Werewolves have been evolving for centuries. They have changed from fierce wolves in the woods, marking territory and hunting. To a new version of werewolves entirely. Losing almost all their traits as a wolf. Alphas still have the ability to change parts of them when threatened but the ability to change into their wolf counterpart has long been gone. Packs started to split and find new territory and even though the instinct to bring in a large pack for better protection is still there it is slowly fading. They have created a society of their own, but the hierarchy still exists. The one strong connection they still have with their ancestors is the mating mark. A bite placed on the left side of the neck, to become fully mated both wolves must bear a mark. The wolves may no longer live in the woods, but their
instincts don't die easily.

Or

When Dean has an alpha roommate named Castiel Novak they soon find themselves at odds with each other. That is until they are pulled into a situation that has them going against every rule there is on mating.
The chipping paint on the ceiling was starting to bug Dean. It hadn’t been painted over in years. He had been here for a total of twenty-four hours now. Well, this room in particular. He’s been at this college for three years now and it was the last grueling year of college, and this was going to be a hell of a year. Dean had been lucky for the past three years to only have had beta roommates. But he drew the short straw, and if the tall dark man across the room isn’t an alpha Dean doesn’t know what is. He shouldn’t be surprised, he lives in a mainly Alpha dorm with some betas and even fewer mated omegas. He should have planned ahead for this because he is walking on thin ice. Dean is the only unmated omega in this dorm; he’s also the only omega registered as a beta. Illegally obviously. That is courtesy of his father, John. He had been registered as beta in all his legal records. This is exactly how he ended up with an alpha in his room. They hadn’t said a word to one another yet, Dean only watched him unpack. His black hair looked windblown and the red button up he wore made his eyes look extremely blue. Dean studied the contours of his body, how his muscles moved under his shirt. His skin was a few shades lighter than Dean’s and he had a fresh shave. His jaw could cut glass but the most prominent feature of this man were his blue eyes that looked awfully tired.

That was one thing Dean checked first and regularly, eye color. That was what told you whether or not you should haul ass away from an alpha. Centuries have separated them from their werewolf ancestors but the alphas still had the ability to change parts of them. Gold eyes was they key, if you see those and don’t want to fight you sure as hell better run. Thankfully his roommates’ were a perfect shade of blue and was no threat - as of now.

Dean was sitting on his bed. He already claimed the right side of the room. He has a small closet and an oak desk with a bulky light on it all to himself. The other side is a mirrors image of his only it smells like musk and honey. An odd mixture and Dean doesn't like the way it sits in his nose, it's
going to take him a while to pick out an exact label for the scent. His dad always blamed it on him being an Omega “You can’t do things like your brothers can.” Dean tried really hard to convince himself that was bullshit. He came in a day early and unpacked ahead of time. So now, Dean had the chance to watch the strange alpha unpack. He has a few boxes filled with books and a single picture of a man with sandy blond hair and a striking redheaded woman. He had a small stack of clothes and an assortment of electronics. It only takes a half hour of unpacking and judgmental staring for the alpha to turn and face Dean. He raised a slender eyebrow at Dean who was sprawled out on his bed. His face was calm, bright blue eyes curiously looking over Dean.

"Hello." And god, it sounds like this man gargles gravel. It's an alphas voice and it sets Dean on edge. Dean isn’t an alpha hater, his best friend is one. Living with an alpha, a strange alpha with questionable morals was another story entirely.

"Hey," Dean only gives a nod and looks down. He doesn't plan on befriending this man. If his personality is anything to be inferred from his exterior, Dean doesn’t want to mess with this guy. Becoming friends with alphas outside of his pack only leads to a messy end. How could he keep his secret and be honest with someone? It just never works.

Yeah Dean is a rather large omega, he passes for a beta with ease. If he rubbed himself down with musk he could even be an alpha. That has always been the key to convincing people. He already smells a little different so he relies on his looks to keep his true gender presentation a secret. The only fault in his disguise is his arousal. Suppressants prevent his heat but he can’t help wet dreams.

"I'm Castiel Novak," the man walks over and lifts his strong, smooth hand but Dean just looks from his hand to his blue eyes and then shakes his head and looks away.

"Like the big ass alpha Novaks?" Dean asked, yeah he's heard of them all high and mighty managed to have every pup to present as an alpha. It's almost impossible to have those odds. If only his pack had that record.

Castiel looks taken aback by how straightforward Dean was.

"Y-yes, I am from that pack." He almost looked upset that Dean knew his family.

"I'm Dean Winchester from pack ‘Who Cares’" Castiel gets the message that Dean doesn't want to deal with him so he goes back to unpacking.

Dean really isn’t always this nasty, his brother Sammy is a great guy and he’s an alpha, he just doesn't like alpha status packs who look down on others. Dean has a feeling anyone from the alpha Novak pack will have just those views.

That's how their senior year of college begins.

Dean wakes up to the smell of alpha musk. What the hell is that, honey, grass, and lemon? It's such a confusing mixture of smells and it almost gives Dean a headache. The smell is stuck to his clothes and his bed barely smells like him. Then again he takes suppressants for that very reason, even still it's time they crack a window. It is still warm out and fresh air could do everyone some good. Dean tried to fall back asleep, the warm sun's rays danced on his legs and it was a soothing feeling. He would miss the warmth, it was always hard when it got cold. Opening a window wasn’t always the answer then.
"Yo Cas, anyone ever tell you your musk smells like ass?" Dean buries his head into the pillow trying to draw out any other smell that wasn't...Cas. Falling back asleep was no longer an option.

"No, anyone ever tell you you smell weird for a beta." Cas lifts himself out of bed and ran a hand through his bed head. "I'm getting in the shower." Clad in boxers and a t-shirt Castiel crawled out of bed and stumbled into the bathroom.

Dean nods and doesn't bother speaking, his throat tightened, fire shot through his stomach and scorched his face. Suddenly fear burns into him, fear of being found out, fear of his father. He had always been taught being an omega was not an option. John prided himself on the thought of an alpha family. Excluding his beta mother that is. In the end he only got one alpha. That's Sammy, Adam is a beta, but no one disappointed John more than Dean. The failed alpha. Dean didn't see anything wrong with being an omega. He had the power to bring pups into the world. He never said those words out loud; as far as his father knows Dean hates himself just as much as he does. Castiel finding out is not an option.

Normally betas don't have a real scent. With the exception of their mate, you are normally drawn to a wolf whose scent strikes you. Betas have a smell it just becomes more prominent to those closest to them. That's why Dean seems off. As an omega he has a scent, he has been told its sweet, that’s nice and all, but that is not what he needs.

Dean has researched betas since he presented. He knows more on them than himself. He tries to act like them and completely ignore every omega instinct he has. Most importantly his heat, something Dean has never experienced himself. John had him on all types of experimental and highly illegal drugs. So he's twenty two and has never gone into heat, and if his father has any say in it then it may stay like that forever.

Cas opens the bathroom door that is attached to their dorm, a wonderful perk that comes from nice schools. A towel is slung low on his hips. He's got a body any omega would want their alpha to have. Lean muscles and long legs, a small trail of black hair sneaking down under his towel. It was a great view but the last name still intimidated Dean. He hasn't said anything yet, they are more like ghosts in a room. They come in and out not knowing much about the other. Dean wasn't a social butterfly with any of his other roommates but at least they didn't have a scent that boggled his head. Now he was honey and oranges. This man's smell changes all the time and he can't figure out why. One day it's spicy another sweet. Then there are day he is bitter with shots of honey and mint. Dean focused hard, always with the honey and this guy. Dean is almost interested enough to ask why Cas’ scent changes like the phases of the fucking moon, almost.

Dean get out of bed and takes over the bathroom to skip Castiel's strip show. His thoughts lingered a second on the alpha at his back. He even considered turning around, staying a while in the doorway. He smirked the side of his head, he needs to calm down. They have been in school for just a few months now and he can't let his stress get in the way of getting the hell out of here. He has three big test coming up so a trip to the library is a must. He is determined not to fall behind this year, and if that means studying all night then dammit he’ll do it.

Stripping down he jumps in the shower. He sits under the water as it warms to a burning temperature. Water trickled down every curve of his body he took in the steam in deep breaths. Squeezing a generous amount of soap into his hand he rubs down his body. Over slender muscles and freaked shoulders he rolled the knots out of his body. This was a daily routine for Dean, but lately he has been extremely cautious around Castiel.

Sliding his nails down his chest one hand stopping to roll one of his hardened nipples, the other followed the small trail of hair. He sighs sliding his soapy hand down to his hardening shaft and
tingling ass. He wants to draw this out and cherish the feeling of his build up. With one hand wrapped around his cock he brought his other down to rub his balls. He leans back onto the tile wall and lets his mind shut off and fall into the mechanical motion of getting off. Wet, naked images of men and women cross his mind as he tugs harder and palmed himself. He can feel the slick leaking from his ass, that just makes him fuck into his hand. Slipping his fingers from his balls to his ass he gasps. Pressing two fingers passed the tight ring of muscle he sped up his strokes. A warm tingling feeling knotted in his stomach and wound tight. He came onto the tile wall to the image of himself being bent over and begging. He enjoys a few more minutes of relaxation before he scrubs himself and the shower down. He tries to rid any smell of omega. Shutting off the shower Dean jumped out and towel himself down. Spraying down the bathroom with air freshener he opens the door only to find the room is empty. Dean ran over and opened the window to carry out any stray smells. It's just starting to get cold so he doesn't leave it open for long.

Sometimes jacking off is more work than it’s worth but others Dean just can’t help himself. Dean has had sex with only a few people. One was his childhood friend Jo. She knew he was an omega so there wasn’t anything to hide from her. They never dated, only a friends with benefits deal between them. It worked out nicely, freshmen year he would come home from break and they’d go at it. They hadn’t done it in a while, he knew she was looking for a mate.

Dean dresses himself in jeans and a band shirt and headed off towards the library to get a head start on everything. He can already tell this week is going to be hell.

Castiel didn’t realize he was missing his notebook until he was halfway to his next class. He always gets there early so if he runs back now he can make it there in time. He took long strides back to his dorm, giving the occasional nod to people he knew from around campus. It was still nice out and Castiel made a mental note to take the long way back after class. Castiel kept his eyes on the ground as he walked, subconsciously stepping over the cracks in the sidewalk. Once he reached the large five story white building he jogged in. Quickly moving past the lounge area that was filled with alphas swarmed around the television. Their smell was extremely strong and as Castiel ran up the stairs he picked up on the smell of an alpha in rut. It was an awkward set up when alphas or their mates went through their cycles. It usually ended in a nasty fight. Castiel kept far away from that, never went out seeking a mate. He had a failed set up once, a beta named Meg, ever since then he has focus on school.

Finally, Castiel made it to his room, sliding his key in he swung the door open. He was hit with a blast of air freshener that was so potent it burned his nose. Castiel coughed a few times as he entered the room, leaving the door open behind him. He looked around the room to find Dean was gone, his bed was made and had a towel folded over his laundry bin. He looked over at the open windows and noticed the can of air freshener by Dean’s bedside, and another on the bathroom counter. Castiel felt suddenly embarrassed, was his scent really that terrible? No one else had commented on it, some actually enjoy his smell.

Castiel quickly walked over to his laundry bin and picked up his shirt from yesterday. Pressing it to his nose he pulled in a deep sniff. He just smelt himself, not too musky just normal. Tossing it back he walked to his desk to grab his notebook. Castiel felt a deep burn of uncomfortable embarrassment. He did tell him almost every morning how terrible he smelt. Realizing he was going to be late for class he shoved this problem to the back of his mind and ran out of the room and back down through the lounge. With long quick strides Castiel made it to his class just in time, the incident almost completely pushed from his mind.
After studying Dean made his way back to his room and thankfully it was empty. It was almost as if he and Cas were playing a game “Avoid the Roommate.” Kicking his boots off he jumped onto his bed and pulled out his phone. Might as well get it over with. Dialing Jo’s number he listen to it ring a few times.

“Dean!” The familiar voice of his childhood best friend called over the phone. A few mumbles behind her and a crash. “My god Ash, can I get two minutes without your spaghetti arms smashing something?” Dean muffled a laugh a Jo averted her attention back to the call. “Sorry, Dean.”

“No problem, hey you're the alpha, keep your brother in line.”

“Ah, yes you are one for the traditional alpha role.” Jo snorted, Ash was obviously harassing her.

“Speaking of alpha, guess how fucked I am?” Dean started scrapping at an old paint stain on his pants.

“Oh god literally or figuratively?”

“Oh Jesus Jo, figuratively ya sick fucker!” He heard her laughing over the line and waited to talk. “As I was saying, I’ve got an alpha roommate. Like big, rugged, muscular, musky alpha, knot included.” Jo paused obviously sensing this was more serious than Dean was letting off.

“Can you change roommates?” Jo had her concerned mother voice on.

“Yeah, I think I’m going to have to. I mean I’m on suppressants but still. The only alpha I have lived with has been Sammy and then you for a little while.”

“Dean, you’re a good actor. You could pass for a beta even in bed. Well except for your slick, just don’t fuck they guy. Or get awkwardly turned on by his extreme alpha musk.” Dean gave a half hearted laugh and kept picking at his pants.

“He smells like honey, like what the hell man? Oh and did I mention he’s a fucking Novak?” The line went dead, Jo was obviously shocked or calculating a plan.

“Like super alpha pack, Novaks?”

“Yeah like genetic lottery winners, Novak.”

“Dean, being an alpha isn’t like winning the Olympics.”

“Maybe not for your family.” Dean mumbled under his breath, but Jo still heard.

“Am I going to have to come down and kick you ass? You are a damn good omega, Dean and don’t you dare go self hating because your dad has some shitty traditional values.” It always bothered Jo when Dean went and started taking about himself like his dad did.

“I’m sorry, Jo I just hate my situation is all. “

“Dean, you don’t have to hide yourself anymore, you’re a twenty-two year old man and I know deep down you like being an omega, like deep down in the dark corners of your soul, so deep people stopped looking. Go find an alpha who doesn’t stop looking and have some pups because you may deny it but I know how you feel. Screw your dad and out yourself, I’m sure you will feel so much better.” Dean paused taking in everything she said.

“I’m gonna wait on outin’ myself, college isn’t a place I want to be a lone omega. Shit happens
“Yeah, I understand ya.” Dean looked up from his pants to the door as Castiel walked in.

“Uh, I gotta go Jo.”

“Oh is the alpha there? Remember Dean don’t fuck him and keep your slick to yourself!”

“Fuck off.” Dean ended the call and looked up at Cas.

“I’m guessing that was towards your friend and not me?” Castiel asked, his voice was gruff and he placed his books down on his bed. He smelt like coffee beans and old books.

“Yeah, just a friend.” Dean nodded and turned over to put his back to the man. Dean closes his eyes and Jo’s words continue to run through his head.

*Find an alpha who doesn’t stop digging.*
*Authors Note- Okay so I wanted to explain a few things before this chapter starts
1) Alpha's have a strong smell but they are not the most overpowering
2) Beta's have a strong smell towards mates and pack members but are very bland when a stranger sniffs them out
3) Omega's have the strongest scent out of everyone and appeal to Alpha's and Beta's

In this chapter Dean takes lot's of showers and for good reason.
Just like your hair creates natural oils to keep itself healthy on a daily basis Omega's smell continuously lets off identifying smells. Because of this Dean must take a shower once (or twice) a day to cover his scent.
Okay that's all I wanted to cover read on Macduff!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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**Chapter 2- Middle Man, Alfie**

Castiel usually left before Dean got out of the shower, not that he had anywhere to be but he had a feeling Dean Winchester had one hell of a problem with him. He can't remember doing anything wrong, but sometimes you smell wrong to other wolves. Dean had mentioned his weird musk and his excessive use of air freshener was all the hint Cas needed - he tried to keep the contact to a minimum. Dean seemed like an interesting man but he wasn’t going to be pushing any boundaries. Anyway it’s his last year of school, no need to get caught up in some dorm rivalry.

Castiel enjoyed his walk through campus, his brother worked at a coffee shop only a few minutes from his dorm so this was a regular trip for him. The temperature was dropping fast and the days were becoming shorter and shorter. That means more time in his room with Dean.

He arrived at the coffee shop his twin Samandriel worked at. Castiel loved the warm smell of coffee beans and the sound of the machines. It was a small place with brown walls and deep read armchairs surrounding little tables. It was always full of people with their laptops open and eyes glued to the screens. Walking over towards the counter, he searched for his brother.

"Castiel!" He turned at his name and saw his brother, by far the strangest alpha he has ever seen.

"Alfie, how are you?" Castiel smiles at his brother, the man was the opposite of Castiel. He had light brown hair and a skinny little body with a sweet voice. Zachariah calls him a “designer dog.” Cas and Alfie get along pretty well- far better than the rest of their pack.

"Great, just upped my hours so I'm that much closer!" Alfie smiled and jumped a little, he had been saving up to move out since he presented as a rather omega like alpha. Castiel sees nothing wrong with his brother but his family is another story.

"You lucky bastard, you may find me hiding in there." His parents are very wealthy but only agree to give you a kick start allowance for an apartment if you are mated. That leaves many of his
brothers at home.

"I'll be living in a rats nest but it sure beats home." Alfie turned around but continued to talk. "You got plans for when school ends?" His brother fixed his drink, black with a smidge of sugar. Castiel nodded a thanks and sighed.

"Not really, guess I'll be sitting with the pack for a little. Damn, you know those packs that stay together for generations? They have a huge territory and they just build homes for their pups when they grow. What ever happened to that?" To say Castiel wanted a big family was an understatement. His brother just shook his head.

"Times changed I guess, the city's grew and the packs started to dissolve."

"Yeah, now I have to be rooming next to Lucifer." Castiel sighed, he had his own problems with his family. Living with a house full of alphas is exhausting. They fight over everything, might as well scent and piss on everything they own.

"Alfie, I've got something to ask you" Cas paused wondering if he was really going say it.

“What is it Castiel?"

“Do I, uh, smell bad to you?” Alfie pause for a second and sniffed the air.

“Nah, you're all good Cas, why?”

“No reason, thanks for the coffee.” Castiel smiled and ruffled his brothers hair from over the counter. Grabbing his coffee he bid his goodbye and took one last look around. This shop strived on its regulars. There are only two rush hours and the rest of the day Cas could sit and talk with his brother.

This was Castiel's last year of school, he didn't have money, or a mate, or any idea on what to do. It's inevitable, he will definitely be moving in with his family.

Dean rubbed his irritated eyes and picked up his phone to look at the time. Almost eleven, time for class. He closed his books and stretched, rolling his neck and shoulders. He felt off, his muscles ached and lower stomach started to hurt. He played it off as nerves for his upcoming test and threw his books in his bag. Slinging the bag over his shoulder, he weaved through the bookshelves towards the glass doors. It was just starting to cool down but not enough to stop wearing his short sleeves. His wardrobe consisted mostly of old band tshirt and worn jeans. The wind picked up and cooled him down, he didn't realize he was so warm. He took the library steps two at a time and headed off toward the center of campus.

Dean went to grab a coffee before class, he needed a wake up, his mind was awfully cloudy. Pushing into the coffee shop he saw the regulars. No one he personally knew, only person here he could count as a friend would be Samandriel. Dean knows little about the alpha but he liked him. Seemed different than everyone else, maybe comes from some new aged alpha pack. Whatever it is Dean enjoys the mans company.

"Sup Samandriel, I'll have the usual." The skinny little alpha smiled up at Dean and turned to fix his coffee.

"No problem, Dean." The soft jazz was just loud enough to hear over the chatter of students. Dean
rarely stayed at the shop, he enjoyed the coffee and it was a short walk from his dorm.

"Hey, Samandriel you have one long ass name." The alpha chuckled and lightly shook his head. He handed off Deans coffee and sighed.

"Well my brothers call me Alfie if that works." Dean raised an eyebrow and sipped at his steaming drink.

"Alfie? How could you get Alfie out of Samandriel?"

"It's a hell of a story, much too long and rather boring." Dean just smiled and nodded.

"Whatever you say...Alfie." They both gave a lighthearted laugh and Dean headed off to his next class.

Professor Kali's lecture fell on deaf ears. Dean's mind was cloudy and it felt like his skin was crawling. His stomach was in knots and his coffee only made him sweat. He kept checking the time and counting down the seconds until he could bolt. A cold shower and sleep was all he needed. Turn on some ACDC and crack the window that would make him feel better, and maybe a few shots. He was disrupted by a tap on his shoulder. It was the scruffy alpha named Benny, he was a pretty cool guy with one hell of a accent.

“You hook up with an omega lately, man. you smell weirder than normal today.” Dean froze, his mind flew into overdrive as he tried to scrape together a story. Did he really smell? He has gotten so used to his own scent it just all seemed so normal to him.

“Uh, yeah some cute redhead a few hours ago.” Dean stuttered and wouldn't look the alpha in the eyes.

“Ah, nice.” He took one last sniff of the air and leaned back, obviously buying his story. He looked back at the clock, few more minutes and he was out of here. He clearly remembered taking his suppressants today and he hadn’t missed any days lately. It was probably just stress that was eating away at him. Just to be cautious he looked around him to see if Benny wasn’t the only one to sniff him out. So far he was being ignored and he faded nicely into the background. Others probably just assumed he was with someone and didn’t shower off the scent. Once Kali dismissed them he shot for the door and ignored all the dirty looks he received. He bolted for his dorm and prayed that Cas wasn’t home.

He took the steps two at a time and shoved his key into the lock, thank the absent gods he was alone. Stripping down he turned the shower on and jumped in. Dean gasped at how the ice water bit at his skin and paralyzed his ability to breath. His skin finally cooled off enough for him to jump out after a quick rubdown with soap. He wanted to get out before Cas got back so he threw on a clean pair of pajamas and opened the window over his bed and tried some deep breathing. He decided to spend the rest of the day at home. He only got through about three ACDC songs until Castiel was back. Dean was clenching his fists and praying that the room smell normal. Of course the look of confusion on his face meant Dean still stunk up the room with his assortment of omega smells.

“Dean, are you okay?” Castiel shut the door behind him and took two steps forward before stopping.

“Yeah, just comin’ down with something I guess.” Cas cocked his head and was clearly not believing Dean’s lie.
“A-are you sure, you smell kin-”

“Yes I’m fucking fine!” He shouted and rolled over to bury his face into the pillow. Even though his skin felt like it was burning he still curled under his blankets and tried to fall asleep. He didn’t hear another word out of Castiel the rest of the night and fell into a restless night sleep. Fire was licking his skin, burning him inside and out. Slick ran down his leg and his breathing was picking up. Dean was tossing and turning all night and he woke up in a pile of sweat and slick tangled into his blankets. He looked across the room and saw the outline of Castiel's figure rutting down into his mattress. Low growls and moans were muffled by the pillow.

 Obviously Dean's wet dreams were effecting his unconscious roommate. The smell of Castiel was being overrun by the scent of Dean's arousal.

Mentally crossing his fingers Dean slowly slid out of bed and pulled his sheets off with him. Softly closing the bathroom door behind him he finally took a breath. Dropping the sheets onto the floor and stripped down.

It was a fast shower but it did its job, the water felt like ice and it made it hard for Dean to breathe. Scrubbing down every inch of his body, he ignores his half hard cock which was not affected by the water. The amount of showers Dean had to take to control his smell was unbelievable, but it was better than being found out.

When he jumped out he sprayed the room down and scrubbed at his sheets with hand soap and hot water from the sink. Finally after his thirty minute ordeal, Dean threw his sheets over the shower door to dry and crept out of the bathroom. Dean's scent was replaced with the smell of alpha spunk and he tried to ignore the way his cock twitched. Castiel must have had one hell of a dream to have slept through it all. Climbing back into his bare mattress Dean tried to close his eyes and catch the last few hours he had of sleep, but his skin was heating up again as his stomach was twisting in knots. Obviously sleep was not going to come easily tonight.

Dean was woken up by Castiel’s alarm, he felt remarkably better than yesterday except for his aching cock. He was still thankful it was his day off. Dean shoved all his classes into a three day span so he could have the rest of the week to himself. He watched the alpha walk around the room to gather clothes and change with one eye open. He was definitely going back to sleep, maybe go back to the library. But he definitely had something to tend to before he went back to bed. He just had to wait for Cas to leave. Suddenly he felt wet, warm slick dampen his underwear. He remained completely frozen and kept one eye cracked open to watch Castiel’s reaction.

The alpha completely froze and sniffed the air, he quickly turned and looked at Dean with a puzzled expression. Then looked at the window that was open above the omega. Shaking his head he grabbed his bag and left.

Dean let out a breath he hadn’t known he was holding, he had never been so close to being found out. He can’t remember waking up so hard since he was young. Maybe he had something really wrong with him, it’s not like he can go to the doctor and say he’s an omega registered as a beta.

Dean sighed and sat up in bed, looking down at the tent in his pants. He might as well just finish himself off and get the day going because now he really won’t be able to sleep. Pulling himself out of bed he walks awkwardly over to the bathroom. He can feel his slick in his underwear slide down his inner thigh. He can't even remember the last time he was so turned on. He turned the shower on hot and stripped down, palming himself through soft cotton panties. It's been Deans guilty pleasure
to wear panties, they are so much more comfortable and makes him feel damn good. He even wore
then when he slept with Jo.

These were just a plain pink cotton pair with black ruffles around the waist and they were wet with
slick. He pulls them off quickly and stumbles into the shower he is almost dizzy over his own
smell and the left over musk of Cas. He lets the water splash down his shoulders and back as he
takes in a deep breath. Times like these he wished he had a nice fake knot to push back on, maybe
even a real one.

He pushes his back flush against the wall and slowly slides down to the warm tile floor. He spreads
his legs wide and starts stroking his cock, the tip is red and beads of precome are being washed
away by the splash of warm water. He takes his other hand and lowers it to his slicked up ass and
starts to push in with one finger. The first ring of muscle is tight but he slides in nicely. Nice
enough to add a second. He starts fucking himself back on his hand. The shower is filled with his
panting and the smell of sweet omega slick. Dean leans his head back and starts to whine. He adds
a third finger and starts to pump his cock harder. His stomach tightens like a spring ready to snap
and release his muscles into pulsing ecstasy. He can taste the orgasm on his tongue as he circles
the head of his cock with an eager thumb and strokes down his shaft. It's like a countdown to a
rocket blastoff and with one last pull of his cock he comes all over his stomach. His ass pulsing
around his slick covered fingers. He feels more slick leak out from his mind blowing orgasm. His
mind is thrumming and he can't manage to catch his breath.

"Fuck," he pants, pulling his fingers out he sits still letting his body buzz blissfully. When he
finally comes down from his high he scrubs himself down thoroughly. Rubbing over his sensitive
head causing another ripple of chills to shoot up his spine.

After he washes himself and the shower down he douses the bathroom in air freshener and cracked
both windows over his and Castiel's bed. Hopefully ridding the room of that alpha smell also. It
was odd, Dean didn't hate Cas he just didn't care to be around a Novak alpha. That lead to an
awkward living situation, like sleeping with a stranger.

Dean dropped his towel into the hamper and dressed in a band t-shirt and jeans. He flopped onto
his bed, he hasn't felt this good in days. His body is thriving with life and energy is ignited in his
bones. He decides it's the perfect time to put his energy into his English composition.

Chapter End Notes

Thoughts? Comments?
The next chapter everything really gets going and the fun begins for out two wonderful
characters! This is just the laying of the characters so I'm super excited!
Emiliepond (Emilie) Thank you for being one boss ass editor and laughing at my 2am
psycho babble!

Alright Chapter 3 updates after Supernatural on March 18th! See you then!

Also follow my tumblr for random updates and more things Destiel
http://sassbutt-casbutt.tumblr.com/
This Was Knot The Plan!

Chapter Notes

Drum roll please!
Ladies and gentlemen boys and girls gather around for the moment we have all been waiting for!
I now present to you the spark that lights one hell of a fire!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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Chapter 3- This Was Knot The Plan!

Dean’s head was swimming just like yesterday. He couldn’t focus on the words in front of him and his skin felt hot. He had been pushing through for hours but he can see the sun setting from the large glass wall of the library. Wiping the sweat from his brow he plied his books into his bag and froze. His stomach clenched into knots and he felt like he's going to puke. Bolting for the bathroom he ignored the odd stares he got from his peers.

The old mint green bathroom is empty and he shoots for the stall. Clutching the bowl he feels like his whole stomach is going to come up. All he manages is a few dry heaves and he falls back against the stall doors. Hands shaking as his skin is devoured in flames from the inside out. He is panting and unlocks the door lifting himself up and fumbling towards the sink to splash cold water on his face. He white knuckles the rim of the sink and looks at his reflection. His cheeks are flushed and pupils blown out. He felt like he was dying and there was nothing he could do about it. Not until he leans his hips into the cool porcelain sink and a moan escapes his lips. His cock is throbbing and for the second time today he can feel the slick wetting his underwear. His mind is running a thousand miles but he can't manage a single thought. His breathing is picking up as panic sets in, he's caught out in public with this horrible sickness or whatever is making him like this. Almost like heat, but that can be possible he's on suppressants and has never experienced it himself. He's just sick that's all. The bathroom door opens and the two men who were talking freeze and sniff the air. A guttural growl slips from there chest and it sends Dean into fight or flight. And he chooses flight.

Shooting around the corner he smashes into the two alphas clipping their shoulders and runs directly towards his bag to book it back to his dorm. Yeah, his dorm full of unmated alphas. but It's the only place he can think to go to so he takes the outer path away from most of the population of his school. Deans heart is racing at least twice its normal speed and slick is still running down his inner thigh. He ducks around and jumps over rocks as he circles the outside of campus. That is until he turns the corner towards the parking lot and smacks into the most revolting alpha he knows of.

"Alistair" Dean pants as he scurries to his feet. Picking his bag off the ground and slinging it over his shoulder.
"Hey kitten, you okay. Smell kind of...needy." Alistar’s lisp made him sound like a snake ready to kill.

"Fuck off, knothead!" Dean spits and shoves the alpha back to run into the parking lot.

"I love a good chase, omega!" Alistair calls after Dean and hits the pavement running.

That only pushes Dean faster but fire is already licking his lungs and his muscles are screaming out in pain. This can't be happening this can't be real. Dean is on suppressants, he has been tested on and drugged up to be changed to a beta this can't be heat it just can't be.

Weaving around cars Dean can see his building, just a little further and he can get away from this sick fuck. Cutting through the alley he leaps up the steps pulls open the door and smashes right into Cas. Landing flat on his ass he look up at the alpha with wide terrified eyes.

"Dean are you okay? Are-" he stops and sniffs the air and Dean waits for Cas to drag him inside. He's a good fighter he can take an alpha. But before either of them can say anything Alistair rounds the corner and grabs Dean by his collar to pull him to his feet.

"Thought you could run, kitten?" he purred into Dean’s ear. His voice was sickening, like snakes curling under your skin. He turned to Cas "Back the fuck off blue eyes, I found this omega first."

Castiel look from Dean to Alistair and then his eyes darkened and a snarled ripped out of his chest.

"God Cas please no," Dean begged for him not to gang up on him but suddenly Alistair’s cold hands weren't wrapped around his neck and blood chilling snarls were being exchanged behind him.

Castiel pinned the alpha under him and dug his sharpening nails deep into Alistairs throat. His eyes were changing from blue to a dark gold as he snarled into his ear.

"Leave. Him. Alone."

"First come first serve! Alpha code-"

"Shut the fuck up before I rip your throat out" blood leaked around Castiel nails as he cut off the mans air supply.

"Cas! God you're going to kill him!" Dean pulled Castiel back and Alistair scrambled to his feet but Cas got one good kick to the man’s gut before he ran into the shadows.

The smell of omega hit Cas all over again and he turned towards Dean and started to pull him inside.

"You need to get to the room, you're like a fucking beacon to those knotheats." Cas shoved his way inside and pulled Dean in behind him. "Those sick fucks can't control a damn thing about themselves!"

Dean darts for the other side of the room putting as much distance between them as possible.

"Yeah what about you? You expect me to believe you gave that mighty show for free? That you didn't drag me in here to knot me up you fucking Novak?" Dean spat, he had no idea how he was still standing and the smell of Cas nearly brought him to his knees.

"I'm not a damn knothead, Dean!" Castiel paused to collect himself "I'm not like my pack, maybe if
we exchanged more than two words a day you would know that! But the bigger question here is, are you an omega?" Castiel voice was rising with every word and it made Dean want to roll over on his back and submit. But Dean has spent his whole life suppressing those instincts and he can do it again.

"Yes! I'm a fucking omega, okay?" Deans words lost their sting, he bowed his head. How did this all fucking happen?

"How did you manage to get into this dorm?" Castiel's voice leveled out and he sat down on his bed, ignoring his painfully uncomfortable cock.

"Am I really jumping into my past right now? Better question is how that fuck are you just sitting there? I've had to run from three alphas in the last half hour. Aren't you a 'knot what is mine' kinda wolf?" Cas glared up at Dean and he sighed.

"What now we're going into my past?" He paused to question whether or not he should go on. "Yes, I'm from the Novak pack. Yes a majority of them are fucking assholes. No, I am not one of them. My twin Samandriel and I don't share their views. I know what selfish alphas do to an omega." He added that last part with as much venom and bitterness as he could. Castiel paused again.

"How do you know? You're pack has beaten all the odds. Your father never pumped you full of drugs to change your gender presentation! He was discussed with me! And you know where that landed me? Having some weird ass heat in a dorm full of alphas!" Dean snapped, at least this was helping distract from the demands his body is screaming at him 'let that alpha have you, bend over, take his knot'

"Not everyone in my family is an alpha. My, my brother Gabriel is an omega. My parents exclude him from all family affairs. No one outside our family really knows about him. He can only leave the house with two or more alphas. And my fuckup of brothers got wasted and ditched him in this seedy city one night. He- he was raped, he conceived. My parents wanted him to abort it but my sister Anna, Samandriel, and I stood by him. She's five now and I love her so much. But that doesn't mean what was done to him is acceptable. It's sick and you would know that about me if you didn't judge the second you met me."

"You're brother's an omega? Wait, you're related to Alfie?" It was now just clicking into place what he said.

"Yes, he's my twin. But Dean if you don't mind, we need to take care of your heat," And before Dean could yell at him he added "not with me! There is an omega mart across campus. I'll get you some things."

Deans brow knitted together. Things, what things? A toy? Like that will fucking help he might as well be sitting in a puddle of slick.

A scratch at the door broke both their trains of thought.

"I smell an omega who isn't being fucked. Open the door and I can fix that for you." A low growl came from Castiel's chest.

"So you're going to leave me here alone with alphas pounding at the door?" Dean slowly gave into temptation and started rocking back onto his mattress and palming his cock through his jeans.

"What you want to go out with me? Because I can assure you that won't end any better."

"Well I've already stunk up everything." Dean shot.
Castiel was studying the ground, it looked as if he was calculating something.

"Okay hear me out on this." Castiel started, standing up from his bed. "We swap clothes and scent each other, I'll scent the doors and windows like a warning."

"Scent each other...like mates?"

"Yes, it will at least be a little less appealing to other alphas. Not all, but some." Dean looked at him with confused eyes his mouth hung open.

"Fuck it, take your shirt off." Dean got up off the bed and pulled off his Zeppelin shirt while Castiel unbuttoned his blue button up. Trading shirts they both looked at each other waiting for someone to make the first move.

"Okay, tell me if this gets uncomfortable for you." Dean nodded and Castiel stepped forward. His shirt hung unbuttoned on Dean’s body and he had yet to pull on the t shirt. Moving in he nuzzles at Dean’s neck and rubbed his wrist over his chest marking him as 'taken'. Deans skin felt so hot against his lips and the smell was intoxicating. Small moans left Deans lips as he pushed into Castiel. Dean maneuvered himself so Castiel's thigh slotted between his legs. He pushed himself on the alpha and scented his neck and nuzzled his chest. Lightly he pressed his erection into Castiel's thigh and started to lightly rub against him. Castiel responded by nipping and licking at Dean’s throat. Guiding the scent glands on his wrist across Dean’s chest and around grabbing his ass and pushing Dean harder into his leg.

"Fuck, god fuck." Dean started painting as he bucked forward onto Castiel, digging his nails into his bare back. Castiel pulled Dean closer sliding his hand around his ass and between his legs. He can feel the slick bleeding through his jeans. Cas presses his fingers up and Dean yelps at the pressure causing him to rut harder against Castiel's leg. Dean is scenting and nipping Cas across his shoulder and collarbone. Running hands through his hair and pushing harder on his legs. Deans mind is moving a thousand miles and hour and his body is shaking and ready to explode. Castiel is still pushing and palming deans ass with one hand and scenting the rest of his body with his other.

"D-Dean." Castiel croaks. He has gone untouched but this isn't for him, Dean is in heat and they are just being thorough with their markings.

"Shh god, Cas," he can feel Dean winde tight in his arms before he exploded with a cry and fell into Castiel's arms.

Castiel pulled Dean over to his bed and ran his fingers through his sandy brown hair.

"I'm spraying down the room and marking the door." Castiel reaches into his pocket and pulls out a knife. It's small and folds into itself but does the job. He pushes it into Dean’s hands but he can tell the omega is only half there.

"If anyone that isn't me comes in you stab the fuck out of them." Dean gave him a small nod and closed his eyes, completely exhausted and so relives to ride that awful heat.

"If this is your first heat then it will be back in about half an hour or sooner, don't let anyone in and if you have to take a cold shower, it should help. I'll be back." Castiel always takes things like this seriously, yes the marking may of got out of hand but Dean got himself off and Cas is still hard and pent up with the smell of sweet omega coming off his new shirt. He runs into the bathroom and sprays down their room and put a towel at the crack under the door.

He took one last look at Dean before he left. The door automatically locked behind him and he
confronted the four alphas waiting outside.

"What wrong buddy? Can't satisfy your bitch? Heh, I wouldn't mind lending a knot." Castiel felt rage bubble under his skin, nails and teeth sharpening and eyes turning a dark gold. He bolted at the first son of a bitch he saw. Slamming them into the wall on the other side of the hall. A snarl ripped from his throat and baring his teeth he dug his nails into the other alpha.

"If you even think of touching my mate I will rip your heart out and shove it down your fucking throat." The wide eyed alpha fought to shove Castiel back. He slammed his head into the wall one last time before he went back to his doors and scent marked it with a warning. With one last snarl he walked off leaving a potent warning smell to anyone who passes by.

The walk to the omega side of campus was much more difficult that it should be. Castiel still had a hard-on from his marking session with Dean and his scent still clung to his shirt. He got weird looks from passing omegas and security. He was an alpha walking through at a rather late hour and he smelt like rut and musk. The omega mart was just a few blocks away and he hoped his parents wouldn't look at his bank statement because he was about to buy some very non-alpha products.

He scoured the shelves for anything that could be even remotely helpful to Dean. Air freshener, scent blocking soap and shampoo, and an assortment of colorful toys. Extra lube, but god from what Castiel felt Dean wouldn't need any of that.

He had a basket full of assorted omega necessities. The cashier was a young blond beta with prickles of facial hair and deep brown eyes. He seemed uncomfortable with Castiel's rushed and aroused state. As he placed his basket down he gave a fake warm smile.

"My mate just went into heat a little...unexpectedly." The beta nodded and lightened up a bit. That obviously explained Castiel's odd behavior.

"Well how nice to have an alpha like you to get these things for them." The man in front of him was not mated and almost looked at Castiel with soft eyes.

"Do anything for him." Castiel gave a fake smiled and felt an odd twist in his stomach at how easy it is to speak of Dean as his mate. The man who obviously hated him just hours ago and then dry humped him. What the fuck is going on? Now Cas was buying sex toys for the man! Odd how life works.

He slid his card and took his bags, yes plural bags of sex toys.

"Thanks for coming!" Castiel almost chuckled at the statement. It wasn't meant that way but god would he love to. Dean would probably want him to leave once he dropped off his stuff. What's he going to do barge into Alfie's place to jack off in his shower?

Castiel sighed and looked at the time, a half hour had already passed and he had about a fifteen minute run back to the dorm. Dean was probably clawing at the walls. He just hoped Dean would deny any of his first heat instincts and keep the door shut. Not that for a second Castiel thinks omegas are mindless sexed up needy animals when they're in heat. Just the first heat is usually the worst. Same with the first heat after mating. Sometimes the temptation of ridding themselves of that feeling is enough to drive them into doing things they wouldn't normally do.

Castiel is running at full speed out of the omega side of campus and the thought of other alphas beating on his door drives him to go faster. A vibration in his pocket draws him out of thought. He looks at the ID; Dean.
"Dean, are you alright?" Castiel's words are rushed and he is breathless from running.

"God, Cas when are you getting back." Dean sounded just as breathless as him.

"Soon, give me five minutes." Dean groaned into the phone and Cas wondered how messed up Dean was. How could this be his first heat? He's twenty two, if it is it must be one hell of a ride.

"There are about three alphas outside. I can't tell if I want to punch their faces in or fuck them." Dean growled.

"Dean, sit in your bed and don't open the fucking door. I'm just outside." With a whine Dean ended the call. He really is going through a hell of a heat.

Taking the steps three at a time Castiel rounded the corner to see three alphas tapping on his door.


"Not our fault, why'd you leave him alone. Bitch has been whining for like 20 minutes. We were just being good people and offered a hand." Castiel's eyes darkened.

"Back off." He snarled and unlocked the door. Rushing in he slammed it behind him. He almost fell to his knees at the first breath, every ounce of Castiel's markings are gone and the sweet smell of omega slick was making his heart race.

"Fuck, Cas you're back!" Dean launched off his bed and grabbed Castiel. Running his hands over his chest and scenting his neck. Lightly rubbing their groins together. It's a side of Dean Cas had never seen, he wasn't a macho rigid shelled man. He was oddly affectionate, then again that was directly linked to the heat.

"D-Dean, I got your things." He kept stuttering and just wanted to give into Dean's touching. No, you can't do this, you are not controlled by instinct. Castiel turned his head away but Dean smell was everywhere. Dean leaned in to Castiel’s now exposed throat and started scenting him with small moans.

"Like what?" Dean pulled away and grabbed the bags and dumped them onto his bed. He fidgeted from leg to leg, obviously getting off to the friction of his jeans. From what he smelt Dean came a few times since he left and he was still bursting at the seams.

"Now that you have that I should probably go, so you can ummm use it." Dean's head snapped up and dropped the purple knot he was holding.

"N-no, Cas stay!" They both froze. "Because um, maybe your smell will keep the alphas away." Castiel gave Dean an odd look but eventually agreed. He took a seat on his bed and watched Dean look through everything. Dean obviously wasn’t thinking clearly but as long as he was just sitting here it shouldn’t be a problem.

It was a quiet few minutes, Castiel was trying to read a book but his cock kept distracting him. He was rereading the same sentence five times over because the whimper Dean made as he rocked back on his heel was so distracting. He was drunk on Deans’ smell and had no way of release. He heard Deans’ bed springs creak and then he had company.

"Dean?" Castiel questioned looking at the omega over his book. "Did I forget something?" Castiel leaned back a little trying to keep some distance between them.

Dean moved in closer and started scenting Cas's neck. Dropping his book he stuttered. The hot
breath on his neck stalled his train of thought, Dean’s hands trailed under his shirt to trace at his stomach. Castiel’s breath caught in his throat. Dean brought his hand up to Castiel’s chest and shoved him down.

"D-Dean, ah god, please you're not thinking clearly." The omega had him pinned on his back and he ground their hips together. “Did you even try the toys?”

Shaking his head Dean started purring and scenting Cas. “Not as good as your knot.”

"Oh god, fuck, okay, Dean stop!” Dean froze and looked at Cas dead in the eyes. "If we’re going to do this I need to hear it out loud and clear of your consent. I- I really don't want you to regret this once your heat is over." Dean smiled and nodded. Leaning over his whispered into Castiel’s ear.

"I fully agree one hundred percent that I want you to knot me until I cry." A whimper fell from Castiel's lips and a kiss from Dean sealed the deal.

Pushing Dean back he launched into the dominant position and started unbuttoning the shirt he gave to Dean. Once he saw his bare chest Castiel dove in. Sucking and nipping at every inch of hot skin he could get his teeth on. Dean panted under him and bucked up desperate for friction. Trailing Castiel’s nails down Dean’s chest he rolled his nipple between his fingers. Sliding his tongue over the other one Castiel sucked the hardening nub until small cries filled the room. His arousal mixed with Dean’s and created a sweet smell of honey and sweets. Castiel’s teeth sharpened slightly and he started placing small bite marks across Dean’s chest, making sure none of them broke skin.

“Casss!” Dean gave a wanton moan as he wound his fingers in Castiel’s hair.

"Mmm, baby I got you." Castiel purred and he peeled off his own shirt. Dean's jeans looked as to be his greatest enemy and he couldn't get them off fast enough. Once he threw them on the floor a new wave of slick hit him full blast and he almost doubled back. The site in front of him almost made him pop a knot in his pants.

Dean Winchester, watery green eyes, flushed cheeks, with freckles all over his body. Red kiss marks and bites with a wonderful pair of black lace panties soaked in slick.

"Fuck, Castiel stop gawking and get on with this!" Dean snapped and bucked up to catch his attention. Castiel fought to rid himself of his pants and fell right into the glorious smell of Dean. Nuzzling and nipping his inner thigh he let out possessive growls as he claimed every patch of skin. Dragging his wet tongue over soft sensitive spots. He felt Dean's muscles spaz and twitch under his teeth and lips. Dean may want a quick fuck but Castiel is drawing this out as much as he can. Throwing the omegas legs over his shoulders he pulled Dean's panties over and revealed a sight that had Cas drooling. He was warm and soft and covered in slick that made his hole shine. Castiel went straight to the source and snaked his tongue into every sweet spot he could find. Dean yelped and pushed back into Castiel's mouth that was licking and sucking at the sweet ring of muscle that called to him.

"Fuck, Dean you taste so good. I can't wait to fuck you." Dean brought his other hand down to tangle in Castiel's dark hair. Diving back in he kissed and licked at the tight stretch of skin behind his balls, and nuzzled into the crevice of the inner thigh to bite at his sensitive skin with sharpened teeth.

"Then don't baby, take me please!"

Once last nip at his inner thigh and Castiel raised his head to meet Dean’s lips.
"My slick is all over your face." Dean chuckled, kissing and licking at the stray drops on Castiel's nose.

"As much as I'd like to fuck you in these panties I wouldn't want anything to happen to them." Cas purred and he pulled them off Dean. He was clumsy and his excitement only intensified it. Once Castiel's boxers happily joined Dean's panties on the floor he made one last check with Dean.

"You're sure?" Dean just nodded and bucked up causing his cock to slap against his stomach.

"You gonna make your omega wait?" And at that Castiel dove in. Aligning himself and sliding in. Yes he was absolutely correct. Dean didn't need an ounce of lube. Once he bottomed out he stopped waiting for Deans signal. It felt like an eternity with Dean wrapped around his cock, his slick covered walls that clenched desperately around him. Sweat gathered on his brow, he had never felt such an amazing feeling before.

"Well come on!" He demanded and Castiel's hips snapped into a rhythm and almost sobbed with joy from Dean’s command. Pushing in deep and slow drawing out any possible sound from Dean’s lips. And boy did he have some. A string of curses followed by begging and then babble of cries and whimpers.

Castiel sped up the pace, pulling out just to his head and then slamming back in. Each time eliciting a hiccup of pleasure from Deans lips.

"Oh god Cas, knot me please please knot me!" It became a chant for Dean his fucked out voice made Castiel dizzy.

"You want me to knot you?" He growled into Dean’s ear and was answered with an overly excited yes.

Castiel lowered his hand and grabbed Deans cock. He pumped him at the speed of his thrusts, Dean was breathless with cries.

"Knot me alpha, please I need it!" Castiel's hips started to sputter and he felt himself start to swell. The increased pressure drove Dean off the edge and with one last blissful cry he came all over his stomach. Castiel followed a few beats behind and came with a snarl. Sinking his teeth into Dean’s neck he empties himself. Licking at the small droplets of blood Castiel snarled. When Castiel’s teeth sunk into Dean’s skin a wave of pleasure crashed through him again causing him to arch his back with a cry. Tingaling the soles of his feet to his curling fingers. It made his spent cock twitch before darkness clouded his vision and they both fell into the blissful feeling of sleep.

Chapter End Notes

And and and??!!!
I am sorry if the sex was bad, this was written over a month ago!
Thank you again to Emilie for being the most amazing editor and idea partner ever!
Comments are appreciated -and are my motive to write- I know it's an addiction...
Chapter 4 will be updated on Tuesday March 25th! See ya then!

Don't forget to check out my tumblr http://sassbutt-casbutt.tumblr.com/ for updates between chapters!
Chapter 4- Slippery Slope

It was about four in the morning when Dean woke from his orgasm induced slumber and he had a wonderfully warm alpha on top of him...wait, what?

"Oh shit, Cas" Dean shook the man on him. His knot had gone down so he could push him to the other side of the twin bed. Castiel stirred and groaned. Dean already felt wet again and Castiel came to attention at the smell.

"Fuck, am I not allowed to sleep during my heat?" Castiel chuckled and rubbed his eyes.

"Generally no, my brother would endlessly complain to me about it."

"You helped your brother with his heat!" Dean asked a little shocked.

"Oh god no, not like that! He just wanted someone to talk to through the door and until he found a mate. So that meant me, Anna or Alfie."

"Is he the one in the picture?" Cas smiled and nodded.

"Well if you would excuse me I think I'm going to jump in and take a cold shower because I am getting slick all over your bed."

"Ha, Dean were you there earlier? Might as well burn the fucking sheets." Dean just laughed and flipped him off as he passed into the bathroom and flipped on all the lights behind him.

Castiel rolled onto his back and closed his eyes until a shout from Dean disturbed him. He scrambled to sit up and saw Dean storm out of the bathroom pointing at his neck were a perfectly placed mating mark sat.

"What the fuck did you do to me last night!?" He yelled and Castiel's eyes widened.

"Holy shit, do I have one?" Cas jumped up and looked over his naked body. He didn’t remember them exchanging bites.

"No, just me! You've got to be kidding me!" Dean smacked his forehead with his palm. Then he turned to Cas and smacked his arm. "How could you do this to me?"
"Shit, Dean, I am so sorry! I really don’t remember that at all!" Cas tried to comfort him but Dean just moved away walking back to the bathroom.

"Sorry!? We're half mated Cas! Half mates do you know what that means? You’re gonna get all crazy alpha protective and my body is gonna want get knocked up! We slept together one time because of some crazy heat induced horniness and you mark me?" Deans face was turning red and Castiel was pacing. Both men still stark naked. It was four in the morning and they were making one hell of a commotion.

Technically there was a way to break it, but it was normally terribly painful for all parties included. Dean was right, once a mate is claimed, even if it is just one sided both their chemical makeups change. Castiel becomes more possessive, and Dean would be more submissive. Something he is most definitely not. Castiel tried to wrap his mind around the fact he mated this man, this, well, stranger he had been living with. Castiel tried to remember back to earlier and what had gone down, Dean asked for sex and it just happened. All instincts kicked in.

Scenarios on what to do ran through his mind, unmate? Not only would that psychologically scar Cas but it would also damage Dean too. They were stuck between a rock and a hard place and it seemed there is no way out. The decision was ultimately left to Dean, Castiel was the one who got them into this.

Dean punched the wall disappearing back into the bathroom and shutting the door. He looked at his phone which was sitting on the sink. He considered calling Jo, but what good would that do? Dean sighed ruffling his hair. He ran his hand over the mark, it sent a wave of pleasing shivers down his body. It was like his entire life started again with this new mark. No, that's the omega talking, it’s not true. Dean knew that it wasn’t true. He hardly knew the guy. A mate is someone you know so totally and completely, you were supposed to be absolutely certain. You know, meet, fall in love, mate, have sex, have some pups. That’s what you’re supposed to do, and things are all backwards now. He was so upset, and horny and angry and fucking confused. He wanted Cas. He wanted to push against his knot, and cum all over himself, he wanted Castiel to fuck him until he cried, he wanted this terrible hunger for sex to go away, but he also never wanted to see Cas again.

"Dean?” Cas knocked on the door, Dean didn’t answer him. “Come on Dean, please?” Just hearing the apologetic low rumble of the alpha’s voice made his body tremble. He needed Cas, more than he did last night. Way more. He was determined to stay angry.

“No fuck off Cas!” he shouted from inside the bathroom.

“Dean, I’m sorry, we can figure this out.” He pleaded. Dean reappeared, walking over to Cas, he was so hard and trying to cover it. Cas was pacing distractedly.

“What?” He demanded angrily stalking past him, Cas grabbed his wrist.

“I-I don’t know but I mean people have broken a bond before, we just have to think this through.” Dean glared at Castiel, think it through? He was already dealing with being a god for saken omega that was just outed and now he has to deal with a fucking mate?

"Wait, this could work." Dean turned to Castiel who had a small smile on his lips. It wasn’t the best plan but it would have to do.

"Work? How the holy hell is this going to work?” Dean pointed angrily at the red mark on his neck. Even in his angered state, his arousal filled the room. Dean was a massive tornado of extreme emotion and this was not going to end well.
"Obviously you don't want to be on the omega side of campus right?" Dean looked at Cas questionably but nodded slowly.

"Well with that mark we are mates, you don't have to move and the alphas will leave you alone. And since I don't have one it's not a completed mating we'll just lie, and say you bit me somewhere else." Dean rubbed the bridge of his nose and shook his head.

"Are you suggesting we become fake mates for the rest of the year?" Dean asked annoyed amusement on his face.

"That's exactly it! I could help you with your heat and now that the school knows you're an omega you'll be left alone and you won't get a transfer notice sent home."

Dean froze, his dad. His dad who had spent so much time and energy in keeping Dean’s presentation a secret, more time and energy than he did actually loving him. If he had a notice sent home of Dean moving across campus his father would just have another thing to add to the list of things Dean has failed.

"Oh fuck, do you know how pissed he is going to be when he find out I blew it and now I'm a public omega." Dean started pacing, Castiel could smell the worry on Dean. “I mean do you know what he’ll do to me?” Dean’s face was burning up and his throat tightened. This, this is what hell was like.

"Fuck your dad three ways from Sunday. Come on Dean, would he rather you be a lone omega or a mated one?" Dean pauses and looked Cas over. Nodding his head.

“He would rather me be an alpha, I- I don’t even know if he expected me to mate.” Dean spoke quietly almost as if he was talking to himself.

“Then let’s not tell him, it can be a secret just to cover you for the year. I’m not trying to manipulate you Dean. You have all the say in this and I will find another way out of this, but it’s going to hurt. Why not spend time researching it throughout the year? Find the best possible way to end it. I’m sorry I did this to you Dean but we have to make a choice now.” Castiel looked into Dean’s dull green eyes, dark circles and imprints from the pillow made him look older than he was.

Dean took a deep shaky breath and thought for a second, research it find an easy way out. Fake mates? That was just outright taboo, like an omega mating an omega, you get shunned and spit on for defying the most sacred connection to our ancestors.

Screw this.

"I can't believe I'm saying this, I mean this is blasphemy when it comes to mating! The one real thing we have connecting us centuries back and we are just going to walk all over it?" Dean paused looking over Castiel’s face as he debated in his mind. It was only a half mating, and he would have to move and alphas would generally leave him alone. Dean scrunched his nose and sighed “Oh fuck it, yes. Lets just be fake mates until school is over. But then we are done you go your way and I go mine.” Castiel smiled and Dean cracked half a smirk. “Don’t smile at me I am still pissed at you, like really you couldn’t control yourself?” Castiel’s smile falter, he felt semi queasy like he had taken advantage of Dean, a chill ran down his spine and for a second his blood felt like ice.

“Well, you’re the first person I’ve, really, slept with.” Castiel said, choosing his words carefully.

“You’re saying I deflowered you?” Dean let out a small laugh and slapped Cas on the shoulder, Cas flinched slightly. "Well I’m honored but I need a cold shower because I am getting slick
everywhere and I smell like sex.”

Castiel chuckled nervously and nodded returning back to his bed. Are you saying I deflowered you. “Yes and no.” He sighed, knowing Dean couldn’t hear him, but the last thing he wanted was to go into his - complicated - past sex life. Not after all this time has passed. He just fucking mated someone…How the fuck did any of this happen? Life is one hell of a ride.

Castiel buried his head in his pillow groaning loudly. He has his eyes closed for about five minutes when he heard Dean call for him.

"What do you need Dean?"

"I-um remember your part of the deal? The helping with my heat?” Castiel's cock twitches a little.

"Yes, I do.” Castiel replied waking up a little.

"Can you come here, and bring a toy I don't need to be knotted up in the shower." Castiel pulled himself up and huffed out laughter. Walking to Dean's bed he grabbed a green fake knot that was a little smaller than Castiel's. Dean was going to be hard to keep up with during his heat.

"Coming, little omega!"

"I will punch you in the fucking dick, Cas." He heard Dean’s growl echo off the bathroom tile.

Dean was already in the shower, it was rather warm for his already hot temperature. Sliding in next to him in the black and white tiled shower he smirked at Dean who was flushed and hard.

"It's been five minutes.” Dean turned around and braised his hands on the wall, bending over for Cas.

"And I'm in fucking heat, it's a basic necessity I can't believe I got through that conversation. Now come one alpha do your job." Another twitch of Castiel's quickly hardening cock. Dean would probably be pissed at him once his heat was over but now, he was just looking for a satisfying release from his terrible symptoms. “And don’t think is a forgiveness fuck, you are just convenient and such.” Castiel chuckled and nodded his head even though Dean couldn't see him.

Looking at the toy in his hand he looked back at Dean and smiled. Lowering himself down to his knees he felt the warm water splash at his back as he pulled Dean's cheeks apart and licked from Dean's sack to his tight ass, slick sliding into Castiel's eager tongue.

"Mm, fuck Cas!” Dean pushed back, persuading Cas to give him more. Cas obliged and took one hand back to slide two fingers into Deans wet heat. Sliding his tongue in next to them he pushed into Dean trying to pull out every ounce if slick his body had. He could taste himself mixed with slick spilling onto Castiel’s tongue. He was so receptive and egger.

"Fuck,” Dean readjusted his legs and spread them farther apart. Pleased with his reaction Cas pulled his fingers from his ass and sucked hard at the little pink hole.

Dean scratched at the tile and bent over further giving every inch of himself to Castiel. He felt a warm hand move around and wrap around his cock that hung heavy between his legs. Castiel started with light strokes and little tugs. He blindly grouped for the toy since his face was still buried in Dean's ass. Once he found it Cas pulled away from Dean's heat and replaced it with the toy. He pushed it in slowly. Loving the way Dean looked when he stretched around the fake knot. Cas let out a deep growl as Dean panted and purred at Castiel's actions. He thought back to earlier and how this was how Dean must have looked taking him, an odd possessive growl rumbled in his
chest but went unnoticed by Dean who was babbling to himself, demanding Castiel to give him more.

Pushing the toy in all the way Castiel readjusted the and and pulled out of Dean slowly. He moved his hand to match the pace. Moving his mouth down to Dean's balls. Licking and kissing, memorizing every inch of Dean. Pushing back in he heard a wonderful hiccup of cries and yelps of pleasure escape Dean’s lips, his thigh muscles tightened as Castiel worked him faster.

"Ah, Cas yeah k-keep going!" Dean bent over farther, giving Cas better access to his balls. Castiel marveled at Dean’s flexibility and made a mental note to test it if given the chance.Cas pushed faster pumping harder and turning to nip at Dean's thigh.

“Cas!” Dean cried, he lasted a few more beats until he came all over the shower wall. Cas brought his hand to his mouth and licked Dean's cum off of him. Cas watched Dean's legs shake and listened to the tiny cries he made as he slowly pulled the toy from inside him. Once the toy was pulled free he quickly lapped up the slick that followed. Greedily drinking down every drop. He stood up gently brushing a hand over Dean's back making him turn around.

"Holy fuck Cas, are you a secret pornstar?” Dean was still short of breath.

"No, I just know what feels good." Castiel smiled he was happy to assist Dean this way.

"We are in such a weird ass situation but it's only right to return the favor. Show you a few of my tricks." Dean wagged his eyebrows and he lowered to his knees.

"What, are we trying to out sex each other?” Dean looked up with bright green eyes that said ‘you don’t have a chance’. Castiel replied with a ‘bring it’ smile’.

"Maybe, might as well make the best of this situation." And before Castiel could respond Dean slid his lips around Castiel's cock and swallowed...deep.

Castiel gasped and grabbed the wall for support. The water still splashed at his back and Dean make quick work of Castiel's cock. Taking him deep and humming his tongue sliding over the soft curve. The vibrations made Cas groan, he instinctively threaded his fingers through Deans wet hair and resisted the urge to buck forward. Dean's head bobbed on Castiel's cock. Then he pressed his tongue to slide over the underside of Castiel’s head making him whine. Wrapping his fingers around the base, Dean licked over the smooth salty head. Looking up he caught Castiel's ice blue gaze as he pulled his cock down deeper into his mouth, pumping with his hand and lips. Occasionally swirling his tongue over his head to lick off Castiel’s precome.

"Fuck Dean, fuck!” He sped up as a response and Cas started to swell. Pumping a few times he started to gag on Castiel’s knot. Water splashed his face and Dean squeezed his eyes shut and took Cas deeper.

"I'm going to dislodge your jaw, Dean!” But he didn't listen and took Castiel's knot like a champ. It stretched his mouth to maximum capacity and he tried to keep up with the come sliding down his throat. Castiel’s nails dug into the tile and he leaned his head back, soaking in the pure bliss of his release. After a few moments Cas looked down with shock and amazement.

"Holy fuck." He gasped and Dean managed to pull out Castiel's knot without a problem. Dean stood up obviously proud of his work, cum dripped from his lips to his chin. Castiel leaned in his lips barely grazing Dean’s and dragged his thumb across his chin. Sliding his lips around his thumb he sucked it clean with a low growl.
"This is so fucked up." Dean laughed hoarsely, clearing his throat which felt exceptionally raw.

"It's like, roommates with benefits. We have sex, and get the perks of mates without being mates." Castiel moved under the spray to wash and cum off of himself.

"I feel like we're cheating the system or something."

"Dean, you've got the better end of this deal." Dean laughed and Cas ducked out of the shower.

"Yeah, fucking an omega in heat is such hard work!" Dean called after him "Don't go far I'll need you in another thirty minutes!"

"Wouldn't dream of it, little omega!" Castiel called back.

"In the dick, Cas! I will punch you right in the dick!"

"So, um is this just like sex when I'm in heat and, I don't know, faking it when I'm not?" Dean asked mindlessly picking at his jeans. It seemed to be a nervousness tick for him.

"Um, I-I don't know I'm not here to take advantage on you and I don't expect you to act like my omega." Castiel really didn't know what to do, the other night the plan seemed so logical but once daylight came and sleep helped get their minds straightened and after Dean's crazed second night of heat. It just seemed like such a hard task.

Acting like mates but trying to go unnoticed as them. Only people who should know are the college advisors in charge of the records. Other than that it should be kept to a need to know basis.

"Well I'm not here to act like your omega." Dean snapped. Castiel regretted his last sentence.

"Not like that Dean, I don't treat omegas as second class citizens. I was just saying I don't have any voice in your choices nor do I have the right to present any, protective alpha status." Castiel was looking out the window as he spoke, not wanting to threaten Dean with unneeded eye contact.

"Yeah, well I can take care of myself when it comes to other alphas." Dean huffed, he could have taken in Alistair, really.

Castiel didn't doubt him, Dean was a strong man he had a few inches on him and he looked scrappy.

This was a calm time of Dean's heat, they could talk through this part. He still smelt so perfectly breedable but Castiel would never do that. Suddenly Castiel eyes widened and his breath caught in his throat.

"D-Dean?" His voice was slightly cracked and Castiel's face slowly turned red.

"The hell is wrong with you, Cas?" Castiel took a moment to respond.

"For the love of god please tell me you are on birth control." Dean's stomach clenched for a second and then it clicked. Suppressants.

"Oh, thank god yes." They both let out a breath of relief. That thought never crossed either of their minds that night, it was scary how truly out of it they both were.
Thankfully he was on birth control and conceiving in your first heat is very rare, but not impossible. Dean would just have to remember to count the weeks between his cycle, memories his patter to better equip himself. God knows that last thing Dean needs is an illegitimate pup with a stranger.

since it was day three of Dean's heat and yesterday was filled with sex, the second day was always the worst. Constant sex, Cas could barely get him to eat or drink and by night he was spent. Thankfully if Dean's heat was anything like his brother it was only uphill from here.

Dean had such an odd pull towards Cas, he wanted to scent him and feel his smooth skin on his own. Dean’s body temperature stayed rather high even when his urge to mate was at bay. His heat wasn’t as bad as he had imagined it to be. Dean had about three unbearable points throughout the day but other than that he just craved Cas. Not sexually, he craved his smell and voice and contact. it was an odd need, and Dean tried to deny the feeling but he gave in and spent the nights in Castiel’s bed. It wasn’t until his temperature dropped rather low that he wasn’t just with Castiel for scenting and comfort, but warmth. It was an annoying part of heat, it was meant to be a bonding experience but Dean just felt like he wanted to bury himself as close to Castiel as possible and maybe yell at him again for doing this to him.

They both felt confused as hell and their bodies natural instance and chemical changes only made it harder to keep their actions anywhere near platonic.

Dean was already fed up with all this heat crap.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I have such a weird feeling that this was a really short chapter so Emilie and I are thinking about putting up chapter 5 on Friday or something (Don't hold us to it!) Depends how guilty we feel about the length!

Well I hope you liked it because this is where the fun starts!!!

Comments are always a gift!!!

Next update is Tuesday April 1st!
Chapter 5- Let's Get It In Writing

Dean's heat was thankfully over and they spent the rest of the week relatively calmly. Dean spent a lot of time on the internet searching for ways to break a mating but the information was scarce at best. They would have to meet with someone who specializes in this.

“So this uhh, shrink guy... when do you think we should contact him? I mean I'm sure he knows something about this crap.” Dean asked clicking through half-assed and non-credible websites. It was like everything and anything on this matter was taken off the internet. The only way to end it was depicted as this horribly painful and scarring process. There had to be some other way out.

“Umm, well did you see anyone online who you liked?” Castiel asked twirling his thumbs on his bed. He was slightly hesitant to go to someone. What if Dean hates him after all of this? What if he hurts Dean in the process? No, Castiel just needed a little more time.

“No, not really, it's like this crazy taboo topic, so it isn't really talked about much, except for super conservative packs who want it bashed like the plague.” Dean sighed and closed out of everything spinning around he looked at Cas.

“Dean, it’s okay we will find a way to fix this.” Dean only nodded, the room was filled with silence and they went back to their normal doings.

They registered as mated at the main campus building and Dean had to come out and complain that he was wrongly put down as a beta and would like to be registered as an omega. Since he had been registered as a beta from the beginning a few strings had to be pulled by Castiel but they managed to come out with no problem. They did have to attend a mandatory Sex ED class. All register mates in college must attend it since normal people start their pack within a few months of mating.

Dean’s odd pull towards Cas went away with his heat and he was finally starting to feel like himself again. He was still somewhat mad over the dilemma but he didn’t blame Castiel much anymore, Dean wasn’t in his right mind that night either. It wasn’t like Castiel cornered him like Alistair tried to do.

Dean was leaning back in his desk chair chewing a piece of gum rather loudly. Castiel looked up from his book across from the room and glared daggers at the omega. Living together became a little harder now that they were somewhat mated, it was an odd feeling Castiel had. Like he was
fighting a war with his instincts. Don’t touch Dean, don’t kiss him, don’t show affection unless he shows it first. He still felt guilty even though Dean seemed to forgiven him. He didn’t want his inner alpha to overstep the line again, this was all on Dean’s terms.

"Yo, Cas we should get this shit in writing." Dean swerved around to look at the alpha. Castiel's glare turned to confusion and he placed his book on his bedside table.

"Get what in writing?"

"This mating deal, you know put in what we will and won't do. You know so you don't abuse my heats." Castiel scoffed and sat up.

"Did you see yourself a few days ago, I should worry about you abusing my knot."

"Oh yeah? Get some paper lets get this shit down!" Dean stood up playfully and looked through his nightstand for paper. He rummaged through but could only find CD’s and packs of gum and discarded wrappers.

"Unprepared, little omega?" Castiel asked holding out a piece of paper and a pen.

"Swear to god if you keep calling me that I'm calling you Big Daddy." Castiel's face twisted into a sour expression.

"Oh god no, my brothers mate calls him that." Dean couldn’t hold back a laugh.

"That's just nasty, you have one weird ass family." Castiel nods in agreement.

“And really what could you call me, little alpha? totally unoriginal and that just sounds odd” Castiel chuckled but the second he saw the smile on Dean’s face he regretted opening his mouth.

“Fuck.” Castiel huffed and dropped his head into his hands.

Dean started scribbling down rules that had to be followed, he chewed on the tip of the pen and scrunched his brow when he focused.

“Oh come on that’s like us having matching pet names.” Castiel complained.

“You made the bed now lay in it, little alpha.” Dean chuckled and flattened out the paper on his side table.

"Speaking of family, am I telling Alfie the truth?" Dean thought to himself for a moment twirling the pen between his fingers.

"Why not, he's a good pup. And he will find out sooner or later might as well hear it from us"

"He's my twin, he's no pup."

"Nah man I just mean he's just a little guy. Smallest alpha I've ever seen."

"Whatever, so what are you writing in this contract of yours?" Castiel asked moving over to look at the paper.

"It's about our mishap, Ha! The Mating Mishap." Dean said excitedly as he scribbled it across the paper as the heading.

"Wow, that was just terrible." Castiel stifled a laugh.
"Fuck off, you come up with a name for it."

"I don't know, why are we naming it. Just put down your rules." Dean glared up at him.

“So if I take you to court for breaking it I can formally introduce it,” Dean smiled to himself "You are just pissed I named it first.” Castiel rolled his eyes and walked back to his bed. He watched as Dean scribbled down words in his scratchy handwriting. Castiel had nothing to contribute to the list, he had no problem with anything. He wanted to get up and see what Dean refused to do with him but he thought against it and found something to entertain himself with. For a few minutes the only sound in the room was the scratch of Dean’s pen and the flipping of pages.

"Hey, Dean you up for a coffee?"

"Nope, I'm adding that in. No dinner dates." Dean scribbled out onto the page.

"Since when is coffee a dinner date? I was just going to talk to Alfie. And we have a class tonight and I was thinking you might want a caffeine kick before Sex ED class."

"Ah shit, that's today isn't it?" Castiel nodded like a smartass.

"Alright, sure give me a minute." Dean scribbled down another point on his piece of paper, Cas, who was curious glanced over his shoulder.

"No chickflick moments? Are you kidding?" Cas asked

“Shut up, it’s going in it.” Dean said not looking up.

“Dean what does that even-” he stopped watching Dean continue to write “Hey! You fucking love cuddling!” A whine was slowly creeping into Cas’ voice. Dean gave him a smug look that turned to a glare.

“That was when I was in heat. Now, no cuddling.” he said firmly. Cas bit down on his lip to stop from protesting, they were fake mates, cuddling wasn’t really appropriate.

“Okay fine, no dates, no chickflick moments, no cuddling, what else?"

“Well,” Dean pause "Oh!” Dean scribbles down ‘no grooming’

“You’re un-fucking-bearable.” Castiel sighed rubbing his eyes.

“Dude, it’s fucking weird, okay?” Cas shook his head.

“Fine, fine.” he conceded “Are you done?”

“Yeah, I mean, unless you want to add something?” Cas shook his head.

“Just get dressed so we can go.” Cas pleaded, trying not to sound annoyed. He waited as Dean collected himself. Peeling off his sleep shirt and shorts. Revealing a freckle splattered back and the swell of his ass in a pair a light blue lace trimmed panties. “So you wear those all the time?” Castiel asked eyeing Dean's ass.

"Yeah, you got a problem?" Dean asked turning around to look at Cas as he pulled on another band tshirt. It was the gray Metallica one Sammy had gotten him.

"No, I can't say I do." Castiel smiled from his bed and leaned back against the wall waiting for Dean to finish. “You should add in to that contract of yours they you must wear panties.” Castiel
gave Dean a shit eating grin and got a dirty sleep shirt thrown in his face. “I at least want to hear the story behind them.”

“In due time, little alpha.”

They made it as far as ten feet from their building until Castiel stopped and patted his pockets.

“Shit, wait right here I forgot my wallet.” Dean nodded and watched Castiel run up the steps. Within a few minutes of Castiel running inside an alpha and a beta approached him.

“You must be the closet bitch.” Dean took in a deep breath and prepared to exchange some nasty words.

“And you must be the neighborhood douche.” Dean snapped eyeing the two scruffy looking men, dark hair and ripped jeans.

“Cheeky bitch.” The beta growled with a thick accent. “Smell taken, where’s the mate?”

“What mate?” the other asked with such venom that Dean shivered “I don’t see any mate.” He leered at Dean, moving purposefully closer.

“Can I not walk freely you middle aged knotheads.” This was a topic that had Dean fuming, like he was this small flower that couldn’t be left unattended or he would be trampled by the dogs.

Dean clenched his teeth he doesn’t want the world to know he’s mated, it will be that much harder to cover up if-when they break it off, but the way they were looking at him, his instinct was to call out Cas’ name, but he didn’t. He can handle this.

“Well now you do, asshole.” Dean looked over his shoulder quickly and saw Castiel stomp over to them.

“Fuck.” Dean whispered under his breath, this won’t be good.

“Now how about you step off before we have a problem.” Castiel gave them one terrifying smile. There was a tense moment, none of them moved. The men looked between Castiel and Dean before walking off with a huff. Dean let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding.

“Dammit, Cas how are we going to get out of this?” Dean snapped turning to look at the alpha.

“It will work just as we planed before.” Castiel looked confused at Dean’s outburst.

“Work? Really? Because now, not only does half the campus know I’m an omega now those assholes are going to tell the goddamn world about us!”

“I mean it would of been hard to keep it a secret. It’s on your neck, Dean. We can break it once school ends and never see those assholes again so they can’t report us.” Dean let out a deep breath and his shoulders slumped a bit, he looked so much smaller. Even if he had an inch or so on him.

“Yeah, I guess. So what? We put off the search for now?” Dean questioned.

“I think so, it is still rather early in the year.” Castiel knew what a horrible idea this was, the longer the wait the stronger the bond.

Dean Winchester will destroy him.

The walk to the coffee shop is quiet. Dean receives a few odd glances but he just lets them roll off.
He was an omega now and that came as a huge shock to the people who knew him. Walking through campus was now a burden as more people watched and whispered.

“Forget about them, Dean.”

“Yeah sure just ignore the whole college community talkin about me.” Dean shot back, obviously aggravated. Castiel wanted to clear the tension between them.

“So what else have you added to the list?” Castiel looked over at Dean who was looking down at his feet.

“I got no family and no out of heat sex.”

“Your cycle? What about my damn rut? That is pure abuse of the knot.” Castiel joked.

“You want to throw rut in?” Dean paused for a few beats. “Fine, I guess it’s only fair.” Castiel felt his stomach sink, he didn’t want to make Dean feel like he had to sleep with him.

“Don’t add it if you aren’t, comfortable with it. I’ve gone many years dealing with rut, it’s no problem.”

“Nah, you’re pretty good in bed.” Dean chuckled and looked back down at his shoes. It was quiet for a few seconds as Cas mustered up the courage to speak.

“Hey, um so how would this be called off? I’m not asking for me since my mind and body think you’re mine but.” Dean paused, he knew Dean wasn’t his mate but saying the words made his throat tighten, “What if you find a real mate?”

Dean stopped in his tracks, lifting his hand to rub the still fresh mark.

“You think I’ll find someone with this mark?”

“Well, I don’t know, you could find someone whose smell doesn’t make you want to puke. Become close and tell them about this. It’s not that crazy of a thought. They would just have to wait until all this was fixed, then-” Castiel hated the words coming out of his mouth, they made him sick.

“You don’t make me want to puke.” Dean cut in, Cas gave a half hearted chuckle.

“You don’t have to lie, Dean. I saw how much air freshener you went though and almost every morning that would be what you told me.” Dean laughed and patted Castiel’s shoulder.

“Stupid alpha, the air freshener was to hide my smell, and I was trying to be an asshole so you would switch roommates. I mean you do smell weird, not bad but you change scents all the time! It’s always honey mix with, well right now it’s...Lavender?”

“Really?”

“Yes really, you ass.” Dean chuckled and playfully bumped into Castiel.

The coffee shop is a welcoming place, Dean feels like he's been cooped up for weeks. He approaches the counter first to greet Alfie.

"Dean, hey how are you?" Before he answers Castiel steps in.

"He's good, Samandriel we need to talk, got a second?" Dean looks pissed Castiel stepped in on
him and smacks the back of his head.

"What the hell was that for?" Cas snapped.

"I'm a big boy, no need to talk for me." Alfie looks between the two men in confusion and nods leading them over to an empty table.

"You two know each other?" It was the first question out of his mouth before they even sat down.

"Yeah, that's why we're here. Dean and I are roommates and we found ourselves in a strange situation and just wanted to tell your straight on so you didn't hear it second hand." Samandriel look between the two men with a confused face.

"Strange situation my ass, your brother here bit me!" Samandriel’s eyes widened.

"Dean shut up! We are in public!" Castiel glared at the omega.

"You bit him like...bit him, bit him?"

"Son of a bitch nailed me." Dean pointed at the still red bite mark on his neck.

"My gosh, Castiel I didn't even know you knew each other?"

"It's a long story, we aren't mated, well were half, he didn't mark me. So as far as you know we're mated. Even with mom and dad. To everyone out there we are mates." Samandriel is still wide eyes and at a loss for words. “but don’t go talking about it, it’s a need to know really. We’re going to fix it...eventually.”

"Now that we got that cleared up I could totally go for a coffee." Dean rubbed his hands together and hopped up.

"Wow, wait you know mom and dad are going to want to meet him!" Samandriel’s eyes were still saucers as he looked between the two men.

"I mean, only tell them if they ask and really how many times do you talk with them? And I really don't think they're going to care. All too busy planning Michael's wedding." Samandriel looked unsatisfied with Castiel's answer but nodded anyway.

"Alright then, welcome to the family, Dean." Samandriel lifted out a hand and Dean accepted giving him a good shake.

"Oh Alfie, it's a pleasure to be here." Dean sarcastically replied.

"Okay now we need to grab coffee and attend a class." Samandriel stood up and slid back behind the counter fixing both of their drinks perfectly. Castiel with a sprinkle of sugar and Dean with a splash of cream. Passing off the drinks he waves at the two as they exited.

"You really think your parents are gonna make us go to your place? I have a very clear no pack visits rule in our contract that will not be broken." Dean sipped at his coffee and looked at his feet as he walked.

"Nah, they're too caught up in their own world to care about me."

"Famous last words, little alpha," Dean muffled a laugh into his cup and Cas shot daggers at him.

"Maybe I'll just drag you there, little omega."
"I will punch you in the dick." Dean threatened.

They walk off the media building for their sexual education class that will take up a huge chunk of their day.

Hopefully it wouldn't be as terrible as they anticipated.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry if there are typos Emilie is MIA! She wasn't in school and I couldn't reach her so if needed we will go back in and edit some more.

As always comments are so greatly appreciated and drive us to write like mad!
(Promise next chapter is really long!)

Next update will be Tuesday April 8th!
See ya then!
Chapter 6- Sex ED

The walk to the Sex ED class was long and a little awkward. Cas had the overwhelming urge to hold Dean’s hand, but he knew that must have been a rule. So his hand tapped the side of his leg, as he bit on the plastic of the coffee cup.

They entered the theater like room to see about a dozen couples, a dozen very cuddly affectionate couples. They were sitting on the floor in a circle, in front of the desks and chairs in the back, Dean looked at Cas with hairy eyes. “What have you gotten us into?”

“Hey boys come on over here!” An overly excited blonde waved at them, “join our little sharing circle!” Dean tensed and cursed at himself for being seen. The fake mates exchanged awkward glances at each other and slowly made their way over.

“Oh gosh, Jackie that bite is just amazing! I just love those matching infinity symbols you got under them!” Dean choked on his coffee at the sight of the beta Jackie’s tattoo. He held back a laugh and bumped into Cas.

“Fuck, we accidentally joined a cult.” Cas whispered lowly.

“These people are bat shit crazy, Cas!” Dean mumbled from behind his cup.

“It’s okay, I mean as long as they leave us alone.”

“Nathan bit me on the right side, like I know it isn't how it should be but, like, I read that in Hindu it meant forever.” A small brunette went on, and this time Dean couldn't hold back.

“Sweetheart, that is such utter bullshit.” Dean continued laughing and Castiel elbowed his side.

“No it is true, I saw it on the internet.” The beta seemed pissed and her friends started backing her up.
“Yeah I have totally heard that before.” A small man spoke up “I mean let’s see your mark, buddy.” Dean glared at the other alpha and pointed to the bite on his neck.

“Wait that’s it, just a mark? Ew.” Ew? Did this alpha just ew his mating mark? Yeah, it was fake but it is one good looking fake. Castiel has a nice set of teeth.

“And where is his?” The tattooed beta asked, funny how fast they made enemies. Dean was at a complete loss of words and stuttered.

“It, ah, it’s on his…”

“My ass, he bit my ass.” It was spur of the moment and the second Castel said it he regretted it. Dean gave him the biggest “what the fuck?” face he has ever seen and the group around them went silent.

“Yes, he has a nice ass, couldn’t help myself.” Dean grabbed Castiel’s hand and pulled him to their seats to wait for the class to start. After a few moments of silence Dean pulled out the contract and a pen. Trying to ignore the odd looks from behind them.

“Don’t take that out here!” Cas whispered excitedly “What if they see?” Castiel looked nervously over at the circle, the brunette from before was still glaring over at Dean as her friend with the infinity tattoo whispered in her ear, no doubt bad mouthing his mate. Castiel growled under his breath.

Dean.

Mate.

Protect.

“Cas, you just told a group of people I bit your ass, that is like twelve times worse than that right sided bite and the infinity tattoo!” Dean’s eyes were wide as he looked Castiel dead in the eyes.

“I-I mean it-” Dean shushed Cas and placed his pointer finger over his lips.

“We should get this outta the way.” he said handing Cas the paper. “Come on, ignore them they’re a bunch of idiots anyway.” he said that last part loud enough so he knew that they could hear. Castiel gave him a warning look. “No reason to hide in the back anymore, fuck we might as well light up the sky about us being mates.” Dean was still clearly unhappy about what happened before.

Castiel brushed it off and looked over the contract.

“Seriously, what the hell is a chick flick moment?” Castiel whispered in Dean’s ear, pointing at the paper discreetly sitting in his lap.

“That doughy eyed staring thing all these schmucks are doing, matching tattoos. Bullshit mating meanings, just all that fluffy love shit is not gonna cut it with me.” Castiel tried to hold back a laugh.

“We are half mates, I promise I wont drag you to any forest ceremony with celtic hymns and mountain ash. Or god forbid a picnic, you might melt from generosity” Dean glared at Cas from the side of his eye. Cas rolled his eyes quickly adding in the piece about his ruts and then signing his name at the bottom. He handed the paper back to Dean, who signed it as well.
“Excellent.” Dean said folding up the paper and putting it in his back pocket. The others were beginning to take their places now. Cas turned his attention to the front of the room, Dean rolled his eyes and sighed, already bored.

“Do we really need this? I mean we both obviously know how sex works.” Dean whispered over to Cas, a little while later, sitting very low in his theater style chair, hiding his face from the teacher, standing in front of the class and giving the lesson.

“It’s mandatory, Dean. It’s not even that bad I mean, come on, it’s diagrams of your cervix. It could be worse.” Dean switched his focus back to the beta in the front of the room. She had short curly brown hair that bounced with every step. She was a little too excited over her job and loved to hear herself talk. She had a long ass powerpoint describing every inch of Dean’s reproductive organs and a few on an alphas knot. Dean just wanted to ditch, he had test to makeup due to his heat and one hell of a headache. “Just watch the presentation.”

“Now if the breeding is successful and an egg or eggs are fertilized then the hormonal makeup of both parents changes.” Dean’s eyes go wide.

“No way, this is Sex ED class, not ‘what happens when you get knocked up class.’” Dean whispers were rapid fire, and Castiel couldn’t help but laugh.

“What, does having pups make you uncomfortable?” Castiel cocked his head and gave Dean a half smile. “I mean sex and pregnancy kinda go hand and hand, Dean.”

“No, no I was a huge family, it’s just, wait why am I telling you?” Castiel was slightly taken aback, and he looked away from Dean.

“I want a big family too, but I want to raise them up the right way. Not like my parents.” Dean side eyed Cas but didn’t say anything. He went back to watching the presentation. Feeling slightly upset he snapped at Cas.

That’s what Dean wanted, a big pack with good values. He loved pups, he needed to find a nice mate that would want to bring up strong willed omegas and caring alphas. A nice mate like Cas, just not Cas. Because Castiel is just his cover mate, they will part ways at the end of the year and find their real mate.

Castiel shook Dean’s shoulder and brought him out of his thoughts.

“Hey, Dean you okay? You’re smelling off.”

“Yeah, fine.” His voice was monotone.

“Well I think I know why you went into heat.” Castiel just pointed to the beta speaker.

“Suppressants are great in short doses, usually used six to nine months at a time with three month break periods. Some omegas use them without the break period and say it’s unnecessary to stop. That is false, if you don’t take break periods you body becomes immune to them. They become utterly useless and your body goes back into it normal heat cycle. Then you are left with no way to supress your heat.” Dean was watching with wide eyes and a gaping mouth. She continued on but it fell on deaf ears, Dean was still trying to process what she had just said.

“Dean, are you okay.” Castiel only received a snarl in response and he backed off not wanting to push the man.

The woman’s presentation lasted only a few more minutes and once it was over Dean sprang from
his seat and stormed off towards the door.

“Dean, hey! Where are you going?” Castiel jumped out of his seat and followed Dean. Jogging up to his side he placed a hand on Dean’s shoulder.

“Back off, Cas!” Dean snarled and shoved through the door into the main square of campus. Pausing a moment he watched Dean walk off to who knows where. Castiel wanted to follow him, his instincts screamed to follow his distressed mate but the logical part of his brain said to leave him alone. That’s what Dean needed, obviously something during the class bothered him. Castiel could only stand by and watch Dean walk off, and there wasn’t a single thing he could do about it.

Dean was pacing back and forth, it was dark now and the trees and cool fresh air cleared his mind. He was so pissed, infuriated with his father. The man who was so ashamed of his son he drugged him up and threw him on suppressants. Not even bothering to tell him the consequences. The health problems, anything about it. Yeah he could have researched it on his own and he should have. How could he have thought to trust him with anything?

With a scream he punched the tree with all his force. A nasty crack followed and Dean bent over cradling his hand. His hand throbbed with heat pulsing through his imobile fingers.

“Mother fucker!” He yelled, slightly whimpering, hot tears streaked his face. His mom didn’t have a problem with him being an omega. What was so horrible about Dean? How could he have failed so terribly? So what, he was brought up from a pup to be an alpha and then once he turned seven it’s like he was a black mark on his family. His father was disappointed in him for something he had no control of. For fucks sake John should hate himself he was the one who helped make Dean!

If he had looked into it then he wouldn't be so royally fucked. He kept his fist tucked into his chest and yelled again. Listening to himself echo through the trees he heard footsteps behind him.

"God dammit it, Cas I said leave me the fuck alone." Dean snarled, but with one sniff of the air he knew it was not Castiel. Turning around Dean growled, trying to conceal his injury. But the smell of his blood was already in the air and he was at a disadvantage. The long and lanky outline of an alpha walked towards him. Ducking under branches he made his way closer.

"Fuck off, Alistair. Why do you not know how to listen." The man in front of him was nearly drooling, musk leaking from his pores. It was rut, the pungent smell of horny alpha filled Deans nose.

"God dammit," Dean whispered under his breath.

"I'm mated, you sick son of a bitch!" Dean snarled, trying to find a way out of the woods and away from Alistair.

"You're alone, I offered my services when you were wet and needy. Now I need you to help me, it’s only fair." A growl was forming deep in Alistair's chest his nasally lisp gave Dean chills and he knew he was going to have to fight himself out of this one.

"You think you can just come in and take what you want?" Dean was already worked up but he was fuming now. With one hand possibly broken he had a problem if this did turn into a fight. Another perk of being an alpha was their fighting traits. Enhanced eyesight, sharpened teeth and
"You stumbled onto me omega. I see you as a gift. Now let me unwrap." He was drunk on his own rut and Dean debated calling Cas. What would that do, he wouldn’t be able to hit three numbers before Alistair was on him. He just had to puff himself up. No fear.

"I'm not a gift now back off or I'm ripping your throat out. You remember my mate? Fucked you up pretty bad. Imagine what he will do if he smells you on me?" Dean's best bet was using his words and Castiel as a threat.

The woods around campus were thick and rocky. Dean could navigate it but not perfectly and it seemed like Alistair knew these woods. He didn't even want to think about the poor omegas he dragged out here to have his way with. Fucking knothead.

"I think I'd like a rematch with that mate of yours, so this will be my message for him." The alpha started walking towards Dean. Countering, Dean stepped back trying to keep distance between them.

"How about I just tell him you want your ass kicked, again?"

"How about you bend over and take my knot, bitch." Alistair snarled and before Dean could reply the alpha was upon him. Teeth sharp, eyes gold, and nails like daggers. Dean tried to avoid him but stumbled over a rock and twisted his ankle. Falling back he only had one hand to catch him now.

Alistair taking his chance jumped on Dean to pin him down. He snarled down at the omega, an obvious show of dominance and Dean returned the gesture. Dean's back was pressed into the damp grass and his hand was being crushed under Alistair's weight. If he was getting out if this he would need both hands.

Holding nothing back he broke his injured hand free and shoved the heal of it into Alistair's nose. The pain was horrible but the damage to Alistar was greater. With a howl the alpha slashed his sharp claws down into Dean's shoulder, ripping his shirt. The shirt from his brother.

"You fuck face get off me!" Turning his head he sunk his teeth into the alphas hand and pulled. Ripping his hand back Alistair wrapped his hand tight around Dean's throat and with the other he slapped him clear across the face. He pressed his groin down to rut against Dean thigh.

Dean couldn’t snarl, or scream. Stuck in the woods being attacked by an alpha. Castiel as paranoid as he seemed to be told Dean every morning "Stay away from the woods, Dean." His stupid overprotective alpha. Dean had heard the rumors just as everyone else had, but Dean was angry and stupid. He could hear his alphas voice in his mind. His head began to swim and panic as he was frantic to find a way out, to find air. But with his windpipe being practically crushed and blood flow severely restricted there was so little he could do. He could feel Alistair's hot breath on his face, his leg burner from the friction of the alphas ruthless thrusts. His vision blurred and he could barely make out Alistair's cold, dead eyes.

Stretching his arm above his head as a last ditch effort Dean grouped for something. Anything. And he found it in the cold smooth surface of a rock. With his last shred of consciousness Dean smashes the rock down onto the alphas head.

Alistair's grip loosened as he collapsed onto Dean. Gasping, Dean shut his eyes as the blood painfully rushed back into his head. If he wasn't in such a panic Dean would have passed out there.

Collecting himself in record time he shoved the alpha off of him and pulled himself to his feet,
slowly he started to limp away pausing for a second to see if Alistair was breathing. Once he confirmed it he continued towards the direction of his dorm. He would call in an anonymous tip to get Alistair out of the woods. Murder wasn’t on Dean’s list of things to do before he died, even if Alistar deserved it.

Patting his pockets Dean pulled out the phone he turned off after he stormed away from Castiel. God why did he leave? His head was throbbing and he couldn't move his right hand. He was limping through the parking lot as he waited for his phone to turn on. It was dark and not many people were out so he trudged on without anyone noticing. It was too cold out now for his t-shirt and a shiver ran down his body, his entire body hurt and he was still in flight mode looking over his shoulder at every shadow in the dimly lit parking lot.

His phone glowed with eleven missed calls from Cas and a few apologetic text that soon became frantic.

"Fuck." He whispered to himself, his voice hoarse and weak. Clicking his name he called the alpha. He picked up on the first ring.

"Dean, where have you been? I've been calling you." The man was obviously distressed and Dean knew this would throw Cas into a frenzy.

"Uh, yeah I shut my phone off to get some alone time." Dean coughed and leaned against someone's silver accord to stay on his feat.

"Dean, you don't sound well. What happened? Where are you?" Panic was rising in Castiel's voice and he could hear him get up from his bed and leave their room with a slam of a door.

"I went to the wood to blow off some steam, I- I need you. I don't think I can make it home." Dean's shoulder was still bleeding and his hand was swollen and utterly useless at the moment. His ankle was proving to be a problem and he knew he couldn't make it home, slowly he lowered himself between the accord and a civic. The cold ground pushed through his jeans and bit at his skin as sharp pieces of gravel dug into his leg.

"What do you mean? Dean, what happened!"

"Just come get me, I'm in the west parking lot section C. You'll smell me."

"God Dean, I'm coming now I'll be there in a few minutes. Just stay put please." Castiel ended the call and Dean pocketed his phone. Letting out a large breath he leaned his head back into the cool metal of the car. Closing his eyes he tried to block out the pain and cold.

Dean must have fallen asleep or dazed out because the next thing he realizes Castiel's warm hands are moving across his body.

"Dean, hey wake up. Please Dean open your eyes for me." Cracking his eyes open he looks up at the blue eyed alpha.

"You were right." Dean croaked out.

"About what, baby?"

"The woods, Alistair." At that Castiel snarled, baring his teeth. Dean saw his eyes darken and he flinched slightly, Castiel took a breath to calm down. " forget about it for now, get me home and I'll tell you everything. Just come on my hand hurts like a mother fucker.
"Can you walk?" Dean nodded and leaned into Cas as he lifted him. Dean buried his nose into Castiel shirt as they walked. He yearned for some sense of comfort and clung to Castiel like he was water in a desert.

The walk back to the dorm seemed like hours and the second Dean hit the bed he wanted to sleep.

"Hey, no sleeping. Not yet, I want to check you over." Castiel rolled up the sleeves on his black button up.

"What are you, a doctor?" Dean mumbled into his pillow.

"No, my father is. But I spent a good majority of my childhood patching up Alfie and Gabriel."

With an irritated sigh Dean painfully rolled over to look at Cas.

"What did he do to you?" Castiel touched Dean’s bruised neck and bloody shoulder gingerly. Anger boiled under his skin but he had to keep his cool, for Dean. Looking over Deans body Castiel make quick work of his shirt. His shoulder stopped bleeding and so did his hand. Pulling the shirt over Deans head carefully, not wanting to hurt him further.

"Fucker was in rut." Castiel knew Dean’s words intended to have a sting but he was exhausted. Castiel paused and without a word he started to pull down Dean's pants. He could feel his teeth sharpen. If that fucker even dared to touch Dean. The smell of alpha musk was strong on Dean. Especially coming from his jeans.

"He didn't knot me, Cas." Relief flooded Castiel but he still pulled of Dean’s pants. Revealing a raw patch of skin on Dean's left thigh. Castiel knew what it was from, Gabriel came home a few times with them when his brothers ditched him. His brother called them rut burns, when the omega fought too hard sometimes they just rubbed them raw and then jump them to knot them when they gave in.

"Did you hit your head?" Castiel asked lightly stroking Dean’s red cheek, he flinched obviously it still stung.

“No, my hand, ankle, shoulder, and neck.” Dean groaned.

“You need to tell me what happened, why were you in the woods?" Castiel ran his hands through Dean’s hair, rubbing soothing circles on his temple. Dean sighed, like the thought of talking was too much. “I'll clean you up as you tell me, then I’ll let you sleep.” Dean gave a slight nod as Castiel stood up to grab his first aid kit and a wet washcloth. As Castiel disappeared Dean looked back at the flaking ceiling. What did happen? Alistair got the jump on him, Dean wasn’t made of glass and he knew how to take on an alpha. He was just distracted and injured, maybe it was time he brushed up on his fighting skills.

Sitting back down at Dean’s side Castiel started washing Dean’s shoulder. He opened his kit and looked over Dean’s body. He was wearing only boxers and first thing Cas needed to do was clean off as much blood as he could.

“Okay, now tell me.” Castiel pressed for Dean to talk. “Start with what set you off in class.” With a deep sigh he started.

“I was pissed at my dad, over the heat suppressants. He’s been putting me on these crazy drugs since I presented. I was seven when he started me on these weird beta hormone drugs meant to alter my hormonal makeup. Then I showed signs of heat when I was ten and he put me on that pill. Told me to never stop talking it.” Dean winced at the pressure Castiel put on his shoulder.
“So the suppressants don’t work and I’m doomed to heat for the rest of my life. So I was pissed when I found out and ditched for the woods, and yeah yeah I know you tell me everyday not to go there and god trust me I heard your voice in my head when Alistair attacked me. But man I wasn’t thinking clearly I mean even away from home my dad somehow followed me.” Castiel’s face was twisted into a pained expression, he had no idea about Dean’s family, well very little other that his father being a horrible man and Small details he shared once in a blue moon.

“How did Alistair find you?” Castiel moved onto Dean’s hand, it wasn’t broken but would hurt like hell.

“I don’t know man, he just did and at first I thought you followed me there. He said he would rape me as a message to you for a rematch. I told him to fuck off and I twisted my ankle and fell. He fucking jumped on me and we fought, I smashed his nose in and he scratched my shoulder. So I bit him and he started to strangle me, I found a rock and smashed his head. I ran off, as fast as I could, looking like this, as far as I know he is still breathing so we should call someone out there. Attacking a mated omega is a serious crime so he should have a hell of a problem getting out of that one.” Dean took a deep breath and twitched his leg as Castiel applied a cream onto his raw skin and wrapped a bandage around his thigh. Castiel took one last look over Dean’s body. His shoulder and hand were bandaged, he couldn’t do anything for his neck or face other than ice it but he knew Dean would protest. He would have a nasty bruise and a hard time getting around, but for tonight Dean would sleep.

“Okay, I’ll call in for someone to search the area.” Castiel stepped into the bathroom closed the door. Dean felt trapped, his own body betrayed him and because of that so did his family and even strangers. Castiel was his last lifeline and he was holding on with every last ounce of fleeting strength he had. Castiel emerged from the bathroom and looked over Dean’s limp body.

“Dean, can I get you anything?” Walking over to Dean’s side once more. Castiel felt utterly useless, he would love to run into the woods and tear off that bastard’s head, but he can’t leave Dean.

“Come lay with me.” The omega whispered as he clung to consciousness. Castiel smiled and nodded as he maneuvered himself over Dean and put himself between him and the wall to avoid his bad shoulder. He moved Dean’s hand and nuzzled into the omegas soft neck and and gently scented him to rid the smell of Alistair. Pulling the covers over he snuggled tight against Dean’s side.

“What happened to your no cuddling rule?” Dean only purred in response as he searched for comfort in his alpha.

The next few days were hard on the both of them, Dean had hard time getting around and Castiel snapped at anyone who dare to look at Dean. He insisted on walking Dean to all his classes and had a problem with hovering.

Dean broke one night when he felt Castiel's eyes on his back as he typed up his research paper.

“Cas, no matter how hard you look at them the bruises aren’t going anywhere.” Dean didn’t want to sound nasty, Castiel was the one who patched him up but he was a big boy and made it this far without a big alpha following him. Castiel only widened his eyes but didn’t speak. “Look I know
your brain is telling you that I am this little thing that needs your protection but I grew up watching
my own ass. Yeah it got kicked sometimes but that’s life. No I don’t like being cornered in the
woods and have some sick fuck try and rape me but that’s my life. So, please chill out on the whole
protector thing. I’ve got this” Castiel only nodded keeping his eyes down.

“I’m sorry Dean, I am fully aware of how capable you are I am just caught up in my own mind.”

“It’s fine just relax.” Dean turned back to his work but could still feel Castiel’s eyes on him. It
wasn’t the possessive stare he had before, out of the corner of his eye Dean saw Castiel’s face fall.
His eyes softened and he turned back to his book.

Dean saw Castiel wasn't reading, his crestfallen expressed and change of smell let Dean see how
terrible he felt on the topic.

It was his life, Castiel was just dragged into it.

Chapter End Notes

Okay so this is an important chapter to me because I was just about done writing it
when I sucked Emilie (My wonderful editor) into this and she added a lot of funny
parts into it. I would really love feedback for this one since it had a serious topic.

Also I will always tag triggers but don't worry no rape occurs in this story. Only
mentions of past or like this chapter in an attempt.
Waking up tangled in Dean was an amazing thing, the sweet smell of lavender, leather, and honeysuckle tickled his nose. He slid his hand over Dean’s chest, the bruising was still very prominent but they were turning from black and blue to purple and yellow. It was still hard for Castiel to look at, the thought of Alistair's hands around Dean's throat made him sick. Dean was still lightly snoring next to Cas, a small patch of drool wet his pillow. It was one of Castiel’s favorite times of day, when Dean was at his most innocent. At this time Castiel could see every part of the omega, he had no walls to hide behind. He could map out each freckle on his face and memorize the shape of his lips and the cut of his jaw. The rhythmic rise and fall of his chest and small noises he made were the soundtrack of his mornings. Castiel would never admit to Dean how much he loved to watch him sleep, it would be his perfect secret. Something he did every morning to imprint it into his mind so that when the year was over and Dean left him he could still conjure the image of Dean in his perfect state of peace. He had a few minutes until his alarm would go off. Winding his arm around Dean he grabbed his phone and fumbled dropping it onto the carpet.

"Shit." Castiel whispered. One arm was caught under Dean's smooth back and Cas was now practically on top of Dean trying to grab his phone. Ignoring the half of an erection that was rubbing into Dean's thigh. With one last try Castiel reached down for the phone. Mistakenly pushing too far and pulled himself and Dean onto the floor. Dean woke with a startled yelp as he landed on top of Castiel. His leg still pressed into his morning erection that was normally dealt with in the shower.

"The fuck?" Dean's eyes were wide from the shock of falling.

"Would you believe me if I said I was trying to not wake you up?" Castiel was looking up at Dean's sleep dazed eyes.

"Well you did a terrible job at it." Dean chuckled and ran his thumb over Castiel's cheek. Dean's touch sent a chill over Castiel's body and that only made his dick twitch.

"Geez, Cas is that a gun in your pants or are you just happy to see me?" Castiel almost snorted.

"It's a gun, you should run." Dean only made a pleased sound and slithered down Castiel's body.

"Smart asses don't get blow jobs, little alpha." Dean smirked and pulled Castiel's sweatpants down to his ankle. Castiel kicked them off and his breath hitched when Dean pulled down his briefs.
"Mmm, officer that's quite a gun you've got there." Castiel let out a moan as Dean began stroking him. They never really got into role-play but Castiel decided to go with it. Dean hovered over Cas’ dick for a moment, before slipping his mouth over the head. Before Dean could move “Ramble On” came blaring out of Castiel’s phone. Dean choked, accidentally grazing his teeth all the way up Castiel’s shaft.

“Ow FUCK Dean!” Castiel shouted grabbing his dick. Dean scrambled across the floor to grab Cas’ phone. He gaped down at it.

“That’s my favorite song!” he said shaking the phone in Cas’ face.

“I KNOW.” Cas growled, tearing up. “Jesus, this is WAY worse than being punched in the dick!” Dean looked apologetically over at Cas

“Oh, geez, I’m sorry I just got excited.” Dean curled up in front of Cas, using light touches to soothe Cas’ aching dick. “I’m sorry.” Cas’ face went from pain to pleasure.

“Fuck you and your fucking obsession.” He panted. “You nearly bit my dick off!”

“I know, I know.” Dean kissed his cheek “Let me make it up to you.” Dean lowered himself and gently wrapped his mouth around Cas’ dick again. sucking and licking, consciously avoiding any contact with teeth whatsoever. Cas started to moan and pant. Dean’s tongue licked a stripe up Cas’ shaft and dipped experimentally under the thin layer of skin covering it. Dean circled the head with the tip of his tongue. He went on like this, so slowly that Cas’ crocodile tears rolled down his cheek.

“Please, Dean, oh please” Cas begged. Dean grinned mischievously moving faster. He dragged on Castiel torment longer than he could bare."Dean!” Cas bucked up and pleaded for Dean to stroke him.

“Oh, Castiel did you want something?” Dean gave him a sly smile, and would he so pay for it.

It was one swift movement that had Dean on his back and Castiel pushed hard against him. He was slotted so perfectly near Dean’s ass. Sliding two fingers down he started to stretch out his omega. The warm wet slick helped him slide in easily and move around. Pressing the pads of his fingers into Dean’s walls and started to scissor him out.

After Dean was good and ready he pulled out and grabbed hold his dick. Giving himself a few strokes he angled himself perfectly so his head was pressed against Dean’s heat. Castiel leaned in close to Dean ear so his breath would heat his neck.

“You have the right to remain silent, any moan, cry, or plead will be held against you in the court of law.” Dean let out whimper and bit his bottom lip. Castiel slid in perfectly and took a few seconds to fully take in the amazing feeling of Dean wrapped around his cock.

Then Castiel snapped his hips and made Dean gasp. he followed with four other powerful thrusts and then fell into a hard fast rhythm.

“Fuck, Cas.” Dean moaned as he slid his hand down and started stroking himself. This wouldn't last long and the both knew. It was like a race each of them chasing their orgasm trying to reach it before the other. Castiel could feel the carpet scrape up his knees and could only imagine what Dean’s back looked like. Looping his arms under Dean’s arm pits he pulled him up to his chest, resting on his thigh Cas bounced Dean on his lap and captured his lips. Dean moaned and wrapped his arms around Castiel’s neck using his knees as leverage to move faster, lifting himself up to
Castiel’s head and slamming back down. Castiel bit down on Dean’s lip and squeezed his eyes shut. Their breathing became erratic sucking bruises into Dean’s jaw and sliding his hands down to grab Dean’s ass pulling him apart and thrusting up hard plunging himself as deep as possible.

Water collected in the corner of Dean’s eyes he was begging for release, his cock rubbing between his and Castiel’s stomach. Gasping, the only words falling from his lips were ‘Cas” and ‘fuck’. Castiel fucked Dean back down into the carpet once again and fell into sputtering uneven thrusts that had them both yearning for release.

It was a snap decision but once Dean came with a toe curling cry Castiel pulled out just before they were fully knotted together and spilled out onto Dean’s cock and stomach. Castiel doubles over onto Dean and nuzzled his neck, scenting the man.

“Why no knot?” Dean asked, or whined from Castiel’s point of view.

“Did you really want to be tied to the floor for forty minutes?” Castiel chuckled. “Anyway we have class in an hour.” Dean looked past Cas and at the clock on the nightstand.

“Ugh, would it be bad to drop out?”

"Yes, Dean it would. Now lets get washed up and dressed." Castiel laughed and placed a soft kiss on Dean’s left cheek. Pulling himself off Dean was a difficult task. Not physically, but mentally all he wanted to do was burrow into the warmth of the man. He was now starting to regret not knotting him.

"Damnit Cas, why are you such a do-gooder? I mean how important can your classes really be?"

"Very, now get your ass up Winchester because we are leaving in twenty-five minutes and you smell like sex." Dean flipped off the alpha as Cas walked to the bathroom and left Dean on the floor. His back stung and he knew he would be sleeping on his stomach tonight.

"Hey Cas?” Dean called from the floor. Castiel poked his head out of the bathroom. Mouth full of toothpaste that dripped onto his chin. He hummed at Dean.

"When did you change your ringtone?” Castiel paused, when did he change it? He remembered Dean listening to it one night and liked how Dean looked singing, how his eyes lit up. How his lips moved around every word making them sound like heaven and sin. He liked that memory and changed his ringtone so he would be reminded of it every day. But he wasn't about to tell Dean that.

"I heard you listening to it before and liked it." Castiel accidentally spit out a blob of toothpaste onto the floor at his last words.

"Fuck." Going back into the bathroom to rinse out his mouth he returned with toilet paper to wipe up the mess.

"Oh, okay." Dean finally stood up, it was getting really cold out and laying naked on the floor in a half assed heated dorm didn't feel too great. Turning to walk to his dresser he moved awkwardly trying to not move his back.

"Oh my god, Dean!" Castiel ran over and placed his firm hands dangerously close to his burns.

"Ah, watch it buddy!“ Dean jumped forward and away from Castiel's cold fingers.
"No, you're bleeding!"

"Wait, what?" Dean attempted to look over his shoulder but failed and scurried into the bathroom.

His shoulder blades and lower spine were rubbed red. Small beads of blood pooled under and around the raw, broken skin. It was most definitely going to leave a mark.

"How badly does it hurt?" Castiel came in, concerned voice and all with the same soothing gel he put on his rut burn in hand.

"Kinda a lot, when I move or breathe." Dean looked back at himself. At least this was from great sex and not some freak in the woods.

"Turn for me, I'll patch you up. Why didn't you tell me I was hurting you?" Castiel really seemed upset about this and manhandled Dean to turn.

"I- don't know. Didn't really feel it that much." Castiel looked over Dean's irritated back. His knees were nothing but a little red compared to this.

Squeezing out some gel Castiel gingerly rubbed it into the hot patches of rug burn. Dean winced a few times but took to deep breathing instead. Once he was finished putting on the ointment Castiel searched through his kit once more. Pulling out three medium sized gauze patched and some medical tape.

"This is more for convenience so your shirt doesn't stick to your back. You should be healed up by tomorrow since it barely broke skin." Patching over his raw skin he smoothed it out softly. Pleased with his work Castiel leaned in and placed a gentle kiss in the center of Dean's aching shoulder blades.

"Better?" He asked.

"Yes, much. Thanks Cas." Dean watched their reflection in the mirror. Odd how well they slotted together like puzzle pieces. Castiel placed a kiss on Dean’s shoulder he patted his ass.

“Alright come one we have to go.” Dean huffed and rubbed his eyes and thought about how much his little brother loved school. Dean was pretty smart but this was no amusement park for him, it was just school. He could imagine how excited Sam would be to go to class, it wasn’t a chore like it was for Dean.

Dean exited the bathroom and saw Castiel pull his dark wash jeans over his runners thighs and the swell of his ass. He admired the bow of his back and the muscles that tensed and relaxed as he pulled on his dark gray button up. Dean walked over to his closet and pulled out a back and grey speckled sweatshirt and worn ripped jeans he would wear in the scrap yard.

“Bring a jacket, it’s cold out.” Dean called over his shoulder as Cas tried to get his hair under control.

“How would you know you've been in bed all morning.” Castiel turned towards Dean and leaned back against his desk.

“It’s called the weather channel app, smartass.” Dean walked over towards Cas. “Now let’s go.” He pulled his books he left on Castiel’s desk and they both exited the room. They walked quietly through the lounge, receiving a few looks from some of the alphas there. Dean still smelt like alpha and sex so he was attracting a little more attention from wandering eyes. Nothing threatening especially since he was clearly claimed.
“Cas, you don’t have to walk me everywhere I’m not some child and it is daylight.” Dean complained, he always said this when Cas insisted on walking him to class, he said it fell under a chick flick moment but Castiel said it was for safety.

“Just for this week, you know they never found him he just left the woods and hasn’t been back at the dorms.” Dean rolled his eyes but he knew it was Castiel’s instinct that pushed him to become so protective.

“Fine, but then I am free to walk to class.” Dean saw Castiel’s face fall and he lightly elbowed him in the ribs. “I’ll be fine, I’ve been kicking ass all my life. Hell I could probably take on you.” Castiel smiled and looked into Dean’s eyes, they looked so much brighter than when they met.

“Yeah, I’m sure you could.” Cas conceded, kissing his forehead.

“So, uh you never really told me much about your family. I mean i know the basics. Shitty dad but everyone else relatively great.” Castiel asked trying to lighten the mood again, and he wanted to fill in some of the gray areas on Dean’s life.

“My family?” Dean paused a second as if he was conjuring up the right words. “Well we are a really wonky pack, It is mainly me my mom, dad and my two brothers. But my mom, Mary, well she has a friend Ellen whose parents died when she was just a pup so my grandparents kinda looked after her for some time but then she was taken in by some other family. My dad and Bobby are childhood friends and well I guess they all met at the right time because Bobby and Ellen have two kids, Jo and Ash. And well then my family, we’re really close I guess. I mean we were all friends back them, and I may or may not of slept with Jo.”

“What? Didn’t you say they were like family?”

“Bobby and Ellen, Jo and Ash are my friends and we aren’t related. She was like my childhood friend and it just kinda happened, a few times.” Dean chuckled, they hadn’t slept together since freshman year and Dean can’t imagine it ever happening again. She was his best friend but that was all they would ever be.

“Should I be jealous, Dean?” Castiel playfully asked.

“No, that is all in the past. I lived with them for some time, when my dad would get really pissed at me. Sammy, Adam, and I were like the damn three musketeers. I’m four years older so I would always get us into the craziest shit.” Dean didn’t realize how much he had been rambling, Castiel was clearly enjoying himself but Dean cut himself off. “But yeah, that’s it.”

“Oh, well you sound like Gabriel, Alfie, and I. We would sneak out into the back woods and play hunt. Who ever could sneak up and tackle the other first. We played to ten and Ann would always come out and yell at us, she was like a mom back then.” Castiel smiled at the nostalgia of his childhood, back when everyone was an ‘alpha’ before Gabriel was exiled and Cas saw the true faces of his parents.

Both men smiled at their stories and their past, Dean bumped Castiel’s shoulder just before they reached his class.

“I’m guessing you will be picking me up?” Dean raised an eyebrow even though he knew the answer to the question.

“Of course, just until the week is over.” Dean pressed his lips into a line and nodded, he took in a small breath and waited a second until he leaned in to placed a soft kiss on Castiel cheek.
“See ‘ya then.” Castiel gave a huff of laughter and watched Dean walk off towards the large brick building dedicated to a professor who was long dead.

Dean walked into his class and took his normal seat in the back. As usual he pulled out a piece of scrap paper and started doodling lines, shapes and sketches of cars. His friend Pamela, if you could call her that, took her seat beside him and leaned over a little too close. Sound like you're scratching away like a mad man.” She took in Dean smell quickly, it was how she could easily communicate. “and you smell odd, obviously like sex.” She sniffed the air again. "Casual sex? Aren't you mated?” She whispered so the professor was not distracted and continued on oblivious the them in the back.

"Uh, yeah I'm mated. What can I not have morning sex?” Pamela had one terrifying nose on her, since she was blind her sense of smell could rival a lifetime mate when it came to identifying changes.

"I can't tell what that smell is. It's honey and warm, it's all over you and you seem to be blissfully dopy over it. But it doesn't smell like your mates. I mean it doesn't have the normal scent tags of a mate. You got something going on Dean?” He was frozen, wide eyes and mouth agape. Pamela was terrifying.

"No, nothing’s going on. We're mates and we had sex this morning." Dean tried to control his emotions know she would catch onto any change.

"Well I'm not denying he’s your mate, it just smells off. You both have a strong tie but it's just missing something." She looked like she was thinking over something for a few seconds and then shrugs her shoulders and went back to listening. Dean felt like he was going to vomit. Missing something? Strong ties? What the fuck.

Dean was chewing the inside of his cheek as he mindlessly scribbling trying to think of what Pamela meant. The thing missing was the other mating mark, their bodies were just reacting normally nothing profound about it and there was absolutely no damn soulbonding shit going on. He was Dean and Cas was well...Cas. He was his casual sex partner. But not his mate, not even close to that.

Just before Dean stood to leave Pamela grabbed his shoulder.

"Just wanted to say, the second I met you I know you were an omega." For the second time in an hour Dean was left speechless.

"But-

"I'm not an asshole. Just like I know your mate doesn't actually have a matching mark. That doesn't seem to be stopping either of your bodies. Casual sex...yeah. Sure.” She walked off sliding through the door with no problem. Dean was one of the last left in the room as he tried to process what he had just been told. What if Pamela told? Why didn't she tell everyone he was an omega? She not an asshole? Is that even an excuse?

All of this was making him feel uneasy and he gathered his books to go find Cas. She was just pulling his leg or something, Pamela liked to do that kind of stuff.

“Winchester, you talk through my class I sure hope you aren’t staying after to ask a questions.” Dean was snapped out of his thought and his cheeks heated. He really hoped Professor Casey hadn’t noticed him. Wide eyed Dean stuttered for a few seconds.
Uh, n-no I’m sorry I’ll just-” Before he even finished Dean backed out towards the exit and bolted. Holding his sweatshirt and books close to his chest as he started for the door. Pushing out the cool air was refreshing on his clammy skin, he was really over thinking what Pamela said. It wasn’t even worth sharing, that’s how unimportant it was. He would just keep it to himself.

Right on cue Dean saw Castiel waiting outside of his class, sitting on the green wooden bench kicking around the rocks at his feet.

“Why so glum?” Dean asked as he made his way over to Cas, running his hand through Cas’ already wind blown and messy hair. Pushing away all memories from before.

“I’m not, just kinda thinking.” Cas stood and placed a kiss on Dean’s temple. Since the attack they shared more affectionate moments and soft kisses, it was comforting for the both of them.

“’bout what?” Dean asked as they started walking, he passed his books to Cas and put his sweatshirt back on.

“How do you feel about sparring?” Cas raised an eyebrow and as he waited for Dean response.

“Like self defence?”

“Yeah, I mean after your are totally healed and all, especially with your newly acquired battle wound.” Dean bumped Cas’ shoulder and laughed.

“I’m good now, wouldn’t mind beating up on you.” Castiel cracked a smile

“You’re too cocky, little omega. I won’t go light on you just because we sleep together.”

“Oh bring it Novak, I’ve been kicking Sammy’s ass my whole life.”

“Oh if you’re so sure of yourself why don’t we go prove how wrong you really are Winchester.” Castiel gave a crooked smile and challenging eyes. It was an offer Dean couldn’t say no to.

“Fine, go back to the dorm to change and then we go to the gym,” it’s the middle of the day and they should have a private sparring room open. A wide smile broke across Castiel’s lips.

“Oh little Winchester what have you gotten yourself into.” With that Dean shot off running in the direction of the dorm. A sudden instinct to chase hit Castiel and a growl rumbled in his chest at the thought of anyone even thinking of following Dean but himself.

Dean.

Mate.

Chase.

Claim.

It was rapid fire thinking and Castiel bolted off after Dean, he was fast, faster than Dean if the omega didn’t have a head start. Castiel still had Dean’s books in his hands but he drove faster as the urge to catch Dean increased. It wasn’t a long run but the burning urge to envelope himself all around Dean and mark him until the world knew exactly who Dean belonged to. He was Castiel’s and no one would ever make the mistake of challenging that. Cas could feel his alpha traits slowly leaking in as he got closer to Dean, following his all too intoxicating smell. He wanted to snarl at any onlookers for looking at Dean, he was Castiel’s and they didn’t deserve any of Dean. His
smile, smell, or the spatter of freckles. His sense of humor or his obsession with classic rock.
Quirky jokes and dumb comebacks. Castiel wasn’t even worthy of him, he was only in this because
his inability to control himself. By the end of the year Cas would be just another onlooker and
Dean’s real mate would be the one chasing him. The spark of jealousy only pushed Castiel faster, if
he had a limited time with Dean he would make every second of it worth it.

Dean must of known what he was doing to Castiel because just as he slipped into the door to their
building he flashed Cas a shit eating grin and sprinted to the stairs.

Cas could smell the mix of excitement and arousal Dean left behind him and he was taking the
steps three at a time, he felt his teeth sharpen slightly as the excitement built in his gut at the
thought of finally catching Dean. Slamming the door open he spotted Dean trying to open the room
as fast as possible. The second the key clicked and the handle turned Castiel was upon him, falling
into the room he closed the door with his foot. Pinning Dean to the wall Castiel rewarded himself
by burying himself into Dean’s neck.

“Caught you.” Dean let out a small laugh and turned his neck out to Castiel slightly so the alpha
had more to worship and kiss, a mix of purrs and possessive growls vibrated in Castiel’s chest and
Dean was laughing slightly.

“I still won the race.”

“But I got the prize.” Cas went down to nip lightly at Dean’s collarbone since his teeth were still
sharpened.

“Okay, settle down Fido, you have to save you energy for when I kick you ass.” Castiel stepped
back and raised an eyebrow shaking his head. He let Dean go from the wall with on last marking.

Hallelujah, there is a God.

Once they finished they each threw on a zip up sweatshirt and sweatpants since it was still cold
outside. On the walk to the gym they shot challenging looks and over competitive grins at one
another, sometimes exchanging cocky remarks.

Once they made it to the huge building practically made of glass they both sauntered in, trying to
intimidate the other. Signing in to the second private room available they walked into the unlocked
door and closed it behind them. Dean was already walking over to the center kicking off his shoes
to reveal his black and gray mismatched socks. They both discarded their sweatshirts and pants
leaving them in training gear and t-shirts.

“Rules?” Castiel asked walking to the center of the mat.

“First one pinned by the throat.” Castiel smiled, he liked those rules.

“Do we have any prize for when I win?”

“Well, when I win,” Dean paused thinking “I want to see you in my panties and i want you to roll
over for me. I want you to be the submissive one for a night.” Castiel was surprised, Dean wanted
him to act like an omega for him.

“Fine, well, I want to know the panty story.”
“Great, can’t wait to beat you because I have a great pair in mind.” Dean gave a sly smile and for some reason that turned Castiel on, he liked the powerful side of Dean.

“Let’s go.” They stood only inches from each other and Dean took the first strike to Castiel’s gut. He was easily stopped and flipped around with his arm bent behind him. “Oh don’t tell me I’ve beaten you already.” But before Castiel could give out a laugh Dean forcefully pulled forward and took the distracted alpha with him. Letting go of Dean’s arm he landed on the wrestling mat with a smack, all the air escaping his lungs. It only took a few fleeting seconds for him to jump back up.

“Tired yet, little alpha?” Dean raised an eyebrow and took a few steps back, but he gave Cas a ‘come hither’ gesture. “Hum, maybe I’ll be using this on you tonight.” Castiel’s blood ran cold for a second and his breathing halted. It’s Dean, Dean is talking, you are safe. Dean is safe. Shaking away the thought he was back on his game.

They slowly circled each other in an odd dance of chance, trying to guess who would strike next. this time it was Cas with his out of character speed, the kind an omega usually had. But Castiel was well built slender but sturdy muscles wrapped his bones but he wasn’t bulky, he was the perfect mix. Dean still managed to block his strike with his forearm. Cas gave a small snarl and struck again but was quickly blocked.

They continued that way for what felt like forever, each switching from offence to defence but never stopping the dance, they were panting and sweat pooled at the back of their necks and foreheads. It was the winning blow, Castiel aimed a fist at Dean’s face that was grabbed out of the air, just as Cas did in the beginning Dean spun him around and pinned his arms back. But he shoved them both to the ground onto their knees. Going one step further he pushed Castiel’s face into the mat and leaned down to latch his teeth onto the side of Castiel’s neck, never breaking skin. It looked as if Dean was mounting the alpha as they both panted.

“I win.” Dean smiled and rolled off of Castiel who fell to his side.

“I let you.” Castiel said after catching his breath. Dean lifted himself up and leaned back on his elbows.

“Oh babe, don’t be a sore loser.” Dean chimed playfully.

“I’m not, I bet I could easily beat you if I used my alpha traits.” Their chest were still moving rapidly and they had no idea how long they were actually fighting for.

“Just accept defeat you know you’re excited for the pair I have in mind.” Castiel twitched slightly, hoping Dean’s imagination wouldn’t go too far.

“Fine, but if I win this time I get to hear the story and if you win...”

“I get another night.” Dean smiled, Cas was somewhat surprised how much Dean liked controll.

“Alright, get up, same rules.” Cas got up and tried collecting himself, any damaged sustained from the fight quickly healed. Minor injuries healed almost instantly, other took a little longer if severe enough, like Dean’s.

Dean followed suit and took his stance as Castiel tried to get in his alpha mind set. It was relatively easy to do since the image of Dean bruised and bleeding was tattooed into his mind. He had to remain fully aware so he didn’t actually hurt Dean in the process. He could feel his teeth sharpen by the graze of his tongue and his nails prick at his palms, his eyesight heightened as each freckle on Dean’s skin became more visible. The green in his eye highlighted with widening pupils and
winkled brow, he was ready to fight.

Dean switched his weight from foot to foot as he watch Castiel change, it was slight, his eye’s were a blackened topaz with patches of swirled blue around the edge and under his eyes darkened slightly, Castiel was fierce. It did something odd to him, he wasn’t totally sure if he liked it.

“Ready, little alpha.” Dean asked, mustering up the most intimidating voice and stance he could. Cas only snarled as he took his fighting position. Dean took the first step towards him and that set Cas off into a sprint. Dean dodged Cas’ fist flanking to his right. Dean soon discovered this would be less fighting and more running, and that would only add to Castiel's alpha mindset. It somewhat excited Dean but then again he had always trained himself to stay away from alphas during this time. But it was Cas, his fake mate and odd friend. He should hate the man tailing him but he couldn't find true fear in it.

Another snarls ripped from Castiel's chest when Dean made a sharp left and let the alpha slam into the mats on the wall. Dean stopped in his tracks and turned to fight bending his knees and growling. Castiel was fast, and thankfully alpha traits didn't increase that. Nor did it affect his strength. Dean could still block all his blows and he could tell Cas wasn't using all his strength.

It was a slight relief that Castiel was still in full control of himself.

"Come on, little alpha. That all you got?" Dean gave him a smile but he was soon tiring.

"Mine." Was all Castiel said before Dean swing and he ducked throwing himself to grab Dean by the stomach and plowed him into the mats. Dean landed with an 'oof' it knocked the wind right out of him.

"Mine." Castiel growled again pushing himself into Dean's neck to place the winning bite on him, his teeth were slowly going back but he was still gentle, still completely Castiel. Cas took it farther by licking up Dean's jaw line and placing a hand on his cheek. It was very intimate for someone in alpha mode, but Castiel was not like any other alpha. He was Dean's alpha...at least until the end of the year. Dean rolled his hips forward into Castiel's and the alpha froze lifting himself above the omega. Eyes still a dark gold that searched his face frantically. It wasn't until Dean rolled his hip again with a whimper he didn't mean to make that told Castiel to continued. His teeth began to sharpen again and Dean had such an odd pull to bear his neck. Submit, beg for his alpha.

Castiel traced his nails down Dean's arms and with a fast and tight movement flipped him onto his stomach, the urge to submit only burned deeper in his stomach, bringing his cock to full attention. He lifted his ass into the air and crossed his arms for his head to lay on. Dean really can't remember presenting to anyone before and he didn't like the feeling he got when he thought of it. But the rest of him was so in love with the idea of giving everything over to his alpha. Before he knew it his clingy athletic shorts were pulled down to his knees, now he was really presenting. It felt so damn good when Castiel traced a line from his slicked up ass down his balls. The sweat was cold on his skin now and Dean was rocking back to gain Castiel's attention, he wanted more than a hand. Castiel made a rumbling sound of pleasure as he pushed two fingers in. In all seriousness Cas could go without prep since Dean was so aroused but the alpha enjoyed this, clearly an act of dominants but that just made Dean push his ass higher. God he hated himself for liking this, Dean wasn't a damn bitch he didn't bend over at the sight of an alpha and he most certainly does not present himself to one. But the mix of his arousal and Castiel's made him dizzy and it was an amazing feeling. Castiel fingers pressing in knuckle deep to find all of Dean's buttons and make him yelp and cry with every stroke of his hand. Scissoring him open with two amazingly talented fingers. Dean was practically drooling onto his arm.

"Mark." Castiel grumbled as he pulled out his fingers. "Mate." Manhandling Dean he placed him in
just right the spot. He unceremoniously shoved and with a growl. "Breed." Dean let out a hiccup of a moan and worked in time with Castiel to push back on his cock.

Dean could tell but the way Castiel fingers dug into his thigh his alpha was increasing as the scraping deepened.

*Omega.*

That’s what he was in this position, bent over and begging. Castiel wasn't his mate, hell they weren’t even supposed to be having sex out of cycle. But that rule was screwed to hell almost as fast as it was made. This sex was different, Dean didn't know if he liked it...it wasn't as good as the other kind but a part if him that was pushed deep down was singing with joy. Dean ground his teeth together, he was in an omegas body but he had the mind of an alpha and he won't be bent over.

"Cas, stop." He meant to say it louder but once the words left his lips Castiel froze and almost lost balance. Just like that the sharp nails in his thighs smoother out and the thick smell of over dominant alpha lessened in the air. He was one hundred percent Castiel.

"Dean?" Castiel asked as if he did something wrong. And his breath halted as he thought back to what he had done, did Dean not consent to this? He could have sworn he was in good control of himself.

"Can-can we switch positions." It was not what Castiel was expecting...at all. But he did just as Dean asked. Grabbing Dean by the hips he pulled him farther down on his cock and slowly lowered them so Dean was sitting on his lap. Castiel's legs bent under him but he loved the way Dean fit perfectly on his lap.

"Better?" Castiel asked looking at Dean through the mirror that covered the wall in front of him.

"Much." Dean felt instantly better other than the slight guilt of letting his instinct take him so far, he was so relieved Castiel had such control over himself. He really wasn't expecting him to stop. This position was best. He had control over the speed and that gave Dean a ping of satisfaction.

"Ready?" Dean answered by pushing himself up by his knees and dropping back down. He pulled a surprised gasp from Castiel and smiled. Castiel's hands snaked down one to slide over Dean's thighs and the other to slide up his shirt and pressed his fingers into the soft give of his stomach that was hardening with every constriction of muscle.

Dean lifted his arms behind them and tangled his hands in Castiel's hair and clung to the nap of his neck. He changed up the rhythm and started moving his body in a wave motion and worked his stomach as if he was grinding down on Castiel who let out a choked cry at the unexpected change. Cas' grip tightened on Dean's thighs and the omega hummed at the joy of the power he had over Cas who was putty in his hands. It was perfect, no one was truly dominant in this position as they shared equal pleaser due to the other.

Castiel was going mad at every clench of Dean’s muscles as he rose off his cock, the look of his body moving so perfectly in a fluid motion of riding him. Dean’s cock was bobbing with every movement of grinding. The mirror in front of them made it oddly intimate as they made eye contact every few times.

One last time Dean changed his movement, rotating his hips in a circle as Cas dragged him up and down on his shaft. Castiel let his hand leave Dean's thigh to grab his cock and start pumping and thumbing over his leaking head. Dean tipped his head back in pure bliss as they both approached their edge. Dean could feel Cas swelling and he rested himself on Cas' shoulder and bore his neck
for the alpha to kiss. They both came in a mix of cries and moans tangled in each others sweaty limbs.

Both of them still had their clothes on since their pants were only pulled to their upper knees. Once they came down from their high Castiel opened his eyes and looked at them in the mirror.

"Oh fuck." He was upset.

"What?"

"I knotted you."

Dean raised an eyebrow and made a 'no shit' face at Cas through the mirror.

"That's the idea."

"We only had this room for an hour." Suddenly Dean got the message.

"Are you saying someone is going to walk in on this?" He motioned at their bodies that were tied together.

"Okay, in all fairness I wasn't going to knot you." Castiel defended.

"Then why did you?"

"Because I had no idea you were the fucking the god of hip-gyration." Cas joked and buried his nose into the back of Dean's hair. "Why haven't you shown me that before?"

"Remember, we're out sexing each other. And looks like I'm in the lead." Dean said proudly.

"Okay yeah I'll give you that." Cas was still tracing shapes on Dean's legs. Dean coughed as if he was trying to fill the silence that wasn't awkward until now.

"Hey, uh thanks." Dean's voice was much softer now as if the words were hard to say.

"For what?" Cas' brow knit together as he studied Dean's face in the reflection.

"Stopping." Cas smiled and moved his arms to wrap around Dean's waist and squeeze him to push the omegas back into his chest.

"Why would you thank me for that? It's such a simple command." Dean looked down.

"I don't know, you were in alpha mode and.."

"Dean, it's a four letter word and if someone can't listen to that alpha mode or not well they're just sick. I don't care if I am in rut and I stumble upon an omega in heat. No just means no." A rush of warmth swam through Dean's body, of all the alphas to accidentally mate he had the best one.

"Well uhh, yeah. I guess you're right. So I guess I'm thanking you for not being a sick fuck." Cas chuckled.

"Oh I pride myself on it." They both fell into a mutual silence and enjoyed the time they had being tied together. "But if you don't mind me asking. Why did you- nevermind, you don't have to tell me." Dean tried to think of words to describe his internal battle of alpha and omega.

"It just felt so stereotypical and I'm just not like that I guess. Some small part of me liked it but the
rest I don't know it made me feel dirty. Like I was acting just like my dad told me I would. Just someone's bitch." The last words tasted like bile in his mouth Cas let out a soft but clearly possessive growl.

"Dean Winchester you are not, nor will you ever be someone’s bitch. Hell I may top but you sure like power under the sheets." Cas paused as Dean gave a soft laugh. "I just wanted to make sure it wasn't something I did, I mean I thought I was in full control and I don't know. I'm happy you said stop, your position was much better." Castiel kissed Dean's shoulder and they both let their minds wander until Cas' knot went down.

Finally once they broke free Dean pulled his shorts up and went to grab his discarded sweat pants.

"Well damn, I guess we should clean up." Castiel said looking at the cum Dean left on the floor. "There is an attached bathroom I'm sure they have towels." Dean walked off as Cas dressed himself.

Just as he thought there were towels by the sink. He looked up at himself in the mirror. His cheeks were still red and his freckles slightly less apparent from the lack of sun. His eyes dazed and an odd smile. He had a weird bubble of happiness in his stomach. Dean knew Cas wasn't like other alphas but his whole life his father would tell him what he said wasn't as important based on his representation. Omegas were only half an alphas worth. He knew it wasn't really true, people listen to him all the time...but they all thought he was a beta. Cas took his word, listened to his command and it made Dean feel good. His words mattered no matter what his father said and even if he was an omega Dean had the mind of an alpha.

He felt that odd pull towards Cas again, he was equal to the alpha and his father could shove it up his ass because in all that time of downing Dean he had no idea Cas was alive and ready to throw every damn stereotype away and make his own. The towel was damp and Dean rang it out a little. Walking back out he went to clean off the blue mat, he felt embarrassed that they couldn't even go through a fighting match without it turning into sex. They both just enjoyed physical contact and to each, the other was a warm body. It didn't go any further than that. Yeah. That was all. Once the mess was cleaned up Dean went and threw the towel in a laundry pile that was filled with more towels.

"Ready?" Castiel asked and Dean nodded. They walked towards the door until they saw the knob turn and two men walk through, obviously their time was up.

"Okay we have waited patiently but you hour was up a long time ago and-" the taller man froze sniffing the air. Dean and Cas both turned red. "What is that smell? Did-did you have sex in here?" Both the new men looked confused and upset that they had taken up their sparing time to have sex.

"Funny story." Dean starts but bolts for the door and is followed by Cas as they slip between the two men and haul ass out of the building. Stopping once they are a good distance away.

"Holy fuck, Cas." Dean panted.

"Yeah, that was- fuck." They both started laughing as they thought of the man's face.

"I can't believe that just happened!" Dean laughed wiping a tear from the corner of his eye.

"I'm not sure it really did." Cas said looking back at the building. Turning they decided to walk back to the dorm, Dean decided he would call Jo.
They walked for a few minutes before Castiel spoke up.

"So, um when do you think we will start looking for that shrink guy?" Dean stumbled slightly.

"Ah, well I mean, you know we- we still have time no need to rush it or anything." Dean fumbled over his words.

"Yeah, I totally agree we have plenty of time. So much we don't even have to think of that for a long time." Cas nodded as if approving his words. Not realizing how stupid he sounded.

"Yeah totally I agree completely." It was true, they did have time. Why shouldn't Dean enjoy his last year of college?

Chapter End Notes

Ahhh yes end it at that, Dean are you enjoying this little mishap of yours? Oh tisk tisk little omega...
Can't wait for chapter 8!

Next update is Tuesday April 22nd!
See 'ya then!
Chapter Notes

Okay, this is Emilie's chapter and it is her baby! She so overdid herself on this one and she is amazing!

Just some info ahead, Dean had a relatively happy childhood. His dad was the only one holding him back so Dean knows what it's like to have a childhood and just be happy...So here we go!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 8- The Way to an Alpha’s Heart

Cas was starving. He rubbed his eyes, which were blurring up over the top of his text book. He’d been at this all morning, getting no where. Accepting defeat he pushed back his chair to see Dean dozing off while reading on his bed. "Hey Dean." He said. Dean didn't stir, just buried his nose deeper into his book. "Dean!" Cas quietly crept over to Dean’s side kneeling next to his head. He carefully slipped the book out from under Dean’s head. Remarkably, Dean stayed asleep. Cas set the book aside looking at Dean's sleeping form, he looked so… He's just so… There’s no other word for it Dean was absolutely beautiful. Cas never knew that a man could be beautiful, and none as beautiful as Dean. There was a pang deep in his heart over the thought of the upcoming end of the year. The weight on his chest of their impending separation was practically unbearable. While Dean was sleeping, Cas could pretend they were deeply in love. Cas reached forward and ran his fingers through Dean’s short hair, and to Cas’ pleasant surprise Dean leaned into the touch. After a moment Dean snorted awake jerking away from Cas’ hand.

“Whu -re you doin’?” Dean asked sleepily. Castiel stood up quickly.

“Nothing! I-I was trying to wake you up.” He said not looking Dean in the eye Dean rolled over rubbing his eyes. “I was wondering if-” Dean stretched and moaned loudly. Cas smirked “You tired or something, babe?”

“No, Cas I was just sleeping because there was nothing good on TV.” Dean grumbled sitting up. Castiel faltered slightly, maybe Dean wasn’t interested.

“Sorry, I-” Cas backed away the moment deflating between them. Dean noticed the sudden change in Castiel.

“Woah, hey, hey!” Dean jumped up and walked over to him “I was kidding, chill.” Dean chuckled running his fingers over Cas’ stubble. Cas blushed a little.
“I need to shave.” he mumbled.

“Nah, I like the peach fuzz.” Dean said. He dropped his hand an awkwardly walking back over to his bed, turning his back to Castiel.

“Do you wanna go get a burger or something?” Dean froze. “I’m starving. If not that’s fine. Do you want me to bring you one back? You have to study. You probably don’t want to-”

“Yeah, okay.” Dean bit his lip, what was he doing? “Give me, like, five minutes, then we can go.” Cas was stunned by this response.

“Uh, cool.” he said backing out of the room to go brush his teeth. As he worked the toothbrush through his mouth, he listened to Dean dress. It was weird, this thing they were doing, really weird. Cas was making it weirder by suggesting they break a rule and go have dinner. Maybe Dean thinks it’s just casual, “let’s go get a burger,” but isn’t that what it was? It could never be anything more than that, could it? Cas shook his head, rinsing his mouth out, and returning to Dean.

Dean was wearing a very nice pair of dark wash jeans and a light blue plaid shirt buttoned all the way up. He was lacing on his well-worn combat boots when Cas returned. Cas blinked. He hadn’t seen him in anything but band shirts and his ripped weathered jeans. Dean was practically wearing a suit right now in Cas’ eyes.

“Wow.” he said stating his presence in the room. Dean looked up at him quickly and gave him a small sheepish smirk.

“I bought new stuff the other day.” He said somewhat trying to hide his face.

“I can see that.” Cas said “They look good.” Things were rapidly cooling down now, and the trees were turning bright hues of orange, brown, and red. Cas, in a last minute decision swapped the button up he was wearing with another one that matched Dean’s eyes. Dean crossed the room to grab his leather jacket.

“We goin’?” Dean asked, reaching out a hand to Cas. Castiel bit his lip and took it as they walked out to Dean’s car. Cas thought the car ride would be dead silent, but it wasn’t. “Ramble On” played as they drove around looking for a good burger place. They talked amiably about classes, made fun of teachers and peers, and sang some of the lyrics as well.

“You realize you’re a total fucking nerd right?” Cas teased “You can’t deny it.”

“I am not!” Dean protested laughing.

“This song is just one big Hobbit reference!” Cas exclaimed “That’s pretty nerdy assbutt.” Dean rolled his eyes.

“Sammy and I have this rule,” Dean said coming to a stop at a red light, leaning in very close “Driver picks the music, shotgun shuts his cake hole.” He flicked the side of Cas’ head before returning his hands to the wheel.

“Hey!” Cas shouted “Abuse!” they both laughed and Cas rubbed his head pouting.

“Aww, look at the poor baby.” Cas glared at him so Dean quickly kissed his pouty lips and went back to driving.

“Keep your eyes on the road.” Cas scolded, biting his lips to keep from smiling. He could taste Dean’s salty breath on his mouth like it was burned into his skin. They were both quiet as the track
changed to “Moby Dick.” Cas reached to change it and Dean swatted his hand. “Oh come on it’s, like, fifteen minutes of instrumental!”

“It’s not that long.” Dean said defensively, although he was still grinning. “It’s more like five minutes.” Nevertheless Dean turned the music down. “So, where’s this place that we’re going?” Cas grinned.

“Turn left.” he replied.

“Aw come on Cas! You gotta tell me somethin’.” Cas had been giving him vague directions for twenty minutes now, and he better believe he’s paying for the gas on this adventure.

“You tell me something first.” He said stubbornly, still smiling.

“Something?” He asked.

“Yeah something.”

“About what?”

“About you.”

“About me?”

“Yes, about you assbutt.” Cas sighed “Tell me something about you.”

“I like dick.”

“You’re an ass.”

“That’s the idea, baby.” Dean winked laughing at Cas’ disgruntled expression. He sighed. “Okay fine, um…” Dean wracked his brain for a good story. “Well, when I was eleven Sammy and I went frog hunting.” He said

“Frog hunting?”

“Yeah, yeah, there’s this really small swampy lake out in the back of my house, and every July there are a zillion frogs hopping around, croaking so loud no one can sleep. So, Sammy and I got these little sand buckets, and gathered them up, at least some of them, his little bucket only fit a couple.” he paused reminiscing “You shoulda seen his face, man. Eyes as bright as the fucking stars. We took our squirmly little guys inside and hid ‘em in Adams -my other brother’s- room. It was so great when he came home, freaked the fuck out, there were frogs all over his bed.” he bellowed a laugh, Cas liked Dean’s laugh “We were both covered in frog slime, and mud and dirt, and Sammy, he ran around the living room screaming ‘We’re the greatest frog hunters in the wooooorld!’” Dean sighed smiling “You should’ve seen him.” Cas’ was smiling ear to ear, looking brightly at Dean. The way he talked about his brother was really something special.

“That’s the sweetest thing I’ve ever heard.” Cas said. Dean shrugged.

“He’s a good kid. Super smart too, really, really smart.” Cas nodded.

“You really love him.” Cas said still smiling. Dean nodded. They were comfortably quiet the rest of the ride there. Cas watched as images of a tiny little Dean running around in a Metallica shirt and combat booties chasing a cute little Sammy with a large frog in his hand. This was a good image of Dean. A happy, healthy little Dean who didn’t know he was an omega yet, a little Dean who didn’t
need to toughen up, or defend himself from his father. A Dean that Cas hopes he’ll get to see one day. They pulled into the parking lot of an old looking diner.

"The 'Everyday Diner'" Dean read off the sign.

"It's the 'Eveready Diner'" Cas corrected.

"Why's it called that?" He asked. Cas opened his mouth to answer and then shut it again.

"I- I don't actually know to tell you the truth, but it's an old place, it's not vintage-style, it's actually vintage." Cas grinned, eyes sparkling.

"Oh shit, Cas, you never told me you were a closet hipster." Dean teased bumping their shoulders. Cas smacked his arm.

"That is not hipster I just appreciate these places and they just so happen to be older. And over there!" He said steering Dean to look. "That's Roller Magic, that's also vintage. They're in the same parking lot so kids used to take each other out to the roller skating rink and then get a bite to eat here almost 50 years ago!" Cas was smiling ear to ear. Dean was grinning rather amusedly at him, and he blushed. "S-sorry. 20th century history is kinda my thing." He admitted shrugging.

"No, it's cool." Dean said "it's kinda cute." Cas brightened up. Cute? Dean is almost acting as affectionate as he was when he was in heat, just less touching. It made Castiel’s stomach feel warm and a small blush appear on his cheeks.

"And then over there," he pointed "about 3 blocks up the road is a drive in movie theatre which is just as old!" He was bouncing up and down on the balls of his feet like a little kid. Dean smiled sweetly.

"Come on." He said walking over to the diner. It had that distinctly diner-feel. Booths with salt and pepper shakers, tiny jukeboxes on each table, pretty waiters and waitresses with white lace-trimmed aprons and order-booklets. The sound of metal utensils on glass plates, and soft intimate conversations of table mates. It seemed so loud but there must have only been four or five occupied tables. There was an eclectic mix of smells. Dean sniffed the air pancakes, grilled cheese, coffee and ketchup came to his nose all at once.

A blonde alpha waitress with a ponytail seated them in a booth by the window. She set down two tall glasses of water, winking at Dean before walking away to let them make a decision. Castiel growled at her retreating figure, and Dean chuckled from behind his menu. It's no secret Dean's a gorgeous omega, right now he was letting off the most dizzying of smells, it was amazing how his body worked, chemical makeup changing nearly every week. His body was calling Cas, or really, any alpha in the room, as if it was a reminder his heat would be in a few weeks. He smelled so good and claimable. Cas wished he could scent him again right now, but he resisted. Dean wasn’t his to mark, even if their chemical connections said otherwise.

They ordered their burgers and fries quickly. They were both so hungry.

"And anything else to drink? Or do you want me to just being you more water?" The alpha girl asked.

"Actually, yeah, I want a vanilla milkshake." Cas said handing his menu to her. Dean snorted.

"Vanilla?" He asked "Come on, chocolate is so much better."

"No it's not" Cas countered sticking out his tongue, Dean made a face back.
"Chocolate milkshake?" Dean asked the girl, batting his long eyelashes at her. She blushed crimson, nodding and scribbling it down, taking his menu away. Cas crossed his arms and started toying with the jukebox, flipping the pages.

"Need a quarter?" Dean asked, fishing one out of his pocket. Cas took it putting it through the slot and hitting play. The booth filled with the sounds of "Your Love" by The Outfield. Dean's lip quirked.

"Nice." He said nodding to the beat. Cas who was whispering along to the lyrics, smiled at him.

"You're not the only one with good taste in music." He teased sipping from his water. By the time the waitress returned with their milkshakes both of them were throwing their heads back and belting out "I DON'T WANNA LOSE YOUR LOVE, TONI-IGHT." The place was nearly empty so it's not like they were bothering anyone.

"You have a great voice" she said to Dean setting down his drink.

"Thanks." He said hardly paying attention to her as he stuck his straw in the glass taking a large sip. She walked off pouting slightly. Cas smiled satisfied with her annoyance, he toyed with the wrapper on his straw.

"Dean?" He asked nervously.

"Mm?" Dean didn't remove his lips from the straw in front of him.

"Is this breaking the rules?" He chose his words carefully. The real question was "Is this a date?" But he didn't want to just come out and ask that. Dean thought for a second.

"Burgers don't count as dinner, plus it's late afternoon" he smirked "not really dinner time is it?"

"You- you put that loophole on purpose!" He accused looking highly amused, Dean wouldn't let on if he did or didn't, so Cas just sighed starting on his milkshake. He hardly got a sip in before his straw was joined by another. "Hey! You have your own!" He said pointing to an empty cup. "Wow, you finished that quick, kid flash." Dean rolled his eyes.

"Dork." He muttered taking another sip.

"You said vanilla was lame." Cas said crossing his arms, looking smug.

"It is, people who drink vanilla are vanilla in bed, it's proven." He shot back, stealing Cas' cherry.

"Oh?" Cas asked slightly annoyed "so, how's your back feel, hm?" Dean choked on the cherry.

"Shut up." He muttered turning red.

Talking stopped for a while as they ended up sharing Cas' milkshake. When the waitress came back she gave them a look akin to one someone would give a newborn pup when it giggles the first time. They looked like something out of an old romance movie.

They took their massive burgers and pile of fries from her and started to devour them. Cas dipped a fry in milkshake and held it out for Dean, which he took, smiling as he did.

"There's no rule about that either." Cas said taking a fry of his own.

"Nope." The were both grinning and blushing like morons. They ended up feeding each other most of the fries dipped in vanilla milkshake. Once they were literally too full to even look at their
plates, they asked for a check. Dean wouldn't even let Cas look at the bill.

"But it was my idea to come here!" He protested. Dean merely shrugged handing of the money, which was honestly pretty cheap for the two of them.

They left a reasonable tip for their waitress, exiting out the front door. "You know it's only 4:30..." Dean stated looking across the parking lot to the roller skating rink. Cas' eyes widened at what he was insinuating.

"Dean, we're adul-" Dean kissed him softly.

"So?" He asked raising his eyebrows. Cas bit his lip.

"Race ya!" He called tearing off towards the rink. Dean rumbled a laugh speeding after him. If they're going to do this, might as well do it properly right? Then they won't have to do it again. One date. That's all. Dean caught up wrapping his arms around Castiel and pulling him back. Cas yelped in protest, laughing.

"No! I was winning!" He cried. Dean let go and opened the door holding it for Cas who quirked an eyebrow. Dean shrugged. "Burgers aren't technically dates." He said. Cas nodded.

"Yeah, that seems reasonable." He said with a small smile. He walked through the threshold and into the rink. It was nearly empty, save a few people. Cas went over to the skate-rental counter. There was a young omega boy, his name tag said Kevin.

"Hello." He said, he looked a little bored and based on how often he checked his watch, his shift was almost over.

"Hi, we need two pairs of skates." Castiel said.

"Mhm, roller skates or in-line?" He asked.

"Roller skates." Cas replied before Dean could open his mouth.

They told Kevin their shoe sizes and received the boots. Cas paid the rental fee, even though Dean said he'd pick up the tab.

"You paid for burgers." He said handing over the money. Dean toyed with the neon green wheels on the bottom of the boot before putting them on. Cas was already warming up rolling around him, encouraging him to hurry up.

"Come on little omega!" He jeered wheeling around the corner.

"In the-" Dean wobbled on his wheels "-the di-ick, woah-" he fumbled steadying himself by clutching the wall "in the dick, Castiel." Cas rolled smoothly back over to him.

"You can't skate, can you?" Cas asked him snickering. Dean flipped him off. Castiel gave him a light smile and held a hand out for Dean. “It’s not that hard, take my hand and I’ll show you.” Dean slowly let go of the wall and gripped Castiel’s hand like a vice. He was wobbly and off balance, his center of gravity was pulling him both ways and he tightened all his muscles.

“F-f-uckk.” Dean's feet started sliding out from under him and he quickly scrambled to throw his arms around Castiel’s shoulder. The extra weight took Cas off guard and they both toppled to the floor, Castiel landing flat on his ass with Dean still white knuckling his shoulders.
“Dean, you have to relax okay?” Castiel found his feet again and offered a hand to pull Dean up for the second time in five minutes.

“Relax on these rolling death blades?” Dean was wide eyed but the brush of red over his cheeks showed his embarrassment.

“No one is good on the first try, not at anything.”

“You were pretty good in bed.” Dean bumped Cas with his shoulder and almost lost his balance again.

“Alright slow down there tiger, one step at a time.” Castiel laughed as he held Dean up by his elbows. He pressed his chest into Dean’s back and hummed. “Just relax, move one foot at a time and just glide.” Castiel pushed him lightly as they moved towards the rink, they were the only ones there save a few kids a little girl and her father.

“I say this in the manliest way possible but for the love of god Cas don’t let me go!” Dean tensed again and his legs wobbled under him.

“Dean if you don’t calm down we are both going to fall again.” Castiel moved his hand from Dean’s elbow to his hip and the other at the lower dip of his ribs.

“The rink will feel different than the carpet but just breath with every push of your skates. Trust me I’m a great teacher.”

“Well duh, that’s why you’re studying to be one.” Dean started and wobbled but Castiel steadied him.

“And how will I look if I can’t teach a grown man to skate, the kids will never take me seriously.” Even though Dean was annoyed, he grinned at the idea of a teacher-castiel wrangling a bunch of snot nosed brats, and force feeding them Shakespeare and the Great Gatsby.

“Shut up and hold my hand, you prick.” Dean grumbled. Cas laughed.

“At least I know my dick is safe while both your hands are preoccupied.” He said with a teasing smile. A couple of kids skated by them and stared. Dean started laughing.

“I think they might have heard you Mr. Novak.” Castiel retaliated by letting go of Dean, and watched as he scrambled and fell again. Dean used the wall as support, hoisting himself up again. Castiel did a quick lap around the rink showing off a bit by skating backwards and adding in (an extremely manly) spin.

Pissed and impressed, Dean started pushing himself to figure out how to do this on his own. Soon, he had gotten the hang of it. Cas whipped by him, halting with professional talent.

“Wow, you’re doing good.” Dean puffed out his chest proudly.

“Only because you’re such a good teacher.” Cas took him by both hands, skating backwards and propelling Dean forward “Woah, woah, hey, what are you doing?”

“Just trust me, okay?” Castiel smiled, they’d both been smiling a lot this afternoon.

“Okay.” he said, holding on to Castiel as they started to do a strange wheeled dance on the waxy hardwood floor. By seven thirty, the two of them were too tired to skate anymore. Dean was certain he’d have blisters all over the bottoms of his feet from the boots. He found himself not caring one
They walked back to the car Castiel was practically glowing from happiness, and Dean was happy to see it.

“Y’know, you’re the most fem-alpha I’ve ever met.” Dean teased hopping into the car.

“Say that again with my knot in your ass.” Cas growled. Dean laughed nervously.

“Maybe I will.” he replied

“Good.” Cas watched Dean start the car.

“Good.” Dean glanced over his shoulder at Cas who was looking at him. There was a still moment between them, then as if the two of them were struck by lightning their mouths came together in the middle. Dean slowly twisted in his seat, having not put his seatbelt on yet, and stroking Cas’ cheek. He could feel himself getting hot, his body tingled like being licked with fire, he was so turned on. Was this how sex was going to be now? Damn, he may never get the hang of his heats.

“God,” Cas panted “Backseat. Now.” Dean nodded, swinging his door out and bounding from the car, and then into the backseat. Cas met him and they started kissing again. Cas’ hands were everywhere, tearing away clothes left and right. Dean just went with it, screw the contract, he wanted this, they both did. Cas nipped at Dean’s chest sending shivers over his body. Dean moaned quietly.

“Oh, fuck, Cas.” Castiel rumbled a growl from the back of his throat, marking Dean’s neck, chest, everywhere he could bite skin. It wasn’t the bite, but it felt so good to do it. Their scents mixed together so well, Dean was right, there was the smell of honey, and grass seed? No, maybe it’s a tea-smell, it was sweet and earthy and, just so good.

Ravishing each other they dragged their hands over every inch of skin in reach, as if tangling their tongues and clawing at one another would make them one. Dean felt no guilt as he traces a greedy line of kisses across Castiel’s jaw, dragging his tongue across stubble. His heat wasn’t pushing him to do this and even though they have had out of heat sex it wasn’t like this. Still high of the joy of their ‘non-date’ it only added to the excitement that ignited between their lips. Nipping and sucking at Castiel bottom lip he maneuver them so Castiel was as close to lying down as possible and Dean straddled his hips. Dean cradled Castiel face as he deepened the kiss as Cas snaked one hand up to trace Dean’s spine and the other firmly grabbing his ass. Their scents mixed to create the smell of sweet flowers and sun kissed air, honey and lemon grass. It was completely intoxicating and Dean fell into the moment with such a burst of unknown warmth in his stomach, threading his fingers through Castiel’s thick hair.

They become totally oblivious to the fact they were tearing each other apart in a diner parking lot across from a family skating rink. It wasn’t until a loud knock on the window did they realise they were in the public eye. Dean froze and slowly lifted up to make eye contact with a middle aged blond man lifting a bushy eyebrow at the.

“C-Cas, there is a cop outside.” Castiel shot upright and sent Dean tumbling backwards almost hitting his head on the door. “Smooth move asshole.”

“Shut up and act like you are dying from a crazy heat.” Castiel ordered.

“What?”

“Look as horny as possible and crawl all over me as I talk to him, I’m going to lie to him.” Dean finally caught on and let Castiel move out from under him to roll down the window. He knew the
smell of sex wafted out into the officer's face. Dean put on his best needy face and crawled over to Cas, slightly uncomfortable he started kissing and licking his bare back, tracing over the knobs of his spine. Castiel let out a slight shiver but tried to act unaffected.

“Hello, officer.” Cas greeted. Dean moved it up a notch now making it his goal to embarrass Castiel as much as he could. Letting out needy moans he started biting at the back of Castiel’s neck and grinding his groin across Castiel’s ass that was in a perfect position since Cas was on his hands and knees talking to the officer.

“You do realize this isn’t a bedroom, right?” He asked obviously trying to tell if Cas was a smartass.

“Yes-yes I do, officer.” Castiel’s voice faltered as Dean reached up to pinch his nipple.

“So I’m going to have to ask why you thought it was okay to fool around in a public parking lot.”

“My-my mate just went into heat an-“

“Come on baby, knot me, I’m begging you please!” Dean did his best to say it with a straight face. He reached between Castiel’s legs to start to rub his straining cock. “Come on, breed me up.” Dean purred closer to Castiel’s ear, he watched as the police officer’s face went red and eyes widened.

“Okay, I’ll let you off but go home now and...Deal with him.” He waved at Dean who was nuzzling Cas’s neck.

“Thank you, officer.” Once the gruff man walked off Cas cranked up the window and Dean fell back laughing.

“Holy fuck, Dean!”

“You wanted me to be convincing.” Dean shrugged with a shit eating grin.

“Breed me up!? What even- how did-“ Castiel was sputtering, arousal was clouding his mind because Dean’s act was hot enough to melt Antarctica.

“I don’t know what I say when I’m in heat, I’ve heard it in a porno. Just kinda went with it.”

“You are really something, Dean Winchester.” Cas shook his head lightly and smiled.

“I know,” Dean winked. “But we should probably leave.” Castiel nodded and tried to get out of the car without brushing his cock on his jeans too much. He hoped it would go down on the way home, but he was never that lucky. Well he did stumble upon Dean so maybe he was.

The drive home was comfortably quiet and the sun was almost completely gone from the pastel sky. They parked in their normal spot and piled out, it was a short walk to the dorm and the night was quickly cooling off.

Castiel stuck his key in and they quickly stripped down and threw on T-shirts and sweatpants. Dean subconsciously joined Castiel on the left side of their room, Castiel welcomed him by lifting the covers. Dean slid easily into Cas’ bed, sighing contentedly, and curling up next to him.

“Damn I was supposed to study today.” He announced, realizing at once what time it was. Cas laughed in reply,

“Yeah, me too.” He admitted. Dean thought about it a moment, and then shrugged.
“Oh well.” Cas winked.

“No regrets?” Dean smirked, kissing his forehead.

“None.”

“Good.”

“Good.”

“Good.”

“You said that already, dummy.” Dean said, nudging him playfully. Cas purred, nuzzling close, running his fingers through Dean’s short hair. Dean melted, returning the affection, rubbing Castiel’s stomach.

“Mmm, good.” Cas sighed. Dean chuckled, running his wrist over Cas’ torso, scenting him. Cas did the same, scenting Dean’s neck and shoulders. They fell asleep like that Dean’s arms wrapped around Cas’ waist, and Cas’ encircling Dean’s neck. It wasn’t until a loud horn blared through the hallway that they both started awake, Castiel instinctively pulling Dean as close as possible. He earned himself a playful slap on the ass.

“Down, Fido.” Dean groaned as he sat up, “Looks like the DA is gonna have one hell of a night.” Cas pulled Dean back down to him as they tried to block out the noise down the hall with talking. It was only eleven since they went to bed so early so they were slowly waking up as if they just took a power nap.

“Well since we are going to have that soundtrack until our DA decides to do something how about we play fact for fact?” Cas asked looking at Dean’s profile.

“Fact for fact? Is that like truth or dare because the last time I played that I had to lick Sammy’s foot.” Cas chuckled and lightly placed a hand on Dean’s abdomen.

“No, it is used to get to know people and it’s just how it sounds. I say a fact about my life and you say one on yours.” Dean gave an approving nod and turned to Cas.

“Okay, I’ll start,” Dean bit his lower lip as he thought. “My middle name is Ethan…” Dean paused a second and wondered why the hell he picked that, no one knew his middle name.

“DEW.” Castiel blurted out.

“What?” Dean asked turning to look at him.

“Dean Ethan Winchester...DEW. You are damp grass.” Dean looked at Cas dead in the eyes for a few seconds until they both burst into a laughing fit.

“Okay okay, your turn.”

“Well I will just make this simple, Alexander.”

“Your middle name is Alexander?” Dean paused and tried to hold back a laugh. “like in CAN?” They both started laughing again and in all truth nothing that either of them said was truly funny.

“When I was little I wanted to be a firefighter, until I realized just how scared I was of fire. Super manly, eh?” Dean nudged Cas from under the covers, they were both slowly intertwining their legs.
“I don’t think not wanting to run into a fire is emasculating, I mean who really does that? Crazy people.”

“I never knew I liked panties until I slept with you.” Cas admitted, not like he had a real extensive knowledge of what he did and didn’t like on a person in bed.

“Maybe we should have a national kink week, you know...for science.” Castiel gave an approving purr and nipped at Dean’s jaw.

"I have only topped with one person in my life." Dean chuckled.

"Yeah?" Cas asked pushing himself up on his elbow to look down at Dean.

"Yeah, Jo. She's an alpha but still."

"So who have you bottomed for?" Castiel asked wondering if he wanted to know the answer. None of those men truly deserved Dean, the arch of his back before his climaxes, the bow of his lip when he sleeps. His whimpers and his smell, Cas didn't even deserve it. Dean deserved a whole alpha.

"Oh god the list is so damn long, I would sneak into bars and see how many I could find in a night, Ash and I would compete even though he was a beta and I always won." Castiel's stomach tightened as Dean went on. "This one guy, fuck, what was it a few weeks ago?" That's when Cas snapped, he wasn't mad at Dean, he could do what he wanted with his body. But he just thought of all the undeserving assholes who used him. "Hey, Cas." Dean whispered tapping his shoulder. "Guess what?" Dean averted his eyes to look into Castiel's darkening ones. He chuckled slightly.

"What?" Castiel growled slightly.

"You're stupid." He laughed and kissed Castiel's lips. "I've only bottomed for you, doofus." Everything flooded out if Castiel all at once. What! "Well I mean except for when Jo and I got creative." Dean started laughing and fell back into his pillow.

Castiel was gaping at the omega. "W-what?" Cas whispered.

"How in the world do you think I could hide being omega when every time I have sex I self lubricant?" Castiel couldn’t help but laugh and press his lips on Dean's. "but I had you going didn't I?" Castiel nodded.

"You really did it. So damn serious looking."

"I saw how you went all alpha, jealous Cas?"

"No, I was just upset because not one of those men deserve you." Dean paused for a second.

"You weren't upset I slept with someone else?" Dean raised his eyebrow surprised at Cas' words. "But, dude I said I slept with someone a few weeks ago!" Castiel tensed again

"Okay, yeah that bothered me but...I mean we technically aren't mates. You have nothing concrete binding you to me." Dean paused swallowing loudly he thought about Castiel sleeping around and a small growl rumbled in his chest.

"Oh, okay." Dean was not expecting that...at all.

"So now that you're done lying to me, and good thing because, hell Dean, no asshole in this school
knows you like me and they don't deserve you." Dean's smile faltered a little as he thought about Cas' words.

"Are you sure you're not just staking your claim because you're addicted to sex?" Dean laughed trying to play off Castiel's very intimate comment.

"I'm not addicted to sex." Castiel said matter-of-fact. "Just your sex." He finished sheepishly. They both fell into laughter and exchanged soft kisses and scented each other without really knowing they were doing it. Like a natural instinct to reinforce their mating bond...even if they didn't really have one.

"So big alpha, you ever bottom?" Dean asked playful and he didn't notice Castiel's body stiffen or his eyes still. He didn't know Castiel's blood felt like ice and his mind flashed triggers over and over and the only thing keeping him grounded where the warm arms around him and the smell of leather and home. Dean. What Dean did notice was the curling smell of panic in the air. Dean waved his hand in front if Castiel's face.

"Wow, Cas didn't know bottoming was such a terrible thing for you." Castiel was processing the words through his mind that was on borderline shutdown mode.

"Well, yeah just...not my thing I guess." Cas mumbled. There are things Dean never had to know, he was leaving eventually anyway.

"Okay, I don't know if it's my turn but I guess I am in debt to you but then again so are you. Anyway...the panty story." Castiel perked up a little, how did Dean even discover his liking for lace and satin. " Alright well as you already know Jo and I had flings when it was convenient for us. And well we sometimes got creative or did dares. It isn’t a grand story of anything she just um, she made me try on her panties. They were pink. And satiny. And you know what? I kind of liked it." Castiel had the widest smile on and Dean looked at him almost embarrassed by the attention.

"Well thank god for Jo, I should write her a letter of gratitude." Dean slapped Cas' shoulder.

"Oh my god shut your mouth."

"Okay, me. Weeeeelllll." Cas drew out the word as he tried to think.

"I want to be a teacher."

"No shit, Sherlock."

"Shut the fuck up, Watson." Dean looked wide eyed as if he had never heard that before. "As I was saying, I want to be a high school teacher so maybe I can instill some ethical thoughts like equality into their peanut brains."

"Lot of work to deal with brats."

"We all have our calling." Cas mused laying back into his pillow. They were both looking up at the ceiling. The one damn thing that hasn't changed since the school year started. Still flaking away.

"I want to be a mechanic. I was kinda forced here I guess. I even know someone who will hire me but no I have to be here first." This sounded like a not so fun topic of Dean's.

"Who made you come here?"

"My dad, I guess not only do I have to be a bitch but and educated bitch." Castiel hated the way
Dean said that word. Dean was no bitch.

"I mean, a degree is always handy I guess. At least he wanted that for you." And the second the words left his lips he regretted it. The smell changed from leather and earth to a thick sour smell that was a dead giveaway.

"Yeah sure he's just looking out for me. Totally because all my life the son of a bitch has had my fucking back!" Dean snarled throwing the covers off of him and taking a few steps until he spun back around.

"The man who dragged me to fucking sketchy buildings to inject me with this fucked up illegal drug so many times I have a fucking scar on my back where I have no feeling!" Castiel's eyes widened as he tried to think back to any blemishes, well he had one but he always thought it was a birthmark.

"Dean, I'm not justifying what he has-"

"Let me fucking finish." Every ounce of the Dean who was cuddling with him just minutes ago was gone.

"He treated me like a lab rat! Always telling me not to tell anyone and it was normal for an omega to do this! He said it would help me in the future and god damn I looked up to the man so I believed him!" Dean's face was turning red and his eyes glazed over with unshed tears. Castiel had no idea what to say, so he sat back and listened. Dean's probably kept every word bottles up, it was about time he popped. "No it wasn't until high school when I decided to look a few things up, and boy was I surprised to find out there was nothing on the market for any of that stuff! So yeah, I sure as hell bet my dad did care about me...this is until I turned seven and crushed his damn dreams."

"Dean, who care what he-" but again he was cut off.

"I fucking care! God I spent half my life treating him like a god and the other telling myself he is trash! Why do I care? Because I guess I'm tired of fucking disappointing people." His voice lowered at the end of his sentence.

"Come here, Dean." Castiel opened his arms for the omega.

"No, sorry Cas. I just-" Dean started walking towards the door.

"Please don't go." Dean tensed at the door and bit his lip.

"Guess I'm gonna disappoint you too." And at that he slammed the door behind him. Castiel froze in bed, his throat felt like it was closing and his eyes prickled. What had just happened? What did he do? How could he fix it?

Leaning back into bed Castiel tried to run through exactly what just happened.

Dean was bare foot stomping around campus in cotton thin night clothes. Clenching and unclenching his fists he was taking deep breaths. The campus was dead, even the alphas roughhousing in his dorm settled down. The ground was so damn cold on his feet and he had no idea what to do, he had no other place to go other than his dorm. He wasn’t sure why he snapped at Cas, he wasn’t mad at Cas...was he?
No. He was mad at his father, himself and every person that lead to this damn stereotype of omegas being sex toys. Unable to hold high up rankings because apparently his heat would make him some mindless sex addict who would ask anyone to bend him over.

Dean didn’t realize where he was walking until he reached the black shine of his smooth car, instantly some anger lifted from him as he climbed inside the back. The cool drag of leather across his bare arm was so soothing. It was too cold in his car to be comfortable but it would do for the night. Trying to block out any thought he pulled out his MP3 out and played his favorite songs and thought of the sound of the impala driving down the highway with the music blaring and windows sown, he found sleep. Cold, lonely sleep.

Castiel had sat in bed long enough, Dean should be back by now...shouldn’t he? Castiel was out of bed in seconds pulling on a zip up and shoes. He prayed to god Dean didn’t go to the woods. He didn’t want to chase after Dean once he left knowing he might need some time but he was pushing an hour and it was well past midnight.

Castiel took the shortcut around the back of the building into the trees, Dean was smart and after his last incident he probably wouldn’t come back. But Dean was so upset and Cas wasn’t taking any chances. He walked the border of the forest searching for Deans smell, anything that signified he had been here.

He found the car pretty easily, It honestly should have been the first place he looked. Dean was shaking, the car wasn’t on and it was far too cold out. Cas opened the door. Dean’s head popped up, his headphones were in, and he didn’t say a word. His eyes were red and puffy, pouring over his pink MP3, playing the same song over and over again on loop “When the Tigers Broke Free” by Pink Floyd. Cas slipped into the car pulling Dean into his lap, who offered little protest. He was too damn cold, and so done being angry at Cas. He pulled the headphones out, tossing the MP3 aside. Cas rests his chin on Dean’s shoulder.

“You aren’t some messed up science experiment Dean Winchester, you are a warrior who has faced more horrors that any alpha would easily fall from.” Dean doesn’t speak, he just huddles into Castiel’s warmth like it the last thing holding him to the ground. “We’re in this together, Dean.”

Dean nods, letting a single tear fall.

“Yeah, I know.” He replied, pushing closer into Cas’ embrace. It was so quiet, so damn quiet and in Dean’s mind he wanted to scream, but he was so tired. He didn’t want to be some sob story, he wasn’t someone to be pitied. He was Dean Winchester, but he couldn’t stand alone forever. So he was Dean Winchester and Castiel.

Castiel starts humming “Ramble On” and Dean clutches him tighter. Castiel can feel the man hold back sobs, his shaken breathing and heaving chest give him away. Castiel can only do so much for Dean, if all he can offer is his warmth then that is exactly what he will do. Castiel nuzzled into Dean’s hair and rubbed his back, continuing to hum his favorite song. They found a small shred of peace in the back of the impala. Neither of their pasts mattered in that moment and their fake mating was out the window. In that moment they slept, comfortably to the rhythmic sound of the others breathing.

Chapter End Notes
And and ANNDD????
Really I added so little to this chapter. This was Emilie's idea and I loved how it came together! Fluffy ass Dean and Cas...gosh they are so gross!

Feel free to follow us on tumblr
Me- http://sassbutt-casbutt.tumblr.com/
Emilie- http://emiliepond.tumblr.com/

Next update will be Tuesday April 29th!

See 'ya then!
"Dean, you waking up anytime soon?" Castiel shook the omega who had refused to wake up with the alarm. He was laying on his stomach wearing a gray t-shirt with tight fitted briefs- Dean claims they are red but they are in fact maroon- Castiel placed his hand on Dean’s lower back in a slightly intimate fashion.

"No, I'm taking the day off." Dean groaned swatting at Castiel. They had spent half the night in the impala until Cas decided to carry Dean back to the dorm. Last night effected both of them in ways unknown, it was a huge step for both of them to be so open. This wasn’t like when Alistair attacked and Dean wanted to cuddle, Dean was gripping him so tight last night trying to hide the way he cried. Dean claims he never cried. Castiel didn’t know what was wrong with crying in front of him but obviously it was a big thing for him. Last night only tied their mating bond tighter and Castiel could feel it in his gut, the impending doom of losing Dean, like cutting off an appendage.

"A-are you sure, everything’s okay?" Castiel asked lowering himself to his knees trying to look at Dean's face that was buried into the pillow.

"I'm fine, just got a headache is all." Dean turned his head to look at Castiel. Stubble was growing back and his black hair looked especially wind blown. Dean gave him a half smile. “Go on, little alpha.” The use of Castiel pet name gave him a rush of relief, Dean wasn’t mad at him.

"Alright, well if you need me to pick anything up just call." Dean nodded as Cas ran a soft hand through his hair. “Just sleep, I think we have some Advil in the bathroom.” Castiel gathered his things and opened the door, taking one last look at Dean curled up in bed.

Castiel knew Dean was staying in bed because if last nights fiasco. He probably didn't want to share so much with Cas. He understood Castiel kept things from Dean, he wasn't obligated to tell him anything. The fresh air was a welcome feeling, the sun hit his cheek and warmed half his face, it was slightly uncomfortable but he was just happy it wasn’t snowing. His fingers were still cold as they clutched his books but other than that he was content. Taking in deep breaths of the chilled air that felt so clean it cooled his lungs. He could almost taste spring coming and that excited Cas but also terrified him. They still had week until spring actually came and it was just an oddly warm day of winter but he feared it all the same.
"Castiel, look who crawled out from under a rock!" A blonde woman jogged up next to him and placed a playful pat on his shoulder.

"Rachel." Castiel smiled at the perky beta beside him. "How have you been?"

"Oh, the normal you know Ashley and I have started thinking about where we want to live after college." She had on the biggest smile when talking about her mate.

"That's good." making their way up the steps Castiel held the door open for Rachel.

"Thank you, so where have you been? I haven't seen you in so long, and you smell like omega. Taking a break on school and hooking up with some lonesome wolves?" She laughed as they walked down the aisle to their seat. Rachel knew Castiel wasn’t the type of person to do any of that.

"No, he's my mate." Castiel couldn't look her in the eye as he spoke.

"I'm sorry what? You didn’t tell me? Me of all people? I would be your lieutenant if you waged war! How could you not tell me?" Rachel's blue eyes were wide and he could see the smudge of brown eyeliner and pink shadow under her eye. “Who is he, and isn’t this a little random? I mean I don’t think I’ve ever seen you show much interest in others like that. Have you ever dated before?”

“No,” That was a lie but she didn’t have to know. “and just because I rejected you doesn’t mean I don’t have interest in others.” Cas smiled and earned himself a slap in the back of the head.

“Asshole, now who is this mystery man?” She asked as they took their seats.

"I'm sure you know, you just don't really know you know."

"What the fuck does that even mean, blue eyes?" She was giving Castiel an accusing look.

"Dean Winchester." Suddenly a look of understanding washed over her.

"The closet omega?" Her voice was now a frantic whisper.

"Don't call him that." Castiel didn't mean to snap at her.

"I'm sorry, he's been the hot topic lately. Just shows how boring out school is." Rachel defended.

"I know, he has just gotten a lot of shit over it and well it's my instinct to defend him." Cas sighed opening up his notebook.

"Well, I expect to be invited to your dorm after class to meet him."

"I don't know if today is a good da-"

"Shh, I haven't seen you in a long ass time and I want to meet this new mate of yours. Don't fight with me Castiel. I will win." Cas sighed and rested his head in his hands.

"Fine." Rachel smiled, obviously pleased with herself.

They both brought their attention to the room as class started.

It was only twenty minutes after Cas left that Dean felt antsy. He opted for a shower in hopes of settling down. As good as the hot water and smooth soap felt on his skin he still felt odd. He had
the urge to talk, but not with Cas. Like he had something important to say but he had no idea what it was. Something he couldn’t say to Castiel, or maybe it was about Castiel. He wanted to know something about alphas, maybe even Cas.

Not that he didn't like Cas, last night he needed the man. Maybe it was Cas he needed to talk about but he had no one to do that with. Before he actually gave any real thought to it he had dialed Jo's number.

"Sup, freckles." Jo greeted obviously eating something.

"Hey, Blondie," Dean smiled at her voice.

"So what drove you to call me on such a fine Tuesday afternoon?" Jo chimed, she was taking classes at a local college so she stayed at home.

"Um, well I don't know. I guess I was just in the mood to shoot the shit with my friend."

"Ah yes I'm sure that's what you were doing." Jo mused suspiciously, she knew him all too well.

"Well, I just have some questions I guess." Dean wondered how he would word this without letting Jo know he went against the one thing she told him to do.

"Oh what wisdom can I instill in the grand Dean Winchester?"

"It's a roommate question." Dean was running on improv and he had no clue where it was going to lead him.

"Is it the schlubby alpha of yours?" Jo spit. "I'll come down there, Dean. Kick some ass!" Jo was kind of protective of Dean.

"No no, really he's fine." Dean reassured quickly.

"Okay then what did you want to ask me?" Dean bit his lip, he was going to sound like a fucking idiot.

"Can you maybe fill me in on some alpha crap." The phone went silent.

"What?"

"I don't know, first hand knowledge to deal with my roommate I guess." Jo only laughed at him.

"Um, sure I can. What do you want to know?"

"I don't know, start with your alpha traits crap when you date someone."

"What! The hell are you up to, Winchester?"

"I just want to know!"

"Is your roommate getting like possessive over you or something? He might be going into rut if he acts like he's marking you. Watch your ass Dean. Literally." Dean let out a huff of laughter, he wasn't worried about that.

"No like," he sighed “you know what? Fuck it," Dean had no idea what he thought he could get from this, he couldn't just say he is in some fucked up situation and he is now entering this odd relationship of telling him about his fucked up past. "I told him shit, Jo."

"What?"

"I don't know, first hand knowledge to deal with my roommate I guess." Jo only laughed at him.

"Um, sure I can. What do you want to know?"

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"What! The hell are you up to, Winchester?"

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"Is your roommate getting like possessive over you or something? He might be going into rut if he acts like he's marking you. Watch your ass Dean. Literally." Dean let out a huff of laughter, he wasn't worried about that.

"No like," he sighed “you know what? Fuck it," Dean had no idea what he thought he could get from this, he couldn't just say he is in some fucked up situation and he is now entering this odd relationship of telling him about his fucked up past. "I told him shit, Jo."
"What kind of shit?" Jo asked seriously.

"Like, some of my past."

"Wait, like your dad? He knows you're an omega!" Jo was practically shouting and he knew Bobby and Ellen could hear her.

"Yes, it's a long ass story on how he found out, but he did." Dean was so not going into details because he knew Jo would come storming over.

"Has he tried anything? I mean maybe that's why he's acting protective. Maybe he wants to stake a claim! Fuck Dean just keep your lubricating ass away from him and keep up with your suppressant." Yet another fact Dean would be leaving out of this conversation.

"I'm being careful and he's a nice guy."

"Dean, have you ever thought you just made a friend? That nothing more was going on? Maybe he just thinks you're cool." Friend...casual sex buddies...fake mates. It's all the same.

"Yeah I guess, maybe he's acts like that because I'm an omega." Lies. "Guess he just wants to be friends." Lie? Yeah, totally just friends. "Thanks, Jo." What a pointless call, at least he got to keep in touch with her. He did miss her a lot but this was one confusing ass situation and Jo was not the one to confide in.

"That all you need, freckles because I have one killer ass research project I have totally been procrastinating on." Typical Jo.

"Yeah that's all, thanks Blondie."

"No problem." She hung up mid laugh and Dean dropped his phone. He still felt antsy, he couldn't really talk about Cas to Jo since she couldn't know about them. Dean decided the internet was the best answer. Quickly pulling out his laptop he pushed himself up to the headboard of his-technically Cas'- bed. Pressing the on button he waited for it to start up, Dean was mindlessly clicking and tapping keys and humming a Kansas song. Once his screen lit up he heard a small chime before his desktop icon popped up. Clicking it his background changed to two woman half dressed in latex, one was a cop and the other a robber. Officer had the other woman cuffed and bent over in front of her. Dean ignored it and opened up google.

“What the fuck do I look up?” Dean scratched his head and pulled on his hair before coming up with something. Alphas 101. Dean scanned over the long list of websites that popped up, Dean was educated in beta health and had little knowledge on alphas other than the need to know to ensure his safety. www.alpha101.gov/facts. Dean clicked on the site and waited patiently for it to load. What was even expecting to learn? Random facts on Cas, that had nothing to do with his personal life. Dean’s mouse overed over the directory until he found the basic info tag. His eyes scanned the page as he lazily read random patches to see if it was of any importance.

Alphas are known as the leaders of the pack and society and rely heavily on their instincts to guide them through life. Their extra senses work even without their full knowledge, scouting for possible mates or danger. When an Alpha finds a potential mate their bodies give off a pheromone that lets the other wolf know they are available and looking to start or add to their pack. Accidental matings are very rare and mostly not accidental, both parties inner wolf is always on guard and if offered a suitable mate who also consents to a mating pact then they will go threw with it. In the past 20 years only three cases of one sided matings have been reported and either they end with the other would completing the bond or the alpha becomes extremely mentally torn and could lead
to permanent mental issues and the inability to mate again. Mating is so deeply tied to the emotional part of the brain it can be very dangerous to experiment with. No government approved tests have been done to see what truly happens when a strong bond is broken. Since the mating bond is tied in with emotions it is also closely linked to alpha traits that causes the possessive and protective behaviors that come from a mated alpha. These are intensified when their mate is in heat or they are in rut. A mates heat can send even the most well mannered alpha into a killer if someones comes off wrong to their mate. This is why so many alphas take off work or school when their mate goes into heat. Rut is similar but has mostly evolved into a way to reinforce the mating bond. Since an omega goes into heat every 6-9 week it rarely matches up with an alpha who goes into rut 3-4 times a year. Although alphas can be dangerous during rut it is no longer the way of reproduction that it was hundreds of years ago.

“What the fuck…” Dean’s eyes are wide as he reads slightly fearing for Castiel’s mental health even if he does seem all there. Dean can’t believe how few cases of one sided matings there have been, then again those are reported and others may be thinking just like him and trying to do it themselves. Dean shakes his head and backs out of the website and back to the Google homepage. Dean opted for more personal information. Castiel A Novak. Dean hit search a was surprised to see images was filled with him. Scrolling through they were mostly of him and his family at events, he looked stiff and uncomfortable. He was totally out of his element and he looked somewhat scared in one picture of him and a woman with curled dark brown hair. He was slightly leaning away from her with a forced smile and eyes that screamed help. The woman seemed to be digging her nails into Castiel’s hands but tried to pass it off as just holding him. She was wearing an elegant cocktail dress and Cas was in a gray suit with black pinstripes, he looked pretty damn good. As Dean scrolled through he seemed to figure out who was part of Castiel’s family by how many of the same people repeatedly appeared in each picture. Everyone except Gabriel, Dean even scanned the background but he was nowhere to be seen.

Dean continued scrolling through any picture he could find on him, until one caught his eye. He didn’t think it was Castiel at first based off the bright colors and dirt covering him. It had Castiel, Alfie, and Anna based off the picture at Cas’ bedside. The image brought an instant smile to Dean’s face as he scanned every detail. Castiel was dressed in a white t-shirt that was covered in dirt and muddy handprints, his knees had grass stains and his hands were covered in dirt. He was placing a small green and yellow plant into the ground and his siblings were smiling behind him. His blue eyes light up with joy and his smile was genuine, under the image it read Alpha Point Environmental Club. Dean closed out of Google shortly after and shut down his laptop, but chose to store away that picture of Castiel’s smile deep in his mind. getting out of bed and stretching Dean decided it was the perfect time for coffee.

On the walk to the dorm Castiel was hounded with questions about Dean.

"So is he kinky?" Rachel asked elbowing Castiel's side and wiggling her eyebrows.

"Like in bed?"

"No, Castiel I'm asking about his hair. Yes in bed!"

"I'm not divulging what Dean and I do between the sheets." Castiel said seriously.

"I'll take that as a yes." Laughing Rachel added some bounce to her step. She was such an unlikely friend to Castiel but they had met in English 101 and Rachel had show a lot of interest in Castiel. He politely turned her down and then Castiel accidentally introduced her to Ashley and they fell for each other. Rachel always says she is in Cas' debt for finding her mate.
"No need to look so alpha, Castiel. Just relax I'm sure I'll love him. I mean you have great taste in wolves, I mean have you see Ashley?"

"Yes I have, now don't bounce all over him. Dean likes personal space." They were quickly approaching the dorm and Rachel couldn't seem to stay calm, he really didn't know why she was so excited. I mean Dean was an amazing person but she had no clue who he was other than rumors.

They made their way into the common area of the dorm and Rachel looked around rather impressed.

"Shit, this is like ten times nicer than my dorm!" Rachel lived on the other side of campus near the omega buildings. They pack a lot of the betas around there and as few alphas as possible.

"My building is much newer than yours, Rachel. But I don't spend any time here. Too crowded." Castiel opened the door to the stairs and gestured Rachel to come in.

"Hell, I'll swap rooms with you!"

"No, I like my room and I don't think Dean would like to move." They walked up another flight and Castiel pointed to the door. "This is my floor." This time Rachel held the door open for Cas and they made their way down the hall to his room where a whiteboard hung and Dean seemed to change what it said.

"Castiel is an asshat? Wow sounds like true love." Rachel snickered and Castiel rolled his eyes. Opening the door he immediately sniffed the air. Dean had left a while ago. Castiel though he wasn't feeling well.

"So where is this mate of yours?" Rachel asked pushing past Castiel and looked through their room. "Oh you are fucking kidding me, you have a goddamn bathroom!" Her face was a mix of shock and anger.

"Gotta ask for the new dorm, Rachel." She only huffed angrily and walked over to Castiel's bed. He was guessing she knew it was his since it was the one that smelt the most like Cas since he rarely slept in Dean's.

"He said he wasn't feeling well so I don't know where he could have gone."

"Oohh, the lies have begun. Sure he isn't shagging an alpha down the hall?" An unexpected snarl burst out of Castiel chest and they were both taken aback. Hadn't he just told Dean he wasn't tied to Cas? For some reason Castiel felt like taking those words back, maybe it was the events that unfolded in the car but Castiel suddenly felt anger towards anyone who would touch Dean in that manner. "Wow, sorry there buddy."

"No, it's fine. I'll call him to make sure he's okay." Pulling out his phone he went to speed dial and clicked Dean's contact. Pulling it up to his ear Dean answered on the fifth ring.

"Sup, Cas?"

"Alfie! Break time?" The slender alpha turned around from the espresso machine and gestured 'one minute' Dean nodded and took a seat. Within five minutes Alfie had removed his mandatory hat and apron and place a nice hot cup of coffee in front of Dean.
"You needed me?" Alfie asked wiping a little sweat from his brow "sorry I was in the back before sorting out heavy boxes."

"No matter, I didn't come here to judge you on perspiration." Dean commented eagerly sipping his too hot coffee and burnt his tongue.

"So why did you come to see me?" Dean's face twisted a little as he thought.

"It's about Cas." He admired a little softly.

"What about him, is there something wrong?" Alfie asked moving in closer to Dean as if this conversation got ten times more personal.

"No, I just have some questions." Alfie relaxed his feature and leaned back in his chair.

"Oh, okay." Dean thought for a second on what exactly he wanted to ask.

"Has Castiel ever had close friends outside the pack?" Dean hoped Alfie had a long enough break to talk about this.

"Um well, we live in such a secluded area and the schools we went to were private and the wolves there didn't like Cas very much. I mean I'm a alpha but people always teased me like an omega, no offense. But Cas just had a different mindset, he liked the bees and flowers more that spitballs and roughhousing. So no he really didn't, not close friends anyway. Once he came here he slowly branched out and has a small number of people he could call friends." Alfie seemed a little upset by his story, his twin brother the black sheep of the school yard. Cas said he spent a good amount of time patching up Gabriel and Alfie, did he ever have to do it on himself?

"What does he like to do? Or how does he decided he likes someone, like a new friend?" Dean was hoping it wasn't just the mark that made Castiel like this, growing closer. Everyday Dean thought more and more about staying in contact even after college.

"Castiel is one funny wolf, he can spend hours a day looking around the forest at our house without a care in the world but growing up he always had such a serious demeanor. It was really funny sometimes, you could tell a joke and he would just squint at you and in his little voice say "I don't understand that reference." Man it would crack Gabriel and I up. That's what I find so strange about you two." Dean raised an eyebrow and cut it.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, he seems so different. Does he ever just randomly ignore you and get sucked into his own world?" Dean thought about it.

"No, he's usually all there when we talk."

"Gabriel, Anna, and I are his siblings and best friends and I have never seen him act like he does with you, ever. He looks at you like you have the most interesting things to say, your banter back and forth, the damn goofy smile he has. It's just a side of my brother I really haven't seen before. Especially in the past six or seven years." Dean raised an eyebrow and cocked his head slightly, placing his cup down from the sip he was about to take.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, he probably hasn't mentioned this because it really isn't relevant at all to you but Castiel has been in a relationship before. Not like this of course. Her name was Meg Masters and damn, she
"What, so Cas has a thing for bad girls?" Dean said with a little venom.

"No, our parents set them up - forced him into it, actually. They didn't like how little interest he had in finding a mate at the moment so they thought he needed a push. Well I'm not the one who is totally informed on this but I do know it ended messy. Castiel didn't like her from the start but by the end, he hated her. He refused to talk about her and spent a lot of time alone after it." Dean just looked at the alpha from across the table, all other conversations around the shop seemed to silence.

"So do you think Cas is only like this since he bit me?"

"No, I think Castiel has grown very close to you Dean. But that is just how I see it as an outside spectator. I don't know what happens behind closed doors." Dean smiled, oh and you won't be finding out “But Castiel is extremely loyal and if you are friends and some kind of bond is forming he’s the kind of person who would go to hell for you.” Alfie looked at his watch and started to stand reaching for his hat and apron.

"Is that all? My break is just about over." Dean nodded a little too quickly.

"Yeah, no this was great. Thank you, Alfie." The alpha smiled and before he walked off said.

"No problem Dean, I mean we are family." They both laughed but Dean was cut off by his phone. Pulling it out he saw the ID, it was Cas.

"Sup, Cas?"

"Nothing, just checking on how you're doing. What are you up to?" Dean paused, he didn't want to admit to Cas he came down here to talk to his brother about him. A little white lie wouldn't hurt.

"Still in bed, you know." He could run home pretty fast, maybe send Cas on a trip for something dumb to give him time.

"Oh are you now?" Castiel asked obviously intrigued.

"Yeah, why?" Dean was getting nervous and grabbed his coffee to start off towards home.

"Well because Rachel and I are sitting here and your bed seems to be empty." Dean paused. Mother fucker. Wait, who the fuck is Rachel?

"Okay, I went out for some air. That's all." Dean tried fixing his lie.

"Dean, you don't have to lie, you could have gone across town and I wouldn't care. I just wanted to know if you were okay." Dean smiled at Cas' words.

"Sorry, I'm headed back now."

"Good, I've got someone here who wants to meet you."

"Uh, sure give me a few minutes."

Ending the call Dean picked up the pace a little.

Walking up to his room he smelt something new, sappy and sweet. But nothing compared to the
honey lilac that accompanied it.

Dean turned the knob and opened the door to find Castiel and a chipper blonde woman with tight jeans and a pink blouse on.

"Oh, hey guys." Dean nodded at the beta.

"Welcome back, Dean." Castiel said with a smile and the woman got up from Cas' bed.

"I'm Rachel." She extended a hand to him and he shook it. "So you're the famous Dean Winchester? What makes you so special out little Castiel picked you?" Rachel asked curiously.

"Oh, I like to think it's because my perky nipples." Dean laughed at his own joke and he could practically hear Cas' eyes rolling.

"What a nice trait to have." She smiled.

"It's a bonus that sets me apart from the crowd."

"Now Castiel why wouldn't you tell me you have this diamond as a mate? Witty and cute." Castiel stood up and walked over to Rachel.

"Okay you've met him now I think you have a class to attended." Cas started edging her towards the door.

"No I've got an hour."

"Well you can't leave Ashley all alone now can you? Didn't find her for you for nothing." Rachel turned around.

"Ashley is at an environmental meeting." Rachel crossed her arms and raised a thin eyebrow. Dean smiled at that thinking back to Castiel covered in dirt.

"Rachel, I need to do something very important." All Castiel wanted to do was talk to Dean. He knew Rachel was a stubborn girl so he would need to think of something she deemed important, and having a conversation wasn't it.

"It kinda sounds like you're kicking me out, Castiel."

"I am because...I need to have sex with Dean right now." In unison both Rachel and Dean chimed in.

"What?"

"Yep, busy busy. Now come on." Cas' was practically shoving Rachel out of the door before he shut it.

"What the shit was that?" Dean asked crossing his arms. "She was so important I had to meet her and then you just kick her out?"

"That was Rachel, she would have been here for hours and we need to talk." Dean gave him a questioning look and walked over to sit in Castiel's bed.

"About what?"

"Why did you lie to me, Dean?" Dean looked away from Cas to avoid eye contact as he walked
closer. "I'm not mad, you can do what you want but-"

"You're still scared to hell Cas, I can smell it on you." Dean looked back at the alpha, he was turning the conversation back at him.

"I get worried when you disappear, like last night."

"Alistair hasn't been seen in a few weeks, and I kick ass at fighting. Don't stress yourself out over it." Dean was rubbing Castiel's shoulder trying to comfort him.

"Well that just brings us back to why you lied." Castiel turned towards Dean and lifted an eyebrow, trying to not sound demanding.

"I went out for coffee, wanted to hang out with Alfie a little." Castiel chuckled.

"That's all? Dean you lie when you are trying to hide something, not when going to talk with someone." Dean felt a ping of guilt in his gut 'I went to talk about you. '

"Cas, I-I just. I needed someone to talk to after last night." This was slowly moving into a chick flick moment.

"I understand, was Alfie any help?"

"Yeah we actually talked about you." Castiel's eyes widened a little and he moved uncomfortably on the bed.

"Oh, what did you talk about?"

"Nothing really," Dean paused, he couldn't tell him he and Alfie talked about him and his ex. "I heard you liked bees." A wide smile curled on Cas' lips and blush appears on his cheeks.

"He said that?" Cas asked rubbing the back of his neck.

"Yeah and by your face I'm guessing its true." Dean teased with a bump of a shoulder.

"Yes, I enjoyed the woods outside my house."

"That's all, really."

"I just don't understand why you had to feel the need to lie about it." Dean took a deep breath in and was about to have some serious diarrhea of the mouth.

"I needed someone to talk to, not you - no offense or anything. I don't mean not you like I don't like talking to you but I couldn't because I had to talk about you. Calling Jo was a mistake and the only other person I could think of was Alfie so I went and we talked." Dean started pacing back and forth in front of Castiel. "I'm kinda confused about last night." Castiel cocked his head slightly.

"What about last night?"

"You taking care of me, man. No one takes care of me I take care of everyone else. I watch out for Sammy, and Adam, and my mom. Even Jo and Ash! I don't have people who want to play fact for fact and hold my crying ass in cars, that's just not how it goes in my life." Dean started breathing rapidly and was trying to calm himself down. "I felt so goddamn exposed last night and I don't like feeling that way I guess I wanted to even out the playing field and learn some shit about you." Dean exhaled.
“Dean, just ask I mean I don’t really have that many secrets.” Lie. Dean looked down at the scratchy carpet.

“Your name.”

“What about my name?” Castiel looked at him with confusion.

“What does it mean, it’s weird.”

“Castiel is the angel of Thursday. Everyone in my family has biblical names.” Dean gave him a funny look, but kept going.

“What is your favorite color?” Dean was slowly walking towards Cas.

“Green.” Castiel gave half a smile as Dean made it closer.

“What kind of green there’s like three hundred different kinds. Is it barf green; army?” Castiel reached out and pulled Dean towards him guiding his lips to Dean’s.

“The green of your eyes.” Dean froze for a second until he fell back into kissing Castiel. Pushing on the alphas shoulder he laid him flat on the bed as Dean crawled up to straddle his hips.

“What is your favorite sex position?” Castiel grabbed Dean’s collar and dragged him down to whisper in his ear.

“Any that I can make you scream.” It was a deep growl and his breath prickled his skin. Dean didn’t want another emotional night, he learned a lot about Castiel today and the thing in the car was in the past. Castiel was loyal, and just like last night he always came through.

“Dean, you joining me?” Castiel called from the bathroom Dean could hear the shower running and made quick work of his clothes. It had been several weeks since Alistairs attack and Dean was healing up nicely. A scar was left on his shoulder but other than that he was great. Mentally Dean was better, after their episode in the impala they started exchanging small facts between them. How they like their coffee, their favorite TV show- of course Castiel was Doctor Who- and if Batman could beat Superman, they came to a mutual agreement that he totally could.

Walking in the bathroom stark naked he followed after Castiel in the shower. Dean pushed Castiel out from under the shower head and took his spot. As he wet his hair Castiel squirted shampoo into his palm and stepped closer to Dean. The shower wasn’t that big but the two men had some space to themselves. Dean ducked out from under the spray and Castiel lathered up his hands to scrub them through Dean’s short sandy brown hair. He leaned his head back into Castiel’s massaging fingers and let out a purr.

“I knew you liked grooming.” Castiel laughed and leaned in to place a kiss on the scars left on Dean’s shoulder. With every week and new event that they faced their relationship became more and more physical. It wasn’t just casual sex, it was comforting kisses and scent marking. It just seemed so normal for them even if they had broken half of the ruled in the contract so far. But Dean hadn’t brought it up so Cas left it alone.

“Shut up and scrub.” Dean leaned into Castiel’s chest and the alpha moved his hands down, rubbing over his tense muscles. Moving down he kneaded at Dean’s ass and lower back, eliciting moans from the omega. Castiel pushed Dean back under the spray to wash off the soap.
“You’re so pampered, little omega.” Castiel purred and kissed Dean’s jaw.

“Cas, you are very vulnerable right now and I will not hesitate to punch you in the dick.” Water poured down onto them both and Castiel starts nipping and sucking at Dean’s neck.

“You keep threatening that but I always end up knotted in your ass.”

“Are those fighting words?” Dean laughed as he pulled back from Castiel’s affections.

“No, those are seducing words.” With a sly smile Castiel grabbed the tube of body soap and poured some onto his hand. Stepping over to stand chest to chest with Dean he smiled and wrapped his soap covered hand over Dean’s half hard cock. Gaining a yelp from Dean.

Castiel worked Dean’s cock until it was standing at full attention. Dean leaned back into the wall and let the water hit his side as he gave in to Castiel. Dean ran his fingers through Castiel's hair, tugging at it slightly with every moan he made. Dean’s eyes closed and Cas moved in to place kisses along his jaw and neck. Paying special attention to the areas that were damaged by Alistair. Leaving small love bites across his collarbone he sped up his wrist, pumping harder. He loved the feel of Dean’s cock in his hand, he was larger than most omegas but Dean really wasn’t like any other omega he’s met. He was more muscular and gruff, intimidating. And Castiel loved soaping his hand up and stroking Dean, he loved feeling every bump and vein on his cock. How smooth his head felt under his thumb and how red the tip got when he was desperate to come. It’s why Castiel always persuades Dean to join him in the shower. Because even if they were only half mates he was going to tend to every need Dean could ever have before Dean knew he needed it.

It was the last few strokes Castiel love the most, the tensing of Dean’s freckle covered body, the pleasured expressions across his face and the needy gasps and cries that fell from his lips. Castiel could pop a knot just by watching Dean come. With one last stroke Dean came with a muffled cry, pumping out come onto Castiel’s hand that continued to stroke him, pulling every ounce of pleasure out of his orgasm that he could. Dean came down from his high slowly, breathing deeply he pushed forward to capture Castiel’s lips.

“So good alpha.” Dean hummed between kisses. “So so good.” Castiel loved after sex Dean, he was cuddly, affectionate, and loved to praise Castiel. Cas washed himself quickly and exited the shower with Dean. The both toweled down and threw on their pajamas. Castiel was still hard but he never pushed himself on Dean.

The contract they wrote up was slowly being modified, sex was one of the first things to be changed. Neither of them are complaining they both equally enjoy the small show of affection and contact. Castiel went back into the bathroom to brush his teeth. Looking himself in the mirror he looked rather well. He needed a haircut and a shave but he looked happy. It’s odd to see himself like that so he turns away from his reflection as he brushed. It would be a lie to say Dean wasn’t part of that but he doesn’t want to admit it because he knows at the end of this year they part. This mating is for social reasons and he can’t drag Dean away with him. Once he was finished he walked back out and stumble over his own feet at the sight of Dean.

Castiel's bed had a dark blue comforter that was kicked to the bottom of the bed and a single pillow That Dean propped himself up against. He had his back against the headboard, knees bent and legs spread. A pair of red lace and silk panties was all he had on and Castiel was at a loss for words.

“Well come on alpha, it’s your turn.” Castiel only smiled and jumped on his bed taking Dean’s lips to his in a heated kiss, pushing his tongue in and running his hands all over his body. A possessive growl rumbled in his chest as he grouped at every inch of Dean’s skin.
“Mmm, you smell so good.” Dean smiled and maneuvered himself so Castiel was under him. He inched up his shirt and started kissing Cas’ chest, worshiping every inch of his alpha. Castiel leaned back into his pillow and closed his eyes, focusing on the feel of Dean’s mouth on his body. The soft press of his tongue across his nipple and the chilling feeling of teeth biting at his skin. With every kiss and lick on Castiel’s sweet spots Dean pulled a moan from the alpha. Dean moved lower nuzzling into the sensitive crease between his groin and thigh. Breathing in the smell of soap and arousal. It was a strong smell, like a bold cup of coffee hitting your nose for the first time. Dean enjoyed having it close, breathing in deeply as he sucked bruises into Castiel inner thigh.

“Oh god, Dean yes so good, you’re so good.” Rewarding Cas for his patience Dean placed the flat of his tongue at the base of Castiel’s cock. Dragging up slowly he looked up at Cas to see his eyes wide open and mouth agape. Once he reached the top Dean puckered his lips and slid the head in slowly. Letting his mouth steadily stretch around Castiel’s cock he felt the alpha’s breathing pick up and small moans and cries. Dean took Cas as deep as he could, feeling the alphas cock slid down his throat was amazing, he choked slightly and pulled off but after a few short seconds he went back to take Castiel as far as he could. Like he was showing Cas how good he could be for him, even at only half mated he was still a damn good omega.

Dean had other plans for Cas so he pulled his mouth off and sat back on his knees. His own cock was at full attention again, pressed against his silk panties.

“Oh, Dean please. Come back.” Castiel whined bucking his hips up begging for attention.

“Oh, I'll give you what you want. Just sit back and let me do the work.” Dean crawled on top of Cas and straddled his hips. “I recall you wanting to fuck me in panties, am I right?” A sly smile slid across Dean’s lip and he lowered himself to capture Castiel’s lips. Holding himself up with his knees Dean reached behind himself and slid his hands into his underwear to work himself open. Castiel lifted his arm to replace Dean’s hand but he was slapped away. “Ah ah ah, keep your hands to yourself.” Castiel frowned but listened and pulled his arm back to his side and watched Dean. His underwear were pulled to the side and his cock was in full view. The smell of slick filled the room as Dean fingered himself. Adding a third he felt he was stretched enough.

"You ready, baby?” Dean asked as he pulled his fingers out and slid them into Castiel's mouth. Who greedily sucked them clean of slick.

"Yes, please Dean this is torture.” Dean only laughed and grabbed Castiel's cock and placed it against his wet heat.

"I'm gonna ride you nice and good, .” Dean purred and slid down fully sheathing himself down on Castiel's cock. Castiel's instincts kicked in and he grabbed hold of Dean's hips and fucked up into him with a growl. Dean bit his lip and placed his hands on Castiel's knees that bent at Dean's side. It gave him great leverage to pull himself up off of Cas and slam back down. Dean's panties were still pulled to the side and getting wet from the slick on Castiel's cock.

He dug his nails into Castiel's knees as the alpha picked up speed. Dean was panting with every thrust of Castiel's hips and slam of Dean's ass back down. Castiel was gripping Dean's hip pulling him up and angling him in just the right spot to hit his prostate. Each time Dean cried louder and more slick leaked onto Cas, sliding down his sack it sank into Castiel's bed. Heavy breathing, desperate moans, and bodies grinding was all that filled the room.

"Fuck, Dean so good, so wet, so amazing." Castiel moaned as he released one hand to wrap around Dean's bouncing cock.

"Come on, little alpha knot me!” Castiel looked up at Dean as he rode his cock, how smooth his
muscles moved as he lifted himself with his strong legs. The look of his cock in Castiel's hand. Beads of precome dripping from the head. Freckles peppered his legs along with bruises from Castiel's mouth. All that ran through Castiel's mind was ‘mineminemineminemine matebreedknotfuck’

two more strokes and Dean fell into a toe curling orgasm. Releasing Castiel's knees he fell forward and nuzzled his neck. Breathing in his smell as he rode out his high by fucking into Castiel's come covered stomach. Four more thrust and Castiel was locked into place he sunk his teeth in the same spot on Dean's neck when he came. He kissed an lapped at the blood to soothe the skin. Dean squeezed his eyes shut and let out a cry, toes curling as he felt Castiel sink into the all to sensitive mating mark. Castiel tugged at his knot and made Dean groan, already out of breath he took a moment to recover.

"You bit me, again!" Dean was startled but not angry like he was before.

"I-I'm sorry, I seem to get into these odd-" Castiel said shocked at his apparently uncontrollable action.

"Alpha mode, it's called alpha mode you over possessive bastard." Dean's words didn't contain any anger he was more amused than anything.

"Uh, yeah I guess I just get so caught up in everything and it just comes naturally." They were laying chest to chest sharing body heat and small laughs. Dean's cum was drying on their stomachs but neither of them minded.

"We've been like this for a while now, your alpha hormones are probably just getting stronger. I think it's normal, well for normal mates. For us it's just well...more sex? If I bit you we'd be able to have that mind reading type sixth sense." Dean hadn't mentioned the mental breakdown since Castiel seemed fine and Dean still couldn't find anything on separating.

Castiel raised an eyebrow at Dean's odd behavior.

"Dean are you asking to mark me?"

"What? No." Dean covered quickly “Besides I wouldn't ask. I'd just do it.” Castiel laughed, would he care if Dean marked him? He should, Dean can't be his real mate he's well, Castiel knows there is a reason why he just can't think of it now.

Castiel's phone ringing startled them both. Luckily he only had to move Dean a little to reach his phone. The ID read Gabriel. He slid his screen and pulled the phone to his ear.

"Gabe." Castiel was rather happy, somewhat awkward since he was knotted in his unofficial mate.

"Cassie, how are ya?" Gabriel asked. Muffled voices of a child and his mate in the background.

"I'm ah, great." He said glancing at Dean.

"Who ya talkin to, Cas?" Dean asked mouthing at his ear and neck.

"My brother, Dean" Castiel answered back quietly.

"Cassie, who are you talking to?" Gabriel asked on the other line.

"Cassie? You're nickname is Cassie!" Dean asked laughing loudly.

"Castiel, who is on the other end?" Gabriel was enjoying this as much as Dean.
"Yes, Dean that's what my brother calls me. And Gabriel that's my roommate, Dean." Dean went back to kissing at Cas's neck.

"So what did you need?" Castiel asked his brother trying to act normal, he knew Dean was trying to make the phone call as awkward as possible.

"Are your forgetting your goddaughters birthday!" Gabriel asked almost shocked at the thought Cas could have forgotten.

"Wait, what!?" Castiel asked shooting up into a sitting position and taking Dean with him.

"Ah, Cas watch your knot!" He cried as he seated himself back comfortably.

"What's today? Did I miss it? Oh god, how could I forget Beckett. Jesus this has been a crazy past few months." Dean looked at Castiel like he had three heads during his freak out.

"No, Castiel you didn't. It's this weekend. And did your roommate just ask you to watch your knot?" Castiel smacked his palm to his forehead.

"Okay, I'll be there and uh yeah he did he's my um, mate." Castiel was nervous on how Dean would react but he only seemed curious on their conversation.

"You mated, Cassie!? Why am I just finding out now?"

"Gabe, it's complicated. I'll tell you when I get there but don't tell anyone but Balthazar yet." Gabriel paused for a few beats.

"Um yeah sure little bro. Just don't forget a gift for my little girl. You're her favorite uncle now, would hate to see you loss your spot on top." Castiel laughed and nodded even though he knew his brother couldn't see.

"Okay, I'll get her a gift. I have to go now."

"Alrighty, and don't forget to bring that mate of yours!" Castiel hung up before he answered not wanting to start up that conversation.

Tossing his phone back onto the table he laid back down. Dean stayed sitting on his knees. Castiel still anchored in him.

"What's up, Cas?"

"My, uh my brother just called. I've told you about him. Gabriel, he's the omega. Well it's Beckett's birthday this weekend and I have to go and he, he wants me to bring you." Dean's smile left his lips and his eyes widened.

"He wants me to come? To your parents house?! Did you say yes?"

"No, I hung up and pretended not to hear him." Castiel was rubbing his temples, he knew this wouldn't go over well. No family affairs was part of their contract.

"Good, because there is a line Cas. And walking into the alpha Novak pack is crossing it. I mean I know we've been playing jumprope with the line lately. With the out of heat sex and showers and sleeping together. It's just your family sounds terrible."

"Dean, I don't expect you to go. I am going because Beckett means the world to me. It will only be a few days. Yeah, my family can be intimidating. Alfie will be there and I think you'd like Gabe. I
just ask that while I'm gone you stay away from the woods.” Dean still didn't seemed satisfied. They stayed quiet until Castiel's knot went down. They got back into their pajamas and went to bed, Dean opting to sleep in his for the first time in over two weeks. Castiel didn't say anything.

Waking up they went through their normal routine, swapping turns in the bathroom and moving around the rather small room.

The walls were still barren despite the fact they had been living here for a few months. Castiel didn't bring much to college and Dean always talked about hanging something up but never bothered to do it. Dean was much neater than Castiel had anticipated. He wouldn't go as far to call him a germaphobe...well not out loud anyway.

Dean was very quiet this morning but Castiel didn't push it. Dean's mind was elsewhere and Castiel knew it wasn't his place to demand things from the man no matter how badly he would like to fix it. Dean left an hour early for his class, leaving Cas alone in the dorm.

Dean had no interest in attending class today but he really didn't have a choice. He decided a quick call home to his brother would help clear his mind and maybe even help him make a choice.

Pulling out his phone he punched in Sams number. He's legs felt restless so he walked around campus as he waited for his brother to pick up.

"Dean?"

"Sammy!” Dean was already smiling.

"Hey, what are you up to?” His younger brother questioned.

"Nothing really, just had some time to kill and wanted to say hi." Dean felt himself backing out, even talking to Sammy about personal problems was hard. Dean may be an omega but he was raised like an alpha and he was always taught to man up. Don't cry, and shove your feelings down. That is what made Dean so emotionally constipated as Sam puts it.

"Oh well hi then." The line went quiet again for a few seconds. "Dean, do you have something to tell me?” Sam knew his brother damn well, and sometimes Dean hates that about him.

"Sammy, I know I say no chick flick moments so this conversation is so off the record that you better forget the second it's over.” Dean’s nerves twisted in his stomach and he had a sudden urge to piss.

"Yeah, Dean sure what do you need?” Dean took in a deep breath, say it now, say it fast it or don't say it at all.

"What made you mark Jess?” This question was obviously the last thing Sam expected.

"Umm, well she was in a few of my classes and we just kind-

"No, Sam I know how you met her I want to know how you knew Jess was the one you wanted to start a pack of your own with. Did she have special traits or something?” Sam huffed out a laugh and was probably shaking his head at his brother.

"It's instinct, Dean your mind and body know what you want. It knows what it needs for a pack. I mean think of our ancestors you think they had conversations about what they wanted. It just clicks in your mind and once you know there's no going back. What, did you find someone?” Sam asked
like he was finally catching up to the punch line.

"What, Sammy no I didn't find a mate. I was just wondering." Dean looked down at his watch he had about ten minutes until class.

"You liar! You found someone!" Sam sounded like a kid who guessed his birthday present early.

"Shut up Sam, and forget this ever happened." Dean quickly ended the call and stopped in his tracks. You just know, instinct that’s what it is. For the first time Dean had to completely become in sync with his body. To just listen. Deep down Dean did know the answer, he has just been ignoring it.

It wasn’t right for Cas to keep him like this.

It’s been two days and Dean had been strangely distant. It put Castiel on edge, he craved attention and affection from Dean. Even if it was the mated part if his mind telling him that he felt like it was something he needed to survive. Or at least he claimed it was that part of his mind.

Castiel was sitting in class when his phone went off, it was a text from Dean.

’We need to talk’ heat flashes over Castiel’s face and fear cut through his gut. The room was suddenly twenty degrees hotter and Castiel started to panic.

We need to talk is never a good thing to hear. What could Dean possibly need to tell him? He had been distant for the past few day so Cas knew something was up. Would he want to end it? Was it something Castiel did?

Castiel took a deep breath. Dean was not his mate. Dean was not his mate. Dean was an omega who could make his own choices and if he didn't want to ever see Castiel again he couldn't do a thing about it. Cas knew deep down the mated part of him yearned for Dean and he knew parts of Dean yearned for Cas. It was confusing and messy but it wasn’t real. It was a deal, they had a contract and everything. Taking another breath Castiel looked back towards the front and tried to catch back up with the lecture.

Dean hated being cryptic but he didn’t want to say anything over a text. They needed to have a serious conversation on where they stood. They weren't mates, they sure as hell acted like them. Sometimes Dean fooled himself in the early parts of the morning and pretended Castiel had a matching mark on his neck. Or at night when Castiel would take Dean apart piece by piece, worshiping every inch of his body. Showing him affection like never before. Jo was just sex. Cas was something else entirely. He was the body of an alpha with the mind of something amazing. His views, his passions, and his love for his niece. It was something he craved, for himself, his future pups, and for a leader if his pack.

They needed to have a very serious talk, and Dean really hoped it didn’t ruin everything.

END OF PART 1

See ya in 2 weeks! *evil laughter*
Chapter End Notes

Yes yes you heard correctly, part one is over!!!

2 Weeks until we update with part two!
The Talk

Chapter Summary

Beginning of Part 2

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry I am a day late! I was having technical and mental problems yesterday so please don't hunt me down and trap me in holy fire! -or a devils trap-

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 10- The Talk

Castiel took a little longer to get back to his dorm than usual. His mind was running a thousand miles an hour and he couldn't bring his feet to move faster. He knew he couldn't push it off forever, he was leaving early tomorrow morning and if Dean was ending it he would need an escape. He just prayed that wasn't the case.

Opening the door to his room he saw Dean sitting in his bed, their makeshift contract in hand. It had colored pen marks all over it. Revisions to some rules and crossing some out all together. Castiel could just picture it, Dean calling it off and tearing up the paper. Asking Castiel to find a new roommate and leave him alone.

"Hey, Cas." Dean wouldn't look up from the crumpled paper and his leg was bouncing anxiously.

"Hello, Dean." Castiel voice sounded broken and he stood by the door for a few beats and then started moving for his bed.

"Can you come here, I have something we need to talk about." Castiel felt his throat tighten and eyes burn. This was it, his little fantasy was over and he was going to have to let Dean Winchester go. Trying to keep himself collected Castiel nodded and walked over to sit by Dean.

"I've been thinking for the past few days, since your conversation with your brother." Dean paused trying to pull together enough courage to continue. Castiel notices how tight his throat was as he talked, like each word hurt. "We've made a lot of changes to this thing, ya know. Took a few weeks for us to make the changes but once we did I feel like we were crossing them off left and right. Except one. The family affairs." Castiel opened his mouth to talk but Dean stopped him. "No, Cas let me finish. The only rule we haven't taken off this damn piece of paper has been the no family rule. We have sex, we go out for coffee and burgers, we share a bed, a shower, and we
just—’ He sighs’ I don't want this contract anymore, Cas.' There it was, the blow Castiel had been fearing. He felt like he was going to vomit or cry. His body started shaking violently and he felt physical pain in his gut. ‘you failed your mate, trash, no good, just a stupid bottom bitch.’ His throat was constricting and his eyes prickled, he was right. Dean Winchester would destroy him. Why didn't he just keep it to the contract? Why did they have to change? Maybe he would still have Dean. The smell in the room curdled and it looked like the words Dean was about to say what he meant by all this, but it just wouldn’t leave his tongue. Dean was looking at the contract and didn’t notice Castiel stumbling backwards towards the door, not until his hand was on the knob and he was gone.

“Cas!” Dean shouted jumping off the bed and out into the hallway that was filled with other alphas. “Castiel!” Was the last thing he screamed before the alpha disappeared into the stairwell. Dean stood motionlessly in the hallway as other wolves shot conspicuous looks over at him. The breath was knocked out of him as bile rose in his mouth, what had he done? He had screwed up so terribly, the mark was the only thing that kept Cas by him. He didn’t love him, not like Dean so blatantly did. Dean chewed the inside of his cheek. What was he to do now?

The awful pin-prick feeling of total heartbreak washed over him. Dean started to cry. This was why Dean didn’t grow attached to people outside of his pack, they left. He was just an omega and now that his use to Castiel was over he was just the dirt the alpha walked over. God, he thought Castiel was different, caring, loving, a proper alpha with morals. But he was just like the rest. Dean’s face twisted as he thought of all he and Cas did to either, the sex, the date, all of it and it was just for his entertainment. Dean felt oddly violated, Cas was the one who protected him even if he didn’t really need it, he was his rock through this and now he’s crumbled. Dean felt like sideshow entertainment and it only pushed more tears into his eyes as they threatened to spill over his red rims.

Dean could help the sick feeling inside of him, his throat constricted and eyes stung. He didn’t give a damn that he was a show for any wandering alpha in the hallway. He was a damn mess and he didn’t give a shit that he was just staring blankly at the newly painted walls. His eyes burnt and every situation and outcome floated in Dean’s mind, wishing he hadn’t said a damn thing and left it alone. The sick feeling coiled deep in his gut and traveled through his body, giving up. Dean closed his eyes in an attempt to stop the rising tears from spilling over. It was in his exhausting fit to keep himself together that he fell asleep in the hall.

Castiel didn’t know how long he had been hiding in the public bathroom downstairs, drawing the shower curtain to hide himself his breathing never settled. Over and over he could just imagine the words that would come out of Dean’s mouth “You’re taking this too far. I don’t want you Cas, it’s over you need to leave.” Castiel bit his lip to keep a cry back, his chin was shaking and his throat burned to keep whimpers from escaping. Digging his nails into the tile as he sank to his knees, he heard people enter and exit, this bathroom was rarely used to shower and it was the first place he thought of. His eyes slowly closed and time was lapsing, he could hear people walking in and out, small conversations but nothing Castiel couldn’t block it out. His body starts to ache from the way he was sitting on the floor, he nodded off for some time and when he wakes up he groggily wonders where he is, until that dawning moment of remembrance. He feels lost, his home is gone, Dean was his home here. He can’t go back...Can he? He could just picture the contact torn up, the way Dean called him before he ran probably about to tell him not to come back.

Castiel had been sitting on the shower floor for almost two hours and his legs were going numb. Standing up shakily Castiel wraps his arms around himself as a comfort shield as he leaves to brace the world. The building is bustling as usual, alpha’s and beta’s gathering in the lounge to watch TV as others file out of the newly redone kitchen. Everyone is oblivious to what Castiel was going through, unless they got close enough to smell the dejection seeping off him in waves. Climbing the steps was almost impossible, with each step his legs grew heavier, like led bricks were being
tied to his feet. Castiel didn’t know what he would find upstairs. Would his things be outside the
door? Would Dean even be there? The guessing game was painful for Cas to play and he held his
breath as he pushed open the heavy metal door from the stairwell and into the relatively empty
hallway. No one paid him any attention as he weaved through the small crowd to his dorm. That
was until the growing smell of ash and dust hit his nose, it made him think of an empty house.
Alone, scared, and abandoned, it made him think of all the times he had moved. His stomach
turned in sickness until he saw the source of the smell; Dean. Curled up on himself being
completely ignored by everyone around him. He was sleeping and the scent coming off him was
tearing Cas apart with anxiety and emptiness, just pure sorrow for letting Dean ever feel this way.
Everything in Castiel changed as he rushed over to Dean’s side and kneeled beside him. He placed
a hand gingerly on Dean’s shoulder as the omega restlessly turned in his sleep.

“Dean, wake up.” Again Castiel shook his shoulder hoping Dean wouldn’t react negatively to
Castiel’s reappearance. Dean opened his puffy red eyes, the green in them stood bright against the
irritated whites and it took him a few seconds to study Cas.

“Cas?” Dean sat up trying to push down his emotions once again, but seeing Castiel in front of him
he had no control over what he said. “Cas- god you’re back…”

“What happened?” It was a stupid question, Castiel knew just what happened but what he didn’t
know was why Dean was so upset.

"Damn," He cursed grabbing onto Castiel’s green button up and looking into Castiel blue eyes. “I
wanna rip this fucking thing up!” He buried his face in his hands that clung to Cas, waves of fear,
and anger, and sadness rolled off his body, repelling the other alphas in the hall. “I want you, Cas!”
He shouted, edging on hysterics. He heaved a deep breath before whispering "I wanna be your
mate, Cas.” Castiel studied Dean’s face for a few beats, the burst of emotion was odd for the man
but Castiel didn’t hold onto that thought for long once he processed what he had said.

"Y-you what?" Castiel could barely form words, his throat felt thick from holding back tears.

“Cas I-”

A whimper escaped Cas' mouth "oh Dean-

"Shit." Cas didn't want this, and being the kindest alpha Dean knew, he was going to let him down
easy. "Fuck, I fucked up." Dean rubbed his eyes swatting off the terrible vomit inducing knots in
his stomach. No, Dean wasn't letting that happen, he was stronger than that. "Just-just forget what I
said." Dean quickly tried to leave brushing past Cas his emotions were out of control and he didn’t
feel like himself. He'd go to his car, and drive off, maybe pick up Sammy and just go. With
lighting speed Castiel shot up and grabbed Dean's face and pulled him into a crushing kiss, thick
tears covered Castiel's cheeks. He only broke to let out a sob. Dean responded quickly accepting
Castiel tongue and wrapping his arms around his neck. Castiel pulled back and was panting. Vision
completely clouded. “Why’d you come back?”

“I thought you-” He shook his head, “I heard-”

"Little alpha, why are you crying?" Dean asked, cupping Castiel's cheek and running a hand
through his dark hair.

"I-I though from the text you wanted to end it, that you were going to make me leave. I never
expected this." he paused, smiling “I ran out, and I heard you shouting from on the staircase, I
just-” He exhaled loudly, running a hand through his hair. Soon Dean was tearing up again and
Castiel took the contract from the omega’s hand and held it up between them. "I always hated this
contract.” They both laughed as Cas tore the paper in half. Castiel walked backwards pulling Dean with him their room. “Dean, god Dean I need you.” With watery eyes Dean pulled Castiel towards him once again and snaked his tongue in to claim him once again.

“Shh, baby come on.” Dean pulled away and stroked Castiel’s stubbly cheek.

Dean looked back at Cas and the his neck and smiled. Shoved the alpha back into their room. Dean pushed Cas backwards and it felt like a dream, he was floating on the high of Castiel. Kicking the door closed behind him Dean pushed onto his bed and straddled Cas’ hips, wiping away all traces of his tears, smiling as wide as his mouth could allow.

"Time for my mark." Dean let out a low growl before he leaned down to nip at his ear lobe. Excitement pulsed off of them like firecrackers setting off in the air. Their skin heated as Dean slowly traced out the perfect place for his mark, tracing circles with his tongue. Castiel was letting out small shaking purs and soft whimpers. He was putty in Dean’s hands and if he didn’t have such a burning need to mark the alpha he would drag this out. Finding the perfect spot he sank his teeth deep into Castiel's skin. Lapping at the droplets of blood from his mark he started to purr. It was like a flood of relief to complete the mating; fueling the passion they’d both been holding back for so damn long. It felt amazing and Dean wished he had done it sooner. Dean could feel a low rumble deep in Castiel's chest and before he knew it, he was on his back as his alpha ravished him. Sucking at his mark and nipping his neck. They both had an extreme demand for physical contact that they couldn't deny themselves.

It was fast and heated, they practically ripped each others clothes off. Castiel gave Dean little preparation, stretching him out with two fingers before Dean demanded he fuck him. Once Castiel slid in they both felt a strike of lightning shoot through their bodies that struck their core, igniting it. With every thrust the energy grew, building up in their stomachs ready to explode and swallow the two. They couldn't talk, only moan, whine, and cry as Cas pounded into Dean.

It was like an earthquake, their bodies slamming together one last time before an explosion of pleasure nearly knocked them out. Castiel was securely locked into Dean and they both were gasping for air. The energy was drained from every muscle in their body and they couldn't keep their eyes open. Castiel collapsed onto Dean and they both fell into an orgasm induced slumber.

It was almost three in the morning when they woke up tangled together in Dean’s bed. Dark red sheets caught in their legs.

"Mm, Cas what time is it?" Dean croaked, his voice rough from sex and sleep.

"I think it's," Castiel looked over to his alarm at the blurred red numbers, "Two-forty" Dean groaned and Cas froze. His knot went down so he lifted off Dean and looked around.

"Holy shit I have to pack!" Castiel jumped out of bed and ran around the room stark naked.

"Pack? Are you serious? We’ve been mated for three hours, speed racer!" Dean was still blurry eyed and he slowly lifted himself up from bed.

"I'm leaving for my parents' today, smartass." Then Cas stopped he dropped his bag and he and Dean looked at each other for a few seconds.

"Well come one then get me a bag, we did tear up the contract." he said with a boyish grin "and by the look of your neck it seems you have a new mate to show off." An amazing smile completely lit up Castiel's face as he tossed his bag onto Dean's bed.
"It's only a few days, we can share the bag." Dean nodded and crawled out of bed.

"Well, I'll go under one condition. We take my car and I'm driving." Castiel only rolled his eyes and agreed. He grabbed a few jeans and his button ups. "Hey, Cas what's up with the fancy shirts? I mean don't you have t-shirts?" Castiel chuckled.

"I have lots of clothes, you'll see them when we get there. We will be next to my brother Lucifer... so that should be interesting." Dean's smile faded slightly, Castiel's family still frightened him, he had no problem fighting an alpha but a family of all alphas made him nervous. He tried to think back to the pictures he had seen, the only two siblings he could place where Alfie and Anna, and Gabriel if he was in any pictures. The rest just looked like assholes wrapped in a monkey suit. Castiel noticed Dean change is disposition and walked over to him.

"My bark matches my bite and I won't hesitate to step in if they wrong you in any way." Dean leaned in to place a chaste kiss on Castiel's lips. He pictured Castiel living in a palace at the top of Alpha point, omega help across the house and snotty alphas lifting their nose at him. Castiel won’t have to do the biting if they come after him.

"Yeah, I know." Dean went to his dresser to pull out a few shirts and pants. Packing one pair of boxers and the rest panties. Castiel smirked at Dean's underwear selection. Dean also opted to pull on a pair of briefs for the packing process.

"When are we leaving?" Castiel was pulling on a pair of pants and looked back at the clock.

"Few hours, wanted to get there early and they are about three hours north."

"Alright," Dean looked around the room making sure all his basic essentials were shoved into Castiel's duffle bag.

"I'll finish up, you go to bed since you're apparently driving. I'll set the alarm clock and we can grab a bite on the road.

Dean nodded and crawled back into his bed, burying himself under his red comforter. Castiel watched as Dean closed his eyes, his Dean, his omega, his mate. It was one of the most amazing thoughts Castiel had ever had and he couldn’t wipe off the huge smile on his face.

He left to grab a few things from the bathroom and caught his reflection. He had bags under his eyes and a little stubble but his eyes were bright, his cheeks were red, and he had the most amazing mating mark on his neck.

Every mark is different, since every person has different kinds of teeth it makes every mating mark unique. Dean left an amazing mark, his teeth were rather straight. But his K9's were sharp and went deep into his skin. It would take a little while to heal, then there would be a silver scar left in its place. Every few years mates usually remark their partner to make the bite stand out more. But until then it remained red and the skin around it irritated, but it was still perfect.

Castiel could laugh, or dance, or hell, even sing. He wanted to hurry and finish packing so he could warm up to Dean and get a few more hours of sleep. Sleeping in a bed with Dean was always amazing but there was a new element added to this, he always had a pull towards Dean but since the mating was completed his body was running off a crazy high and all he wanted was Dean.

Castiel threw the rest of his things into his bag and returned to bed with Dean. Once they got back they would have to order a double bed for the dorm. Thankfully they were already registered mates. Castiel nuzzled into Dean's neck and took deep breaths until he fell asleep.
At six the alarm woke them up with its shrill beeps. Castiel fell off the edge of the small twin bed and crawled over to shut it off.

"Dean, wake up." Castiel had to crawl across the gray scratchy carpet over to his mate and shake him awake. "Come one it's time to leave." Dean slowly blinked his eyes open and wiped the drool from his mouth.

"Leavin' already?" Dean groaned and rolled over to the edge of the bed.

"Yes we are, now come on or else I'm driving." Dean let out a small growl and crawled off the bed and into Castiel's lap.

"Mmm, but you're so warm and nice and isn't Beckett's birthday tomorrow? Why not come to bed and let me warm you up, I've a nice warm place for you to bury into.” Dean whined as he nuzzled into Castiel's neck.

“No Dean, come on.”

“What did you get her by the way?” Dean looked up at his mate whose face froze in shock. Pulling himself off Cas and walked over to his dresser to pull on a t-shirt and nice worn jeans because he knew just what that face meant.

"I uh- oh god I forgot to get her something!" Castiel jumped up and ran into the bathroom to comb his hair and brush his teeth then scurried to get dressed. "We need to leave right now and stop along the way to get her something!” Castiel's was in a frenzy and was moving like a tornado through their dorm.

"Cas, hey, calm down! We can stop along the way. We can leave now grab something to eat and find a kids store."

"Yeah, yeah go brush your teeth and then we can leave." Cas pushes Dean towered the bathroom and grabbed his bag and his jacket. Once Dean emerged they headed out towards the parking lot. It was terribly cold outside especially in the early hours of the morning. Winter was just around the corner and so was Christmas and midterms. Thanksgiving was spent with Chinese food and half ass excuses texted towards their family so they would probably have to give in for the nearing holiday.

"So um, any pointers for your family? Like how to not get ganged up on by one of the most well know packs of this century?" Dean lead the way into the parking lot Castiel found him in after Alistair attacked. His baby was parked in the middle of the lot and she was slightly neglected over this past week.

"Um, everyone older than Anna is an ass. They will probably have their mates there with them. Except Michael he is getting married and they won't mark each other until after the ceremony. More out of the wives family's wishes. Uriel, Raphael, Alfie, and Hester don't have mates. Lucifer has Lilith, Anna has Tessa , Gabriel has Balthazar and then of course my parents. Naomi and Azazul. So I guess avoid the unmated ones as much as you can. Except obviously Alfie." Dean unlocked the door and Castiel threw their bag into the back and slid in the passenger side. The cold leather chilled his skin but the car smelt exactly like Dean, it was a place he could easily melt into. Even if it was ungodly cold in there.

"As you assumed when we first meet my family is very traditional. Well, my older brothers and Hester are so be prepared for some comments. I'll tell them right off but they don't listen to me very much." Dean started the engine and enjoyed the feel of his baby purring under him. "I guess
my best advice would be if you're not with me and you don't want to fight stay downstairs. That's technically where Gabriel lives and he won't give you any shit. Plus Beckett is usually down there and I think you'll love her." Castiel didn't realize he was smiling until he saw his reflection in the side mirror. Dean was taking mental notes as he watched the road disappear under his cars wheels. They made a quick stop for food and then pulled onto the highway. Dean was gnawing at the inside of his cheek, he really hoped he made the right choice to tag along.

“So what do you have in mind for Beckett?” Dean broke the comfortable silence that filled the car. His eyes never averted from the road and the sun was slowly rising behind the trees that cast shadows onto the highway.

“I-I don’t know. I should know, I always know what to get her but my mind is just not working.” Castiel sighed, an odd feeling of failure seeped into his stomach and turned the cheap breakfast in his stomach.

“Well why not tell me a little about her and I could help.” Castiel thought for a few seconds a smiled.

“Well, Gabriel has me as he godfather even though he probably has no idea what that means. She is one of the happiest little girls out there but won't hesitate to fight. Even though a five year old can only do so much damage. She has strawberry blonde hair and curls. She likes to climb around outside and piss off her uncles. She is very attuned to everything around her and picks up on things that are far beyond her time. She likes jokes and favors omegas, I have a feeling she will be studying omega rights when she is older.”

“Okay, what I got so far, tough little girl who loves her daddy.” Dean smiled, he thinks he’ll like her. “And her uncle, obviously.”

“I may spoiler her.” Castiel admitted sheepishly.

“I guessed that, you have a weak spot for pups. Hell so do I.”

“Oh no, who’s going to be the responsible parent?” The car erupted into laughter.

“Hey, we would make great parents, but Cas you get to play bad cop.” Castiel snorted.

“I don’t think so, buddy.”

They continued on the road for another two hours until they could find a kids store that was open. They were about twenty minutes from Castiel’s house so they decided to pull into the next shop they saw. Dean pulled into a rather upscale strip mall. It has designer stores and nice restaurants but they had their eyes on the childrens boutique.

Castiel lead the way and opened the door, small bell announced their arrival and a heavy eyed old man sat behind the counter. Many of the things in the store were hand crafted and it ranged from handmade baby clothes to hand painted toys and cribs. Castiel was at a loss, nothing in here made him think of Beckett. Dean stepped next to Cas and pressed his hand into Castiel’s lower back.

“See anything?” Dean was impressed by the wide selection of baby accessories.

“No, none of this is really screaming Beckett.” He let out a defeated sigh but walked toward the back of the store knowing he had to find something here. His eyes skimmed over soft teddy bears and pink and yellow stitched kittens. Glass picture frames with names printed on them and onesies that read “Future Alpha”. Castiel especially disliked that one.
“Hey, Cas does she wear any jewelry?” Dean was sitting by the counter and looking at a shelf of gold and silver bracelets and necklaces. Castiel looked up from the embroidered pillow and walked over to his mate.

“Not that I know of... do you see something?” Castiel joined Dean and looked over the many choices. Then he saw the gold locket that hung all the way to the right. Castiel reached out and grabbed it carefully the chain was cold in his hand and the heart shaped locket popped open. There was a section for a picture on one side and on the other it said ‘Dream Big, Little One’, once Castiel saw the light reflect off the small locket he knew this was it.

“A locket?” Dean asked putting down the bracelet he was looking at.

“Yeah, it’s perfect.” Castiel smiled and turned for the register.

“Find everything okay?” The elderly alpha asked as he rung Castiel up.

“Yeah we did.” Castiel was antsy to leave, he didn’t want to see his parents but he missed Anna, Gabriel, and Beckett very much.

Once he payed, Castiel took Dean’s hand and they walked out to the car. It felt like a weight was lifted off Castiel’s shoulders now that he had the locket. He just hoped she would like it.

“Cas, relax you’re starting to make me nervous.” Dean started the car and peeled out of the parking lot and down the empty road towards the Novak residence.

Chapter End Notes

Okay I hope you liked it we wrote this chapter a long time ago and made a lot of last minute changes. This was an odd chapter and it had two big events in it so I hopefully it didn't feels rushed or anything because this is the beginning of part two and I think you guys can guess what this part will be centered around... Family.
Saying Castiel’s home was jaw dropping was an understatement. It was on a three acre plot of land and half the house looked to be made of glass. It was modern like something you would see in movies or in travel commercials to tropical lands.

“My god Castiel you live here?” Dean’s voice went up a few octaves as he thought back to his little home in Lawrence.

“Yeah, it’s not as great as you think.”

“Not what I think? This place is massive! I mean it must be amazing to have so much space.”

Dean killed the engine and parked next to a silver prius.

“There is no reason to have space if it’s just going to be empty.” Dean sensed Castiel didn’t like this house and his words held more that he lead on.

“Yeah, I guess that makes sense.” They both piled out of the car and Castiel pulled their bag out from the back. Castiel wrapped his arm around Dean’s waist protectively and continued up the perfectly paved driveway and passed the three car garage.

“Whose Prius is that?” Dean asked like the word was bile in his mouth.

“That would be Michael.”

“Douche.” Castiel snorted and kissed Dean’s temple, scenting him quickly before they reached the mahogany door that stood out against the white outer walls of the house, up close they looked like concrete.

“Are you ready?” Castiel asked quietly, his hand hovering over the gold knocker. Dean could only nod and pray this was the right choice. Never in a million years would he think he would be walking into the Novak house as a guest. Castiel gave three good knocks and pulled his hand back. Dean could hear voices from the inside and he clenched his teeth as the door opened.

“Castiel!” A pale skinned redhead grabbed Castiel’s arm and pulled him over the threshold and into a hug. Her eyes matched Castiel’s and Dean saw the wrinkles on her young skin, obviously
from smiling. Something Castiel didn’t have.

“Anna!” Castiel hugged her back just as enthusiastically and they scented each other. Dean felt something odd in his gut, he had never seen Castiel like this, he could tell Cas loved Alfie but they never greeted each other like this. Castiel did say he hasn’t seen Anna in a very long time.

Castiel pulled away from Anna and turned back to look at Dean. He was fidgeting awkwardly, the smell of multiple alpha’s was rolling out the door and it made Dean uneasy.

“Castiel, who is this stunning man you have?” Anna asked extending her hand offering her scent to Dean. Dean looked between the two for a second before he stepped forward and gave her a hug. She smelt so sweet, fresh rain in spring with honeysuckle and daisies. Nothing like the strong smell of alpha leaking from the doorway, but she was in fact an alpha. She had a soothing smell, like Cas. That made Dean relax a little, and he pressed in a little harder to take in another breath of her scent. Dean relied on scent to tell the personality or the overall emotion of a person, it was much harder to scent out beta’s unless they were part of your pack. It was an extremely important skill, especially when meeting a new pack.

“Your new brother.” Dean decided he might as well go all out with the family that Cas actually liked. Anna pulled away from Dean to look him over, her eyes landed on the ever present bite mark Castiel gave him.

“You son of bitch, Castiel! Why didn’t I know about this?” Anna ran her slender fingers over the mark and she seemed giddy at the sight of it.

“Eh, surprise I guess?” Castiel was a terrible liar and Dean could tell Anna knew it.

“Well come on in, uh-” She paused realizing she didn’t know his name.

“Dean,” The omega finished for her with a chuckle.

“Dean, I don't want to throw you to the wolves but sadly you have to meet the rest of the family.” Anna was behind Dean pushing him lightly through a formal dining room. Her hands were on his shoulders and she was talking in his ear. “But you’ve got Cas and I.”

“That’s good to know.” Dean laughed nervously and bit the inside of his cheek as he was lead into a grand kitchen. Vaulted ceilings and a burt sunflower yellow for the walls stainless steel appliances and dark granite counters. It was a kitchen to die for and Dean had a sudden urge to cook. The rest of Castiel’s family was gathered around the island chatting, it was still early but it seemed everyone here was already dressed for the day. Looking at everyone he felt uncomfortable and the voice in his head was telling him to run.

“Look who’s here.” Anna pulled Castiel up next to Dean and walked around them to pick up a piece of bacon from the counter.

“Castiel, how are you?” No one came to hug him like Anna had, they nodded at one another and shook hands with one of them.

“And who is that?” The oldest man in the room asked, wisps of gray speckled his hair and his voice was gritty. He had deep set frown lines and bags, he seemed like a very unpleasant man and Dean was guessing that was Castiel’s father, Azazul.

“Um, well everyone this is Dean and he is my mate.” It was like ripping off a bandaid, do it fast. The room fell silent for a few seconds until Anna nudged her blonde haired brother.
“Really, a mate? Wow, Castiel and I thought we sent you to school to learn.” The older woman sat at the island combing her fork through a half eaten bowl of fruit, she had dark brown hair that was pulled up and a stern expression.

“Well I do learn, and I also met Dean.” Castiel was pissed, Dean could feel it pouring off of him in waves. It was an odd feeling, now that their mating was completed he had a sixth sense when it came to Castiel, even from a distance he could feel him.

“I’m surprised you didn’t tell us, what ever happened to Meg? She was a lovely beta.” Castiel had to hold back a growl.

“Mother, Meg and I never hit it off and that was years ago. I have found Dean. I’m very happy.” Dean was surprised at how well Cas kept himself together. Dean watched Anna roll her eyes at he mother.

“Well at least he got an omega, how are the heats Castiel? Awesome perk right?” Dean’s grip tightened on Castiel’s wrist and he glared at the tall blonde man Anna had nudged a few minutes ago.

“Lucifer, back off.” Castiel obviously had less restraint when it came to his brothers and if Dean remembered correctly Lucifer was the one sleeping next door. The room was quiet for a few more beats and Dean was trying to put names to faces. Cas had given him a quick description of his brothers. The tall dark haired one was Michael and next to him was probably Uril based on the permanent glare plastered on his face. Heaster was obviously the blonde woman standing behind her mother Naomi. It seemed a few of the pack was missing.

“Alright, I’m going to go say hello to Gabriel and Beckett.” Castiel ushered Dean out of the room and into a long hallway. They only exchanged glances until they made it all the way to the end. Opening the last door on the right they both walked down a flight of steps into a basement that was modeled like an apartment.

“I am so sorry.” Castiel gave Dean a quick kiss on the cheek. “I promise it will get better.”

“Is that uncle I hear?” The voice of his brother came from the bedroom across the basement. Within seconds the sound of small bare feet slapping against hard wood came from the hallway.

“Cassie!” A small girl with strawberry blonde hair and bouncing curls came running towards Cas who scooped her up and twirled her. She had a soft blue shirt on that went to her hips and black leggings. She was very slender, her long arms wrapped around Castiel’s neck and her soft pink lips placed a kiss on his cheek.

“And how is my favorite niece?” He asked kissing her forehead and tickling her side.

“Good!” She laughed, her eyes were practically gold and that seemed odd to Dean. Until he saw her father and if she wasn’t a spitting image of him. He wore an army green button-up and light washed jeans. A large smile curled on his face when he saw his brother. His eyes drifted to Dean briefly and moved back to his daughter.

“Well so nice of you to join us.” He smiled and patted Castiel’s arm. He smelt like christmas morning and baked cookies.

“Nice to see you too, Gabe.”

“And who do we have here?” Gabriel asked walking towards Dean. He extended his hand towards Castiel’s brother feeling much more comfortable around him that upstairs where the smell of alpha
could burn your eyes. “You must be Dean.” Gabriel wiggled his eyebrows and gave him a sly smile.

“Cassie, he is so out of your league.”

"Thank you, Gabe." Castiel rolled his eyes at his brother and placed another kiss on Beckett's cheek.

"Hey, you want to meet uncle Cassie's mate?" Beckett's eyes light up and she nodded excitedly. Castiel walked over to Dean and without hesitation Beckett leaned towards Dean for him to hold her. Dean felt a split second of fear, yeah he had held kids before he was always helping out with his brothers when they were younger. But this was a strange pup who openly crawled into his unsteady arms. But once her scent of honeysuckle and grass filled his nose he melted into her.

"Well hello there," Dean smiled as he took the small pup into his arms. She immediately buried her nose into his neck and took a deep breath in. Dean felt a pang of joy shoot through him as the small pup nuzzled into his neck.

"You’re like my daddy!" She giggled and placed her small hand against Dean's cheek. "I like him uncle Cassie." She placed a quick kiss on his other cheek and giggled again.

"Well that's good because I like your uncle too." Dean took this chance to lean in and press their noses together. Beckett giggled again and help his face in her small hands.

"Daddy! I want to play with him!" Beckett spun around in Dean's arms and reached for her father.

"Alright maybe later right now Dean is meeting everyone so come here, angel." Gabriel stepped forward and plucked his daughter from Dean's hands.

"I'll see you guys in a few." Gabriel walked back down the hallways and to his bedroom.

"So this is where Gabriel lives?" Dean asked once Gabe was out of earshot.

"Uh yeah, once he presented as an omega he was shoved into the dark and this has been where he's lived. It's a nice place but that doesn't excuse the fact his own family denied his existence." Dean couldn't help the sick feeling twist in his gut, he and Gabriel were in the same boat.

"Does he plan to stay here forever?" Dean looked around the kitchen look like it was made from the leftover material from the main kitchen. A large L-shaped sofa curled around a tv and toys littered the floor.

"No, I think he's looking for a new place now." Castiel spoke with a distant voice as he curled his fingers around the hairs that lay flat on Dean's neck.

"That's good, can't imagine living down here my whole life." Castiel can feel Dean's sudden discomfort. He offered comfort to his mate with a soothing kiss to his temple.

"Want to see my room?" Dean perked up a bit and nodded.

"Yeah, I’d love to see all the dirty things you didn't bring to college."

"Ha, well sorry to disappoint but you won't find anything kinky in there." Castiel paused and nuzzled at Dean's ear and purred "that's all in my mind." Dean felt a chill run up his spine at Castiel's words.
"Well you should show me your room, and maybe tonight you can show me a few things you've been thinkin' about." Placing a kiss on Castiel's lips they both went back upstairs. Castiel lead the way down the hall and thankfully the family had moved out of the kitchen and onto their own things.

"So where is Alfie?" Dean asked as they wound around the corner and up a large set of stairs.

"He had work today, he'll be here later tonight."

"Alright." Dean followed Castiel down the hall of bedrooms. Castiel's room was on the left and when Dean walked in he was shocked. Half his wall was glass like the rest of this side of the house. He had a twin bed and the same blue comforter he had back at college. The wall that wasn't glass was a floor to ceiling bookshelf. Filled to the brim with books from every genre imaginable.

"Holy shit, Cas." Dean was in awe from the shaggy gray rug on the floor to the amazing sound system built into his wall. It was so odd to see this side of Cas. Like he was trying to make his mark on his parents design.

"Yeah, it's a lot." Castiel said sheepishly.

"It's killer man." Dean walked over to his bed and sat down looking out the window. He could see the trees that covered every inch of the land outside. It was like the forest was a part of the room.

"Well thanks." Dean turned around and pat the space next to him becoming Castiel over.

"We do have some time to ourselves. Raphael isn't home yet and I owe you big for coming here." Castiel crawled towards his mate and placed a kiss on his neck.

"Mm, what do you have in mind?" Dean asked leaning back into Cas.

"I can give you a back rub now and later tonight I can really repay you."

"Mmm, alpha, getting me all tingly." Dean turned his head to the side to capture Castiel's lips. Dean relaxed his shoulders as Cas started to work out the knots in his back.

"You're so tense, little omega."

"You see this?" Dean lifted his fist and showed Cas "In. The. Dick." His eyes were half lidded from the pleasure Cas' capable hands provided. "And you would be too if you were meeting the Novaks for the first time." Dean had his eyes closed and he tried to melt into Castiel's firm hands.

"Yeah, they can be intimidating. Anna likes you so that's good and so do Gabriel and Beckett." Dean smiled at Beckett's name. She was a sweet pup, he knew why Castiel loved her so much.

"Hey, Cas." Dean had opened his eyes and was toying with his thumbs.

"Yes, Dean." Castiel had moved his hands down to Dean's lower back and rested his chin on Dean's shoulder.

"How many pups do you want?" It was such a random question but the size of Castiel's pack was much larger than Dean's. He could still feel Beckett's soft hand on his check and wondered when he would feel that with his own pup.

"Well, your mind wanders doesn't it?" Castiel jokes and lifted his head from Dean's shoulder. "I, I don't really know. I've always wanted a big family but I never really thought of a number. Kinda
wanted to have them spaced out so there was always a pup. What makes you ask?” Castiel slid his hands from Dean's back around to rest on his stomach.

"I don't know I mean I wanted a big family too since I only have two other brothers. I've never been to an actual omega doctor, you know where they can check your fertility and that shit." Dean felt Castiel's fingers tense protectively on his stomach.

"Shush, don’t worry about that Dean. We are in college right now, no rush for pups yet.” Leaning down Castiel placed soft kisses along Dean's mating mark. Dean decided not to further the conversation. He should just enjoy the view of the forest and the scent of his mate

"Hey, Castiel we are almost ready for lunch.” Anna popped her head in. Dean hadn't even realized how much time had passed.

He was leaned back into Castiel's chest and his head rested on his mates' shoulder. Castiel had his nose buried in Dean's soft hair. They were both half asleep and he responded to his sister with a hum but refused to budge.

"That usually means move." She chimed in again, her boots clicking on the floor. "I mean as much as I would like to hide from them you've already been up here for two hours and no one needs a pissy mom.” Castiel chuckled and pulled his head up away from the sweet smell of vanilla. Dean’s scent changed with his cycle, but he was always extremely appealing to Cas.

"Yeah, come on Dean. The last thing we want is my mother hunting us down." Dean groaned but complied with his mate.

"I won't promise I'll behave." Dean swung his legs around and hopped off the bed and walked towards the door.

"Dean, you wouldn't even if you did promise," They both followed Anna out and the stairs.

“One sec, forgot my phone.” Castiel nodded and continued down the steps and Dean turned back to Cas’ room. Walking over towards the slightly disheveled bed, Digging under the pillow he pulled out his phone and shoved it into his back pocket. Moving back out into the hallway he stopped just before he ran into one of Cas' brothers.

“Settle down there, girl.” The dirty blond alpha said with a smile, It took Dean a few seconds to process what just happened.

“What?” Dean almost growled

“You know a big house full of alphas, sweet omega like you shouldn’t be trotting around without his alpha.” The man Dean placed as Lucifer grinned.

“Well, friendly reminder to stick a knot up your ass you fuckwad.” Just as he finished a slender blond woman with curled blonde hair appeared behind the alpha.

“Maybe it’s time to remind Castiel how to keep omegas in line.” She spoke from behind placing a soft hand on lucifers inner elbow.
“Lillith, that’s the best idea you had had all day.” Dean shot daggers at both the wolves and shoved past the alpha to the stairs that lead into a formal dining area. Dean had walked through here before when Anna was pushing him into the kitchen. The same yellowish paint flowed into here. A massive mahogany table sat in the middle of the room with ten chairs and ten ornate place settings. Each setting had a cup and a wine glass. Four large floor to ceiling windows brought in all the light that was needed to brighten the room. He rejoined Ann and Castiel who were waiting for him. Dean let out a shaken breath as he looked around.

"It’s okay Dean, I’ll sit next to you and Cas and I will show you the ropes.” Dean liked Anna, he would rather have Castiel's arms around him but at least he had made one friend out of Castiel’s family.

"Can't be that hard, can it?"

It could in fact be that hard. Dean looked down at his place setting, there were three plates stacked on top of one another and more utensils than they had back at home in the silverware drawer. They all matched too, Dean marveled down at them, before looking helplessly over at Cas. He looked like a lost puppy dog. Cas snorted into his glass of water, dribbling it down his front.

It was an awkward first few minutes, Castiel tried drying off his pants and Dean kep his eyes locked on his lap. His plate was covered in way more green than Dean was used to, everyone around him seemed to be enjoying the meal and he could feel Castiel’s gaze at his side. It wasn’t until Naomie broke the silence that Dean looked up.

“So, Castiel how did you acquire Dean?” Dean choked on the food he was trying to swallow.

“We met in school, mother. He was my roommate.” Castiel had a very cool and distant tone, he obviously was not up for this conversation.

“Oh, well have you met Dean’s alpha guardian? Where are his papers?” Castiel’s fork clattered to his plate.

“Mother, Dean does not have papers he isn’t some house pet I bought to follow me around.” Naomie seemed annoyed at her son's response. "He is not a dog." He emphasized through his teeth.

"Well no he wouldn't be a dog, dogs are male and can’t get pregnant, he would be a bitch."

"Mom!” Anna snapped at her from beside Dean and Castiel was holding back a snarl.

"Dean isn't a bitch and he doesn't have papers. I have never met his father I only have Dean and he is as much mine as I am his.” Anger dripped from Castiel's words and Dean squeezed his knees as a silent thank you.

"When can I expect pups? You don't smell bred up yet. I want to know when I’m getting my first grandpups.” That comment made Dean's face turn red with anger. His first? What was Beckett, did they not count her? It took all of Dean’s self control not to lunge across the table and rip out Azazel's throat.

"No, I'm in college I want a job and Cas and I haven't talked about pups and probably won't until-.”

"Did I ask you?” Azazel's tone was cold and precise. Like those four words soul purpose was to diminish any scrap of self worth Dean had. He hates to admit it, but it was working.

"Father, Dean is completely capable of speaking for himself. He was born with vocal chords just like you."
"Castiel don't talk back to your father!" Naomi snapped.

"Then you don't talk back to my mate!" He snarled.

"Everyone needs to calm down, it's lunch, save the grudge match for later on. Get Gabriel later tonight it can be an omega vs alpha fight." Michael chuckled and bumped his elbow into Lucifer to encourage him to laugh also.

"Where is Gabriel by the way?" Both Anna and Castiel tensed for a second.

"He isn't allowed to eat with us. Naturally he should be leaving to Balthazar's pack but that didn't happen. Only mated omegas from our pack are allowed at the table. And for all intents and purposes Gabriel is no longer in our pack." Dean's jaw dropped as he tried to absorb all the information. Castiel placed a soft hand on Dean's leg but he didn't move.

"That's the benefit of having all alphas. They stay in the pack, they expand your territory." Azazul finished for his wife.

Dean pulled the napkin off his lap and threw it onto the table and stood up purposely scratching the chair across the wood floor.

"You are all sick fucks and I don't know how Castiel could come from such a vile family. Oh, and Naomi if getting knocked up makes you a bitch then you must be the fucking queen" At that Dean turned and stormed out of the room and down the hall to Gabriel's part of the house.

Grumbling to himself Dean took the steps two at a time, he could still hear Castiel yelling at his family with Anna chiming in every few seconds.

Dean never imagined it would be so bad, it almost reminded him of his home. Except there was only one person there who didn't approve of him. Gabriel had his whole family that completely neglected to admit he even existed.

Dean really didn't know if he was even welcome down here but he just needed to clear his mind of alpha, and Castiel's room wasn't the place.

Dean didn't see Gabriel anywhere but his blood was boiling. How could these people be real? Evolution has taken them from slobbering wolves in the woods to functioning people and yet they still have the mindset of a feral beast!

Dean's head snapped up when he heard a door creak open down the hall followed by little footsteps. Her hair was wet and she was already in pajamas even though it was still midday.

"Dean!" She chirped and ran full force into Dean's arms. The second he held the pup in his arms all his rage crashed down and his stomach twisted. She wrapped her legs around Dean's waist and gave Dean a toothy smile. He slowly slid down the wall until he was sitting down, keeping his knees up to support Beckett who had her legs in either side of Dean's hips.

"Hello, Beckett." Dean crocked all his thoughts became mush as he looked into Beckett's brilliant eyes. Like scotch in sunlight they glowed a deep gold.

"Why are you mad?" She patted Dean's cheek and cocked her head.

"I'm just thinking about things." Dean wasn't going to bash this little girls family in front of her. Even if what they are doing to her is sick.
"Whenever Daddy goes up there he always comes down grumpy." Dean marveled up at the small pup in his lap. This small girl understood more than she should, her pack should be nurturing her with love. That’s what packs should do, it would ranged from the core alpha and their mate. Then it spun out into smaller packs that were brought in through mating, but no matter what everyone loved and took care of the pups. It was like an unwritten rule. This was the complete opposite how could they exile her and her parents to the basement. Dean's throat tightened at the thought of her growing up in such a hostile house. The possible socialization issues from being cut off from so many people. Dean only had his father to deal with, he still had a mother who loved him more than he deserved and two brothers he would be anything for. All this pup has is the small protection of her fathers against a pack of alphas who hate her existence. Dean didn't realize he was crying until Beckett whipped away a tear and gave him a small smile.

"Sometimes my daddy cries after going up there. That's why I'm not allowed."

"Beckett, who is your family?" Dean wondered who this little girl thought was her real pack was.

"I have daddy and papa! And Auntie Anna and Uncle Cassie and Alfie! I have a big family." She extended her arms to show Dean how large it really was and gave him the biggest smile. She was happy with her family, completely isolated in a basement away from her real pack and she doesn't give a shit about them. Dean felt tears start to streak his cheek again. Beckett looked at them for a second until shit leaned in to kiss one.

"My papa says that ‘rain makes the flowers grow’ whenever I cry." Dean only gave her a smile and pulled her in for a hug and kissed her temple.

Dean wanted a pup like her, he craved one, for he and Cas to raise and love and nurture. Dean knew exactly why Castiel loved this little girl so much and why he was so protective of her. He stood up for her life against his family and if those alpha had won Dean wouldn't have this moment right now. This moment of realization that he wanted a family and soon. He has never wanted to get out of college faster.

"Balth, you home?" Gabriel emerged from the hallway with only a pair of sweats slung low around his waist. "Oh, hello Dean." Gabriel had a smile on his face as he walked from the hallway into the main room. Dean sat at the base of them steps that was also dead center to the huge kitchen/living room/dining room. "Where is Cas?" Gabriel looked around the room as if his brother was hiding on him. He chose to ignore Dean’s red eyes and the fact his daughter was playing Dr.Phil.

"Probably still tearing your family a new one." Dean didn't want to go on a whole angry swearing fest, not when he was holding Beckett. Dean slid the pup off his lap and stood back up, picking Becket back up into his arms.

"Oh god, not a family get together unless someone gets yelled at. What did they do?" Gabriel walked into the kitchen and Dean followed. He seemed to have been expecting this, or the fighting never really stops here.

"Your mom is a bitc- uh, crazy lady and you dad is just nasty." That was as far as he would go with such an impressionable little pup in his arms.

Gabriel only nodded and was rinsing the dishes from the lunch he probably had alone.

"Cassie and Anna are the only two decent ones to come out of this family of jackasses." Dean tried to choke back a laugh as Beckett nodded her head.
"Grandma's a bitch." That was when Dean completely lost it. Doubling over he had to put Beckett down because he found himself on the floor and tears falling from his eyes. He can’t remember the last time he has laughed that hard and it was definitely needed after his slight breakdown.

"Remember Beckett you only say that around daddy and papa." Gabriel dried his hands off and ruffled his daughters soft curls.

"I got a nice smack in the face with some back to the roots alpha logic and boy did it set me off."

"Yeah, I had a feeling it wouldn't go well. Did they pressure you on pups?" Gabriel offered Dean a hand and pulled him off the floor.

"Yeah, I mean I tried being nice and then your mom wanted my papers! Do omegas even have papers anymore?" Dean was getting worked up again and followed Gabriel to the sofa.

"I've got them but once Balthazar and I become mates we burned them."

"That's just sick, how do you live here?" Dean asked as he made himself comfortable on the sofa.

"I don't go upstairs much. I have my own exit and all. I mean don't get me wrong I've been looking for a house for over a year now but since my parents don't count me as part of their pack anymore I have to come up with the money." Dean couldn't believe all of this was real, that he had mated into this psychotic family of knoteads.

They both turned their heads when the door opened and listened carefully to the footsteps; Castiel.

"Dean?" His mate called as he hit the landing to the steps.

"Over here." Dean could smell how worked up Castiel was and didn’t want to know what happened upstairs.

Castiel walked over to Dean quickly and sat beside him.

“Are you alright? I can’t believe they did that.” Castiel kissed Dean’s temple. “Actually no, I can believe it.” Castiel looked across the sofa at his brother.

“I’m fine, Cas really.” Dean placed his hand on Castiel’s knee and gave a soft squeeze.

“How about we just stay down here for the rest of the day. Have dinner with Beckett." Castiel looked around Dean and smiled at his niece. “Then” He said moving close to Dean’s ear, but not lowering his voice nearly enough “we can go upstairs to bed and I’ll give you a big--”

“Lalalala!” Gabriel covered his daughters ears and shouted to Cas. everyone exchanged laughter and Beckett looked up at her father like he hung the moon, her eyes would light up when he would smile. She was everything you could want in a pup. Dean crouched down in front of Beckett

“A big tickle!” He tickled her belly making her tumble back into her daddy’s arms laughing and shouting.

“No! No! No tickles!” All three men laughed as she hid under Gabriel’s arm for protection.

“So Cassie I have a question for you. Why didn’t you want me to tell everyone you were bringing a plus one?” Gabe ran his hands through Beckett’s hair as she crawled off his lap and ran to her wooden box of toys. Cas and Dean both let out a slight chuckle and looked at one another.

“Um well, funny story really.” Dean started but paused as he searched for words to explain what
really has happened between them in the last few months. Cas gave him a short quick summary of what really went on between the two of them, thus far. He told him how Dean is an omega and no one knew, then he went into heat and they slept together. Cas blushed

“I may have, sorta bit him by accident. We have been fake mates since last night.” Cas let out a light huff of breath but the only noise in the room was Beckett digging through her bin. Gabriel’s golden eyes were wide and his mouth was agape, his brow creased as he tried to process what Cas had just said.

“Are you telling me you two have been faking this crap since last night?” Gabriel started laughing as it started to click in. “Why the hell would you be fake mates? Just unmark him and be buddies if that’s what you want.”

“Gabe it was much more complicated than that, we didn’t do it for fun.”

“Yeah you think I mated your brother for shits and giggles?” Castiel flicked Dean in the back of the head.

“Oh, Dean-o I don’t judge.”

“Yeah right.” Castiel murmured Dean’s laugh was cut short by the sound of a door slamming.

“I’m home!” A smooth accent charmed through the room. Beckett jumped up and ran for the door a tall slender man picked her up and pulled her into a hug, covering her face with kisses.

“Hello, papa.” She beamed at him with crooked teeth and rosey cheeks.

“Hello, poppet.” The man Dean presumed to be Balthazar placed his leather bag on the floor and looked over at the three men on the sofa, one was his mate.

“Ah look who came home, and you brought a friend!” He said enthusiastically moving Beckett to sit on his hip and held out his hand for Dean. He took it without hesitation and gave him a firm handshake and a nod, he then moved onto Cas gave him a half a hug and a slight kiss on his cheek. Lastly he moved to his mate, sitting beside him he tangled his fingers in the hair at the nap of gabriels golden blond hair and placed a slow warm kiss on his lips.

“Papa you said you would get me that ice movie!” Beckett chirped from his side. With a warm smile Balthazar reached into his jacket.

“Oh, an ice movie? Well I don’t know, are you talking about this?” He pulled out a CD case with Frozen scribbled across the transparent case.

“YAY!” She bounced on her fathers lap and snatched the case from his hand holding it tight.

Dean curled into Castiel side. He wasn't watching the movie much, he enjoyed looking at Castiel's face in the dark. Shadows moving across the contour of his features. Gabriel, Balthazar, and Castiel were watching the movie with bright eyes, it was a memory Dean would store away. They might have liked it more than Beckett.

The animation was pretty amazing, the most eye catching was the ice that covered most the world. He wasn't really following the story, all he knew was a girl who was hiding her whole life only to come out and run away.

Dean would be lying if he said he didn't feel the slightest connection to her, but there is a line between being an omega and having ice powers. Beckett was sprawled across the floor in front of
the television soaking in every word from the story. It made Dean smile, thinking about one day seeing his own pup do the same.

It was almost eleven by the time Dean and Cas made it back upstairs, avoiding the few members of the family who were still awake. Once the movie was over they talked a little before Gabe and Cas started to make dinner. Dean sat with Balthazar and had a beer as they talked and watched Beckett play with her toys and sing the songs from the movie. They both fell onto the bed, tangling with one another, sloppy kisses and fumbling fingers that tugged at clothing. Crawling to the head of the bed Castiel pressed against the wall and Dean followed.

Dean straddle Castiel’s hips and pushed their dick’s together, wrapping his fingers around them he slowly dragged forward. Sliding over the crown of Castiel’s cock, he let out a low growl and captured Dean’s lips. They exchanged small whimpers and moans as Dean dragged his thumb over their heads.

Castiel slid one hand up Dean’s neck and tangled in his hair pushing him forward. Dean’s back was bowed, and Castiel traced the tips of his fingers down the path of his spine to his tailbone. Smelling Dean’s arousal in the air Cas pushed his finger’s down Dean’s crack and into his quickly wettening heat. He gained a deep moan from his mate whose tongue was snaking into his mouth. Sliding his middle finger inside Dean he started slow, wanted to draw out every second he could.

Dean was still sliding a loose fist over their cocks and craved the feeling of Castiel inside him. “Baby,” Dean moaned into Castiel mouth as he rocked back onto his finger. Cas took that as an invitation to slide in a second digit to scissor him open. “Mmm, come on.” Castiel gave a light hearted laugh and placed one last kiss on Dean’s swollen lips before he grabbed his own cock, Dean was on his knees and used his feet as leverage to lift himself up and over Cas. Lining himself up he rubbed against Dean to coat himself in slick so he could ease in. Pushing in slowly until the crown of his head disappeared into Dean’s tight heat, he froze. Cas looked up at Dean’s face, he bit his lip but the smile still created wrinkles around his bright eyes as he lowered himself fully sheathing himself onto Cas.

Cas rested his his hands on Dean’s hips as he took in short gasps, Dean’s walls clenched around his cock. He lowered his hands to trace shapes into Dean’s bare thighs and dip into the crease of his groin. Dean just dipped his head back and moaned as Castiel mapped out every inch of him, the way his muscles twitched under soft fingers. Oh, how goosebumps arose across his arms with every stroke.

“You’re so perfect.” Castiel smiled up at Dean who wrapped his arms around Castiel’s neck, pulling him in for a kiss. Cas moved his hands down to Dean’s hips and started to rock him. Dean ducked his head into Castiel’s neck to nibble at the skin there as he pushed up on his thighs to slide off Cas. Sliding to the crown of his cock Dean dropped himself back down on Castiel’s hips.

Castiel pressed his fingertips into Dean’s side as he helped lift him. Dean leaned forward to rest his forehead on Castiel’s strong shoulder. Huffs of hot breath curled up Castiel’s neck and sent chills down his side, move Dean faster in his lap. Castiel slid his hands from Dean’s hips to wrap his fingers around his aching cock that was dragging precome across Castiel’s stomach.

Dean mewled and bit at Castiel’s neck and shoulder, tracing his tongue over the dips and curves all the way up his pulse point. Lightly pressing his teeth into Castiel’s ear lobe and tugged to pull a groan from his alpha. Dean started to ride Castiel harder and push himself into Cas’s soft hand.

Tangling his hands in Castiel’s dark hair he ravished his neck and sucked dark bruises across his shoulder. As Castiel picked up speed he felt pressure build in his stomach, he couldn’t remember the last time they took it this slow.
It was exactly what they both needed, a relaxing night after a stressful day. Dean started to rock his hips faster in rhythm with Castiel’s movements. They were curled in on each other and were as close to being one person as possible. It was the subtle buildup that was soon becoming unbearable, their skin dragging together causing warm friction between them and sending chills down Castiel’s spine. With Castiel’s hand stroking Dean faster they both picked up pace trying to time their orgasm at the perfect moment. With three more strokes Dean choked out a cry, his stomach clenching and teeth sinking into Cas who followed in less than two seconds. They were tied together muscles shaking and breath hot on each other’s skin. It was perfection, with the night drowning out everything around them Castiel was the only thing Dean’s mind could process. And it hit him.

Honey, fresh cut grass, pansies, lilacs, Castiel was spring he was soft cotton and the wind before dawn. The budding trees and trickling water. He was brilliant and comforting. Dean finally pinpointed Castiel’s smell.

He was home.

"Cas, I am freaking starving." Dean sat up and looked over at his mate.

"I know, god Dean I am so sorry I brought you here." Castiel rubbed Dean's lower back as an apology.

"It's like two in the morning, what are the chances someone is up?" Dean looked down at Cas and smiled.

"Slim, lets go grab you something."

They crept down the hall quietly not wanting to wake their hosts from hell. Castiel lead the way down the dark hall and snuck down the stairs. Dean kept his hand on Castiel's shoulder since he barely knew the floor plan. Turning the corner and walking through the dining room Castiel lead him to the cabinet. Dean opened it and squinted his eyes to read the labels.

"What is all this healthy stuff, salt free popcorn? What kind of a house doesn't have salt? Low sodium freaks!" Castiel held back a snicker as Dean went on about the horrible selection of food he had to choose from and how they were worse than his brother.

"Dean, grab something before I choose for you!" Castiel whispered and nudged his mate. Dean blindly grabbed a bag of chips and they snuck back upstairs.

Once they reached Castiel's room Dean tore open the bag and jumped into Castiel's bed.

"Are you twelve or something?" Dean glared at him and shoved his hand into the bag and stuffed his face. Dean chewed swallowed and dug back in.

"So I'm guessing you like them."

"Non GMO, so it taste like styrofoam?" Castiel raised and eyebrow.

"Dean, do you even know what GMO means?"
"Nope but I'm sure it's what makes shit taste good." Dean shoved another handful in his mouth. Castiel chucked and took a few chips too.

"You mean trans fats? MSG maybe, or how about just basic salt."

"No dude, most definitely GMO." Castiel didn't know if this was actually funny or if the lack of sleep and purely exhausting day was lowering his standards of humor.

"Just shut up and eat your chips."

Chapter End Notes

Yep from the get go the Novak's clearly are doing their best to shove Dean's face in the mud.
I have to say one of my favorite parts to write was when Dean FINALLY pinpointed Castiel's scent.
Hopefully you enjoyed!
Updating Tuesday!!!
Pack Me Up and Send Me Home

Chapter Notes

Early posting because I'm at the beach and I didn't know if I would be able to post at all!!!
So this is a short but heavy chapter as we see the dynamics of the Novak house.

-->Hey, so I normally don't butt in on the notes/chapter posting but I want to point out that sassypants is at the beach and I am not and that really sucks, man.

Also slow clap for Balth/Gabe because they are my babies.

Okay...yeah.

Bye now.

Xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 12- Pack Me Up and Send Me Home

Dean woke up with the sun heating hs face and the deep breathing of his alpha. The view of the barren trees was amazing and the sky was bright, the only down side was the sickening smell of alpha seeping from under the door. Dean could already hear people moving around outside the door. Castiel was still fast asleep and Dean's stomach was growling. Dean decided to slip around Castiel and picking up his clothes from the floor. Dressing himself he made his exit in search for Anna. Looking around upstairs there was no sign of Castiel's sister.

Shrugging Dean went downstairs to find food. He couldn't hide from Castiel's family forever and if all they could do was shame him for being an omega...well it could be worse. On Dean's way down he ran into one of Castiel's brothers, Lucifer.

"Gotta love the smell of omega in the morning." He gave Dean a wicked smile that made is stomach turn.

"Cram it full of walnuts." Dean snapped and tried to move around the alpha but he was blocked.

"Better watch yourself down there, hate for you to bump into the past." Dean glared at Lucifer and studded his face for a few seconds. His statement was cryptic but he didn't want to let Lucifer think he was getting to him.

"Why don't you back the fuck off. Because I will gladly kick your ass if you don't." They both growled at one another and Dean pushed through and continued on downstairs. He heard people
talking in the kitchen and stopped at the landing of the steps.

"Are you kidding me mom? No! Get her out!" Anna was obviously upset and Dean didn't know if he wanted to walk into a war zone.

"Hold your tongue Anna. This is for the good of his pack! Castiel obviously won't be moving back and with Meg he will be able to expand his pack at a much faster rate," Dean clenched his fists, that bitch was talking about Cas and who the hell was Meg.

"Obviously you have no clue what love is because god knows you couldn't care less about dad! Gabriel and Castiel are the only ones in this family who mated for love and if you think Castiel will stand for this, well then I guess you don't know your son." Pissed off, Dean made his way through the dining room but stopped as he heard an unfamiliar voice.

"Anna, relax so many packs do this. I know Castiel, he will love this idea. He always wanted a big family." Her voice was like syrup, and it enraged Dean. What where they planning in there?

"Yeah, a pack maybe have two alphas or two omegas but guess what packs that do that all have an equal love for each other. You're just a power hungry bitch who wants a popular pack name for you to start fights with. I can see right through you Meg and just because my parents tried to set you two up before doesn't mean you have any right to come here now." At that Dean stormed in. Anna stood on one side of the island closer to Dean and Naomi and Meg were across from them.

"Oh god, Dean." Anna seemed worried and looked between him and the new woman. She smelt like whiskey and ash. Her dark curls framed her pale face. Dark red lipstick and charcoal eye shadow. She looked like someone who could put up one hell of a fight.

"Ah so you're Dean." Meg almost purred as she extended her arm. Dean didn't budge.

"Who is this?" Dean turned to Anna his tone was anything but nice.

"Watch your mouth, omega." Naomi's snapped. "This is Meg, you should get to know each other because we are going to have Castiel accept her as the beta of your pack." Dean's eyes widened and he clenched his teeth.

"I'm sorry, did you just say you are gonna throw in this bitch to my pack?" Dean snarled at Naomi and now he knew why Anna sounded so worked up.

"Well Castiel will need someone to give orders with, and many packs keep an omega on the side to breed with." Dean's jaw hung open and he almost laughed at what was happening.

"I can give orders just fine, and I'm not just some omega. I am your son's mate and sadly that makes me part of your pack but if you can't accept that I can play the omega, beta, and even alpha if needed. If you don’t think I can then you've got another thing coming sweetheart."

“What the hell is going on down here?” Castiel growled silencing his mother before she could snap at Dean.

All eyes fell on him and Castiel’s mouth pressed into a line once he saw Meg standing across the island from him.

“M-Meg? What are you doing here?” Castiel didn’t sound angry, mostly just confused and uneasy. Things between them ended; pretty badly too, he was convinced he’d never see her again. Why all of a sudden she made a reappearance in his life has left him in a state of shock.

“I called her over.” Castiel’s eyes darted to his mother and judging from the smells coming from Dean this was not a good conversation.
“Why would you do that? We haven’t spoken in years.” Dean almost smiled at how clueless his mate could be.

“She is here to be your bottom bitch, Cas.” Dean bit out as he glared daggers at Meg, she had this sadistic smile on her lips. Like she was enjoying this commotion she was causing.

“What?” There was a fifty fifty chance that either Castiel misheard Dean or just didn’t know what bottom bitch meant.

“Yes, your mom wants me barefoot and pregnant as you and Meg dance in a field of fucking lilies!” Dean’s voice was rising with each word and he didn’t know who he wanted to attack more, Meg or Castiel’s mother. Castiel’s eyes went wide and the longer Meg smiled at him the tighter his throat felt, his heart beat was picking up and he started to sweat.

“What are you doing? I haven’t had contact with the Masters pack in years and you just drag her in here?” Castiel tried to hold himself together, he would not break in front of Meg, not again. Meg moved around the island and walked towards Castiel as he was talking. Dean kept his eyes glued on every move she made and was getting dangerously close to his mate’s shoulder.

“Mom what are you doing? I haven’t had contact with the Masters pack in years and you just drag her in here?” Castiel tried to hold himself together, he would not break in front of Meg, not again. Meg moved around the island and walked towards Castiel as he was talking. Dean kept his eyes glued on every move she made and was getting dangerously close to his mate’s shoulder.

“Mom, did you bring Meg here to be my beta?” Castiel asked in a low voice, finally understanding the situation, Dean almost detected a note of unease in his voice, even shaking fear. His scent was off and it curdled in Dean’s nose.

“You have to understand it is a reasonable investment. Dean almost flinched at the word investment, like he was buying her to lower Dean’s supposed ranking. It’s responsible because who would let an omega run things, this woman was getting on Dean’s last nerve.

“Investment? Do you even know what I’m doing with my life? When was the last time you asked me what I wanted, that’s right never! I am not like your other sons, I don’t have Dean on his knees following me around. He has his own future and dreams and I’m not here to build this massive pack. I don’t care if you want our packs to be bound together or whatever. I have nothing against having a multipartner pack but that isn’t what Dean and I have.” Dean’s eyes never lost Castiel’s face, taking in every word he said. “Please, I’m asking you now to stop and just let Dean and I be.” Castiel let out a deep breath and looked at his mother, his eyes almost begging her.

“Castiel, if you don’t take Meg into your pack I won’t be paying for you home after college.” And that was it, Castiel’s face hardened and he seemed hurt by her words.

“That’s it, Dean we’re leaving.” Castiel’s hand dropped to grab Dean and storm out but Dean resisted.

“We still have Beckett’s birthday tonight.” Dean whispered from the side of his mouth.

“Fine, then tomorrow. And mother I don’t need your money.” Castiel turned away and pulled Dean
behind him. Storming up the stairs he pulled Dean into his room and slammed the door. His breathing had sped up and tears prickled in his blue eyes. That couldn’t of just happened.

“My fucking god, what is wrong with them!” Castiel demanded pulling at his hair, and disheveled it even further than his average bedhead.

“Hey, they suck alright but let’s just relax until it’s time to go and see Beckett.” Dean walked over and gently rubbed Castiel’s shoulder. Castiel relaxed slightly under his grip and leaned back into him. This trip was hard on Dean but it was even worse on Cas, Dean had grown up learning you needed thick skin to be an omega. This was just the last straw to let Castiel know he didn’t fit in this pack.

Castiel would become a Winchester and join Dean’s pack. A long time ago an omega would leave to live with their alpha’s pack, now a day’s people have become a little more flexible. It was still somewhat odd for an alpha to leave their pack but it wasn’t unheard of.

Dean couldn’t imagine leaving his pack, his father was his only problem. His bond with his brothers was important to him and as he tried to destress his mate he felt a pain in his throat as he thought of leaving them.

“Let’s just lay down, babe.” Dean encouraged as he pushed Cas towards his bed.

“I just don’t understand her, I mean why does it even matter?” Castiel slumped down on the bed and pinched the bridge of his nose. Dean sat beside him and gently rubbed his shoulder.

“Oh, fuck her Cas, I mean really we have one more day and then kiss her ass goodbye!” Castiel only nodded, this trip was more trouble than he thought it would be. Sitting in a room all day was not always fun, especial with an angsty mate so Dean decided to turn his mood around.

Standing up Dean moved himself in front of Castiel, pushing him back on the bed closer to the headboard. Once he felt he had enough room Dean crawled after Cas who still hasn’t spoken.

“How about you just sit back and let me take care of you?” Dean sat up to straddle Castiel’s hips, he could feel Castiel’s warm body heat threw the paper thin sleep pants. Cas groaned as if he wasn’t really into it but he didn’t shy away from Dean.

“Don’t let your mom ruin this, you have an amazing house with a fantastic view and it’s Beckett’s birthday.” Dean pushed himself against Castiel’s chest and started to move his hips to grind against Castiel. “I can make you feel so good.” Dean purred into Castiel’s ear as he continued to drag his groin over Castiel’s quickly hardening cock. He dipped his head down and started to lick and kiss at the still fresh mating mark. Picking up the pace they each exchanged small moans and whimpers, Castiel finally getting into it dragged his fingers under Dean’s shirt and traced his bowed spin.

Pressing eager lips to Castiel’s heated ears Dean purred.

“Oh, Clarence.” Dean spoke in his most over exaggerated moan he could manage. He felt Castiel go completely stone still under him, Dean could barely hold back a laugh. He felt Castiel’s hands move out from under his shirt and wrap around to press onto his chest.

“No.” It was all Castiel said as he pushed Dean from his lap, Dean was slightly fumbling as he tried to catch his balance. He watched Castiel with wide eyes as he rolled over and put his back to the omega.

“Oh, Cas, I’m sorry. I was just pulling your leg, I mean come on...Clarence?” Dean nudged
Castiel’s leg and crawled towards him on the cramped bed. He received no reply, Castiel had his eyes closed and faced out towards the window. They were both still clearly hard and Dean glared at the alpha.

“You can’t just leave me like this!” Dean smacked Castiel’s ass in protest, but again he got nothing.

Dean sat up and crossed his arms looking at Cas’ back trying to think of a way to catch his attention. Suddenly a sly smile curled on his lips and repositioned himself so his back was against the headboard, legs spread and cock hard. Dean starts to slowly palm himself through his pants to bring his dick to full attention, letting soft sounds fall from his lips, the smell of arousal filled the room again as he stroked himself.

Nothing.

As a last ditch effort Dean pulled his pants down around his mid thigh and pulled himself free from his boxers. He started off slow, rubbing his callused thumb over the his head, dipping back to drag across the sensitive crown. Dean bit down on his lip as he worked himself faster, panting and mumbling for Castiel.

Castiel tried to ignore the smell of slick in the air and rolled onto his stomach to press his nose into the pillow. It was nearly impossible to hear his omega beg him and to no react. It went against every instinct he had, you don’t turn down your omega it is rooted deep in him to continuously enforce the mating bond. Castiel tried to distract himself by rutting into the mattress hoping that would be enough to get Dean out of his head. He had to stand his ground but Dean obviously knew it was working and he increased his moans.

With one final “Oh, Cas!” Dean came on his chest. Castiel shuddered. Dean looked to his mate, guilt washing over him. He quickly cleaned himself up and rolled over on his side wrapping his arms around Cas. He was so tense, it was almost like hugging a marble statue. “Please, baby, I’m sorry.” He hesitantly moved his hands south, to help Castiel with his swollen cock. Cas’ hand grabbed Dean’s wrist so tightly, his nails were biting at the skin.

“Leave it.” He grumbled, releasing Dean’s hand. Dean felt his heart leap into his throat, knotting up and making it hard to breathe. He could feel fat little tears swelling in front of his eyes.

“Do you want me to go?” He asked, choking on his words, Cas didn’t answer. Dean got up, got dressed quietly and walked barefoot across the room, he turned to doorknob-

“Dean-” Dean turned to Castiel he was sitting up with his knees to his chest covering his face with his hands. Dean dropped everything and bounded back for the bed. He took Castiel’s hands from his eyes. He was crying.

“Oh, baby-” Dean didn’t know what to say. Cas curled up in his arms letting out a tiny sob into Dean’s shirt. “Baby, baby, shhh.” Dean pet his hair. Cas whined rubbing his nose on Dean’s neck.

“I hate her.” He whispered. “I don’t want her here, I don’t want her here, I don’t-”

“Baby, baby, shhh, it’s okay. We’ll leave. It’s okay.”

“I hate her.” he whispered again, pleadingly, “I hate her.” Dean didn’t know what to do, so he just held Cas until he was all cried out.
They didn’t speak about the events that transpired in the bedroom after that. Castiel was able to stay unwaveringly chipper throughout Beckett’s party. Dean must have reeked of worry because Balthazar came over to him. He was leaning against one of the walls in the tiny living space watching Castiel play amiably with Beckett. He was holding a paper party cup with Pascal, Rapunzel’s pet chameleon in the Disney movie Tangled on it.

“Everything alright with you, Dean?” Balthazar asked standing next to him sipping neon blue “fruit punch” from his cup which featured Eugene Fitzherbert, or Flynn Rider, Dean liked the latter better, the name suited him more. Not that he was actually paying attention when they watched the film earlier on in the party, nope, nope, that would have been weird. Dean shrugged.

“Yeah, course.” He said not taking his eyes off of Cas.

“I heard what happened upstairs with Meg.” he said quietly, glancing over at Gabriel “He was in quite a state.”

“Oh, yeah, I mean he just started crying out of no where I don’t-” Balth looked at him, a defined crease on his brow. Dean realized they weren’t talking about the same thing. “-You meant Gabe was in a state.” Balthazar nodded slowly.

“No wonder you look so worried.” He said sagely, following Dean’s eyes over to Castiel. “What triggered it?” Dean didn’t want to tell Balth everything that happened so he maneuvered around it a bit.

“We were just talking about Meg, and how she calls him this dumb name, and he freaked out.” Dean sighed rubbing the bridge of his nose.

“I see.” Balthazar said thoughtfully. “Well, from what I know from Gabe, they ended rather badly. Really messy, lots of fighting. It’s probably just bad memories, not to mention the fact that his parents are trying to force her on him because they - and I’m sorry to say this - don’t approve of you.” Dean nodded at the thought, “He just needs some time to get over it. Gabe was so upset when he first took me home, they were far worse on him. Far, far worse.” Dean could imagine how awful it must have been. A beta marrying an omega from a crazy knothead alpha pack. He suddenly felt a swell of respect for Balthazar.

“Yeah I bet.” he replied. Balthazar smiled sadly.

“Chin up, Dean. He loves you, and we love you,” he gestured to himself Beckett and Gabe “You have a family with us. That is, if you want it.” Dean couldn’t help the sneaking suspicion that Balthazar knew more about Dean’s home life than he let on. Then again, how different is Dean from any other omega? Dean would like to think he’s unique in his treatment from his father, but he’s really not.

“Thank you.” Dean said clapping Balthazar on the back. Balth smiled rejoining his mate who was preparing the candles in the cake. Dean watched fondly as Gabe placed the candles into the white frosting. Balthazar snuck up behind him snaking his arms around his stomach and placing a kiss behind his ear. He could really get used to a family with these guys. He really could.
I hope you all hated Meg!!!
Next week is going to be a trigger warning so just keep that in mind I will tag it then also.
Chapter 13- A Little Fall Of Rain

It was bitter sweet packing up that morning. Dean only knew had to get Cas out of here, something was very wrong and he had to fix him. Since their mating was completed they have a much better feel for each other, almost like an emotional electromagnetic field between them, that connection only grows with time. Soon it will be felt over long distances and increase to a mind reading type feeling associated with the smallest change of mood. Right now Dean just felt sick from the uncomfortable fear rolling off Castiel.

They both packed their things into one bag but contact was limited, Castiel ghosted around him like they did when they first became roommates. Dean couldn’t help but feel that he had done something terribly wrong but he couldn’t muster up the courage to speak.

Castiel’s room was left in the same condition they had found it in, unsettlingly clean. Castiel was being completely shunned by the rest of his family save his few siblings. Dean was also blacklisted and received very animalistic glares and snarls as he walked upstairs last night. Castiel retired earlier than him so Dean opted for the floor, even in his sleep Cas looked distressed. Dean wanted to give him space to breathe but every cell in his body screamed to envelope Cas in his everything, to kiss away tears and scent him for hours. He wanted desperately to be burrowed together under covers with no clothes on, just rebuilding each other.

“Ready?” Dean asked from across the room, Castiel nodded and followed behind Dean. They had already exchanged goodbyes with the few people who still talked to them and had nothing holding them from leaving. Creeping down the steps Dean looked around for any stray member of the pack, it seemed as if everyone was in hiding until they left. This was much worse than Dean’s home life, Castiel was right. Why have a house if there is nothing to fill it with? He was alone, Dean was determined to end that when he met his pack. He would have Sammy and Adam and the Singers. He would be okay.

The house was only lit by the sunlight that managed to pass through the thick trees that surrounded the house and they each walked in silence, Dean slightly bumped into Cas and felt the alpha linger for a little but eventually pulled away and walked around to the passenger side. Dean wonders if the entire ride home will be like this and he prays that Castiel will break his silence.

Dean pulled a three point turn in their excessively large driveway and started the long wind down the road. The sound of the impala was a small comfort to Dean but the smell of distress still floated
around his nose. Dean had replayed the past few days over in his head over a hundred times and he
still has no idea what he did to hurt Castiel so badly.

Halfway through the drive it started pouring, the wipers could barely keep up with the brutal
pounding of the water down the windshield. They had barely exchanged any words and the silence
was devoured by the storm outside. Dean was speeding down the empty road much faster than he
should have in these conditions but Dean couldn’t ease up, like the stress and tension in the car
was pressing his foot down on the peddle.

“Dean, slow down.” It was the first thing Cas has said in hours and it startled Dean.

“Welcome back to reality.”

“Slow down.” Castiel cut again.

“Tell me what’s wrong and I will.” Dean knew he should just slow the stupid car down but he was
desperate to know what happened.

“Slow the damn car d-” A loud pop and a hard pull to the right startled them both, Dean quickly
lifted his foot off the gas and planted it firmly on the ground trying to gain control of his car on the
slick road. Dean let the car roll to a stop and tapped the brake slightly to pull off to the side. Once
they steadied to a stop both men took in a deep breath, and looked straight ahead.

“Fuck!” Dean shouted slamming his hands on the wheel. Castiel looked over at him, his expression
was blank.

“I told you to slow down.” Dean let out a snarl and threw open his door and stumbled into the
downpour outside. He walked around the front of the car to inspect the damage done to the tire. He
was out of the car for less than a minute and was already drenched. He kneeled down next to the
tire, blown out. He had to get the jack out of his car and thankfully it doesn't look like any other
damage was done. He must have hit a pothole at a bad angle.

Dean walked around to the back and popped the trunk and fished out a spare and the tools he
would need for the job. He tried not to think of Castiel sitting in the car, he didn't want to snap at
him he was just so on edge over this. He wanted to help him so badly but was at such a loss he
wanted to scream. Moving back to the tire he crouched by the car and tried to maintain his balance
on the balls of his feet. The rain felt like individual stabs of ice into his back and it dripped down
his face sliding over his lips.

It only took a few minutes for Castiel to step out of the car and walked over to Dean's side.

"You're going to get sick." Castiel had to yell over the sound of rain. Dean only ignored him as
focused at the task at hand.

"Dean. Please get in the car." Castiel moves closer and put his hand on Dean's soaked shoulder.
Dean stood up and rubbed his face, turning towards Cas he couldn't help but look at how defeated
the alpha looked.

"What is wrong, Cas?"

"Dean-"

"No, don't ‘Dean-' me, tell me what is wrong. I can't stand to see you like this. What did I do to
you?" Dean's voice faltered by the end. His hair shagged down droplets of water sliding down his
face.
"You didn't do anything, Dean please, get in the car." Castiel's voice was stern and his eyes were sharp through the gloomy afternoon downpour.

"Then what happened!" Dean shouted throwing his arms into the air.

"I don't want to talk about it, Dean. Just let it go." His voice was cold like the air. Dean growled and jumped into Castiel's face.

"Don't tell me you don't want to talk about it Castiel! You are my mate now spit it out!" Something triggered in the alpha and he grabbed Dean's shoulders shoving him into the side of the car.

"You want me to talk about it? You want me to say how I was this seventeen year old alpha boy who got tangled up with this sadistic beta woman! You want me to talk about my past because its done. It's all fucking done so drop it."

Dean's eyes were wide as he studied Castiel's crumpled face. He had a mixture of anger and pain in his eyes as water dripped from his hair.

"C-Cas what are you talking about, what did she do to you?" Dean searched Castiel's face for answers as a sick twist formed in his gut.

A low growl formed in Castiel chest and he lunged for Dean's lips capturing them in a tangle of tongue and teeth clanking. With rain sliding between their lips. Dean melted in instantly he wanted answers but in his gut he could feel Castiel, his emotion and his longing for the comfort of Dean.

Castiel fumbled trying to press all of him into the omega scratching for purchase. Dean's hands fumbled as he searched for the door handle. Castiel was still relentlessly tangling himself into Dean. He could sense it within Castiel, it was pure fear he couldn't pinpoint if it rooted from his past or the thought of losing Dean but it was very real and it scared Dean.

He slowly inched towards the back of the car pulling Castiel by his lips so he could push the both of them inside the back seat. Dean snaked his hand around the wet hair at the nap of Castiel's neck and coaxed him into the back seat to pull the from the rain.

"Please Dean, I need you." It was such a broken plea and it made Dean's eyes prickle as he held back tears.

"Yes, baby take all of me I'm yours." He hugged Castiel tight to his chest and buried his nose into the alphas wet hair.

Castiel reacted quickly and with shaking hands started to undress Dean. Pulling his wet jeans down his freckled legs and to his shins he only had to pull the black panties to the side. Dean was cold but Castiel warmed him up quickly with fast and deliberate strokes.

Dean was taken aback by Castiel's actions but he didn't shy away, he craved contact after their silence and he slowly pushed into Castiel's hand. Slowly the smell of slick danced at Castiel's nose as he brought Dean to full attention. He then moved to pull his pants down just under his ass. Maneuvering Dean's legs so his knees bent and his shins pressed into Castiel's chest he brought his cock to Dean's entrance.

Dean waited anxiously for Castiel to push in, he bit the bottom of his lip. The only time Castiel didn't prep Dean was when Dean was in heat. So he was prepared for slight pain. But he wouldn't speak up he knew something was wrong with Cas and if all he could do was give himself over than he would.
At that Castiel pushed in sinking deep into Dean his eyes squinted shut and mouth hung slightly open. Dean let out a slight whimper at the sudden stretch but his body produced enough slick for it to slide in smoothly.

Castiel pressed his chest harder into Dean's shins bringing them close to his chin and raising his ass higher giving Castiel better leverage.

Once Castiel was fully in he took no time to pick up the pace and create a quick and brutal rhythm. Dean felt like he was folded in half and the strength and power behind each thrust was smacking Dean's head into the door. Castiel gave him a glance as if asking for approval. Dean nodded, he wanted this, the closeness, contact, he wanted to help Cas through whatever was going on. So Castiel started and shivered from pleasure and pushing deep into the safety of Dean.

But Castiel kept pushing like he wanted to become one person with Dean and if he tried hard enough they would fuse together. Dean knew this wasn't for him, his cock was half hard now but he trailed his hands over Castiel's body trying to soothe him.

The thrust became increasingly faster and harder, Dean knew he would have bruises on his body from this. And once it reached its crescendo of pushing in and pulling out Castiel collapsed. Neither of them had come and Cas weaved his hand down to warp around Dean's soft cock to work his back to attention. Castiel changed to slow shallow pulls and muffled whimpers. He stretched out his neck to capture Dean's lips and tangle his tongue into the omegas mouth.

Dean was no longer being pounded with relentless force but with slow teasing strokes and he moaned into Castiel's mouth.

Dean had never felt so vulnerable in his life. He was laid out and open for the taking and Castiel took. He took every inch and cry. Castiel was building himself back together as he was Dean. Both of them shattered just minutes ago and they felt the pieces sliding into place.

Barely picking up speed Castiel's knot began to swell and Dean was nearing the edge. His broken moans still muffled in Castiel's lips and they both came with a shuddering cry.

Dean was knotted in possibly the most uncomfortable position but he didn't care. Castiel softly scented him, Dean felt how relieved he was. No longer was the alpha wound up like a cork, whatever had bothered him for the past two days seeped out of his system and resulted in an extremely affectionate Cas.

"Don't you ever do that to me again, I'm here for a reason. You have to talk to me."

Castiel only sigh and buried his face deeper into Dean's neck.

"I love you, Dean Winchester."

The car was silent for more than a half hour they confided in each other by scenting and nipping. Marking each other as their own.

Once Castiel's knot went down they moved into more comfortable positions, they pulled off their wet clothes and changed.

The rain wasn't lightening up but they still held each other tight.

It was a reinforcement of the mating bond, it's pure instinct. Normally occurring after trauma or
separation it was a way of reassuring the other.

Dean counted it as both and held Castiel as long as he had to.

Finally the rain had stopped enough for Dean to change the tire.

"Cas, I'm going to go outside and change the tire." He placed a small kiss on his forehead and shimmied out of the back. Castiel followed behind him and Dean didn't speak up against it. Maybe Dean could even show him how to change a tire.

Dean was able to fix the tire quickly and efficiently Castiel gave a hand a few times. They finished just in time as the sky's began to flood the ground again. When they got back in the car Cas opened his phone to look something up.

"There's a hotel not far from here." He said quietly "I don't want to drive in this weather, and since we're early anyway-" his voice died out. Mentioning their early leave made both of them a little uncomfortable.

"You're absolutely right." Dean said, reaching out and giving Cas' hand a squeeze. "We'll go there right now."

The motel was rather nice. The building outside was sparkingly white and well-kept. A sweet little beta sat sleepily at the counter. She helped them quickly to a room and went back to nodding off.

The room was nice. The girl gave them a room with two beds, but they were queen sized regardless. Dean ran to the mattress and flopped down on it.

"Mmm, so nice." He said burying his head in the pillow not realizing just how tired he was from his lack of sleep.

"I'm going to go take a shower, okay?" Cas called from the bathroom door.

"Yeah okay." Dean said yawning "Do you want me to join you?" Although, he was reluctant to get up.

"No, you sleep. I'll be with you in a bit." Dean mumbled his 'okay' but he was already gone.

Dean woke with a start. He sat up blearily turning on the light next to him. Cas was naked, still wet from his shower crouched on the ground picking up the clothes he dropped. The suitcase was spilled everywhere.

"Cas-?" Dean asked rubbing his eyes. Cas was throwing the clothes back in the suitcase muttering curses to himself. "Cas, it's okay, we'll fix it later" Dean mumbled, eyes still blurry.

"I made such a mess" He said "I'm sorry, fuck, sorry." His voice was shaken, scared.

"Baby, are you crying?" Dean asked sliding off the mattress and walking over to him. Castiel looked so small trying to stuff the clothes back in the bag, he was nearly shaking.

"No, no! It's my mess, I will clean it." he was crying all over one of Dean's shirts now. Dean lowered himself to Castiel’s face and looked at his red rimmed eyes.

"No. Cas-" Castiel cut him off with a rough, wet kiss.

"I love you, Dean." He said "you love me so well, you'd never hurt me."
"Of course not," Dean said cupping his cheek "What's gotten into you?" Dean was starting to panic, the complete fear

"She did." He said barely audibly.

"Cas-" Dean stared at him "What?"

"I finally got away from her" he whispered "I went away to school and I was finally free."

"Babe, I don't understand-"

“She abused me, Dean.” He muttered “Meg.”

“Cas-” Dean’s eyes were wide.

"She made me do...terrible things. Made me knot her, and when I couldn’t do it, she’d,” He paused, taking a measured breath “punish me.” Cas swallowed hard, his voice was rumbling with emotion, but stayed barely above a whisper. "Sometimes she’d tie me down and take advantage of me, she’d use...things to hurt me in bed, day after day after da-a-y.”

“Oh my god.” Dean could hardly breathe.

“Every day. Every fucking day I’d- I’d-” Cas dropped to his knees hugging himself and crying. “I’d wish I was dead, or she was dead, I’d wish it, Dean!”

“Cas-” Dean felt like he was struck by lightning. “Cas baby-” Dean crouched down to hug him. Cas wiped his eyes, attempting for some sort of composure.

"I couldn’t tell anyone.” He said helplessly “I wouldn’t have gotten any sympathy from my parents anyway, they'd have kicked me out for letting her do it.”

“Cas, I-I thought you said you’ve never had-”

“Consensual.” Dean’s brow furrowed “I never had consensual sex before you.” Dean felt like there were boulders pushing down on his chest. His voice came out as a hoarse growl.

“I am going to tear that hussie’s throat out with my fucking teeth.” He stood as if he intended on going back to the Novak home this instant.

“No, Dean.” Cas said weakly, grabbing his wrist. “Just, dont. Please, stay.” Dean kneeled down next to Cas. “I’ve had so much time to heal after it, so many things have happened that have helped me move passed it, I just- I just- seeing her, it set me off.” Dean nodded, swallowing hard.

"Okay breathe, baby you're okay I have you and she is far away. Look at me." Dean took hold of Castiel's chin and turned his face up towards him. "I love you, Castiel and she is gone. So utterly gone from your life, because I will snap her damn neck if she comes around." Once Dean finished Castiel's head dropped slightly and his eyes averted to Dean's shirt. It was a blank stare, one that many people wore when having flashbacks. "Cas, do you want to talk about it?" Dean placed a comforting hand on his shoulder, reaffirming his scent.

"She was just terrible, only female out of five brothers, I got stuck with her. In the beginning I should have guessed what kind of person she would be, she kept pushing me to kiss her and touch her-" Castiel paused to take a shaky breath, Dean was impressed on how he held himself together. "I didn't want that, we had just met and I didn't particularly like her." It was another long pause and Dean tried to send off as many comforting vibes through their sixth sense, his scent was like
firewood as he watches protectively over his alpha. "Then she started to test my boundaries. Coming up and kissing me or groping me. Sometimes she would take my hand and force it on her. I didn't know what to do, she didn't listen to my words and if I attacked her we would have had a pack rivalry with the Masters. Pulling away with force only egged her on, she was sick." Castiel's fists were clenched and his body was rigid. Dean crawled over to sit behind Castiel and moved into rub his back but paused.

"Cas, may I touch you?" A huff of breath that completely deflated the alpha followed.

"Yes, Dean." Dean had wanted to wrap himself around Castiel but opted to sit cross legged behind him and give him a back rub, Dean thought it would be better for Cas to feel like he had an escape rather than to be tangled up in Dean.

"That's when it got worse. My mother always had her over despite my protest and my brothers ways harassed me for being 'scared' of her. It was like I couldn't escape her I was only seventeen at the time, so I just stood my ground and told her no." Dean had stilled his hands on Castiel's side right over his ribs, he pressed his forehead between Castiel's shoulder blades and just listened.

"She got more aggressive, physically and mentally. I can still hear her voice telling me 'you're an alpha so you'll like it,'" Castiel could barely finish the sentence before he choked off into a sob. Dean slid his hands around to lock with one another and pulled Castiel closer. Pressing his lips in the middle of his back he just wanted to make it all go away. Like when John would get drunk some nights and no one was safe from his wrath. Dean was the normal target but sometimes he would go after Adam or Sammy. He’d yell at them everything that his sober mouth usually kept shut. He held Cas like he would hold his brothers. "She punished me when I couldn't knot her, she would tell me if I couldn't be the alpha then she would." Dean’s breathing halted, he knew exactly what Castiel meant and thought back to the night of their burger date, how weird Castiel had acted when he talked about bottoming. Or the way he faltered when Dean talked about being dominant for the night.

“Castiel,” It was such a broken whisper that was muffled into his bare back.

“There is a reason male alphas don’t mate.” Castiel whispered, like he was so terrified to speak. Dean knew what was coming next but the words still made his skin crawl and stomach turn.

“We can’t take a knot, our bodies aren’t built that way.” Castiel was flashing back to the assortment of things she had bought for him, she was the alpha, a horrible sadistic woman. He remembered the horrible pain, she never stopped it was his fault he couldn’t get off. It was always Castiel’s fault.

“I’m so sorry.” Dean had no words, he could only help so much, Dean loves Cas and Cas loves Dean but he didn’t have the power to fix everything. He could listen as long as Castiel needed but he couldn’t change the past, he could only be here for him now.

“I never wanted you to find out, at least not like this. Crying on the floor of a dirty motel room.” Dean held him close.

“We could move this to the bed.” Dean offered. He groaned immediately at what he said “I didn’t mean for that to sound so-” Castiel actually turned and smirked.

“Yeah, babe I know. It’s okay.” He stood up offering Dean a hand. Dean took it, hoisting himself up.

“Hold on, I’m going to fix this for you, get into something comfy.” He bent over picking up the
clothes, folding the first few, and then gave up just dropping them in as they fall. Castiel pulled on pair of boxer shorts and a thin white tshirt. He smiled at Dean a little.

“Gee, honey, you’re ace at folding, aren’t ya?” Cas walked over to him picking up the last few things on the floor. One of them happened to be a pair of very lacy black panties. His thumb ran over the satiny fabric, in a weird way, the sensory comfort of touching something so soft, something that smelled so much like his mate was immensely helpful right now. Dean shrugged expressing that he didn’t really care how well he could fold. He didn’t have the patience. Castiel walked over, folding a well-worn Pink Floyd tshirt and the panties, placing them atop the mountain of twisted up knotted up clothes. Dean kissed his temple softly, crawling along the bed and then burrowing himself under the covers. Castiel joined him, nestling in, and turning to Dean.

“I’m sorry this happened to you.” He said, looking down at the pillow between them.

“I’m okay, Dean.” He assured, but Dean wasn’t having it.

“We’re going to fix this together.” He promised. Castiel scooted close, their foreheads were pressed together, they both snaked their arms around each other, tangling their legs in a full-body hug.

“I’m sorry you had to come here.” he said “My family sucks.”

“Yeah, your family is a bunch of jackass knotheads,” he replied “but, hey, at least you’re not alone with them anymore,” blushes and mumbles really low “...now you have me”

Cas smiles “Yeah, now I have you.”

Chapter End Notes

Okay this was an intense chapter for everyone and I wanted to clear things up.
1) The sex in the car was completely consensual, just wanted to clear that up. I tried to make that clear in the chapter.
2) Castiel has had many years to work through his past even though it still haunts him with bottoming it doesn't effect his feelings towards topping. He has no painful memories of that and topping with Dean has always been of his own free will.
3) If I didn't tag something -and I am so sorry if I didn't- PLEASE tell me. The last thing I want is for someone to be triggered by this.
4) This chapter has a very important meaning behind it. Many times in A/B/O stories it is the omega who has been assaulted. This time it was a strong willed alpha. It just shows no matter who you are rape can happen to anyone and people feel they can't tell anyone because of it. They feel they should of had power to stop it or 'being an alpha you must have liked it' This was a major twist on a very used story line so I hope you all saw my underlying fuck you to society.

Okay that was a hard chapter to write and I'm sure read but I swear the next one will be more lighthearted.
In A Rut

Chapter Notes

Okay, sorry for such a late posting I have had a REALLY long and stressful day and I still have an essay to write and finals tomorrow!!! YAY! Now Emilie said she edited sooo....hopefully it's all good!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**Chapter 14- In a Rut**

Castiel didn't talk much about Meg in the weeks after but Dean didn't push, he knew enough. He was stuck, no way he could come out to his parents and tell them what happened. He was an alpha and in their eyes he should always be in power. From what Castiel has told him it was more of him forced into sex with Meg and him being punished for not knotting her. It was victim blaming at its finest, and it killed Dean to know his mate and thousands like him suffered from it.

Castiel didn't want to give all the details and frankly Dean didn't want to know. It was a tender topic and Dean was determined to work him past it. But it explained a lot of why Cas was so scared of bottoming, even if it was with Dean. That didn’t change his past so they would play by Cas’ rules, Dean could live with that.

That's how he came up with this plan. He wanted to surprise Cas with something and a double bed was something they have both been too lazy to order. So Dean took matters into his own hands by pushing the twin beds together. Turning the mattresses horizontal so neither of them fell through the crevice. He kept their original sheets and comforter so it was a mix of blue and red, but it worked perfectly.

The surprise was his underwear. His favorite -and most expensive- pair. Black and gray laced all around with a sheer netting over his hips. It had hooks to attach into a garter and stockings that were just as sheer and delicate as his underwear.

But the best part by far was the spray he picked up from the omega mart yesterday after class. It was worth a pretty penny but Dean was happy to splurge for Cas. It was a scent that mimicked an omegas heat and Dean couldn't wait for Castiel to get home. He looked over at the clock and smiled, only a few more minutes until Castiel was back. Dean sprayed his neck and inner thighs. Placing the blue glass bottle onto his nightstand he adjusted himself to the center of the bed spread his legs and waited for Castiel.

Castiel was on edge and he couldn't keep his legs still. He was so happy to hear class dismissed because he needed to move. He wanted Dean, he wanted to touch him, kiss him, knot him. He felt
like picking a fight with any alpha within ten feet of him but focused on getting home. Once he made it to his dorm he shot up the stairs and let out subtle growls to any wolves near his door. He took his key out with a shaky hand and pushed open the door stopping dead in his tracks.

With one sniff of the air Dean’s eyes widened but Castiel lunged himself at him before he could speak. Shoving Dean’s back into the bed he pressed his nose into Dean’s neck and drank in his smell. Castiel was already at full attention and grinding into Dean’s crotch.

"Woah, you’re sure happy to see me." Dean said with a chuckle.

"Mm, yes, my omega, knot, oh baby, fuck you so good.” Castiel growled.

"Easy, tiger, easy." Dean made a mental note to buy more of that omega spray, post haste.

"Mm, baby you want to bend over, smell so good, so sweet, knot you till you scream.” Castiel grinded harder into Dean seeking as much friction as possible.

"Okay, babe you're scaring me a bit." Dean laughed. Castiel licked down Dean’s neck and placed a sharp bite on his shoulder.

"Gonna cum for your alpha, gonna take me so perfect like always."

“C-Cas, are you in rut?” Dean managed to get out between Castiel’s relentless kissing and marking.

“God yes, knot you, Dean knot you so good baby. Are you in heat you smell so damn good.” Castiel growled pressing harder into Dean’s body. He made his way down to Dean’s thigh and pressed his nose into the source of the smell.

“You’re not in heat.” Castiel managed to get out as he sucked bruises into Dean’s leg.

“No, baby but I’m all yours.” Dean panted as he looked down at Castiel burying himself between his legs. Castiel’s knee pressed down on a hard plastic rectangle which was...interesting, but Dean’s reaction to it was much more interesting.

“Fu-uck!” Dean yelped legs spazzing slightly. Castiel’s heightened senses picked up a very distinct buzzing sound. Castiel’s eyes widened and he looked down at the blue remote under his knee. A slight smile curled on Castiel’s lips, as badly as his cock screamed at him to bury himself in Dean he was presented with an amazing opportunity. He was not giving this up. Castiel picked up the remote and looked it over for a second, he remembered buying it for Dean all those months ago during his first heat. Castiel looked down at Dean who was biting his lip and slightly rocking back on the vibrator. With swift fingers he switched it up higher causing Dean to spaz once again and yelped. “Oh my god!” he whined arching his back off the mattress, “Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my Go-o-od!”

“Oh, baby.” Castiel growls palming his own erection, relieving a bit of the pressure.

“Cas, holy fuck, Cas.” Dean whimpers, writhing around on the bed, fisting the sheets so passionately that they become entirely untucked. “Cas!” His entire body was shaking. He could feel the vibrations of the fake knot all the way up to his sensitive nipples, which were taut, due to arousal. A single tear fell from Dean’s eyes, he felt like his insides were alive, burning with fire. Castiel nearly growled tugging a few times a Dean’s cock. Garbled gibberish followed as Dean desperately tried to warn Cas he was going to cum. He exploded, screaming loud enough to severely concern the students two floors below them. Dean swears he dies cumming right there. He pants and pants until he can finally open his eyes, it feel like days go by. Cas gently - because even though he’s in rut, Cas is the kindest, gentlest alpha Dean’s ever met - he gently pulls the vibrator
out, making Dean shiver and roll on to his side. Dean can still hear the fake knot shake violently in Cas' slick-drenched hand, and just hearing it makes him feel the ghost of the knot buried deep inside him. Cas clicks the vibrator off tossing it to the other side of the room, and returning his attention to his omega.

Dean was still moaning, and whispering “Cas, Cas, Cas.” under his breath, eyes squeezed shut from one of the most powerful orgasm he’d ever had.

Castiel pushed Dean’s shoulder down, flipping him entirely over and buried the omegas face into the pillow, his ass was already dripping with slick from his orgasm, so he didn’t need much coaxing. Castiel dove in and plunged his tongue into his warm slick covered heat. He pulled moan after moan from Dean as he drank in the sweet slick, some dripping down his chin.

"Fuck, Cas you sure are pushy when you're in ruu-aaaa!" Dean choked on his own words and dug his nails into the sheets. Dean's breathing picked up as Cas slowly took him apart. With every slide of his tongue and glide of his teeth across his ass Dean fell deeper.

"C-Cas you're such a damn tease. I know you want it. Fuck me Cas, fuck me like your body keeps telling you to." Castiel became more forceful. Shoving his tongue deeper and gripping Dean's hips harder. "I'm presenting so perfectly for you, come on. Knot me." Maybe it was the smell of rut, or the overwhelming urge to please his mate, or Dean just accepting he was an omega and Cas was an alpha. This wasn't all Dean was good for but he was the only one who could bring Cas to his knees. If anything, Dean was the one who had the power.

Cas pulled off but continued kneeding the perfect swell of Dean's ass.

"D-Dean, are you sure?" Castiel asked dancing from knee to knee as the need to mate consumed him. Dean pushed his ass higher and swayed back and forth.

"Come on, I need my alpha." Castiel was nearly drooling with need and once the words left Dean's lips he pounced moving closer to line himself up.

"Fuck, Dean." Castiel bit out between clenched teeth as he pushed in. "So god damn perfect." He hissed once he bottomed out. Dean let out a deep sigh of content once Castiel filled him up.

Castiel adjusted them so he could put in a few good thrusts to start a rhythm before he draped himself over Dean wrapping one arm under his armpit and locking it over his opposite shoulder. The other places at his side on top of Dean's hand, fingers intertwining to give him leverage.

Castiel dug his nails into Dean's shoulder moving his knees to give himself just the right angle, he knew where Dean's sweet spots were.

"You know how good you feel around me?" Castiel purred as he started up a harsh rhythm pounding into Dean.

"Mmmm, baby fuck me so good." Driving faster Castiel frantically pushed himself deeper craving the feeling of Dean's hot body wrapped around him.

A feral growl ripped out of Castiel's chest as he latched onto the back of Dean's neck.

"Ah, fuck!" Dean yelped as a new wave of slick dripped from his ass. Dean's cock was smacking against his stomach and it was painfully hard. Pre-come splashed onto his stomach as Castiel drilled into him mercilessly. Dean was choking on his own cries, Castiel managed to hit Dean's prostate every time. Water pooled in his eyes as a trail slid down his left side and soaked into the pillow. Cas kept growling and panting.
"Breed you up so good, fuck you’d like that wouldn’t you?" Castiel growled into Dean's neck.

Dean couldn't speak, his thighs were shaking and balls tightened like he was going to explode. He could feel Castiel start to swell and catch on his rim.

"You gonna cum for your alpha, Dean? I'm going to make you scream." Castiel growled and Dean moved his hand to start stroking himself. "No!" Cas snarled and Dean froze, lowering his hand back down.

"Don't tell me, you're gonna make me-

"Yes, so lets get started." Castiel was purring now, he let off a smell of pure arousal and excitement. Dean had a feeling Cas had wanted to try this for a very long time.

Dean was already ready to burst from the ruthless pounding on his prostate and the growing size of Castiel knot. Cas gripped Dean's hand harder and in one final act plowed deeper into Dean as the omega burst with a sharp cry that could be heard from down the hall.

His stomach felt like a spring popping and a tingle crawled from his feet up his leg. Cum splattered down his stomach and dripped onto the sheets. With one of the most satisfied sounds Dean had ever heard from the alpha Castiel came with a hard bite on the back of Dean's neck. It brought out another cry from the omega as sleep washed over him, every ounce of energy was pulled from him but Castiel clearly wasn't finished.

The alpha was still giving shallow thrusts as he spilled cum into Dean completely marking him inside and out. He was finally sated.

He moved to licking at the reddened bite mark on the nap of Dean's neck, he felt how exhausted Dean was and untangled their hands.

"You were so good for me, baby." Castiel whispered still moving inside Dean, who was constricting around Cas to milk him dry. "Sleep, I'll be here when you wake up." Dean gave a pleased moan and closed his eyes.

It was a hard maneuver but Dean slowly lowered himself flat in the bed, Castiel stayed behind him still tied to the omega. His knees splayed out and he rested some of his weight on Dean's upper thighs. It seemed like such an odd position but it was very comfortable, he could rub every inch of Dean's back.

It was amazing, his nails dragged over every contour of Dean's body, the sharp curve of his shoulder blade and the peppering of freckles the trailed down to his ass.

Another chill ran through Cas' body and he rocked himself further into Dean as another load of cum spilled into the sleeping omega. This would be going on for over an hour now. Castiel bit his bottom lip as he emptied out, his knot still locked inside Dean.

By the way Dean was breathing Castiel knew he was asleep and probably would be for a while. Castiel took that time to rub down every part of Dean he could touch, kissing him and scenting him. Bitting soft marks into his back as a claim. The sound and smell of alphas walking around the hallways set Castiel on edge. Dean was his, he was knotted in him and no alpha outhere should look at him. Even though there was a locked door between them Castiel still felt the urge to frantically mark Dean, rubbing his wrist across his back as a warning. It was all he did until another wave of cum dumped out and caused Castiel to shiver. Multiple orgasms were a gift and a curse during rut.
Dean woke up not forty minutes later with Castiel still awake and grooming him.

"C-Cas what 'r ya doin'." His voice was muffled by sleep and the pillow under him. "Are we still tied together." Dean didn't even make an effort at moving. Wiggling his ass a little he could feel the knot still buried into him filling him up and he felt Castiel’s weight move farther up his ass, readjusting himself." Jesus if our cycles ever match up I'll be pregnant before the night if over." Cas chuckled and ran his hand down the now of Dean's spine.

"Mmm, Dean you are amazing. I could stay buried in you forever." Castiel lowered down to trail kisses across his shoulders.

"Speaking of this you're still going strong, know when you will untie me?" Dean asked trying to look over his shoulder at Cas.

"Mnhmm, could be a half hour or so. Tends to last a lot longer when I'm in rut." Dean tried to stretch his aching muscles and fidgeted under Castiel.

"Well can we move to a more comfortable position?" Dean asked shaking his ass again, his legs feeling numb from Castiel sitting on them.

"Okay, babe." Castiel spread his legs and tiled his and Dean's body to the side and into a spooning position. Dean let out out a blissful sigh and he moved his legs trying to gain feeling again.

"Oh that is so much better" Dean stretched his legs out the best he could and he clenched around Castiel causing the alpha to shutter behind him. Causing another load to empty into Dean with a whimper from Cas. Dean laughed at Castiel who burrowed into his neck.

"Mm, you know how good you feel?" Cas purred into Dean's ear and started to grind forward.

"Cas you are knotted in me, you have been cuming for like an hour and you can still get it off?" Dean gave a sleepy chuckle, his knot had to go down eventually. He slept through the last one so he didn't notice.

"No, I'm not going to go at it again you're so good to me. Go back to sleep it should go down in a few then I can rub your legs." Dean hummed in agreement and closed his eyes.

"You just gonna watch me sleep?" Dean asked cracking an eye open.

"Dean I don't think I've slept more than twenty minute intervals. I just need to scent you and kiss you and groom you." 

"Oh this is going to be fun." Dean readjusted his pillow and went back to sleep.

The next time Dean woke he was getting a soft massage from his mate. With a pleased moan he gave a small stretch, his ass ached a little but Castiel was pampering him with soft kisses and scented him.

"God, Cas do you feel this spent after my heat?" Castiel chuckled and wound his arms around Dean to place a kiss on his lips.

"Kinda, but your heat is longer than my rut so you're lucky. I mean do you know how hard it is to keep up with you sometimes? For at least a day at the peak I have to force you to eat and drink." Dean blushed, sometimes he had a hard time remembering his heat. The first day was hard by the second was the worst. He squeezed every ounce of energy from Cas that day. Then it went back down to about two or three really needy times and the rest of the week is sex, grooming, and
cuddling. That was the bonding part of heat when Dean's body temperature dropped for extremely high to very cold. He pretty much relied in Cas at that time. It's something in his body that changed in his makeup after being mated.

"My ass is killing me man." Dean readjusted himself. His garments from earlier were done away with by the second round and Dean can't even remember how long they went out it last night. "What is this? One day of nothing but sex and now you’re just some cuddly ass alpha?"

"You get just as clingy during your heat so I don't even want to hear it, and what makes you think the sex part of my rut is over?" Castiel growled in Dean's ear.

"Oh, little alpha who said I was done with you?" Dean rolled over to straddle Castiel's hips, they were both stark naked and Dean was still stretched out and slicked from last nights events.

"Now this isn't going to be like last night, I'm in charge now, baby." Castiel but his lip and thrust his hips forward a little to bounce Dean in his lap. "Just lay back." Dean slid his hands from Castiel's stomach up to his chest, pushing him down into the pillows.

Castiel was already hard, that was just the effects of rut, breed breed breed.

Dean held himself up on his knees and angled Castiel's cock with his entrance. Pressing Cas' head against his hole a mix of slick and cum leaked out making it easier for Castiel to slide in. Dean's jaw was dropped and eyes squinted shut as he pushed himself down in Castiel's cock.

Castiel let out a deep snarl and tried to restrain himself from pinning Dean down and fucking him into the mattress. Slick helped Dean ride Castiel, he growled down at the alpha as he set his own pace. Castiel’s back arched with every thrust until both of them were nearly snarling at each other between kisses. It only lasted a few minutes as they each slammed their bodies together. Until the last choked back growl and they both collapsed, knotted together in the most intimate way possible. It was exhausting as they tangled their legs together and fell back to sleep.

Dean woke up slowly, not really registering where he was. All he knew was he was totally blissed out and he had a warm body nuzzled on top of him. He tried to move his arms but they felt like jelly, slowly he pushed the mass off of him and gave a small whimper as Cas’ knot that wasn’t fully down slid out of him with only slight resistance. But before Dean could move any further a pair of strong arms wrapped around his stomach and pulled him down with a growl.

“Mine.” Castiel snarled into Dean’s ear and the omega tensed for a second until the alpha nuzzled into his neck again, his fingers tightening around Dean’s stomach and pushed him down with a growl.

“Cas, I have to piss.” Dean groaned and tried to pull away again but was quickly pinned to the bed by Castiel who now rolled on top of him and caged Dean between strong arms.

“Mine.” He grunted out once more and lower himself until he was at level with Dean’s stomach. He started to purr once more and began kissing and leaving soft claiming marks across Dean’s lower stomach. Dean finally realized what was going on; Castiel was barely awake and was convinced he had bred Dean.

“Cas, I’m not pregnant.” He said with a soft laugh as he stroked a hand through Castiel’s bed ridden hair. It took a few minutes of Castiel just resting on Dean’s stomach to fully wake up. Not that it was possible for either of them to know so soon if he was pregnant but he was on birth control and wasn’t in heat so it was technically impossible.
“Sorry,” was the first thing that came out of Cas’ mouth. “This is the first rut I’ve gone through with someone.” Dean silently thanked the absent gods Castiel didn’t have to be around Meg for them.

“It’s okay,” Dean hummed looking into Castiel’s eyes, the alpha was no propped up on his elbows over Dean’s stomach that was now covered in claiming marks. “So is the sex part over of should I prepare myself for another marathon?” Dean asked with a laugh, Dean wasn’t opposed to a few more rounds but he also can’t remember the last time he ate.

“Yeah, for the most part, now I just want to stay cocooned in bed with you.” Cas nuzzled Dean’s stomach once more.

“Okay there snuggle bunny, now let me up so I can piss.” Castiel reluctantly obliged and rolled over to free Dean from his weight. Hopping up from bed Dean stumbles bear naked to the bathroom. Castiel watched mesmerized by the contours of Dean’s body, his sharp edges and smoothed curves. He pictured him if they has successfully bred. How his scent would change. He would make everyone around him so smitten by his smell, evolving to make everyone was to protect him instead of breed him. It was a great thing to know that most everyone who came in contact with Dean at that point would be nothing but friendly and loving towards him. Save a few stubborn alpha’s but Dean would have heightened senses and it was amazing what a pregnant omega could do if they were threatened.

Suddenly Castiel had the urge to get up and walk to Dean and scent him, claim him again and again until it was as if he had a bright neon sigh that screamed ‘taken’ for all to see. Castiel got out of bed and walked over to the bathroom but just before he could grab the knob it opened and Dean was slightly startled at Castiel proximity Dean couldn’t even manage a word before Castiel pressed into him lovingly, rubbing his wrists across Dean’s bare chest and stomach to mark him, nuzzling and licking up his pulse point. Dean gave a soft moan of approval and he tilted his head back to give Castiel more access. Castiel’s lips moved to his clavicle as he continued to mark him with the smell of rut.

“Okay okay, I’m sure I smell nice and claimed now lets get food because we don’t have anything here.” Cas nodded and walked over to the dresser to pull on a random button up that was slightly wrinkled but the alpha didn’t seem to care one bit.

Castiel had one hand on the soul of Dean’s back as he lightly pushed him through the dorm. Castiel was just about cocooning Dean in his possessive stance as they walked. Dean had seen very few people in Rut before so he assumed this was how it went, well other than is brother but that was completely different he was family and not his mate. He saw many people in passing but didn’t acknowledge any of them to prevent Castiel from gripping him tighter. Dean was getting ticked off. He couldn’t help Castiel’s mother’s words from creeping into his mind once again “He would be a bitch.” He sure felt like a bitch being escorted out the door to buy a fucking cup of coffee. He sped up his pace forcing there to be a little space between them. Cas got the hint, but stayed a mere three feet behind him as they walked, never allowing Dean out of his sight. If this is how Cas was going to act during Rut Dean’s going to have to lock him in the bathroom for a few days to avoid the horrifying embarrassment.

By the time they were halfway there Castiel was making Dean uncomfortable, he was pulled to full height, and Dean could sense the irritation in his alpha, from their close proximity. He turned to look at his mate whose gaze turned immediately to him.
“Cas, calm your tits, Jesus.” Cas squinted at him, pursing his lips. Dean rolled his eyes, falling in step with his mate, and tucking his hand neatly into the crook of his elbow. He felt like a dumbass, the way he looked like he was being escorted to the ball or something. Cas relaxed considerably, so Dean didn’t mind, much. Two betas that Dean knew from his engineering class walked by, and he nodded vaguely at them, and they smiled back. Castiel reacted immediately, linking his arm so tightly around Dean’s hand that it hurt. Dean tried to wriggle free “Cas! Cas, cool it!” He whispered frantically. Castiel growled at one of the betas and Dean clomped him on the back of the head.

“Dean?” Castiel turned and looked at him with fat tears pooling in his eyes. Dean’s face went from slightly irritated to entirely pale in 0.2 seconds flat.

“Cas I-”

“You- you hit me.”

“Cas, I just needed to snap you out of it, you were gonna kill Linus over there.” Cas sobered, looking to see Linus’ retreating back.

“Oh.” He said looking apologetic. He was really as lost as Dean was on this topic, he never had a mate to be so protective of before this. Now it was like everyone around them, even omegas, were a threat to Dean. Not like he was in heat so he could not conceive but the threat still lingered deep in him that his mate could fall prey to another alpha.

“Yeah, oh.” Dean hesitantly reached out hand and stroked his arm. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to-” Fuck, Dean’s heart was dancing all around in his chest and making him feel ill, what if he triggered Cas? Is Cas going to be touch-shy from now on? He never was before. Oh god, what if he was, and Dean pushed him. He didn’t know, it wasn’t his fault. Or was it? Shouldn’t he have known? Shouldn’t he have asked? Was this nonconsensual? Can you have non consensual casual touching? Well, duh, of course you can. Oh god. Oh god.

“Dean.” Cas snapped his fingers in front of Dean’s face “Dean, I know what you’re thinking.”

“Do you?” Dean looked bashfully down at his feet.

“Yeah, and it’s okay.” He gave his shoulder a reassuring squeeze “I’m sorry I’ve made things weird between us.”

“What?” Dean looked gobsmacked “Are you kidding?”

“No.” Cas kicked a rock on the side of the street “Are you kidding?”

“No!” Cas kicked a rock on the side of the street “I mean if I didn’t-”

“No! Shut up!” Cas halted his eyes wide, “Don’t you dare apologize for what happened to you! Don’t you dare apologize for what that bitch put you through, because it’s not your fucking fault, okay Cas? I’m going to need a little time to process it all, and I’m probably going to fuck up a bit on the way.” his voice softened “I’m going to need you to be entirely honest with me, and if I do something that triggers you, you need to tell me right away, or like, spray me with a spray bottle or something.” he chuckled at his own joke. “Seeing her again opened a fresh wound, and it really fucking sucks, because you deserve better but this” he gestured vaguely to the two of them “is not weird. This is us, working together to help you heal.” Castiel grabbed Dean around his waist and hugged him close, Cas’ nose buried into Dean’s neck, and Dean felt the tears Cas was holding onto spill over his Pink Floyd tshirt.

“I love you, Dean.” Cas choked, still holding on.
“I love you too.” Dean replied kissing his forehead. Cas pulled away, wiping his eyes “Do you still want coffee?” Cas nodded smiling weakly, Dean took his hand and they walked over to the coffee shop.

The coffee shop’s smell was welcoming as ever. The crisp scent of air that was funneled through an AC mixed with the warm smell of frothy cream and freshly ground coffee beans. Dean walked right up to Alfie who smiled cheerfully at the two of them. He took one whiff of their scents and smirked.

“Bless you for coming out in public.” Dean flashed him the middle finger, to which Alfie laughed. “Usual?” He asked glancing at the pair of them. Cas nodded. They watched Alfie make their coffee, and add an extra pump of caramel to Dean’s while his supervisor wasn’t looking he put a finger to his lips winking at Dean making him grin and wink back.

That was a mistake. Cas tensed looking at the pair of them, and moved closer to Dean, trying and failing to suppress the alpha instinct. Dean noticed the change, but didn’t comment, hoping that it would just pass. Alfie handed Cas his coffee, then Dean, their fingers brushing momentarily. Cas growled at Alfie making him jump.

“Oh my god, Cas I can’t take you anywhere!” Dean said, voice slightly raised, but in the quiet of the coffee shop, his voice boomed. Cas’ face sobered again, he opened his mouth to speak and Dean cut him off again “Nope! Nope, that’s it, we’re going home. Now.” Dean began pulling on his arm and leading him to the door. Cas tried to sputter out an apology.

“Sorry, Alfie I’m just-”

“This is why we can’t have nice things!” Dean said teasingly, before kissing his cheek. He earned a few smiles from the others in the coffee shop.

“Dean-” Cas started still looking upset at his outburst.

“It’s fine baby, but we better go home before you kill someone for complimenting my shoelaces or something.” Cas and Alfie both laughed.

“See you guys later.” Alfie said with a suggestive wink, clearly he knew what they’ll be getting up to very soon. Dean waved back, and Cas grumbled blushing at his brother. They headed off with their coffee, hand in hand.

Making it back to the dorm they barely had time to put down their coffee before Dean’s phone was ringing. Castiel nearly jumped at Dean side, moving slightly closer.

“Cas, it’s just my phone.” He pulled it out of his pocket and dangled it in front of Castiel. The caller ID said ‘Mary’ Dean light up at that.

“Mom?” Dean asked hoping his voice didn’t give away how excited he was. Castiel moved slightly closer pressing their sides together.

"Hello, sweetheart." Mary chimes in her almost too sweet voice. Dean blushed slightly wondering if Castiel had heard his mother. Judging by Castiel's proximity he probably did but he hasn't reacted to it. Dean wondered if Castiel's mother ever talked to him like that, baked him pie, read him books, tucked him in and kissed him goodnight. She always said he was her little alpha omega. Dean knew it was almost impossible for a mother to pick a favorite pup, Cas' pack
excluded, but Mary was always at Dean's side. It wasn't in an 'omegas need extra protection' it was just what she did. Since before he could remember Mary had treated him like he hung the moon. She did the same for Sam and Adam but they tended to receive a lot more love from their father. But she did it even before he had presented, to say he was a mamas boy was a gross understatement.

"How are you?" Dean asked excited to hear her voice, he really was getting homesick. Even with Castiel here he was still missing his pack back home in Lawrence. "I'm, I'm really great mom, how about you?" Dean didn't want to spill the beans over Castiel just yet. In all seriousness he wasn't sure when or how he would do it. They had been technically mated since school started and it was unlike him to stay away for so long. He was just worried on how his father would take to him being someone's bitch. Dean's scent went slightly sour at the thought and that was quickly noticed by Castiel who nuzzled his neck and tickled him slightly with his stubble. Dean tried not to laugh but a small sound escaped his mouth.

"Dean, is someone there!" Mary asked in her all to knowing mom voice.

"I-ah no no, it's just me. Scratched my foot and it tickled." Dean was a great liar- unless it was towards his mother. She could melt the truth out of him with a smile and a 'mmhmm you sure?'

"Is it now? Okay, just putting it out there if you do have a young lady over to be safe." Dean tried to stop himself from turning radish red and Castiel lifted his hand to scan over Dean's face.

"No! No- no one is here mom and, well god my it's not like I could have kids of my own even if there was a girl here." Dean knew he sounded like he was lying but he could help it.

“Okay okay, Dean settle down. You’re acting kinda funny you know, is something going on?” As Dean tried processing the words he became distracted by Castiel obnoxious scent markings. Dean tried to elbow him away but he was only met with more forceful markings from the alpha. This was all going to hell in a handbasket.

“No, mom everything's just peachy but I have to cut this short because GAH-” Dean shouted as Castiel nuzzled him off the bed and pinned him to the ground, licking strips up Dean's neck he was defeated. With Castiel straddling his hips he placed a hand lightly on the alphas back and breathed in a deep breath before talking to him mom once more.

“Dean, honey are you okay?” Mary asked, sounds of worry clear in her voice.

“Yeah, just lost my balance is all. Hey can I call you at another time I’m really tied up right now.” Totally regretting his words because of Cas’ reaction to his blush. Castiel was slinking down lower to Dean’s stomach and Mary didn’t even get a full goodbye in before he frantically hung up the phone. Terrified he would forever link his mother to blowjobs.

“Damnit, Cas this is exactly why we don’t have nice things,” Dean patted Castiel back unable to be truly mad at him since this was his Rut and Castiel didn’t complain about Dean’s heat that happen much more often. “You just end up humping everything.”
So I hope this chapter was much happier than last weeks painful experience. As you can see Castiel's first Rut with a mate is an...experience.

Alight hope you enjoyed and comments are always welcomed!!!!
Dean was finishing up his paper and went to add in the heading. Looking at the corner of the screen and noticing the date, suddenly Dean questioned where the time went and then he froze.

"Oh god." Dean went through numbers frantically in his head three times over. "C-Cas!" Dean's voice was broken and he couldn't avert his eyes from the date. He was two weeks late for his heat. Two weeks. Two.

"Dean what do you need?" Castiel walked out of the bathroom with a towel slung low on his hips.

"Cas, we are like so fucked. I-I holy fuck." Dean was babbling like mad and Castiel couldn't follow for the life of him.

"Hey, Dean relax!" Castiel walked over and shook his shoulders, trying to stay calm.

"No don't tell me to relax I am late for my heat! Late! As in- knocked up!" Castiel's jaw dropped and the room was silent, not even the sound of breathing could be heard.

"No, Dean it's okay this doesn't mean you're pregnant. You're still new to having a heat; you might not have a cycle yet." Castiel tried comforting, but he was panicking too. Their mixed smell of distress curled together in the air.

"Yeah with the two of us going at it like bunnies I'm sure that's it." Dean snapped. It came out so much nastier than he meant it but with the amount of fear and panic consuming him he wasn’t in total control.

"Okay we’ll go get a test or something.” Omegas can be tested very early on because of their hormones. But Dean didn’t know if it was too early, he almost didn’t want to know at all.

"I-I don't know if I want to know. I think I’m going to be sick! I want a family, but not now, we're in college Cas! I can't be pregnant! I want a job and a home and I can't'-!" Dean dropped his face into his hands. Castiel rubbed his shoulders to try and relax him. He could feel bile rising in his stomach and stumbled towards the bathroom, making it to the toilet just in time to dry heave his stomach into mush. His abdomen hurt so much from the continuous strain but finally after a few good coughs he spit into the toilet and leaned back into the wall.

"I will go out and get you a test. Stay here and well...I don't know, don't leave. It shouldn't take
Castiel dressed at record speed and ran out of the dorm. There was no way Dean was pregnant, by the time he delivered they wouldn't be in college anymore but this was all too much, too soon. Dean was right they needed some time to settle in before starting a family. Maybe not a lot, but some. They needed jobs and a home and a baby would hold them back from that. Castiel stumbled as the thought crossed his mind. Especially since omegas usually carry litters and rarely have one pup. He was queasy as he walked into the store. The air was stale and it was rather empty. Castiel quickly made his way to the right aisle and scanned the shelves. There was an assortment of all different tests in all kinds of colors. With wide eyes, Castiel grabbed six different tests and headed for the register. The orange haired beta male looked at him with amusement.

"That is either a really good or a totally horrible thing, man." The cashier joked but Castiel was completely not up for it. He gave a small growl and the man quickly rung him up.

Sliding his card he grabbed the plastic bag and ran.

The run back to the dorm felt much longer, but once he saw the tall white building he picked up his pace. He could only imagine what Dean was doing left to his own devices like this.

Shoving his key in unceremoniously he threw the door open. Pausing- he took a breath, he had to attempt to be the calm one in this situation.

He saw Dean pacing across the room, one hand rested on his stomach. He was softly mumbling numbers as if trying to make sure his calculations were right.

"Dean-" Castiel held up the bag and the color drained from Dean's face.

"I-I am so damn scared, Cas." Dean didn't move from his spot so Castiel walked over to lead him into the bathroom. Pulling out each individual test from the bag Cas lined them up on the counter. Dean was sitting on the toilet with the lid closed. He held one test in his hand, it was still wrapped but his eyes locked onto the picture. One line is negative and two is positive.

"Dean, I will be right outside, call me if you need me." Castiel leaned in to place a kiss on Dean's forehead and gingerly scented him. He walked out and closed the door behind him, Dean didn't need someone breathing down his neck right now. Not when he could be pregnant with a litter. Castiel felt a little dizzy at the thought of pups crawling over him. Not now, not yet, he needed some time, just a few months after graduation.

Castiel was gnawing on his lip, omegas rarely carry one pup, usually two or three. For gods sake some have four. But maybe it's genetic, Dean didn't have a twin- he was a lone pup. But Mary was a beta and the chances of carrying twins is about forty-sixty, so it isn’t a surprise he was a single.

He could take on a litter...just not now. He would be happy to, yes it is much harder but in reality it is what they are built for, many many pups. It is natural and welcome to have such a large family. Castiel just prayed it wasn’t right now.

Slightly impressed with his accuracy when it came to peeing on sticks, Dean placed each used test on the edge of the counter. Now to wait. He couldn’t help but look at himself in the mirror- how big he would get, how much harder school would be. They would need a home right out of college. Kiss his dreams of being a mechanic goodbye because he won't be able to fit under a car when he's the size of one.
Fuck, he hasn’t even told his parents he had a mate! Wow, Dean needed to get his priorities straight. He had a plan to just show up with Cas, he was never good at delivering news over the phone.

He checked his watch, thirty more seconds. He didn’t dare look at the half dozen tests on the counter. Instead he sat down on the toilet and started to hum “Hey Jude”. He could hear Castiel pacing and even smell his distress from outside but Dean couldn’t seem to find his voice to call him in. He waited, and waited, looking at the timer on his phone click down the seconds until finally it was time.

He warily got up and walked over to the counter, his throat was tight and his stomach turned like he had downed six espressos.

One line negative, two lines positive. Taking in one last breath he looked down and almost puked.

Bursting through the door with one test in hand he threw himself into Castiel's arms.

"I'm not pregnant!" Dean almost shouted stepping back and pushing the test in Castiel face.

"Oh thank god! Now get your pee stick out of my face and kiss me!" Dean dropped the test and captured Castiel's lips. "Dean, I feel like I'm going to pass out!" Castiel laughed and dropped to his knees pulling up Dean's shirt and kissing his stomach. "Thank you, just wait a little longer." He mumbled into Dean's stomach as he trailed kisses across his soft skin. Dean let out a sigh and laughed. Castiel moved down to his hips and went to unbutton his jeans.

"Geez, Cas we find out i’m not pregnant and you go right into it!" Dean dropped to his knees to catch Castiel's lips. "Just kiss me." It was such an amazing rush of relief that he was negative. That meant his birth control was working just fine.

Castiel easily complied, but not all the nausea had gone away, from the fear and shock of possibly being pregnant. But we’re not pregnant, we’re not, this is good, right? Dean huffs at his own thoughts. Of course it’s good, they weren’t ready to have pups. They weren’t. Castiel looked at him inquisitively, Dean realized that he had been staring at the wall, his lips pressed against Cas’ but not moving.

“Sorry,” he said, letting out a chuckle and shaking his head.

“You okay?” Cas asked, his hand ran up and down Dean’s arm in comfort “That was quite a scare.”

“Yeah, I’m fine. I’m fine.” He said.

“You sure?” Cas asked.

“Yeah.”

“Okay.” Cas said, but it sounded more like a question to Dean. Instead of addressing it, Dean kissed Cas, sending the full force of his body weight into the Alpha, and knocking the two of them to the ground. It was a fight for dominance as Dean rolled Castiel onto his back and started rutting into him with pure lust. Castiel bucked up enthusiastically as he slid his tongue into Dean’s hot mouth.

It was all a blur and before Dean knew it he was on his back mewling as Castiel kneaded his ass with eager hands. A few curious fingers wandered and he felt the pad of Castiel’s thumb pressed on his slicked up hole but never passing through the tight ring. He moved his hands so his knuckles pressed into the tight patch of skin behind his balls and he listened to his omega sing. Once he was done with his torture he unceremoniously scissored open Dean and fumbled with his own cock to press into Dean.

“Dean-” Cas sighed burying himself inside his omega, biting down on his side, right below his shoulder blade.

“Fuck, Cas, yes.” Even after all this time “going at it like rabbits” the feeling of Cas entering was still so good it sent a jolt of electricity all the way up to Dean’s belly button and down to his toes. They both began to move, and the feeling was just right, they knew each other so well, they could take their time, please each other in just the right way without having to ask what the other wanted.

So when Dean leaned heavily on his left knee, changing their angle just a little, and Cas wrapped his fingers around to press into the front of Dean’s thighs, pulling him closer, it was a second nature sort of thing.

“Oh, fuck Cas, fuck.” He whined, the pressure from Cas’ warm steady hands was so tantalizingly close to Dean’s neglected cock that Dean couldn’t help but rolling his hips harder.

Dean’s mind slowly wandered from the growing rhythm back to their previous endeavor. Dean thought about everything they would of needed, supplies, food, clothes for himself and the pups. Formula; most definitely formula, Dean was totally pro-natural except for himself. There were few things he refused to welcome with being a male omega and that would be nursing.

“Milk.” Dean said obviously not realizing it had come from him mouth instead of staying in his brain. He felt the rhythm sputter a little but then regained as Castiel lowered down closer to him.

“Milk?” He asked curiously.

“Huh? Oh yeah, we need milk.” Dean realized where his train of thought was actually going. Castiel kept up the steady pace grazing Dean’s prostate every few thrusts.

“Toothpaste.” Castiel added. Sliding his hand down to adjust Dean’s legs and pull him back into his lap so Dean sat on his thighs and Castiel was leaning on the balls of his feet and knees.

“No shit really? I thouaa-!” Dean cut himself off as Castiel thrust in just the right place, “Shit.”

“Why the fuck” Cas paused, thrusting up twice “are we” *one more thrust* “talking about” *thrust* “groceries!” and with that Castiel came so hard inside of Dean that he saw stars. Pushing Dean forward onto his face, his arms flattened out in front of his. He looked like a cat stretching out in the sun. Wrapping his hands around blood thick cock he pumped in time with his thrusts as he rode out his own orgasm, playfully tugging knot against Dean’s rim. Dean came with a shiver and a small whimper. It was a stain they would have to clean off the carpet. Joining Dean, Castiel pushed them both to the scratchy carpet and spooning up to him. Dean started laughing as Cas nuzzled into his neck

“What is so funny?” He asked lifting his head up to look at Dean.

“Can’t believe you just came saying the word groceries, Jesus fucking Christ!” Dean laughed, securely tied to Castiel as the alpha kissed and licked over his mating mark and gave a chuckle. “Oh yeah, I also need more suppressants.”
“Thought they didn’t work?”

“I’ll just take them during my heat since they are also birth control.” Dean assured.

“Oh, okay then.” Castiel placed another kiss on Dean’s shoulder.

“You know we have to tell my family, right?”

“Yes, Dean I am fully aware of that.”

“We should do that.” Dean sighed knowing he couldn’t keep pushing it off. “Now.”

Dean was pacing around the room, nerves gnawing at his stomach. His phone was clutched in his hand, Sam's phone number was light up on his screen. He knew it was time to tell his family. Really every step of what they had done was unethical. The fact they had been mated for this long and haven't told his family, well in short it was pretty messed up.

"Dean, calm down. I'm sure your brother will be just fine." Castiel talked to him from the bathroom, he had plans with his brother to get something to eat to give Dean's some alone time to talk with Sam.

"I guess I'm just, I don't know I know Sam won't be upset but what of he tells my dad?"

"Just ask him not to tell your parents. I'm sure he would respect your wishes." Dean nodded and sat down on his bed.

"Okay, fine. Go on and meet up with Alfie so I can get this over with." Cas huffed out a laugh and walked to Dean to place a kiss on his forehead and lightly scent him.

"I love you."

"I love you, too." Dean sighed as Castiel left. He remembers the first time Cas said that to him. During his breakdown on the side of the road, he was so broken. It wasn't a sad or happy memory, just intense. Their feelings were multiplied by twenty in the car back then and Dean had never felt so close to Cas before. So raw and emotional.

Dean trailed himself away from the memory and back to the present. The phone in his hand only added to the weight in his stomach.

"No time to waste." Dean said as he clicked send and held the phone to his ear. It took a few rings but soon the familiar sound of his brother came through the speaker.

"Hey, Dean."

"Hey, Sammy." Dean chuckled already getting off to an awkward start, but Damn he missed his brother.

"Uh oh, what's up?" Sam asked warily.

"What? What do you mean, why can't I call just to talk. Maybe I wanted to know how Adam and mom were. Jo and Ash? How's the gang?" Dean was totally procrastinating and it was so obvious. He was a great liar, but this was so nerve wracking he was surprised his voice wasn’t cracking. What if they didn’t accept him because he was part of the Novaks. What would his dad say they
achieved what he dreamed of, an all alpha pack.

"Dude you are so dodging the question." Yep.

"No really how is everyone?" Dean was interested in how his pack was holding up. He really only exchanged short text to them now a days. Sam laughed like he was going to humor his brother.

"Well we're all good. Jo and Ash are the same and Adam is still trying to act like the smooth bastard his isn't. Mom is great and keeps asking when you'll be home. Dad, well he's as static as they come. Nothing has changed." Dean didn't expect anything to really change with his father. And it seemed his pack was just how he left them.

"Oh that's great, and yeah tell mom I'll be home soon. Probably for spring break." Damnit just spit it out! "Sam I have to tell you something." Fuck, he sounded like a babbling idiot.

"Shoot." Sam obviously knew Dean was holding back.

"I-uh wow, how do I put this?" Dean regret not planning out what he would say. He had enough damn time to think it over.

"Oh just spit it out man really, why do I always have to beat this stuff out of you!" Caution to the wind.

"I've got a mate." Dean froze and he listened to the buzz over the phone. No one talked for a few painfully long beats.

"I fucking knew it!" Sam yelled "Knew it since you called me weeks ago with that question about me and Jess! Why didn't you told me sooner?" Sam was way too excited, he was a fricken puppy for Christ sake.

"Lower your damn voice!" Dean demanded scared others from his pack would be interested in Sam's new found excitement. "It is so much more complicated than that, Sammy." Dean ran a hand through his hair as he tried to think of words on how to phrase it all.

"What? Was it some drunken hookup? Wait when did they find out you were an omega? It was a drunken hookup wasn't it...Damnit Dean!"

"Shut up, Sammy it was not a drunken hookup!" Dean shouted over his brother.

"Then what was it?"

“That's the thing man! Okay this is a confusing ass story so I'll keep it short and sweet. I've got a mate. He's an alpha and he was my roommate. One thing led to another and on and on and now we are here." Dean was rambling almost scared to mention Cas' name.

"Wow, Dean way to use your sensory detail." Sam laughed.

"Shut up, bitch."

"I will when you tell me what you're babbling about, jerk!"

"I mated into the Novak pack!" Dean yelled and fell backward into his bed waiting for his brothers reaction. He knew Sam knew the Novak pack, practically everyone did. The one in a billion family, well except for who they seem to call their dirty secret.

"Wait, what? I thought you hated packs like that?" Sam asked now understanding why Dean was
acting so strange.

"I do and trust me like seventy-five percent of his family is horrible but there are three in that pack who are great. Well four including Cas."

"Cas?"

"Yes, Castiel. He is the youngest of the pack."

"Okay, so this Castiel is your mate now?" Sam still sounded confused.

"Yes, we've been mated for well, longer than I'd like to admit." Dean blushed slightly.

"So you have been off dancing around with your new mate and you just now decide to call me?" Dean felt guilty, he should have called Sam the second he fell into the mess.

"Well, yeah I guess I was kinda worried how dad would take it." Dean knew it was true. He never knew how to approach his father on any topic involving his presentation.

"Oh," the line was quiet for a while. Neither of them knew what to say. "I-I mean, I don't know he never talked about you taking a mate. And you know I wouldn’t tell him, right?"

"Yeah, I know. But I'll have to face him some time. Might as well be over spring break."

"Wait so you're really coming in then? With this new mate of yours?" Sam was back to excited at the thought of seeing his brother again.

"Well yeah, gotta introduce you to the guy. Put him through the pack hazing and all that." Dean laughed as he thought of his brothers, Jo, and Ash picking apart Cas. After a pause, Dean said "Yeah well that's what I had to tell you. Don't tell dad yet. I think I might just surprise him and mom with that. You know less time for him to stew in the fact his son is happy."

"Oh Dean he wants you to be happy, he's just shitty at showing it." Dean raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah, sure. Well I gotta go, Sammy. Need to let Cas know I wasn't kicked out of my pack because hell if we are going back to his. Man they are nasty sons a bitches." Sam let out a laugh.

"Okay okay, I'll let you go. Tell him I said welcome."

"Alright, Sam. Talk to ya soon." Dean hung up and let out a breath. He was still looking up at the ceiling, he was so damn relieved. Dean pulled himself up off the bed to make his way to the coffee shop but his books caught his eye.

“Fuck.” Then Dean remembered he actually had classes to study for.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry if you guys were like FUCK YEAH PREGNANT!
I STILL CAN'T DENY OR CONFIRM ANYTHING ABOUT PREGNANT DEAN!

So yeah hopefully you all enjoyed this and...well let's all prepare for the Winchesters!!!!
“Fuck.” Dean had been really neglecting his work, what with Castiel's rut and the heart attack inducing freak out over the pregnancy scare. Dean decided he should go to the library and work instead of go eat with Cas. With a sigh Dean pulled himself off the bed and grabbed his books from his desk. He would much rather do his work here but he was in need of a few books he could only find at the library. Throwing everything into his bag he made his way out of his room. Locking his door behind him he started off down the moderately empty hallway.

Alphas left him alone for the most part. His room reeked of mated omega and protective alpha claims. The most he received were cat calls and those never happened when Castiel was with him. It bothered Dean that he only gained respect when he was claimed, when he wasn't he was just a sex toy. Now he was someone's sex toy in there eyes so that should be respected.

Dean was only given a few looks but none were threatening. Exchanged a few nods with some betas and alphas he had gotten to know over time. And made his way onto campus with ease, it was such a nice day out. Air still crisp and cool but he had on his old leather jacket that warmed in the sun. He took his time walking, the trees were still bare but in a few week they would bloom. Snow was just about melted on the grass and Dean was happy to wish it goodbye. He couldn't wait for this year to be over. Months ago he would have wanted to be free of Cas, now he wanted to start a life with the man.

The library was a routine walk for Dean, it was a quiet place for him to work and he could also get out a little. Dean would be a liar if he denied being a creature of habit and he was pleased to see his normal table in the science fiction section was empty. Tossing his Letterman bag onto the desk he threw his jacket on the back of his chair.

Letting out a huff Dean opened up his notebook and looked over what books he needed. Taking a few extra English classes over the years was for Dean's own pleasure. He didn't pay much attention to his major, it interested him but it wasn't his goal in life. He didn’t want to be some hot shot, he wanted to be a happy mechanic in a jump suit covered in oil.

Standing back up after he unpacked his bag and claimed the table as his he went in search of his books and a vending machine. The library was fairly busy and the mumbling of conversations could be heard all over the building. It was a very neutral area since it was the only library on campus it had alpha, betas, and omegas in it at all times. There was an omega side of campus but there are mixed dorms across. Dean's is just in one of the few buildings unmated omegas aren't
allowed in since there is such a large number of alphas. This wasn't a college that if you were an omega you had to be escorted by your mate. It had a good amount of security and somewhat strict rules. It was a more new ages school and omegas were treated very well here.

Finally Dean saw the machine, he pulled out his dollar and stuck it in the slot. He pressed the first soda he saw and a coke dropped out. Waiting to open it until he got his books and made it back to his seat.

Walking over to his section he sees it's empty, scanning the shelves for F he finds it. Pulling out the book he looks over the cover.

"Fucking hell." Dean shoves the book back, of course why would the book he need be in this damned library?

"Looking for this?" Dean turned around at the sound of an English accent and saw a beta behind him, offering up the book he needed.

"Oh, um yeah." Dean reached out to take it. "Thanks."

"No need, pleasures all mine." His words were nice but his voice had something different in it. The tone was like he was attempting to seduce Dean in a way. It made him uncomfortable.

"How'd you know I needed this?" Dean asked, was this guy stalking him?

"We're in the same class." This time Dean received a smile that was a little creepy. His dark shirt and pants didn't help him look anymore inviting, neither did his black overcoat. He was rather short but slightly intimidating even to Dean. That's the part that made him feel uneasy.

"Oh, well that's great I guess I'll see you around then uhh..."

"Crowley." Dean gave a forced smile.

"Yeah, Crowley."

Dean walked back to his seat quickly and he had an overwhelming need to sneeze. The beta smelt to odd, but familiar. Dean just couldn't put a finger on it. What he did know was the scent felt terrible on his nose and he wanted to expel it. The worst part was the man's smell clung to him and Castiel was sure to get a whiff of it. The more unsettling part was beta’s give off scents to those who are bonded to them such as mates and pack members, other than that they are very neutral. Something about the man was extremely unnerving. Still he couldn’t rid the smell of burning garbage from his nose..

Dean could feel the beta’s eyes on him and working seemed impossible. Dean started to sweat uncomfortably and turned his head around to find nobody there. Dean's mind started to travel to his alpha who could sense any change in Dean.

He felt like he was being watched from every angle, reading the same five words again and again because he couldn't keep focused on the task. Always looking over his shoulder. Crowley was making Dean paranoid and he didn’t know why. Was the beta pushing his scent onto Dean? He was clearly marked and claimed he didn’t know why someone would do that unless they wanted to add to the partnership but that was brought up with both mates present. And by someone they knew. Realizing he was getting nowhere with his work he chose to take out the book and leave.

Even after leaving the library he was still watching everyone around him, people stayed a few steps away and he knew it was because his anxiety rolled off of him in waves of bitter apples.
Dean prided himself on being a strong independent person but he needed Cas, he needed comfort just like his mother provided him when he was little. That was what mates were for. It didn't make Den weak, it meant Dean was loved and that was an odd feeling for him.

"It went that badly?" Alfie asked biting into his ham and cheese sandwich. Internally he was obviously happy work kept him from going. His brothers tended to treat him like trash.

"It was terrible, I can't believe I let him go with me. Mom and dad were as awful as they are with Gabriel."

"Well at least you knew what to expect out of them." Alfie but into his sandwich and Castiel averted his eyes. His brother was going to find out from either Gabriel or Anna.

"Meg was there." Castiel's eyes never left the stone under his feet, he could feel the blood drain from his face and saw Alfie stiffen slightly. Talking about it was still hard, especially to his family even if they didn't know the whole story.

"How did that go." Dean was still the only person who Castiel had told so Alfie only saw this as an awkward encounter with his ex.

"Horrible, we left the next morning."

"I'm sorry." Alfie bit his lip in the silence and Castiel didn't raise his head.

He didn't want to be having this conversation and Cas' had a sick feeling in his stomach that could only be soothed by Dean's calming scent. Maybe it was a coincidence or Dean had sensed Castiel's distress but his mate showed up within minutes of the silence.

"Dean!" Alfie greeted thankful for the distraction. Castiel perked up at the sight of his mate and pulled the third chair closer to him.

"Hey, Alfie haven't seen you in weeks." Dean threw his bag over the side of his chair and sat down going straight for Castiel's fries. The second he leaned over Castiel moved in slightly to smell him but quickly leaned back and let out a chain of sneezes. Alfie looked quizzically between the two. Dean was really hoping the smell would dissipate over the course of the walk but sadly that wasn't the answer. Even in Castiel’s presents he felt eyes on him so he wanted to avoid all conversations of the man.

"What is that smell?" Castiel went back in and cautiously sniffed over his mate. "It smells, god what does that smell like?" Cas asked slightly frustrated as he tried to pinpoint the scent.

"I've been trying to figure out the same thing. This guy at the library gave me a book and he was kinda creepy, Crowley I think his name was." Dean said trying to keep his voice low but relatively normal as to not set off alarm bells in Castiel’s mind.

"Why is his smell all over you, did he touch you?" Castiel's protective side flared at the thought.

"No that's the weird part, he gave me a book but it was like being in his damn bubble coated me." Dean took a few more fries and dipped them in ketchup. "Apparently he is in one of my classes. I've never seen him before but he had the book I needed so I guess he is."

"Sounds like a weirdo." Alfie added before taking a sip of soda.
"Oh, how did the call with your brother go?" Castiel asked putting off the rest for the conversation for later. Dean was happy with the subject change.

"Great, oh and I hope your spring break is open because I totally dragged you down with me." Castiel smiled.

"Dean I would love to meet your family."

"Didn’t I say this before? Famous last words." Dean laughed and took more of Castiel’s fries. Dean hoped Cas did question him later on about Crowley, if he could he wanted to keep the man as far off Castiel’s radar as possible as to not start any fights.

"Rise and shine Cas we have an exciting day ahead if us!" Dean called from the bathroom to his rugged mate who was two days past his 'for the love of god please shave' day.

"Mmm, I'm literally dying Dean." He grumbled into the pillow.

"Okay that worked for the past few days but today is like a holiday for me."

"What religion are you? Last I checked this week isn't anything special." Castiel started to open his eyes and stretch.

"Yeah I'm sure you've got a calendar of only religious dates from all around the world." Dean shot poking his head out of the bathroom. "It doesn't matter, today is very important so shave the roadkill of your face and get dressed."

"Okay it really isn't that bad I just shaved!"

"Yeah last week. I feel like I have to sneeze every time I kiss you." Castiel laughed at Dean's remark and pulled himself out of bed.

They both moved rhythmically in the cramped bathroom, Dean was brushing his teeth as Castiel shaved. They exchanged a few stray words and some chaste kisses. It took a little longer than expected but finally Dean shoved him out the door.

The car ride was full of Castiel questioning Dean and him insisting he just wait and see. That was the cause for his confusion when Dean pulled into the fast food parking lot.

Dean road up the McDonald drive trough and a static muffled voice of a man buzzed through.

"Hello, welcome to McDonalds how may I help you?" With a big grin Dean ordered such a large quantity of breakfast food one man shouldn't be able to down it all. And out of the corner of Castiel's eye he saw it 'apple pie back for a limited time!' Castiel stifled yeah this was a religious day for him.

"Um sir, we aren't serving breakfast anymore." The voice spoke after a second. Dean's brow frowneded and he looked at the clock. 9:41.

"What are you talking about it isn't even ten yet!" Dean threw his hands up off the wheel.

"No sir, it's 10:41. I'm sorry we stop serving breakfast eleven minutes ago."
"It is totally nine! Damnit look at my car!" Dean yelled more at the clock than at the man.

"Um, Dean how did you set your clock before for daylight savings time?" Castiel questioned looking from his phone to the clock.

"You go back in summer and up in winter." Dean spoke matter-o-fact.

"No Dean. You set your clock back in winter and up in summer." Dean's face was blank and not even the man over the speaker spoke.

"Sonofabitch!" Dean yelled and smacked the wheel. "Fine four apple pies!"

"Would you like to try our new strawberry?" Dean's eyes squinted at the speaker.

"Two of each." He huffs Dean drive off before he could hear the total.

Castiel couldn't hold back his laughter and folded over on himself. Hands braced on the dashboard.

"This is not a laughing matter, Cas." Dean grumbled and he waited behind a dark green minivan.

Castiel placed his hand on Dean's upper thigh.

"You're right, I'm sorry it's an innocent mistake any-" Castiel couldn't finish his sentence without laughing. "Oh Dean I'm sorry but I'm like a hundred and thirty five percent sure they teach you that in elementary school!" Dean ignored Castiel's laughter and pressed lightly on the gas as the minivan drove to the second window.

"That will be 5.36." A small blond beta chirped her hair twisted into a braid. A smile too wide to be genuine.

"Yeah, yeah." Dean dug through his wallet and change pile pulling out exact change and placing it in the woman's small hand.

"Dandy! Drive up to the next window for you food!" She gave them a nod but Dean didn't respond.

Finally the minivan was gone and Dean could pull up. A scruffy older man with wiry beard hair held out the bag for Dean. Taking it he looked inside and back up at the man.

"You got any forks?" The man shrugged and walked over to a silver table rummaging through a large cardboard box. He pulled out a handful of individually wrapped plastic forks and handed them to Dean. Pulling his brow together he mentally counted them. He was holding at least seven.

"Enjoy." His voice was monotone and he clearly was not employee of the month. Dean have him a sour face still upset about missing breakfast. Before he fully pulled out he leaned out of his window and showered.

"I hope your apple pie was fricken worth it!" Sliding back in he took off out of the parking lot.

"Dean are you really that upset? You do know we have a café, right?"

"Not the same Cas, I mean really couldn't they cut me some slack?" Castiel cracked a smile and took the bag that sat between them looking in to see its contents. Didn't look half bad.

"How about you pull over and we enjoy this with the windows down?" Castiel shook the bag lightly and Dean's mood perked.
"Sounds like a great idea." They drove until they found the first abandoned parking lot they could find. Grass poking out from cracks in the pavement, overgrown bushes and unclipped trees. It was great. They rolled down all the windows to create a cross brace and bring in the smell of spring. Dean pulled the bag over into the middle of them and dug them each out a pie.

“How romantic of you, Dean.” Castiel chuckled as he took the small pie from Dean’s hands.

“What?” Dean questioned, his fork was only a few inches from his mouth and Cas could tell how badly Dean wanted to eat it.

“I was joking, we’re out alone in an abandoned parking lot eating dollar pies. It suits you.” Dean gave his a smile as he chewed being sure to keep his mouth closed.

“You know how classy I am, next stop is Chucky Cheese if you’re really good.” Dean joked to go and take another bite of pie. There was only a short burst of silence before Castiel slid closer to Dean and stuck his finger right into the middle of his pie. “My pie!” Dean almost squeaked out. Castiel drew his finger out and with it came the sugary sweet inside of his apple pie. Small sprinkles of cinnamon clung to his finger and Dean watched his eyes like a hawk. Nearly whimpering when Castiel placed his finger onto his tongue and sucked it clean.

“How good do I have to be?” Castiel asked in a terribly seductive voice that gave Dean chills.

“Umm, uh yeah.” It wasn’t even an answer but it was the only words he could form. As Dean’s eyes scanned over Castiel again as he reached behind him to grab his own strawberry pie. Dean couldn’t even close his mouth as he watched Castiel do the same to his own pie, this time his finger covered in the red sugar and he pushed it into Dean’s mouth.

It watered around Castiel’s finger as he slid his tongue over Cas’s finger almost moaning at the taste. Sucking it in deeper Dean grabbed Castiel’s wrist and let his finger free only to trail his tongue over his middle, dipping between the knuckles and the small web. Castiel’s pupils were blown as he watched Dean work his wet, pink tongue like his fingers were made of spun sugar.

With a smile Dean grabbed Cas by his shirt and pulled him into a kiss.

“Get your fine ass in the back seat right now.” Dean demanded and watched Castiel follow his orders and scurry into the back. With a mysterious smile Dean grabbed the strawberry pie Cas was just teasing him with and joined his mate.

Dean leaned in to place a teasing kiss onto his alpha’s lips, he put the pie gently onto the floor and moved his hands up Cas’ jean clad thighs that held iron muscles of power that made for an amazing pounding. Ignoring that thought he snaked a hand to Cas’ crotch and started kneaded his soft cock to life.

“You know what I love about pie?” Dean whispered into Castiel’s mouth. “It has that crunchy flaky crust that is almost buttery.” Dean purred into Castiel’s mouth as he started to undo his jeans and set his dick free from the harsh fabric. “It’s just so sweet and sticky. I always make such a mess with it. Licking it off my fingers and cheek.” Dean slowly lowered his body so he was inches from Castiel’s still boxer clad cock. Dean had his ass raised and pushed against the door since the impala was really made for this. Castiel was leaning completely in his door and it took all his restrain not to grab Dean and shove him into his groin. Almost as if the omega had read his mind he leaned in and pulled his jeans past his waist to mouth through his boxers at Cas’ dick. Castiel let out a choked off yelp as he bucked forward wanting to fuck into Dean’s hot mouth. “But I think that is my favorite part of pie, getting to lick myself clean after. Sometimes I slide my finger around in the left over smears. Taking my time to suck every drop off my fingers.” Finally Dean
started pulling down his boxers and Cas’ hissed with his cock bobbed in the cool air. Resting against his stomach with beads of precome dripping onto him he almost bit his tongue in anticipation.

Dean looked up at Cas’ lust blown eyes with a wicked smile and lowered his hand out of Dean’s view. Pulling it back up his jaw dropped and mouth watered as he watched Dean smear strawberry pie filling across his cock head. Shivering at the contact Cas whined again.

“I just love sucking on sweet things, you know. That’s why pie is my favorite.” And at that Dean leaned in and caused Castiel to full on cry as he gave small kitten licks across his head and long think pulls on the underside pressing into the bulging vein.

“D-Deean!” Castiel gasped not knowing what to do other than watch as Dean ravished him. Finally Dean swallowed Castiel down completely and earned a deep moan. He knew Cas wasn’t going to last long so Dean worked quickly, swirling his tongue over his head he bobbed and as he sucked he hollowed out his cheeks.

Castiel was on the edge in seconds of Dean’s torment, his legs were shaking and his nails dug into the worn leather of the impala. Glancing down he caught brilliant green eyes looking at him through thick lashes. At that Castiel let out a broken cry and dumped down Dean’s throat and knotted his mouth.

Dean’s jaw was extended as far as it could go and his lips hurt from being stretched so far but he waited for Castiel’s first load to finish before he skillfully unknotted his mouth. He looked at Castiel who watched him with half lidded eyes and a blissed out smile. Leaning in slowly to palm Dean’s erection but the omega pushed him away.

“No, that was just for you.” He spoke with his fucked out voice. Castiel nearly purred as he pulled Dean into a soft, slow kiss.

Dean slowed and made a left to go behind his dorm and towards the parking lot. Slowing down to the designated speed Dean caught a figure out of the corner of his eye. Crowley.

Walking on his own down the lot, hands stuffed into a large winter overcoat even though it was clearly spring weather. As Dean drove past Crowley raised a hand and have him a half wave. Dean only returned a nod and pressed a little harder on the gas.

"Who's that?" Castiel asked out of curiosity and not in an overpowering alpha way.

"This dude, guess he is in a class or two of mine. I don't know I give him notes when he is absent. Which is kind of a lot. Don't really know him."

“Oh, sure he’s not some creepy stalker?” Castiel asked looking back at the beta.

“I’m sure he is nothing.”

Chapter End Notes
Okay I'm sorry if this wasn't a super long and exciting chapter but it is a building block!
This is the last chapter until our next hiatus, I'm sorry!
Something Stuck To My Shoe

Chapter Notes

Guess who's back!!!!
Yes that was a terribly long hiatus but it was very much needed and I am sorry for making all you lovely people wait but life isn't a very nice person to me so I had a lot to deal with it.
But we are back and ready to jump into the next part of the story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 17- Something Stuck To My Shoe

The past few weeks had been hell for Dean, he couldn’t shake the feeling of being watched and he couldn’t function under the extra stress. He knew that Castiel knew he was hiding something from him but he couldn’t bring himself to put the stress on him. So when Dean woke up just as he did every morning, he was startled by the sad, worry filled blue eyes that were watching him. Blinking away his sleep fogged vision he took in the unsettling image in front of him. a nagging chant of bad mate, bad mate, bad mate trailed through his mind and he started the morning with guilt gnawing away at his stomach.

“Cas?” Dean asked rubbing his eyes and sitting up against the headboard, he still had his night shirt and boxers on since he was too tired for sex last night. His work was piling up now that he was more reluctant to leave the dorm. Dean wasn’t an easy person to shake, he had faced off alphas in bar brawls but the feeling he got every time he left the dorm alone had him panicking. It had him thinking of the private self defence lessons his father put him through, Scenarios of being attacked kept flashing front of his eyes, and the proper reaction he was taught became a mantra that played on repeat. Even when it was daylight out and he was walking to class there was a terrible vibe creeping just out of his view and it chilled him down to his bones.

“Dean, are you alright?” Castiel asked, his voice truly worried and, why wouldn’t it be? His mate was acting like a damn cat during a lightning storm. Cas could feel the turmoil of emotions Dean had sloshing around in his mind, and Dean, knowing that, felt even worse. “You have been so distant these past few weeks, have I done something?” Instantly Dean felt sick, he hadn’t realized how much he had been effecting Cas. Well he had on some level but his mind seemed to blocked it out, he felt like he was in pure survival mode and he couldn’t shut it off. If he was an alpha he imagined having his alpha traits out 24/7. It wasn’t healthy and he was either going to suffer from stomach ulcer or a brain aneurysm.

“Oh no, my god no, Cas.” Dean crawled over to Castiel and cupped his cheek. “Don’t you dare think I don’t love you.” He wanted to tell him everything, he really did, but it was better for everyone to keep the alpha out of Dean’s paranoia.

“What has been going on lately?” Dean felt Castiel place a soft hand on his bare knee and rub soothing circles with his thumb. Castiel had always been an attentive, and supporting mate, but
never managed to be overbearing - it was truly a gift. Dean knows Cas would chew him out if he ever did find out what he was hiding all this time, but right now keeping Castiel in the dark seemed like the best plan. He was conflicted to say the least.

“It’s just-” Dean paused, he couldn’t tell him. “I’m so damn stressed over school and I guess I’ve been having trouble sleeping.” God, Dean hated lying to Cas, he was the one person he shouldn’t lie to. Dean was just so good at it, unless it came to his mother, God, if she was questioning him he wouldn’t have lasted five minutes before she drilled it out of him. She looks like a sweet old apple pie mother but she has a strong head on her shoulders and a stubborn attitude. Something she passed on to all three of her kids.

“Well, come to me with those problems. I’m here for you.” Castiel slid his hand up Dean’s thigh until he rested it on his hip and placed a soft kiss on his lips. “School has been crazy for me too, but I always have time to help you wind down, Dean.” Castiel dropped his forehead onto Dean’s shoulder and just held him there. Dean kissed Castiel’s temple and just took deep soothing breaths to calm himself down.

It wasn’t working, Dean’s stomach was twisted and a knot had formed in his throat, he felt awful for what he was doing. Even now just thinking of it a wave of panic rolled over him. what if he was being watched right now? The soothing moment was killed as he felt phantom eyes creeping over his private moments with Cas, he wanted to shield them and growl at the ghost of a wolf that had been following him. The only thing more terrifying than being followed was the notion that he could be imagining it all.

“Dean?” Cas’ voice snapped him from his mind, he realized how tense he had gotten.

“I’m fine, Cas I swear. Just kiss me.” It wasn’t just a distraction, Dean really did need to feel his mate, Castiel’s touch was always therapeutic. Cas lifted his head and cupped Dean’s cheek to press into a kiss, he pressed his tongue into Dean’s welcoming mouth and they lost themselves in each other. Castiel pressed Dean back down onto his pillow and decided to skip his first class, he could get the notes from Becky.

“I love you. Dean Winchester.” Castiel whispered against Dean’s wet lips before he captured them again. Dean snaked his hand up Castiel’s shirt to run it over his smooth skin and over his hardening nipples. He groaned and pushed farther into Dean’s kiss and wound his leg around his waist.

It didn’t escalate to more than long relaxed kisses, the give and take of mouths and moans. The touch of skin and winding of legs was what filled their mornings. It was amazing to touch Cas like this, to forget about everything that caused him stress over the past few weeks.

It was bliss.

But that never does last.

Dean woke up with warm puffs of breath on his face and the soft sound of Castiel’s breathing. With a small chuckle Dean looked up to see the still sleeping alpha above him. His phone was vibrating under his pillow and he let out a frustrated sigh, he didn't want to move from the bed but he knew he had to. He really couldn't miss anymore classes, so with a stretch Dean untangled himself from Castiel who let out an annoyed grunt and tugged at Dean's arm that was slipping away.
"I have to go, Cas." Dean whispered and placed a kiss on his mate's forehead.

"No, stay with me. I miss you, Dean." Dean had to hold back the feeling of sadness that shot through him with Castiel's words. Even though he was sure he could sense the change in him.

"I'll be back, lets do something tonight." Castiel nodded and gave him a loving smile and whispered something Dean couldn't quite make out. Shrugging Dean responded with what he assumed Castiel said.

"I love you too, little alpha. Get some more sleep before class, I'll be back in a few." Dean walked off into the bathroom to take a quick shower before his long day.

Dean started up the shower but before he got in the cabinet caught his eye. Pausing Dean stepped back and looked at his completely exposed body in the mirror. He was strong, tense muscle and fast reflexes from sparring with Cas. His facial features were slightly feminine, with his thick eyelashes, full pink lips and freckles that powder his face. His jaw could cut diamond and even if his eyes looked soft his gaze could stop you dead.

If only he could be an alpha, then maybe he would be left alone. He wouldn't be watched all the time, he'd be free from all this goddamn stress. Dean sighed, but he's not. He's an omega, which means every day of his life must be devoted to avoiding unwarranted attention from hungry alphas. Even with a mate, even with the best mate in the whole wide world like he has, Dean's fears of being stalked and/or attacked are valid, real fears and it's just not fair. The pure-alpha mania that the Novak's spew, and his father's onslaught of intolerance have made it so hard for him to walk confidently, the way he did when he was a “beta.”

With that Dean dove into the bottom drawer and opened the door looking over all the shampoos and soaps they had bought on impulse. He scanned over all the bottles until he spotted the ones he needed. Pulling them out he didn't even bother to close the door as he jumped into the steaming water.

He had to make it quick since he was pressed for time but he popped open the first bottle and squeezed out the perl white gel. Sniffing it he was reminded of his teenage years, it was bland. No sweet smells or musky rut. It was basic, it was the scent of a beta.

He knew Castiel would have questions but that wasn't the problem at the moment. He knew almost everyone knew he was an omega, but he couldn't think clearly when it felt like every move he made was being monitored. Soaping himself down was the next step, especially in between his legs and his tight hole that hadn't been stretched in a few days. That thought alone made him sick, his own paranoia was effecting his and Cas' sex life. It had to change and soon before Castiel got the wrong idea.

After he conditioned his hair and rinsed and dried off and put on his special scent blocking deodorant. Throwing it all back under the sink he rushed out to dress himself and leave.

Again he found himself walking swiftly to his class, he don't stop for coffee anymore and only waved at a few people but didn't strike up any conversations. He used the same excuse every time 'sorry, I'm late to class' even though today he was it was still a lie most of the time.

"Dean!" That same accent startled him into a slight jump. "My god, what are you a squirrel. Mighty skittish there mate." Crowley placed a seriously unwelcome hand on his shoulder but apparently didn't notice the death stare he was receiving from Dean.

"No, I'm just late." Dean said take a step back and out of the betas reach and pulled his zip up
tighter around him.

"I know," Crowley spoke as though he was referring to something else. Dean gave another once over and noticed he was wearing the same thing, like he had some uniform where it consisted of black.

"Yeah well I should really be going." Dean was getting extremely uncomfortable and he was trying not to gag at Crowley's smell.

"We're going to the same place, how about I walk you? Your alpha normally walks you, right?"

"Yeah, he does but I told him to, uh, sleep in. He'll be here to pick me up." Dean's voice faltered at the lie.

"Oh, well at least let me take you there." He purred and Dean felt his heart start to race, suddenly the panic that has been plaguing him returned and he started fumbling his words.

"No actually I, um, I have to pick some stuff up first, so yeah see you in class." At that Dean's walked away as fast as possible towards the science building that was directly across from where he needed to go.

Dean leaned up against the wall to catch his breath. The nearly glass building was quiet, all the modern like chairs were empty. Dean felt the invisible eyes watching him and his breathing picked up once more. Pressing the heel of his hand into his eyes until he saw spots behind his lids. With a shaky breath Dean gathered himself and left towards his class trying desperately to ignore the heavy gaze that he knew was watching him.

Castiel's eyes opened just as the sun poured out onto his face. Scrunching his brow he turned away from the beams and found Dean's side empty and cold. Curling into his fleeting scent Cas decided it was time to start his day. Pulling himself out of bed he rubbed his eyes and yawned. Castiel sniffed the air and found no sign of Dean, none from his morning shower or used towel. Castiel walked towards the bathroom that usually held the lingering scent of Dean when he got up before him. Stepping into the bathroom Castiel only smelt the oddly familiar scent of scent blockers. Curiously Castiel looked around and saw the cabinet ajar so he stooped down to see the bottles under the cabinet knocked over and Dean's old soaps out of place. Frowning he stood back up again and walked towards the shower to find no trace of Dean.

Something was very wrong with Dean and he seemed admit on not telling him. He didn't know why, they were mates and were honest about everything. He has been so skittish and on edge over everything. Castiel felt as if he was failing Dean in a way but he didn't know how to help if Dean refused to explain his problem.

Just the the door opened and Castiel's head snapped up, rushing out of the bathroom to find Dean rush over to the bed and drop his books to take a quick look out the window before closing the blinds. A horrible smell followed him, a mix of sulfur and burning plastic.

"Dean?" His mate jumped and turned around with wide eyes. "What's wrong with you, and why do you smell like that?" Cas asked scrunching his nose and walking forward.

"I-just nothing, just normal class shit." Dean gave a weak smile and sat down on the edge of the bed running his hands through his short hair.
"Dean." Castiel spoke with a firm voice and walked over to stand in front of his mate. "I don't know what is going on with you these last weeks but you have been acting off. You are constantly stressed to the point where you still haven't gotten your heat. Have you even been eating? You look pale and kinda paranoid and I swear you will not leave this room until you tell me what is wrong." Castiel looked down at his unmoving mate who kept his eyes locked on the floor. "Dean." Finally he looked up and caught Castiel's worried gaze.

"I'm being followed." He let out quietly as if to make sure no one overheard. "Ever since the library and Crowley, I feel like someone is watching every damn step I take."

“He has been stalking you for weeks and you're just now telling me this?” Castiel stressed as he stood up and towered over Dean in a dominant stance. “What if he had done something to you, Dean?” Castiel reached down to run a self soothing hand through his mates hair. He was trying to cool himself down because he didn't want to overwhelm him. "Dean." Cas whispered and dropped between his knees to sit at his level. Placing soothing hands on his thighs Dean continued.

"I didn't want to tell you so you didn't worry yourself but, its getting worse. He's coming up to me more, getting more comfortable.” A small growl rumbled in Castiel's throat. "See, you would go all alpha."

"Dean I know you can hold your own but this whole thing has gotten out of control. There is a difference between you dealing with a random flirt and a mysterious stalker effecting your health! I'm your mate and it is my job to keep you safe and healthy as it is yours to do the same for me." Castiel could feel the turmoil inside Dean. His hormones were going crazy and his mate was on the verge of a breakdown.

"Cas," Dean whispered and stood up, he was taller than Cas but the way he slumped his shoulders he looked so small. "I'm sorry, I- fuck." Dean leaned into Castiel and closed his eyes from pure exhaustion. He hadn't even brought up the scent blocking soap.

"Go to sleep." He whispered into Dean's ear and lowered them to the bed. Dean gladly accepted the offer and nuzzled into the bed as if it was a nest and wrapped himself in his mates warm body. Dean can only remember ever having one panic attack in his life but he knew if he didn't do some serious breathing and try and sleep he would be headed towards a second.

"Don't ever do that to me again." Castiel mumbled into his mates hair as he scented him.

Dean didn't respond, he wouldn't dare promise that to Castiel because he would always do as he saw fit. If he felt he didn't need to drag someone into a situation then he would do anything to keep them away. This just happened to not be one of those times.

Just before sleep creeped over Dean's mind he felt a sweat creep over his body and a chill down to his core.

It was dry, so unbearably dry and hot. For the love of God his body was on fire as if the sun kissed his skin every time he moved and his mouth felt like sand. Opening his eyes he saw his surroundings were not as he expected. He thought he would find himself on the beach, a desert, or maybe the surface of the sun. No, it was just a room, a horribly hot room. The bed was nearly scolding on his skin.

"You're late." Dean's body felt heavy, like weights were hanging from his arms and legs. It was a struggle turning his head and soon the pressure grew. Pressing on his chest and ribs he tried to
identify the voice.

"Very late. How about I help?" As the pressure grew so did his panic and he started struggling to break free of his invisible restraints. Soon a cool chill crept up his leg and started to relive his burning skin.

An uncomfortable wetness made itself apparent under him, dampening his lower back to his thigh. An unwanted smell to tickled his nose and he wanted to pull away from it but he was bound by the heavy air.

Something cold brushed his cheek as the smell intensified.

"Since your alpha's gone..." In that second, it clicked who's voice it was.

"Dean, Dean wake up." He was shaken awake from his dream.

"Alpha!" Dean yelped out as his dream dissipated in his mind.

"What?" Castiel whispered as he pushed Dean's sweat soaked hair back.

"My dream, it was...I can't remember." Dean mumbled as he tried desperately to remember it. The voice made his skin crawl, then again almost everything did these days.

"Was I in it?" Cas asked rubbing Dean's shoulder.

"No," Castiel let out a slightly unhappy growl at that.

"Who were you calling alpha then?"

"I didn't say it, someone else did. I just- that's all I can remember." Dean spoke slowly as he searched his mind again.

"Dean, how are you feeling?"

"Um," Dean looked down at himself, he was hot very hot. He was hungry but in an odd way, not for food but contact. "Hot I guess? I'm fine just really tired." Castiel looked his mate up and down and nodded, his hormones were still going crazy but Dean didn't seem to notice it much. He was giving off a variety of smells that usually only come about during certain times of his cycle. Some signaling he was past his heat, some approaching, and even hints of his actual heat pheromones. It was confusing Castiel's body as well but he could ignore it as long as Dean was okay.

Again Dean was pressed back into his pillow but this time he kicked off his blanket to regulate his heated skin.

Dean knew there was a voice in his dream, it was on the tip of his tongue.

Hot, wet, soft. Lapping at something that made Dean twist. He knew he was dreaming by the flashing of euphoric colors blasting behind his eyelids. Opening his mouth to moan he heard nothing come out. He felt like he was only waves of energy, but he was vibrating with pure pleasure.

"Ngahh!" Dean yelped his eyes shooting open and hands gripping the sheets for the life of him. The feeling from his dream followed back into reality as he saw a black mop of hair between his thighs and an expertly trained tongue fucking into him.

"Cas!" Dean gasped his hands shooting down to grab into the hair of his mate and roll his hips in
time with him. The feeling of dream world still clung to his brain as his body heated up.

Castiel let out a moan as he dug deeper, his nose pressing on his perineum that made Dean yelp something beautiful.

Castiel let out a small purr and wound his loose fist around Dean's dripping cock and started pumping softly. In response Dean snarled to have him speed up his hand. Castiel happily obliged his mate and turned his soft downward pulls into tight upward tugs. He watched his mates cock twitch and spill over his fist when he pulled away from Dean's heat. Dean came with a loud and drawn out "Oohhh, Cas!"

Castiel had already embarrassingly popped his knot at the sight of Dean's shivers and wanton moans. For almost the entire time Dean's eyes were shut and he hadn't known why, he was the one who woke him up with pleading calls of Castiel's name and rutting hips. His heat had finally come and it was a relief not only to pick up their stalled sex life but that Dean's body was picking back up to its normal routine and that eased the fears within him.

"Cas?" Dean asked with a sleep graceless voice and squinting eyes. "Did I just get off in my dream?" Dean looked down at his stomach that was covered in ribbons of his own cum. Castiel have him a quizzical look and shook his head.

"We just, what?" Castiel finally asked because he had no idea what his sleep -and orgasm- dazed mate was talking about.

"I just had the craziest dream, it was intense. Obviously for me to cream myself." Dean chuckled.

"You woke me up, for sex..." Castiel answered, his words came out slowly and slightly confused. "And I thought you were awake."

"Don't get me wrong, that was the best wake up ever." Dean chuckled and took a deep breath once the confusion was resolved and he paused. "What is that smell?" Dean asked and sniffed again and it hit him.

Heat.

Once the thought crossed his mind he felt warmth soothe though his body.

"Your heat?" Castiel asked with a chuckle. "Yes, you're in heat."

That explained the wetness he felt all night and the nagging sweats. His cycle has been so irregular it caught him completely off guard.

"Oh, Jesus, I am so damn out of it." Dean yawned and rubbed his eyes.

"Yes, well you should be good for thirty minutes. But I may take you before that." Castiel purred and leaned in to kiss his mate. He had missed him so much, those days of so little contact had really affected him. It wasn't normal for wolves to do that, mates relied on such a thing.

"I'm so sorry about before, I didn't realize how I was starving our bond from physical contact." Dean felt the tight coil in his stomach losses, it had been nagging him for days. It was him craving Cas, neglecting his few jobs as an omega.

"Shh," Castiel placed a finger over Dean's lips. "Just relax, if this heat is gonna vamp up like your first because if how long its been then you need sleep and I need a damn fitness bar." They both laughed as Dean pushed himself back into his pillow and nuzzled in comfortably.
"I don't know how I didn't smell myself before hand, I mean I felt it but I chalked it up to stress and exhaustion."

"My guess is the scent blockers." Castiel's voice was unwavering, his voice didn't show anger or any emotion at that. But he knew, of course he did how stupid was Dean to think Castiel wouldn't notice his lack of smell. He just assumed he would be able to sneak a shower before seeing his alpha.

"I- yeah."

"You don't have to explain it if you don't want to. But you are my perfect omega. I don't know why you would want to cover your scent. You are an omega with an alpha spirit and you keep me on my toes in the most amazing way. So don't hide that smell from me, please." Dean didn't speak, he didn't know what to say. Yeah Crowley was the reason behind it but all he did was nod, that's all Castiel needed. "I love you, Dean Winchester."

"I love you too, Castiel Novak."

Castiel still had the sinking feeling Dean was taking steps backwards, building up his wall and locking him out. It was something Castiel wasn't going to let happen.

Chapter End Notes

In no way am I trying to portray Dean as a scared little omega. Remember back to the episode when Sam and Dean checked into a mental health hospital in season 5 and Dean was getting really paranoid...yeah he is more like that.

Well I hope you liked it and comments are always loved!
Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late update I am at the beach and it took us over a day to find the wifi sign in and all that!
Hope you enjoy!!!!

Chapter 18- Doctor Novak

Dean's heat was a day, the shortest he had experienced in his few months of having it. Especially since it had been so long since his last, it was shocking to find that Castiel's knot had satisfied his cravings so quickly. Dean was thankful for such a short heat but it seemed to worry Cas. His father was a doctor but rarely (if ever) saw omegas so he wasn't fully informed on these things.

"Cas, get your ass off the computer and get over here!" Dean called from the bed.

“One second I think I found something.” Castiel scanned over the article over short sporadic heats. They normally appeared when an omega is pregnant or under extreme stress. Castiel hoped it was the latter, it most likely was, considering Dean’s state of mind. “I think it was due to stress, not a real heat.”

“So what, am I going to have another one soon?”

“Not exactly, you may but your cycle is so irregular and new that your body may register that as a heat and go back on its regular, or as close to regular, to your other cycle.” Castiel scrolled a little and found that he got all he could out of the article so he decided to close out.

“Okay Doctor Novak, now come satisfy your mate.”

“That is my father, really it is.” Dean snickered and waved his hand as to brush it off. Castiel pushed the rolling chair back and went to walk over to Dean. He seemed to be getting better but he was still slightly skittish in public, especially new and open places. Castiel hadn’t sensed anyone watching them but that didn’t mean he wouldn’t do anything and everything to make his mate feel safer; and if that meant drawing the shades when they slept, then he would be damned if he didn’t do it. Castiel talked him out of the odder blockers and said he didn’t need them to intimidate anyone.

So now it was one of their days off and Dean was in the mood for sex, and who was Castiel to deny him such a thing.

“So, what can I help with you today, where does it hurt?” Castiel held back a laugh as he played doctor.

“Well doc, I’ve just been so neglected and like all omegas I need a nice fat knot.” Dean played along.
“Ah yes, it’s to be expected, spread your legs a little so I can see the problem.” Dean nodded and opened up his legs for Cas. His alpha moved closer and took his hand to Dean’s inner thigh and began to rub with a firm grip. “Yes, Mr.Winchester you are very tense. Do you have someone to...relieve your problem?” At this point they were role playing a shitty doctor porno and it was taking so much self control for them not to laugh. But it was fun-they both enjoyed funny sex, and how could you get in bed with someone who can’t make you laugh.

“Oh, no. I will just have to do it myself.” Dean let a laugh slip past his lips but Castiel managed to keep a straight face on.

“I wouldn’t allow it, my shaft is free. I mean my shift is-” Castiel chuckled. “over.” Dean had to press his lips together to keep it in but his green eyes light up with joy.

“But doctor!” Castiel took his free hand to shush his ‘patient’

“This could be life threatening, I must take care of you, I made an oath.” Castiel spoke so dramatically it sounded like he stumbled out of soap opera. “Now relax, this is a very touchy matter.” At that they both lost it and it took a few seconds for them to collect themselves.

“Well, I’ll need a man with” Dean’s voice faltered. ”Steady hands.”

“Try these on for.” Cas dramatically paused “size” At that Castiel moved his hand from Dean’s thigh to rub his soft cock to life. Dean leaned back and let out a happy sigh as Cas worked his dick.

“mmm, Doc right there.” Castiel let go once he fully worked Dean to attention and then went to pull down his sweatpants. Pulling them clear off, he was happy to find that Dean went commando and saw the shine of slick on Dean’s ass.

“Sit up on the headboard more, Mr.Winchester.” He obeyed and was quickly rewarded with Castiel’s thumb placed firmly at his wet hole. “Good, just like that, now relax and let me help you.” Castiel purred, scooting closer so he could still see himself finger fucking Dean but could still kiss him. Castiel added another digit and Dean preened with pleasure. “Fill you up so good, won’t need any other alpha.” He started to scissor open the omega and thats when Dean’s pleased hums turned more sensual.

“Oh yeah, you think your knot is up for it?” Dean opened his eyes and gave a sly smile. Castiel squinted his eyes and shoved in a third finger unceremoniously causing Dean to jump in surprise but no high enough to take out Castiel’s fingers..

“Wanna ask me again.”

“Mmm, I like it hard.” Castiel only chuckled and leaned to capture Dean’s eggar lips. Slipping his tongue in past Dean’s mouth he started an intense makeout session with an equally intense finger fucking.

Castiel really drew it out, even adding a fourth finger to the mix knowing it still wasn’t his size. Even as an alpha he was larger than most Dean was huge for an omega who usually has petite cocks.

He made it so Dean had dripped all over the bed and soaked through all the sheets to fill the room of his scent. Dean didn’t seem to mind, he loved slow sex sometimes and this was amazing for him, just giving over his body to Cas.

“You ready to fuck me?” Cas whispered into Dean’s swollen lips.
“What?” Dean asked breaking character.

“What?“ Pulling straight back into his B grade acting he nodded and moved so Castiel could pull out his fingers. Castiel missed the wet warmth and Dean missed the fullness but they would get it back.

Swapping positions Castiel’s back was against the headboard and Dean straddled his lap and was slowly shifting himself on his alpha’s cock. Once he bottomed out he felt Castiel’s knot slightly swell, happy with the reaction he quickly went to work riding Cas with earnest. It was a tangle of lips and hands, each time Dean smacked down on Castiel’s lap it brought them closer to the edge. Finally Castiel’s knot caught on Dean’s rim and he went to start pumping Dean’s cock. Speeding up rapidly they chased the pleasure that curled in their gut and Cas felt his balls tighten just before he came ropes into Dean. Five more tugs and Dean joined Castiel in bliss.

A harsh knocking at the door and a screaming woman snapped them both out of their powt coitis bliss and scared them so much Dean tumbled off Cas causing his knot to be forcefully ripped out.

“Fucking shit, doctor!” He shouted as he was borderline tears at the terrible pain. Castiel scrambled to his side and held him still to examine him.

“Okay, you aren’t bleeding so that’s good.” Dean was cut off before he could yell back by an all too familiar voice.

“Dean fucking Winchester I will break down this door if you don’t open it, now!” Dean’s jaw dropped as he looked at the door and jumped to his feet. Just before he opened the door Castiel moaned as he came, again. He had about four more of those until his knot was going to go down and this was a terrible time for quests especially.

“Jo?” Dean’s voice slightly broke as he saw the fire in her eyes and she shoves past him. Everyone but her was naked but that didn’t seem to bother her.

“One job you had one fucking job! What part of keep your slick to yourself do you not understand!” She yelled pointing at Cas who was still on his knees covered in his own cum and shocked at the intruder. “You’re naked, it smells like sex, and this guy popped a knot and is coming on himself”

“Alright, you burst in during sex and made me fall off his knot so yeah he is coming on himself and you are so lucky my ass isn't bleeding or I would fucking kill you!”

“Jo? Like the girl who you-”

“Yes Cas, this is my best friend slash old sex buddy. Jo, meet Castiel, my mate.”

“Why did I find out through Sam!” She threw her arms up in anger.

“Well it was actually gonna be a surprise so you shouldn’t have but please don’t blow this out of proportion.” Dean begged, totally fine with his nudity.

“You hated the guy! You wanted to switch rooms with him and now you’re fucking?” Her eyes were wide with so many questions that Dean knew he would have to answer. Castiel was just a bystander and enjoyed the exchange of conversation between Dean’s dearest friend.

“Isn’t that how every rom-com start’s?” Dean joked trying to lighten the mood.

“Yes, a movie this shit is crazy! And you don’t even tell your pack.” That was what Jo was really
“Jo, I’m sorry I just didn’t want everyone to know without me there to moderate it all.” Jo slumped her shoulders and tilted her head a little.

“Come here you stupid head.” Jo walked over and hugged her naked friend and gained a small growl from Castiel, she was an alpha afterall.

“Hey, down boy he was mind first.” Castiel knew she was joking but he felt an alpha flair in him but pushed it away knowing Dean wouldn’t want them fighting.

“Now why don’t you two get dressed and fill me in on all this rom-com shit?” She offered as a truce to Dean and they both agreed.

Explaining the past few much to Jo was a challenge with her constant commentary but they managed, thankfully she and Cas really hit it off and their alpha drives didn’t clash, they both had Dean as a priority in their minds.

“So when are you coming home?” She finally asked after a few quiet seconds.

“Spring break.” They answered in unison.

“Oh shit, that’s really soon you know. Any idea how you’re gonna tell alpha J?” She asked referring to his father.

“I have no clue, I don’t even know if he wanted me to mate, either way at least he is the only one who will protest us.” Dean sighed knowing his father was stubborn as a mull and acted nasty once Mary left the room.

“My dad’s got your back, so’s my mom. No need to get your feathers ruffled. Plus since Sam and I already know...and Adam we got you.”

“Adam knows?”

“Don’t want him to be the odd one do you?” She was right but it felt like the news was spreading rather fast without his permission.” After I squeezed it out of Sam we knew we had to tell him. We’re all damn happy for you. Well now that I know Cas I am.” She flashed him a smile the Cas returned.

“So how long are you here for.” Castiel asked looking between her and Dean.

“Few hours, skipped classes today so I can’t stay long.” Dean’s face fell slightly. “But it’s okay, I’ll see you in a few weeks, right?” Dean nodded still upset over his friends short lived visit.

"Sorry I’ve been so, absent lately."

"Well I mean I can tell, sex seems to keep you real...tied up." Jo gave a half smile as Dean glared at her.

“Okay really, Jo?”

“I’m sorry I’m sorry.” she lifted her hands in a fage surrender. "I really didn't know your school was this far away, got lost a few times." Dean laughed knowing Jo was never one to ask for directions and he could totally see her swearing at a cheep gas station map on the side of the road.

"Not really, Jo but if you say so." Dean laughed and have her a playful punch.
"So I don't have long, why not get your self lubricating ass dressed and meet me in the lobby because we are gonna grab some grub." Jo gave a smile and nod at Cas and accusing look at Dean.

Lunch was anything but average, with Jo's outrages commentary and sometimes lack of filter kept them both on their toes. Castiel seemed to take a liking to Jo and she seemed to return the feeling. When Jo Harvell doesn't like someone, she lets of known. Then again Castiel was his mate so she is giving him the benefit of the doubt and isn't letting their first meeting cloud her judgment.

Explaing their life up until now didn't take long but with Jo cutting in every few breaths it caused it to take up much of the afternoon.

It was a short and sweet visit, something Dean really needed after that past few weeks. It reminded him he wasn't so isolated in his problems after all. He didn't just have Castiel, he still had his pack.

Jo pulled Dean into a back breaking hug that he retired just as hard.

"I better see your ass over break, mom is pissed she hasn't seen you and so is Bobby." Dean gave a chuckle and pulled Jo close to place a kiss on her forehead.

"I promise you'll see the both of us."

"Oh, Castiel can I talk to you out in the hall?" Jo smiled and Cas looked over at Dean until he raised a confused eyebrow indicating he had no idea what she was up to.

"Sure, Jo." Following the blonde into the empty hall her demeanor completely changed to completely serious.

"Okay I'm going to get right down to it. Dean is the best person I have met and I like you I really do. He is happy with you, he feels safe and that is something he rarely feels."

"Thank you." Castiel was genuinely happy he was approved by such an important person in Dean's life.

"But something is off with him I can feel it. He is building up how godforsaken wall and I need you to stop it. He is too good a person to feel like this. He won't admit it but he isn't over his father, he may be happier with his omega status after meeting you but deep down he resents himself and John. He needs you Cas and I am trusting you with him. Don't fail me, or him."

"I won't let anything happen to him, you have my word."
The weeks leading up to the trip were normal, better than normal actually. Dean seemed less paranoid but Castiel still closed the blinds and kept a sharp eye out when they walked around campus. Things were actually looking up for them, going back to how it was. Dean finally had a real heat and their sex life was better than ever.

But for some reason Jo’s words stay in his mind; *He is building up his godforsaken wall and I need you to stop it. He is too good a person to feel like this. He won't admit it but he isn't over his father, he may be happier with his omega status after meeting you but deep down he resents himself and John. He needs you Cas and I am trusting you with him. Don't fail me, or him.*

He didn’t know why it sat so heavy in his stomach, she sounded like it had happened before or it was inevitable. It was weird how she told him to watch Dean, he is a surprisingly strong man but Castiel was worried how Dean would react to seeing his father again. But he couldn’t let things like that bother him, he focused on the now, on Dean.

Dean had come up with a steady routine of waking up, classes, and if it’s not too late they go grab lunch with Rachel or Alfie and shortly after that, sex. Yeah Dean was making up for every lost night of contact ten fold and every night was something different.

Like last night, mouth full of frozen grapes plus a blow job equals one begging alpha. Castiel assumed he was doing a lot of cosmos reading on ‘65 *hot tips to make your alpha scream*’ or he was just really holding out in him.

So Castiel was very surprised to come back to their dorm and find Dean sitting in a zip up and basketball shorts. A deck of cards was sitting in front of Dean and he had a smirk on.

He had a late class tonight so they were not planning on doing anything. Castiel actually thought he was going to be jumped by his mate at the door.

"Dean?" Castiel asked as he placed his bag next to the door.

"Come sit, I've got a fun night planned." Castiel was wondering what kind of kinky game he was about to get into with Dean and a deck of cards.

"Um, sure." Castiel tried to hide his confusion and took a seat across the makeshift table that was made out of a rather large moving box. "What are we playing." Dean picked up the pile of cards
and started shuffling them with expert hands. Thumbs rubbing the edges, each card ticks as it escapes from Dean fingers and is lost into the pile. Castiel's mouth watered at his nimble fingers. "We've been working our bodies a lot lately. Thought it was time to arouse our minds with a few good card games. Obviously the winner of the night gets to pick a prize." Castiel gave a wide smile, he loved card games and was excited to see what 'prize' Dean had in mind.

"So what are we starting with, strip poker?" Castiel laughed. Dean only snickered and shook his head.

"Spit."

Well that was a game Cas hadn't played in a very long time. Still it was like riding a bike, fairly easy if you had a good memory and fast reflexes.

"Sounds great."

CASTIEL HAD ALWAYS KNOWN HOW FAST DEAN WAS, SPARING HAD REALLY SHOWN HIM DEAN'S POTENTIAL. BUT CASTIEL WAS IN AWE OVER HOW PERFECT DEAN LOOKED WITH A SMALL WRINKLE BETWEEN HIS EYES AS HE QUICKLY CALCULATED AND REMEMBERED HIS CARDS. HIS MOVES WERE LIKE LIGHTING AND HE WAS DISTRACTING ENOUGH TO CAUSE CAS TO LOSS.

"Damn, thought you would rise to the occasion." Dean laughed and started shuffling the deck again.

"I was a little distracted. Didn't know you liked any other card game except poker."

"I'm just full of surprises."

Dean was right, that game was exciting, it made you stomach turn with anxiety and energy shoot through your veins as you try to be the faster one.

It ended up leading to a very uncomfortable hard on.

"War?"

"Yeah, you ever play?"

"Of course I have, the game is pure luck, though." He replied, then hastily added "It's fun though."

"Alright jabber jaws take your pile." Dean pushed over the already dealt deck and readied his hand.

"One."

"Two."

"Three."

"War!"

Dean slapped down a ten that trumped Castiel's seven. The same pattern went on for another five moves and Dean was getting very cocky. Even though the game was based on how well the dealer
shuffled the cards and luck some people tend to say it is skill and Dean was one of those people.

In unison they smacked down two six's. With a smile they each dealt out three face down cards and one held tight in their hand.

"War!"

Two aces.

"Fuck." Dean mumbled as they drew three more cards face down.

"War!"

Castiel's queen beats Dean's three.

"What was that about skill, Dean?" Castiel smirked as he added the cards to his pile.

"Shut up."

Dean had fully intended this to be a fun night with sex at the end but as they say; the best laid plans. It actually turned out better. With their competitive spirits clashing they had played every game from bullshit to gofish and it left them exhausted and brains fried.

"So who won?" Castiel asked as he declared himself the winner of the game.

"Overall, in all seriousness I have no idea." Dean yawned.

"I second that." Castiel placed his cards on the box and crawled over to Dean. His back was pressed against the foot of their bed and Castiel made a nest between deans legs and leaned back. Dean cocooned Castiel and started to kiss his neck.

"Bed time?" Dean asked as he rubbed Castiel's arms.

"Oh yes please."

Both crawled under the covers and completely forgot about the 'prize' at the end of the night.

"So what should I bring?" Castiel asked looking frantically through his closet.

"Cas, you literally only own button ups, is there really that much of a choice?" Dean earned himself a fiery glare. "Okay, you want my help?"

"Yes!" Dean wondered if he was like this when meeting Castiel's pack.

"How about you take a few of my shirts, so you don't always look like a stick is up your ass."

Cas gave Dean a defensive look and opened his mouth to retaliate, but Dean cut him off. "I know you don't have one and once they meet you they will too but I'm just saying-"

"Shut up, Dean." And he did just that.
"Cas, cool it my family isn't uptight. You have already met Jo." Dean took the two shirts from Castiel's hands that he was choosing between and tossed them back into the closet. "Can't believe I'm saying this babe, we're going shopping." Dean hated shopping, or so he told everyone.

"Shopping?"

"Yeah, you always have the same kind of clothes on, I've wanted to do this for a while but now seems like the best time." Castiel gave Dean his coined squinted glare.

"What's wrong with my button ups?"

"Man you have so many damn button ups in colors I've never seen before!"

"So because of that I need new clothes?" Dean knew where this was going, time to use his words. "I love your button ups, they are just so Castiel. But maybe we can find a few shirts that say Cas." Dean offered a crooked smile and raised eyebrows.

"Fine, but this isn't a fashion show." Dean smiled, yeah to everyone he hated shopping but he had wanted to find some new clothes for Cas for a long time. More form fitting, better view.

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So they did just that and within two hours Dean found himself waiting outside a dressing room at Macy’s. Yeah this wasn’t his first choice but they needed basic things.

"Babe, it is a shirt why is it taking you so long?"

"Dean, I look like I should be starring in a porno.” Castiel’s voice wavered slightly and Dean knew he was uncomfortable with his reflection in the mirror.

"It’s a fricken V-neck what screams porno about that?" Slowly Castiel drew back the curtain and Dean knew exactly what he was talking about.

"The fact you can see the outline of my nipples, give me a few corny lines and a camera.” The shirt was at least two sizes too small and it practically outlined his chest hairs.

"I-I mean I like it.” Dean chuckled. “Maybe a little more on the hanger but-.”

"Oh shut it.” Castiel closed the curtain and Dean waited for him to emerge again. It took him a little longer but when he came out Dean was nearly drooling. It was an entire outfit a navy blue t-shirt with a blue white and brown plaid pullover dark ripped jeans and work boots.

"Yes.” Dean blurted out.” He had never seen such an amazing outfit on his mate before.

"Really, it looks a lot like you.” Cas looked down and pulled at the bottom of his shirt.

"Maybe that’s why I like it.” Dean walked towards him to fix his collar.

"Then why don’t I just borrow your clothes?” Castiel laughed and placed a hand on Dean’s hip to draw him closer.

"Well now we can swap clothes.” Smiling Cas pulled Dean into a kiss.

"Alright, I’ll get a few of these but only if I can dress you.” He purred.

"Really?” Dean knew he wouldn't look good in Castiel’s causal yet formal attire

Castiel disappeared for a short five minutes and presented Dean with nicely folded pile of clothes he was sure he wouldn't like.
"I don't like it." Dean mumbled from behind the curtain. Castiel knew he was going to say that but that was just Dean being Dean. Leather and jeans with messy oil covered T-shirts. That was his mate.

But he was so much more and the second he drew back the curtain his jaw physically dropped.

His jeans were replaced by gray slacks and a white button up.

"Suspenders, Cas really?" He asked snapping it on his shoulder "what am I eighty?"

Castiel just laughed and walked over to Dean." You are one of the most attractive creature I have ever met and the only place those close would look better is thrown at the foot of our bed." Dean leaned in for a kiss but he never received it. Instead he was turned a whole one-eighty and looked at their reflection in the mirror.

It was so strange to see himself do put together and Castiel so casual. It felt nice, he looked official and important. It could be a casual Friday as CEO of some hot shot company and Castiel was his lover who was also his gardener. It was a compliment to Castiel, he lover to get his hands dirty and that seemed like a great job for him. His clothes made him think back to the picture he had found so long ago of him digging in the dirt.

They looked good.

"I'll make a deal with you" Dean spoke up after a few minutes.

"And that would be?"

"I'll get a few of these." He gestured to his outfit. "If you get a few of those." He then pointed at Castiel's. A large smile formed on Castiel's lips.

"Deal."

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was subpar and I'm sorry. It was a random filler before the more serous stuff kicked in and I will say things get fast very quickly and this story is on its way to being warped up!
Chapter 20- 22 Years Of Dean Winchester

"Very few complications, Mr. Winchester. Even with her past sickness through the pregnancy and she has delivered a healthy male pup." The smile that spread across John's face was almost painful

"Can I see her?" John was nearly giddy at the thought of his son, Dean. That was the name they had agreed upon if it was a male. John had wanted to know the second they could tell the sex but Mary was the or carrying and she had the final say even if he was the alpha, hospitals were changing and they almost always sided with the pregnant mate.

"Yes, they are in recovery now, nurse Durmasolue will lead you." The man who approached him gave him a smile and gestured for him to follow.

"Room 394."

"Thank you." The nurse gave him one last smile and left. Opening the door he was happy to see Mary who was no longer sharing a room.

"Mary?" John stepped in and was greeted by the soft smile of his wife and his son who she was attempting to feed.

"You look nice, doc had me terrified." Making his way quickly to his mate he placed a kiss on her cheek and looked down at his son.

"He's putting up fuss on latching but other than that he's an angel."

"Well he is yours."

"Oh shut it." Just then Dean moved not really latched on he rolled his head slightly and opened his gel covered eyes just enough to see the deep blue.

"He has blue eyes!"
"John, every baby is born with blue eyes." John brushed it off but felt embarrassed.

"Look at his hair, it's so light." Mary smiled down at her son and maneuvered her shirt to tuck her breast back in.

"We made such a perfect pup." Mary cooed as she rocked Dean gently.

"We really did."

*Four years later*

"Dean, lunch is ready!" Mary wiped her hands on her apron and put the pie in the counter to cool. She knew Dean could smell the sticky sweet cinnamon and the soft patter of his feet made her smile.

The padding down the stairs of her son's small feet was one of her favorite sounds.

His favorite ham and cheese with the crust cut off and a large glass of milk. Like every day she was greeted with an over excited smile and dove into his food.

"What have you been doing today, little man?"

"My race track and-and dad said when he comes home he would play." Dean spoke with such excitement it made Mary glow with happiness. Dean was her world. Every smile he gave her made her day, he was always her number one priority and she wondered how he would feel when it wasn't just him. The flutter in her stomach made her think of the future and the two pups that would join them in only a few weeks.

The phone ringing brought her out of the trance she was in and walked over to pick up.

"Mary."

"Hey, honey." John paused. "I um, I have to stay later at the garage." Mary sighed turned away from Dean and lowered her voice.

"John this is the third night in a row you will miss dinner."

"I know."

"I don't think you do, you have been promising Dean you would play with him for a week now. How many times have you said you would have him help with the impala. He will only believe you for so long, he needs a father present in his life."

"Dean's an alpha, it'll be good for him to take charge, be the man of the house." The comment made something in Mary snap. It could be her fierce protection over Dean or her hormones but John was going to get hell.

"You have no idea how he will present! He is four, John! He isn't a man he is a little boy who misses his father."

"I'm prepping for the twins." John defended. "We may need extra cash since you will be off work."

"Bullshit, I get maternity leave, so are you going to be absent with them, too? Is Dean going to be the patriarch to them?" Mary was on the verge of crying.

"No, Mary please listen to me," John's voice was more aggressive now and that only pissed her off
"No I do, so when you do get home you can find a nice spot on the sofa because I can't talk to you right now." With that she hung up forcefully and took a deep calming breath before she faced Dean.

But before she could gather herself she felt a tug on her dress. Looking down she saw Dean look up at her with his large green eyes he smiled.

"I still love you mommy, I can take care of you." He leaned in and hugged her waist and placed his tiny hand on her large swell of a stomach. "An' the babies, I'll love them too." She didn't let Dean see it but silent tears fell down her face. He was her life, he always would be.

**Seven years later**

"Dean, let's go you're going to be late for your appointment!" John called from downstairs. Dean rushed to pull on his shirt and go before his dad got angry.

Both his parents were coming and they would drop off Sam and Adam at Bobby's house.

He was excited, his father said he already knew Dean was an alpha based on his personality and athletic traits.

His mother said no matter what he was Dean was perfect, she said all presentations are equal so he should never feel disappointed.

His father had never come to a doctor's appointment so he was excited, it was a family event a coming of age celebration.

"Coming!"

The car ride was filled with chatter even after his brothers left, his father kept talking about what it was like to be an alpha and Mary kept trying to keep it neutral to show that no matter what he brings his great personality with him.

Once they arrived Dean was ready to jump out of his skin. He practically ran in with his parents trailing behind.

Both John and Mary were happy to find the place was empty of anyone but them because they didn't think Dean could wait another second.

His nurse called him back quickly and her name tag read Brandi. It started off with a blood draw so the test could be run while the rest of his physical went.

It all went normal, height, weight, blood pressure. Everything was going great. They all sat down in a forest green room with models off all the different types of organs in alphas, betas, and omegas.

Doctor Reynolds came in after a few minutes with Dean's medical folder thick with papers since when he was a pup.

"All right, everything came back totally normal. No sign of any reproductive problems or underlying issues."

"And his presentation?" John asked. Smiling he looked down at the paper even though he clearly
already knew the answer before hand. Dean waited for the magic words.

"Congratulations Dean you are an alpha." He smiled wide and looked to his father who looked anything but happy.

Why was he upset? Hadn't he wanted Dean to be a alpha? That was what the doctor said, wasn't it?

"Now as a male omega his heats may seem scary at first, we have a lot of leaflets on what to expect." But Dean had tuned him out after the first few words. Omega? No, that must be wrong! He was an alpha! He grew up to be an alpha, not an omega. He didn't show any traits of being an omega!

His father looked like someone had shot his dog, or totaled his car. Dean felt like he was about to be sick and before he could do anything he kneeled over and threw up. His father immediately got up and left even after Mary's protest. She was at Dean's side in a second and rubbed his back.

"Baby are you okay?" His mother’s voice was comforting as ever.

"I wanna go home." His voice was so broken. Mary brought him to the car and sat in the back with him. The ride home was silent. He didn't see his father for two days after that. Dean hadn't left his room for a week after that. He will never forget how his father looked at him, he failed him. He always failed him.

Three years later

"Come on Dean!" His father called from across the track. "They would have caught you by now! Done, might as well ship you to a brothel now!"

Dean was holding back tears. His muscles burned and his lungs felt like they were filled with fire. It was so cold and his throat was so dry he was almost gagging.

But it was always like this, his father never looked at him the same after that day. He was now a lesser person who needed to be prepared because to the public he was a toy, even a bag of cash. Just a breeder. So Dean felt he could still prove to his father he was as good as an alpha and pushed himself further.

It seemed that no matter what he did it was never enough. He would still be drugged, raped, and sold. It seemed that no matter what he did that was his future.

"Dean, if you're just going to be a lazy runner how about we do some escape training?" Panic hit Dean like a brick wall and he pushed harder than he had all day. He couldn't do escape training, not now he still hadn't recovered from the last one.

It was never the same scenario, tied to a chair, chained to a wall, stuck in a box. It lead to nightmares, ones that woke him up screaming in cold sweat.

He never told his mother or brothers. As far as they knew it was father son bonding to live a healthy lifestyle.

He knew how horrible his mother would feel if she knew what he had gone through over the past year and a half. He couldn't see the hurt in her eyes, he had to be strong. He had to take care of her, she was his world.

Two and a half years later
"Fuck." Dean panted as he came down from his orgasm. He tangle the sheets around his feet and tried to focus on the blissful relaxation of his muscles.

"Mmm, I love this part." Jo murmured. Dean looked over and cracked one eye open.

"What part? The orgasm, because most people like that part." Jo laughed and bumped him with her elbow.

"The after bliss." She settled in next to him “Your smell." She took in a deep breath from her nose and made a content noise.

"My smell?"

"Yeah, your slick, it's sweet." Dean just laughed.

"You’re a fucking idiot." Dean muttered with a sleepy voice.

"Just bask in it baby. We can only be fuck buddies for so long."

"Yeah like I'm the most eligible bachelor in Kansas. Can’t even have sex without self lubricating.”

Dean huffed obviously upset.

"Dean, shut up. Stop bashing yourself. You’re going to make someone very happy with your snarky attitude and self lubricating butt. Just wait." Dean just wanted to sleep, he wasn't in the mood to bash himself.

"If you say so."

"I do."

**Year and a half later**

"Don't be a punk okay." Dean walked between Adam and Sam and tried to help them for their first day. Dean was four years older but he had to be held back one year in kindergarten and another in the first grade, because of that he was a senior and his little brothers were freshman.

"Come on lets just go!" Adam complained as he stood by the door to the hallway.

"Relax, now don't be annoying. Sam you’re a giant so you'll stick out. Adam, not so much."

"Dean, shut up before I punch you." Adam threatened.

"Bring it, I'll kick your ass. Not a great way to start off your high school career." Sam laughed because they all knew Dean could and would kick their butts. "And guys remember, I'm a beta." Their smiles all dropped and they nodded. It was their family secret, one that Mary hated. But Sam and Adam knew that, they never spoke a word of it. Didn't even talk about it with Dean. They respected Dean. Loved him.

"We know Dean don't worry." Dean gave them a small smile and patted their backs.

"Okay boys let's go!"

**Three Months Later**

"I'm going out, you have until the time I come back to escape. If you fail you run an extra eight miles tomorrow. Got it?" Dean laughed in his mind. Didn't matter if he did get out, hell he could
get out in three seconds flat and he would still have to do those eight miles.

But that was his life, it made him stronger. He tried to tell himself even if he was an alpha his father would do the same but he wouldn't. This was defense training, escaping, running. Not offense, attacking, dominating.

He was still strong, he could beat his brothers in a match. That he did enjoy.

"Yes, sir." With that John left and Dean struggled with his expertly tied ropes. The metal chair felt like ice on his rope burnt wrists.

With a huff he continued his struggle in the empty warehouse room. No one would find him. He relied on John to actually remember him and not get too drunk. This silent time gave Dean some time to think. And he wondered when he started calling his father John.

One year later

Dean sat down in front of his laptop and turned it on. He heard the fan kick on and it breath to life. Cracking his knuckle he aimlessly watched the computer set up.

Once it warmed up he clicked open the internet and signed into his email. Composing a new one he typed in his mother's name.

Hey mom it's Dean, but you knew that. I know I talked to you yesterday but I guess we didn't have a lot of time for us to really talk. I just wanted to say that I really am having a great time. I'm paired up with this wacky beta Victor and he is one weird guy. But weird in a good way I guess.

I'm getting off track. I'm emailing you because I can't call you now since it's like 2am. Just wanted to tell you I love you. I know this was an expensive school and I really appreciate your help on getting me in. Tell Sammy and Adam I'm expecting Stanford out of those two!

Tell them also next time I see them I expect their fighting to improve. But I have to go, Victor is stirring and I am not in the mood to hear him complain. Love you mom. Tell John- Dean paused and deleted the past word forgetting this was his mother he was talking to. Tell dad I said hi.

With that Dean sent the email and shut down his laptop. He wasn't tired but curled up in his bed anyway.

College wasn't really what Dean had expected. He was always terrified someone would sniff him out. Terrified an alpha would claim him without his approval. Terrified of so many things and he didn't have a room to hide in. But it was all so much better than being John's emotional punching bag. He could sleep in now, and exercise at his leisure.

Yeah, that part was nice.

Chapter End Notes

Comments are a huge motivator we absolutely LOVE feedback.

You could ask me any questions on my tumbler account that is the exacts username as this! As is Emilie's!!!
“Dean, are you sure not telling them you were mated was a good idea?” Cas asked anxiously from the passenger side, bouncing his foot.

“Yeah sure, I mean Sam, Adam, and Jo know so we do have some insiders. Anyway what are you scared of, little alpha?” Dean laughed as they drew closer to Lawrence and Castiel was really starting to panic. ‘What if they didn’t like him? What would John think of him for just mating his son? Would Sam and Adam accept him?’ Castiel knew so much could go wrong so fast and Dean seemed to be floating up in the clouds over it.

“Just asking, I don’t want to get off on the wrong foot with your pack.” Castiel was playing with one of the buttons on his shirt—god that man needed a new style.

“I’ll keep you safe, little alpha.” Dean gave him a wink and Castiel only rolled his eyes trying to focus on the cosmetic side of Dean and not about meeting his family. But they were driving deeper into the heart of town and avoiding that thought was getting considerably harder.

Dean could smell how stressed Castiel was and placed a calming hand on his upper thigh and started to rub soft circles with his thumb. Cas took a deep breath and shut his eyes.

“I can do this.” He whispered to himself breathing out. A little self motivation did little to calm his nerves.

“Yes you can, now chill out because we’re here. Don’t let them smell your fear” Dean joked but Castiel’s eyes shot open and looked up and the conservative two story house. Off white siding and a small porch, a newly added white picket fence and greening grass. It screamed normal, it was exactly what Cas imagined but also the opposite of what he expected. “Like a band aid, Cas, just gotta rip it off.” Dean patted his thigh and got out of his car to go around the trunk and grab their bag, they didn’t know how long they were staying, it all depended on how it went. "I take my bandages off slowly, find it less painful."

"Don't be a smartass.” Dean side eyed car with a smirk.

“Well look who dragged their ass out of bed to see us?” A very familiar face looked at him from the porch with a smile, straight blonde hair and bright eyes welcomed them and she made her way down the steps. Her normal t-shirt, jean, boot attire on and Dean welcomed her into a hug.

“Heya, Jo.” Dean scented her softly and let go.
“Don’t you ‘heya’ me, freckles where’s the mate?” Jo looked around and made her way to the passenger side of the car and opened the door.

“Nice to see ya’, blue eyes.” She nodded at Cas, remembering how they first met. He was confused, naked, and stunk of sex.

“Hello, Jo.” He smiled back as the alpha stepped back so he could get out.

“You ready to meet the pack?” Jo asked lightly punching Castiel shoulder, Castiel nodded and gave her a nervous laugh. Dean emerged from behind the car with the bag in hand and walked towards them.

“Like a band aid, Cas.” Castiel gave a small smile and took Dean’s hand. How horrible could it really be?

Jo lead the way to the door, Dean held Cas back a few steps and gave him a soothing squeeze of his hand to ground him. Dean knew how he felt, just a few weeks ago he was in the same position and that ended less that great. Opening the faded white door to reveal a warm living room filled with Dean’s pack.

“Look who brought a guest!” Jo announced to the family in the room. All eyes averted to the door and Castiel felt like he was put in the spotlight. The mix of smells was overwhelming, each one similar to the next. One smelt of whisky and old books. Another was light and clean, fresh cut grass and running water. That one was like Dean.

“Dean!” They shouted in unison as a flood of them stood up to pass the omega around for a hug. He hadn’t been home in a terribly long time and missed every holiday get together there was. Castiel hung back with Jo who placed a hand on his lower back. He seemed to of gone unnoticed so far and he was grateful, that was except for a large brown haired man who was making a beeline straight for him. He was intimidating in his walk and sharp features, his hazel eyes caught Castiel’s and he didn’t break contact but only puffed up. He had a rather large height advantage over him.

“So you must be Castiel.” His voice was happy and his body relaxed as he looked Cas over. Castiel tried to think of who knew him and came to the conclusion that this was Sam or Sasquatch as Dean put it.

“Sam?” Castiel asked, his brow raising slightly in question. Sam didn’t respond with words but with a back breaking bear hug. He smelt like thick flannel, sweat and beta. He was clearly an alpha so Castiel assumed he had a mate who was a beta.

“So I hear you passed Jo’s test, that mean’s you’re in!” The larger man clapped him on the back and pulled him further into the room to meet up with Dean who was being showered in kisses by a blonde woman. She had a few gray wisps in her hair but she had Dean’s eyes and smelt like his mate. This must be Mary.

Sam cleared his throat and nudged Castiel into Dean’s side. Dean easily welcomed him with a hand around his waist and smiled at his mom. She looked Castiel over with slight confusion and then back at Dean.

“Who’s your guest?” Her voice is exactly what Castiel pictured it to be, warm like the pie she makes and the hugs she gives. His mother never had a voice like that, he wanted to just take it all in.

“Well this is Castiel Novak and he is my mate.” It is as if everyone had heard him because the
“Mate, my baby boy has a mate!” Mary was over the moon with joy as she pulled both men into a crushing hug peppered in kisses and welcomes. As it turns out everyone seemed pleased with the announcement, they purposely neglected to say how long they had really been mated but that was just details.

Castiel received hugs by people named Ash and Ellen even a semi reluctant one by a man named Bobby. It was odd how openly affectionate the pack was towards him. Just the simple title as Dean’s mate and he was immediately accepted. The one person he hadn’t seen was Dean’s father.

The group around them eventually dispelled and Dean called Cas to bring their bags upstairs. Even though Castiel was delighted to see how welcomed he was a bit of breathing room was a gift.

“So, ya like um?” Dean asked once the made it upstairs and out of earshot of the very chatty group of people.

“Your pack is very pleasant to be around.” Dean laughed and bumped Castiel’s shoulder.

“Well now it’s time to show you a blast from the past.” Before Cas could ask him what he was talking about Dean opened a door.

Castiel’s face immediately lit up once he saw what it was, Dean’s bedroom. Complete with ACDC, Metallica, Aerosmith, and Zeppelin posters. It was nearly spotless, Castiel was guessing Mary did a quick once over before Dean arrived. He had a twin bed with very familiar blue sheets and a lone night stand that held a lamp and clock. Dean’s room didn’t have a theme or color scheme. More an accordant of necessities that somewhat matched. A light wooden desk with half peeled off stickers and some marker stains with a rolling chair that had a few rips in it. His rug was a very dark green and his floor had scuffs near his bed. The armoire was a washed out white and leaned somewhat crooked and it was all so Dean. Castiel loved it.

“mi casa es tu casa.”

“Didn’t you take French?”

“You think I remember any of that crap?”

“ma maison est votre maison”

“Fuck you, Cas”

“I’m not showing off, just letting you know.”

“Oh yeah, any other hot shot words you got floating in your head?” With a smile Castiel pushed Dean against the wall and placed an arm on either side of his head. Leaning in so his lips nearly pressed against his ear he whispered.

“j’ai besoin d’un chat” Dean shivered as hot breath tickled his ear, Castiel gruff voice was sinful as the words rolled off his tongue.

“W-What does that mean?”

“I will devour you.” Another chill ran down Dean’s spine and before he knew it he flung Castiel around and had him pinned to the wall. Catching Cas’ lips Dean dove into a full on make out session in less than a minute. Castiel was more than happy to respond and took a fistful of hair and
tugged genitally.

“I would fuck you right now if my entire pack wasn’t downstairs waiting for us.” Dean growled and went for Castiel’s lips again. He couldn’t believe how much his French had effected Dean and now he couldn’t help but laugh. It was a real mood killer as it slowly built into a hysterical laughter and had Castiel holding his stomach.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” Dean asked taking a step back and wondering what the hell he missed.

“I-I’m sorry, I’m kinda shit at French!”

“What?”

“I have no clue how to say devour. All I said was ‘I need a cat!’ I had no idea it would turn you on so much.” Castiel was now wiping away tears and Dean didn’t know if he should be annoyed or start laughing with him. He felt slightly embarrassed but how was he supposed to know what Cas had said, three years of a language and he was meant to know everything?

“You bastard!” Dean exclaimed hitting his chest, “Oh my god! You took German, not French!” Cas could only nod and Dean couldn’t help but roll his eyes and start laughing with him. One day he was totally going to kill Cas. “Okay get yourself together smartass we need to go back downstairs, time for some family tradition.”

Castiel quickly collected himself and followed Dean down the stairs to find a large portion of Dean’s, or his, pack was missing.

“Oh good I was just going to call you down, everyone is outside.” Mary said leaning on the kitchen doorway. Dean gave a quick nod and took Castiel’s hand to pull him out back.

Okay everyone shut your traps, as usually John and I are captains.” Bobby called over the small crowd. "I'll give you the first pick you old bat." John didn't take any insults seriously if it came from Bobby.

John was gruff and by the way he looked at Castiel he clearly knew the news. His hadn't shaved in a few days and wore an old faded flannel and ripped jeans. He looked intimidating but Castiel wasn't planning on confronting him.

"Castiel." John called. He didn't move for a second and looked over at Dean who looked as confused as him. "You heard me boy let's go!" Castiel waited a second more and then slowly walked over to stand next to John.

Looking across the field Dean smiled winking at Castiel and gave him a playfully intimidating look.

“You stop flirting boy, and hike the damn ball.” Bobby scolded from behind him. Dean rolled his eyes and did as Bobby asked, snapping it back he ran forward with Sam at his side running up opposite sides of their makeshift field towards the coverage of the swampy area in the back. Turning around he held his arms up to signal to Bobby who gave a grunt as he threw the perfect spiral. Headed right towards Dean he took a few steps back until he snatched it tucking it into his arms he went to turn around and he didn’t get three strides in before a very familiar pair of arms wrapped around him and playfully tugged him to the ground and placed a featherlight bite on the back of neck and Dean chuckled elbowing him.
“Gotcha.” Cas whispered before he tried to pull himself up. It was a friendly game, no harsh tackling mainly tagging or grabbing them. Grabbing Castiel hand he was hoisted up and handed the alpha the ball.

They reset and this time it was Castiel who hiked the ball. Tossing it back to Ash he followed the same pattern Dean did and ran past their defence. John was running parallel to Cas but just before Ash could throw him the ball Castiel was tackled to the ground in an alarmingly violent manner. Everything stopped, Dean was sprinting towards Cas who was pinned down under John. His father stood up and brushed off his own shirt giving Cas a nod.

“Walk it off.” John grunted but Castiel didn’t move as he gasped for air. His eyes watered as a sharp pain radiated up his back. Dean was at his side in what felt like thirty minutes but was probably only thirty seconds.

“Cas- Castiel.” Dean pushed his hair back his voice dripping with worry. Castiel wished he could say he was okay and walk it off but he still couldn’t breath. Something dug into his back still and prevented his from speaking. Just gasping for breath at this point Dean hauled him up and pressed him into his chest. His scent was instantly soothing and it helped regulate his heartbeat. With his back lifted from the ground he could now take a full breath. “Are you okay?”

“Much better.” Cas managed to get out and looked up into Dean worried eyes, everyone around him, even Bobby, looked concerned save John that is. Finally Dean lifted his head and snarled at his father.

“The fucking hell was that?” He spat, his harsh tone startled Castiel but Dean only gripped him tighter. “This isn’t fucking tackle and he was on your own god damn team!”

“Don’t talk to me like that, boy.” At that Dean hauled Castiel up from the ground and lead him inside acting like his crutch, even though Castiel could of walked on his own. "Hey alpha learn to take charge! Bitch don't call the shots." Dean didn't respond but he felt Castiel clench in anger. What they could hear was Jo bravely mouthing off to John asking how Mary would kick his stupid ass if she heard him.

Walking in the back door they were greeted by the worried eyes of Ellen and his mother.

"What happened?” Mary asked as she walked over to help Dean.

"Dad's a jackass.” Dean spat, he didn't want to come off so mean to his mother, she didn't do anything.

"What does that mean?"

"He freaking tackled Cas to the ground.” Dean placed Castiel down onto the couch. "They were on the same team, too."

"Don't you boys only play touch?” Ellen asked with her strong accent as she followed Mary out of the kitchen.

"We do." Ellen used to play on the team too, pretty damn good but she enjoyed her time with Mary more than old alpha musk and swearing.

"Is he okay?” Ellen walked over to check him out.

"I think I landed on a rock and hit my lower back. Couldn't breath for a little but I'm good.”
"No you’re not."

"I am Dean, please." Castiel pulled himself into a sitting position and hissed in pain. "My back is just sore." But he winced in pain yet again.

"I’m gonna kill you, you know that?"

"Yes, I do." Castiel laughed and placed a chaste kiss on Dean's cheek. It took a lot of restraint for Dean not to storm out and confront his father, yes Castiel wasn’t in any grave danger unless he started peeing blood. That would be just what they needed. Nevertheless there was a line. And John parted the Red Sea on it and fucked it up badly.

But he wasn't going to burn the house down, he would play nice and fuck his father over later.

Chapter End Notes

Senior year, buying a car, work, physical therapy, rescue work, and sleep. That is my weekly-daily-schedule so I am sorry for being SOOOO LATE! I have been so off from not sleeping and forgetting to eat and drink and all those basic things so it has really been a cluster of blurred actions and I didn't realize how much time had passed since the last update.
Anyway I hope you liked the chapter and comments are ALWAYS welcome. They would probably brighten up my days a lot.

Hopefully I will update soon -even though the chapter is written-
The Pack Is Alright

Chapter Notes

Holy shit I am alive!!!

Wow this is one late update! I'm sorry for the sporadic updates and all, my life is a ball of confusion! I forget to take my meds and eat sometimes, so I really hope to get back on track.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 22- The Pack Is Alright

Dean stayed with Castiel, Ellen, and his mother and didn’t go back and join the others, obviously preoccupied with his mates needs. It was actually kind of nice to just spend time with them. It felt normal. This is what normal families do. Dean was starting to like normalcy. A year ago he would be out there for hours, now he felt older in some way. He technically had a family now and he hadn’t seen his mother in so long. This was nice.

The game ended an hour and a half later and the day was like any other. Sam and Adam took it upon themselves to take John out to who knows where and Jo was harassing Ash and her father. Ellen and Mary made commentary on the whole thing.

"Things never change do they?"

"No, Mary in all the years of our packs joining I haven't noticed a damn change."

Castiel wondered how the packs became one. That usually only happens when one finds a mate and if the clans are compatible they join. But from what he had herded from Dean no one from the packs have mated. All it seems is they are good friends.

"So, how did your packs join?" It was the first Castiel had talked in a while, he was just sitting absorbing all the info he could on them. He wanted to learn the dynamics so he didn’t make any wrong moves.

Mary smiled and looked at Dean. The way her lips bowed upward and eyes crinkled around the edges had Castiel thinking she was thinking of her, his, family.

"We have been friends for a very long time, John and Bobby even longer, so it has been like this long before the kids were around." Mary’s smile only grew, “really we all knew each other from growing up but it was John and Bobby who officially brought us together.”
"Jo and Dean were inseparable. So why we thought it is still a mystery but we all had our fingers crossed, and you always hope you like your in laws, but we just thought Jo and Dean would be mates. We were wrong obviously so we aren't a typical bonded pack but we are bonded nonetheless." Ellen finished for Mary. Castiel loved her accent and the firm yet motherly tone of her voice.

"Dean and Jo?" Cas laughed. "She would kick your butt, Dean."

"Oh shut up she could kick yours, too!"

"Has your pack bonded with any others?" Ellen asked and tilted her head ever so slightly, her mahogany hair falling from her shoulder and held itself in a soft wave.

"They plan to with my brothers upcoming matings but it is for anything but liking each other. In all honesty I hope you never have to meet my pack." Just by Castiel’s tone of voice the mood changed slightly and Dean ran a soothing hand down his back. Mary, as always, came in with her words of warmth.

"Well I have to say I'm happy they didn't become mates, you fit right in here Cas. We are very happy to have you join our family." Both Castiel and Dean smiled and inched slightly closer.

"Maybe it was fate to find your true pack, either way we are happy you will be the one to be with Dean when we aren’t."

"I'm happy to be here." Castiel beamed and they fell back into less personal conversations, like sports and their neighbors.

The next day Dean and Castiel awoke to the smell of bacon, eggs and cinnamon. Dean's mouth was watering before his eyes even opened and his stomach clenched in hungry anticipation.

"Cas wake up." Dean untangled himself from Castiel's arms and shook the man's shoulder.

He only got an annoyed groan in response so Dean left his mate to sleep, but not after placing a soft kiss on his temple.

Waking up wasn't as bad as Castiel thought it would be, his back still hurt, but overall he felt okay. Looking to his left in hopes of finding Dean's sleeping figure but was faced with an empty pillow and cool sheets. Frowning Castiel rolled out of bed and scanned the room for his pants. Giving in he walked over to Dean's armoire and was pleased to find he had a nice selection to pick from. Settling with gray form fitting sweatpants and a too big navy tshirt Castiel went off to find Dean.

Castiel felt odd wandering alone through the house and he nervously tugged at the hem of his shirt that he was beginning to think was Sam's. Thankfully he heard soft voices coming up from downstairs. Trying to distinguish who was down there Castiel took slow soft steps and he felt an odd twist of anxiety in his gut. Even though Dean's pack was very warm and welcoming he still felt nervous being around them alone. Especially Dean's father, it wasn't that Cas was scared of him, he was just worried he would snap at the man.

Yesterday's encounter was anything but pleasant. Castiel wasn't expecting such a blatant show of aggression and rejection from John. It wasn't enough to scare him away, nothing was stopping him from being with Dean, even if he was so disliked by his mates pack leader.
Stepping off the platform and making his way into the family room Castiel still didn't see anyone. He followed the soft voices that were coming from the kitchen. Accompanying the voices was an amazing smell of French toast and coffee.

Walking through the open archway he is greeted by the unexpectedly bright faces of Mary, Ellen, and Dean.

"Mornin'." Dean smiled at Castiel and put down a coffee in front of him.

"Thanks." Cas mumbled an gratefully accepted the hot mug that was going to get him through the day.

“How are you feeling, honey?” Mary asked turning away from the sink and walking over to Castiel’s side. “I really don’t have words to say other than sorry. I talked with John last night and he promised to be on his best behavior.” Mary had such a warm smile Castiel could nearly feel the radiant feel of a loving hug flow from her. She had the best scent out of the pack, excluding Dean. It was the closest to his though, but hers lacked the leathery spice, hers truly was a spring meadow with wildflowers in full bloom and the sun just setting on the water, just enough warmth left to keep you from covering up. It was delightful.

“Much better than anticipated, I was worried that the stress of travel and meeting your pack would hinder my healing process but it doesn't seem to make a difference.” Mary still placed a soft hand on his back and rubbed him, it was subtle but she was scenting him as a sign he was accepted. Castiel felt truly touched by her immediate love towards him.

“Well I hope y’all are hungry because my special french toast is done and ready to fix all your problems. Get John’s ass in here, no one can be mad with a mouth full of these.” She smiled and placed large plate piled high with the most delicious looking breakfast out there. Light fluffy toast with small sticky lines of syrup dripping down the pile and sprinkled with powdered sugar. She was right, no one could be mad when eating this, probably because their mouth is stuffed full.

“Ellen, have I told you I love you?” Dean smiled as he looked at the plate.

“A way to a man’s heart is his stomach.” and his cervix Castiel added mentally and let out and snickered.

“What’s so funny?” Dean asked eyeing Cas suspiciously.

“Oh nothing, let’s eat!”

Dean persuades Castiel back upstairs for a late morning nap and who was Castiel to turn down more sleep? Castiel should of known Dean wasn't planning to sleep but he was surprised to find they weren't having sex either.

"Pranks Dean, really?" Castiel asked obviously wondering how he ended up mated to a child.

"Yeah, brotherly tradition. We strike first. Trust me I know my brothers and it is what they do to welcome someone into the family. Jo will be in on it too. You and me against those bastards!" Dean was radiating excitement as he bumped Castiel's shoulder.
"Okay, lay back and give me a few ideas." Castiel smiled and pushed Dean back into his pillow. They tangled themselves together and diverged a plan.

"Adam, haven't we already done that to Dean?" Sam asked flipping through an old notebook they brothers had kept since they were young. It was always Sam and Adam against Dean when it came to pranks. They always recorded the good ones and even a few that Dean pulled. It had been years since a proper prank war and it was only right to start off Dean's return with a truly memorable one. And Castiel needed to be properly welcomed.

"Yeah but it's been years and I was thinking more Castiel for this one. Just start him off slow."

"Bloody toothbrush trick? Are you guys like twelve?" Jo asked from the corner of the room. Sitting backwards on the desk chair.

"Well according to the book we were nine. But close enough."

"I can't believe you dorks still have that damn thing." Jo laughed to herself as she waved her hand at the beat up notebook that was wrinkled and covered in posttest notes.

"It's for reference and nostalgia, Jo." Adam snapped still upset over her rejection on the 'bloody mouth' trick.

"Go out?" Castiel asked.

"Yeah why not, show you around town and all that." Adam smiled encouragingly at him.

"Um, Dean what do you think?"

"Sounds good to me." Dean smiled still excited over the prank he already set up on Adam that was waiting in his dresser drawer.

"Alright let’s get ready and head out." Sam added already dumping the rest of his coffee down the drain. They all walked up the steps and dispersed to their rooms.

With a devilish smirk Dean turned towards Cas and held up three fingers. Castiel cocked his head slightly and raised an eyebrow.

“What?”

“Three, two, one…" Just as his last finger went down a screech filled the house followed by a crash and a string of swears. Dean burst out into a laugh and stumbled into the hall to find Adam running out and in his haste hitting the wall.

“Dean!” He shouted storming up to his brother.

“Y-yeah?” Dean asked not really having full control over the laughter escaping his mouth.
“Toads? Fucking toads!” He threw his arms up, Dean knew very well how much his little brother hated those slimy creatures and he knew finding them in his dresser was a horrific discovery

Castiel rummaged through his bag and carefully picked out a light blue button up and dark wash jeans. As he was fixing his buttons Dean came up and swiftly undid his top one with a flick of his fingers.

"You’re going to die out there with long sleeves. Why not wear one of my shirts today? It’s too hot to wear a button up." Castiel eyed Dean at the suggestion and slowly nodded. He accepted the dark brown V-neck. Dean had the honor of unbuttoning Castiel’s shirt and he pulled it over his head. Dean's clothes were always so soft, they were worn and washed and they smelt like him.

Still in how boxers Dean pulled him over and nuzzled his neck and ran soft hands up Cas' sides and over his ribs.

"You look so good in my clothes. You should wear them more often." Castiel arched his neck to give Dean better access. It was such a submissive move but neither of them cared. Dean loved touching and smelling Cas and Cas loved the soft tickle of Dean's stubble.

"I like that idea." Cas purred.

"Dean, Cas let's go!" Adam called through the door still clearly pissed at Dean because of the toads.

With a huff they broke apart and went back to digging through their bags. Dean settled with an ancient ACDC shirt and light jeans.

Once they emerged from the bedroom they went to the bathroom to brush their teeth. The bathroom had a feminine touch but could still be called Dean's. He had hot rod magazines on the floor and men's body wash in the shower. But the blue toilet seat cover and matching shower curtains gave slight hints that this was Mary’s house, oldy, Dean noticed, they were the same blue of Cas’ eyes.

Looking around the sink it dawned on Cas that he had forgotten his toothbrush even though he swore he brought his.

"I guess I'll have to use yours." Castiel spoke slowly as he continued to scan the small counter. "If you don't mind."

"Cas, your tongue has been up my ass you really think I care?"

"Well I didn't need to hear that!" Adam said from the doorway making a horrified face. "Here is a spare uh...yeah." Adam handed Castiel the red brush and made a quick exit.

Adam handed him one of those brushes you get in a four pack for a dollar, nothing special, red plastic and bristles. The only strange thing was Adam knew just what he needed. Shrugging it off as A+ hospitality Castiel squirted out a small amount of toothpaste and ran it under a trickle of water. Scrubbing away at his teeth he looked over at Dean who was already rinsing his mouth out.

Leaning down to spit Castiel was alarmed by the large amount of red he found in the sink.

With a yelp he smacked Dean's arm to focus his attention to the sink.

"Holy fuck-" Dean cut himself off and grabbed Castiel's face. "What happened?"

A small trail of red mixed with bubbles toothpaste trailed down the side of his mouth. With a low growl Dean grabbed the cup next to the sink and filled it. Handing it to Cas he urged him to rinse and spit.

Deans ears perked up at the sound of laughter in the hallway.

"Holy shit, shhh Sam he'll hear us!" Adam urged.

"Sam, Adam!" Dean called and stormed into the hallway. "For your damn sake this better not be-

"Bloody mouth trick." Jo dead panned from the steps.

Dean turned around to look at Jo and then to Castiel standing with wide eyes in the bathroom doorway. Finally falling on his two younger brothers.

"You fuckers, I'm going to kill you!" Dean roared and shot after his brother. They looked like deer in headlights as they bolted to Sam's room and tried to shut the door but Dean was fast, scary fast and threw his weight into the door and busted it open. "You start off the prank war by going after Cas!" Dean lunged for Adam first and pinned him to the ground. His two brothers may be alphas but Dean had been wrestling them his whole life. He knows just how to handle them. Going straight for the ribs he is merciless as he tickles the ever living shit out of his brother.

The day went on and it was filled with pranks. Dean was greeted by glue in the mayo jar. Castiel put pickle juice in one of Sam's health drinks and Adam had the terrible luck of finding a brand new red shirt in the wash with his whites. It got so bad Mary kicked them out so that was how they ended up searching the town for entertainment.

"Bowling?"

"Adam, this is why you are not the idea person." Dean muttered.

"Laser tag?" Castiel offered as they passed a run down but still functioning building that offered it.

"You will get at least three STD's by stepping foot in there." Sam said without a joking face. Castiel’s eyes widened and continued on their walk.

“Alright I know I’m new but you guys have shit ideas, I vote coffee.” Castiel spoke up again after Adam had three other ideas shot down from Sam and Dean. Dean laughed, “I vote coffee.” He said raising a hand. “Yeah I could use a pick me up.” Sam greed. They didn’t even wait for Adam’s response.

The coffee shop was not as nice as the once on campus but it would definitely do.

“Alright everyone give me your orders and pick a seat. Dean said it like this was a normal thing for them to do. “Oh wait, I remember the usuals, unless yo two drama queens change your fluffy whipped sugar cream coffee.” Dean smile looking at his brothers’ sour faces.

“Dean, I know you like those drinks, too. Get off your damn high horse and join the club.”

“Skip my usual Dean, I’ll have what they are having.” The two younger Winchester boy’ whooped
in excitement and Dean looked as if his mate had betrayed him.

Dean went to the counter and the three men found a seat by the fake fireplace that didn’t even have heat coming from it. They settled into quiet conversation and occasionally looked over at Dean who was waiting patiently for the frufru drinks to be made. In that time Sam excused himself to grab a newspaper.

Dean arrived shortly after Sam left and distributed the drinks, he of course had his normal black.

Sam was taking his time with the newspaper and Dean had already settled in next to Cas.

"Your half-caf, double-vanilla latte is getting cold over here, Francis!" Dean called across the shop and Sam shot up with a red face, he then quickly made himself scarce from the public eye and hid himself next to Adam.

“Dean why are you such a little bitch!” Sam whispered. The whole table erupted in laughter and eventually Sam joined in.

Castiel truly did love the new brother’s he gained from mating with Dean, it was a whole new world for him now.

Sam and Adam were right, there was nothing to do in their town, except the shooting range. Adam called up Jo and told her to tag along. This is how Castiel ended up with a gun in his hand and Dean pressed firmly behind him with his hands over his own.

"Now focus Cas, no daydreaming. With all guns there is a kickback and it might seem huge to you but this is a nice beginners gun and you have a nice stance.” Castiel took a breath.

"Okay Dean."

"Now as you breathe in take aim and out when you shoot." Dean stepped back to the red tape with Adam, Sam, and Jo as Castiel put on the sound canceling headphones. They could all see how out of his element Castiel was but he was taking it well. A gun is very intimidating, even to an alpha.

The first shot rang out and surprisingly Castiel didn't budge, then four more after it followed. Lowering his weapon he pulled the ear covers off and turned around. A huge smile was plastered on his face and all three clapped for him.

"Nice job, blue eyes." Jo said as she pay his back. Adam walked over to the side of Castiel's small shooting cubical and pressed an orange button. By the time they were done congratulating Cas and he had shaken the post shooting tremor out of his hands the target was brought to them.

"He got a headshot." Everyone stood in awe for a second and then went back and congratulated Castiel even louder that time. The alpha couldn't hide his blush.

"I'm headed upstairs, think that was the last place I saw John." Mary stepped onto the platform.

"Going to fix this problem?" Ellen asked, her accent always thickened when she meant business.

"Oh yeah." Mary shook her head and made her way up the stairs. She walked down the long hallway until she reached the bedroom door, she couldn't hear anything from the outside and that
usually meant he was sleeping.

Opening the door rather loudly she roused her husband out of his sleep. "John." It was stern and she was determined to keep her voice like this the whole time.

"Mary, what's wrong?" John rubbed his eyes and say up, he was wearing his clothes from yesterday after coming back a little after the boys left.

"At the moment you are." Mary was normally very soft spoken but she had been preparing for this day for a long time and would not let her husband get in the way of Dean's happiness.

"What did I do?" He was already extremely defensive. "The damn football thing? It was a mishap, Mary let it go."

Mary clenched her fists and tried to keep calm. She did not want to yell. "No John, that was not a 'mishap" she raised her hands for air quotes. "That was you being a stupid alpha. I can't tell what is wrong with you! Are you jealous?" Mary's brow knit together and John seemed to be processing something.

"Jealous?" John repeated.

"Yes, you couldn't be their patriarch forever, you wouldn't do this to Adam and Sam! So just let Dean grow up, he's an adult and he found a great mate. Isn't that all we could ask for." Mary sighed, she finally got everything she needed out. John was still processing her words and he nodded his head.

"Yes, you're right and I'm sorry." It was a big dirty lie, but he couldn't let Mary know that.

"It isn't me you she be apologizing to." At that Mary turned and left the room. John let out a breath, he didn't care about Castiel. The problem was by Dean getting a mate he will probably get knocked up. That's not a manly thing to do. But John had thought of that a long time ago.

Chapter End Notes

We all know John is such a truthful loving SOB. Hope this was an enjoyable chapter!

I've been attempting to do some art for the story but um...I suck big time. I did the one at the beginning of chapter one and well my drawing has only declined. So I am trying at that but don't get too excited.

Comments are always loved and cherished!
I'm alive!
I had surgery so I have been a little out of it... and by that I mean sleeping and watching so much Xena Warrior Princess it should be illegal!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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23- Duke It Out

John disappeared once again. Even though it seemed nice it put a strange on the pack and Castiel couldn't help think it was his fault. One of the key leaders was missing and there was a looming sense of empty.

"Ellen and I are headed out to the store, any requests?" A mess of voices started talking that went from doughnuts, Funyuns, beer, Twizzlers, and pineapple.

"Jesus boys settle down," Ellen rolled her eyes and followed Mary out to her old blue civic. Shopping didn't take long but they normally grab some coffee and take some quiet time together. Once they made it into the car Mary collapsed her head into the steering wheel.

"Mary?" Ellen placed a firm hand on her back and started to run in soothing circles.

"Damn I'm scared." She didn't lift her head, she was fighting back tears and couldn't talk to Ellen face to face. "I can't do anything, my words only go so far!"

"Hey now, you settle down." Ellen started to pet her long gold curls. " is this about John?" Mary nodded and took in a shaking breath.

"I know something is going on that neither of them are telling me, I've always known. Even since Dean was young they always seemed to be trying to keep things under the radar." She gripped the wheel tighter. "I am his mother and John has no right to keep anything pertaining to my boy from me!" Her head shot up and the tip of her nose and corners of her eyes were bright red.

"You talking about when they would train?" Ellen's voice was like sweet southern tea, always had that soothing balm affect. Mary truly did depend on her sometimes. She played a big role in Dean's development too, between the two of them he came out to be one amazing man.

"I've always wondered what in hell that was about. To train Dean, he was always so damn tired from school and all those hours. Never felt like I got the whole story behind it."

"You think something else was happening?" Ellen lost her soothing voice and was going into more of a shocked undertone. "Like-"
"No, no not like that! I mean was John doing it to help Dean or himself." Mary finally looked at Ellen who's big brown eyes were glazed over in barely restrained tears, the kind that blurred your vision and you could feel them about to burst. "I just don't know."

"Sometimes baby, no one does. But Dean is here and safe and has an amazing mate. He turned out great." Ellen pulled Mary close and scented her for comfort, it was something Mary really needed.

The trip was the kind of replacement they both needed, sometimes the tension in the house was painful. It was nice the kids could come and go to Bobby's as they pleased also. Even though their house was used more for private events, or outside parties.

"I've got most the bags if you can get the door." Mary grabbed the three bags left and walked ahead of Ellen for the door and slipped in. The actions in the room didn't click until Ellen walked up beside her and she looked between Dean and John, the smell of pent up anger flowing off of them both. Mary froze, she knew something like this would happen. She thought she was prepared.

"I am so sick of you shit, John! You think since I'm an omega I'm nothing without an alpha? Like I'm some lost fuck toy searching for a knot? Well I am a person and I am done listening to you bash me for something I had no control over! So I swear to god the next omega bashing word that comes out of your mouth will get shoved down your throat so fast. I don't deserve all the crap you put on me!" John tightened his fist like he was going to hit Dean and the entire room was silent. "I wasn't born for you to brainwash me! So if you aren't going to be a grown ass man about any of this than kindly fuck off!" Dean was panting and refused to break eye contact with his father. His eyes has small swirls of red around the pupil but he didn't speak.

"That's what I thought." Dean growled and stormed off to the kitchen to grab a bottle of Jack Daniels and went upstairs.

The room is left silent and Castiel was on edge over Dean's outburst. John mumbled illegible words to himself as he grabbed his keys and slammed the door.

"What happened!" Mary called to John bags still gripped in her hand.

"Disagreement, drop it Mary."

"Drop it? Did you just ask me to ignore that fight that happened before my eyes over you and out son! I went through a hell of a pregnancy with him and he has had to grow up being the man of the house at some points and you are telling me to forget about that!" Mary was infuriated, she was sure if she was an alpha her nails and teeth would have sharpened and eyes would be the color of blood.

"I'm going out." John turned around and went out the back door, the smell of alpha was thick in the air.

"Don't you dare come back if you're going to keep up this damn macho-bigoted act!" Her voice was lost on his ears. Finally Mary let out a breath and slouched. She tried to hold back her emotions but this was her pack, her family and she didn't have to hide with them.

"I've been waiting for that." Mary spoke up from across the room. Every head in the room turned away from the door and back to her "Sometimes I think Dean is too good of a son for John." Mary ran a shaky hand through her golden hair and placed her bag down, the door not even shut behind her, Ellen held firm at her side.

"Honey, no mate is perfect, lord knows Bobby gets to me." Ellen rubbed Mary's shoulder lovingly
and gave her husband a small smile. Bobby grumbled from across the room and took another swig of beer. Ellen was playing off the fight, she knew another emotional talk would come from this later. "Not to this extent but Dean is a good boy, John can't take a damn thing from him."

"I love him, but his values can be suffocating on the boys. After Dean presented I was so scared for Sam and Adam." Mary leaned in to Ellen's comforting embrace. "Can you imagine if they went into heat? I can't protect them all from his views."

Castiel had been sitting patiently even with the feeling of ants under his skin, the itch to run after Dean. But he would want space now, so he stayed put and would try and soothe his new pack matriarch.

"Your son is one of the strongest men I have ever encountered." Castiel finally spoke up and caught Mary's attention. "John made an impact on Dean's life but it didn't break his spirit. It only pushed him further to be better, smarter, and stronger." Castiel looked down at his hands, he recalled telling Dean he had the better part of the deal, that Dean had a disposie alpha at his command. That was wrong, Castiel was the real winner here. "Dean Winchester is one of the most complex, frustrating, and exciting man I know and nothing makes him happier than barring his mark." That line on its own caused a whimper to leave Mary's mouth and a shocking but very welcome hug. He didn't even notice her moving across the room to him but he could feel her tears on his shoulder and knew they were not of sadness.

Time passed slowly as the conversation in the living room started to warm up again even though the fight was still looming in the air, but they ignored it. It went back to memories of everyone as pups. Castiel's favorite story was Dean and Sam dressed as superman and Batman and jumping off Bobby's shed. It just sounded like something Dean would do. But he casually lifted himself off the sofa and went in search of Dean.

He walked down the hallway slowly wondering what state Dean would be in. Stopping outside if the door he took a sniff of the air, he was agitated, distressed, and drunk. Castiel opened the door and saw Dean sitting in the edge of his bed, head hung and elbows on his knees.

"Dean?" Castiel asked softly and he walked towards his mate. Dean didn't acknowledge him he only took another swig of his jack and bit his lips and coughed once it went down. Cas slowly lifted his hand towards the bottle and slid it from Dean's grasp, placing it softly on the floor beside him.

"I don't re-remember the the last time." Dean paused and looked at Castiel for a second with blank eyes. "I was this damn drunk."

"Hey, why are you upset? You were amazing down there. I'm so proud of you." Castiel smiled and took Dean's hand to scent it.

Dean's barrier always fell when he was drunk enough, and he wouldn't lie to Cas, so his whiskey filled mind tried to scratch up ways to explain it all to his mate.

"He told me all the time, not like other wolves Dean. G-go sit down." Dean tried to speak clearly but he was slurring some of his words and the emotional state he was in didn't help. Castiel lifted himself off the floor and stood directly in front of Dean.

"Come one." He said as he tugged at Dean's t-shirt. Dean only lifted his arms slightly and Cas tugged the shirt off of him. Placing the tips of his fingers on Dean's chest he pushed him back into the bed and started working off his pants. Tugging each leg out he motioned for Dean to move farther up in the bed. Dean fumbled as he tried to get himself in the dead center. He was wearing
his gray briefs. Castiel climbed over Dean and straddled his hips

"You were brilliant tonight." Castiel whispered as he placed a chaste kiss on Dean's mouth, he could taste the whiskey on his lips. "Now sit back and relax Dean." Castiel crawled all the way down the bed until he was back on his knees by Dean's feet. He traced his fingertips over his shins and soft kisses on his ankles. Slowly working his way up, giving every inch of skin attention. Dean let out pleasant hums as Castiel inched up. Placing a kiss in the center of his kneecap and the bend of his leg. Around the inside of his thigh and around to the outside to suck light bruises just above his hipbones. Memorizing the peppering of freckles over Dean's lightly tanned skin. Hooking his finger around his waistband he tugged it down a few inches to place a row of soft kisses that connected his protruding hip bones. The skin was taut and lighter than his stomach. Dean's erection brushed his throat. Following the trail up to his belly button after leaving a slick trail from his tongue. Castiel was worshiping every inch of Dean's perfect body. From the hair in his legs to the soft give of his stomach and the spatter of freckles on his shoulders. Moving up to slid Dean's nipple between his teeth and moving down his side to suck and nip his ribs.

He trailed up to his sternum and collarbones. Trailing up to his ear he gave a soft nip at his lobe. Breathing over the shell of his ear he purred.

"My perfect omega."

Dean brought his arms up to wrap around Castiel's neck and guide him up to his lips. It was a lazy effortless kiss. It wasn't hot and heavy, just their lips moving into the perfect rhythm and arms and legs winding around each other. They created a safe cocoon and continued to kiss until the haze of alcohol knocked Dean out.

Castiel snakes out of his jeans and pulled the comforter over their bare skin. Nuzzling close to his mate he traced shapes on Dean's arm. Castiel definitely got the better end of the deal.

The next day they made for hasty departure giving their love to everyone in the pack and it seemed as John had disappeared. It didn't seem unusual, they didn't expect him to show up. Mary was upset by the early leaving of her son but she knew he had to get back.

Trading off of hugs and kisses it finally led to the two men getting in the car. Dean let out a deep breath and was ready to leave he revved the engine to life and he already felt better but the leather touched on his skin it was nice it was his car, it was home, and with Castiel by his side he backed out of the driveway and they headed back to school.

Chapter End Notes

I have had part of this chapter written for months and I never found a way I liked it. Still don't like how they leave. It was going to end in a full on brawl but I have plans for the future so I can't have it like that. So this was the best I got... about half way done with the next one also.
Dorm Sweet Dorm

Chapter Notes

Holy shit I'm alive! Yes I sassbuttcasbutt have risen from the dead to give you the gift of a chapter I am not very proud of but a chapter none the less!!! I promise they get better so stay with me! This one isn't edited because Emile is busy with college and I didn't want to make you wonderful people wait any longer!

****This is being uploaded on my phone soooo I have no clue how the formatting will look****

See the end of the chapter for more notes

24- Dorm Sweet Dorm

Both Dean and Cas crashed the second they made it home. The visit was just awful but Dean almost regretted leaving. His father was horrible but he had the rest of his family. He wished he spent more time with Sam and Adam. Jo would be pissed that he just left and the note he left his mother was one half assed goodbye, but for right now Dean just burrowed into the covers next to Cas and tried to push all thoughts from his mind, it wasn't worth beating himself up. It was over, he would see them again soon.

Slowly closing his eyes Dean felt as if he fell asleep in seconds. The blaring sound of “Heat Of The Moment” seemed to wake him up just seconds after he closed his eyes but it was early morning.

"Holy shit Cas we slept a whole day!" Dean shook his mate awake.

"No, we just got," he paused and looked at the clock "home.." Wrinkling his brow he locked his gaze with Dean who still had dark circles under his eyes that looked dulled. "Wow, I don't know how that happened."

"Yeah and I'm still fucking tired." Dean groaned and flopped back down on his pillow.

"Well we have Tuesdays off, how about an R&R day?” Cas leaned in closer, adding a kiss to each suggestion “Nice long shower,” kiss, “massage,” kiss “lazy sex.” kiss, Dean hummed in agreement.

"That sound great. There is only one problem."

"And what is that?" Castiel leaned over Dean.

"Who is going to turn on the shower?" Castiel only snorted and straddled Dean's hips.

"Oh my little omega, I'll do it for you."

Dean gave a slight growl as Castiel jumped out of bed wearing only red boxers. Dean sat up and
craned his neck to enjoy the view of Castiel walking.

"I will punch you right in the dick!" Dean shouted once he was gone, Castiel only laughed and it echoed over their bathroom.

“Yeah yeah you laugh now.” Dean grumbled as he untangled the covers from his legs. He heard the fan turn on and shortly after that the shower and hopped out of bed. Dean stripped on his way to the bathroom and stumbled over his briefs.

Despite the fan the bathroom still had steam in the air and the silhouette of Castiel's body. He ran his fingers through his hair under the water and hummed slightly. The sight already had Dean's blood flowing.

"Dean, come join me." It almost sounded like a song. A siren calling him to pleasure.

It only took three large steps and he was at the shower door. Sliding it open Dean stepped in and under the water pushing Castiel into the wall.

"So, you want to have a little fun?" Dean growled pushing Cas harder into the wall and exposed his neck to Dean who was bearing his teeth at Castiel's pulse point.

"A little game never hurt anyone." Castiel responded, already feeling too hot and confined by the shower.

"Well baby I'm your man, now, who is taking charge?" Castiel paused and looked over at Dean with a small smile. Dean stepped back and slowly raised his hand. Castiel followed suit and before either of them could blink their hands formed fists and said in unison.

"Rock, paper scissors says shoot!" They both chose paper, Cas chuckles.

"Shoot!" Again paper.

"Shoot!" Dean crushed Castiel's scissors. A shit eating grin spread over his face.

"Knees," Dean spoke and ran a hand down Castiel’s chest with light fingers. “Come on.” Castiel nodded and placed his hands on Dean’s shoulders and lowered himself, dragging his nails into Dean’s skin as he went down. He looked up and sprinkles of water that splashed off of Dean’s shoulders hit his face. “Surprise me.”

Dean knew this really wasn’t taking control but it was nice, he didn’t like telling Castiel what to do, he loved when Cas showed him what he liked.

Castiel’s gaze was penetrating through his thick lashes and gave Dean a mischievous smile. Castiel gripped Dean’s hips and pulled him closer and placed his mouth under his navel. Dean gave a small hum of approval but the sound of water slapping against his skin filled the bathroom. Castiel made a smooth path of kisses around his hips and his thigh, avoiding his growing erection.

Dean pushed his hips further and bumped Castiel’s chin. Accepting his plea Cas took one hand from Dean’s side and circled the base of his cock. He gave Dean a few loose strokes and brought him to his lips. Dean expected a slow warm entrance but was shocked when Castiel placed his head on the flat of his tongue and placed both hands back on his hips.

“Ca-” Dean was cut off by his own piercing moan as Castiel physically pulled Dean into his mouth. “Fu-,” It took a few seconds for Dean to say the other half as he was in shock over Castiel’s quick lips and skilled tongue. “ck!”
Dean placed on hand on the shower wall and the other knotted into Castiel’s hair who purred with satisfaction. Dean was already heating up and he knew this was not going to last as long as he had expected it to. And once that thought left his mind he had one hand gripping the tile and the other matted in Castiel’s hair. Castiel slide his fingers behind Dean’s balls and lightly pressed at his entrance. "Yes, now!" Castiel gave a satisfied chuckle with Dean's dick still completely shoved into his mouth. In a swift movement Castiel was knuckle deep in his omega who purred like a cat.

And the sound Dean made when he finished could've been heard by the whole floor.

    *   *   *

“You know, we should really start studying for finals.” Castiel said, his eyes still glued to his laptop that was playing the pirated version of Guardians of the Galaxy.

“And yet we aren’t.”

“I’m just saying we haven’t done a thing since we got back and I think my ass is numb from lack of movment.”

“So you wanna break out the books?” Dean paused the movie and looked over at Cas.

“No not really,” Castiel pushed himself upward. “I just- we are almost out of college. We literally only have a few weeks left and we have nowhere to go after. I mean we can’t go to my home and I’m guessing you don’t want to go back to your pack right now.”

“Are you saying we need to find a place?” Castiel couldn’t read Dean’s feelings towards the topic by his facial expression.

“Do you have any other ideas?”

“Shit, I never thought of it.” Dean scratched the back of his head. “I mean, we aren’t settling down in my old town. Not many teaching jobs available up there.”

“So, any suggestions?” Castiel asked, totally lost on the steps to buying a house.

“Bobby has a shop about thirty miles out of Lawrence in Topeka. I was originally gonna run it but we haven’t talked about it much in the past few months.”

“Why don’t you call him?” Cas suggested.

"Explain why I just left? Yeah, I'd love to."

“Oh come on, I can do some research on the city. I mean it is the capital, I’m sure there are some jobs laying around or at least I can start with TA and subbing.” Dean was hesitant to answer but in the end picked up his phone to call Bobby.

Dean started pacing and walked into the bathroom, he always had to be alone for important phone calls so Castiel let him be.

Grabbing his laptop off the bedside table he flipped it open. Googling Topeka Kansas housing brought him to a long page of offerings. Many were labeled under 'fixer upper' or 'needs some TLC' and even he knew that mean it was a stack of wood in the shape of a square.

Castiel continued to search until Dean hung up with an I'll see ya soon and reentered the room.

Dean didn't offer up immediate information on the call so Castiel just went onto his findings.
“In the lower income part of town we could probably afford about four months rent comfortably, and with you being able to work right away I think we could make it work.”

Castiel couldn’t believe he was looking at houses with Dean, the roommate that hated his guts. “Ellen and Bobby wanted to give me, well us, a check for our first months rent. I told them no but Ellen insisted and I don’t plan on dying any time soon so I accepted it.”

“Never turn down a gift from Ellen.”

“Yeah she might defy all odds and shift just to pull your arm off.” Dean chuckled.

“So that’s five months. Gabe gave me the same offer before but thankfully I could turn him down, they have almost enough to get far far away and I’m not taking a penny from that fund. Beckett needs a safer home to grow up in, she shouldn’t be an invisible child.” The conversation turned sour.

“Our kids won’t be invisible.” Dean said softly, bumping Castiel’s arm. “They could possibly be the most loved children ever. With us as parents not only will they be able to fix a car but their grammar and knowledge on Shakespeare will be impeccable.” Castiel lightened up and nodded.

“First I have to work on you, then I’ll get to the kids.” Cas teased, Dean shoved him playfully, with a fake scowl on his lips.

“Ain’t nothin’ wrong with how I speak my english!” Castiel only laughed in reply and Dean joined in soon after.

“I love you.”

“I know.”

Chapter End Notes

Well? I’m so sorry for being gone so long. A hell of a lot has happened to me and I’ve barely had time to breath!
Chapter Summary

Title says it all

Chapter Notes

Wow, I've put way too much work into this to let it die on me. This story started in my junior year in high school and now I'm in college. The funny part is a while ago I planned a second story for this but I don't know how that could possibly work out...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

25- When It All Falls Down

Dean hated finals, then again who didn’t, it took up weeks of studying time that they could use towards learning something! But no that threw them to the sharks and tested them on the most unimportant things. That's what pushed Dean to the library at nearly eleven at night. Castiel was not a fan of the idea, but that didn’t matter because he planned on passing his tests and getting his ass out of there with Castiel behind him.

"Dean, please let me go with you." He pleads but Dean continued to put his books together.

"No, you have no use to go there, finish your workbook online and I'll be back before one."

"You are like two days away from your heat!" Castiel exclaimed. Yes, he was technically true but he would use every second he could before then. Dean was an adult and could sense it coming on now, it would never catch him off guard again.

"Castiel Novak, I am a grown man and if I want to go out to study for fucking finals that is exactly what I will do!" And with that Dean grabbed his books and stormed out slamming the door behind him.

"Damnit!" Castiel breathed. He hated leaving things off on a bad note. He had an urge to go after Dean, but he knew that would only piss him off more. Castiel was going to be smarter than that and waited, almost trying to push his alpha senses out and feel for Dean but it was useless. He had no idea what that long distance connection was about. To him, it was a load of shit. He sometimes worried that they weren’t bonded enough to have that connection but that was silly, he was in love with Dean. They were fully mated so maybe the bond took a little longer to form for them. "God Dean, sometimes I wanna kick your ass." Knowing he would have a lot of waiting to do he grabbed his book and intentionally ignores his work to in a way spite Dean. But that was useless and would only hurt his grade in the end.
Dean was absolutely pissed. It was finals week and there was a sign scribbled in chicken scratch that read. "Sorry for the inconvenience but the library will be closing early due to renovations." He could have screamed, woken up half the dorms around him. He needed one damn book and that's it! Who in fucks name renovates a library during finals week! running a hand through his hair, he tugged on it and let out a deep breath. Dean had one option and that was to pirate the book, not his first choice but when else could he do?

“Fuck..” Now he felt bad about his fight with Cas, but in all fairness, he can handle himself. Maybe the storming out was dramatic but he hated being coveted and babied. So what his heat was soon, so what about anything.

Thinking about it only made him angrier so he tried to clear his mind. There was only one thing he could do now. And that was walking home.

With an angry huff, Dean turned around and took the steps down two at a time, his bag smacking his back. On of his book corners kept striking him in his side. Swinging his bag around, he opened it up to adjust his book and could hear footsteps right on his heels and turned swiftly.

It was Crowley, stopping him through the parking lot, yet again the omega scrunched his nose at the smell of him.

“I’m sorry to bother you, but I missed the notes from the other day, do you mind me borrowing them? Finals and all” Dean looked over the man. He always got an odd feeling that Crowley was completely lying about nearly everything that came out of his mouth. The man looks like his hair was receding for god's sake. Or the poor bastard had terrible genes.

“We didn’t take any.” It was a lie, but Dean did not care for this man one bit. He wanted to get home ASAP. He prayed Castiel wasn't mad at him and he would have a warm alpha to pamper and scent.

"I think we did.” Crowley now gripped Dean's arm.

"No, now get off me!"

“Well, what about the day before?” Crowley pushed stepping slightly closer to pull Dean in, but he responded by backstepping to give him more space. Red flags went up and Dean was thinking of ways to get out. Years of training and it was as if he was blanking. "Dean, what do you do when you are grabbed?"

Fuck fuck fuck! What was he supposed to do?

“I don’t have them on me, sorry but I have to get back to my mate.” He tried to emphasize the word almost as a threat that Dean was off limits. Dean turns on his heels and ripped his arm back to leave Crowley. He quickly responded by taking one quick step until Dean felt hands wrap around his throat and a cloth pushed against his face. Almost instantly Dean finds himself falling into darkness without time to retaliate or even panic.

Dean wakes up in a damp basement, the air thick with mildew and aged air. There was clearly no ventilation and he could almost taste the stagnant air. Concrete flooring gave away a cellar as did the exposed pipes and a faint dripping sound was all he could collect from his environment. The exposed fluorescent light above him was nearly blinding as he tried to blink away the beams straining his eyes.Trying to pull his hands over his face to shield his lids but found his arms bound
above his head tied to a rusting pipe. He then looked down at his exposed body as the only fabric covering anything was his boxer briefs - thankfully wearing those since everything else was in the wash. Dean’s senses were off and his memory was foggy, but the feeling was eerily familiar to him. The weakness of his muscles and cloudiness of his mind sent him back to his childhood.

“John, where are you taking Dean, it’s nearly nine?” Mary asked laying a protective hand over Dean’s 13-year-old shoulder- she was always especially protective over him. He hated special treatment from anyone, with the exception of his mother. She was his biggest protector and she was terrifying when she was angry. Dean wouldn't be surprised if she would be the first wolf to transform in nearly three hundred years.

“Self-protection, he should be prepared for anything life throws at him.” That’s all his father ever said. The training Dean endured was hell, but his father said he needed it. Mary just thought it was some kind of kickboxing class. But it was torture. If only, she knew.

“Can you get yourself out, Dean?” John asked his son who was bound to a chair or locked in a room, every time was something new. Either way, it was hell disguised as ‘self-defense’

Drugged that was it, the last thing he remembered was the library. Dean studied the room, his hands were tied in a decent knot, but he could probably get out of it. The real problem was who took him and why. As far as omegas go he is no prize. He is too big, tall, and muscular. Even his cock is intimidating to some alphas. He wasn’t small not physically or mentally so they must want something else. As if some absent god answered his question the door at the top of the rotting wooden stairs opened. The slow creaking footsteps reminded him of every damn horror movie he had ever seen. The worst part was he was playing the trite role of the omega in distress. But the man proceeded to come closer.

He didn't have to step into the light for Dean to know who he was. The odd pepper like scent gave him away, for a beta he could sure stink up the place and it made the man impossible to forget in Dean's memory. "Crowley." Dean is highly unamused and refused to panic in the betas present, why should he? Years of training and they have finally come in handy.

"Hello, darling" he smiled and it was like his voice deepened in the past few hours because now he sounded almost intimidating

"I'm usually into handcuffs and all but I'm going to have to SafeWord." day one of his training 'make them think you were in control'

"I am truly sorry, but I can't let a bag of money just walk out the door" Dean narrows his eyes and try to study his face, but it was completely blank.

"You know I never realize just how old you look"

"Insults get you nowhere." He clicked his tongue "but you're right I don't go to your school you could say I window shop there"

"So what you just go off and find helpless omegas? Well newsflash I look like a damn Alpha" Dean tried to emphasize by stretching out his hand but failed

"I have a very select clientele, very picky and I needed to find a dominating and powerful Omega and that just so happen to be you"

"Go fuck yourself I'm mated Jackass" Crowley only chuckled

"Yes, that was just lucky really perfect way to break an Omega and sever the connection you will
be at your masters feet in just a few days" Deans mask faltered slightly and he let out a growl. "But you are marked, shows you've been used before. Not fresh and innocent. But he doesn't mind since you are so hard to come by."

"Just how do you think you can do that" Dean recollected himself, he had to make sure no emotions came through.

Keep control

"Oh don't worry trust me you'll feel it when it happens,"

Dean thinks back to his research from the beginning of the year. One way to break it was to kill one of the two. But the other one wouldn't go off to find another mate, mating was lifelong even if they killed off Cas. Dean growled slightly knowing he would still be connected to him and he would fall to no new feet

"Don't strain yourself we have your new Alpha coming soon" Crowley gave him a smile and headed back upstairs. finally, Dean snarled and it echoed off the walls as he worked on breaking his restraints. He worked his wrists, but all he got was rope burn and rust in his hair. He would need time to think and he hoped he was close enough for Cas the sense him.

Chapter End Notes

at least we know I'm not dead
Chapter 26- The Omega Trade

Closing his eyes he tried to stay focused, thinking of Castiel, his feelings of distress. They have technically been mated since the beginning of the year, but Dean didn't know how far his call with travel. Dean's shoulders began to ache, he tried once more to loosen the rope but was met with failure.

“Fucking shit!” Dean yelled enough for anyone upstairs to hear. Wearing nothing but his boxers, his leg still pale from the lack of sun. His feet were bare on the cold concrete floor and he felt exposed. The situation was growing worse by the minute as Dean search the basement for alternate escape routes. The walls are cement and there were no windows. The only other door he saw was to his left and it wasn't even a real room. Plywood with the doorway cut out and a curtain covering it. The chances of that room even being an escape route were slim to none. He was put in this damn hole for a reason and that was to stay put. Dean has never been so lucky to have something like a magical door to be dropped right in front of him. No, that isn’t how his life works.

The best chance he has with that room is for him to hide in it and take Crowley by surprise, but even that was a long shot since he was bound up at the moment. Crowley wasn’t the real problem, he could take him on in a fight if needed, especially with the adrenaline pumping in his veins at the moment. The issue was the unknown and by that he meant the big musky men upstairs. They could range from friends to guards of Crowley’s and Dean did not want to find out, but he had a sinking feeling he would be...and soon.

The omega trade was something Dean had known about since he presented and fully became aware of what he was in the rankings but besides his dad and his speeches he was never really affected by the matter. Judging by Crowley and his set up this was a lucrative business for him. He could only imagine how many other omegas sat in this chair, how many shipped out, some to never see their mates again.

It made Dean sick and angry, saliva filled to his mouth and he questioned if bile would soon follow. His tugging on the ropes became frantic to the point of bleeding. He was not in control of the situation, one whiff of him gave that away. The more Dean looked around the faster he came to the realization that his last conversation with his mate was a fight...and that might be all he had

“Come on Cas, I need you”
“Yes, we kept him pretty for you.” Crowley leaned up against the wall with his phone in hand. The room had three other men in it who were sitting around a table full of cards. “Yes, but I told you before he was lightly used…” Crowley listened to the man on the other line talk. “Yes he has a mark and it’s visible but how often will he even see sunlight for others to notice it.” The man over the phone’s voice grew louder and Crowley’s facade cracked a little. Thankfully it was over the phone and not in person. “So you’re asking me to shave a few thousand off because he’s no knot virgin? Come on we all know the good ones are always second hand. I could have found you a crisp one, but you were so specific in what you wanted he is a one and a million omega. I don’t think you could find another like him.” Crowley waited and listened to the man and nodded. “I’ll see you soon, yes sir.”

Chapter End Notes

I feel gross just typing that up
The sense

Chapter Notes

Ahhhh it is out! How many chapters have I even added this week alone?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 27-The Sense

Castiel woke up with a knot of anxiety eating at his gut, the kind you get when you know something is wrong but just can’t remember what it is. Everything seemed normal and he chocked it up to midterms. Crawling out of bed he stumbled to the bathroom half naked to take a quick shower to calm himself down. Yawning as he flipped the switch on he realized something was missing, the present smell of an omega. All that lingered in the room was one that was hours old. Turning around, he saw an empty bed and no sign of Dean. Shaking off his sleepy daze, he walked back to his bed and looked at the alarm clock that read it was two in the morning. Castiel patted around the bed until he found his phone. No messages from Dean. Another wave of anxiety swept through him, this time, his skin prickled and his heart speed up by a few beats. Going into his contacts he called Dean and it was directed to voicemail immediately. Dean’s automatic voicemail was just him saying “Not here, I’ll call whenever”. Hitting the end button a little too hard, Castiel felt a growl build in his chest that he was not expecting. The taste of metallic sat on his tongue and his canines slowly started sharpening. It all took him by surprise. This had never happened before, not when a threat wasn’t clearly present. His instincts were obviously telling him something was very, very wrong. Running back into the bathroom he practically watched the gold envelope his normally blue eyes and his canines come to a full point. He had no control of his alpha traits and he felt his nose start to tickle. The smell of the soap they used vanished and the after smell of his instant dinner was gone, he was left with one scent that was overpowering and it was Dean. Never before was he able to totally single out a smell like this and it terrified him. The change in himself had him panicking almost as much as Dean being MIA. He could only guess they were connected. Leaving the bathroom, he changed into his jeans and pullover in record time. He had one urge that was almost as strong as his need to mate when Dean was in heat and that was to find his omega.

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“Dear Castiel, I am calling upon you to get your fine ass down here.” Nothing, like the last four times. He couldn’t believe their bond was so weak. He couldn’t feel anything from Cas’ side and only assumed his mate felt the same nothingness. Dean had no idea how long he had been down there but it was starting to get uncomfortably cold, his arms fell asleep long ago and his wrists were rubbed raw from his futile attempts and slipping out of his restraints. He started to feel some give, but it was probably just his imagination. He knew his father had trained him for this situations, but his mind was falling blank. He decided to stop struggling and relax, his wrists were probably swollen and that would make them harder to pull out.

The door at the top of the steps opened and his nose was met with a new smell. He only heard Crowley who was talking about Dean’s sexual stamina and made chills run down his spine and prickly his skin at the thought of Crowley watching him and Castiel, in was such an invasion of
something so personal he felt his legs shake in anger, pure and total hatred for the beta and whoever was walking down the steps with him.

“How is he at taking orders.” A deep voice asked, finally making their way down the steps Dean finally saw who he assumed to be his buyer. He was much older than Crowley and very heavy set with a gray receding hairline and a widow’s peak that seemed to be clinging onto his forehead by only a few strands. Dean was disgusted by the man, he had the scent of many other omegas on himself and guessed Dean was not his first purchase.

“I assure you, Mr. Alton, he is just what you ordered.” Crowley spoke, quite proud of himself. The were only a few feet away and Dean watched the older man who was referred to as Alton crack a slender smile at the sight of Dean.

“Well look at you, one hell of a specimen.” Alton undid one button of his gray suit and slightly bent over to get a closer look at Dean. Dean gave him a nasty glare and wished he could punch the man right in his nose. “Wonderful job Crowley, where did you find him?” Crowley smiled and moved closer.

“Campus across town, such easy pickings over there, you could probably window shop there for your next buy.” Alton seemed to care less about the prospect of another purchase and studied Dean like he was a caged animal in a science lab.

“What pack is he from?”

“Winchester and Novak.” Dean made sure not to let himself break from his hard set mask of anger, even though he hated the idea of Crowley looking into his family.

“High-class bitch. I see his mark is still intact, even looks freshly bitten.” The man leaned farther in and extended his hand to touch Dean’s neck. A feral growl ripped from his chest and he lunged for the man's hand. His actions were quickly met by a backhand to the face. He was almost surprised by it but refused to react to the pain, Dean would not back down, he was falling to no one's feet.

“You may have a little kick from your lack of training, but I will not put up with such behavior that your other alpha allowed, I am not opposed to shock collars on my bitches.” The man spoke with anger grabbing Dean’s jaw and shaking his face. Dean looked him dead in the eye and bared his teeth showing no fear to his threats.

“You don’t touch my mark you scum.” Dean growled and spit into the man's face. Again the man raised his hand and smacked Dean so hard his whole chair tipped over and his head smacked into the ground. He felt his head split open just over his brow and the man above him looked displeased.

“Now look what you made me do? I don’t want to break your skin, but you will receive the punishment you deserve.”

Dean’s ear was ringing on the left side that he had been hit on but refused to give the man any satisfaction that his actions were affecting him in any way. The man turned to Crowley losing interest in Dean.

“How is he at bearing pups?” He asked and Dean thanked god his back was turned so he didn’t see his eyes widen at his comment and his breath catch in his throat. Dean could puke at the thought of bearing that man’s pups.
“He is untouched in that department, you would have his first litter, but he has very strong heats if that helps any.” Alton gave a nod and turned back to Dean, lunging to grab his arm and yank him and his chair back upright. Grabbing his throat, he leaned into his right ear and spoke in an all too calm voice.

“Sever the bond, breed you up. You make think you’re strong but after a while of being chained up, I’ll have you by your second heat, begging for me. Because you’re still a damn bitch with no self-control.” Dean went to snap at him but missed by barely an inch. “I’m sure any omega that comes from you will sell for a pretty penny, maybe even a beta. I can kill off any alphas, don’t need the competition in my home.” Alton was talking to Crowley. “May contact you to sell them off if they are any good.” Crowley nodded, this was obviously a big trade Dean had fallen into and this man was not only a collector but a supplier. Crowley was just the fucking middle man. It went far deeper than him and maybe even Alton. This man was by far the most disgusting person he had ever met, far worse than Alistair who was at the top of his list.

“If you don’t mind me asking if he is strictly for breeding I could have found you a much better-” But Crowley was cut off by a hand.

“I like a challenge.”

Chapter End Notes

What even is an editor....well it is me doing a quick skim of the chapter and slapping the chapter into Grammarly to fix some lazy mistakes. I am obviously very professional....

So does anyone have any guesses on how this will play out?

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