with just that stupid little plug. “You don’t knot and you don’t come until I tell you. Do you understand?”

“Yf, Msrr,” Sam managed this time, despite Dean continued slide in and out of his pet’s mouth.

“You’ve been a good boy so far, today, so if you fuck me really hard and only knot and come when I say then you’re going to get your reward and sleep in my bed with me tonight.” Dean pulled out and held Sam’s head up to look him in the eye. “Do you think you can make me sore, alpha?”

Sam tried to pull against Dean’s hand to nod frantically. “Yes, Master, yes, please, yes.” It was the first time Sam had said please or shown his enthusiasm so freely. Dean didn’t know if he was excited about fucking Dean or just about the chance to win his reward, but either way would work. He bent down and released his pet’s arms and legs. Sam immediately tried to bounce up from the bench and almost fell from the soreness he had forgotten about from his beatings. But he recovered quickly and was right behind Dean getting to the table Dean had indicated.

Dean bent over without ceremony and stretched his arms out, grabbing hold of the table sides for leverage. Fuck yes, he wanted this so bad. His ass was practically twitching in need and his cock was throbbing and leaking on the floor. He hoped Sam would be able to make him come without either of them needed to touch him. Maybe he would even come more than once. If Sam could make him come twice he would be a very special pet indeed. Sam was behind him now and his hands were on Dean’s hips but he was waiting for instruction.

“Come on, Sam. Take care of your Master.” He wiggled his ass and then let out a soft moan as the plug brushed his prostate again.

Sam didn’t need to be told again. He pulled out plug roughly out of Dean’s ass and discarded it on the floor, took hold of one of Dean’s left hip and guided his cock up to Dean’s hole, and started to
push in immediately.

Dean’s legs shifted with his urgency. “Yes, that’s it, come on, all the way, alpha.”

Sam pushed forward and pushed forward and pushed forward for what felt like forever and Dean felt every inch of that long fucking monster pressing its way inside him relentlessly. It didn’t stop. It just kept coming. And it wasn’t just long, it was fucking thick and gorgeous and stuffing Dean so good. He fucking loved it. Sam pressed in and in and in and then finally Sam was pressed tight against Dean’s ass and Dean was fuller than he’d ever been. And Sam hadn’t even popped his knot yet. Dean felt his orgasm suddenly rushing toward him and he tried to force it back, hold off a bit longer, but then Sam moved, started to slide back just a bit and then shoved back in, this time not just a press but a hard forceful rock of the alpha’s hips that bumped Dean hard against the table and made him grab tight to the edges and try to force his legs to a better stance. Fuck. Sam pulled back again further this time and then rammed back in, his hard cock like a giant taking and using Dean’s hole. Dean’s cock throbbed and he could feel it coming and then Sam pulled back, this time more than halfway and fucked all those inches back fast and hard into Dean and it drove Dean over, he felt his cock spasming and jerking below him as he shot his cum out on the floor under the table.

Sam must have felt Dean cum as he squeezed hard into both Dean’s hips with his hands suddenly and let out a load “Maa-ster.” But he paused only for that moment and immediately pulled back and rammed in again setting up a hard, fast rhythm and fucking Dean right through his orgasm. Dean was soon feeling over sensitive, but he knew he could handle it and just let Sam keep fucking him, clutching at his hips and ramming in and out of Dean like the most important mission he’d ever been given. It was good. It was hard and rough and felt so fucking good Dean wanted to sing or cry or…well, fucking something. Sam was grunting with each thrust in and soon Dean could feel his cock swelling again.

“That’s good, alpha. You made me cum so good.”

Sam moaned roughly and his little “unh” noises started to turn into whispered words, little “yeses” and “Masters” and maybe something like “be good” or “your good” something.

Dean was enamored with how fucking seriously Sam was taking his mission to be good. For some reason even though he had the same authority over every slave, this felt like a much bigger power trip. He could not only make this alpha do what he wanted, he could make him want the same things Dean wanted. Make him try with a different kind of desperation and need. And Sam was strong. He was big and strong and already fucking Dean so well. What was he going to be like in a rut?

Dean’s body was shaking and his hips hurt where Sam’s fingers were digging in hard to hold him. Sam was fucking him in hard long strokes now, every one pulling back until just the tip was buried and then rocking and slamming his hips forward all the fucking way and shoving eleven hard inches deep into Dean. “Fuck yes, alpha,” Dean moaned. Sam let out a sort of whine in response, and then a wheezed “Maaaaaster” as he fucked back in again. Dean felt a hard swelling against his hole this time and realized that it was Sam’s knot.

“Yes, pet, come on, want to feel your knot.”

Sam growled and started fucking faster, losing precision and pulling out a little less far each time, but ramming Dean roughly into the table with each thrust and pressing his growing knot up against Dean’s ass. Dean felt it swell bigger and bigger with each of the alpha’s thrusts and he gripped the table so hard his knuckles had all gone white. “Yeah…” Dean grunted, “…fuck me, pet…come on….yeah…so good” and Sam fucked on like a machine, driving Dean into the table and stuffing
his hole. The alpha’s cock felt so hot and so hard, like a giant rod just pistoning into him. And then there was that knot that felt like a baseball now slamming up against his ass. Fuck, he needed that.

“Knot me, alpha,” Dean moaned.

And Sam pushed forward hard, pushing his knot hard and rough up against Dean’s hole, shoving Dean harder and harder into the table, but it wouldn’t give. Sam pulled back again and slammed in hard, his hands like vises around dean’s hips. The giant knot jammed up against Dean and seemed like maybe it would work in, but Dean wasn’t built for this, his hole wasn’t made to take an alpha knot and he wondered for a minute if maybe he had finally found an alpha that was just too big.

“Please knot me,” Dean whimpered, as his cock twitched and throbbed and his body shook—he felt so desperate. “Please, Sammy.”

Sam stuttered in place for a moment and then roared and reared back, wrapping his arm around Dean’s waist and then slamming forward hard, pulling Dean back against him at the same time with his arm. And then it popped in and that was it. That giant knot was inside Dean and Dean screamed with satisfaction as Sam rocked his hips back and forth. Oh fuck, it was so big, fuck it was amazing, it was so hard and he was so full and stuffed. Electric shocks were shooting down his spine and his toes curled and his legs shook and he would have collapsed if the alpha hadn’t been holding him up with that arm around his waist. He was going to come again. He was going to come on that big knot and he had never felt anything like it before.

“Alpha, come, baby. Come for Master.” It was barely a whisper and he wasn’t sure if it had been coherent, but Sam got it. He let out a whimpered, “Yes, Master, so good, for you, Master…” and then he was pulsing inside Dean and Dean felt the warm wetness spreading inside him and then he was coming, too, shaking and spasming around the alpha’s knot and shouting out a “Yes, Sammy!” as he twitched his own lesser bit of cum out onto the floor. They stayed there for several minutes, shaking and twitching and then Dean gestured Sam over to the couch and the big alpha just picked him up easily while still knotted and stepped carefully over to the couch and laid them down on their sides together, caressing Dean’s side gently and nuzzling into his neck, crooning “Master” over and over again. Dean let himself drift, feeling the alpha’s knot and whining softly when they moved and the alpha released more come inside of him.

“Good boy,” he whispered, and felt Sam shudder behind him.
Finally, Dean thought, as he let Dr. Collins out. He knew it had only been four months that he’d had Sam, but he felt like he’d been waiting years for Sam’s rut. And now it was finally due sometime in the next week or so. He would have to put off having Sam fuck him until then. He knew his hole was going to be abused, and he might not make it through the whole rut without having to bring in a substitute hole for Sam to use before the end. But he was going to do everything he could to make sure he was ready and could be taken and knotted as many times as possible before it became too damaging to risk. Dr. Collins had advised against being knotted by Sam more than once every day or two at all, especially during rut. He was just too big for a non-omega. But Dean didn’t care. He knew he could take it. It’s what he’d been trying to get his entire life. And he was going to fucking have it. At least this once.

As he walked back into the playroom he saw Sam on his knees, just as they had left him. Ass on his heels, knees spread wide to expose his cock, still impressive even soft, hands behind his back, head bowed. Even in a relaxed pose on his knees, Sam was still tall enough that his head came up to Dean’s stomach as he walked up to Sam. His cock twitched as he stood in front of his pet. This powerful, strong alpha—entirely his to command. The thrill of that control surged through him like electric shocks. Every damn time.

He took his cock in one hand and a handful of Sam’s hair in the other. He jerked Sam’s head back and rubbed the head of his cock against those thin, pink lips.

“Open.”

Sam’s lips spread and Dean shoved in hard without pause. Straight back into Sam’s throat, feeling the brief resistance and then how it gave for him. Sam’s tongue slid over him and he started sucking and then soon faltered as Dean felt him hunger for breath that he couldn’t get with Dean’s cock filling every space in his throat. He held him there and reveled in the surge of power he felt as his pet choked around him without protest.

“Look at me.”

Sam’s eyes came up, and Dean watched tears fill them.

Fucking YES.

He pulled his hips back and yanked Sam’s head back at the same time, jerking out of Sam’s mouth and watching his slave cough and gasp.

“See that, Sam?” Dean said, waving his cock before his pet. “Got me hard as a rock in seconds. Now let’s see if you can keep me that way.”

* * *

Dean expected Sam’s rut to come in the middle of the week, maybe Tuesday or Wednesday, so he thought he’d better give both of them Sunday and Monday off from playing entirely. He needed Sam to be in peak condition for his rut, which was certain to wear down even the most vital alpha. So he would make sure Sam was well-fed and hydrated all week and given plenty of rest the last couple of days. And he could refrain from whipping or beating him for a few days. If the nervous tension of anticipating the rut and having no release got to him, he would just go to a club and make use of a rental slave.
That is...he could hold off after Saturday. Looking at the invitation Ruby had sent him to provide a demonstration at *Lucifer’s Cage* on Saturday night, he thought this would be a perfect time to show off his new pet. He had never been one to share his slaves with others, but that didn’t mean he minded making everyone jealous—making them all wish that he were willing to share. And he’d never had a slave so worthy of coveting as Sam was. When the crowd saw how he could hold as still as stone underneath the relentless sting and slap of a whip…and how he howled under the crack of Dean’s harshest cane…and how his huge cock swelled and hardened even as his skin striped and his body bruised…. They would all want what Dean had.

* * *

When Dean woke up Saturday afternoon, he was sprawled over Sam. The sleeping-with-Dean reward system appeared to have been very successful. Dean had found it difficult, in fact, to find anything else that would really motivate Sam beyond his apparently natural level of motivation to please Dean generally. But sleeping with Dean was, for some reason, of obvious and immense value to the alpha. Twice in the first week of Sam’s service, Dean had withheld the reward due to what he called Sam’s misbehavior. Once for Sam forgetting to drop to his knees to follow Dean through the house. (Dean actually dropped that rule entirely about a month later as it turned out that in Sam’s case he preferred to have the taller slave walking behind him at full height for some reason.) The second time was for speaking without permission (although he had been begging Dean to give him more lashes at the time, which had of course actually made Dean’s cock and heart both soar with pleasure). Nevertheless, he had to enforce the rules, and being left to sleep in his cage in the corner of Dean’s bedroom while Dean slept away in his bed was clearly effective. Neither error had been repeated.

He opened his eyes and was staring straight down at Sam’s cock. His pet’s cock. Dean’s alpha cock. All his. To do whatever he wanted with. He ran his finger lightly up its length from base to tip and watched as it twirled lightly under his touch. He felt Sam shift slightly underneath him and looked up to Sam’s face. Sam’s features were carefully schooled—he rarely smiled unless outright praised—and gave nothing away. He just looked down at Dean, waiting patiently to be told how to serve his Master. Dean’s cock jerked. He felt a sudden urge that he rarely had.

He rolled off of Sam and stood up. The moment he moved, Sam, as always, slid out of bed and knelt at its edge, awaiting orders. Often, Dean woke with morning wood and liked to use Sam’s mouth. Or woke with a tense itch in his shoulders that could only be eased by hurting someone. Usually, spanking Sam with a paddle or belt took the edge of and left him feeling loose and happy again. Sam, in turn, often got aroused at being used like this in the morning, and Dean usually indulged his pet by allowing him to jerk off and come on Dean’s command. The mornings had turned into something of a comforting routine for both of them. But this morning, Dean wanted something a little different.

“He has to use the bathroom?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Okay. Go, then. And clean yourself up and prep your ass for me. I’ll see you in the playroom in twenty minutes.”

“Thank you, Master.” He watched as Sam bowed his head briefly, then stood and walked out, headed toward the bathrooms down by the playroom.

By the time he had cleaned himself up and checked his phone messages and news feed, it had actually been more than thirty minutes. Not that it mattered. He knew Sam would be waiting. In perfect form. And he was. Standing at ease, hands behind his back, head bowed. Dean walked
around him slowly, pleased with how the marks from their session a couple of days ago had faded. He would look perfect tonight for the show, and the new marks Dean made would stand out beautifully. Perhaps he would even go ahead and draw a little blood. Let the crowd see the strength of his alpha’s life and how he gave it up for Dean.

He saw the small black butt plug peeking out from between Sam’s cheeks and felt his cock jerk in anticipation. Yes, he definitely wanted to fuck his toy today. He needed to possess Sam. To mark him as Dean’s inside, too, and leave his seed plugged inside his pet the rest of the day. Reminding him during the show tonight just who he belonged to.

“Clamps, weights and chain,” Dean commanded, and watched as Sam moved to the proper drawers and fetched the items. He returned to stand before Dean, holding the toys out in both hands.

Dean took his time. He had several hours to kill and couldn’t mark Sam up, so he intended to draw out the pleasure of this little bit of pain that he could play with. When he was done, dangling weights hung from Sam’s painfully clamped nipples, and an additional chain ran between them.

“So prepare a bowl with ice water, then bring me the cage and sound.”

Sam immediately moved again to get the items, and Dean smiled at how good his pet was. Sam hated the cock cage. He had never said it, and was expert at holding back any outward evidence of negative reaction, but Dean was a careful observer, and he knew Sam detested the painful spiked cage that was Dean’s favorite. Really, it was the only cage Dean would bother with. He wasn’t interested in merely controlling Sam’s erections. Actually, usually it was much to the contrary. He wanted to see his alpha’s huge cock swell for him. Especially when Dean was using him—because Dean was using him. So the only cage he ever bothered with was there because it also inflicted pain, not just because it kept Sam soft. But today he needed that high that only came from controlling this powerful slave. Making him Dean’s, in every way imaginable, before they went to the club to show that fact off to the rest of the world.

When Sam returned, Dean took his cock in hand, stroked it roughly to hardness, and slid the sound in. Then he walked over to take up the ice water and returned to Sam, holding it at Sam’s groin and pressing Sam’s cock down and into the freezing liquid. Sam let out the softest hiss of air, which Dean momentarily thought about punishing him for but decided he would wait until the next day. Sam’s cock returned to softness quickly, and Dean easily was able to fit the cock cage around him. When he started to harden the spiky nubs covering the inside of the cage would dig into his shaft, becoming more and more painful the more he experienced pleasure and his cock tried to swell. He secured the sound to the tip of the cage and dumped the ice water in the sink.

Now. Last but not least.

“Twine and the mini shock paddle.”

Sam didn’t react at all. Not a flinch. Not a twitch. He just moved promptly and returned to hold the objects up to Dean.

Dean took them and sat on his rolling stool to be at a comfortable height as he wrapped the twine around the base of Sam’s scrotum, stretching and pulling at his sack, until his balls were small, tight and barely bulging from the top of the tube Dean had made of the thin rope. He tied the twine off and stood up again. He walked around Sam, enjoying the view.

“I want you to be loud for me now, Sam. Let out every little noise that wants to come out. Do you understand?”
“Yes, Master.”

Dean tugged on the chain dangling between Sam’s nipples and Sam let out a breathy sort of “unnnhh” sound. Dean’s cock twitched. He jerked hard on it and Sam’s “uuhh” was louder. Less breathy.

“Good boy. Now let’s start with something easy. On your knees. Suck my cock. Show me how much you love it.”

Sam dropped to his knees without hesitation and opened his mouth, pressing forward and taking Dean in all the way, suckling and licking. Dean took his time, trying to enjoy his pet’s mouth, but really preoccupied by the same thoughts he’d had the last couple days of exactly what routine he should take Sam through that night. He wasn’t sure if he should share his favorites with the crowd—the biting whip that would definitely make Sam bleed, and the severe cane that could make even Sam scream at the top of his lungs in pain. Many of the club-goers would probably actually find that all much too severe, though there would always be plenty of others who would love it. But he would get the biggest group of jealous admirers begging him for just a few hours with his Sam if he went with something a touch lighter that would leave Sam marked and shaking, but clearly still undamaged.

When he heard Sam whimper softly he realized he was tugging his pet’s head back at a painfully awkward angle as he’d been fucking his mouth. He didn’t want Sam to be too sore to hold any position that night, so he let go and pulled back.

“On your back on the paddled table. Ass to the edge, feet in the stirrups.”

Sam rose gracefully and moved to the table as instructed. Dean watched the cock cage and his encased, swollen balls swinging between his legs and felt his stirrings of need come back. He stepped over to the tableside and reached up to pull down an available hook within reach. He attached Sam’s nipple clamp chain to the hook and guided it back up until it was taut and tugging Sam’s nipples to stand straight up in the air. He rolled the weights that were also attached to the clamps to the outsides of Sam’s body until they were hanging down and adding their own contrasting weight and pressure to Sam’s nipples.

Then he licked his lips, making sure his mouth was soft and wet and wrapped his lips as much as he could around the clamped nipple, running his tongue very softly over the bits of the little pink nub that were exposed.

Sam whined and jerked for the briefest second before stilling.

Dean raised his head and said, “You can move. Just don’t remove yourself from this position or any of the toys or restraints. But you can touch me and move your body until I tell you otherwise.”

Sam’s hands slid slightly from where they’d been laying on the table at his sides to grasp the table edges as if for support. Dean smiled and bent his head back down to suckle at Sam’s nipple. This time, as Sam whimpered, he squirmed just slightly under Dean and continued to do so when Dean did the same to his other nipple. Dean wrapped his hands around the nipple weights and tugged them out to the sides as he continued to lick and lave the nipples with his tongue.

Dean stood and moved down between Sam’s legs, which were widely spread by the current setup of the stirrups. His tormented balls dangled angrily between his legs underneath the weight of that vicious-looking cock cage.

“Look at me, pet.”
Sam raised his head and gazed down his body.

Dean took the cage in his hand. “Who does this belong to?”

“You, Master.”

Dean’s cock twitched.

With his left hand he pressed the cock cage up against Sam’s pubic hair and took the alpha’s twine-encased sack in his other hand. “And these?”

“You, Master.”

Dean felt a hot need swelling in his groin.

He pressed Sam’s balls up under his left hand along with the cage and reached for the plug with his right.

“And your tight little hole? Whose is that?”

“Yours, Master.”

“And do you like it when I fuck your hole, alpha?”

“I—” Sam stopped. His eyes looked worried.

Dean laughed. “Is that a no, pet? You know you will be punished if you lie.”

“No, Master, I mean, yes, I mean, I would never lie to you, Master.” The frowning wrinkles covered Sam’s forehead, and for some reason, the stress he was feeling over this question made Dean’s cock even harder.

“Just answer the question truthfully, Sam.”

“I don’t like it, but then later, when I have your cum in me, I like that.”

Dean chuckled and twisted the plug in Sam’s ass back and forth. “Good boy, Sam. So can you tell me what it is you don’t like about it?”

“I—I’m an alpha and I know I’m not good enough at it yet. I try, Master, but it’s so hard to make my muscles relax. I won’t open up enough and it feels so wrong to have something in there. It makes me feel…just…wrong, Master.”

Dean tugged on the plug until it popped past Sam’s rim and then he fucked him with it a little, watching as it squeezed past the little pucker of Sam’s hole, which always was so much tighter than any beta or omega could ever get. The plug was the smallest one they had, barely bigger than a grown man’s finger. It really wouldn’t help stretch Sam out very much.

“How many fingers did you use?”

“Two, Master.”

Dean wasn’t surprised. Those were his standard instructions if he didn’t explain any further than that Sam should prep. But they’d already spent so much time, he had certainly lost some of that stretch. Dean’s hard cock would be painful plunging in there now if Dean didn’t stretch him further or slide in a larger plug for a while. He smiled as he pressed the same small plug back in and left it
there. He wanted Sam to feel it when he fucked him in a little while.

He released Sam’s genitals to drop back down between his legs and said, “You can lay your head back now, Sam. You can look whenever you want but you don’t have to. I’m going to have some fun now.”

He grabbed his rolling stool again and sat between Sam’s legs, picking up the little shock paddle Sam had retrieved for him. He turned it on and felt his heart pick up speed at the small little high-pitched hum that came from it.

“Don’t hold any those sounds back for me now, pet,” he rumbled and then tapped Sam’s abused balls with the flat of the paddle. Sam’s body jerked on the table and he let out a sort of muffled shout. Then Dean went to work.

* * *

By the time Dean couldn’t control himself any more and had to fuck his pet, eighty minutes had gone by and Sam had gone from shouting to outright screaming, and then backed off to soft whines with each touch of the paddle. Dean drew them out with long pauses between, and sometimes soft licks and suckles, admiring the redness and tension of Sam’s genitals and the twitching nervousness that had taken over the rest of the alpha’s body.

His pet was used and shaking and so fucking perfect on his back and on display for his Master.

“Sammy,” Dean rumbled, his own cock throbbing between his knees. He had to get inside his alpha—take him and mark him. He grabbed the tied-off twine and worked it off Sam’s balls and watched them slowly relax, even as Sam started to pant and whimper from the pain of the returning sensation. He opened the cage and released Sam’s cock, tugging the sound free and dropping all of it on the ground. Sam’s whimpers became a rhythmic sort of “aaahhh” moan as even more sensation worked through him and Dean wanted to moan along with him. Dean reached forward and tugged at the chain, pulling the hook down within his reach and unhooking his alpha. He slapped Sam’s leg and growled out, “Hands and knees. Now. Present for me, alpha.”

Sam scrambled to his knees, slipping and shaking for just a moment, and then getting control and pulling his limbs underneath him onto the table and pressing his shoulders down, even as he stuck his ass in the air. Dean pressed the table control to drop its height until his cock was level with Sam’s ass. Sam was still breathing hard and whimpering slightly with every couple breaths, and Dean could see the weights hanging from his nipple clamps and knew when he released them, the pain would be more intense than anything up to that moment. He thought about how Sam had looked as he had shocked him. How the alpha had sweated and screamed for him, and the flush and chills that had worked through that long, powerful body. He reached for the plug and tugged it out roughly, taking himself in hand and stepping up to press up against the tight, puckered, pink little hole. He pushed and felt the resistance, and grabbed hold of Sam’s hip with his other hand, digging in hard with his fingers. Fuck, but his alpha was always so fucking tight. Maybe he should do this more often. Maybe he should do it with no prep at all sometime.

He pressed forward hard, and then finally, with a roar, he pushed past and was sliding in and feeling those tight walls squeezing all around him, even as Sam let out a sort of wailing “ohhhh.” Oh fuck, it was good. Fucking fuck. He was so fucking tight, and Dean grabbed onto Sam’s other hip and started jerking his pet back onto him even as he slammed his hips forward, setting up a rough, fast rhythm, fucking his toy rougher than he could ever remember doing.

“Fuck, yeah, Sammy!” he yelled. “So fucking tight for me, alpha.”
He rammed into Sam and felt himself already nearly on the verge of coming.

“Fuck….Sam….so fucking good…."

He worked his hips like pistons, pulling at Sam’s hips and barely hearing the loud grunt Sam let out with each thrust. He was going to hurt this alpha. He was going to make his pet scream. He was going to take him and own him and hear his pain.

“Sam,” he huffed out, fucking along with his words, “take hold of those clamps for me.”

He fucked in hard and Sam’s ass felt so warm and smooth and fucking confining all around him.

“You’re gonna rip those off right when I say.”

He slammed in.

And again.

And again.

“Do you…”

And again.

“…understand?”

And again.

“Yes, Master,” Sam panted out, his voice sounded a muffled in the padding of the table.

“Good boy. Oh, that’s my good boy.”

He had never loved fucking his alpha this much. He had taken so many shocks. His body had been shaking and shivering and sweating from it by the end, and then he had just turned over and presented on command. An alpha. His alpha. He was so tight and he hated how it felt to be fucked and he took it for Dean and…. Fuck . Dean saw that Sam’s cock was huge and full and hard now, hanging between his legs and dripping precum down onto the table’s padding.

“Sammy….want you to come for me.”

He slammed in and out of that hole, feeling how his alpha was trembling now under his hands, even though he was still staying up somehow, tough and strong on his knees.

“Can you come when I say, pet?”

He rammed into Sam and Sam let out a rough gasp, then panted out, “Try, Master.”

“God yes, alpha,” Dean muttered out, feeling his balls tightening up as he hurtled toward the edge. “Love my pet so much.”

Sam let out a long, loud whimpering cry and Dean felt a swell of heat and tension through his groin.

“Pull ‘em off now, Sammy!” Dean yelled, pulling back and slamming in, off rhythm but in a desperate fire of need now. He saw Sam’s elbows move and the weights drop down the sides of the table, clearly released, as he rocked his hips back, and then a moment later he heard Sam’s
agonized scream and he jerked Sam’s hips back as he smashed back in the last time, shouting for Sam to come for him, and then falling forward and dropping on top of his pet’s back, his own legs shaking as he released into Sam’s clenching hole.
Chapter 5

Dean silently congratulated himself for having the foresight to give both himself and Sam the time to take a nap before coming out to the club. He had never imagined demonstrating his pet would leave him shaking and drained like this. And they were just getting to the best part. He had decided, rather than picking between just the hardest, most painful tools and the lesser implements, to go through the entire range. Why not?

Ruby had said he was welcome to take as long as he wanted, so they had taken the main stage at Lucifer’s Cage for a two-hour window. Ruby rolled her eyes when he walked in and casually stated he would proceed for two hours. No slave could take two hours of discipline. The only way to use that much time up would be to drag it out—to spend ten minutes of showmanship and blathering to the crowd for every one minute of actual punishment of the slave. But she had never seen a slave like Sam before. No one had. Dean regularly put Sam through longer sessions. Usually not as intense as the two hours he had planned here, but he had no doubts his pet could handle it.

It turned out Dean should have doubted whether he could handle it. Running Sam through the beginning stages of the demonstration, Dean had moved Sam through a variety of positions and preliminary tools—showing off how still and silent his slave could be. He had started Sam in simple military attention position, using his hand to slap Sam’s face and then a leather slapper over his chest. Then, having Sam bend over and press his hands to the floor, exposing his ass beautifully to the crowd, Dean had given his ass a rather intense paddling, leaving it wonderfully red and sore looking. He’d next had Sam move to lay on his back on a bench, legs and arms spread to the sides, exposing all of his prettiest little soft spots. He’d picked up a crop and begun working Sam’s arms and lower legs. He’d heard various voices in the crowd marveling at how still Sam stayed under the abuse without even being bound at all. And of course they continued to be generally impressed by how still and quiet and calm Sam stayed—never showing panic or fear and never pulling away even the slightest during that horrible moment of pre-strike anticipation. Dean’s cock grew hard as he worked and as the crowd gathered more thickly and the murmurs of appreciation started to shift into open praise and shouted encouragement to both Sam and Dean.

Dean then put Sam on his hands and knees and pulled his own belt off, to appreciative murmurs from the crowd. Still without any bindings or other assistance for Sam, Dean worked his ass over again, right over the wonderful reddened base he had raised earlier with the paddle. A few lightweight crowd members began to drift away at this point, as the belt raised red angry-looking welts on Sam’s ass. But even more gathered around to take their place and ooh and ahh at the beauty of those marks.

Though he had not planned on it, Dean was riding high on the adrenaline in the moment, so for the last portion of this stage of his demonstration, Dean asked for two volunteers from the audience. From the offers, Dean selected a stunning, richly-clad, petite, blond woman who had been at center stage for the entire show, and a doughy older man in a suit who made no effort to hide the hard-on that Dean’s demonstration was giving him.

“Ma’am, would you care to make use of my slave’s mouth during the next stage of this presentation?” Disappointed murmurs came from some of the crowd—it was of little pleasure to
most of this group to watch a simple session of cunnilingus. “I assure you,” Dean continued, speaking to the woman, but raising his voice to be heard above the crowd, “my pet is more than capable of maintaining his focus and bringing you to climax even while the demonstration continues.” He brought the woman’s hand to his mouth and kissed the back of it gently.

The crowd’s murmurs shifted into an impressed sort of silence and anticipation as the woman assented with a graceful nod and Dean assisted her onto the stage. He then turned to the older man and said, “Sir, would you care to do the honors?” He gestured to the table where he had laid out this first stage of implements, his belt having been added to it now, after its use moments earlier. The man raised his eyebrows and Dean nodded, so he stepped over to peruse the couple of paddles, belt, riding crop, slappers and the flogger.

He turned back to Dean. “Will I be permitted to strike anywhere?”

“Anywhere,” Dean nodded, “though I expect I will be placing him on his back so the lovely lady may ride his face as she pleases.”

The man nodded and turned back, taking his suit jacket off and rolling his shirt sleeves up as he perused the options. Dean approached him and said quietly, “I also would prefer not to draw blood on his genitals. They may be struck but should not be damaged. Other than that, you may do as you please for as long as the lady desires to continue being served.” The man nodded, and surprised Dean not in the least when he selected the 24-strand leather flogger.

“Ma’am,” Dean called to the elegant woman, “would you prefer the bench or floor?”

“Bench, please.”

Dean nodded to her. “Sam,” he called.

“Yes, Master.”

“Lay down on your back on the bench.”

Sam moved promptly to obey, and Dean led the woman over toward him.

“What is your name, ma’am?”

“Lilith.”

“It is a pleasure to meet you, Lilith. Sam,” Dean instructed, “I want you to meet Lilith.”
Sam’s eyes flew up and stared at the woman. Though Dean hadn’t asked him a question, he was surprised Sam gave no response at all. His pet’s eyes were wide and looked rather odd as he stared at the woman. “You are going to pleasure her with your mouth. Do you understand?”

Sam did not respond immediately, continuing to just stare at Lilith, and Dean became worried for a moment that his pet hadn’t been trained in cunnilingus. Dean had never anticipated him needing Sam to have this skill, so he had not bothered to make sure. He had just assumed his training would have been comprehensive. Plus, his first owner had been a woman.

“Sam,” Dean prodded, embarrassed at having to repeat himself. “Do you understand?”

“Y-yes, Master.” Sam’s voice sounded the slightest bit off, but he hadn’t moved a muscle, and his eyes had drifted back down away from the woman’s.

“Good. You will do your best to give her pleasure and, if she offers any direction, you will follow it as you would mine.”

“Yes, M-Master.” Definitely off. Perhaps Dean would have to punish Sam the next day. Maybe Sunday night Sam would have to sleep in his cage for a night.

“M’lady,” Dean said to Lilith, offering her his hand for balance as she pulled her panties off from underneath her skirt. He helped her straddle Sam’s head and watched with a hint of surprise as, instead of dropping her skirt over Sam’s head to maintain her privacy, she tucked her skirt up under her belt, letting the crowd see her pussy and Sam’s face both. Then she slid both of her manicured hands into Sam’s long hair and dropped down over his mouth, hissing quietly to him, “Lick me, Sam.”

Sam’s tongue slid out immediately and teased her clit lightly then plunged deeper and Lilith began to rock above him, her hands clearly tugging hard on his hair already.

“Sir,” Dean said, turning his attention to the man, “may I ask your name?”

“Alistair.”

“A pleasure, Alistair. Now, would you like Sam’s arms or legs in any particular position?”

“Outstretched arms—we can bind—”

“No need,” Dean interrupted. “If you position him, he will maintain it.”

Alistair raised his eyebrows in disbelief, but Dean merely said, “and legs?”
“Let’s use the spreading extensions.”

Dean helped pull out the table extensions that came out from the bottom corners at an angle and raised Sam’s legs onto them, so his legs were fully supported for the flogging while his genitals remained completely exposed between his wide-spread legs. Then he raised one of Sam’s arms to an even height with the table and gestured for the other man to do the same with Sam’s other arm.

“Sam,” Dean commanded loudly, “You will maintain your arms in this position until otherwise instructed.” He let go and Sam’s arm didn’t move. Alistair followed suit, looking rather pleased.

Lilith had begun breathing hard and clearly enjoying Sam’s ministrations. Dean saw her hands still clenching fistfuls of Sam’s hair as she switched between frozen stillness and occasional circular motions over Sam’s face. Dean smiled. He shouldn’t have doubted his pet’s skills.

“Sam, this gentleman is going to flog you now while you continue to pleasure Lilith. I expect you to continue to maintain your silence and to satisfy the lovely lady for as long as she desires.”

Then Dean stepped back and nodded to Alistair. The man stepped forward and went to work. Dean had let Lilith and Alistair play for almost twenty-five minutes, stopping only when Lilith came a second time, rocking back onto Sam’s chest and breathing hard. Alistair, too, looked tired and seemed satisfied as he dropped the arm with the flogger and reached with his other hand to adjust the hard-on that had been straining against his suit pants for the last 15 minutes. Dean himself had become hard watching the show. Sam’s performance had been impressive. He held his arms out to his sides even as Alistair flogged them each up and down their length mercilessly. Meanwhile, Lilith moaned and writhed as she rode his face, occasionally rising up and ordering Sam to lick her clit, making him reach and extend his tongue desperately to reach her, giving the crowd quite a show. Making his job difficult was clearly much of the pleasure Lilith derived from this show, but Sam followed her orders, as Dean expected, to the letter and without complaint. Occasionally his eyes fell on Dean and Dean thought he looked strange—haunted in some way. But he never paused in his ministrations even as Alistair took no pity on him and striped the leather flogger relentless over every exposed surface of his body.

Dean had watched as Alistair spent a few minutes striking the soles of Sam’s feet, then moved on to focus on his genitals. The man followed his instructions, stopping just before drawing blood, but he worked Sam to a point where every slave Dean had ever known before Sam would have been crying and pleading for mercy. Sam’s body did jerk a couple of times when Alistair placed a particularly well-aimed blow to his testicles. But the display had still been so clearly impressive that the crowd had become silent and nearly mesmerized watching Sam work the stunning woman over even as he somehow remained nearly entirely still and unmoved despite the vicious flogging he was getting.

Dean’s body became flushed and excited both with pride and arousal as he watched Sam’s skin bloom from pale to pink to red and heard the crowd murmur and hiss their appreciation. “He’s an alpha! Have you ever seen such an obedient alpha?” “How can he still be holding his arms up like
that?” “Have you ever seen such a tall slave?” “His cock is impressive, isn’t it? I wonder how big his knot gets?” “I wouldn’t mind having a turn at his mouth.” “How can he still be performing so well for her? That man is certainly not holding back!” Dean found himself standing taller, feeling something he had never felt before. That was his Sammy. His pet. His perfect, wonderful alpha. He looked at the crowd—at least a couple hundred people—the largest crowd he had seen at Lucifer’s Cage—all staring at his Sam and wishing he was theirs. But he was Dean’s. Only Dean’s.

Dean suddenly realized he was shaking and feeling rather drained. But there was no way he was going to skip out early on this show—not before he got to the part that was his favorite. The whip. And the cane. Then, after everyone in this crowd had heard Sam’s gorgeous loud alpha voice screaming in pain for him, then they would be done. Dean would take Sam home and fuck his face and they would sleep and rest up until his rut.

He stepped back up to the stage, a little Shakily at first, but getting his feet back as his mind imagined how beautiful Sam would be as he whipped him. He took Lilith’s hand from Alistair, who had assisted her up off of Sam, and kissed it again, thanking her for volunteering. She nodded at him graciously and said something complimentary about Sam, like “I would love to make him mine,” and then she disappeared into the crowd. Dean moved Sam’s arms inward to rest on the bench next to his body and thought he noticed a bit of a shudder as he did. The crowd wouldn’t have seen it, but something was still clearly a little off with his pet.

Dean shook Alistair’s hand and thanked him as well, watching as the older man set the flogger down and picked up his jacket, leaving the stage. He had half an hour left. Just enough time for the culmination of his demonstration. He had never been this moved without a whip or a cane being brought out or seeing someone bleed before. Or being fucked and knotted by an alpha under his control. His cock was rock hard and leaking in his pants. He would be lucky to make it through the whipping and caning without coming in his pants like a schoolboy. But he knew many in the crowd had already come watching his alpha take everything Dean and another Master and Mistress could give him. Fuck, he had seen more than one man with their cock in hand when he surveyed the crowd, as well as women clearly frigging themselves or sliding fingers inside their slits. Right along with the marveling comments and praise for Sam had been moans and gasps and sounds of pleasure as the crowd openly enjoyed the show.

And finally they were getting to the best part.

“Sam,” Dean said, his voice loud for the crowd. “Place yourself against the cross, back out.”

Sam rose immediately and walked over to the waiting St. Andrew’s Cross placed prominently at the center of the stage. He raised his arms and slid them under the waiting straps and then stepped his feet inside of the looped straps waiting at the ankle spots as well. Dean stepped over and secured and buckled all four straps, then pressed the button to tilt the cross, just about fifteen degrees, raising Sam’s feet off the ground and turning him to an angle that was best for Dean’s swing.

He strode over to the table and reached below to pull out the short bull-whip and his favorite cane.
A few gasps came from the crowd.

“Sam, for the rest of the demonstration, you will no longer be silent. You may make noise as my
strikes inspire you, though you will be punished if I feel you are exaggerating your reaction in any
way. Do you understand?” The threat of punishment was more to let the crowd know he had not
arranged with his pet in advance to scream unnecessarily loud. Of course, they would see soon
enough. Sam never overreacted. Dean would begin with the bullwhip, and where any other slave
would scream by the third strike, Sam would merely hiss or moan. He couldn’t wait for them to
see.

“Yes, Master.” Sam sounded more like himself, and Dean thought the unusual nature of the scene
just before had probably just thrown his pet off. Dean had been getting into certain routines with
Sam, and despite the pain Sam was about to undergo, in a way, it was probably one of his comfort
zones by this time.

Dean stepped up to Sam and caressed his body briefly with the length of the whip, draping and
dragging it over his slave’s skin, loving how Sam’s back always looked, criss-crossed with so
many raised white stripes from all their prior sessions. It was just beautiful how his pet bore the
marks of Dean’s pleasure. He leaned forward and whispered in Sam’s ear, “You have done well
for me so far, Sammy. If you are perfect for me for this last portion, I promise to give you not only
your usual reward, but a special extra prize when we go home.” He pressed his hard cock up
against Sam’s hip briefly. “See how happy you’ve made me? Will you continue to make me proud,
alpha?”

“Yesss, Master,” Sam whispered out, in that desperate-to-please way that Dean had come to adore.
What a fucking perfect pet he had.

He stepped back then and cracked the whip in the air a few times, getting his muscle memory
fresh. And maybe also gearing the crowd up for what was coming.

He struck hard across Sam’s back. Three times. Fast. Without break. Sam hissed and began to
breathe hard. His skin didn’t break. Yet. Then Dean struck a vicious stripe of the whip low across
Sam’s back, and the first thin sliver of red bloomed up. The crowd started to murmur, and after a
second, Sam let out a short sort of bark of pain. Then Dean let loose. He took his time between
each strike. Sometimes a few seconds, sometimes thirty seconds. But he avoided any kind of
rhythm, wanting Sam to have no idea when the next strike would fall. The sounds of the crowd
rose, murmurs and aahhs and the occasional startled scream, until Sam was louder than all of it.
His back was blooming with strips of red, rough lines with jagged little drips downward over his
pale skin. And he was now letting out a full-throated scream a second or so after each strike of the
whip. Dean’s cock was throbbing and pushing against his jeans, and men and women throughout
the crowd had their own slaves on their knees giving them head. One couple was openly fucking
over a table, though their eyes remained riveted to the stage.

When Dean didn’t think he could last much longer himself, he dropped the whip on the table with
a clatter and grabbed his cane. He brandished it before the crowd.
“Can I have someone volunteer their slave? For one strike from this cane? To demonstrate its power?”

His new apparent friend, Alistair, still standing at the front of the crowd, tugged his own slave up to his feet and gestured to Dean.

“Thank you, Sir,” Dean said, taking the slave’s hand and directing him up onstage and to his hands and knees before the crowd. “I will strike him once at about half of my strength.” He demonstrated his arm movement in the air above the slave’s body. Then he struck. The slave’s body jerked forward and Dean smirked, knowing Sam would have been able to maintain position for a first strike from any implement, regardless how well struck. Then the slave’s yell broke the air, pained and howling. It continued for several seconds before Alistair practically dragged his slave off the stage and forced him to his knees, hissing at him to be quiet, anger clear all over his face. Dean merely nodded to Alistair, and said, “Thank you again, Sir.”

Then he said to the crowd, “Sam will now show you the beauty of full-strength strikes from this cane.” The crowd murmur rose once again, and Dean raised his arm. The hiss of the cane through the air was like music to Dean, and the hard, sharp slap when his arm slammed home had his cock jerking in his pants. Oh fuck, but he loved this. He struck right across Sam’s round, tight ass, still pink from the paddle and belt earlier. Sam’s body twitched and he let out a long, loud whine. It quieted but actually didn’t stop as Dean prepared to strike again. He hit across Sam’s thighs, leaving a white stripe and making Sam emit a sort of mixed grunting shout. Then he let loose again, this time letting himself fall into a rhythm, striking about every five seconds, caning Sam over his thighs, ass and even his bleeding, torn back. Sam was screaming after the first twenty or so strikes, despite how much training he had gotten with this cane. It was just too much, Dean knew. No one could take this kind of abuse. No one except his strong, incredible, perfect alpha pet. Fuck, but he wished Sam could fuck and knot him tonight. But the rut in a couple of days was more important. He could wait. He had to wait. But god, this was so amazing. His cock was throbbing with need and desire and Sam was shaking underneath him, his to use and own.

When he finally dropped his arm, Sam’s back was a smeared bloody mess, and his ass and thighs were a jumbled pattern of angry red skin. He pressed the button to set the cross vertical again and pressed his body tight up against Sam’s, rubbing his hard-on against his slave’s ass and letting his clothes rub and burn and chafe against Sam’s tortured skin. Sam groaned quietly but made no complaint as Dean reached up to release his arms. Then he bent down to release Sam’s ankles and whispered to Sam so his slave would drop to his knees, resting on his heels and waiting. Sam dropped immediately, and Dean could see how exhausted he was by the slight drop in his shoulders, despite his obvious attempts to maintain his posture. Sam’s breath was ragged and his eyes were glassy.

Dean petted his head and whispered, “Reward and prize, my Sammy. You were so good for me. Just what I asked for. Just wait a few minutes and we’ll go home.”

Then he stepped up to the stage and took a bow. The crowd applauded loudly for many seconds, so that Dean had to take another bow and actually gestured to Sam as well, to which the crowd politely clapped but then finally relaxed and took that as a cue to break up. Ruby came up on stage and announced when the next show on the main stage would begin, and Dean accepted her
compliments and rebuffed her offers to buy Sam for the club. After ten minutes or so, he was finally ushering Sam out the back door into the alley to head to the rear parking lot where he had parked.

He was halfway to the car when he felt a sudden rush of air and heard Sam scream, “Master!” Then his head seemed to split open and everything turned white and there was nothing.
Sam’s POV

It was his fault. He should have known. He should have said something to Master. Should have warned him. But it wasn’t his place. Master wanted him to follow orders. To show the crowd how good he could be for Master. And why would she want him back? Why would she hurt Master to get him? She was even richer and more powerful than Master. She could afford any slave—any thousand slaves. She had never even liked him. She said she hated his oversized cock, and she had even taken him to the surgical center to find out her options for a reduction. She said he was too thin and too tall. She said he would never be good enough and she should just take him out back and put him down, because he wasn’t even worth returning. She said she hated the way his tongue felt—too big and sloppy—and hated the way he sucked and licked her—so loud and disgusting.

But then at the show, she had moaned and writhed like she was in ecstasy. But Sam knew she was faking. Her pussy had tasted flat, of nothing, and he knew from experience that she was on drugs that prevented her from getting truly aroused. But for the crowd and for Master she had put on such a show. She had rocked over him and panted and moaned, pulling some of his hair out from the roots in her “pleasure” and screamed out a fake orgasm twice.

But he couldn’t understand why, and it was none of his business. Master didn’t want him to think about such things. Master wanted him to do as she directed, so he had. And Master wanted him to be still and silent for the flogging, so he had.

And then she was gone and Master was asking him to still be strong and to show off his screaming—so the crowd would know about the beautiful pain his Master gave him. So he tried. And Master had seemed pleased.

And then she had struck. She had tried to take him away from Master.

*That man*—that man who had flogged him in the show—had struck Master from behind just as three other men grabbed Sam and slapped cuffs on his wrists, heavy iron ones, and started to pull his arms together to link them. But *that man* was standing over Master with a heavy iron pipe in his hand, looking past Sam to someone else, while Sam twisted and wriggled and fought. He had to get free. He had to get to Master. Master was hurt. He was just *lying there*. And the rain-wet pavement looked even darker under Master’s head and Sam was sure it was blood. Then *her* voice hissed past Sam saying, “Get rid of him. Otherwise, he might try to come get his pet.” A chill passed through him, and he froze for a moment. They almost got him secured as he watched *that man* raise his arm just enough to aim his gun at Master’s head.

His head was ringing with Master’s voice.

*Who does this belong to?*

*You make me hotter than anyone ever has before.*

*You know you will be punished if you lie.*

*Suck me.*
Good boy.

Do you think you can make me sore, alpha?

What turns you on, Sam?

I love your hard cock.

Have you ever had a reward?

Good job, alpha.

Would you hurt me if I wanted you to?

Please knot me, please, Sammy.

Come on, Sam. Take care of your Master.

Love my pet so much.

Then the air had rung with his roar of “Maaaasster!” and he had launched himself away from the others and onto that man. He had slammed his arms down and heard the gun hit the pavement and skitter across it. Then he had torn his fingers into that man’s throat and ripped and pulled until there was no more movement—nothing but the hot blood on his hands and in his face. The others had tried to take him again then, but Master was still lying there and not moving, and he couldn’t let himself be taken away, and then no one would be there with Master. He kicked and bit and punched and flailed, and then finally there had been lights and sirens, and she and the others had suddenly disappeared.

He had clung desperately to Master’s ankle then and whined and begged not to be taken away, but it had still seemed like a miracle when one of the EMT masters had said he could ride with Master in the ambulance. He had been so relieved he had cried, and the EMT master had stared at him like he might be crazy, so he had tried to stay very still and quiet after that. The hospital masters had let him stay on the floor by Master’s bed, as long as he didn’t get in their way or make any noise to disturb Master’s sleep.

But Master had been sleeping for two days now. And Sam knew that when he woke up, Master would send Sam away—sell him, or return him to Crowley, or maybe even put him down. Because Master had been injured. Because of Sam. Because she had tried to steal Sam.

At least if that happened, he would get to see that Master was okay. If Master never woke up, Sam would make her pay. He smiled to himself at the thought. All the masters thought they were in control. Sam didn’t know about other slaves. But no one controlled Sam. He made his own choices. He accepted his situation, or figured out how to change it. Just like a master. When she had become his mistress, Sam had waited. He had given her a chance, let her prove herself. And she had. She had proven herself to be a cruel, sick, pitiless shadow of a master. Weak. Insecure. Cold. So Sam had made sure that her husband knew how much more she loved Sam’s large alpha cock than his lesser beta organ. It had all been lies, rumor and innuendo. But it had spread through the slaves in the house like a forest fire. It had worked like a charm.

And then he had been bought by Master. Master. Who saw Sam’s strength. Who revelled in Sam’s power. Who rewarded Sam. Who lusted after Sam and took pleasure in Sam.

If Master never woke up again, Sam would make sure she never slept in comfort ever again.
Dean’s POV

Dean’s head felt heavy. He dragged his eyes open. The light was dim. He—it wasn’t his room. Then he remembered—the club, someone hitting him, falling.

“Sam?” He could barely hear himself. He tried again, louder. “Sam?” Yes. That was less like a croak.

“Master?” Sam popped up from below his bed and scrambled for his hand. His pet was a mess. Had no one cleaned him up or tended to him? His hair was matted and dirty. His face was covered in scratches and a large green bruise over one eye. His chest and arms looked dirty, too, and Dean couldn’t tell how much of it was just dirt and what might be bruises or dried blood. Was it just the show? Or had someone else been disciplining his slave?

“Sam,” Dean said, “how long?”

“It is Monday, Master.” Sam looked up above Dean’s head. “9:41.” Dean could tell from the darkened windows that he meant in the evening. Sam’s rut was coming. Tomorrow. Or the next day. They had to get home. Dean sat up and watched as Sam tried to help him with the pillows and his—ugh—hospital gown. He really had to get out of there.

“Doctor, Sam.”

He watched Sam rush from the room.

By the time the on-call doctor had arrived and checked him out, Dean’s sister Jo had arrived to give him the rundown on all that had happened. Lilith, Sam’s former mistress, had attacked them, trying to steal her slave back. Dean stared at Sam when Jo said this. Lilith. Sam’s only prior owner—the mistress whose husband had returned Sam to Crowley. Dean had allowed her to... He suddenly felt sick and turned back to Jo, trying to focus on what she was saying.

His family generally didn’t approve of his lifestyle, and Jo made no effort to hide her sneer when she referenced “that club”. But the family had apparently still elected to take it personally when another family made a strike against one of their own. Especially over a slave. Jo’s voice betrayed exactly how ridiculous she thought that was, particularly as she eyed Sam, who was kneeling in the corner, still a dirty beaten mess. Dean didn’t care what his family thought of his slave. Or of what he did with his slave. But he was relieved that Lilith’s husband had been outraged to hear of the incident and had agreed to his family’s proposal to resolve the matter: selling Lilith herself into slavery to Dean’s family. She had been outraged, of course, but her husband knew his contracts with Dean’s family, as well as all the other families who dealt with them, were far more important. He could get another wife. Or a slave. But he couldn’t replace all of his holdings and his entire family’s business.

Dean just wished he could have been there to see her taken away. And after he had let both her and her hired dickhead, Alistair, use his pet, his Sammy, in front of the entire crowd like that.

The doctor insisted Dean stay in the hospital until morning “for observation,” after admitting Dean looked good and he didn’t expect any complications. He’d had a bump on the head, hard enough it had split the skin and he had needed a handful of stitches. But Dean wasn’t an idiot. He knew the hospital was just too lazy to do the paperwork to release him at this hour of the night. But he supposed he could sleep in this bed one more night. He just felt sorry for Sam, who hadn’t yet gotten any reward for his performance on Saturday night. And he had been so very good. Every
time he thought about how beautiful and strong Sam had been as Dean hurt him, heat swelled his cock in seconds, and he longed again to be back home with his pet.

When Jo and the nurses had finally all left, Dean called Sam over and scooted to the side in his bed. He told Sam to climb in and then rolled over on top of the alpha and rested his head on Sam’s chest. He fell asleep in seconds.

The next morning, Dean felt fine, with just a bit of a headache. Luckily, when the hospital discharged him, they gave him a prescription to help with that for the next couple of days. He thought about calling Dr. Collins to check him out and make sure he was able to handle Sam’s rut, but then decided it was a waste of time. He was going to take Sam’s rut as long as he possibly could, regardless of what anyone advised. He had been waiting too long. So instead, as soon as they got home, he cleaned himself up and then worked on cleaning up Sam.

The alpha was covered in days-old marks. Most of them were Dean’s from the show. A few could have been scratches Lilith had left on his face or neck during the show. But there were other scratches and bruises that didn’t make sense.

“What happened here, Sam?” he asked, pointing at the large bruise over Sam’s cheek.

“The men who tried to take me, one of them, his elbow hit me.”

“One of…” Dean looked at Sam. “Why did he hit you?”

“They were trying to get cuffs on me, to restrain me.”

“What do you mean trying? Why couldn’t they?” Dean felt lost.

“Because I wouldn’t let them.”

“What?” Sam flinched at the sudden increased heat in Dean’s voice. But he held position. Staying on his knees in front of Dean.

“I wouldn’t let them, Master.”

“So you were fighting against these men? Were they slaves?”

“No, Master.” Sam’s eyes dropped to the ground.

Dean felt a sinking feeling in his gut. Sam had fought masters. Fucking fuck. He didn’t want to punish Sam right now. He wanted Sam to rest and regain his energy. To be strong. For his rut. Fuck. If Sam ruined this now. After everything. He closed his eyes. Breathed slowly for a minute.

“Why did you fight them?”

“Because one of them hit you, Master. And you didn’t get up. And they tried to take me away from you before you were safe and you might not have woken up and there wasn’t anyone else there and you might not get help and….”

Dean stared at Sam. Sam tapered off. His eyes were still on the floor and his voice had gotten quieter.

“Sam. Go on. What happened next?”

“She told the one who hit you to kill you.” It was barely a whisper.
“Look at me, Sam.”

A heartbeat. Two. Then Sam’s eyes lifted up to Dean’s.

“Go on.”

“He was going to shoot you.”

“So what stopped him?”

“I did.”

Dean felt hot all over. “Tell me, Sam. What did you do?”

“I killed him. I ripped his throat out.” Sam’s face was suddenly iron, and Dean saw the alpha’s hands were clenched in fists at his sides.

“You need to shower right now, Sam,” Dean whispered.

Sam scrambled to obey, and Dean watched him go then reached into his pants and pulled his cock free, stripping it roughly until he came within seconds onto the playroom floor.

Dean hung up from his call with Jo, relieved to have it confirmed that Lilith was safely secured at their parents’ compound. His mother had apparently offered to allow Dean to come up and participate in her training, if he so desired. He was surprised—they had never seen eye to eye. But he had to admit it was tempting to imagine the lash of a whip across that bitch’s back. She had ordered him killed. She had used his Sam. Right in front of Dean. And tried to steal his property. His pet.

Maybe he would go up in a couple weeks, but it wasn’t worth the trip right now. After getting cleaned up, Sam seemed to be healing well, and his rut should still be coming on any time.

Dean stood and stretched, heading into the playroom. Sam was curled up on the bed, asleep. Dean walked quietly up and stroked his pet’s hair lightly for a few moments, then stepped back out. He called his service to make sure extra kitchen help and a backup hole for Sam to fuck would be available on call as needed. Then he ordered his dinner and sat down to eat in front of the TV. Just when it was getting dark, Sam came into the room, walked over, and dropped to his knees next to Dean.

Dean’s eyes scanned his alpha’s skin, criss-crossed with fading red and pink lines from Dean’s show days before. He reached down and took hold of Sam’s chin, lifting his face up. The bruise across his cheek was a mottled green already. It looked painful. He ran his thumb over it, first gently, and then pressing down. Sam didn’t make a sound, but he seemed to be trembling. Dean pressed the back of his hand to Sam’s forehead, his neck, his chest. He was much hotter than usual. Dean smiled.

He called for his housekeeper and instructed her to bring out the food he’d requested. She returned with a plate of fruit, cheese and meat. Dean took an apple slice from the tray and held it to Sam’s lips. Sam took it obediently, chewed and swallowed. Dean fed him the rest of the tray and then ordered him to drink a bottle of water, watching Sam’s long neck as the alpha leaned back to drink. When they were done, Sam’s trembling was obvious, and his cock was rock hard between his legs. Dean wondered how much longer Sam would be able to force himself to remain still and in this pose. His rut was on him, and he must be burning with need to fuck and take and claim.
Dean’s own cock was hard, too, with anticipation of what he had been waiting for so long finally being within his grasp.

“Master?” Sam’s voice, tight with need and something else Dean didn’t recognize, pulled him out of his reverie.

“Yes, you may go use the facilities. Then, meet me in the playroom.” Sam never spoke without being spoken to first, unless it was for permission to relieve himself.

“Master, I wasn’t… I don’t…”

Dean focused on Sam. He hadn’t moved. His whole body seemed to be shaking now, and his hands were clenched in fists above his thighs. Dean frowned.

“What is it, pet?”

“Will you send me away now?”

“For your rut?” Dean stood, stretched. “You know I told you I want to take your rut, and I will provide you with a service slave if it’s too much for me. Now, go on.”

“No. Forever.”

Dean turned back.

“What? Send you away forever?”

“Yes.” Sam’s head fell, and his eyes were back on the ground.

“Look at me, Sam,” Dean snapped. “Why would I send you away?”

“I killed a master. I fought the other masters.”

“You thought I would sell you because you killed the man who was going to shoot me?”

“Sell. Or terminate.”

Dean chuckled and walked back up to Sam. The alpha’s entire body was tensed and vibrating with need. But he had not moved from his spot. His body shook, and his cock was so engorged that the knot was already starting to bulge out at the base.

“Stand, alpha.” Dean ordered.

Sam worked his way upright, far more slowly than usual, as if moving too fast he wouldn’t be able to control himself.

Dean reached out and grabbed Sam’s cock, making the slave jerk and convulse momentarily and then stiffen and clench his fists at his side.

“Who does this belong to, alpha?”

“You, Master.” Sam’s eyes were welling with tears.

“That’s right. It belongs to me. And it will belong to me as long as you live. And you will live as long as you possibly can so you can serve me with this, won’t you, pet?” Dean squeezed his hand around Sam as he said the words ‘serve me.’
Sam’s eyes widened and tears slid out of them and down his checks. “Yes, Master,” he choked out, and Dean smiled.

“Are you ready to serve me now, Sammy?”

“Yes, Master!” Sam nearly shouted, as his body began these tiny back-and-forth rocking motions even as he fought to hold himself still.

“Then do it. Take me to the playroom and knot me.”

Sam hesitated, staring at Dean, somehow still unsure.

“Now, alpha!” Dean commanded.

That moved Sam. He let out a low growl and bent down, picking Dean up at the knees and throwing him over his shoulder, bounding toward the playroom. He threw Dean down on the bed and began tugging and trying to work at removing Dean’s clothes. Dean tried to help, but was just in the way apparently, as Sam gave up a few seconds later and ripped Dean’s sweatpants and t-shirt each in two, tossing them to the side. He flipped Dean roughly over, tossing him onto his belly and grabbing his ass with both hands, pulling his cheeks apart and sniffing forward to Dean’s crack. Dean felt Sam move one of his hands and then the plug he had used that morning was stripped abruptly out of his ass, and Sam’s tongue was shoving in. The alpha slavered and slurped noisily, and Dean felt spit running down his ass, down to his balls. There was no finesse in it, just raw desperation and need, Sam snorting and panting, and it almost sounded like purring as he kneaded Dean’s ass roughly and sucked and licked at Dean’s hole.

Dean moaned and rubbed against the bed, already on the verge of coming, when suddenly Sam was gone and then was on top of him, his cock shoving in Dean’s ass without warning. The huge dick just battered in, forcing Dean open and shoving in farther and farther, until the entire weight of Sam was on him and the heat of the alpha’s chest was pressed right up against his back. Dean’s ass throbbed in pain, and he froze, waiting for it to ease, but before he could do anything else, Sam was wrapping both arms around Dean’s chest and then rocking his hips back, tugging his cock painfully back and out and then slamming back in hard and rough. Dean groaned from the mix of pain-pleasure and worked his hand down to his cock. When Sam pulled out again, Dean had his hand wrapped around himself and was jerking the head of his cock hard as Sam fucked in again. In two more strokes, Dean was shouting as he came and then collapsing underneath Sam.

The alpha made no sign of having noticed, continuing on with the steady, hard rhythm, fucking and taking his hole, using Dean for his pleasure with no sign of awareness of anything else. With his urgent need satisfied, Dean let himself soak into the sensations. Sam’s huge cock forcing its way inside him over and over again, like a battering ram. Sam’s arms wrapped impossibly tight around him. Sam’s hot breath and rhythmic grunts in his ear. The heat of Sam’s chest tight against his back. Sam’s hips rocking back and then shoving tight up against his ass again and again. He lost track of time and himself as it went on. And on. And on. Sam seemed never to be going to stop. He just fucked and fucked and fucked. Until Dean was hard again and shaking underneath him.

Shit. Shit. Oh god. Fuck. He was going to come again. He tried to work his hand underneath himself again, but this time Sam growled and slapped his hand away. Dean tried to relax as Sam continued to fuck him, feeling Sam’s knot now hitting up against his rim with each stroke. Fuck. That knot felt so gigantic. It was going to press up against his prostate. He wasn’t going to be able to handle it. He needed… Dean tried to wriggle his hand to his cock again, and Sam growled out, “No. Not until you’re on my knot.” Dean whined with need and yelled out, “Then give me your fucking knot, alpha!”
Sam roared and then was lifting them both up, sitting up on his knees and pulling Dean up on top of his lap, his arms still wrapped around Dean’s torso. He shifted his legs a bit, until he apparently felt he had the right leverage, and then he slammed his hips upward into Dean as he squeezed his arms around Dean, holding him in place for his cock. Dean moaned with pleasure as Sam’s cock slid and bumped against his prostate and Sam’s knot jolted up against his rim. Sam thrust up into him fast and hard now, pistoning in and out of his ass, splitting him open, then finally slamming his knot in. Dean’s body jerked and shook, but Sam held him tight and still against him as Dean felt the warmth of the alpha’s release spreading inside him. Dean rocked and moaned in Sam’s lap, his cock jerking in the air in front of him as he came onto the bed.

The rest of Sam’s rut passed in something of a haze for Dean. Dean slept and was fucked and knotted and came and ate a little then slept again. He felt Sam’s body over and around him constantly, large and solid. His hands seemed to always be wrapped around Dean, stroking his body or his hair, even as the alpha whispered little endearments of ‘my Master,’ ‘pretty Master,’ ‘strong Master,’ endlessly into Dean’s ear. His housekeeper faithfully moved around them, bringing food and beverages, and removing soiled bedding and replacing it with clean.

He woke up once to Sammy’s face hovering above him, the alpha’s hand resting on his cheek. Sam’s eyes were small and worried-looking.

“What—Sam?” Dean mumbled, as he edged toward wakefulness.

“Master,” Sam breathed. “You wouldn’t wake up—I thought….” He didn’t say what he thought.

“It’s okay, Sam. Just tired.” Dean scooted back and up onto his pillows a little. “Water,” he said, and Sam grabbed a bottle from the nightstand and tried to hold it to Dean’s mouth for him. Dean pushed Sam’s hand away and took the bottle. Though when Sam’s hand was gone, the bottle was heavier than he expected, and his arm was shaking as he held it up. He handed it back to Sam and looked at the alpha.

Sam looked so fucking good. His hair was matted with sweat, and his scars were all healing—showing just light pink over his skin. The bruise on his face was fading away. And he looked far more in control of himself than he had in days—really, since before Dean had woken up in the hospital. The fear and worry that had taken him after Dean’s attack seemed to be gone, and Dean would have thought his rut was past, too, if not for the hard cocking jutting forward from his crotch, and the knot already swelling at its base.

Dean moaned. So Sam’s rut was not over yet, then, but clearly winding down. Dean reached his hand out to take hold of Sam and started wiggling his body back down the bed. “Knot me, alpha,” Dean murmured, as he rolled over onto his stomach.

He smiled at the feeling of Sam’s warm body sliding down onto the bed next to his, pressing up against him. Yesss. But as he rolled to his stomach, Sam’s arm wrapped around him and pulled him back to lay on his side, curled up in front of Sam, whose body was pressed up tight against his back.

“No, Master,” Sam rumbled quietly.

Dean felt the alpha’s stiff cock pressing hard up against his ass and tried to lift his leg and reach back for it to guide it to his hole.

“No, Master,” Sam repeated again, his hand wrapping around Dean’s wrist and holding it in front of his stomach. “Your body is tired. I can’t hurt you. I’ll take care of it.”
Dean felt Sam’s hips rocking behind him, his cock sliding up and down Dean’s crack and then slipping in between his legs, pushing between his thighs and brushing past his balls.

Dean wanted to protest, but his ass was sore and throbbing, and he knew it would be more pain than pleasure.

“We can call the service, Sam,” Dean breathed, his body already somehow getting aroused again by the alpha’s cock fucking his thighs in long, slow strokes. That cock just felt so good—he loved feeling its silky length sliding over his skin. “They can send a service omega,” Dean murmured, even as his stomach stirred restlessly. He didn’t want Sam using any other hole. Sam was his.

“No, Master. Please. I don’t want that.”

Dean nodded, relaxing into Sam’s arms, as his alpha rutted between his legs. Sam would take care of them both.

Chapter End Notes

Ha! It's done. I'm very sorry about the huge time break between chapters right in the middle of this fic. I had the kernel of an idea about someone trying to hurt Dean and Sam protecting him, but it took ages before I understood how I wanted to flesh it out with, you know, actual plot details. So thank you so much to anyone who stuck around/came back for the rest of this.

And as always, thanks are due to the lovely Fandorica for beta reading the last several chapters of this. My sentences would all just run on and on and on if not for her (not to mention how often I would mix up 'lay' and 'lie').

Please comment and let me know what you thought!

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