No Good Deed

by Brenna_Fae

Summary

Dean's a good guy. Sometimes it gets him into trouble. Sometimes it gets him into a lot of trouble.

When a little mistake sends Dean, Benny and Charlie off course it shouldn't be a big deal. But when Benny pleads for something his friends can't refuse they wind up where they aren't supposed to be. Splashing and playing on the coast of Angel Island without permission. What could possibly go wrong.

Of course it's not enough for Dean to take a risk for a friend. He has to put a stranger's wellbeing in front of his own. What can it hurt? Clearly the stranger is at risk of greater consequences than Dean.

But Dean underestimates the consequences of such a small act and a trip that should have ended with his two best friends sunning on the beach during the day and drinking far too much at night somehow finds its end with Dean's friends fleeing and Dean finding himself the brand new slave of the mysterious boat owning angel Castiel.

(Note: Tags are evolving with this fic. There Will be stuff that is Dub Con through situation
but it does come at Dean's own choice. At this point I don't intend for there to be any Non Con but keep an eye on the tags in case that changes)

Notes

This is a gift for my lovely fic wife DaydreamDestiel who was plagued with an unfinished Destiel dream that needed finishing. This first chapter is the dream fleshed out (and slightly effed up cause I misread an important point but we're rolling with it.)
Chapter 1

Dean woke to the sound of muffled arguing. His first instinct was to grump at his friends for waking him up after he’d stayed up til four in the morning manning the boat so Benny could get some sleep and they’d still get to port on time. Their trip up along the coast of Central America had been a little waylaid by bad weather. They’d still wanted to have a full week to spend lazing about the beaches of Cancun before they had to leave Benny and his boat and head back to the real world. So Dean and Benny had swapped off Captain duties so they wouldn’t have to drop anchor at night.

Except this was Benny and Charlie arguing. Benny, who was way too much of a gentleman to raise his voice at a woman half his size. Charlie, who was too nice to even yell at a mosquito for biting her. The fact that the two of them were actually raising their voices at each other was concerning. Dean stumbled ungracefully out of his tiny bunk, narrowly avoiding face planting into Benny’s when his foot remained stubbornly tangled in his sheet. Quickly pulling up his boxers (yes Charles, I’m gonna be sleeping naked the entire trip. It’s hot as hell in case you missed it) Dean made his way up the tiny steps to the deck of the boat.

Dean was very tempted to turn back around before he was noticed when he was confronted by the sight of a very pissed off Charlie yelling at Benny, somehow looming over him even though it shouldn’t be physically possible. Benny looked a little sheepish but it was clear that whatever they were fighting over had him digging his feet in as well. Dean sighed before steeling himself and stepping out.

“Woah guys! What’s going on?” Dean interrupted, his hands raised almost defensively.

A fact he was grateful for in seconds when it kept the tiny bundle of fury suddenly trying to crowd him into submission from getting within arms reach.

“You! This is all your fault, Dean Winchester. You need to make him fix it.” Charlie spat at Dean with her finger jabbing at air.

“What the heck man? I didn’t do anything! I was passed out!” Dean shouted defensively.
Thankfully, Benny seemed to be slightly calmer with potential backup, or at least a witness to where they should fish his body out of the ocean.

“You overshot a little, brother. Musta had a couple of numbers off when you were reading the chart. By the time I took the wheel we were heading out further into open ocean and away from land, just past Cancun.” Benny said as he kept a wary eye on Charlie.

“Ah shit, how much time did I lose us? Were we still close enough when you turned us to make it some time today at least?” Dean asked, abashed at his rookie error.

Before Benny could answer Red Fury was going again.

“See that’s the problem. If Benny had put us back on course we’d get there before dinner. If.” Charlie spun to glare at Benny, who had the intelligence to backup a little more. “But that’s not what you did, is it Benny.”

Dean looked back at Benny, waiting for his answer. Benny, for his part, seemed reluctant to speak up.

“Benny?” Dean prompted.

“Awe, Dean. It wasn’t nothin. It’s just, we were already headed towards it. I just wanted to do a little drive by s’all. But it’s completely empty. Not a soul in sight. And from the looks of the growth around the beach it doesn’t even look accessible by vehicle.”

Dean suddenly became aware of the fact that the boat wasn’t moving. He looked around slowly until his eyes landed on a small beach, surrounded by fairly dense vegetation. The only sign that there had ever been anything occupying the stretch of sand was an old wooden dock that jutted out into the water. A sudden feeling of dread settled low in Dean’s gut as he searched his memory for land masses near Cancun. Unfortunately he could only think of one, but he prayed to any deity who was listening that Benny was gonna prove him wrong.

“Benny? Where are we?”

When Benny hesitated Charlie jumped right in.

“Cuba.” She hissed low and angry. “We’re in fucking Cuba.”

Dean’s fear confirmed and he felt like he was gonna hurl.

Of all the stupid things Benny has done on impulse driving them out to Angel Island had to be the top. Thankfully the chaos that was the Human/Angel Conflict happened well before Dean was born. Hell, it had been done before any currently living (human) person had been born. Something that happened purely because people got tired of the fighting, it wasn’t sustainable for anyone. Angels may have had the advantage of strength, healing and whatever freaky abilities they used against their enemies but their numbers were finite. No human knows exactly where the angels came from but they knew angels weren’t able to reproduce. Humans, on the other hand, could just go on fucking like bunnies and as fast as the angels could try to take them out, they would just replenish their population.

So in the interest of everyone an agreement was reached. The angels were granted complete control over the island country of Cuba. No human would ever have authority there. When the angels accused the humans of trying to turn the island into a prison, concessions were made that would allow the angels to travel outside of their country on limited visas. They could never live outside of the island but they were able move about the world, both for business and pleasure. Of course
humans being the way they are they stomped their feet and pouted about fairness so the angels agreed that humans could come to their island but only with even more limited visitors passes and the understanding that when they were on the island they were subject to the law of the land.

Of course with all their posturing humans were generally a cowardly bunch, and not entirely stupid. So the amount of people just popping over to visit the island isn’t terribly high. Angels may be contained but that’s entirely willing on their part. They’re still fucking terrifying. One might think that having them all in one place would make it easier to get rid of them. God knows that there are plenty of people out there morally corrupt enough to break the treaty in order to desimmate the entire population of the island. It only took one attempt to make sure no one was dumb enough to try again. Decades later and there are still parts of the small fleet of planes that tried to bomb the island off the map washing up on coasts all around the Gulf.

So yes, driving the boat up to the island filled with deadly beings, sans the pass that would allow their presence, was monumentally stupid of Benny. Of course Benny always was a ‘hold my beer’ kinda guy, something he proved by opening his mouth again.

“Look at that little inlet over there. Almost can’t even see it. Bet I could pull the old girl in and drag some of those branches and vines and no one would even see her.” Benny said, with a pleading note to his voice.

“Wait, you wanna stay?” Dean asked incredulously.

Charlie looked nearly apoplectic in Dean’s peripheral.

“Not forever man.” Benny said as he took a step forward with hands raise as if to grasp onto Dean’s nonexistant shirt. “Just, a little dip is all. Just look at that water. Just as clear and blue as she always knew it would be.”

He didn’t even have to say her name to drain the fight completely out of Dean. He saw Charlie’s rigid body slump in defeat beside him.

Andrea.

Benny’s high school sweetheart and even Dean the Jaded had no problem calling them soulmates. She was fascinated with all things angel. Would collect anything claimed to be related. Even wore a long black feather woven into a necklace that someone swore was an angel feather, regardless of the fact that there was no written proof that angels even had wings. She went on and on about the island, how lush the land was, how pure the water that lapped at the snow white beaches were.

Benny’d managed to save up half the cost of a single pass to the island as a proposal gift to Andrea when she was killed by the very man Benny had been working for to earn the money. She showed up too early to pick him up from work and saw something she shouldn’t have seen. Of course Benny had nothing to do with it. His work had been entirely legal and he wasn’t even aware of the side business. But that didn’t mean he didn’t blame himself every waking moment for her death.

He used the money he’d saved to buy his boat so he could take off and bury his grief and guilt in self imposed isolation. Charlie and Dean didn’t see him or hear from him for two whole years and they’d often feared the worse, though neither was willing to voice it. So when he showed up one day and tagged along with them on a trip to the movies like no time had passed they didn’t question it. Benny almost never talked about Andrea, unless he met up with a particularly full bottle of liquor.

“This was her dream and she never got it. She- You know I ain’t neva gonna be able to afford a ticket on the up and up. Only reason I was gonna manage it before was cause of the student
discount.” Benny couldn’t even look at them, his eyes glued to the deck, but Dean could still see the way they shined with unshed tears. “Please, just a little while. Just so I can feel like she’s with me again. You don’t even have to get off the boat.”

Charlie gave Dean a long look, her own eyes wetter than they were before. Dean gave a small shrug and nod before Charlie reached up to lay a hand on Benny’s shoulder. He looked up apprehensively.

“Dude.” Charlie started with a slow grin growing on her face. “As if we’d let you be the only one to say you swam in Angel waters. C’mon. Let’s park this bitch and do Andie right.”

“Don’t talk about her like that. She’s a lady.” Benny said with an indignant snuffle before he returned Charlie’s smile with a gentle one of his own.

“Yeah yeah. But I’ve told you before Lafitte, it’s not offensive if I don’t have a penis.”

That’s how Dean found himself treading water and laughing with his two best friends, their boat tucked away just like Benny said he could do. They’d been anxious enough when they first touched down in the water but after a while of swimming in the surprisingly warm water, with the sun above and the sound of gentle breezes around them they almost forgot to be on guard. There was splashing, dunking, yelling. It was like they were kids again. Dean hadn’t seen Benny this truly relaxed in years.

It almost screwed them completely. Thankfully there was just enough lull in the goofing around that they were able to catch the sound of a boat motor coming near. Dean caught the bow of a boat slightly larger than Benny’s coming around the northern side of the beach just in time to gesture to the others to dive and swim underwater to the nearby dock. Their boat was too far away and there was no way they would be able to get to shore and make a dash for the tree line in time. Dean just hoped his friends understood that they needed to stay as still and as far underwater as possible.

The rickety old dock was fairly long, obviously intended for larger boats at one time. It gave them enough room to hide on what Dean hoped was the opposite side of where the boat might stop, if this was its destination. Once he had his arms wrapped firmly around a piling closer to the end of the dock Dean looked around and spotted Charlie and Benny sharing one a little closer to the shore. Catching their panicked eyes he let himself drift up just enough that he could tilt his head just so and have his face be just enough above the surface to catch a breath before ducking back down.

Dean watched as Benny and Charlie followed suit, their wavy distorted figures bobbing just a little bit. His prayers that the boat was just passing by were crushed when the sound of the motor became almost unbearably loud before it cut out completely. Moments later Dean was startled by the sound of heavy feet hitting the dock hard, causing Dean to fear a little for its stability as the old wood creaked against his ear, before it pounded down the length of the dock towards the shore. After a few moments and another cautious breath Dean chanced a look towards the beach where the footsteps had gone. He spotted a figure, slight and male, probably a teen, with fair hair, disappearing into the woods. He was about to chance a better look at the silent boat to see if they were in the clear to make a swim for their own, when he became aware of the water muffled sound of another motor. He ducked under the water and waved at Benny before pointing in the direction of the sound.

Then they waited. Waited for the boat to cut off nearby. Waited as they heard muffled voices calling to each other. Waited as the voices came closer, as if they had boarded the first boat. Finally Dean couldn’t help but lift his tilted head just enough for his ear to break the surface.

“Must have taken off for the woods.”

“Yeah, lets get outta here. He’s long gone.”
Dean would have breathed a sigh of relief if he wasn’t currently underwater. They were leaving and Dean and his friends hadn’t been spotted. They were home free.

“Doesn’t matter anyway. Not like we don’t know whose boat it is. We’ll just head over to his place.”

“Right? I’m definitely going over personally with the detail. Can’t believe we finally got him.”

“Thinks he’s so much better than us, that he’s above the rules. This is the last time he’s gonna be hanging around where he’s not supposed to be without a pass.”

“I wonder if Zachariah will want to do it himself. Maybe if I ask him nicely enough he’ll let me be the one to finally drain Castiel’s grace.”

Something cold and slimy curdled in Dean’s stomach. Even he knew what it meant to drain an angel's grace. And for what? Being caught one too many times on the wrong part of the island he actually lived on? He deserved to die for that? Even if he’d broken the rule a hundred times it seemed steep. Still, if he’d managed to break the rule that much then surely getting caught breaking it just once…

Dean was actually confused for a moment by the fact that it seemed so much brighter all of a sudden. Then it dawned on him that he was no longer tucked under in the shadows of the dock. Evidently his body had made it’s decision before his mind had had a chance to come to the same one. He had just a split second to glance in his friends’ direction and meet their eyes just above the surface of the water, theirs full of shock and fear, his a silent apology, before the quiet was disturbed by shouting.

“Hey you! Human! Don’t move!”

Of course Dean didn't move. He wasn't stupid. Well he wasn't that stupid. Stupid enough to let himself get caught to take the fall for a stranger. But not stupid enough to try to run from something he was pretty sure could light his ass up with just a thought.

Dean found himself dragged out of the water and tossed onto the deck of the first boat like he weighed nothing at all. He was interrogated thoroughly, even after he gave his false confession of stealing the boat. He almost blew it when they tried to press him about where he stole the boat from but thankfully while he searched his memory for any actual location he's seen on a map of Cuba he happened to notice a wooden fruit crate stamped with the name of a local market in Cancun and gave them that for a location. The weird thing was they actually seemed upset that his confession rang true. Whoever this Castiel kid was, they really had it in for him.

The two angels conferred quietly with each other while Dean sat on one of the benches that ran along the side wall of the deck. When it seemed they finally gave up on finding an angle to pin this on the kid they turned back to Dean, who couldn't help grinning when he saw their frowns.

“So what next boys? Couple days in the slammer? A fine? Might take me a couple of calls but I'm sure I can get it together. You guys do have long distance so I can reach out and touch someone, right?”

Yup, Dean didn't like one bit the way both faces practically lit up.

“Oh little human. Perhaps you should have become a little more familiar with our laws before you decided to break them.” The taller of the two angels said a little too gleefully.

Dean did his best to stamp down the shudder when the other angel looked him up and down.

“You are gonna make a lovely slave though.”
As Dean suddenly found it hard to breathe he briefly contemplated making a run for it. With the adrenaline suddenly coursing through him he might even stand a chance. The thought was quickly dismissed though. Best case had him getting to the boat and abandoning his friends. Worst case, they’d jump in after him and spot Benny and Charlie immediately.

No, Dean couldn’t risk them. He only hoped they wouldn’t do anything stupid and they’d get back to civilization so they can head home. His friends would make sure Sammy was taken care of, even if he didn’t think he needed it. That was all that mattered now.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Here be where the dubious consent begins and it'll continue for the majority of the fic.
More info in the end notes.

This is where DaydreamDestiel's dream ended and where I'm picking up the thread to give my dearest her closer :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The rhythmic sound of Dean’s skull hitting the wall as he let it drop over and over was the only sound that filled the cell for a long time. Okay maybe not that long, maybe just like a half hour or so. But Dean was never terribly patient to begin with so sitting around awaiting his fate like he was, seconds might as well have been years.

The dicks who had declined to introduce themselves on the trip over had at least given him a vague idea of what was coming. There would be no trial. That wasn’t a luxury afforded to humans that had been caught in the act, or had confessed. Supposedly both, in Dean’s case. Sentencing was the part that had Dean twitchy. Evidently jail space was considered both a waste of space and a waste of resources. Resources being free labor. Fines and money don’t mean much on the island since all the legal residents have been around long enough to accumulate massive amounts of wealth. They could purchase anything they liked from the human countries around them without even putting a dent in their bank accounts.

What they did value was someone to do the shit for them they didn’t want to do themselves. Or didn’t feel they had the time for. Of course no angel was gonna work for another angel. At least not in the lowly jobs of housekeeping and maintenance and other mundane necessities. Unfortunately that whole issue of angels not being allowed to live as free citizens outside of their own country went both ways. It wouldn’t do to have humans wandering around the island permanently with no way to control them. So the solution someone had come up with a long time ago was a simple one. Slavery.

There were evidently different levels of slavery. There were humans that had been desperate for money who’d willingly sold themselves into a lifetime of servitude. Sometimes, it sounded from the way Dean’s companions had been talking, these cases were a little more shady and the person in question had less choice in the matter than the person who actually benefited financially. Not that the paperwork would reflect that. Dean was thoroughly disgusted to find out that not only were these people committed to servitude til death but any children born from these slaves also became angel property. It’s not a huge stretch of Dean’s imagination to see where forced breeding would come into play, whether or not it was legally sanctioned.

Then there were humans like Dean, who were in some way shape or form caught committing a crime. Rather than being sentenced to a term in a cell or being forced to pay a fine, because really any amount that would mean anything to an angel would be completely unattainable for a human, they were sentenced to time as a slave. Dean was a little frustrated when his questions about length of sentence were met with a vague ‘depends on the owner and the slave’. He wasn’t too keen on having his fate up in the air like that.

Unfortunately after that he’d been thrown in this cell while they dealt with his paperwork. There was
no one around to ask questions. Important ones like the barely covered how long. Or who the fuck Dean’s ass was about to belong to. And what did that even mean? Did he have any rights as a slave? The title kinda implied a lack of the ability to say no. Not to mention the tone the angel had used when he first sprung Dean’s new status on him. Dean couldn’t help another full body shudder at the thought of what it implied.

Or maybe they’d just leave him here to die of this weird mix of boredom and anxious anticipation.

Dean had just ceased his repetitive banging and was preparing to switch to pacing when he heard a door open and voices. He tensed up as he waited for someone to come for him but the voices stopped moving closer and then there was a scraping of chairs. Whomever it was must have stopped at the table Dean had been sat at briefly while they prepared his cell. The voices continued, quiet and muffled, so Dean crept closer to the bars of his cell, making sure to press against the wall so he wouldn’t be seen as he eavesdropped.

“At least he won’t be getting his boat back any time soon. They’re gonna tie it up for months in red tape.”

“Still it’s crap. He goes from being seconds away from finally getting what he deserves to getting a brand new, prime stock, slave? He’s not even gonna use it properly.”

Dean hears someone snort before there’s more talking.

“Even he can’t be too dumb to not know what to do with something like that.”

“Oh I’m sure he knows, he just won’t. He won’t make his slaves complete Intimacy Tasks.”

“Seriously? You’re joking. You gotta be.”

“Nope. Gets all high n mighty about it.”

“Not even his lifers?”

“Doesn’t have a single one. Only ones he’s ever had were all sentenced. Usually he’s got none.”

“Ha! You wouldn’t find a single household without their three capped lifers in my province. Are there a lot of weirdos like that here in the capital?”

“Naw, if anything most are fighting for more. You should see the steps of the jail when they have a victimless sentencing. Only reason Castiel’s getting him is cause he was the supposed victim, though there’s still something off about all that. And let me tell you, we aren’t the only people pissed.”

Huh, so that answers that question. Evidently Dean’s new owner’s gonna be the kid he covered for. Hopefully the dude will see what he did and free him or something. Maybe he’s still got a chance.

“Wait, so if he doesn’t make his slaves perform Intimacy Tasks.” There’s a long pause before the voice continues. “Damn, his slaves must be stuck with him forever. Seems kinda cruel to not allow them the chance to speed up their sentence by performing the highest cost tasks.”

There’s the reason he didn’t get a straight answer. His sentence wasn’t gonna be measured by time but by some sort of point or cost system where different tasks earned him different amounts towards ‘paying off’ his sentence.

“Yeah, his last slave was actually still paying off his sentence when he died from old age. Don’t know how long he had him but I remember he was a college kid that’d come on a pass and decided
it would be cool to break into an angel’s house to see if he could find any super secret angel crap.”

Damn. Dean really didn’t like the idea of staying here long enough to die of old age. He wondered how they even kept track. What if an angel just decided not to let their slave perform tasks to keep them around longer. Or worse, what’s to stop an angel from straight up lying about tasks their slaves performed.

Dean was getting just panicky enough to start yelling and demanding answers when he heard the door open and the two chairs scraped again like their occupants had stood suddenly. Then there was a female voice.

“He’s not going to be here til tomorrow morning. Give this to the prisoner and get him settled for the evening. His tests and cleaning will be done then.”

The door opened and closed again, then there were steps moving closer. Dean scrambled back, so he wouldn’t be caught eavesdropping and plopped back down on the too small cot, aiming for casual lounging and likely failing. Barely made it before the tall angel came into view carrying a paper sack.

Dean couldn’t help tensing up when he opened up the cell and came in but he only moved as far as the small table bolted to the wall in his cell. He dropped the sack unceremoniously and turned on his heel. Dean waited til he was out of view before he scrambled off the bed to investigate.

Dean was relieved to see that the food and drink contained in the bag were recognizable. Honestly he didn’t even know if angels ate let along what they ate. He was half afraid they’d be feeding humans nothing but doggy kibble or something. Which was kind of silly considering they did have to accomodate humans that came here on legitimate passes.

Pulling out a bottle of Coke and a wrapped sandwich, Dean left the second sandwich and soda along with the two apples for later since clearly he’d be spending the night here at least and he wasn’t sure if there’d be another food delivery.

“Suppose some pie woulda been too much to ask.” Dean mumbled as he sat back down and tucked into his food, only now realizing he hadn’t eaten when he woke up to the fighting that morning.

It seemed crazy that it had only been that morning.

There was no response from outside his cell, not that he’d expected any, and soon he heard the sound of footsteps moving away and a door opening and closing. Then more quiet. Dean was alone with his thoughts, not really a great place to be. He did his best to hold the worst at bay by reminding himself over and over that he’d saved the guy who would be holding his leash, so to speak. That had to mean something.

It had to.

***

Dean barely even remembered falling asleep. For a night where he didn’t have a whole lot to do it had been exhausting. He’d spent it alternating between thinking through every possible outcome, including Sammy mounting up a rescue and storming the island (please, fucking please no), to pushing every thought away by humming through the entire setlist from Metallica’s Ride the Lightning tour. He was also trying to ignore the gross sticky feeling covering his body. He was still wearing only his swim trunks and they hadn’t seen fit to let him shower off the saltwater or the stink of nervous sweat. At some point he’d gotten hungry enough again to choke down the rest of his food, saving the apples in case he was stuck through breakfast.
Needless to say when he forced his eyes to open through the film of sleep and crusty eyelashes he wasn’t exactly at his best. Which is why it took him a few minutes to notice the new arrival standing on the other side of the bars. He certainly had the tall and dark down, cutting a stark figure against the white of the wall behind him dressed in black pants, a black dress shirt and a long black trench coat.

It wasn’t intimidating at all to wake up to some stranger staring at him with piercing blue eyes that didn’t seem in danger of blinking any time soon. Not at all. And the sky wasn’t blue and the grass wasn’t green. But Dean wasn’t gonna show how intimidated he was by it. Instead, he stared back and waited for whomever it was to speak up. Maybe it was the person doing the tests and shit that the lady douchebag had been talking about.

Speaking of lady douchebags.

Dean was just about to break, ask the guy what the fuck his problem was, when a woman stepped into view next to him. Oh goody, she was gonna stare at him too. Something supremely snarky was about to escape his mouth when she spoke and the bottom of Dean’s barrel full of hope dropped out.

“Alright Castiel, you got your look. I’m sure you must be tired after your trip. As soon as you tell me what you want done you can head home and we’ll send him over when he’s finished.”

No.

That… That’s not Castiel. Castiel is some blonde haired kid. Not some big dark haired man. Who was currently glaring at Dean like he could smite him with his eyes, something Dean was a little afraid he could do.

Son of a bitch.

All this and it wasn’t even that kid that Dean was helping. Not that Dean thought anyone should be killed for being in the wrong place. But he’d assumed that he’d actually been of help to his future master and that it might get him free.

Instead he’d just put himself at the mercy of a guy who thinks Dean stole from him. Dean started mentally scrambling. Going over all the things he’d heard over the past almost twenty four hours. Images of dying in a tiny cell, skin and bones and graying hair and completely alone while Sammy lived a life without Dean.

“Just the basic health and wellness tests for Household Task slaves. Also an aptitude test for Mechanical Tasks. If he’s suited I’d like to schedule in home training.”

The woman marked a few things down on a clipboard she was carrying before she spoke without looking up.

“What about Intimacy Task tests and training?”

“No, that won’t be necessary.”

Something pinged hard in Dean’s brain at the words.

“Yes!” he nearly shouted without thinking.

Castiel’s eyes, that hadn’t left Dean at all, widened slightly before hardening again.

“That’s not necessary.” Castiel repeated firmly. “I may take a slave but I’ve no plans to rape you.”
Dean took a moment to realize that Castiel had come to the conclusion that Dean thought he would take him, regardless of his lack of training, and that Dean wanted to be prepared to handle the inevitability of being forced. He almost missed the sharp look that the female angel was giving Castiel at his words.

Dean couldn’t believe what he was about to say but he wasn’t about to die a shrivelled up husk here. He was gonna see Sammys again, damn it.

“S’not rape if I consent.” Dean said as firmly as he could, though he couldn’t quite meet the man’s eyes anymore. “Gimme a chance to get off this damn island before I’m old and gray at least. It’s damn boat. It ain’t worth a life sentence.”

Evidently reminding Castiel of why Dean was here in the first place wasn’t a great idea. Whatever kindness, however little, there had been in his gaze, hardened to steel.

“Fine. Give him the full round of testing, but only the basic Intimacy Training. I’ve no need of Alistair’s brand of skills.”

With that Castiel spun on his heel and walked out of sight. Just before the door closed he called back.

“We’ll place the sigils at my home. Please send Anna to do it, I’m tired and I don’t have the patience to deal with Uriel.”

With that the door slammed shut and Dean felt the weight of what he’d just agreed to fall on his shoulders. Sure, he wasn’t a blushing virgin. He wasn’t even without experience with other dudes. Of course that experience consisted mainly of making out with some decently attractive guys at parties. But sex with girls was just generally easier so it’s what Dean gravitated towards for one night stands and he’d only ever had two semi serious relationships, both girls.

Nevermind the fact that he’d basically just given a stranger carte blanche to his body and who knows what the guy’s into. Sex slave is generally not an appealing position for a reason.

Too late now.

“All right Prisoner Winchester. Come with me. And please don’t try anything. Don’t make the incorrect assumption that you can overpower me because I’m female. I promise you, angel females are nothing like your weak human females.” The clipboard wielding woman said crisply as she opened the cell door.

“Haven’t met many human females, have you.” Dean mumbled as he exited the cell and followed her out the door.

Before Dean was brought to see the person administering the tests he had to shower. He was left to clean himself. Thoroughly. Giving himself an enema for the first time was not something he’d anticipated but it was better than the alternative, which was to have one of the angels do it for him. Forcibly. He stopped refusing rather quickly.

The tests were easy enough. Some blood draws, reflex tests, strength tests, flexibility tests. The aptitude test was a breeze since Dean had been working with machines of various shapes and sizes since he was big enough to hold a wrench. The exam wasn’t bad until the doctor put him up in stirrups to examine his junk and ass. Thankfully the doctor was very clinical with his exam, even if he was fingering Dean’s ass, testing the sensitivity of his prostate and the elasticity of his rim. For a horrifying moment Dean thought he’d test the reactiveness of his dick by making him come but he was spared that humiliation.
He was not spared the horror of having the elasticity of his urethra tested though. It didn’t exactly fill him with pride to hear the doctor note into his little recording gadget that it showed excellent ability to stretch and would likely do nicely should the owner wish to engage in urethral penetration of any kind with the right amount of patience and consistent stretching.

When his exam was finished Dean was given a pair of loose cotton drawstring pants and slip on canvas shoes. He was informed that because of his test scores on his Mechanical aptitude test it was determined he wouldn’t need that training. If only there was an aptitude test for whatever this Intimacy Task training was. He tried to take comfort in the fact that they told him since it was just basic training he would be finished in time to leave by nightfall. It didn’t really work.

It definitely didn’t work when Dean found himself on his knees with a dildo shoved down his throat. He tried not to glare at the phallus wielding angel above him, he found that only got his throat filled faster than he could handle. It had been over an hour of fucking blowjob training of all things. Lick here, light teeth there but do not bite. Suck this spot this way. Then slowly pumping it in and out as he learned how to fight his gag reflex. He was almost proud of the fact that he’d only puked twice. Probably wouldn’t have even been twice if the guy in control wasn’t a complete dick.

He’d already been given a brief overview of sensual massage, followed by how to bath another human (really? It’s not fucking rocket science). The marking training could have been fun if it wasn’t done on a rubbery fake body. Evidently in the more extensive training with this Alistair person you had to learn on other angels and were often punished if you did anything the angel didn’t enjoy.

Dean had been suddenly immensely grateful for the rubbery fake body parts when he was taught how to rim. Thoroughly. He was also made to prove his skill at going down on a female, in case his master decided to have him service guests (great, gonna end up a god damn party favor). He was only a little cocky about breezing right through that training. Of course his skill with dick was not as practiced (aka nonexistent) thus the reason for the extensive training with the rubber cock.

Who’d have guessed that Dean would be longing to still be working on that skill a couple hours later when he found himself stripped down and laying on a bench with a grinning angel named Balthazar standing above him with a lubed up rubber glove on his hand.

“Don’t worry love, I’ll be gentle.”

The strange thing was that it was true. The first angel that actually bothered to introduce himself to Dean approached the task with an unexpected tenderness. This last part of the training first involved teaching Dean how to relax while being penetrated and then learning how to open himself up so that he’d be able to prepare himself for his master’s every need. Dean instinctively clenched up at the first touch to his embarrassingly exposed hole. Waited for the rough push inside his body. Instead what he got was soft touches massaging at the tense ring of muscles until it began to soften.

“It actually helped. As he focused on taking a deep breath and letting it out, over and over, counting
the seconds in between, his body slowly relaxed. Before he knew it Balthazar was moving again, sliding his fingers in and out of Dean’s body, slick sounds and Dean’s exaggerated breath the only sound. He barely even noticed when Balthazar began scissoring his fingers, slowly stretching Dean further. It wasn’t so bad.

Then Balthazar hit his prostate and Dean couldn’t stop the low moan if his life depended on it. While Balthazar’s response to the sound was to grin and pick up the pace, Dean’s was to blush furiously, guilt twisting in his gut that evidently his body was enjoying this. And he was. Fuck, he was completely fucking hard and leaking and when the fuck did that happen. No hiding that. Dean was committed to just keeping his mouth shut and getting through this but then Balthazar sped up and Dean was well and truly being fucked. And god did his body like it. His mind…

“Please…” Dean gasped.

“Please what Darling?” Balthazar asked as he continued.

“Please… please don’t make me come.” Dean was desperately ashamed at the tears he felt filling his eyes and he couldn’t look at the angel leaning over him.

A fucking angel, and Dean was about to get off on his fingers.

Amazingly, Balthazar’s face softened and his finger slowed til he was gently withdrawing.

“Alright. But I promise you it’ll go much better if you let yourself enjoy what bits you can.” Balthazar said as he handed the bottle of lube to Dean and walked away to dispose of the slicked up glove. “Okay, your turn then. Pretend you aren’t already loosened up and do what I did. And Dean?”

Dean looked up from the fingers he was shakily lubing up and met Balthazar’s eyes.

“It’s okay to get yourself off at least. Let it be okay. It may be the last chance you get for a while.”

And Dean did. He went through the motions step by step and when Balthazar said he was done, he took himself in hand and stroked himself off, his fingers still buried in his body. He did his best to not feel ashamed and Balthazar was kind enough to not watch while he came.

Of course the humiliation couldn’t just end there. As nice as Balthazar had been he’d still stopped Dean from cleaning up and dressing so that Dean could stick an unpleasant looking butt plug in. He was assured that he’d become accustomed to the feeling and Dean wasn’t sure if that was good or bad. Regardless, Balthazar told him he’d want to be open still, in case Castiel decided to give him a test drive when Dean arrived.

So Dean was plugged, dressed in the same loose pants and shoes and driven to his new home for the foreseeable future. It was hard to see as the sun had long since set and there weren’t many lights on inside. None at all outside. Clearly his Master hadn’t expected Dean to be such a quick study. He was assured that he’d become accustomed to the feeling and Dean wasn’t sure if that was good or bad. Regardless, Balthazar told him he’d want to be open still, in case Castiel decided to give him a test drive when Dean arrived.

The, yet another nameless, angel escorting Dean parked next to a tiny little blue hybrid and Dean couldn’t help but shake his head at the questionable taste in cars the new boss had. Being stuck working on that piece of junk just might bring Dean to tears. He didn’t have anymore time to dwell on it because he was suddenly being hauled from the car, the sudden jarring making the plug shift
uncomfortably.

“Hey! I’m capable of walking, ya know!” Dean hollered.

He wasn’t expecting the sharp smack to the back of his head that had him falling hard on his knees. While Dean was fully aware he was at his captors’ mercy no one had shown him any real violence till now. The sad thing was Dean was pathetically grateful because the angel had clearly not used his full strength. Dean’s head was still attached to his shoulders, after all.

“Quiet slave.” the angel spit at him from above. “Learn your place.”

Dean was sorely tempted to do something monumentally stupid as his temper boiled dangerously close to the surface but he wasn’t give the chance.

“Ishim!” A familiar rumbling voice yelled from the direction of the house. “I’m certain you’re not out there damaging my property.”

Both Dean and the angel looked up and the sight, combined with the dangerous voice that Dean swore was still echoing through the trees and brush, had Dean feeling an odd mix of fear and awe. Castiel stood, nothing but a dark silhouette against the light that spilled from the open front door. He was only a couple of steps above Dean but he looked as tall as the empire state building.

“Of course not Castiel.” Sneered Ishim. “Just teaching the slave it’s place.”

“I think.” Castiel said as he took slow steps forward til he was mere feet from the pair. “That would be my job. Not. Yours.”

“Whatever you say friend. I’ll just leave you to it then.” Ishim spun away and walked back to his car.

Dean and Castiel both stayed in their positions, neither thinking to change them as they watched the car drive away. Then it was just them and Dean forced himself to look up at Castiel. If he expected any kindness after that whole display, Dean was very mistaken. Castiel’s eyes were cold as he looked down. Dean was about to break the silence when Castiel beat him to it.

“Get up and follow me. Anna arrived shortly before you and she’s waiting.”

Without waiting to see if Dean followed, Castiel turned and walked back into the house. Dean was momentarily frozen with his mouth hanging open.

“Yeah, because your the ones being inconvenienced, not the one just sentenced to slavery and forced to abandon their life.” Dean muttered as he rose and followed, swearing softly as the plug shifted again and pushed at his rim.

Dean had to find his own way as Castiel was nowhere in sight but he made an educated guess that he was meant to go across the foyer to the only door that was ajar with light spilling out. When he poked his head in he spotted Castiel standing at the window. Only now did Dean notice that he’d removed the long overcoat he’d worn that morning and had the right sleeve of his dress shirt rolled up. Dean could see something on his skin but couldn’t quite make it out. He was broken out of his study by a soft voice.

“You must be Dean.”

Dean turned to look for the source of the voice and found it coming from a delicate looking woman with big doe eyes and flaming red hair that reminded him painfully of Charlie. The thought that he
might never see her again had to be pushed down deep as to not bring him back to his knees. He needed to build up his defenses.

“I’ll be anyone for a pretty little thing like you darlin.” Dean drawled.

He didn’t bother moving forward though. He doubted very much he could pull off his signature swagger with a plug up his ass. To his credit the girl did smile. But that was all he got.

“I’m Anna. I’m here to do your sigil.” Anna said, still grinning even though she had to be aware of Castiel looking between the two of them and glaring.

The guy only has one setting evidently.

“Do my whatnow?” Dean asked, a little apprehensively.

“Sigil.” Castiel answered instead. “It binds slave to master. It also spells the both of us so that we’re unable to lie when we interact with the tally machine.”

Dean followed Castiel’s gesture to look at a machine built into one of the study wall. A screen was lit up, though the only thing that was on it now was a blinking cursor. Dean could see what he guessed to be a small microphone protruding from the top of the screen and there were two rectangular glass panes, one on either side.

“Each night we must report what tasks you’ve completed since the last entry. It tracks what each task is worth and subtracts it from the total owed. The machine won’t work without the sigils and the magic in the sigils compel both users to be honest and thorough.” Castiel explained as he moved towards the machine.

Dean’s attention was momentarily drawn by Anna walking up to him with a fine paint brush and a small knife. He forced himself not to react when she sliced the palm of his hand. She manipulated his hand until it was cupped and holding the pooling blood.

“Hey.” Dean asked distractedly as he watched Anna dip the brush into the blood and begin to paint on his forearm. “What if we can’t get to a machine? Like what if you gotta go on a trip or somethin’?”

“The machine will accept a tally of all tasks since the last entry. It’s only required to be done weekly, it’s just easier to remember everything if you do it nightly. Plus no one wants to stand at the machine for the length of time it would take to give a week’s worth of entries.” Castiel said as he moved closer to Dean.

“There. All done. You’re all set Castiel.” Anna said as she stepped away and put her tools into a plastic bag, presumably to be cleaned later.

“That’s it?” Dean asked surprised. “Wasn’t too bad. How do you know it worked?”

“Not quite it.” Said Castiel before he reached out and grabbed Dean’s cut hand with his own.

That was all the warning Dean had. He felt the press of Castiel’s damp hand to his as they were clasped together. Presumably, Castiel had his own bleeding wound, which meant that was Castiel’s blood mixing with his own. Then suddenly it felt like lightning was shooting up his arms through his veins and the lines of the sigil felt like they were on fire. That was freaky enough, but then he caught Castiel’s eyes widening.

“Close your eyes!” Castiel shouted.
Dean did as he was told and boy was he glad. Even through his closed lids he could see the bright flash of light that filled the room. As quickly as it had started it was done. The burning, the light, it all stopped and Dean cautiously opened his eyes. He half expected to see some sort of a tattoo where the blood had been painted but all he saw was unmarred skin. Even more surprising was the fact that there was no evidence of the cut on his hand. Not a smudge of blood in sight either.

“That was intense.” Dean said, momentarily forgetting the severity of his situation as he examined his hand.

He’d never seen angel magic in person before. Sue him.

“Yes, it was.” Castiel said and Dean looked up just in time to see him give Anna a very confused looking shake of his head.

“Well then.” Anna said, breaking the tension. “I’m off. I’ll see you soon Castiel.”

With that Dean found himself alone with his new master and he was suddenly very aware of the fact that the only thing keeping Castiel from shoving his dick up Dean’s loose ass was an uncomfortable piece of hard rubber.

“Come on then.” Castiel said with a sigh. “Let’s get this over with.”

For a minute Dean wondered if he was supposed to drop his pants and bend over right here but then Castiel was walking over to the machine on the wall.

“I can’t give you credit for the tests with the doctor but there may have been something in the training.” Castiel said as he placed his hand on one of the panels, which immediately lit up. “Did you provide anything that could be considered a service?”

“Uh.” Dean said hesitantly as he mirrored Castiel’s actions and put a hand on his own panel. “I don’t think so?”

Dean felt a little shock as his hand made contact with the glass, almost like static electricity, and the panel was lighting up.

“Really? You didn’t do anything on a living being?” Castiel asked, somewhat exasperated.

Which, that was pretty fucking annoying. If anyone should be annoyed they didn’t get credit for the humiliating shit he had to do today it would be Dean.

“Really. Pretty much everything happened to one chunk of rubber or another. Except…” Dean stalled out a little, his cheeks flushing. “But nah, that wasn’t a service or anything.”

“Just tell me, let me be the judge.” Castiel said with narrowed eyes.

“I uh… the part where I had to learn… had to learn how to take stuff up the ass without clenching up. Then I had to do it to myself and… “ Dean didn’t finish, hoping his description would be enough for Castiel to understand he certainly hadn’t been the one servicing anyone.

“And? Please tell me I’m not going to have to punish you for disobedience already. I’m tired and I want to go to sleep now.” Castiel growled.

“Fine!” Dean returned with his own voice colored by anger that overroad the shame. “He had me jack myself off okay? Nothing. I didn’t do anything to earn credit.”
Castiel sighed and leaned in closer to the microphone.

“Prepare for entry.”

The machine screen suddenly brightened and the cursor began moving. Dean watched as it spelled out his name and the date. When it stopped Castiel spoke again.

“Voyeuristic show with masturbation and self digital penetration. End entry.”

Castiel pulled his hand away and turned for the door, rolling his sleeve down.

“Seems like kinda a stretch.” Dean said as he cautiously removed his own hand.

“But not a lie.” Castiel turned to glare at Dean. “Your room is at the top of the stairs, first on the right. Mine is at the end of the hall on the left. You may access any room but my office and my bedroom without acquiring permission. Don’t bother trying to escape, the sigil binds you to me and you’ll be incredibly easy to track. You may help yourself to breakfast but I expect mine to be prepared and brought to my room by eight o’clock. There is a book in the drawer by your bed with an extensive list of tasks and their worth, I suggest you familiarize yourself with it.”

As Castiel turned to leave Dean was broken out of the trance he’d fallen into as Castiel monologued at him.

“Wait, that’s it?” Dean asked. When Castiel turned back with a raised brow but not speaking Dean continued. “Aren’t you going to… use my… me?”

Dean felt his face flush bright red.

“Dean, I’m tired. In case you’ve forgotten I had to spend most of last night acquiring and using transportation home after someone absconded with my boat. Then I had to spend most of today dealing with you as well as making other arrangements for the near future since said boat, which I use almost daily, is going to be tied up by officials with grudges indefinitely. Unless you’re prepared to spend the night in my bed warming my cock while I sleep there is really nothing you can do for me. Since that amount of time is a skill generally requiring a more experienced mouth than your own I assume not.” Castiel let out a long suffering sigh before turning away to leave. “I promise I’ll get down to the business of treating you as a proper slave tomorrow. I’m not in the mood to met out your punishment, no matter how deserved. Good night.”

Dean stood there staring into space trying to process all that had happened for longer than he cared to admit.

Chapter End Notes

So there it is. Dean officially consents. But lets face it, it can be seen as coercion. Or it can be seen as someone whose been given a prison sentence of working a chain gain or working as a sex worker too. I’m okay with however you feel you need to in order to enjoy the fic and I also understand if its not your jam. Thing to keep in mind is, Dean isn't a sex worker. Sex workers can still say no. Dean is a slave and he's given blanket consent to be treated as a slave. He doesn't have the option to decline to give a blow job any more than he has the option to decline to make breakfast or do the laundry. Castiel is not intended to be a dick but he is still someone who takes a slave, even reluctantly.
Proceed with this info in mind and know that I historically, habitually, even compulsively Do Not write unhappy endings. Ever.

Love you all and for those that choose to stick around, thanks!
Visit me on Tumblr at spnbrennafae or on Twitter @brenna_fae
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

This chapter is mostly for establishing some things. Transitional and such. I hate transitions. This one was a wrestling match and a half with my brain and my motivation. Hope it came out clear enough.

First order of business.

Well, it turned out to be a little more difficult than expected. Dean had been grateful and more than a little surprised that the room his new master had indicated would be his came complete with its own little bathroom, including a simple but quality looking tub. Which was where Dean was perched on the edge of, working up the nerve to try again.

Since Castiel, and he really needed to find out how he was supposed to address the man, didn’t have any use of Dean tonight he wanted to get the damn plug out immediately. Unfortunately since it had been a while since it was put in his rim had tightened back down to the width of the narrow part of the plug. A fact Dean figured out when he tried to tug it out quickly only to have the wide part of the plug pull harshly. After a day of having his virgin ass poked and prodded followed by wearing a plug for so long he was more than a little sore.

Dean took a deep breath and reached for the base of the plug again. This time, he let out his breath slowly and as he tugged gently on the rubber he pushed down and tried very hard not to think about the fact that he was basically shitting out a chunk of rubber. There was a bit of a twinge as it came to the widest part and then it was slipping out in a rush.

Sighing with relief, Dean tossed the plug into the sink and stood, pulling his pants up with him. He did his best to ignore the strange feeling of being empty and washed his hands thoroughly. He started to walk out of the room before looking back at the plug. Scowling, he snatched it up and started scrubbing it with soap and hot water before laying it on a towel to dry. Who knows what the heck was gonna be expected of him tomorrow. Shoving a dirty plug up his ass, unsurprisingly, had even less appeal than doing it with a clean one.

After he washed his hands again Dean decided to explore the room he’d be calling his own for who knows how long. It was fairly simple, a twin bed, a desk, a night stand and a dresser. There was another door on the same wall as the bathroom door that Dean assumed was a closet. It was right around then that it occurred to him all of his belongings, including his clothes, were back on the boat. The people at the jail, or whatever it was, hadn’t seen fit to return his swim trunks.

Dean hesitated for a moment before making up his mind and going to the dresser to investigate. He was thrilled when he opened the top drawer and found it full of socks and basic white boxers but his hopes were squashed when he realized the boxers at least would be too tight. Continuing his search he found a drawer with lightweight tunics and another with pants made of similar lightweight material and drawstring waists but these were also too small.

Prepared to accept that he was stuck in these dirty pants until he was able to have a chat with the boss, Dean opened the bottom drawer. Much to his surprise this drawer was filled with a mix of
clothes, a couple pairs of boxer briefs, a pair of cargo pants, one brown one green, and blue henley and a black henley. Even more surprised, he found that the sizes were just big enough that he’d be able to make them work. Shirts would be a little snug but better than walking around half naked. Dean hoped that finding the dresser full of clothes meant he wouldn’t be the kind of… sex slave… that would be expected to walk around in a constant state of undress.

These clothes were a little dustier than the others and when shaken out they still have the ghost of fold creases that indicated they’d been there for a bit but Dean would take what he could get. He pulled out a pair of the boxer briefs, trying to ignore the fact that they’d probably been worn by other slaves in the past, and the green cargo pants and black henley. After he refolded them and stacked them on top of the dresser he decided to leave the rest of the room for later exploration and checked out the bed. Further surprises awaited him when he sat, expecting to find a fairly basic coilspring mattress but finding instead memory foam.

Not comfortable with the tiny tendril of happiness that was worming its way through his gut at such a discovery, Dean felt the need to remind himself of his new reality. He yanked back the covers before turning to the small nightstand where he found a heavy spiral bound book right where Castiel said it would be. Any good feelings he might have been feeling were instantly snuffed at the reminder that his life was now measured out by a tasked based point system. After setting the alarm on the nightstand for six a.m. to give himself enough time to shower before dealing with the whole breakfast thing, Dean settled into bed with the book. He glared at the paragraph on the first page describing a slave’s rights, which included basic food and shelter, the right to be free from harm outside of punishments and tasks, and the right to be fairly tallied for tasks performed according to the following text. The final line was what got him.

_A slave will be credited accordingly, whether the task is completed willingly or not. Incurring punishment for attempted refusal does not negate the task if it is performed to completion._

***

Dean woke with an ache in his head and neck and gritty dry eyes. He glared at the alarm clock going off like it had personally offended him before he finally dropped his hand down to silence it. It had been a mistake to stay up as late as he had reading the book but he couldn’t stop. It was disconcerting to him that he hadn’t even bothered to find out his own ‘sentence’, though he had been a touch distracted. It was fairly straightforward, surprisingly. Household tasks seemed to range from one to ten, based on how strenuous the activity. Cooking a meal for members of the household, for instance, was only worth one while collecting, washing, drying, folding and putting away the laundry was worth three. Some tasks were given ranges based on hours required to complete. Washing floors could be anywhere from one to three points.

Some consideration was given to skill level as well. Things like home repair and vehicle maintenance, Dean was thrilled to see, started at five points and went all the way up to twenty. Unfortunately most of the higher point items were things that didn’t happen regularly, some only a couple times a year.

He’d skimmed passed tasks that related to whatever the angel owner did for a job since he had no clue what Castiel did and figured there was no point wasting time on that. His skimming brought him to the section he was most dreading. The one he’d been so eager to volunteer for. The points were definitely higher. The beginning of it was almost more like a caretaker role. Bathing, assisting with daily hygiene routine up to and including dressing, massages, medical care.

Then it started sliding into more uncomfortable territory. Providing orgasm through manual genital stimulation, Dean assumed they were talking about a hand job, was worth fifteen points if it was over
clothes, twenty if not. Oral sex culminating in orgasm was worth more but it was noted that if it was included in full intercourse as foreplay then it didn’t count separately. It went on and on like this, every sex act Dean could imagine broken down into cold clinical terms and assigned a value. Always specific if there could be any question about what it meant. Like Impact Play was given a point value but with a notation that forms of punishment didn’t count. Dean was surprised to see that being penetrated anally or vaginally was given the same points as doing the penetrating. Though he wasn’t sure which surprised him more, that or the fact that angels would be willing to give points to their slaves for fucking them. He was a little nauseated by the fact that extra points were given if a task resulted in injury, such as anal tearing from rough penetration or minimal to no prep.

Dean had finally forced himself to close the book and sleep when he got to the complicated formula that multiplied base task points by number of angels serviced factoring amount of time the slave is continually in use. He didn’t really want to think about how much getting gangbanged by a party of angels was worth, though he could see it would be a lot. Dean wasn’t sure if he was desperate enough to encourage Castiel to pursue that, no matter how much faster it would get him outta here. First thing Dean needed to do once he’d completed his master’s first task was to find out what the hell his sentence was.

Once Dean’d dragged himself in and out of the shower, giving the plug a glare before dismissing it for now, he dressed quickly in the clothes he’d found and headed for the kitchen. He hadn’t really noticed last night but now that he was fully dressed it became obvious that there was some sort of cooling system in the house. Which was odd because one of the few things he knew about angels was that they were unaffected by temperatures. It was one of the reasons why they were agreeable to the location during the treaty, the extreme heat and humidity wasn’t something that bothered them. It wasn’t terrible now, since Dean and his friends had opted to take their trip during the winter months, but he knew that he would be grateful come summer.

Filing the thought away with the myriad of other things he was sure not to find answers for, Dean located the kitchen and began to acquaint himself with it. He completed his investigation with a string of curses. Kinda shitty to be given a task right off the bat that Castiel had to know would be near impossible to complete. Frankly he was surprised that bats didn’t fly out when he opened the pantry.

After a thorough search he found himself with a bag of flour, baking powder of questionable age, salt, a bag of dried kidney beans, incredibly unappealing canned kale, sugar clearly meant for coffee, plenty of fresh coffee, half used jars of peanut butter and jelly, the end of a loaf of bread and much to Dean’s surprise, dozens of canned ravioli, spaghettios, beef stew and mac n cheese. Dean was going to have to work up the nerve to ask Castiel some questions about angels, namely what the heck they require in way of sustenance. Cause the only way Dean could explain someone having basically unlimited funds and still living off the kind of crap he used to feed Sammy when he could only scrape together a couple of bucks to last a week was if it was some weird angel thing where the chemical combination somehow juiced them up.

No way was Dean gonna open a can of processed pasta to heat up and call it breakfast. Somehow he would get docked points, he just knew it. But what the hell was he supposed to do. A couple of pieces of toast and a cup of coffee? Doesn’t exactly sounds like a task worthy of points.

Dean was seriously contemplating a kale bean stew with a peanut butter base and spaghetti topping when something moving outside the kitchen window caught his eye. A flurry of feathers had him spotting a chicken pecking away at the grass near a small wooden shed. Closer inspection saw another chicken perched in the door of the shed. Hope slightly buoyed, Dean made his way out of the kitchen door, which led to the backyard. He gave a passing glance to the arm where he knew the
sigil rested, invisible to his eye but still very much there, but figured it wouldn’t give him trouble just by stepping out of the house.

Dean found several eggs in the somewhat rotten hay of the shed, something he decided to deal with if he ever had a free moment, and carefully gathered them and brought them into the kitchen. Unfortunately a quick test for freshness in a bowl of water only left him with two viable eggs. There were a couple more that might have passed but Dean didn’t really want to risk the wrath of an angel by stinking his house up with rotten eggs on the first day. A couple of eggs and some toast still didn’t feel like enough.

If he had some milk he could manage pancakes but apparently Castiel drank his coffee black and Dean hadn’t discovered any wandering cows while he was outside. Thinking of his quick jaunt outside did remind him of something he’d seen in his peripheral though. Another trip outside confirmed what he saw. On either side of what looked to be an overgrown garden stood two small lines of trees, one bearing the coconuts Dean remembered seeing. The other one Dean recognized as a papaya. Finally struck by inspiration, Dean gathered a couple of ripe looking papaya, which he set gently on the ground next to their tree. The coconut was not going to be nearly as easy.

Grabbing a somewhat rusted old hoe that he tucked through a loop on the side of his cargo pants, Dean appraised the nearest coconut tree. Once he found what he hoped would be the best angle Dean started to shimmy up the tree. It was not, in fact, the best angle.

Several more attempts, bruised pride, a bruised ass and slightly less clean pants later, Dean finally made it to the top of the tree. Doing his best impression of a monkey, he wrapped his legs and one arm tightly around the tree and used his free arm to carefully slip the hoe from his pants. He forced himself not to hold his breath or close his eyes as he stretched out and gently as possible began hacking at the coconuts with the bladed side of the hoe. As soon as he knocked a couple down he dropped the tool and shimmied back to the ground where humans belonged, damn it.

Thankfully Dean had some experience dealing with fresh coconut so he knew how to to handle it. Still, forty minutes later he was scrambling to plate up the food. He’d cut it close and only had five minutes to get it upstairs but he couldn’t help but be proud, despite his panic. Even with his limited resources he managed to whip up kick ass pancakes with coconut milk substitute. Unfortunately there was no syrup, and pancakes without syrup was just a sin. So he’d diced up the papaya and cooked it down with some water and sugar to make something close enough. A handful of diced fresh papaya to the top of the stack before it joined the silverware and cup of coffee he’d already arranged on the breakfast tray he’d found. Grabbing the small sugar dish and the little pitcher he’d filled with more coconut milk, Dean headed for the stairs.

After a particularly heart attack inducing trip up the stairs Dean found himself standing outside of Castiel’s door, breakfast miraculously still intact despite a few near misses. Taking a deep breath to steady himself, Dean knocked gently on the door. He wasn’t entirely prepared for the deep voice that called out, if the drop his stomach took was any indication.

“Come in.”

Castiel’s voice was rougher than usual, colored by recent sleep, and maybe just a touch grumpy. Which irked Dean just a bit since he’d been up for two hours now. What right did Wings McGee have to be grumpy. Still, Dean made a point of forcing his clear irritation to a more neutral expression. No need to start badly, since Castiel had mentioned something about handing out punishment today.

Dean had to genuinely couch his ire though when he took in the scene before him. Castiel was just sitting up in his bed, where he’d been laying on top of the blankets, surrounded by papers, maps and
notebooks. He still wore the clothes from the previous evening, though they were significantly more rumpled than before.

The whole thing caught Dean so off guard that he didn’t even notice that Castiel was staring at him, his mouth parted slightly in surprise. He did notice when his face morphed into a mild hint of a scowl.

“Where did you get those clothes?” Castiel growled.

Shit. Clearly Dean had made some poor assumptions.

“Uhh…” Dean stammered, unsure what to say that would help him avoid punishment for his unwitting transgression. “They… uh… they were in the dresser in my room? Only ones that would fit. I’m ah… a little too big for the other clothes. I figured you wouldn’t want me wearing dirty stuff while I’m… serving you. I… I can go put them back.”

Dean turned to do so, belatedly realizing he still held the tray in his hand. He was saved from having to figure out a way to deliver the food that didn’t show how nervous he was to be near a pissed off master or how awkward as fuck he had a habit of being by Castiel’s voice stopping.

“No… it’s fine. Of course you need clothes. I didn’t think. My apologies.” Castiel muttered.

Dean certainly wasn’t expecting that. He turned toward Castiel and was greeted by a stone wall of a face. That’s disconcerting.

“Um… you want this over there or…” Dean asked hesitantly as he nodded towards the bed that Castiel still sat on.

“What? No.” Castiel said, clearly still a little out of sorts over something. “Just set it on the table.”

Dean moved to the small table and chair that sat in front of a large window overlooking the thick jungle like growth. As he set the tray down he contemplated what Castiel could want to look at out there but all Dean saw was a sea of greens and browns. When he turned back to his new (Temporary) owner, he saw Castiel hastily gathering up the material scattered over his bed.

“Oh hey, I can get that for-”

“No!” Castiel snapped at Dean, causing him to still instantly. “Just… I’ll take care of this. You… you get me some fresh clothing.”

Dean had to bite back the comment that nearly escaped about him needing someone to pick out his clothes for him like his Mommy. Besides the fact that Dean didn’t even know if angels had mothers, he didn’t really expect a positive reaction to his snark. And again, still wasn’t too clear on the whole punishment thing. Instead he moved to the large wardrobe, admiring the deep mahogany stain of the wood and the fine detailing carved into it, before he opened and assessed.

Well, this wasn’t going to be very difficult.

The top half of the cabinet was split into two section, two bars. The top bar contained several of the same button up dress shirts that Castiel was currently wearing, divided almost exactly in the middle with one side being all black and the other being all white. The lower bar had nothing but hanger after hanger of black dress pants. One door had rows of ties, all various shades and patterns of blue. The other had a few black leather belts neatly hanging from hooks.

Dean pulled open the top of the two drawers that made up the bottom of the wardrobe and found
neatly folded cotton boxers and socks. He was just opening the bottom drawer when he was interrupted.

“Not those. I don’t wear those.” Castiel said and Dean didn’t even need to turn to know that he was scowling again.

Dean closed the drawer, incredibly curious but not sure about the whole asking questions thing. From the brief glimpse he got all that had been in the draw were t-shirts and jeans of various shades, though worn would seem to be the common theme. It was actually kind of jarring, Dean still couldn’t even grasp the idea of angels worrying about mundane things like laundry and buying new underwear. For some reason he had it in his head that they just had the one set of clothes that they used their angel juju to make clean and Downy fresh.

Just to be sure he didn’t grab the wrong thing, Dean laid out a replica of what Castiel was currently wearing. He’d just laid out one of the blue ties, this one with thin black stripes to go better with the all black outfit, when he sensed rather than saw Castiel moving away from the bed and towards the table. Dean looked awkwardly at the clothes he’d draped over the only chair at the table as he realized his poor planning. Man he sucked at this.

“I’ll uh… just move these to…” Dean looked around, considering his options.

“Bring them into my bathroom. I’ll be showering after I eat.” Castiel said, as his eyes assessed the clothes. “Put that back though.”

Castiel’s fingers reached almost close enough to touch, but not quite, to gesture at the tie Dean had picked out. Feeling slightly frustrated that he kept being told things that were evidently pertinent after the fact, Dean gathered the clothes a little more roughly than was probably advisable, but Castiel merely watched the action with the raise of one brow. Once he returned the tie to the wardrobe Dean went through the only other door in the room to locate the bathroom.

Unsurprisingly, this bathroom was much bigger and fancier than Dean’s. The whole space was surprisingly open, with floor to ceiling windows that overlooked more of the treeline. In the corner where the glass met there was a large rain shower head coming down from the ceiling. Dean couldn’t locate the knobs for turning the water on and off and he briefly wondered if Castiel used magic or whatever to do it but he quickly dismissed the thought considering all the things he clearly didn’t use it for.

Dean tried for a moment to imaging showering there, not only without walls or curtains to close off the rest of the room, but standing buck ass naked in full view of the world like that? Sure, wasn’t likely anyone would see considering how isolated the place was but still. Dean scanned the view and spotted a couple of hives that he filed away for later investigation, too busy right now thinking about a bunch of peeping bees watching him shower.

The fact that Dean could very well end up stripped bare and doing who knows what in front of any number of people in the near future, should his master wish it, was like a bucket of ice over whatever calm this so far low key morning had given him. Stuffing the rising panic back down, Dean returned to his inspection of the bathroom. The large jacuzzi tub that could easily fit four grown adults had Dean’s muscles suddenly remembering being stuck in a cell for a day, sleeping on a shitty cot and then all the vigorous training he’d had yesterday. If he had a better grasp of Castiel’s mind he might’ve tried to manipulate the angel into letting Dean bathe him, just for an excuse to get in the tub himself.

The rest of the bathroom was fairly standard, perfectly average toilet, a pedestal sink with a mirror over it. The exception being a large chest of drawers that occupied the length of one wall. Dean was
a little curious as to the contents of the drawers but he was already taking longer than he probably should. Once he had the clothes neatly placed on top of the chest Dean made his way back into the bedroom.

Where he found Castiel seated at the table looking at the tray of food with a confused tilt to his head. Almost endearing, ya know if dicks with wings who think its okay to enslave people could be endearing.

“Something wrong? Not a fan of pancakes?” Dean asked, trying to hide the mix of nerves and frustration that was swirling in his mind.

Asshole left him with nothing and then he’s gonna be pissy about what Dean managed to scrounge up? Shit, Dean didn’t even know if he’d get credit for a task like this if it wasn’t acceptable to his master. Dean was just starting to work up enough steam to say something, regardless of the fact that Castiel made him scared as fuck when he was stopped in his proverbial tracks.

“How… how did you make all of this? I know I didn’t have much in the kitchen.” Castiel asked with something Dean could almost mistake for amazement.

Naw, just his imagination.

“Much, try nothing.” mumbled Dean, before he remembered who he was talking to.

When Dean dared a glance back up he was surprised to see Castiel looking somewhat chagrined.

“Right, yes. I don’t… sometimes I forget to purchase perishables when I go into town. I have to go into the city proper for the day, I’ll bring home food for supper tonight and tomorrow I’ll show you where the nearest grocer is.” Castiel said distractedly while he carefully cut into the stack of pancakes as if he thought it was going to turn into smoke if he touched it wrong.

Dean couldn’t help but hold his breath as he watched Castiel take a bite. He let it out slowly when Castiel’s eyes fluttered closed and he let loose a low moan around the mouthful. Dean couldn’t help the smirk or the raised eyebrow at the reaction. Something Castiel opened his eyes just in time to catch.

“Wha? S’Good.” Castiel mumbled around the food he was chewing. “How?”

“Oh I found the chicken and the fruit trees out by the garden.” Dean said distractedly as he watched Castiel dig into the food more enthusiastically than one would expect an angel who can buy anything would.

“Impressive.” Castiel said as he looked down at his plate with a scowl, as if annoyed to admit it.

Dean was about to ask Castiel if he was going to want Dean to serve him during his shower, more to prepare himself than anything, when something Castiel said finally registered.

“You’re going to be out of the house today? Am I coming with?” Dean asked curiously.

On the one hand, getting to see the angel metropolis when he wasn’t being transported like so much chattel sounded interesting. On the other, Dean wasn’t getting the feeling that the other angels would be interested in treating him very well if the ones he’d met were any indication, Balthazar almost an exception.

“No,” Castiel said, more sharply than Dean anticipated. “I’ve got a lot of work to do and I don’t need you slowing me down. Any more than your thoughtless little jaunt into thievery and adventuring
already has that is.”

For a moment Dean had almost forgotten that Castiel actually disliked Dean. For something he hadn’t even done. Dean considered for a moment trying to explain but then Castiel started speaking again.

“I’m quite sure someone as selfish and immature as you couldn’t possibly understand responsibilities or putting others ahead of your own petty amusements but some of us aren’t quite so privileged.” Castiel leveled Dean with a look that would probably have Dean throwing himself to his knees to beg for forgiveness if he wasn’t so fucking annoyed.

Privileged? Some powerful, immortal thing with endless amounts of money and exactly zero people depending on him as far as Dean could see, who made his way through life using lower beings to do his dirty grunt work and warm his cock without having to give anything back was gonna lecture him about privilege?

Forget explaining shit to this dick. Not that Dean thought it would matter. Clearly the guy was a holier than thou (shut up) pampered little princess. If he was gonna act like this big of an asshole over someone stealing his little pleasure cruiser, which he’ll get back, then he probably wasn’t a great guy to begin with. Probably just waiting for an excuse to get a free slave and replace the last one who dared to get old and work themselves to death.

The tension and anger that settled around them made the air feel thick and heavy. Dean knew he was probably gonna end up in a world of hurt but fuck if he was gonna break first.

So instead they stood there and glared at each other and Dean tried not to buckle under the might of an angel threatening to disintegrate him from behind blue eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Comments make me a happy muppet.
Visit me on Tumblr: spnbrennafae or Twitter: @brenna_fae
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Dean's first full day as a slave doesn't go quite like he expected. But he's Dean Fucking Winchester, and if the damn shoe isn't gonna drop on its own then he's gonna make it. Cause, you know, he can be a real dumbass for such a smart guy.

Chapter Notes

Here we start wading in to what some may feel to be dubcon. It's just the start. Things are only going to get worse. But as always, I promise a happy end.

Also, I'll be adding a really awesome artboard that @RooBear1968 on Twitter made for me. It's So Pretty *heart eyes for days*

Also also, special thanks to my boo @DaydreamDestiel for keeping my ass motivated and positive and listening to me whine about lacking both. She's the best.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dean bet he could get one good punch in before the angel had a chance to use his mojo. He was quick and certain the prick was too full of himself to think for a second that some lowly slave would dare make a move against him. Sure, it'd probably be his only chance but he'd take whatever punishment would come. Then he'd happily spend the rest of his miserable human life dragging his feet on every stupid task given and making Castiel regret ever keeping him

Sammy.

It was like the breeze that was filtering in through the open window had slipped right into Dean’s mind, whispering the one thing that could get through the haze of pride, anger and stubbornness. He couldn’t do it. No matter how pissed Dean was he couldn’t intentionally do or not do anything that would keep him from seeing Sam again one day. Dean was all the family Sam had.

Fuck.

Dean’s whole body slumped as if someone had just cut his strings, all the tension from his body preparing for a fight drained out in an instant. Castiel still glared at him but upon the change in Dean’s physical demeanor he cocked a brow, waiting to see what Dean would do.

“What would you like me to do while you’re gone master?” It took everything in Dean to not lace the title with sarcasm.

Dean was surprised to note the stony expression was quickly replaced with furrowed brow and pursed lips. He figured there would be a list of humiliating and menial tasks for Dean to start working on, what with the guy being so excited to hand out his punishment.
“I guess... just familiarize yourself with the house and grounds. If you see anything that needs doing then do it. Just don’t go in—”

“In your room or your office. Yeah, I remember.” Dean interrupted before he could think to bite his tongue.

“Right.” Castiel said, the scowl returning a touch less fierce than before. “I’m sure you can manage to keep yourself fed and busy while I’m gone. If a housecat can manage it, then I’m sure you can as well. I’m going to shower and dress now. Take the dishes from breakfast but leave the coffee.”

Dean might have to get his hands on some sort of recreational drugs to mellow himself out if he was gonna get through the day without trying to throttle the angel, never mind weeks, months or years. He kept quiet as Castiel took a long drink of coffee before he stood and headed for the bathroom. Dean couldn’t help tensing up as Castiel passed him, unsure what he expected, but it seemed that Castiel was just as disinterested in touching Dean as Dean was in being touched and he skirted around him carefully.

About to gather up the dishes, Dean was stopped once again by Castiel, who’d paused in the doorway to look back at Dean.

“Master is unnecessary. Castiel will be fine, Sir if you feel it’s necessary.” Before Dean had a chance to respond Castiel disappeared behind the closed bathroom door.

Dean may have managed to bite back his anger but it still took a crazy amount of restraint not to pluck up the dirty plate and smash it against the closed door. To keep himself focused Dean began to calculate the amount of time it had been since he last spoke to Sam. First in days, then hours. By the time he returned to the kitchen with the dirty dishes he was pretty close to the exact amount of seconds since he’d last heard his little brother’s voice.

Not feeling terribly hungry, Dean forced himself to eat breakfast from the leftover ingredients, thinking Sam would be proud that he was eating fruit not baked into a pie, before he moved on to cleaning up the kitchen. Once that was done he hand washed the loose fitting pants he’d been brought here in, not really feeling too comfortable with how vulnerable the thought of sleeping nude made him feel. When Castiel came back from where ever the hell he was going Dean would ask him for permission to repurpose the too small clothes in the dresser. He wasn’t the greatest with a needle and thread but he figured at the very least he could cobble together a few more pieces to sleep in.

Dean didn’t hear Castiel moving around the house at all but the sudden roar of an engine let him know that he had the place to himself. Dean thought about exploring some but the fact that he didn’t actually know which door led to Castiel’s office made him reconsider. For all he knew there was some crazy angel warding on the door that would blast anyone who tried to open it.

Instead Dean spent the day outside. The warmth of the sun, the surprisingly frequent breezes not blocked at all by the surrounding trees and bushes, and the manual labor all did the job of keeping Dean’s mind blessedly blank. Only stopping for a quick lunch of bread, peanut butter and papaya, Dean managed to clean out the little chicken hut and replace the bedding with fresh dried up palm fronds that had dropped to the ground as well as clear out all the weeds and grass that had overtaken the garden plots. He was a little disappointed that he’d found nothing worth saving in the plots but a little exploring had him discovering an old potting shed that had several decent tools for all sorts of gardening and landscaping jobs as well as quite a collection of seeds.

By the time Dean noticed the sun was setting, he’d planted neat rows of beans, tomatoes and spinach seeds and hauled buckets of water from the kitchen to wet the soil down. He hadn’t had any luck finding an outdoor water source though the fact that there had been a garden here at some point
indicated there must be one somewhere. When Dean’s anger flared because his mind decided to supply him the image of some poor elderly faceless slave hauling water for *Master Castiel’s* garden he decided the poles for the beans would need to wait until tomorrow. For now, a hot shower.

The sudden rumble coming from Dean’s stomach drew his attention to the fact that what he would consider dinner time on a normal day had already come and was passing by without an appearance from Castiel. He hesitated as he made his way through the kitchen, wary of not being available to put shit away or cook or whatever if Castiel showed up while he was in the shower. One sniff of his sweaty, dirt smeared body had Dean taking the chance. Certainly Castiel would be more unhappy if Dean handled his food while smelling like an old gym sock.

Of course it was Dean’s luck that he heard the sound of an engine floating through the open bathroom window just as he turned off the shower. When the rumble abruptly cut off Dean stumbled out of the shower, swearing loudly as he grabbed a towel and gave himself a cursory rubdown. He eyed the dirty pile of clothes he’d left on the floor of his room before he grabbed the pants he’d washed earlier. Dean hesitated for a moment before pulling them on and heading down to the first floor. Didn’t much matter he was commando and shirtless, Dean supposed, since Castiel would likely require him naked by the end of the night.

Dean was coming off the last step at the same time that Castiel was coming from the hall to the kitchen. He was probably moving a little faster than he should and since he was still slightly damp his feet hit the cold slick floor and Dean nearly fell on his ass. Barely managed to grab the rail as his bare soles tried to fly out from under him. When Castiel came to a sudden stop with a raised eyebrow, a very judgy raised eyebrow in Dean’s opinion, Dean took a second to fully right himself before shrugging.

“What?”

Castiel didn’t speak but seemed to very deliberately look Dean up and down. Now that he was recovered from his slightly panicked run and near miss, Dean couldn’t help but be aware of his current appearance. His hair was still dripping, water trails going down his bare shoulders and chest, pants clinging to his body where he hadn’t fully dried, and waltzing around barefoot like he was kicking back at his place on a lazy Sunday morning. His arms made an aborted attempt to wrap themselves around his very naked, *are there degrees of naked? This feels like a case of Very*, chest but Dean forced them back down and tried to adopt a more casual stance.

“Lost track of time and I was dirty. You weren’t here when you said you’d be so I figured I had time to shower. I figured wrong. Didn’t want to make you wait, *sir.*” Dean instantly regretted the sarcastic tone but it was already out.

What was it about this guy that could have Dean up in arms without saying a word? Oh yeah, the *I own you* thing. Probably that.

“My tasks took longer than I anticipated. Perhaps I could have opted to not make the last few stops and been home when you expected me. I suppose you could have continued to make do with the food already in the kitchen and the few clothes in your room.” Castiel said, the steel in his eyes belying the casual tone in his voice. “Or *perhaps* you might remember that I am *your* master and I do not answer to *you.* ”

“Just meant to be ready when you got home is all.” Dean mumbled as he tried not to shrink under the glare.

Castiel stood there staring at Dean for a moment before he shook his head and started walking away towards the sitting room where Dean had received his binding mark last night.
“Eat and put the things in the kitchen away then come see me so we can get the tally over with.” Castiel said without looking back.

One last eye roll at Castiel’s back and Dean left to do as he was told, but only because he was hungry damn it.

Dean was shocked into stillness when he walked through the door of the kitchen. There had to be at least a couple dozen bags on the floor and counters. The ones up on the counter were all cloth grocery bags while the ones on the ground were bags with various store names on them. A peek in the nearest did indeed contain clothes that Castiel had hinted at. There were several bags with the same store name.

The small squirmy worm of guilt doubled in size when he spied a takeout bag sitting on the little breakfast table. Dean’d assumed he’d be cooking supper but evidently Castiel had picked up something already prepared for him. Dean scrubbed a rough hand across his face as he blew out his frustration in one long breath. It sure felt a lot like Dean kept screwing up.

But no. Everything he’d done or said so far was based on fact. That fact being that Castiel owned his ass and saw no problem with it, thought it was righteous even. Sure, the concept wasn’t much different than chain gangs of the past but even then there was a specific time frame, definitely nothing that could be milked and abused as Castiel appeared to be wont to do.

With that in mind, it occurred to Dean that Castiel had mentioned doing the tally when he was done. Dean wasn’t sure if that meant he was done with Dean for the day or if he preferred his intimacy tasks to be completed at bed time and they’d go on tomorrow’s tally. Putting away the groceries first, Dean mulled it over. It wasn’t like he was eager to be used as some angel’s sex toy. Frankly he was nervous as fuck. Wasn’t that he didn’t find dudes attractive, he’d just never had the occasion to go much beyond an exchange of blow jobs.

Even more concerning was the fact that he didn’t know shit about angels and what they got off on. Sure, what he read about seemed pretty human, but it didn’t really give much away about the temperament and preferences of angels. Other than the very disconcerting fact that ‘damage’ during tasks increased its value of course.

So no, Dean wasn’t super anxious to jump in the sack with the dude who held his leash and seemed determined to behave like an ass, all over a joy ride in a boat. But he sure as shit didn’t want to fall over dead at eighty while he was scrubbing floors or chopping wood or whatever, having not seen his brother or his friends in decades. Dean couldn’t imagine a worse fate than dying here old and alone with no one to care for him, like Castiel’s last slave. When he began to wonder if Castiel had bothered to even have the body buried or if he’d just tossed it out with the trash, Dean decided to focus on the tasks at hand.

Putting away the groceries took a while, as Castiel seemed to have decided to stock the entire kitchen. The pantry was now stocked with all the basics, along with a variety of spices. The fridge and freezer were packed with meats, dairy products, a variety of vegetables plus almost a whole bag’s worth of condiments and a surprising variety of cereals and snacks. Dean was a little bummed when he put away a bottle of orange juice, a gallon of milk and a couple of different bottles of soda that there was no beer or liquor. Then again, for as much as he knew there was a rule against slaves having alcohol. Which would suck major donkey dick.

Dean took a break and sat down to the greasy bag that was giving off smells that had his stomach growling and his mouth watering. The moan he let out when he opened up the tinfoil wrapped burger was damn near indecent. It wasn’t just some flash frozen paper thin patty like you get from McDonalds. The patty was thick, with juice still glistening on the edges. Sure, there was a little more
rabbit food on it than he usually preferred. Considering it had been over a month since he’d had even a mediocre burger, the diet on the boat being mostly fish, rice and beans, it was friggin heaven in Dean’s mouth. Not to mention he’d worked up a pretty healthy appetite working outside today. Which is why he managed to polish off the entire burger and the large serving of fries in less than ten minutes. Closer to five probably.

Once he’d cleaned up his trash and washed off the grease and salt from his hands, Dean hauled the other bags to his room. He thought about leaving it for later and just going down now to get whatever Castiel had in mind over with but Castiel had been pretty clear that he was supposed to put everything away. Dean wasn’t sure if the machine would consider him just bringing the stuff to his room putting them away and didn’t really wanna find out what happens if you lie to the machine, even if you don’t necessarily think its a lie.

So first, Dean emptied out the dresser of the clothes that didn’t fit him. He briefly thought about leaving the clothes he’d found in the bottom drawer that actually fit him but remembering Castiel’s initial reaction he figured it was best to put them with the rest of the clothes. When he had the old clothes stacked neatly on his bed, Dean began to empty out the bags. He wasn’t entirely surprised to find a lot of the same kinds of clothes as the light linen pants and shirts that had been in the dresser already, but big enough for him. Dean also breathed a sigh of relief over the new underwear, and found himself begrudgingly impressed that Castiel had been thoughtful enough to purchase both the kind of boxers that were here before as well as a few packages of boxer briefs.

What did surprise Dean was the larger bags that held garment bags. Further investigation found a couple of simple but high quality suit jackets and dress pants. In the same bags he found a clothing box with a couple of dress shirts, one burgundy and one a darker forest green. Dean couldn’t imagine what he would need these kinds of clothes for but he shrugged it off as he hung up the clothes in the closet, which thankfully turned out to be empty. He half expected to find a bunch more dusty clothes along with personal effects and totally absolutely no fear that he would find the body of Castiel’s former slave stashed there. Not at all.

Dean shook off the morbid thoughts and went back to the last bag. He couldn’t suppress the happy little dance when he found not only a new pair of sandals but also a pair of dress shoes and a pair of heavy duty boots. Sure, the cheap slip on sandals he’d been given to wear at the facility kept the bottom of his feet from getting cut to hell by sticks and rocks, but working in them and the climbing earlier that morning, sucked. They were already threatening to come apart and he had scrapes along the edges of his feet where the shoes just barely fit him. Dean would think more deeply on the fact that Castiel had gotten exactly the right size another time.

Right now? Right now he was trying to make sense of the miasma of thoughts running through his mind. When he pulled out the box that held the sandals he’d spotted fabric at the bottom of the dark plastic bag. When he pulled it out he was shocked to find his swim trunks. First he had to force himself to swallow around the lump in his throat. Stupid to get choked up over something so unimportant, even if it was the only thing that was truly Dean’s, that had been his before.

Once he got past that, it was just a mass of conflict in his head. Castiel had clearly gone back to the facility for his shorts. Well, maybe not for the shorts. That would be crazy, out of the question. No way the angel would have bothered to make the trip for that. Probably had more paperwork to fill out or something. But still, he’d gotten the shorts. They were slightly stiff still, laced with salt from the ocean once the water had evaporated. Dean was no closer to understanding five minutes later after standing there staring at the fabric, hoping it would miraculously give him answers.

But they didn’t. The only thing it accomplished was to kill more time and Dean became uncomfortably aware of how long he’d taken, and that Castiel was waiting for him. Sure, he hadn’t
been given a time frame but Dean very much doubted Castiel intended for the task to include mooning over a stupid pair of swim trunks. Dean tossed the shorts over to join the dirty clothes from yesterday and headed to join Castiel. He paused momentarily in the door, wondering briefly if he should have stretched himself, just in case. But he had no lube and figured if Castiel was displeased that he wasn’t prepared Dean could point to the lack of supplies and pretend he was worried about damaging Castiel’s ‘property’.

Of course as soon as he walked into the little sitting room and saw Castiel scowling down at his phone, Dean had second thoughts. Sure, he wanted to start racking up points, but getting a higher number by being taken dry without prep by an angry angel and having his ass torn open wasn’t exactly what he had in mind. Certainly wasn’t how he expected to lose his proverbial ass cherry. Not that it mattered. He wasn’t about to get all weepy and emotional about a social construct that placed importance on something as unimportant as one’s virginity. Wasn’t like he was some chick about to get her hymen torn up or something.

Dean tried to hide the nerves on his face before he cleared his throat. No idea if he was successful or not, but he managed not to flinch when he found stormy blue eyes pinning him in place. It only lasted a second and then Castiel was shoving his phone into his pocket and walking over to the tally machine.

“Let’s get this done, I’m tired and I still have more work to do.” Castiel grumbled as he pressed his hand to the panel.

Dean watched it light up and fidgeted a bit longer that he should have because Castiel was barking at him.

“What?”

“I… what about… “ Dean stopped to give himself a mental shake. Time to stop acting like a little baby. “So anything after we tally tonight will go on tomorrow night, right?

“There won’t be anything after. You don’t get credit for brushing your teeth or whatever you do before bed.” Castiel said with a look that clearly showed he was contemplating Dean’s mental acuity.

“But I haven’t…” Dean trailed off, unsure how to continue without making himself feel like he was begging to get fucked for points.

Evidently prostituting himself for points bothered him even though sex workers were a-okay in his book.

“Dean, if you don’t say whatever it is you need to say I’m going to pick you up and carry you over here and hold your hand to the damn machine myself.” Castiel actually freaking growled and Dean had no doubt he’d be slung over the angel’s shoulder in no time.

“What about Intimacy Tasks? Aren’t you going to… make use of me?” Dean forced out.

Dean was actually surprised to see the anger almost completely drain out of Castiel as he dropped his hand and his shoulders slumped. Watched as Castiel moved towards a chair and practically fell into it. Hand covering his eyes as he spoke, Castiel looked oddly defeated almost.

“Dean, I’m fully aware of how humans view sex and physical contact of that nature. It’s not like angels. For us it’s merely another function. Certainly in mated pairs there may be some emotional context but even then its more like a compatible partnership that is mutually beneficial. You don’t want this, I promise.”
For a second Dean had actually felt like Castiel wasn’t as bad as he thought. Then he decided he was going to dictate what Dean did and didn’t want. He already got to dictate everything else in Dean’s life, he didn’t get to do the same with his mind.

“Why don’t you let me decide what I don’t want, sir. I’ve already told you I consent. Glad to hear you’re not like other angels and actually don’t enjoy the idea of rape but this ain’t that.” Dean said, frowning as he braved a couple of steps closer.

“You don’t get it Dean. You say that now but you won’t have the option to say no later. You make this choice and it will be treated just like any other task you are given. You will not have a say in the matter and you will be punished for refusal or failure. Just like any other task.” Castiel punctuated the last three words as he damn near flew to his feet. This time Dean did flinch, taking a tiny step back. “Using your ass to gain release is no different to me than having you repair the roof or fix the car. This is your one and only chance to say no. If not, then your body fully and truly belongs to me, is mine to do with as I choose. You don’t want that. I know you humans.”

Dean couldn’t help the rude snort at that insinuation but it was ridiculous that Castiel thought he knew anything about what it meant to be human.

“Sure, you know all about us humans. Tell me something then. Why would you think that any of us would prefer to be stuck as your slave for the rest of our lives rather than putting up with a few months or years or whatever of being your little sex toy. May not be the most appealing thing, I’ll give you that. But most of us would put in time getting used and passed around and subjected to whatever weird ass abusive kinky shit y’all are into over a life sentence.” Feeling bold, Dean pressed on. “I’m not gonna let you do me like you did the last poor schmuck. No dragging shit out so you can keep a free slave for as long as possible til you’re throwing my dried up overworked carcass out with the morning trash one day. I’m gonna leave this island some day and see my family again, whatever it takes. And I picked up enough to know that you can’t intentionally fuck with my tasks and refuse to give them to me all the time. I’m not some damn lifer.”

Castiel, to Dean’s surprise, looked a little shocked and confused by Dean’s outburst. His eyes regained some of their steel when Dean mentioned not being a lifer though.

“No, you are definitely not a so called ‘lifer’. ” Castiel said, and Dean might have found the fact that he actually used air quotes endearing if he wasn’t so pissed off. “Most of them did nothing to deserve being here beyond having the misfortune of being born. Unlike you. As to the rest, I’m afraid you’ve lost me. Believe me when I say I’ve no desire to have you here any longer than necessary. Wanting to see you pay for your crimes is not the same as wanting to keep you around for personal benefit.”

“Right. Bet that’s what you told your last slave. Poor kid makes a dumb mistake, didn’t even hurt a soul and yet you managed to drag it out, deny him the chance to actually knock off substantial points from his sentence so you can work him into old age and death.”

For a brief second Dean was certain he was about to find out what it felt like to have an angel smite him. The intense rage in Castiel’s eyes was nothing compared to the fear Dean felt when they began to glow. Then Castiel was squeezing his eyes shut before he turned his back to Dean.

“You’d be best served not speaking about things you know nothing of. But fine. If you insist.” Castiel spoke through obviously gritted teeth as he fiddled with something Dean couldn’t see, but had an inkling of. “Go to the kitchen and bring back a wet cloth to clean up.”

Dean heard the sound of a zipper being yanked down as he hurried out of the room and toward the kitchen. He’d asked for this. Pushed for it. He was right to. Dean wasn’t lying when he said this was preferable to being stuck for life. But he couldn’t fool himself, even if he tried to fool Castiel. The
idea of handing over someone free reign to use and abuse his body, it fucked with his head something awful. Dean wasn’t a prude but he certainly hadn’t ever been in a situation where sex was so one sided. Never had to put out when he wasn’t into it himself. Well, not until the damn training. Even trying to convince himself that it was no different than any other sex worker didn’t work, cause in the end they still had the choice. Mostly.

Sure, Dean had a choice. But when the options are to bend over and take it or live a life of servitude, away from his family and alone save someone who clearly couldn’t stand him except for how he could be useful. Some choice.

Wet cloth in hand, Dean steeled himself once again and went back to face his choice. At which point he damn near tripped over his own feet when he saw what was happening. Castiel was bent over, one hand pressed to the back of the chair he’d been in as if to support himself while the other was wrapped around his exposed cock. Eyes squeezed shut he was working his fist furiously over what Dean begrudgingly had to admit was an impressive looking hardon.

“What-” Dean started when he managed to find his voice again but he was quickly cut off.

“Shut up.” Castiel snapped.

Completely confused, Dean stood in silence, unable to look away from the sight of an intimidating, holier than thou angel. Jerking off right there for anyone to see should they walk in. Granted, Dean didn’t get the impression Castiel had many visitors. Plus, it didn’t seem modesty was really a thing with angels and how they used their slaves. But that’s all beside the point.

What. The. Fuck.

Dean was so lost that he didn’t hear the guttural command for him to come and kneel. Which is why he was surprised when suddenly an annoyed, and still fucking masturbating, Castiel was suddenly in his personal space. Free hand gripped the short hair at the back of Dean’s neck and then he was being shoved to his knees.

“Open.” growled Castiel in a voice that didn’t invite question or disobedience.

Bracing himself for a painful throat fucking, Dean opened his mouth and shut his eyes, making sure his lips still covered sharp teeth. But it didn’t happen. Sure, Dean found himself with a mouthful of cock. But seconds after he closed his lips around it and gave it a tentative suck it was pulsing hot and wet. Filled Dean’s mouth with come so unexpectedly that when his mouth was quickly vacated again he couldn’t help but sputter a little before he managed to swallow what didn’t leak out onto his lips and chin. He barely had time to wipe it away with his hand, cloth forgotten on the floor, before he was pulled to his feet and dragged to the tally machine.

“Start talking.” Castiel said in a voice that managed to be both annoyed and without the usual spark of personality it usually had.

For a moment Dean stood there staring at the hand that Castiel had pressed to the panel before mirroring the action. The come smeared across the panel blurred it slightly and the slickness of it against Dean’s skin was hard to ignore. Dean wanted to try and make sense of what had just happened but his brain was too hazy right now, from adrenaline, confusion, who knew. So he started listing off everything he’d done today while Castiel was gone. When he’d finished Castiel began breaking everything Dean had done into specific tasks. He was surprised at how every little thing was broken up to give it the most points possible. For instance he managed to make Dean preparing breakfast count for five whole points when it should have just been one. Dean started to pull his hand off after Castiel finished telling the machine about putting away the purchases but he felt a sharp jolt
go through him, starting from his hand and then Castiel was pressing his hand over Dean’s and holding it in place.

“What the fuck was that?” Dean asked, trying to ignore the fact that the hand covering his own was also still slick and wet.

“The machine sensed a lie when you went to remove your hand. Lies by omission count the same as any other, though I’m surprised you didn’t cause an error. It’s not usually a slave that omits a task.” Castiel said as he lowered the hand holding Dean’s.

“So what would’ve happened if you hadn’t stopped me?” Dean asked, glaring at the machine for causing him pain when he hadn’t even intended to leave anything out.

“The shock sent by the machine activates the sigil, which will continue to cause you pain until your hand is once again on the panel. Were it to be an actual lie from either of us then we would have merely been shocked for it and the lie not tallied. Shocks would only continue if we removed our hands before correcting the lie.” Castiel paused to take a deep breath, exhaustion now maring his usually stoic face. “Now, may I please finish?”

Dean couldn’t bring himself to give a snarky response about Castiel having already finished, instead choosing to answer with a nod.

“Oral stimulation to completion of master, but not slave. End entry.”

Castiel dropped his arm down as if it suddenly weighed a thousand pounds, Dean a little slower to follow. Flushed a little when he noticed Castiel hadn’t even taken the time to put his softened cock away, which he was doing now before he turned to leave the room.

“Really? I’m getting credit for a blow job for that?” Dean was surprised to feel something almost akin to guilt. He hadn’t even done anything really. Castiel had pretty much done all the work.

Castiel didn’t even stop on his way out to respond, just spoke loudly enough so his voice would carry. “Schedule is the same for tomorrow morning. I’ve more things I need to do but there will be another slave stopping by to show you where the market is. I’m sure if you have any more questions they’ll be happy to answer them.”

“Wait, Castiel.” Castiel paused when Dean spoke again. “What was my sentence? No one ever told me.”

The quiet dragged a little as Castiel seemed reluctant to answer. When he did, Dean kinda wished he hadn’t.

“Hundred thousand. It’s the minimum sentence.”

Then he was gone and Dean was left standing there alone, more than a little lost and uncomfortable with the feeling of drying come crusting up on the palm of his hand. Slowly, like he was moving through molasses, Dean walked over to retrieve the wet cloth from the floor. He scrubbed his hand before returning to the machine, wiping down the panel he’d dirtied. Tried not to look at the screen where his total for the day of forty five seemed to mock him.

It was as he was reaching for the light switch by the door, intending to escape to his room, that he became aware of something awful. Possibly the worst thing that’d happen so far, at least in his mind. Dean looked down at his tented pants, half hard from what had just happened. Hadn’t even had a hand on him. At least during his training he could excuse away his body’s reaction as inevitable. Any touch to cock or prostate would likely have the same effect. But Dean hadn’t been touched, at
all. Yet here he was, sporting a partial woody just from having the cock of a man he hated shoved in his mouth. Not even a man, a damn angel. Just from swallowing his come.

Dean just didn’t have any more damn spoons to be able to think about what the hell it all meant tonight. Instead, he rubbed his skin almost raw in the shower, this one much colder than the one he’d taken that morning. Sure as hell the only way he planned to take care of the problem. Rather never get off again than have it be because of his owner. Fuck what Balthazar said.

Glancing out the small window in the bathroom, which overlooked the garden he’d been working on today, Dean caught movement. Stepping closer he watched curiously as Castiel walked slowly towards the rows of seeds before he squatted down next to it. He stayed there staring for so long that Dean started to turn away when his eyes were drawn to light. It was faint, but clearly coming from Castiel’s hands as he reached down and sunk them both into the soil. As he continued to stare, each little spot of disturbed earth where Dean had planted a seed glowed for just a second before it moved to the next. Then Castiel was standing, almost looking a little unsteady on his feet, before he turned to head back in the house.

This day was just too damn confusing and Dean wasn’t even gonna try and figure out what the heck just happened. A fresh pair of boxers pulled on and Dean was dropping into bed. He worried his mind would be too dizzy with thought to sleep but thankfully his body had been beaten into submission by the days events and blissful darkness enveloped him quickly.

Chapter End Notes

Give me comments or give me death (JK. Mostly. But I really like comments even if I suck at responding sometimes. I always mean to and then shit happens and I don't get back to it. I suck. But I still love your comments!)

Visit me on Twitter @brenna_fae or Tumblr at spnbrennae

Love you guys!
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Dean meets another slave, maybe a new friend. Then again maybe not. But at least he manages to get a few answer. And a few more questions.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Decades.

That’s how long it felt like since Dean had gotten a decent night’s sleep. He’d had no problem passing out but woke after a lovely dream where he was buried, mostly but not quite fully dead, under the garden after a day of carrying full size trees from the house to Castiel’s boat before being literally split open by Castiel’s tree size cock proved to be too much for his hundred year old body. The worst part was just before his face was covered he saw Sam’s face looking down on him, still a young man in his prime, talking about how he couldn’t live with himself for being just a few minutes too late. Right before Castiel wrapped his arm around Sam’s neck and told him it was fine, Sam would make a perfect replacement slave.

There was no chance of going back to sleep right after that. Dean’d lost track of how many times he’d crisscrossed his room as he paced. It wasn’t til just before dawn that he’d fallen to his bed fully exhausted. Unfortunately his alarm blared to life an hour later. He stumbled through another icy shower to wake himself up before trying out his new clothes, opting for sandals since it sounded like he wouldn’t have much time for outdoor labor.

Dean wondered what this other slave would be like. He was surprised another angel was willing to do without their slave but he supposed it was possible Castiel might actually have friends, even if he couldn’t picture it. If Dean was lucky, though recent history seemed to prove otherwise, then the mystery visitor would be someone Dean could actually talk to and not just some mindless slave whose only thoughts were the one’s their owner told them to have.

Even though the fridge had been stocked with store bought, Dean opted to check the newly cleaned chicken coup to see if there were any more eggs. He was surprised to see three more chickens than the day before. Near as he could figure they must have gone off to nest someplace cleaner and their weird bird sense had brought them back once the place was more habitable. Dean dumped the scraps of fruit left from yesterday’s breakfast into the little wooden trough that took up the corner of the coup. Once the chickens all vacated their nests he gathered up eggs, four today, and headed back in.

Dean managed a decent veggie omelet and poured a cup of the coffee he’d started brewing before going outside, promising himself a cup or ten of his own when he was done. Another glass on the tray with juice along with silverware, salt and pepper, and small dish of ketchup in case Castiel was one of those weirdos that put it on his eggs. Dean found himself outside Castiel’s door a full fifteen minutes early, unsure what to do.

Castiel certainly struck him as the type to be grumpy if he was deprived of his sleep without good reason. But if Dean waited too long the food would grow cold. Either option meant Dean could face one of these punishments that kept being mentioned everywhere he turned. Blessing or not, the
choice was quickly taken from his hands as the door in front of him was ripped open.

“If you insist on standing out here practically vibrating with deafening thoughts you might as well bring my food in.” growled a very disheveled looking Castiel.

Dean had to avert his eyes so he could manage the stupid blush he felt creeping up on him. Evidently it didn't matter that Dean’d been up close and personal with the guy’s dick last night. The sight of him wearing nothing but a pair of boxers, hair completely wild and eyes still hazy from sleep was more intimate than Dean was prepared to deal with.

“Didn't think you guys could actually read minds.” Dean mumbled as he brushed past Castiel and headed for the table.

“I wasn't reading your mind. You were standing on a squeaky floorboard. The way you continuously shifted your weight was both quite telling and quite annoying.” Castiel said as he moved around the room.

Not that Dean could see, since the tray in his hands was proving to be fascinating and holding all of his attention. He unloaded it and neatly arranged everything… three times… before he finally gave in and turned towards Castiel. Who was disappearing into the bathroom with what appeared to be an armful of clean clothes. When he reappeared it was to Dean watching for him with a furrowed brow.

“What?” Castiel snapped

“Nothing.” Dean said, schooling his face into something more neutral. “Just thought I was supposed to do that.”

Castiel huffed and the tension in his frame dissipated quickly.

“Yes. I suppose. I'm just used to doing things for myself is all.” Castiel said, not looking directly at Dean as he sat down at the table.

Dean stood silently as he watched Castiel drink half the cup of very hot coffee down in one swallow. He managed to keep still and quiet through half the omelet before he caved.

“What would you like me to do now?” Dean was probably a little more abrupt than necessary but there was a whole damn pot of that coffee downstairs with his name on it.

The funny thing was that Castiel actually flinched, as if he’d forgotten Dean was even still there. If he was human, Dean would believe it was fatigue that had him zoned out. But more likely it was just that easy for Castiel to think of him as just another piece of furniture. Property to be used when needed and ignores when not.

“If you haven't eaten already then please do. Ellen will be here in about an hour so be ready for her. We don't particularly need anything else but pick me up something so that you'll receive credit for your time today.” Castiel said between bites.

“This Ellen gonna get credit for babysittin’ me?” Dean’s dumb instinct to joke about everything seemed to be waking up.

Castiel paused with the last bite near his lips before he set the fork back down, shooting a fairly mild glare Dean’s direction before looking away.

“Ellen is not serving a sentence. She… was born into it.”
Jesus, the guy sounded ice cold. Couldn’t even muster up an ounce of compassion for someone who never had a choice.

“I’ll just… get started then.” Dean said as he awkwardly turned away and headed for the door.

“Dean.” Castiel’s voice had Dean stopping in his tracks to turn and look at the angel, who's eyes hadn't left his plate. “Breakfast was very good, once again. Thank you.”

“Oh sure, no problem.” Dean said, completely caught off guard.

When Castiel didn't speak further Dean backed out of the doorway and headed to the kitchen. He cleaned up from cooking Castiel’s breakfast and sat down to his own of cereal and coffee. Lots of coffee. Lots.

Dean was just finishing off his fourth cup when he heard the sound of an engine coming to life. Not long after, Castiel was gone and Dean was once again surrounded by silence and no idea what to do with himself.

He started to leave the kitchen, planning on trying to find important things like the laundry room without stumbling into the wrong room and getting himself blasted by angel juju, when his manners kicked in. Someone was coming over to drag his ass around, least he could do was offer them some coffee.

Dean brewed up a fresh pot and pulled down a clean mug. He was just contemplating a fifth cup for himself when a loud ass sound nearly had him scrambling under the table for cover. It took him a second to come to the realization that it was just the doorbell.

Okay. Maybe lay off the coffee for a bit.

Taking deep breaths to settle his fractured nerves, Dean headed for the front door. He looked out the peephole and saw the woman he assumed to be Ellen. He took a moment to assess. Middle aged, long dark brown hair with gray scattered throughout, wrinkles around the eyes and mouth that seemed to age the woman further than what the rest of her appearance would imply. So someone who likely tries to take care of themselves but has lead a hard life, unsurprising considering what Castiel had told-

“Boy, are you gonna make me stand out here all day or are you gonna open the damn door?” Dean’s assessment derailed completely by the snap of a rough but somehow still warm voice.

Right. Evidently she was either some sort of super human in disguise or being born here gave her some angel-

“I ain't psychic or anything, you're blocking the peephole. Made it darker when you started spying. Don't quit your day job boy, subterfuge doesn't appear to be a strong skill of yours.”

Embarrassed at being called out, and still more than a little uncertain about the woman’s claims since she clearly knew what Dean’d been thinking, he forced himself to open the door. He had to step aside quickly to avoid being barreled over as his guest (tour guide? Babysitter?) waltzed in without hesitation.

“Oh, you must be Ellen. I'm-” he started to introduce himself to her back as she walked further in.

“Dean. Yeah, I know. Let's get going.” Ellen interrupted sharply, turning to shoot Dean a glare that rivaled Castiel’s.
What the hell?

“Sure. But… umm. I just made a fresh pot of coffee. Wasn't sure if you'd like a cup.” Dean said as he shifted on his feet, unable to meet those apparently angry eyes. “I'll just go shut it off though. Then we can head.”

Dean didn't miss the minute softening of Ellen’s eyes. Wasn't much but it was there. Her tone also lost some of its edge too when she spoke.

“No, that was kind of you. I’d love a cup.” Ellen said with a nod of her head to gesture for Dean to lead the way.

Dean busied himself filling two cups (shut it) and bringing them both over to the small table before returning to grab cream and sugar. He set those down in front of Ellen, who’d already taken a seat before going back to the cabinets.

“Want something to eat with that? We got some fruit, crackers and some cheese I could slice up… “ Dean trailed off as he looked through the cabinets for options. “These weird honey cake things. I think master has some weird obsession with honey or something.”

Dean turned to hold up the package and the small grin he had been sporting quickly faded when he noted the softness had fled Ellen’s face once again.

“How unusual that your master allows you free access to all of the food. You don’t see many masters that do that.” Ellen bit out before she seemed to think better of it and her face slipped into something more neutral before she looked down at her cup.

“Sorry. Still getting used to all this, didn't mean to rub it in your face or anything. Honestly I didn't realize it wasn't the norm.” Dean said as he looked at the box in his hands, the snack suddenly feeling inadequate. “Are you hungry? I could make you a sandwich or two? Or an omelette? I already used up the fresh eggs but I got some store bought ones. I could pack some stuff for you take back if you want. I'm sure Castiel wouldn't even notice and if he did I'd just tell him I ate it. I mean he said to help myself so if he wants to punish me for taking him at his word then so be it.”

“Kid! Slow down! I… a sandwich would be great… if you wouldn't mind.” Ellen said, though she had to look away to do it.

Dean knew two things in that moment. One, even having lived her whole life as a slave Ellen was still an incredibly proud woman who was embarrassed to ask for any kind of charity. Two, whatever her circumstances were, it was bad enough for her to choke down that pride.

Suddenly, Dean had a passing moment of guilt that he wasn't more grateful that Castiel was his owner. Evidently it could be worse, at least in this respect.

But fuck that noise. There was no such thing as a ‘good’ slave owner. Besides, who's to say he wouldn't use food, or lack of it, as a punishment if Dean wasn't a good little slave. Not to mention he didn't really know much about Castiel yet. Now that he’d opened the flood gate Dean could be in for a whole world of hurt if it was how Castiel chose to get his rocks off.

Shaking himself out of that very dangerous line of thought, Dean started gathering up sandwich supplies and brought them to the table so that Ellen could make it to her liking. His heart broke a little at the overwhelmed look that flashed across her face quick as lightning before she schooled it back to neutral.

“Personally I prefer the roast beef and cheddar with mustard.” Dean said softly as he picked up the
creamer and sugar to put away, giving her a moment of privacy.

Dean felt a flutter of happiness when he returned to see Ellen putting together roast beef, cheddar and mustard on the bread but he didn't let his show. When she'd finished, he cleaned up the supplies so they'd have room to sit comfortably and talk. Cause frankly, Dean had some questions.

He waited patiently, sipping his coffee, until Ellen managed to eat about half her sandwich. He'd probably have waited til she was done but, as she continued to prove, the woman seemed to be an expert on reading people.

“Spit it out already, kid.” Ellen said after swallowing down a particularly large bite.

Dean’s instinct was to deny but at the raise of a single brow he made the smarter choice.

“I… I was wonderin' if you could maybe fill me in on a bit. I'm kinda… unclear on some things about angels. Maybe misinformed is more accurate.” Dean hedged a bit.

“So why not ask Castiel then?” Ellen asked before taking another bite.

Dean snorted at that but when Ellen didn't join in he forced the sarcastic response down.

“We haven't exactly had much time to chat. When he’s not busy issuing commands or using services that otherwise occupy my mouth he's sleeping or gone.”

Dean didn't miss the way Ellen's brows shot up at Dean's snide comment.

“I'm surprised Castiel is having you perform such tasks. I assumed since his previous slave had never been tasked such that it would be the same.” Ellen said, clearly choosing her words carefully.

“Yeah, well I wasn't about to let Castiel milk the system to keep me around til I'm a dried out old husk like he did to the last one.” Dean said bitterly.

“Boy, I suggest you not talk of things you know nothing about. Max was-” Ellen cut herself off rather abruptly before taking a large bite of her sandwich.

“Max?” Dean knew he shouldn't push but damn was he curious.

“So you had some questions?” Ellen asked after swallowing and taking a long drink of her coffee, a clear dismissal.

“Uh… yeah. Well, I guess… uhhh.” Dean stopped for a moment to actually collect his thoughts. “So us humans who aren't from around here know a little bit about angels, but most if it comes from books that were written before the treaty and there hasn't been a whole lot of research or angel interviews done since the walls went up.”

“And?” Ellen prompted.

“Well, seems to me they aren't much like the angels from before. I mean, most people already figure the whole wing thing was just a myth but the rest? Like, the whole eating and sleeping thing. People always make them out to be more like machines, above the baser needs 'n shit. And then there’s the powers. Like sure they're super strong and they have those sigil things but I keep expecting to see some smite action, or at the very least using some weird angel mind control thing on us 'lesser' beings. Why-”

“Woah kid. Okay I think I get the gist of it.” Ellen interrupted. “Though I don't know that any of this
Dean shifted uncomfortably under the sharp look Ellen gave him but remained silent.

“So I'm assuming you know angels have grace. Well, think of it as kinda like our blood. They contain a finite amount of it. Their body will replenish it's supply but slowly, and not a lot at a time. Some things use a lot of grace and some things not much at all. Functions fueled by things like eating and sleeping can be fueled by grace as well. But it's not a requirement. Just like you and I could not eat or sleep, we just wouldn't fare well. Keeping the body functioning with grace doesn't use a ton, most angels choosing to restrict eating or sleeping to once or twice a week or when it's something that brings them enjoyment.”

“But Castiel’s eaten at least once a day since I've been here and he’s definitely slept, though it looks like it's never enough.” Dean pointed out.

“Right, I said most. Castiel prefers to use his grace for… other things. Though there are some functions that use grace that even he can’t stop, kinda like how we can't just make ourselves stop breathing. Honestly don’t know what most of those are but the one thing I do know is healing. I'm sure if they were able to leave it be, their bodies would heal same as ours but the grace just kinda takes over. Healing others though is totally under their control. Takes more grace than healing themselves though, you won't see many angels who’ll do it.”

“You've seen some though? Surprised any of them would.” Dean said with a snort.

“Yeah, I've seen a couple do it.” Ellen said without elaborating further. “You're wrong about the wings though. They've got ‘em. Just takes way too much grace to pull ‘em outta where ever they keep ‘em. Keeps using it up the whole time they’re out. Damn near drains it completely.”

“No grace, no angel.” Dean confirmed before he thought of something. “Hey if that's the case why do we even know they have them. Obviously the stories about angels swooping in and attacking humans musta been true after all.”

“I don't know where angels are from but as I understand it that's where their grace used to come from. A limitless supply. Some point they got cut off. Same reason there’s no more new angels.”

“I knew they didn't make more cause that's why they agreed to the treaty. They didn't want to go instinct. But if that's the case why are they built like us, like with dicks and pu- genitals… genitals like ours.” Dean corrected himself quickly when Ellen narrowed her eyes at him. “Why do they have sex. Sure humans like having sex just for the fun of it but the reason we ever had it in the first place was the urge to make more. If angels can't make babies why aren't they junkless?”

“Oh they do make them the same way. Where we start out with two required pieces of genetic material they need three; the egg, the sperm and an entirely unique spark of grace. Angels can’t take in grace that isn’t their own. They can heal each other physically but they can’t share their grace with each other. So creating new life requires a spark that exists only in that single angel. Figure wherever they get their grace is the same place that spark came from.”

The two of them sat there silently sipping their coffee as Dean absorbed the knowledge. Dean’d always known the angels that already existed were all there would ever be but to hear that they were basically the same as humans when it came to making babies? He couldn't imagine if one day all of humanity suddenly found themselves unable to ever have more children, some never being able to build a family. Dean didn't like the twinge of sympathy he suddenly felt for his captors. He couldn't help but wonder if they were this awful before they were so cut off or if it was the cause of it.
“So an angel uses up too much grace and that's it huh? No getting it back? Just insta death?” Dean asked as he stood to take care of the dirty dishes.

“Not entirely instant, no. I've only seen it once. They don't have long, certainly not long enough to replenish their grace.” Ellen answered as she moved to Dean’s side, drying and putting away as he washed. “There is one way but it's incredibly rare. I've never heard of it happening from any generations that have lived during my lifetime. The human soul. While grace is finite a soul has no end.”

Dean looked up in shock, the dish in his hands forgotten.

“So what, those dicks can just use us up like a couple of C Batteries?”

“No.” Ellen said as she calmly pried the dish from Dean’s white knuckle grip. “The energy of a soul has to stay pure or it’s destroyed. There can't be any coercion at all. Not taken. Not sold. Not for money or freedom. Freely given. It's so rare because most humans, even well meaning humans, can't see their own true motives. There are rumors what it means when an angel and a human are able to make the transfer but… “

Ellen seemed to lose her train of thought as she stared out the window so Dean nudged her gently with his elbow.

“But?”

“But nothing. Just silly tales told to young slave girls to keep their spirits alive just a bit longer.” Ellen said briskly before putting away the last dish and turning to leave the kitchen. “C’mon now. Castiel’s favor only bought me for half the day. Better get a move on.”

“Wait, I'm sorry, bought? Favor?” Dean was so distracted following Ellen he barely registered when she turned away from the front door and down a side hall Dean had yet to explore.

“Yes, my owner rents us out. Money has barely any meaning between angels. The stores on the island use it because it's what they have to for trade with off island humans. But slaves are more valuable than a bushel of apples or a new shirt. So they trade in favors instead.” Ellen said as she stopped at a closed door.

“And he wasted that kinda thing to get me a tour gu-” Dean cut off sharply when Ellen opened the door to what ended up being a garage.

Cars. Plural. Enough space for four good sized vehicles, though currently one space was empty and one space housed a couple of motorcycles in various states of repair and what looked to be some sort of suped up dirt bike.

Dean slowly walked across the garage, letting his hand trail over the hood of what could only be described as a Pimpmobile, a gold Lincoln Continental that was still much better than that little plastic piece of crap Dean’d seen his first night here.

The next car was under a drop cloth, though Dean could already see from the shape muddled by fabric that was another classic. He was just about to lift the cloth up when Ellen’s voice sounded suddenly, startling him a bit and reminding him of where he was and whose cars he was groping.

“Damn, I was hoping he’d left the truck. I hate driving the Lincoln alone, always get sideways looks when I don't have an angel in the back. Oh well, let's go.” Ellen grumbled.

Dean turned just in time to see her grab a set of keys hanging on the wall near the door before she
pushed the button to raise the bay door and head for the driver side door.

“Woah, wait. We’re just gonna take one of Castiel’s cars? You sure that's kosher?” Dean asked uncomfortably as Ellen got in behind the wheel.

“How else you think we’re getting around? How you're gonna get around? Plannin’ on carting loads of groceries the several miles back from the market with just those noodle arms?” Ellen asked with a snort.

Dean scowled at that as he climbed into the passenger seat. His arms were perfectly beefy, thank you very much.

“Just surprised s’all.” Dean mumbled sullenly. “Seems like a lot of trust lettin’ us take his car.”

“Well,” Ellen conceded as she started the car and pulled out, “Most angels have a junker for their slaves to use. Can’t tell you how many times I’ve been punished for being late cause some piece of crap decided to shit the bed on the side of the road.”

Dean just shook his head and turned to watch out the window. He knew he’d had more questions but his brain was already having a hard time making sense of much. Sure, he kinda wanted to know what he was in for but he wasn’t terribly comfortable asking a woman that made him think of a mom about what kind of fucked up things angels had done to her body.

***

Three hours later Dean was pulling back into the garage after having dropped Ellen off at the Slave Transport stop near Castiel’s house, where she’d evidently come from that morning. He now knew where the market was, as well as the post office, car part store, the slave clinic and the restaurant that Castiel had gotten the amazing burger he’d brought for Dean. Ellen also showed Dean where a few of Castiel’s other favorite restaurants were, which Dean thought was a little weird Ellen was so familiar with but pointedly pushed away the image of Castiel “renting” her for intimacy tasks.

Even pushed away though, the thought did make him wonder. Dean’d just assumed that Castiel was actually into dudes, at least so far as them being a warm hole to stick his angel dick in. But the idea that Castiel might have sought out a female body to use and abuse had him walking through what’d happen last night and Castiel’s response. Dean hadn’t been sure what to think about the fact that Castiel had done most of the work, seemed to almost be forcing himself to engage Dean sexually. He’d chalked it up to Castiel being pissed that Dean wasn’t gonna let him stretch out the sentence but now he couldn’t help but wonder if he’d managed to force a straight guy who was physically repulsed by sex with a dude to let one suck his dick.

Dean was immensely unhappy that he was able to feel any amount of guilt at the prospect. But Castiel had been pretty clear that if Dean gave the green light he’d make full use of it whether Dean agreed or not, so that couldn’t be it. Unless Cas was just trying to get him to change his mind so he wouldn’t have to make Dean uncomfortable by telling him he didn’t want what Dean was forcing on him cause he wasn’t a f... into dudes like Dean. Castiel. Unless Castiel. Where the fuck had Cas come from.

Suddenly aware that he’d been sitting in the car long enough for the ticking of the cooling engine to stop, Dean shook himself of his stupor and got out. He was tempted to check out the mystery car, or see if maybe he could teach himself how to ride the dirt bike, but neither sounded like something that would subtract from his sentence so instead Dean decided to head out and rig up some stakes for the beans. The tomato cages will take a bit more work to build so they’ll need to wait for another day.
Dean was carrying a bundle of branches he’d gathered from the surrounding rainforest and a roll of twine he’d found in the shed when he was met with a sight that had him literally unable to move his body. It took him a moment to finally shake himself from it, then he was dropping his load and running to fall to his knees beside the garden.

The little mounds that just yesterday only held seeds all had little green stalks sprouting from the soil, branching off into little leaves. None of them were more than an inch or two tall, still a ways from producing but certainly way further along than they should be. Dean was immediately brought back to last night, and the sight of Castiel in almost this exact spot. Dean scanned the ground along the edge of the garden and almost immediately found what he was looking for. Dean couldn't help but run his fingers over the handprints, fit his own in where Castiel’s fingertips had bent and left deeper impressions than the rest.

All this time the only thing Dean could bring to mind when he thought about angels and their powers was destruction. Sure he knew vaguely about the healing but… to look at his little seeds, brought to life by the touch of grace. Precious grace that Castiel clearly holds dear enough to conserve but would so easily give it up for this.

Dean stood abruptly, clutching his hands to his body as if they’d been burned. The last thing he could afford was to see Castiel as anything more than a monster that held Dean’s freedom in its hands. Dean would only end up that much worse off when Castiel showed his true colors. Determined to keep his hands and mind busy, Dean spent the rest of the afternoon staking the sticks into the ground and weaving the twine between them to create the trellis the vines would climb. He’d have to check the sprouts every morning to make sure he was able to catch them the moment they were big enough to train up the poles. Tomorrow he would decide if he wanted to spend the time to create the cages for the tomatoes or just tie them off to stakes.

Once Dean’d given himself a quick washdown and put on some clean clothes, he set about making supper. Castiel hadn't indicated if Dean should have it ready for when he got home but Dean figured better safe than sorry. He made up a simple casserole with chicken, rice, some diced up veggies and cheese. When it was cooked through he could always leave the stove on low to keep it warm.

When the casserole was in the oven, Dean cleaned up the kitchen and even went so far as to set the little table with two place settings. As soon as he was finished though he scrambled to put everything back. Stupid to think they'd be sitting down to a meal together.

After checking the time and seeing he still had another twenty minutes Dean decided he could squeeze in some more cleaning while he waited. He found the cleaning supply closet right where Ellen said it would be when he’s confessed during their travel that he’d been too concerned about stumbling into the wrong room to do any exploring. She also told him where the laundry room was, how to access the basement and attic as well as the fact that No, Castiel did not put wards on his office door that would blow Dean up if he accidentally opened the wrong door.

So when the rumble of what Dean now knew to be an old truck and not a stupid little plastic pos came to a stop in the garage and Castiel came in it was to the sight of Dean lost in the rhythm of half cleaning, half dancing to the music he was humming, the mop his willing partner.

Of course the moment Dean spotted Castiel, watching him with a curious lift to his eyebrow, he nearly tripped over the mop in question.

“Oh… I had some time to kill while I was waiting for supper to cook and… umm yeah. What you saw… see when I was little my mom got me to help clean by making it fun. Putting away laundry was tucking the family of shirts in to bed for the day, toys in the toy box was a championship
basketball game and sweeping or mopping was going to a big grown up party and dancing til the stars went to sleep. As... as you just witnessed of course.” Dean finally stuttered to a halt as his embarrassment fully overtook him.

“I see.” was all Castiel said.

“So umm, yeah.” Dean struggled to break the uncomfortable silence. “Dinner! I think, yeah.”

Dean grabbed the bucket and mop and carried them to the kitchen with him to check the time. He thanked whatever supreme power there might be out there that Castiel’s timing was perfect and Dean wouldn’t have to risk standing around awkwardly waiting while Castiel stared at him.

The mop and bucket got stashed out of the way to be taken care of later before Dean washed his hands and checked the casserole. He set it on the stove top and turned to call for Castiel and nearly jumped out if his skin when he found Castiel had followed him and stood in the doorway watching him.

“It smells very good.” Castiel said, looking pointedly at the steaming dish.

“Looks done. Where would you like me to serve it?” Dean asked as he pulled a plate and silverware out.

Castiel glanced briefly at the little table Dean had set early and some unreadable thought passed over his face. For a moment Dean thought that Castiel would actually say he’d eat in here. But he merely shook his head a little and moved closer to Dean.

“Go ahead and dish it out. I'll take it with me to my office. Eat and finish anything in here you need to do then we can meet up to tally.” Castiel said as he took the plate and silverware from Dean’s hands and held it out to be filled.

Dean carefully transferred casserole to the plate, willing himself to speak.

“Any more tasks for me to complete before then?” Dean asked without looking at Castiel.

Castiel sighed harshly before turning away from Dean.

“Come to my office when you’re finished then.” He said as he opened a cabinet and pulled out a glass tumbler.

Dean watched his back until it disappeared before making himself a plate. Thinking better of it, he set the plate aside and began transferring the leftovers to Tupperware, leaving them open on the counter to cool. He emptied out the dirty water from the bucket and returned it and the mop to the closet. Once his hands were washed, Dean paced the room a bit to stall. He eyed his food, certainly hungry enough but more comfortable going in with a slightly empty stomach in case there was anything that would gag him in the near future.

Seeing it’d only been ten minutes, Dean got to work scrubbing out the bakeware now that it was cool enough to handle. Then he grabbed a pad of paper and pen that had been sitting on the counter and began planning out meals for the week. Then he went through the ingredients he had and started a list for the market. Dean would need to ask Castiel how he paid for purchases but that could wait. He wouldn't need to go for a few more days but it didn't hurt to be prepared. Plus it killed some time.

Speaking of which.

Dean swore loudly when he realized another twenty minutes had passed while he was distracted.
Dean tossed the paper and pen back onto the counter and jogged to the door of Castiel’s office. He stopped for a moment to compose himself before knocking softly.

“Come in Dean.” Castiel’s voice was muffled through the door but Dean could still tell that it seemed rougher than usual.

Dean’s throat dried up a little as he stared at Castiel. He was sitting on his desk, one arm supporting him as he leaned back, the other holding the tumbler, which was filled with an amber liquid. An empty whiskey bottle lay on it’s side on the floor by the desk. Dean might’ve focused more on Castiel’s spread legs if he wasn’t too busy trying not to stare at his bare chest, tanned and toned and not cover as at all since his white button up was open and pushed to the sides.

Castiel cleared his throat, breaking Dean out of his stupor and causing him to look up to Castiel’s face. Judging by the glassy look of his eyes the bottle on the floor must have been pretty full half hour ago.

“Let’s get this over with.” Castiel said as he sat the glass down behind him and reached for his belt.

Dean hesitated a moment before he started to step closer. He stopped abruptly when Castiel raised his hand from his belt and held it up towards Dean.

“I’ll let you know when you can be of use.”

Wow. What a swell dude.

Dean wasn't sure what he was supposed to do so he just stood there and watched as Castiel opened his dress pants up and shoved the waist of his boxers down below his mostly soft cock. He thought maybe he should look away when Castiel spit in his hand and stroked himself to hardness. Castiel certainly wasn't looking at Dean. For a moment Dean wondered if Castiel was thinking of some pretty angel chick but cut off that line of thought when he felt the small twinge of guilt from earlier return.

It took a moment to realize that Castiel has called his name between harsh breaths. Dean didn't want to think about how he’d gone all dazed watching Castiel’s hand slide up and down his dick to the point that he lost track of time but clearly it had been long enough for Castiel to get close.

Dean took a reluctant step closer and then another more confident one and another. Then he was standing before a flushed, sweaty angel who was looking at him somewhat expectantly.

Apparently in alcohol in the system meant that Castiel was going to allow him some amount of control. Dean cautiously placed a hand on either thigh and Good God they were rock hard, before bending down enough to wrap his lips around the slick, swollen head of Castiel’s cock. He considered actually taking more in but Castiel’s hand was still speeding up and down the shaft so instead Dean sucked hard, hollowing out his cheeks while at the same time he prodded the precome filled slit.

Even though it went pretty much the same as last night Dean was still surprised to find himself with a mouthful of come after almost no work. At least this time he managed to swallow the whole load. As soon as he’d one so Dean felt a hand grip his hair tightly before he was yanked up. He staggered back a few feet before he started to turn towards the door.

“I can take care of that if you want.” Castiel said as he tucked himself away and closed up his pants.

Dean was mortified when he looked down to where Castiel was looking and found his pants once again tented.
“What?” Dean asked in a voice that was definitely not a high pitched squeak.

“It'll give you more points.” Castiel explained like he was speaking to a child. “Or you could take care of it yourself while I watch. Not as many points but I'm indifferent.”

Right. Indifferent. Like someone who doesn't actually like dudes but is forcing himself.

“I'm good! I'll just… meet you at the machine.” Dean said as he turned fully and practically fled the room.

Dean started cycling through every awful thing he could think of, including the time he had to teach Sam about sex between two dudes when his dad adamantly refused, clearly uncomfortable when Sam asked about the mechanics of it. Thankfully when Castiel finally joined him, looking way grumpier than a dude who just got off and had sucked down a whole bottle of liquor had any right to, Dean was soft enough not to show. A fact that Castiel became aware of when he looked for himself, his glare getting fiercer.

“Let's get this done.” Castiel growled out before he came closer and put his hand up to the panel.

Dean followed suit and Castiel listed off the chores surrounding breakfast before addressing Dean again.

“What did you pick up from the market for me?” Castiel asked as he watched the screen flash with words and numbers.

“Umm,” Dean shifted and nearly pulled his hand down before he remembered better. “I didn't? You didn't give me any money or a card and I'm afraid I left mine in my other swim trunks.”

“If you’d bothered to ask, Ellen would have walked you through using my household accounts.” Castiel snapped.

Dean knew he had no right to snark. In truth he’d forgotten all about it but he wasn't about to admit that if he didn't have to. Though the way Castiel was rubbing his temple hard with his free hand while he squeezed his eyes shut tightly had Dean feeling a little bad.

“The car.” Castiel said suddenly. “How was it?”

“The car?” Dean parroted back. “It was fine? I mean, timing belt is getting a little loose but-”

Dean stopped mid sentence when the corners of Castiel’s mouth turned up just a little.

“Performed auditory diagnostics on one vehicle.”

Dean was surprised to see an amount that was more than double the points he would have earned if he’d remembered to follow Castiel’s original instructions.

Once they’d gone through the rest of Dean’s day together, including the barely there blow job, Castiel dismissed Dean to return to his office. Dean knew he should leave well enough alone but he just had to ask.

“Hey Cas?” Dean’s voice was soft and the nickname had just kinda slipped out but it was enough to stop Castiel from leaving just yet. “I know it's kinda personal but umm… Look, this is a little embarrassing to be asking but… You do like dick, don’t you?”

That barely there smile from before reappeared for a moment before Castiel started to leave the room
again. Dean thought he was gonna leave without answering but then Castiel answered without turning around.

“Yes Dean. I enjoy dick.”

Chapter End Notes

I know, not the most fun of chapters. More boring world building, but I hope it was a little enlightening!

Comments and kudos make my heart happy!

Find me on Tumblr at spnbrennafae or Twitter at brenna_fae

<3
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Dean's never gonna be able to survive if every time he thinks he knows how things are gonna be... they shift. Over and over.

Chapter Notes

Looking back over previous chapters to remind myself what I've already covered in world building etc and I am Highly embarrassed by the amount of stupid typos. Some from writing on my phone and autocorrect making me it's bitch and some just plain not paying attention. I'm so sorry. *insert Shame Cersei gif*

Fingers crossed this chapter is a little better and eventually I'll go back and do some editing.

As always, mind the tags and remember this is not a fluff fic by any stretch. If at any point anyone feels the need to nope out I absolutely understand.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Things took on a very strange regularity for the next week. Breakfast was made and served, clothes were picked out and then Castiel would leave for the day with vague references to being back around dinner time. Dean was left to fill the hours with whatever tasks he could come up with.

The garden only took one more day of work to finish setting up, and from then only required a little work here and there to keep the unnaturally fast growing plants stable. Without that to occupy his time he cleaned the house from top to bottom, even getting permission to go into Castiel’s bedroom once to clean the private bath and gather up the laundry. The office was still off limits of course.

Dean would take a break for lunch and stop for the day when it was time to cook supper. He contemplated using his lunch break to explore the surrounding town a little more, maybe make friends with a few fellow slaves. One incredibly awkward trip to the store where angels glared at him for making eye contact and slaves scurried away if he so much as smiled in their direction was enough to dissuade. When he mentioned it to Castiel that night he was informed of how rare it was to have new adult slaves and that meant everyone knew he was a criminal and not someone worth associating with. Or something like that. Regardless Dean’d been glad he asked after his nightly ritual of playing come receptacle because the disdain left him feeling bitey.

Probably woulda ended poorly for him.

Speaking of which, that part of Dean’s daily schedule also continued with little variation. Some nights Castiel would indulge in a liquor store and some nights he’d be sober but barely awake. What never changed was the act itself. Castiel would work himself up to the edge and call Dean over. Lips would just barely wrap around cockhead before Castiel would pulse out his release. He never left any room for Dean to have a more active role. Never pushed for more. Twice more he offered to
assist Dean with getting more points by being involved in Dean taking care of his own hard on. Each time Dean declined and each time Castiel seemed more annoyed by it. But he stopped offering.

Every night ended in a cold shower for Dean. Blue balls be damned.

Just as Dean was getting used to the consistency it all changed. Of course Dean was still constantly trying to come up with more ways to earn points. Not easy with no input from his damn owner. It had been the night before when Dean was cleaning up that he thought of an easy task to pad his points. The leftovers were adding up in the fridge, even with Dean eating some for lunch every day. It occurred to him that he had no idea what Castiel did for lunch while he was away, if he ate at all.

So that morning, before he brought up Castiel’s breakfast, Dean packed up a lunch for Castiel to bring with him. He chose the pasta dish he’d made for last night’s dinner because it would be just as good cold as it was warmed up and Dean wasn’t sure if Castiel had any way to do so. Once he got Castiel situated he went back down to the kitchen to clean up, ready to hand off the lunch when Castiel left for the day.

Naturally, Dean being Dean, he got a little too wrapped up in the clean up and was only alerted to the fact by the loud thud of the garage door closing.

Swearing, Dean grabbed the lunch bundle he’d made with one of the clean dish towels and the thermos of cold honey sweetened coffee before he ran for the garage door. Turns out he needn’t have run though. When he flung open the door, Castiel hadn’t even climbed into the truck yet. Instead he was standing in front of the covered car. He held the corner of the fabric up to reveal the guts of the hoodless car and the shiny black metal that surrounded it.

Dean knew he saw something he wasn’t meant to see, but he had no doubt that he’d seen long graceful fingers gently caressing the smooth metal before they were snatched back and the fabric dropped. If he wasn’t sure he was intruding before, the glare Castiel levelled him with that left him choking on his words made it crystal clear.

“What, Dean?” Castiel snapped, Dean unable to stop the flinch.

“I...ah...I thought... umm.” Finally Dean thrust his hands out in Castiel’s direction. “Packed you lunch.”

Castiel was still for so long that Dean’s arms started to get tired, the surprise etched in his features. Just when Dean was about to turn around and head back to the kitchen and dispose of the dumb lunch Castiel walked over and gingerly took the bundle and thermos. Without making eye contact he turned away and moved towards the truck. He had the door open and his lunch deposited on the other seat when Dean’s mouth decided to take advantage of the strange silence.

“That a Chevy Impala?” Dean winced.

Why the hell-

“Yes.” Castiel said slowly, the vowel drawn out and the end just a little shy of tilting up enough to be a question.

“Cool.” Dean responded with a nod before his shifted on his feet. “Can I see her?”

Dean could actually see the conflict flicker across Castiel’s face as he considered it. He was about to take back the request when Castiel finally settled on a slight frown and gave a small nod. Not leaving Castiel any time to change his mind Dean practically skipped over to the car and slid the material away. He couldn’t help the grin that spread across his face as he circled and took stock. Clearly she
still needed a little work here and there. The hood was resting against the rear fender and there were boxes of unopened parts in the back seat. It took everything in him to not stick his hands right down into the bits and pieces but he hadn’t missed the way Castiel had hesitantly moved to follow Dean or the way his expression couldn’t decide if it wanted to settle on concerned or excited.

“She’s beautiful.” Dean nearly whispered as he finally stopped at the front to admire the engine.

Someone had put a lot of care and love into coaxing what looked to be mostly still the original heart of her. Says something about whomever had been working on it when it woulda been just as easy to order new. Without thought Dean leaned in and was already reaching before he realized it. He froze for a moment before looking up at Castiel, who had stopped to stand next to Dean and was watching him with something that could almost be mistaken for longing.

“May I?” Dean asked quietly, afraid to break this clearly fragile situation.

Another small pause before Castiel swallowed visibly and nodded.

That was how Dean ended up spending what felt like his strangest day yet since becoming a slave elbow deep in mechanical parts and covered in grease stains. Stranger than the feeling of peace that settled over him was the fact that he spent the whole day with Castiel, who ended up sticking around. There wasn’t much talking and when they did speak it was about whatever it was that Dean was working on, or surprisingly when Dean would ask Castiel to grab him a part or a tool and Castiel would comply like he wasn’t just basically ordered around by his slave.

Neither man wanted to step away from the project when lunch came around so Castiel suggested they share the lunch Dean had packed. Dean knew it shouldn’t be weird sharing silverware with a man whose come he’d swallowed regularly but it was. Thankfully they finished quickly and got right back to work.

Both were surprised by the loud rumble that emanated from Dean’s stomach. Even more surprising was the fact that when they left the garage and entered the kitchen it was pitch black outside. A quick check of the time showed it was already after ten o’clock. For the first time the silence that had come and gone through the day as they worked became awkward as Dean put together sandwiches for the both of them.

When Castiel picked up his plate and the glass of lemonade Dean had prepared for him he glanced towards the door in the direction of the sitting room.

“It’s late.” He said without looking at Dean. “And I’ve got a lot of work to do tomorrow to make up for today. We’ll do the tally in the morning before I leave.”

With that Castiel left, presumably for his bedroom, dinner in hand. Dean was more than a little confused by the disappointment he felt in the fact that clearly Castiel was unhappy about wasting his day. He chalked it up to annoyance though since Dean hadn’t even asked him to stay, the guy coulda left at any time.

Dean was so distracted by this that it wasn’t til he’d eaten his supper, cleaned up the kitchen, showered all the grease off that hadn’t been cleaned up when he washed before supper and had fallen into bed that he realized what was different about the evening. It was the first time in a while it hadn’t ended with a mouth full of come. Part of him was pissed that he missed out on those points and felt guilty that he coulda been that much closer to getting back to Sammy. The other part was grateful for a small amount of normalcy. Sure, hanging out with a douchebag angel all day wasn’t exactly standard, but spending all day with his hands on something grease covered and beautiful in its simplicity? That was something Dean was familiar with. Not ending the day with a gullet full of
angel jizz. Also nice and normal.

Better to take the day for the good that it was though. For as long as Dean was probably gonna be stuck here, it was for the best. Besides if he remembered correctly mechanical work was worth almost as much as some of the simpler intimacy tasks and he’d been at it all day so he should get a fair amount of points. That and he could always suggest that Castiel get his poor excuse for a blow job in the morning before they tally.

***

Of course that wasn’t gonna happen. By the time Dean got to Castiel’s room he was already up, showered and dressed, and a little bit annoyed.

“I told you I would need to make up time for what I wasted yesterday. Yet I’m still here, waiting on you.” Castiel spit out as he grabbed the tray of food from Dean’s hand.

“Sure but you never told me that meant you wanted breakfast earlier.” Dean mimicked before he could check himself but seriously, guy was being a dick. Again.

“Forgive me for assuming that you had two brain cells to rub together and could intuit such things. I forgot how entirely worthless you are as a slave. It’s a miracle you’ve managed to keep yourself alive this long, let alone fulfilling the needs of another being.”

Castiel’s words felt like darts, piercing the facade of control Dean tried to maintain. He almost opened his mouth to fill Castiel in on how he’d spent so much of his life ignoring his own needs to care for someone else that it probably was a miracle but Castiel didn’t deserve to touch that part of Dean.

“Forgive me master. I’ll endeavor to do better.” Dean said through gritted teeth. “Is there any way I may service you before we do the tally this morning.”

Dean took a little more pleasure than he should when Castiel appeared to choke on the bite of food he was shovelling in. He shoved the plate and the rest of the food away before glaring out the window.

“No time. Take care of this and then meet me at the machine.”

Dean cleared away the breakfast dishes and left them on the counter in the kitchen before he went to find Castiel already waiting for him at the machine.

“I won’t be home for supper. Eat your meals and work on the list of tasks I’ve left you on the table. You have a week to complete them. In addition to the list I expect you to spend an hour a day working on the car. If you happen to finish the list before your time is up the rest of the time will be spent in the garage.” Castiel didn’t even give Dean the courtesy of looking at him as he shot off his instructions.

Dean was pleasantly surprised by the amount of points he ended up with for the previous day. Sure it wasn’t near as much as it woulda been if he’d spent the same amount of time as an angel’s fleshlight but it was his highest total yet. If only Castiel had a whole fleet of old cars in need of some TLC.

Castiel was gone seconds after the tally finished, leaving Dean to check the list on is own.

“Mother fucker!” Dean swore as he read down the list.

Repair roof
Replace the broken logs lining the edge of the driveway

Strip and repaint potting shed

Purchase materials listed on back as well as any grocery shopping

Complete daily chores

All that plus an hour a day on the car? Dean was so screwed. He wondered what the punishment was for a slave that didn’t finish a task on time.

Shaking himself from the spiraling of thoughts that question brought about, Dean rushed through cleaning up after breakfast, only pausing briefly to shovel his own down. He was annoyed by the small twinge of gratitude he felt when he opened the garage door and saw that Castiel had left him the truck. It was just practical, Dean wouldn’t have to make multiple trips. Nothing more.

Dean spent the first half of the morning running around gathering the supplies he would need, immensely grateful for the tour Ellen had given him. By the time he got back to the house and had the supplies stashed where they would be needed for each job, Dean was ready for lunch. In an effort to be efficient he made a sandwich and decided to eat while he worked off his hour in the garage. The car was actually coming along nicely, it wouldn’t be surprising at all if Dean managed to finish that work before the rest.

Working on the roof. Probably woulda been better to save it for another morning, or even later in the evening. Cause working up on a roof in Cuba under the glaring sun when it’s at its peak? Not the smartest move. Of course Dean has always been a stubborn asshole, he’s not ashamed to admit. So he powered through and when dinner time came around instead of taking a break he took advantage of the cooling temperatures and finished up.

Luckily the moon was plenty bright for Dean to see by as he cleaned up and stashed the new tools and leftover materials in the potting shed. He’d ask Castiel later if there was a better place to put them but for now at least they were out of the way. Being in the shed reminded Dean that he hadn’t checked the garden at all today.

Which led to Dean cursing under his breath as he worked the bean stalks up around their posts after he found they’d grown so quickly that they hadn’t trained up properly and were starting to bend and droop. Once he finally finished that he surveyed the garden and figured he’d probably have to harvest in a couple of days or so. The tomatoes even sooner since they’d already started taking on more of their final rosy color.

By the time he’d finished, the sun had been down for well over an hour. Dean was exhausted. He managed to wash his hands at least, since he wasn’t a complete heathen, before eating cold leftovers straight from the fridge. He noted that he’d probably need to clean out the leftovers tomorrow and he knew that Castiel’s laundry as well as his own was collecting quickly. It would have to be fit in amongst Castiel’s list and working on the car.

Just the thought of it all seemed to sap what little energy Dean had left.

Dean felt himself drooping as mixed emotions flooded him upon hearing the rumble of a car coming up the driveway. He had just enough time to finish cleaning up from his dinner before Castiel was in the doorway. On the one hand he was glad he’d soon be able to fall into his bed. On the other he wasn’t sure he had enough energy to be even a passive participant to a lackluster blow job.

“You finished the roof.” Not a question.
Dean just nodded tiredly as he dried his hands off.

“I thought that would take you at least a couple of days since you had to pick up the supplies too.” Castiel said, and Dean caught what looked to be a scowl before the neutral mask came down.

He couldn’t contain the snort.

“I’m gonna have to move my ass a little faster than that if I’m gonna get everything done in a week. This was probably the quickest job on the list.”

Dean could feel the wave of defensiveness that was building the longer Castiel was silent.

“Look, I didn’t half ass the job if that’s what you’re getting at. Feel free to haul your feathers up there and check if you don’t believe me.” Dean gritted out as he stood, arms crossed over his chest more from a need to keep from reaching out to throttle Castiel than anything defensive.

“That’s unnecessary. I’m sure you did fine.” Castiel finally spoke, though he couldn’t be bothered to actually make eye contact.

Fuck this. It was late, Dean was tired. Time to get this shit over with.

“Let’s go bossman. Time for these knees to hit the floor and earn me some points.” Dean said as he stepped towards Castiel.

Dean would swear on a stack of Busty Asian Beauties that something a lot like panic flashed over Castiel’s face. But then Dean was just inches away from him and it dropped back into that schooled expression before his nose wrinkled and his upper lip curled up in disgust.

“You are filthy and you positively reek. If you anticipate wanting to pleasure me in the evening I suggest planning your time a little better and fitting in a shower.” Castiel said before he spun on his heel and walked away. “Let’s get the tally done. I expect you’ll arrive on time tomorrow morning, I’ve still much to do to make up for the time I lost.”

Dean wanted very much to point out that he hadn’t asked Castiel to stick around and work on the car. He coulda done the work all on his own once Castiel gave the green light. He just didn’t have the energy for a fight. Instead he obediently listed off every little task completed and did a mental fist bump at the high number.

Sure it coulda been higher with minimal effort if Castiel wasn’t such a dick about how any normal human would smell after a long day of manual labor but when Dean settled in to bed he let himself be happy about what he accomplished and instead of beating himself up he just committed to being ready for it the next night.

***

Once more, the best laid plans and all... Dean was ready. He made sure he was showered and fresh as a daisy after spending all day hunting the surrounding growth for the appropriate size and shaped trees to cut down and hauling them to the start of the driveway by the garage. Unfortunately the second he sat down in the sitting room, certain Castiel would be prepared to do the tally and head straight here, he passed the fuck out. When Castiel woke him, he was completely out of it. It wasn’t until the tally was complete and Dean had tucked himself in that he even realized what they hadn’t done. Again.

By the third evening Dean actually made peace with the fact that Castiel didn’t push for Intimacy Tasks. It wasn’t sitting well that he felt like he was forcing himself on Castiel when clearly the guy
wasn’t physically attracted to Dean. Besides he was wracking up a decent enough amount of points and frankly he was fucking dead by the end of a full day of manual labor that seemed to start earlier and earlier and still ended well after dark. He’d finished the driveway and was nearly done with the repairs on the Impala. All that was left on that was some cosmetic body work. Tomorrow Dean would start on the shed. After he cleaned out the fridge of the molding leftovers he’d forgotten about and dealt with the laundry that he’d put off.

Dean spent half the next day dealing with household things he’d been neglecting before starting in on the shed. It took him the rest of that evening and the following two days to finish since he ended up having to some carpentry work to repair areas that were a little too rotted to withstand the paint stripping. But he’d done it. The list was finished and the Impala was up and running and looking gorgeous if Dean said so himself. He definitely felt a swell of pride at Castiel’s surprised expression when he was informed that Dean had finished a whole day early.

Any good feelings Dean had built up about his situation took a nosedive the next night at the tally. Sure, maybe he let himself relax a little bit after Castiel left for the day. But he’d worked his ass off almost nonstop. And he’d still scrambled to do as much around the house as he could come up with. Even cooked a few meals in advance to serve as lunch and quick dinners for late nights.

The number was so small.

Dean tossed and turned that night. He had such a hard time sleeping that once he finally passed out he did so hard. And slept right through his alarm. He woke in a panic and flew through getting ready for the day but he wasn’t fast enough.

Dean’d just dropped his towel, still damp after not taking any real time to dry himself off and was pulling out a pair of underwear when his door opened. Dean spun around and found Castiel in the door. He was drawn in by some morbid fascination as he watched Castiel’s face morph from an angry glare, to surprise, to something Dean thought he recognized but wasn’t too sure about. He was so distracted trying to read the angel that it took a moment to realize the state he was in.

“Shit.” Dean muttered as he rushed to pull on his underwear. “Sorry, I ah… I overslept. I’m on my way, I swear.”

Dean continued to ramble as he scrambled to dress while Castiel stood silently in the door.

“I know you gotta get outta here to do… whatever it is you do. Umm, I can get you a couple of those muffins I made yesterday and I think we’ve still got some of that fruit salad left.”

“It’s fine. I was just coming to tell you I have to leave and that I would eat while I was out.”

Dean looked up from the shoe he was tying, surprised that Castiel’s voice sounded less angry and more strained. He did so just in time to catch him shifting in a way that was very familiar to Dean, since he’d done it himself plenty of times trying to hide the beginning of an awkward boner.

“So, yes. I’ll… be back late tonight. Clearly you need more sleep so I would like you to complete your tasks for today and be in bed by ten. If I’m not back in time we’ll tally in the morning.”

Dean was still staring at the door even after it became empty.

Son of a bitch.

That fucker was attracted to Dean. He’d laid off bugging Castiel about it because even if he wasn’t thrilled to have to do it, Dean had consented to this shit. Castiel never had and making him do something he didn’t want, something like this, hadn’t sat well with Dean. Now Dean had proof that
at least on some level Castiel did want it.

So what the fuck was his problem?

The only thing Dean could come up with was the fact that Castiel wanted to milk this shit for as long as he could. Sure the blow jobs weren’t worth much in the grand scheme of things but Dean was sure that Castiel had come to the conclusion that if they kept that up sooner or later it would move on to even higher point tasks.

Dean couldn’t get the thought out of his head. It just burrowed in after another dismal tally. It was still there when Dean woke before the sun had even fully risen. Not helping matters was the date. He’d tried not to think of it as it came closer but now that it was here it couldn’t be helped.

The anniversary of his mother’s death had always been a difficult day. The only way Dean managed to get through it every year without hiding in a bottle was the fact that he spent it with Sam. Every year they would pick a few of their mom’s favorite activities to keep themselves busy and honor her memory. He was supposed to have already come in to port and flown back to the States. But he was here which meant he wasn’t there for his brother. It made him ache something fierce.

It also got him to thinking about all the other important days he would miss spending with Sam. He was the only family Sam had left and he’d gone and left him alone. That was not even a little bit okay. So Dean steeled himself, not letting his resolve waiver at all as he prepared for the day. He remained resolute as he cooked breakfast for Castiel, as he silently picked out Castiel’s clothes while he ate.

When Castiel had polished off the last bit of food, Dean let loose.

“I’m done pussyfooting around. I stupidly thought you were getting out of having me perform for you because you found it unappealing. But we both know you certainly enjoyed the view yesterday. So I’m done. I’m not gonna let you drag my sentence out. I deserve the right to earn my freedom and I’m not gonna let what happened to your last slave happen to me.”

Castiel started out looking surprised but by the end of Dean’s little speech his face was stone. His eyes though… Dean had heard the phrase but he’d never actually witnessed cold fury before. Castiel’s eyes could go in a dictionary next to it. Dean was more than a little scared if he was being honest, but he forced himself to stand his ground.

“Fine. Since we are done ‘pussyfooting around’ then I will stop trying to pretend I give a damn about your comfort. Take your clothes off.”

“Wh- what?” Dean asked, suddenly more than just a little scared.

He hadn’t thought to prepare himself, assuming that Castiel would go back to the weak ass blow jobs to start. This was gonna fucking hurt.

“I said take your clothes off.” Castiel said low and deadly.

When Castiel stood from the table, Dean immediately scrambled to comply.

“Lie down on the bed.” Castiel instructed as he began to strip himself.

Dean didn’t even have it in him to hesitate and he nearly ran to the bed before flinging himself down on his stomach. Maybe he could stretch himself out just a little, even if he had to do it dry. Beat the alternative of a dry fuck and no prep. He was reaching back to do so when Castiel snapped at him.
“On your back, Dean. Even if I was planning to fuck you I wouldn’t do it now considering you didn’t bother to prepare yourself before giving me your demands. I’m sure the blood would eventually help but I’ve no interest in chafing my dick so that you can work off your sentence.”

Dean flipped over, half relieved and half pissed off. Of course Castiel would be more concerned about himself than he was about how painful it would be for Dean to be fucked bloody.

The relief fled quickly as it was replaced by both a metaphorical and physical weight as Castiel straddled Dean’s chest without warning.

“Open.” growled Castiel as he gripped the hair on top of Dean’s head hard while using the other hand to press against the wall and keep himself upright.

Dean did as he was told, taking in a deep breath before his mouth was being filled with half hard angel dick. Jesus, was Dean glad he managed to take a good breath cause Castiel was not fucking around. It only took a couple of pumps for him to go from a semi to rock hard and big. Dean had not gotten the true measure of Castiel’s cock with the blow jobs he’d been a party to before.

Dean’s level of participation was the same as usual, but that was where the similarities ended. Between the rough grip Castiel kept on Dean’s hair as he held him where he wanted and the forceful thrusts that bottomed out in Dean’s throat and threatened to gag him, Dean was definitely nothing more than a hole to fuck.

It was harsh. It was angry. It was dehumanizing.

And it was getting Dean hard. Painfully so. Dean should be pissed at being used like this. He was disgusted that his body was responding to it. Something about the musky taste of flesh combined with the salty bite of precome was getting to Dean, messing with his head. The way it was clear that Castiel was getting pleasure from using him by the way pulse after pulse of bitter fluid coated Dean’s tongue and throat.

Fuck. The way there wasn’t a damn thing Dean could do to stop it.

Relief coursed through Dean when his throat was suddenly flooded. He’d been dangerously close to losing control of his own traitorous cock without even being touched. He’d always gotten as much, if not more, from the pleasure he gave to his partner but it was really fucked up that it still seemed to be the case, even in this situation. Thankfully Castiel finished just in time.

When he finished emptying down Dean’s throat he pulled out slowly. Dean panted harshly as Castiel wiped the excessive spit and come that coated his softening dick on Dean’s cheek. It was degrading as fuck and if Dean wasn’t in such a daze he might have helped Castiel off of him with a shove.

If he wasn’t as dazed he might have realized what Castiel was doing.

Dean sucked in a sharp breath as Castiel kneeled next to him on the bed and wrapped his hand around Dean’s cock. He was so surprised that it took a few strokes before Dean reacted and tried to shove Castiel’s slicked up hand away. Evidently not all the spit and come had made it onto Dean’s face.

“Dude, I’m good. Really.” Dean’s voice came out rough and weak.

Castiel didn’t budge though, his hand only moving faster as it pumped up and down. He leaned in to speak low in Dean’s ear, pressed cheek to wet cheek, his hand nearly a blur.

“I’m sorry. Are you under the impression you get to say no Dean? You consented. You pushed.
Now you get what you want. Unless you’re telling me you’ve changed your mind. Last chance Dean.” Castiel sat back up and looked Dean in the eye, pinning him in place. “Say the word and we can go back. If you don’t, get used to the fact that only I say what will and won’t happen. You will belong entirely to me and I will use you however I see fit.”

Dean wanted to say no. God did he want to. He wanted to take it all back. The mix of pleasure and shame was making his stomach turn. But he was Dean Fucking Winchester and he wasn't gonna back down. Whatever it took to get out of here and back to Sam.

Castiel watched and waited before his face settled in an offputting mix of resigned and pissed off.

“So be it.”

A clever twist of his wrist had Dean coming so hard he lost the next few moments. Next thing he knew there was a damp cloth laying on his chest and Castiel was standing fully dressed beside the bed.

“Get cleaned up and dressed so we can do the tally before I leave. Once you’ve had your breakfast take the Impala for a test drive in to town. Pick up anything we need. Beyond that I’m sure you’ll be able to keep yourself busy. I’ll be home for supper and we will complete the tally for today after that. Tomorrow morning complete your tasks as usual but when you’ve finished them you will disrobe and kneel at my side until I’m done my breakfast. Any questions.”

With the fog of his orgasm finally lifted Dean found he couldn’t even look at Castiel, instead he kept his eyes trained on the floor as he sat up and wiped himself down.

“No.” He mumbled quietly.

He got off. He fucking got off on Castiel using him. What kind of sick fuck got off on being an angel’s fuck toy.

“Good. You know the way out.” Castiel stepped into the bathroom and left Dean to gather his clothes before he staggered out of the room.

Chapter End Notes

I'm doing a terrible job of replying to comments of late but I Am reading every single one and they motivate me like nothing else (except for @daydreamdestiel ’s lethal puppy eyes)

Visit me on Tumbler @spnbrennafae or Twitter @brenna_fae

Thank you for sticking with me <3
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Dean takes matters into his own hands and isn't too thrilled with the consequences. Just when things start shifting, Dean's world is rocked by new information.

Chapter Notes

Woah, another update in less than a week? It's a miracle!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Two more days. That’s how long it took for Dean to break. That’s how many more orgasms it took before Dean couldn’t take it anymore. That’s how many it took before he made a very bad decision.

Being unsure how long his plan would take, Dean opted for getting most of Castiel’s breakfast ready first. He left the coffee in the pot so it would stay warm but the rest he got set up on the tray. A cold breakfast of muffins and freshly made fruit salad and yogurt. Still enough to get him decent points but nothing that would make Castiel question why it’d gotten cold.

Once it was all ready, Dean slipped into the downstairs bathroom. It took a little bit more work than he anticipated given his nerves, but before long Dean was hard and panting as his fist flew up and down his shaft. A creative melding of his favorite memory of Rhonda Hurley and the unforgettable bendy weekend he’d had with Lisa while forcibly not thinking of anything winged was enough to help Dean reach his goal and soon he was shooting his load into the toilet.

A quick clean up and he was on his way. Before he knew it he was pinned to the bed swallowing down a fresh batch of angelic babymaker juice… sorta.

Dean held his breath as Castiel slid off of him and reached down to wrap a hand around his cock. There was a moment’s hesitation right before and Dean knew that Castiel had noted the fact that he was still soft. Dean almost thought (hoped) maybe he wouldn’t bother since it seemed like it was about ‘helping Dean out’ whether he wanted it or not. But then Castiel’s hand was moving.

With no small amount of relief, Dean let out the long held breath when after a minute or two of jacking his dick hadn’t responded with more than the smallest of twitches. Not that Dean couldn’t get it up more than once during a good long round of sex but certainly not without his willing participation. Well, if not then a fair amount of other manipulations that were more involved than a hand job. But that was a long night of very kinky play with a very enthusiastic and dominating biker chick that Dean looked back on with both fondness and a small amount of terror.

If Dean thought he was gonna get off, or rather not get off, without Castiel saying anything, he was mistaken.

“You’re not getting hard.” Castiel said, squinting at Dean’s dick like personally offended. “You didn’t get hard at all.”
“What can I say man, guess I’m just not in the mood.” Dean tried for nonchalant, though he couldn’t bring himself to look when the angel’s eyes moved up to look him in the face.

“You’re never in the mood.” Castiel grunted as he released Dean’s limp dick. “Neither of us are.”

Okay, so maybe that didn’t feel awesome to hear but whatever.

“I don’t know what to tell you, not like I’m sneaking off to play sex toy to some other dick with wings.” Dean spat out in retaliation.

When a vice like grip returned to Dean’s very vulnerable bits, he felt some amount of regret for the snide comment.

“Have you been touching yourself Dean?” Castiel growled low.

“What?” Dean asked, his voice raising slightly in its panic. “No, why would I? That’s just… stupid. I don’t even wanna get off once, why would I be aiming for multiple orgasms?”

“I think you’re lying to me Dean. I think that you snuck off to relieve yourself before coming here so that I would not be able to make you come.” Castiel leaned in low, his face inches from Dean’s as he spoke. “Do not lie to me, Dean.”

Dean took a moment to weigh his options before giving in.

“So what if I did?” he asked petulantly. “You’re just ‘helping me out’ right? This way you don’t have to. I get my orgasms and you don’t have to dirty yourself.”

“That’s where you’re very wrong. You belong to me. That means that your orgasms belong to me. Your pleasure belongs to me.” Castiel tightened his grip on Dean’s cock. “This belongs to me. You do not get to so much as touch it without my permission.”

“So what, you wanna hold it while I take a leak?”

Dean should probably learn not to be a smart ass while in such a vulnerable position but old dogs and all that. Thankfully, Castiel surprised him by letting go.

“I’m going to shower now. I’ll be back for dinner. I suggest to you shower this evening before I come home as I’ll be bringing you—” Castiel paused and his gaze narrowed down “a gift.”

Before Dean had a chance to protest or ask questions, Castiel was gone.

***

“Pants and underwear down.”

Dean stared at the thing in Castiel’s hand. He’d tried to stay as busy as possible all day but still he hadn’t been able to keep from turning Castiel’s words over and over in his mind. Yet this was not a conclusion he had been able to come to, though in hindsight it seemed obvious.

“Oh fuck no.” Dean finally managed, his eyes never leaving the device. “C’mon Castiel, I swear I won’t do it again. Not like I knew I wasn’t allowed to choke my own chicken.”

“Pants and underwear down now, slave!”

The house echoed with Castiel’s roar and Dean was quick to comply, untying the lace of his pants and dropping all in one smooth motion. He tried to keep a blank face as Castiel approached and
manhandled Dean’s junk into the delicate looking silver chains and links. It’s not like he’d never seen a cock cage before, but he’d certainly never seen one that looked like this. Looked like he could snap it off with zero effort. Or heck with one really dirty thought. Then Castiel was clicking it into place and mumbling something low before the whole thing glowed softly for just a moment.

“Don’t bother trying to take it off. It’s etched with sigils that will only respond to my command.” Castiel said as he backed away, eyes on his work. “And don’t try to act like you were just trying to enjoy an orgasm, Dean. I’m not stupid. You intentionally tried to interfere in my using of my property. I’m sure now that you know how transparent you were that you won’t try something so stupid again. But one week in the cage ought to make the lesson stick. You’re still able to urinate freely. Skip your shower in the morning, you can take it after you’ve seen to my needs.”

Dean was so thrown by this whole thing that he didn’t even notice when Castiel stopped talking and turned to walk away. It took a moment for his brain to come back online before he was pulling his underwear and pants up and scurrying after Castiel. He found the angel standing in front of the machine, hand already in place. The tally itself was a bit of a blur, though Dean vaguely remembered snorting when Castiel managed to include putting the cock cage on.

Next thing Dean knew he was laying in bed trying not to think of anything that might find him testing the tensile strength of angelic sex toys. To say sleep was a long time coming would be an understatement.

***

“You may keep your clothes on for now. Make the bed and prepare my clothes and then start the shower. When you’ve done that, strip down and kneel on the cushion in the bathroom and wait.” Castiel instructed as he sat down and began eating.

Dean moved around the room completing his tasks, trying not to think too much about what the rest of the morning would entail. He’d never stuck around once Castiel had gone into the bathroom to shower. Dean wasn’t entirely sure why he was now. Still, he did as instructed, not wanting to incur more punishments before he finished with his first. He had a feeling they would only get worse. Soon he was stripped down and kneeling on the soft cushion near the shower that definitely hadn’t been there before. Thankfully, he’d discovered that the controls for the shower were located with the tub controls when he’d been in to clean the bathroom with Castiel’s permission.

Before Dean felt entirely ready, Castiel walked into the bathroom and stripped down, quickly and efficiently. Dirty clothes dropped in the hamper and then Dean was faced with a whole lotta angel cock. His mouth was already partially open just on instinct when Castiel spoke.

“On your feet.”

Dean shook himself from the weird headspehe’d found himself in and stood quickly. He couldn’t help holding his breath when Castiel reached down and grasped his caged dick. Another quietly spoken word and a click and it was free.

When Castiel deposited the cage on the sink and moved towards the shower, Dean felt stupidly anxious.

“I didn’t know how you like your shower so I just put the temperature where I normally have it. I can fix it if it’s not right.” Dean said in a rush, barely managing to keep from moving forward to preemptively ‘fix’ anything that might be wrong.

“It’s fine Dean.” Castiel said after he put his hand in the spray.
Dean waited for him to get in and was surprised when Castiel moved aside instead.

“Get in.” Castiel gestured with his hand.

Confused, but not wanting to argue, Dean did as he was told and stepped in and under the spray. He tried not to tense up when Castiel was suddenly behind him. He heard small thuds and turned to see that Castiel had placed a few bottles on the glass shelf that jutted out from the window walls and was pretty much invisible unless you knew to look or there were things on it.

Dean’s mind was quickly distracted when he felt a soapy hand on his shoulder. As it smoothed over his skin Dean felt himself lock up more and more.

“Y’know, I don’t mind showering on my own after. I can wash you up and get you off so you can finish in peace.” Dean mumbled and the hand that had been gently rubbing his shoulder paused.

“I imagine you’d like to clean your genitals, a task not entirely possible while caged.” Castiel pointed out as his hand resumed rubbing, a little more firmly this time.

“Oh.” was all Dean managed since it hadn’t occurred to him he wouldn’t even be allowed to have the cage off unsupervised long enough for a quick shower.

He tried to remain detached and unaffected as a second hand joined the first and both began to knead at the knots along Dean’s shoulders. The hot slick slide of skin on skin combined with the oddly sweet smelling steam that filled the shower was beginning to cloud his head, make him want to give in, just a little bit.

He’d worked his body hard and had little time or thought for comfort over these last few weeks. Between that and the constant tension he carried around that came from being at the mercy of a relatively unknown being of much greater power Dean’s body was a mess of knots and strains. Still, the small amount he allowed himself to give clearly didn’t satisfy Castiel and soon the angel was leaning in to speak low in Dean’s ear as his hands continued to smooth and press.

“Why must you make everything a fight Dean?”

Dean couldn’t help but scowl at the words but managed to bite back the retort about no one wanting to be forced into slavery.

“Sorry sir. I just don’t see why this is necessary for me to be of use to you.” he managed to say as neutrally as possible.

The hands paused once again before they resumed and Castiel spoke again.

“Do you remember asking me if I liked dick?”

Dean could feel himself flush a little at the memory. About how much the tiny smile he’d gotten when Castiel answered had meant to Dean’s own comfort.

“Yeah.” Dean grunted as skillful fingers pressed hard into a particularly stubborn knot near the base of his neck.

“Why did you ask me that?” Castiel asked. When Dean didn’t answer Castiel did so for him.

“Because it mattered to you that I wasn’t being forced into something I did not want.”

Dean merely shrugged into Castiel’s hands. He wasn’t gonna point out the fact that he was a slave so what Castiel was implying didn’t make sense. It seemed like maybe those mind reading skills weren’t
as far fetched as Dean hoped though.

“Of course you are my slave. You’ve done more damage than you can even imagine and deserve to be punished for your crime. As you’ve insisted, while still seeming entirely reluctant and unhappy, that you should be used for Intimacy Tasks I will do so. I will do so when and how I choose, just like any other task.” Once again there was hesitation in the massage that had begun to work wonders on the length of Dean’s neck, the resumed movements almost unsure. “That doesn’t mean that I wouldn’t prefer for you to enjoy the tasks when possible as well. Clearly by asking me what you did, it matters to you that your partners enjoy these acts. Can you try to understand why I might be the same? Even if I am just a ‘dick with wings’.”

Dean would have snorted about the fact that he could actually feel the fingers against his skin trying to actually make air quotes while continuing their task if he wasn’t feeling so fucking confused. Frankly the idea of letting himself enjoy being used made him sick. It was the one thing he’d never resorted to while trying to scrape together enough to keep Sam alive and send him off to school. Not that he had a problem with consensual sex work, just wasn’t his bag. And even if it was, that wasn’t what this was. Not like he was getting paid for it. Granted he had more than enough food that he could eat any time he wanted, a pretty nice roof over his head and more freedom to make choices than he’d had at some of his lower points, which was saying something.

On the other hand Castiel was right. When Dean thought that maybe he was forcing Castiel to do something he found physically repulsive Dean hadn’t been happy. Finding out that wasn’t the case had lifted a burden from his shoulders that would have been hard for him to continue to carry for however many months or years he was here. Obviously Castiel wasn’t as affected by the idea in reverse but at least he preferred for it to be mutually enjoyable.

Then there was the other other hand where Castiel reminded Dean that he still thought Dean was some horrible criminal for something he hadn’t done. Even if he had done it, he would still never believe taking a boat for a joy ride was all that inconveniencing for an angel with limitless funds or worth the punishment of almost indefinite forced slavery.

Coulda been worse though. Dean had gotten a very clear image at the training center and from reading the stupid slave handbook of how other slaves were treated. Even if Castiel had only given Dean the option of not being his sex toy in order to drag out the sentence like his last slave it was still probably not an option other slaves were given.

When Dean heard what he could only describe as a happy hum come from Castiel, he realized as he’d been thinking his body had followed along with his line of thought and his tension had bled out. Now Castiel really went to work. His fingers danced along Dean’s skin, pressing here, soothing there, until his back was feeling the best it possibly ever had, even with the sore spots where Castiel had pressed extra hard to release trigger points.

As Castiel moved down to work over Dean’s ass, Dean couldn’t help but hold his breath. But Castiel was thorough but quick. It didn’t stop Dean’s cock from perking up though. When Castiel kneeled behind Dean his eyes, which had been drooping closed, shot open. Regardless of everything Castiel said, the angel dropping to his knees for Dean was not something he anticipated. Once again though, Dean had to straighten his thoughts back out as Castiel worked over his thigh and calf muscles, washing as he worked the tension out. Even when he had Dean turn and Castiel had a face full of very stiff dick, he paid it no mind. Dean fought back the blush valiantly though when he couldn’t help but picture how amazing it would probably be to have those overwhelmingly intense eyes looking up at Dean as his dick was swallowed down.

Thankfully Castiel stood before Dean could get too far into the fantasy. He did touch Dean’s dick,
something that Dean wasn’t ashamed to admit brought out a small whimper, but Castiel merely smirked as he cleaned the appendage before rinsing his hands and adding more soap to work over Dean’s chest and arms.

Dean thought he was doing pretty good at letting himself relax. Sure he might have given a half hearted glare when Castiel discovered his nipples were sensitive and spent a little longer giving Dean’s pecs a firm working over. But overall he’d managed to push away thoughts of ‘wrong’ and just gave himself over to the feeling.

If he thought he was already a big ole bag of putty before it was nothing compared to when Castiel drizzled shampoo into Dean’s hair and gave him an incredibly thorough scalp massage. Truly, Dean could have fallen asleep right then and there, his entire body pliant and soft save one particular part.

Except then Castiel was nudging him more fully under the spray to rinse off before he pressed one of the bottles from the shelf into his hand.

Right, not all about Dean. Duh.

Interestingly enough Castiel had Dean start on his front. He did his best to copy what he’d enjoyed from his own treatment and couldn’t help the pleased little flutters in his belly every time Castiel let out a little moan or groan. It occurred to Dean that this was the first time he’d been allowed to give Castiel pleasure himself as opposed to just being a tool that Castiel used. Surely it was that freedom that had Dean so oddly happy.

He even grinned at Castiel’s glare when Dean was a little less clinical washing Castiel’s junk but the angel was only half hard and that just wasn’t fair. Still, he moved on and treated Castiel to the same thorough rub down that Dean’d received. Things got interesting when Dean worked on the muscles along Castiel’s spine between his shoulder blades. The guy’s knees nearly buckled and the moan Castiel let out as Dean pressed in would haunt Dean’s wet dreams for the rest of his life.

“Dean.” Castiel rasped. “I suggest you move on to washing my hair now.”

Dean complied, but he definitely filed away that particular spot for later use, should he ever need it. Once Dean was finished pulling out more soft sounds of pleasure with his own kick ass scalp massage, Castiel rinsed under the spray before turning to face Dean. Without breaking eye contact he reached for a bottle and filled his palm with clear liquid. It was thinner than the soap and shampoo they’d already used and as soon as Castiel stepped into Dean’s space and reached down to wrap his hand around Dean’s cock he knew why. Lube.

A sharp gasp was forced from Dean as Castiel began to stroke him, eyes drilling into Dean’s with intent. The initial instinct to fight, to resist, flared up but Dean fought it back and it easily dropped away. When Castiel pressed in even closer and took his own cock into the hand still working Dean over, Dean was honestly surprised he didn’t come right then and there. Clearly Castiel was also affected as he finally broke eye contact, pressed his forehead against Dean’s and bit down hard on his own bottom lip. Dean was a little startled by the urge he had to move in just a little to soothe the abused lip with his tongue but kissing… that was a different story and certainly not something Castiel had demanded before. Thankfully Dean was distracted by Castiel’s flailing free hand, which finally found its target, Dean’s hand. He pulled it in and pressed it to wrap around their cocks and Castiel’s swiftly moving fist. Soon they were working together to bring each other and themselves over the edge.

If it was a contest, Dean lost spectacularly as his release pulsed out and splattered over their hands. When Dean looked down and saw his come coating Castiel’s still hard cock he couldn’t hold back the gasped out “Cas” as his own tried to twitch back to life way too soon. Then Cas was spilling
over too and his little (Big!) guy was *really* trying to make a comeback as it was bathed in angel juice.

Castiel released them both when Dean whimpered at the overstimulation and they spent a few moments quietly washing their own bodies off this time. Castiel stepped out first and turned the water off before retrieving two fluffy, soft towels. He waved Dean out before patting him down and handing him the other towel. Dean returned the favor and tried not to think about how this felt more intimate than sexual.

The warm fuzzies fled quickly when Castiel reached for the cock cage.

“C’mon Castiel.” Dean whined. “I was good in there. I didn’t complain or fight. I promise I won’t do it again okay? I *get* it now.”

To his credit Castiel did look reluctant for a moment. But then he was stepping forward and maneuvering Dean’s dick into the cage and locking it.

“One week, Dean. The cage is a punishment for a past act, not just to keep you from repeating it, though I’m glad the lesson seems to be sinking in quickly. Still, your repentance does not erase the deed. A child who breaks a window when throwing a ball in the house might apologize and feel remorse but the window remains broken just the same.”

Castiel stepped back to survey his work before turning to dress.

“You may return to your room and dress first.” he said over his shoulder. “But hurry back to collect the dirty dishes.”

“Nah, I’ll do it now. Not like anybody here hasn’t seen all this.” Dean grumbled as he left the bathroom. “Not a fuckin’ child though.”

Dean snatched up the tray and marched through the house, naked as a jaybird save the cage, and cleaned up the kitchen. He was rinsing off the last dishes when he was startled by the clearing of a throat. Castiel stood in the doorway, looking strangely lost.

“I wasn’t trying to offend you Dean. Truly.”

Oddly enough, Dean believed him. He didn’t really know what to say and the fact that Castiel actually seemed to care threw him for a bit of a loop so he just nodded and turned back to his task. It was evidently enough though because soon he heard the sound of the garage door opening and the car rumbling down the drive and away.

***

Once again things took on peculiar regularity. It seemed that Castiel felt most comfortable when things were routine. So each day started with breakfast. Then Castiel would remove the cage and they would shower together, always finishing with mutual orgasms. Castiel would disappear and do whatever it was that he did all day and return for a late supper. While he was gone, Dean would do whatever shit that needed doing around the house as well as running errands around town, mostly picking up groceries or Castiel’s mail.

For whatever reason the guy seemed to not want a whole lot of people coming to his house so one of the ways he avoided it was to keep a box at the post office. The best part about those days was he was able to take the Impala out. Dean’d assumed once it was up and running and determined to be sound that Castiel would take over driving it but he kept on using that horrendous pimp mobile.
Dean had Castiel’s dinner ready each night. Castiel would take it to his office where he would continue working on… whatever. Someday Dean might actually work up the courage to ask what. Dean would clean up and knock on the office door and Castiel would come out so they could do the tally before sending Dean to bed and returning to his office.

Castiel certainly surprised the hell outta Dean on the last day of his punishment though. Things progressed as usual right up until Castiel spilled over their entwined hands. It was unusual in itself because usually Dean got off first. But then Castiel did something that had Dean damn near hyperventilating.

With a quietly muttered “finally,” Castiel released them both, forcing Dean to let go as well, and dropped to his knees. Before Dean could so much as raise an eyebrow in question Castiel had his entire length swallowed down.

Dean came so hard down the angel’s throat he almost passed the fuck out. Had to hold onto the guy’s shoulders for a full minute before he could let go and stand on his own. They cleaned up and the cage went back on, Castiel informed him it would be taken off at the tally that evening to complete a full week.

Still lacking words after having the surprise blow job of his life, Dean didn’t argue or whine at all and the day went on as always.

At least it did until just after lunch when the rumble of an engine coming down the drive had Dean scrambling up from the floor where he’d been scrubbing at a particularly stubborn spot on the tiles of the laundry room. By the time he made it out to the entry way Castiel was already coming through the front door, having parked rather haphazardly in front of it.

“You have a brother?” Castiel asked accusingly.

What the fuck?

“Umm, yeah?” Dean cleared his throat when it came out more like a question. “Yeah I do.”

“And you lied about having family that should be contacted about your arrest and sentence because?” Castiel had moved into Dean’s space and once again he was struck by Castiel’s ability to make him feel small when he had a good couple of inches on the guy.

“Oh- I didn’t?” Damn it, Dean would really like to start answering with more confidence but he was confused as fuck.

“Obviously you did, otherwise I wouldn’t have been tracked down while- working on something very sensitive so that I could be informed of a man threatening to bring the entire human army down on the island.” Castiel spit out, clearly unimpressed with what was obvious to him to be a very empty threat.

Of course he didn’t know Sam like Dean did. This was very Not Good.

“Look man, I swear I didn’t lie about shit. No one ever even asked me about family. Not like it would have taken long to answer since its a list of all of one name.”

Dean waited quietly as he watched Castiel process and let out the breath he was holding when it seemed like some amount of acceptance flitted across his face.

“They are rather incompetent at the center.” Castiel grumbled as he stepped back and looked away, running a hand roughly through his already wild hair.
Dean hesitated briefly, worried the guy still might not be in a terribly receptive mood, but he knew he had to ask.

“Hey, I know this was probably a pain to have sprung on you, and you don’t owe me anything.” Dean swallowed hard, trying to keep his voice steady. “But I’m all the kid has, and he’s a stubborn little shit. I’m sure they’ve already told him what’s up but I don’t think he’ll let it drop unless he hears it straight from me. Is… Is there anyway I could talk to him? Just for a second? I swear you’ll thank me for it in the long run.”

Castiel looked at Dean with a frown before he sighed. He spun around and started walking away towards his office.

“Come along Dean, I have things I need to get back to.” Castiel tossed out over his shoulder and Dean was quickly hot on his heels.

Dean’d never actually seen Castiel unlock his office before. Heck, he’d only ever been in it the one time. So he was surprised when Castiel didn’t produce a key, but instead pressed his palm to the door and muttered something Dean couldn’t make out. The outline of the door glowed briefly before it sprang open.

For a moment, Dean did what he’d been too anxious to do last time he was in here and actually looked around. It was a surprisingly large room compared to the rest of the ones in the house. Bookcases lined every wall, some filled with books and others with glass cases housing objects Dean couldn’t really make out from a distance. The desk he remembered clearly, though it hadn’t been covered with as many papers as it was now. Even the keyboard to the computer was covered up. There was a small black leather loveseat with a floor lamp next to it and an end table also strewn with papers.

“Five minutes.” Castiel said, making Dean jump as he was pulled from his inspection.

Looking over at Castiel, Dean spotted the phone he must have uncovered that was sitting on the desk. He made his way over quickly and picked up the phone. He’d just finished dialing when there was a loud banging on the front door. For a moment it looked like Castiel was going to ignore it but when it came again he let out a low angry snarl and started for the door of the office.

“Don’t touch anything. Make your call. Five minutes. Then get out. I’ll be back in a moment.”

Suddenly Dean was alone in the office, the forbidden room. He didn’t plan to disobey Castiel, honestly. But he couldn’t help that his eyes scanned the papers in front of him as the phone rang. Still, he meant to obey but when he caught a glimpse of the corner of a handwritten letter and the words “have to help her-” it was like his hand had a mind of his own as it carefully slid the page out from under the other papers.

As he finished scanning the letter even the sound of his brother’s voice giving a soft “Hello?”, something he’d been desperate to hear for too long, wasn’t enough to shake him from the spiral he was in. He read again, just in case, as he finally managed to mutter out a response.

“Hey Sammy.”

“Dean?” Sam nearly yelled into the phone.

Dean willed the words on the paper to change but suddenly things were making a little more sense… and Dean felt like shit as he read them a third time.

*Out of pills.*
Might take a while before she takes but
it won’t be long with the way he breeds her.

I know it’s not your fault the boat is gone but
we were supposed to be free a month ago.

She won’t survive bringing an innocent life into this.

I don’t know how many more times I can stop it. You
have to help her PLEASE.

-E

Son of a bitch.

Chapter End Notes

I’m sorry.
But you should know by now how I operate. Not gonna give you a good chunk of plot advancement without slamming the book closed on your adorable little trusting fingers.
I love you?
Visit me on Tumblr @snpbrennafae or Twitter @brenna_fae if you wanna yell at me or do it in the comments and feed my soul! <3
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Just when Dean begins to think he can accept his fate, that it wouldn’t be so terrible to be stuck here with Castiel for a little while, the bottom drops out. Except without Castiel painted as the perfect villain where does the blame have to go?

Chapter Notes

Confession time. This chapter was hard as fuck to write. There is a reason it took so long and it’s not because I didn’t know what to write. I’ve known exactly what would happen, how it would happen. Heck I had it practically word for word in my head. But I couldn’t force myself to write it because I felt such a huge anxiety about the response.

So I’m gonna remind you this isn’t a fluffy story. No character has all the info and they are operating the best they know how on what they do know. Neither one is perfect. I also haven’t been coy about the dark themes of the story.

Please, for the love of all that is holy, don’t yell at me for things that have been tagged or warned about in previous chapters and notes. I love you all and I want to hear what you have to say 100% and I’m grateful for your comments and continued reading. I just can’t feel guilty about things I’ve warned about and still be able to continue writing at a reasonable pace. I want to give you all this story. You deserve it in its entirety.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Dean stared up at the ceiling, even though it’d been hours since the sun set taking away the light and his ability to see.

He barely remembered the conversation he’d had with Sam. He’d filled in the gaps left by Benny and Charlie, and of course Sam was determined he would figure something out. It didn’t matter that Dean insisted there was no way to get him out of his sentence, with a confession and nothing concrete to dispute it with.

Still, Dean was able to at least get Sam to promise not to storm the island, or more likely sneak on in a wasted attempt at a rescue. Dean was sure there was more to the conversation but frankly, his mind was a little preoccupied.

Part of him had wanted to confront Castiel as soon as he came back. Get some sort of explanation. Instead he’d bit his tongue as Castiel locked up his office tight and told Dean about the visitor, some government lackey who was there to make sure Castiel was dealing with his slave situation.

As much as he wanted answers, Castiel thought Dean was a self centered, inconsiderate criminal. The last thing Castiel’d do would be to give Dean leverage to use over him if Dean was right about what that note meant.
If he was right, then he’d certainly been wrong about Castiel. Sure, he didn't have any problem using and abusing Dean but as far as Castiel was concerned Dean’d earned his treatment.

That was another thing—Dean thought Castiel was some cold hearted winged dick. The main reason, Besides being a stubborn idiot, that Dean’d kept the truth to himself was the fact that he didn’t really think it would matter. Didn't really think Cas... Castiel would believe him. Now? Suddenly the idea that this guy thought he was some waste of space criminal that Castiel would sooner wish out of existence than have around? This guy who was looking more and more like some sort of vigilante angel dogooder?

Honestly it scared the fuck outta Dean. ‘Cause if he started to believe better of Castiel than he had been… the things Castiel would do and say to Dean while Dean worked off his sentence? They had the potential to truly break him.

Frankly he didn't give a flying fuck about creatures that looked at people like chattel. They could say and do whatever they wanted to Dean but he’d never let them get to his mind. What made them horrible beings was what made Dean’s armor strong.

If someone who wasn't that way started treating Dean like he was nothing? Garbage? Well it's not like Dean’s self worth beyond the bedroom had ever been all that strong to begin with.

It felt like both an eternity and barely a single breathe but before Dean was ready it was time to get up. He’d slept exactly zero hours and it was going to be a very long day.

In the kitchen, he was slow moving but he still managed to arrive at Castiel’s door within minutes of his usual time.

Dean was quiet as he set up breakfast on the table. Not really anything different than usual, but still he felt Castiel’s eyes on him.

“I'll be gone most of the day again. I trust you can find tasks to occupy yourself while I'm gone?” Castiel asked to Dean’s back, since he was stalling as long as possible looking directly at the angel for fear he’d be able to read Dean too well.

“Yes sir.”

“I trust I won't be having my work interrupted again today?”

Dean manage to not cringe but probably only because he was too damn tired for any unnecessary expenditures of energy.

“No sir.” He answered quietly.

Dean finished setting up the table and moved to start pulling out Castiel’s clothes.

“Dean?” Castiel’s soft questioning voice was worse than the crack of a whip.

“Yes sir?” Dean answered without stopping his work, back still resolutely turned towards Castiel.

“Look at me please.” Tone firm but not harsh.

Dean did his best to school his features before turning to face Castiel. Evidently he wasn't able to hide much though

“Are you unwell?” Castiel asked with what could almost pass for concern if Dean didn't know how
much the angel disliked him. “You don't look good.”

Dean didn't like the vulnerable feeling that came with being read so easily, so he did what he’d always done. Covered with swagger and humor.

“Gee Castiel, way to make a guy feel attractive. Can't say I've ever had any complaints before.” Dean said with his best lewd grin.

“Dean.”

The warning in Castiel’s voice was enough to wipe out the smug facade he’d managed and Dean’s whole body slumped.

“Just tired sir. Didn't get a whole lot of sleep’s all,” he answered as he finished gathering Castiel’s clothes and brought them to the bathroom.

Dean took his time fiddling with the clothes so they all would lay smooth before he went on to start the shower and undress. As he kneeled on the pillow and waited the steam started to waft out from the seams of the shower door. The soothing scent of it, what Dean had discovered to be lavender oil that was in a little bowl that hung just an inch from the ceiling and blended in with the tiling, started to wrap itself around Dean.

He must have drifted off kneeling when a hand brushing his shoulder caused him to start.

“S-sorry.” Dean mumbled as he self consciously checked his face for drool. “That lavender stuff musta pulled a whammy on me.”

“It's fine Dean. Go ahead and get in the shower. I’ll be right behind you.”

Dean stepped into the steamy enclosure and under the pressurized stream. Moments later Castiel was stepping in behind him and Dean just didn’t have it in him to feel guilty for enjoying the soothing touches as Castiel washed his body and scrubbed his hair. If it was a little perfunctory compared to the usual morning routine, Dean wasn’t about to complain.

Except when he moved to do the same for Castiel he found his hand stilled mid reach.

“I think this morning we’ll do things a little bit different. Dry yourself off then go lay down on my bed and wait for me while I finish in here.” Castiel said before he released Dean’s hand and turned away to begin soaping his own body.

Dean was a little anxious about the change in routine, as he always was since he could never seem to guess what to expect. But Castiel hadn’t told him to prep himself or done it for Dean. It also wouldn’t make sense for them to get all clean just to dirty themselves up again. Maybe they were gonna go back to that whole face fucking thing Castiel had been into before. Dean did his best to push down the strange pang of disappointment and muted arousal that came with that thought as he dried himself off and left the bathroom.

Once he was settled on top of the freshly made bed, something Castiel must have done since Dean hadn’t gotten to it yet, Dean did his best not to let his thoughts circle uncomfortable subjects. Instead he focused on what he would do once Castiel had finished with him. The garden was ready for its second harvest already, whatever juju Castiel had done on it making the plants reflower after the first. Dean also needed to make a trip to the store. He hoped that Castiel stuck with his original plan of letting Dean figure out his tasks because just those two seemed monumental with his current amount of energy.
Somewhere amongst mentally listing off the produce Dean needed to replenish, the light coming in through the windows decided to up and change. Dean was totally confused as he sat up abruptly, the blanket that had somehow appeared over him pooling at his waist. A look at the clock on the nightstand was enough to clear up at least some of the confusion.

It was just after noon.

Dean had a moment to panic, wondering what kind of punishment you get for falling asleep on the job, before he noticed the paper by the clock. He picked it up and felt some relief, though the confusion didn’t exactly go away, just morphed slightly.

Dean,

Before you get angry at me for tricking you into napping instead of earning points please know that somnophilia is not something I particularly enjoy. I understand that yesterday was likely a difficult day, what with talking to your family so I imagine your night was quite sleepless. Considering how quickly and soundly you fell asleep in the short time I showered you’ll agree that it was necessary. Use however much time you’ve got left to feed yourself and complete any tasks.

At the mention of food Dean’s stomach gave off a loud rumble. It also reminded him he’d passed out before clearing away Castiel’s breakfast but a quick glance saw that it had already been done.

As if Dean wasn’t already feeling completely out of sorts about his perception of Castiel, the guy had to go and be considerate and nice even though Dean was well aware what Castiel thought of him. Dean thought once again, or maybe for the hundredth time, of telling Castiel the truth.

Except why the hell would Castiel believe him.

Worse than that, what if Castiel did believe him. Dean got the feeling that there was no early release for good behavior and there was no way the other angels would buy Dean’s story. So then Castiel would be forced to use him anyway, except then they would both feel like shit.

Not that it mattered. As far as Castiel was concerned, Dean was scum and scum like him would have no problem lying to try and save their sorry butts.

Dean tried to put it all out of his head as he dressed and ate a light lunch. Then he set out to do the shopping before going home - going back to Castiel’s place - and taking care of the garden.

That night Dean made sure to make what he’d discovered was Castiel’s favorite dish: cheeseburgers and french fries, along with homemade pecan pie. He didn’t do more than nod at Castiel when he walked in the door and Castiel returned the favor of not making a big deal of the kindness he’d extended. The tally was quiet and the number was low but Dean just didn’t have it in him to demand a chance to earn more. Tomorrow. Tomorrow he would get back into the mindset of earning points at any cost to get back to Sammy.

***

Something very strange happened over the next couple of weeks. Since Dean wasn’t thinking of Castiel as satan’s spawn and waiting for him to go all Marque de Sade on his ass he felt a lot less
antagonistic. Less guarded. In turn Castiel seemed to regard Dean less and less like an inconvenience. Granted it was more like just an acceptance that he was there and so they might as well make the best of things. Still, it was an improvement.

Castiel even started to join Dean in the kitchen for dinner, much to Dean’s surprise. He’d muttered something about it being more efficient than Dean serving him in the office but the fact was it didn’t explain the conversations they had. Silence could be efficient too.

Topics seemed to be carefully chosen. Both of them seemed to skirt around the reason Dean was a slave in the first place. The mood needed to be read at every second. For instance, even though Castiel was the one to ask about Dean’s family and had seemed to genuinely enjoy the enthusiasm Dean had for talking about his genius little brother, Dean was smart enough to immediately drop the subject at Castiel’s abrupt change in expression when Dean reciprocated the question.

An odd sort of peace settled over them. Routine. Breakfast, shower, reciprocated orgasms, off their separate ways until dinner, then tally and bed. Well, bed for Dean. Castiel always disappeared to his office after to keep working. Dean wasn’t really sure how much sleep Castiel actually got, just that he was always a grump in the morning before his coffee and he always walked in the door at night looking like he’d spent the day as Atlas’ stand-in. Something that Dean tried not to think about too much cause then he’d start wondering about that note and what it was that Castiel was doing all day and half the night. Then he’d wonder how much harder it all was because of what Castiel thought Dean’d done.

Dean made the mistake once of asking Castiel why he didn’t use Dean’s ‘services’ for whatever it was Castiel was off doing all day. Sure, he knew it was a potential minefield of a subject but for crying out loud the guy never took a single day off!

That resulted in Castiel sneering at Dean in a way that was a little too much like the disdain Castiel had addressed Dean with in the beginning. Told Dean a pathetic little criminal like him was of no use to what Castiel did and to stick to manual labor and sex instead of overreaching his worth. So instead Dean worked his way steadily through the vehicles in the garage. Things thankfully went back to the fragile peace after that but it was definitely another broken thread in Dean’s tether to his sense of self.

Another dark point happened one morning when Dean went into town to do some shopping. When he saw a familiar face he couldn’t help but get excited. Spending most of his time alone or with one other person and never anyone else to talk to was rough. People still treated him like persona non grata. So of course spotting Ellen coming out of the flower shop a few doors down from the auto parts store Dean was about to go into had a little more excited that the situation probably called for.

A short lived excitement.

He’d called out to her and waved when she turned to look, twisting around so that the bouquet of white lacy looking flowers was hidden down by her side. Her face morphed so quickly it was almost hard to pick out every emotion, but the first was definitely fear. The last... well even Dean could recognize ice cold hatred.

That incident had been particularly hard on Dean and it took everything in him to save his moping for when Castiel wasn’t around. Just when he managed to push it away from his thoughts Castiel’d
told him that he would be sending Dean to pick up Ellen the following week so she could assist him with some errands on the other side of the island, something about replacement parts for the hives. Dean decided he’d just pretend he hadn’t heard that until he couldn’t anymore for his own sanity.

Other than that, the days that passed were practically tolerable. Sometimes Dean could almost pretend at playing house. He’d be the partner that stayed at home while his guy went off to some cushy desk job. They’d both work to keep a roof over their head, literally and figuratively, until they came back together to share a nice meal. Nevermind the whole tally thing, or the sleeping alone at night.

Not that he would, just that he could.

So of course the bottom of the little fantasy world Dean totally didn’t have going on in his head would have to drop out. It wouldn’t be Dean Winchester’s life if things were actually tolerable for too long.

It’d actually been a decent day. Dean had spent most of it working on one of the bikes and was feeling pretty damn good after he’d got it running finally and took it for a quick spin. Even Castiel seemed to have had a better day, or at least one with a lighter load. He let slip over dinner something about making headway with getting his boat back. Of course the second the words were out of his mouth the spell was a little bit broken but it didn’t feel completely lost.

The words were right on the tip of Dean’s tongue, the confession about his confession. Then Castiel’s damn phone started buzzing.

It was a testament to how things had become more comfortable between them when Castiel didn’t dart out of the room before answering his phone as he usually did. Dean was kinda wishing he had though as he watched the relaxed expression on Castiel’s face tighten up. Looking at his eyes was like watching a hurricane roll in and Dean found himself having to look away.

“When?” Castiel asked whomever he was speaking to, his tone controlled and neutral.

Dean poked at the unfinished food on his plate, unwilling to look up even though he could feel Castiel’s eyes boring into him.

“What happened?”

Dean couldn’t sit still anymore so he stood and started clearing his dishes while Castiel listened silently. He didn’t look up from the plate he’d already scrubbed clean several times over when he heard the sound of a chair sliding slowly across the linoleum. Whatever that call was about, it wasn’t anything good. Dean wanted to delay finding out for as long as possible.

“I’m leaving but I won’t likely be more than an hour.”

Dean finally turned to look in Castiel’s direction and couldn’t control the tremor that went through his body as he met Castiel’s eyes. If he’d thought he’d seen what true hate was before, it was nothing compared to what he saw now.

“When I get back I’ll be making use of my property to relieve some... stress. Prep yourself or don’t, it’s really no matter to me.”

Then the doorway was empty and Dean had to grab tight to the counter to keep upright when his knees tried to buckle. Castiel’s words from when Dean insisted he be allowed to perform Intimacy Tasks echoed in Dean’s head. There would be no outs. No asking for consent. Dean’d already given it, demanded it be accepted. Truth be told, it wasn’t even the idea of having sex with Castiel that had
Dean wanting to find a hole to crawl into and hide.

This wasn’t about sex though. This wasn’t about orgasms, mutual or not. There was no mistaking what Dean saw in Castiel’s expression. Whatever that phone call was about was bad. And it was somehow related to Dean. Whatever it was had completely obliterated any tenuous peace they’d built between them.

No. This wasn’t about sex.

This was punishment.

And Dean was fucking terrified.

***

Dean paced the floor of the entryway, determined to ignore the sensation of the plug shifting with his movements. He’d had to go into Castiel’s room without permission to get the lube he’d seen in the bathroom while cleaning but he’d take whatever punishment he’d get since the assholes had sent him home plugged up but without any lube of his own. Of course they probably assumed that Castiel would provide it since they’d expect him to actually be fucking Dean right away. Or maybe they figured if Castiel didn’t have it, it was because he preferred using blood as a natural lubricant.

Dean had to pause in his pacing as he was wracked by a full body shudder at the thought. He shook himself and banished the thought as he resumed pacing. He was so worked up at this point he actually wanted Castiel to get back, just to get this over with. Even if he had a feeling this would just be the start. Once they passed this particular limit, it seemed unlikely they would return to restricting their activities to relaxing hand jobs and blow jobs in the shower. At least that meant getting back to Sam faster. Away from this damn island and away from Castiel. The whole thing had him so fucked up in the head that he even had a momentary pang of something over the thought of never seeing the guy again. How fucked up was that?

All this didn’t mean that Dean didn’t jump a mile when the door to the garage banged open. He’d been so wrapped up in his thoughts he hadn’t even heard rumble of the engine coming up the driveway. It also didn’t mean he didn’t have to force himself to not flee the spot upon laying eyes on the figure that came storming down the hall to where Dean waited. Suddenly Dean had an all too clear picture of what an ‘avenging angel’ might look like and frankly, the weapon of God’s wrath was terrifying.

“I went into your room without permission but I didn’t have any lube and I knew there was some in your bathroom.” Dean found himself blurting out.

Castiel’s storm filled eyes narrowed as his steps stuttered for a moment before he resumed his path towards Dean. Dean had a moment to notice the length of black rope hanging from the pocket of Castiel’s trench coat before he found himself spun around and pressed into the wall that ran under the stairs.

“Arms up, wrists crossed.” Castiel bit out gruffly just behind Dean’s ear.

Dean hated himself a little more when his dick decided to twitch with interest at the deep rumble. He did as he was told and stayed as still as possible as he felt rope being wound around his wrists. Dean thought about telling Castiel he didn’t need to restrain him, that Dean would take his punishment for whatever it was that he’d done, but that likely wouldn’t go over well.

Instead he bit down hard on his bottom lip and waited. Once the rope was knotted at his wrist Castiel
took up the end of the length still hanging loose and walked around the banister and up, jostling Dean when the rope hit its limit before it slackened again. Then Castiel was lashing the rope to the banister directly above where Dean stood, pulling tight until Dean was practically on tiptoes to keep from doing damage to his shoulders. Still he didn’t utter a single complaint.

He knew Castiel wasn’t the heartless asshole he’d originally thought. The guy was risking his own hide to help humans he owed no loyalty to. If he believed Dean deserved this then he probably did. Right?

Dean started at the thoughts that were circling his mind, not knowing where the hell they’d come from. He watched out of the corner of his eye as Castiel removed his coat and draped it over the end post of the banister and rolled up the sleeves of his shirt. Dean found himself mesmerized by the way the black fabric played against tanned skin. Somewhere in the back of his mind Dean understood that he was trying to separate himself from what was about to happen but he had no desire for such knowledge so he let himself focus on whatever came to mind.

Then Castiel was back behind him and talking in that damned voice again and it was impossible to get distance.

“Since you confessed right away to breaking a rule, you’ll only get my hand and not my belt.”

Dean bit out a shocked swear before he could stop himself as the material of his shirt was ripped from his body like so much wet paper. He’d be feeling the burn of the fabric where it had momentarily tried to hang on for days but right now he could only focus on breathing. Castiel had never really shown his superior strength until this moment and it was absolutely intimidating as fuck.

“If you don’t like my methods perhaps you should have been better prepared Dean. I hope you weren’t so careless in other areas, for you sake.” Castiel paused as he yanked Dean’s pants down, baring him completely and leaving the material pooled around his ankles. “Maybe I should remind us both of your place and just keep you naked like some of the others do with their property.”

Dean felt the warmth of Castiel’s close presence leave his back and then he found himself grunting as his nerves lit up. It was a struggle to not let his body evade the crack of Castiel’s hand against his bare ass but doing so would likely piss the angel off and it would definitely do some damage to his upper body if he lost his balance.

The heat that began to radiate off Dean’s ass was nothing compared to what flared up on his face a moment later when the next strike caught the edge of the plug. Suddenly the pain started mixing up with pleasure signals that had Dean beginning to plump up. By the time Castiel’s hand stilled Dean was easily more than half mast. Ten strikes and Dean knew he was getting off easy. Likely most other slaves would be punished severely for invading their owner’s personal space without permission, even if it was to do something they were told.

Dean didn’t have time to think on it anymore. He couldn’t think at all really because as soon as he felt fingers tugging at the base of the plug his mind decided to stop working altogether. Any hope that he might see a sign of the strangely almost gentle lover Dean had come to know were erased as the plug was tugged roughly from his body, his rim shooting pains of protest up his spine as it tried to resist for a moment. Then Dean was empty and even though it had only been a short time the plug had been in, the feeling was uncomfortable, rather than a relief.

Still, with all the threats and roughness, Dean was unsurprised when he felt two fingers probing him, testing the give and the wetness. While he was grateful for the caution, he couldn’t help but wish that Castiel would deliver on his earlier promises. Certainly Dean wouldn’t be swamped with shame over an erection that was just getting worse if Castiel had torn his way into Dean instead of the careful
press of fingers against his slick walls.

As embarrassed as he was, there was still no chance Dean could hold in the moan slash grunt when Castiel brushed against his prostate. Nor could he stop his body entirely as it swayed of its own volition, chasing after Castiel’s retreating fingers as they pulled out. There was the soft snick of a zipper and then the slick sound of wet flesh on flesh as Dean assumed Castiel used the lube that had dripped onto his hand ( So Dean might have been a little excessive with the lube, sue him) to coat his dick.

After that there was no more waiting. Pain and pleasure once again went shooting and twisting through Dean’s body as Castiel pressed in and bottomed out without pause. Instinctively his muscles flexed to try and twist away from the intrusion even as his cock finally swelled to full attention. Hands gripped his hips hard, bruises starting to form at the fingertips instantly as Castiel started pounding into him at a pace that was most definitely meant to be more punishment than pleasure. Something Dean was a little relieved by if he was being honest. There was just enough of an edge too far into pain that even if it kept him hard and weeping, it wouldn’t have him coming untouched. Frankly Dean didn’t know if he could take that kind of humiliation right now.

So he focused on the burn of the thrusts, not the sparks that lit him up as his prostate was brushed every few strokes. On the ache in his shoulders as he fought to stay on his toes. On the bite of fingers digging into his skin, not on the confusing thought that those fingers wouldn’t just hold him still but would also keep him upright, keep him safe from injury.

Or at least he tried.

It seemed like too soon and yet a lifetime when Castiel’s pace began to lose its precision. Relief coursed through Dean at the knowledge that it was almost over. Something in his body language must have given him away though because the next thing he knew Castiel was pressed against him, buried deep and still as he growled in Dean’s ear.

“Don’t think your punishment is going to be so easy Dean. I know what truly causes you to feel remorse.”

Some knot that had been twisting into existence in Dean’s chest since the phone call tightened suddenly at the confirmation that this whole thing was in fact a punishment for something, and not just Castiel taking pleasure in his property when he needed relief. Then Castiel was reaching around Dean’s body to grasp him tightly and Dean’s stomach dropped. He thought of pleading, but held back. This was what he’d agreed to. He’d practically begged for it before and now his body was doing it again.

As Castiel resumed his thrusts and began to chase his orgasm once more, his fist began to pump in time. Dean was forced to thrust forward as Castiel fucked him from behind and it wasn’t long before Castiel only needed to hold his hand still as Dean found himself entirely against his will fucking into Castiel’s grasp then back onto his cock. Tears of shame slipped unheeded from his eyes as he cried out his release. His ass squeezed tightly as he came and he felt Castiel still behind him. Dean didn’t need to feel the pulse of Castiel’s dick or the warmth of his come to know. The way the body behind him went completely slack all at once, like all the anger that had held his muscles taut drained at once, was enough.

Dean couldn’t look up from the ground as Castiel pulled out. A moment later feet came into sight and Dean felt a tug on the ropes that held him up. A soft cracking sound forced him to look up reflexively, in case he needed to protect himself. He saw that Castiel must have pulled hard enough to cause a fairly clean crack in the bamboo rail of the banister, rather than tearing or untying the
ropes. He untied the ropes around Dean’s wrists with quick, efficient movements, avoiding touching his skin entirely.

As soon as his wrists were free and he wasn’t in danger of dislocation, Dean’s body gave out and he fell roughly to his knees. His cock lay wet and soft between his thighs and he could feel the warm mixture of come and lube trickling out of his ass, a sensation that should probably be terribly off putting but somehow was not. Yet another thing to add to the column of Dean’s shame. Evidently he wasn’t grossed out by being an angel’s come dumpster. He rubbed the circulation back into his arms and hands, making note of the rope burns on his wrist and the fact that they should probably be a lot worse. Dean was pretty certain the rope Castiel had used was specifically made and purchased for this exact purpose.

Dean watched as Castiel’s feet retreated from view, not lifting his head up but turning it just enough to see as Castiel bent down to pick up material off the floor. Exhaustion seemed to be setting in now that Dean didn’t have the anticipation of what was to come causing surges of adrenaline to course through his body. A fine tremor started moving through him as he watched his master.

As Castiel wiped his hands off with the shredded fabric of Dean’s shirt he looked down at the shaking man, though not directly, his eyes just a hair to the side of Dean’s bowed head.

“You won’t be going on that errand to the other side of the island after all. Ellen is no longer available to accompany you. I’ll have to make the trip myself.”

Dean gave a harsh chuckle as tears that had slowed to a stop threatened to reappear.

“Decided she hated me too much to tolerate my presence?” He asked with a sharp, self deprecating grin.

“No.” Castiel said in an unnaturally neutral voice. “She’s dead.”

Dean could only watch, stunned, as Castiel dropped the fabric to the floor and reached for his coat before walking away towards his office.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and kudos always greatly appreciated.

Visit me on Tumblr: spnbrennafae Twitter: @brenna_fae

My never ending love and gratitude to DaydreamDestiel for catching all my mistakes and being ever so patient and my constant cheerleader. I can never express in words how much you mean to me.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

What will be the new normal and can Dean's sanity survive?

Chapter Notes

Thank you as always to DaydreamDestiel for her constant encouragement and patience.

I think this chapter may be a little short but it was either stop where I did or continue and have an extra long chapter that would take even longer to get out.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dean wasn’t sure how long he’d stayed there as time seemed to lose meaning for him, but when he finally stood it was a struggle. His knees were stiff from the hard, cold tile. Dean focused on those aches while he adamantly refused to acknowledge the different aches in his body. In a way, he almost wished his first time had been as brutal as Castiel’s words had promised.

He certainly would have deserved it.

Which, what the fuck? He didn’t even actually steal the damn boat. And he doesn’t know that Ellen’s death is in any way related.

Dean moved around slowly and mechanically, pulling his pants back on and throwing out the dirty scraps of his shirt. He got out cleaning supplies and scrubbed the floor of any fluids that hadn’t been left clinging to skin. He examined the broken rail and figured out how he would go about fixing it the next day. Dean even went back and scrubbed down the kitchen one more time. But as it got later and later it became clear that Castiel had no intention of coming out of his office for any reason, never mind to do the tally or even more ridiculous, to check on Dean.

So Dean retreated to his room. Tossed his stained pants in with the rest of his dirty laundry and made use of his own shower for the first time in quite a while. He cleaned himself thoroughly before he finally laid down to sleep. There may have been a few dozen prayers that he wouldn’t see the accusing stares of dead eyes when he finally closed his own..

***

Dean’s movements were once again sluggish in the kitchen, though it had nothing to do with lack of sleep. Evidently everything that’d happened the day before had done such a number on Dean physically that once he was able to just stop his body shut down and he was out. Someone out there must have decided he deserved a break because his sleep was solid and mercifully dreamless.

No, his movements weren’t careful and slow because of fatigue. Instead, he made every effort to not jostle his body just so because the places that twinged and ached when he did were too much of an unpleasant uncomfortable reminder about the night before. Not unexpected, but Dean certainly didn’t
need to be reminiscing like a boy who got his cherry popped in the back seat by the guy he loved after prom. Certainly didn’t deserve it.

It wasn’t til Dean was at Castiel’s door that it occurred to him that maybe he shouldn’t have assumed the schedule and his tasks would be business a usual. Maybe Castiel wouldn’t want Dean to come to his room to serve breakfast. Heck, maybe Castiel wouldn’t want to see him at all.

Then Dean began to panic a little about what else might be different. Was Castiel serious about wanting him to walk around naked? Should Dean strip right now? Should he have come prepped or would they just return to morning hand jobs and blow jobs in the shower. Which seemed ridiculous because no way would Castiel want anything to do with that casual, almost intimate morning ritual. Maybe he wouldn’t want anything to do with Dean at all? He blamed Dean for the death of someone who was important to him, why would Castiel even want to look at Dean anymore. Maybe he was expected to become one of those weird silent slaves, never seen or heard, the work just magically doing itself.

Dean was broken out of his spiral of doubt by the sound of something heavy thudding against the floor on the other side of the door. He took a slow steady breath before he reached up to tentatively knock on the door.

When the door swung open almost immediately, Dean did his best to will his heartbeat back to a more stable rhythm. It certainly didn’t help when Castiel didn’t speak or look at Dean, immediately turning away to go back to what he’d been doing. Which evidently involved the suitcase that was sitting between the bed and the door. Dean watched for a moment as Castiel lifted it onto the already made bed and opened it before he moved to the table to set out breakfast.

Still, it didn’t escape Dean’s notice that Castiel was already showered and dressed.

Once he finished laying out Castiel’s meal, Dean stood near the table and shifted awkwardly, not sure what to do next. He finally opted for supplication as a safe option and was in the process of going down to kneel when the stifling silence was finally broken.

“That won’t be necessary. Pack my suitcase while I eat. I’m not sure how long I’ll be gone but a week’s worth of clothes should be plenty.” Castiel said without looking in Dean’s direction as he walked past to sit down at the table.

Dean quickly straightened up, biting back the urge to wince at the pull the sudden movement made in places he didn’t want to think about. He began packing Castiel’s things as he tried to process this information. He knew Castiel was planning on making the trip he’d originally intended Dean to make with Ellen but when he’d spoken about it before it had sounded more like a day trip. The fact that Castiel was planning to go for multiple days brought up questions, some Dean planned to ignore and some that he really needed answers to but didn’t get the feeling it was a good time to ask. Still, he had to know.

“Should… should I pack for myself as well Sir?” Dean finally managed to force out as he folded dress shirts.

“No, you’ll stay here. I trust you’ll continue to find tasks for yourself. Either way it makes no difference to me,” Castiel said as he pushed his barely touched plate of food away. “Just write down everything you do and we’ll complete the tally when I return. We’ll do yesterday and this morning before I leave.”

Dean nodded, mostly to himself, grateful Castiel had answered at least one of his questions without having to ask. He’d just about finished packing Castiel’s clothing and toiletries when Castiel spoke
“I do have one task you need to complete. Near the hives out back there is a garden bed that runs along the house that you haven’t gotten to. It needs to be cleared of weeds and the soil turned. In the shed where you found the other seeds, there is an envelope marked with an ‘M’. Plant the seeds from that envelope in the bed. I expect this to be done before I return and as even I’m not sure when that will be I suggest you make it your priority.”

“Yes Sir.” Dean said quietly as he zipped up the suitcase and moved it next to the door.

Castiel drained his coffee quickly and stood abruptly, the sudden movement causing Dean to fight his startle reflex once again. Judging by the look Castiel gave him before he turned away, Dean hadn’t been entirely successful.

“I’ll move the house phone from my office to the sitting room. Anyone trying to reach me would call my cell phone so if it rings, it will be me.” Castiel paused when he reached the door. “Don’t try to run Dean. As I told you before, the sigil binds you to me. I will know exactly where you are.”

Without waiting for a response, Castiel picked up his suitcase and left Dean to clean up after his barely touched breakfast. The entire walk, from Castiel’s room to the kitchen, Dean debated asking the question he’d been turning over in his mind all morning. It felt stupid to ask. Suicidal almost. Yet he couldn’t shake it. So once they had finished the tally from the previous day and that morning, with a number that was quite a bit larger than Dean had anticipated, and Castiel was turning to leave Dean forced himself to speak.

“Castiel?” Dean barely managed to get out, his throat tight and dry.

Castiel stopped reluctantly. He didn’t look at Dean but he didn’t continue on so Dean took that as his cue to speak.

“I know- I know it’s not my business but… How did it happen?” Dean asked in a near whisper.

The quiet stretched out for so long that Dean began to doubt he would get an answer. Then Castiel spoke and Dean almost wished he hadn’t.

“She was disobedient. Wouldn’t behave in a way that reflected her station.” Castiel bit out the last word before continuing on. “She’d already been caught last week with contraband. A flower known to ‘interfere’ with childbearing. So when her Master exercised his right to use his property as he wished and Ellen tried to physically stop him from having her daughter bred, her punishment was more severe.”

Dean could see the grip that Castiel had on the handle of his suitcase tighten to the point his knuckles bled white.

“She didn’t survive the punishment. She lived just long enough to see her daughter tied down and bred by multiple slaves.”

With that, Castiel was gone and Dean was left to turn this information over and over in his head. Obviously Castiel had chosen his words carefully. Anyone else might have seen him as being in agreement with the other Master. That any disdain was reserved for the disobedient slave and the whole thing meant to be a warning for Dean about what could happen to him if he chose the same path. Had Dean not seen the note and put a lot of things together before now he might have thought the same.

It would probably have been easier if he was oblivious to the truth. It’d give him somewhere to put
his anger other than on himself.

Which shouldn’t even be necessary since Dean didn’t actually do anything.

So why did he still feel guilty?

***

Part of Dean truly expected to enjoy Castiel’s absence. Sure, he wouldn’t be able to earn as quickly, but not having to really answer to anyone for several days should have been a relief. Unfortunately by the time Dean was able shake the weird cloud of guilt enough to even notice it, it was already the end of day two.

By then, his total solitude actually started to weigh on him. It wasn’t like he spent a ton of time with other people. Really, it was just Castiel and even then it was limited to brief interactions in the morning and evenings. Yet without Castiel here at all, it was just so damn… quiet.

Dean finished up with the flower bed by the end of the second evening. After that he spent time tending to the other garden, restocking the pantry, fixing the railing. He even resorted to scrubbing every floor he was allowed to access. Same with every window. It was on the evening of the sixth night, when Dean was contemplating reorganizing the kitchen cabinets and drawers, that he nearly had a heart attack at the almost foreign sensation of hearing a sound that wasn’t coming from him.

Dean hurried to close all the cupboards as he listened to the familiar rumble of the beat up truck draw closer. By the time the sound died, he was standing near the end of the hall waiting with a peculiar mixture of excited anticipation and dread. He told himself it was just because he's been feeling more isolated than usual but he had a hard time believing himself.

In the few moments before the door to the garage opened, Dean managed to tame his body of conflicting energy, the picture of the still and silent servant waiting to be commanded. His mind, however, was still screaming out. A loud jumbled mess desperate for some outside force to come in and shape.

Castiel, for his part, had the decency to start in surprise when he came through the door and was confronted by the sight of Dean waiting. He schooled his features quickly though before walking fully into the house, suitcase in tow. He passed by Dean without a word. Quiet as he left the case by the staircase and moved toward the sitting room.

Dean almost sobbed with relief when Castiel finally turned and spoke. Inside. On the outside, he was still. Had to be still.

“The replacement parts for the hives are in the back of the truck. I'll be doing the repair work myself so just unload them tomorrow and bring them out back. After we've tallied for the past week, unpack my suitcase and draw me a bath. When you've finished you're dismissed for the evening. Breakfast will be at its usual time.”

“Yes sir.” Dean said, his voice quiet and rough from disuse.

Castiel’s raised eyebrow had Dean squirming a bit but he stood silently waiting. He let out the breath he didn't know he was holding the second Castiel turned and walked through the doorway. Dean quickly followed and found Castiel reading over the neat, exact list that Dean totally didn't rewrite multiple times out of some weird quest for approval.

The tally took longer than usual of course but the number that popped up in the end had Dean deflating. He knew it was lacking the higher valued tasks but he certainly thought almost a week’s
worth would be more impressive. Strange thing was he could swear it looked like Castiel was similarly put out by the low count.

Probably just annoyed Dean must have been lazy over the week, even if he was still falling in to bed exhausted every night.

At Castiel's silent dismissal, Dean hurried to complete his tasks just in case Castiel would want to go to bed soon. He'd finished emptying out the suitcase and was in the midst of adding some of the lavender oil to the quickly filling tub when movement outside the large windows down near the ground caught his eye.

His better judgement said he should just remain on task but good judgement had never been one of Dean's stronger virtues. He shifted slightly more to the side of the tub and raised up a little on his knees until he could focus on the movement from the corner of his eye.

It wasn't easy, given the only light shining outside at the moment was the light coming from the bathroom but after a moment he was able to separate the shadowy figure of Castiel from the rest of the still, dark shapes. Dean watched as Castiel ran a hand down the side of the hives, something almost soft and loving in his movements.

Dean panicked a little when Castiel turned towards the house but when he walked forward without looking up the panic subsided and curiosity won out once again. He couldn't see Castiel from his angle anymore so he got down on his hands and knees and crawled towards the glass slowly.

It wasn't until he was almost pressed against the glass, laying flat on the floor, that he could see Castiel fully again. He was kneeling in front of the freshly planted flower bed, looking up and down the length of it as if expecting some flaw or offense. Dean let out a gust of air that fogged the glass when it appeared his work had passed muster. Gently as he could so as not to squeak, he wiped away the fog and watched as a familiar scene unfolded.

Castiel bent forward, arms outstretched and fingers reaching, the soft glow already shining from his hands. The light was gone for a moment when Castiel sunk his fingertips deep into the soil and Dean felt a little off kilter by the disappointment he felt about it being ‘hidden’ from him but before he had a chance to process this it came back. The dark, freshly turned dirt suddenly mirrored the sky as tiny points of light shot up all over the place, sparkling from each little seed that was tucked away like hundreds of tiny stars.

As quickly as it came, the light was gone and Castiel was standing. Dean scrambled backwards out of sight. He was relieved to see the water hadn't overflowed while he was neglecting his duties so he quickly finished up and left the room.

Dean didn't fail to notice that now that he wasn't alone in the house he fell asleep much faster.

***

Sleep may have come easily but Dean still woke with an overwhelming sense of dread. He had no idea what to expect. Would they resume their previous routine this morning? The idea seemed almost laughable, that Castiel would still want those quiet moments of shared pleasure what with how much he despised Dean.

If not that, then should Dean prepare himself? Should he shower before plugging himself and going to Castiel? What if he was wrong though. Castiel would be displeased if Dean washed and touched his property like that without permission.
“What the fuck?” Dean said the the empty room.

With a violent shake of his head to try and physically force the strange thought from his head, Dean vaulted out of bed and practically ran to the bathroom. He showered quickly, almost a stubborn defiance to remind himself he was still a fucking human being, before dressing and going down to the kitchen.

By the time he was standing in front of Castiel's door Dean was feeling overwhelmed by second thoughts. Mainly, the wish that he'd at least prepped. Too late now though. He knocked and opened the door when he received the muffled response to come in.

Dean set up the table for breakfast before he turned back toward the bed. He regretted it immediately because his head was already fucked up enough as it was. Adding the confusion about feeling something warm and twisty in his gut at seeing Castiel sitting up in bed all rumpled and grumpy cat like was entirely unnecessary.

Shaking himself of his momentary stupor, Dean began to pull out Castiel's clothes. By the time he had them neatly laid out in the bathroom, Castiel’d moved to the table and was fixing himself a cup of coffee. When he didn't address Dean after a moment, Dean started on making the bed. He still wasn't sure if he was expected to return to the routine they had prior to… everything, so he wasn't keen to strip down in the bathroom. Being reprimanded, or worse mocked, in such a vulnerable position wasn't high on Dean's to do list but leaving without permission didn't seem like a great idea either. Dean figured if he just stuck around doing chores eventually Castiel would speak.

Dean was just smoothing out the top of the blanket when Castiel finally broke the silence. Dean totally didn't jump. Totally.

“Unfortunately I won't have any work I can do at home for a while.” Castiel said, still staring into his cup. “While inconvenient for me, it should help with another issue. After last night's tally it's clear that if I merely maintain the status quo then your stay here will be much longer than either of us want”

Dean, who'd turned to face Castiel while he spoke, had to avert his eyes back to the bed where he smoothed out a non-existent wrinkle. It shouldn't feel bad to find out Castiel was just as anxious to be rid of Dean as Dean was to leave. It certainly didn't help Dean's ever evolving perception of Castiel. Whether or not it meant Castiel wasn't out to milk this for all he could like Dean thought or it meant he found Dean so abhorrent that even having free slave labor wasn't worth having to be around Dean didn’t matter. Either way it was one more little thing fucking with his head.

“I'll give some thought as to what activities there are in the higher tiered tasks that I'm comfortable with. In the meantime, nights that I'm not able to work, once you've served me supper you're to go to your room to shower and prep yourself. When you've done so, come here. If I'm not finished yet, wait at the door. As for the tally, we'll start completing that in the mornings before I leave.”

There was a lot of information to parse there but the thing that was sticking in his mind was that Castiel would seeking out higher point tasks than fucking him. While he couldn't quite picture Castiel throwing angel bashes where he could pass Dean around like a party favor, the truth was he didn't really know. He'd allowed himself to be lulled by the version of Castiel that sat down to dinner and had quiet conversations. That would spend an entire day working on restoring a beautiful car with Dean even though he had two perfectly serviceable cars. That would hold his mojo dear and then turn around and throw it away to help the plants grow. That would risk his own neck for slaves… at least ones that weren't Dean.

“That will be all for this morning.” Dean was startled from his thoughts by the abrupt dismissal.
Castiel rose from the table, leaving behind his mostly untouched breakfast.

“Since I'll be making use of you tonight, I'd just as soon shower alone.”

When Castiel disappeared into the bathroom, Dean took that as his cue to clear away breakfast and retreat to the kitchen. His stomach was in knots over what the future would bring but he forced himself to focus on just putting one foot in front of the other. If nothing else, he'd learned how to keep himself busy to get through the day. The night would still be there whether he thought about it or not.

***

Dean didn't expect roses. He didn't expect words of endearment or tender touches. But he certainly hadn't expected this.

After spending the day doing as much physical labor outside as he could find, including weeding the quickly sprouting flower garden, Dean'd thrown together a simple meal. He’d waited in silence after Castiel'd come home for the man to eat before he'd gone to his room and showered and prepped. Grateful he'd held onto the lube he'd pilfered from Castiel's room last time he's prepped.

Not a single word was spoken. Not when he'd knocked on the bedroom door. Not when he'd stripped down at the nod of Castiel's head. Not when he'd crawled onto the bed and basically presented his ass. Not even when Castiel had moved in behind him and pulled the plug out before testing the prep work with first two, then three prodding fingers.

Dean hadn't expected romance, but as Castiel eased in slowly, giving Dean a moment to adjust before he began a steady rhythm of thrusts that had Dean filling out embarrassingly quick, Dean found himself disappointed at the complete and total lack of... well, anything.

For all intents and purposes the two men could be robots performing a task in a factory instead of two living breathing beings engaged in an act of pleasure. Castiel didn't say a single word. His touches were kept to only the necessary. Even when he reached around to give Dean's dick a couple of tugs to make sure he came it was like checking a box. Dean might as well have been one of those lifelike sex toys. The only difference was that when Castiel pulled out and flopped down on the dry side of the bed, Dean was able to take care of his own clean up and put himself back in the box.

Silence became the new normal. Dean began to crave the morning tally, the one time a day when he would speak out loud or be able to listen to another voice. Just out loud though. Never to one another. Never spoken to. They spoke directly to the machine.

When everything was done strictly by routine, you didn't really need to speak. A person doesn't speak to their vacuum, they just expect it to perform the task it's been given.

***

On the fifth night, something cracked in Dean. All of the silence. All of the physical intimacy, without any of the kind of touches that would bridge the gap to emotional touches broke something in him. Maybe it was his resolve, maybe it was his tenuous grip on sanity. Definitely wasn’t his heart. Definitely. Maybe it was the voice in his head. Don't speak unless spoken to. Don't move unless you're told. Come, but only when told. Just property to be used. Just a hole. Worthless hole.

But as he lay on his back panting, his body slick with sweat and his mind ready for the curt silent dismissal, he seemed to lose control over himself. He started shaking and tears broke free in a torrent down the sides of his face to pool in the dips of his ears. To his horror, he heard his own voice,
trembling and weak and coming completely without his permission.

“Cas, can you kiss me? Please?” Dean wanted to stop at the sharp look from Castiel but he couldn’t. “I know I don’t deserve it. I don’t deserve to be alive, let alone any kindness from you but… please?”

Castiel stared at Dean for a moment and as usual Dean was total crap at reading the mix of emotions that passed over his face. Dean was about to take it back, about to flee the bed without waiting for his dismissal when Castiel finally spoke.

“Oh Dean.” His voice soft, thick with what could almost be confused with remorse.

Then Dean felt a tiny flicker of joy that he’d berate himself for later when Castiel leaned over. Dean’s eyes drifted shut out of reflex. He felt a tiny puff of warm air a moment before soft full lips brushed against his. Once, twice and once again. It took every bit of strength Dean had to not chase after him when he felt Castiel move away. When he opened his eyes Castiel was still propped up on his side, but his eyes were on the space between their bodies.

“Thanks Cas.” Dean practically sighed with relief.

Castiel nodded in acknowledgement before rolling over to face the other side. Dean took it for the dismissal it was and got out of bed. He returned briefly with a cloth to wipe up some of the wet spot he’d left before leaving Castiel to his solitude. He probably shouldn’t take any comfort from those kisses considering how abruptly Castiel shut down after. But Castiel could have easily said no. Dean was property. He didn’t get to ask for things. He didn’t get to have needs beyond basic food and shelter. Yet Castiel had given him what he so badly needed. As first kisses went it wasn’t the most passionate. But that wasn’t what it was about. He’d given Dean back a little piece of his humanity.

Chapter End Notes

I live for your comments, even if I’m rubbish at responding (I will eventually! I promise!)

Come see me on Tumblr: spnbrennafae or Twitter: Brenna_fae
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Things become a little more clear...
Clear as mud maybe

Chapter Notes

I struggled with whether or not I thought this was enough of a chapter. I feel like I haven't been giving you very much but then every time I start a new chapter with clear intentions of what will be accomplished, the little things get away from me and grow all on their own. Most of what happened in this chapter was originally just supposed to be a little side note, a blip.
Ah well, it is what it is

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Castiel was quiet the next morning and Dean was unnerved by it. It wasn't the stifling silence that refused to acknowledge Dean existed that Dean had grown accustomed to... sorta. If you call slowly descending into the kind of madness that had him asking his smitey angelic owner for kisses 'growing accustomed to.'

This was different. It was... softer? It was catching Castiel looking at him before looking away. It was slower, less abrupt movements. Less closed off.

He barely touched his breakfast, but that wasn't really unusual of late. He showered alone again, as Dean expected but then Dean was thrown off at the tally. Castiel was still fairly conservative with his words but they lacked the abrupt edge in the tone.

Still Castiel could only seem to look at Dean directly when he thought Dean wasn't looking.

The almost impossibly quiet 'goodbye' he murmured to Dean before leaving also strayed from their new normal.

***

Even with the strange start to his day Dean was nowhere near prepared for the turn the rest of the day would take. He was out checking on all the gardens when the heavy quiet of the warm afternoon was broken by the rumble of an engine.

Dean hesitated for a moment, unsure what to do since there hadn't been a single unscheduled visitor while he was home alone since he got there. Then the thought of some friend of Castiel's reporting to his master that Dean'd made them wait had Dean rushing around to the front of the house.

Some of the tension drained when the car that came into view was just Castiel's stupidly ugly Continental. The fact that he was a good two hours earlier than the earliest he'd ever been home save
the day he'd come storming home to accuse Dean of lying about having family kept Dean from relaxing entirely.

He stood in the yard watching as the car disappeared into the garage. When the door started to close Dean was roused from his confused gaping and he scrambled into the house. Just barely made it to the hall before Castiel was walking into the house. Well, dragging himself into the house seemed more accurate.

Dean’s curiosity had almost managed to win out over his need to be useful but silent when Castiel spoke.

“I'm not feeling well. I'll be retiring to my room for the rest of the day. You may continue occupying yourself or take the night off. I apologize but I'm not feeling up to our usual nightly routine.” Castiel said as he passed Dean without looking at him. “I'll be taking tomorrow off as well. I've got some things I need to do around the property. You may bring me my breakfast as usual but I'll not require anything after that until supper and would ask to be left to my tasks.”

Castiel had already disappeared up the stairs by the time Dean managed to shake himself from the paralysis this abrupt change in Castiel had brought. But once he started moving, Dean found he couldn't be still. He paced the length of the kitchen as he tried to process everything.

Angels could get sick? It seemed highly unlikely but there was no denying Castiel had looked unwell. His usual overly formal posture had been slumped, as if he was a marionette only hanging by a single string that threatened to snap at any moment. His normally tan face had been downright pasty, cheeks hollow and dark circles more prominent than Dean'd ever seen.

Dean should leave him be. It's what Castiel wanted. Ordered really.

Still, the need to do something was like an itch under his skin. He paused for a moment, ran a rough hand through his hair, before returning to his slightly manic pacing.

It wasn't til his eye caught on the empty basket he used to carry produce in from the garden that it clicked. It would take a bit of time and work since this was not something Castiel had amongst his other crappy meals in a can. But Dean had time and now that it was in his head there was no way to shake it. So he set about his task, first gathering what he needed from the garden before he got to cooking.

A couple of hours later and he was shifting gingerly in front of Castiel's door, trying to work out his second and third thoughts without spilling the contents of the tray he carried.

Mind as settled as it could get, Dean took a deep breath before he balanced the tray carefully on one hand and knocked gently with the other.

After a moment he heard a muffled and very grumpy “what” that had him wanting to turn and forget the whole thing. But he was here and he'd already disturbed his master, he might as well follow through.

Dean turned the knob before quickly returning his hand to the tray. When he nudged the door open he was immediately caught off guard by how dark the room was. Every curtain was drawn tightly, the bathroom door closed to keep the light from the shower wall windows from spilling in. Squinting in what little light spilled in from the hall. Dean was barely able to make out a Castiel shaped lump on the bed.

“Umm” Dean chewed on his bottom lip as he thought through his word choice “I know you said you
weren't feeling too hot but you didn't eat much this morning and I know not eating can do a whammy on your whole mojo conservation thingy you got going on so... I thought maybe something light on your stomach would be a good idea.”

The quiet sound of material shifting was all the warning Dean got before the lamp on the bedside table was switched on and Dean found himself squinting to adjust from being blinded. When he could finally see again, he took in Castiel’s appearance. If anything he looked even worse than when he’d first dragged himself home, the low light casting the bags under his eyes in a deeper relief. He glared at the tray in Dean's hands, looking prepared to admonish Dean and send him away, before he took a small sniff and his expression changed to something unreadable.

“What is it?”

“Oh.” Dean started, not really planning to reveal so much of himself but unable to stop the words. “It's just tomato and rice soup. Mom used to make it for me when I wasn't feeling good and I did the same for Sammy. But that moose, even when he was sick he still could put it away so I started making grilled cheese to give his some carbs and grease. So that’s… that’s what this…”

When Castiel just stared at him with that strange expression Dean couldn't help but keep rambling.

“Totally cool if you don't want it. I know I kinda did it even when you told me not to so I know I ain't getting any points or anything…”

Dean trailed off as Castiel’s lips began to move, like he kept starting to respond but didn't like the word he'd picked.

“You made me you're mother's soup because I said I was unwell even though you don't expect credit?” he finally asked.

Dean felt the tension he'd been holding release just a little. Castiel’s voice was still rough and low, but the only emotion Dean could hear was maybe a little bit of shock. But no anger.

“S’no big deal man. Just some soup.” Dean hesitated, looking around awkwardly before he finally moved towards the table to set the tray down. “I'll just leave it here. If you feel like eating go for it. If not I'll just toss it in the morning.”

Dean gave the tray one last look, straightening the spoon, before he stepped back and turned to leave the room. He’d almost made it out the door.

“Dean.” Castiel’s voice froze Dean in his tracks and he turned just enough to look back over his shoulder at Castiel, who was looking down at his clasped hands.

The quiet stretched out almost to the point of discomfort before Castiel finally looked up. Dean was taken aback by the intense sincerity he saw reflected in shining blue eyes.

“Thank you.” Castiel finally said, his voice unusually thick.

Dean gave a tiny nod before he turned and left the room, closing the door to leave Castiel to eat or not in privacy.

***

Unsure about what exactly was wrong with Castiel, Dean made a light breakfast. He was still feeling out of sorts, with no clue how to proceed. Last night had been weird. Not wanting to risk disturbing Castiel and his freaky angel hearing (do they have freaky angel hearing?) Dean had cleaned up the
kitchen and gone to bed early.

Castiel was quiet when Dean brought him breakfast and pulled out clean clothes for him. The dishes from last night were gone and Dean hadn’t seen them in the kitchen so that meant Castiel had gotten up and taken care of them, even though he hadn’t been feeling well. Dean wondered if that meant the food had been eaten or if it’d just been tossed but he certainly wasn’t about to break the fragile quiet to ask.

If Castiel had eaten the soup it clearly wasn’t the magic fix that it’d always seemed to be for Dean and later Sam. Castiel looked even worse. Dean almost wanted to suggest he put off whatever it was he needed to do today and rest more but it certainly wasn’t his place. They weren’t friends or lovers or whatever Dean might have sometimes pretended in his head back when they’d sit down together for a meal.

So once Castiel was taken care of and Dean had eaten his own breakfast, he went back to his room to… well, he went back to his room to fidget and stare at the walls. Frankly he didn’t really know how to just do nothing anymore but he also had no idea what Castiel had planned for the day and he got the distinct impression that Castiel wanted privacy for whatever it was. He hadn’t said he had some work to do from home, he said on the property. So Dean felt fairly certain it wasn’t just gonna be him holing up in his office all day. Beyond that he had nothing.

Which meant waiting.

And waiting.

It was at least an hour of Dean pacing the confines of his room, considering the merits of rearranging his underwear drawer, before he heard doors opening and closing. Dean moved over to look out his window just in time to see Castiel’s back before he was out of sight again, moving from the side of the house to the back.

Dean wasn’t dumb, as much as he may play it off that way. He wasn’t suicidal either. Either of which would have explained why he would leave his room to run down to the sitting room where there was a window that looked out onto the back of the property. And yet, there he was. Just in time to watch Castiel straighten up from where he was crouched, two fist fulls of the flowers that’d sprouted from the seeds marked M.

Castiel turned away and walked past the hives and stack of supplies still waiting to be put to use, so not what Castiel planned to work on. When he got to the edge of the heavier vegetation and trees he paused for a moment and Dean found himself ducking back as Castiel turned just enough to look back over his shoulder towards the house.

Dean edged a little more carefully back towards the window, trying to blend in with the drapery. He barely managed to catch Castiel disappearing into the shadows.

“Don’t even.” Dean whispered to the empty room as he stood still as a statue. “Don’t be an idiot Dean.”

He stood there for the space of a few breaths before he took one deep one and breathed out an annoyed “Fuck it” and booked it out of the house.

If Dean hadn’t been watching when Castiel disappeared he probably would have never even noticed the path. It was the kind of path that you could tell at one time had been travelled frequently and worn down but not anymore. It was still there, so clearly someone was using it occasionally, but not enough to keep the overgrowth away.
Dean picked his way through carefully, stepping over anything that looked like it might make too much noise as best he could. He had to go slow, hold on to branches to slowly return them to place as he passed. So focused that he almost stumbled right into the small clearing in the trees.

Ducking back behind a rather bushy plant, Dean tried to process what he was seeing and immediately felt overcome with guilt. He should not be here. This… this was not okay.

Castiel was kneeling down, tearing out some longer growth from around a small stone before he places the bunches of flowers he’d gathered at its base. The stone was simple, almost unobtrusive, but clearly not placed there by nature.

The large M carved into the polished face of it made that obvious.

Dean considered turning around and skulking away like the creeper he was but then Castiel was standing and Dean felt rooted to the spot, fear of being caught too strong. Castiel sat on another stone, this one less changed by man’s hand, but the top still worn smooth.

Once Castiel started talking, Dean couldn’t even pretend he was staying for any other reason than to hear what was said.

“Happy Birthday my friend.” Castiel said as he leaned forward to rest his elbows on his knees, his chin on his hands. “I miss you so very much.”

Guilt assaulted Dean like a bad taco on Taco Tuesday. Definitely shouldn’t be here. But there was no way Castiel wouldn’t hear if he turned to leave. Which of course begged the question of how Dean would do so when Castiel was ready to leave himself.

“I could really use that advice you gave so freely and often. I thought I still carried the lessons you taught me within but I find myself questioning it. I know it’s different with Dean. He’s a criminal and he should pay for his crime. But Max… I’m so angry. His crime might not be murder but the repercussions of his actions might as well be. Even still, the ripples of his choice continue on… continue to hurt people. Innocent people. The ones you wanted me to save so badly.”

It took Dean a moment to figure out why the name Max was familiar. When it clicked he couldn’t help but feel like his world was once again shifting on its axis. Max. Castiel’s last slave. The one Dean though Castiel had run into his grave. Yet, Castiel called him friend. Used his precious mojo to grow what Dean could only assume were his flowers just to put on a grave that probably shouldn’t exist, given its hidden location. Dean tried to process it all as Castiel kept speaking.

“Ellen died. I’m so sorry I couldn’t save her. I know how much you liked her. Her daughter is just like she was when you first met. Full of fire, so smart even with what little she’s been given to work with. Though I’m afraid that fire may not last her as long as it did her mother. I see it’s glow dim more and more every time I see her. Every time another atrocity is visited upon her. I don’t know which will happen first but I know for certain, either that fire will die or she will do something desperate. Either way it will end in yet more tragedy if I don’t do something.”

Dean had to fight to remind himself that the guilt he felt over Ellen’s fate and that of her daughter did not truly belong to him. That he wasn’t actually responsible. Which, how fucked up?

“Part of me feels that the punishment that Dean has asked for is deserved. Someone died because of his actions. I may be the only one who understands the connection but when people die during a crime the punishment is always more severe. Even the humans agree. Yet… Sometimes I can’t help but feel guilty. Sometimes I ask myself if his crime is really any greater than yours was.”
Some sort of weird hope planted itself in amongst the horrible feelings Dean had. Hope that maybe Castiel might start to hate him less, even if he never felt a fondness for him like what he seemed to feel for Max. Of course hope is so easily snuffed.

“But it’s not the same. Your crimes may have been similar in nature but your motives are so far apart. Yours were selfless. Born of love. The only love his were born of were maybe love of self.” Castiel raked his hand through his hair angrily before his sat up straight, eyes up to the canopy of foliage above. After a moment, he seemed to deflate “And still, even with the anger I feel, I don’t like who this is turning me in to. If I’m around him, then the rage makes me easily give into the punishment he nearly begs for. If I keep myself detached and distant it seems to chip away at his humanity.”

The urge to rush out and confess had never been so strong.

“I don’t want to become one of the monsters you so despised. I couldn’t survive the thought that I was a disappointment to you… to Gabe. Why? Why aren’t you here? I need you to tell me what I’m supposed to do.”

Dean couldn’t take it anymore. If he stayed any longer he’d lose what little self control he had. So he turned as quietly as possible and begin to pick his way through the brush, hiding in the shadows of the trees. For one shining moment he believed he’d been successful. Nothing good lasts though.

“Dean.”

For all intents and purposes Dean turned to stone. Everything stopped. He didn’t even dare breathe. Maybe Castiel was just still talking about him to the ghost of his dead slave.

“Dean I know you’re there. You may as well come out.”

Fuck.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you as always to my dearest DaydreamDestiel for being my constant cheerleader. Visit me on Tumblr: spnbrennafae or Twitter: @brenna_fae
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Dean fucked up. The only question was, which Castiel will he get. Cause things are so fucking confusing and he honestly doesn't know which side of Castiel is the truth.

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry this chapter took so long. The only things I hate more that writing dialogue is writing monologue. Hopefully the content of the dialogue makes up for the lack of anything else. Now that all of this mid fic exposition is out of the way hopefully the next chapters will pick up a bit.

A/N just want to make a couple of things a little clearer, because I think the way Dean talks about the crime he took the blame for in a way that makes it seem like no big deal. But the single act encompasses theft, trespassing and Violating the terms of a Treaty. Imagine how many years in a foreign prison that could get you. Then factor in the scale when dealing with immortals. I hope that helps anyone who still feels a little uncomfortable with Cas after this chapter.

For a few horrible moments Dean thought he might further incur the wrath of Castiel by having to be dragged out as his body refused to respond at all. Mercifully, he was able to force himself forward, though his movements remained sluggish, reluctant.

Even still, there was no making himself look up at Castiel, his eyes staying firmly rooted to the ground.

“How much did you hear?” Castiel’s voice, tired and rough, broke the uncomfortable quiet of the little clearing. “Don’t lie. Odds are I’ll be able to tell and your punishment will only be worse.”

The threat was almost not enough to keep Dean from trying. There was no doubt in his mind that he heard things he most definitely shouldn’t have. Not even the personal things. The other stuff, the things that implied Castiel wasn’t exactly a good little angel, towing the company lines. And yet…

“Everything.” The truth slipped out, “Unless you said anything before you sat down.”

“Why couldn’t you have just left it alone. Clearly you knew you shouldn’t be out here, otherwise you wouldn’t have attempted stealth.”

Dean didn’t need to look up to know that Castiel looked like the weight of the world had been shoved onto his back, with a few other planets thrown in for funsies.

“What’s gonna be my punishment?” Dean someone managed to make himself look up, face his punishment with a little dignity.
The sadness he saw in Castiel’s eyes was unexpected though, and it nearly had him dropping his eyes again.

“I suppose I should do what any other of my kind would do with a slave who knows something so damming. We may not be able to execute our property but no one so much as blinks over a punishment that a pathetic human was too weak to withstand. Certainly even you couldn’t withstand a hundred lashings with the full strength of an angel guiding the stroke.” Dean flinched hard when Castiel burst to his feet and began pacing the short width of the clearing. “I should put the lives of those I won’t be able to help if you decide to turn me in first, though I’ll disabuse you of the idea it would mean your freedom, Dean. Certainly you would be free of me, but your sentence would merely be carried out in service to another angel.”

Dean’s stomach clenched painfully as Castiel let loose his frustration. For some reason in all the times he’d considered death as Castiel’s slave it was always from old age, or maybe being overworked. It never even occurred to Dean that he might not make it that long.

Arguments to keep himself alive were running through his head when Castiel paused and looked down at the grave marker. Dean shifted nervously on his feet as Castiel moved back to his seat and slumped down on it. He wasn’t sure if now was the best time to speak but he’d never been good at staying quiet.

“Go back to the house and wait for me at my office door.” Castiel said without looking at Dean. Dean wanted to stay and demand answers but his survival instinct won out and he left Castiel to the quiet, in hopes that some time alone with someone who clearly expected better of Castiel would only be of benefit to Dean.

Of course once he found himself standing where instructed, Dean had second, third and fourth thoughts. He considered stripping down, ready to show Castiel just how willing a whore he could be if it would keep him alive. Dean even contemplated making a run for it. He only had Castiel’s word that he would be able to find Dean. Maybe that was all just bullshit dependant on the stupidity of humans to keep him in line.

Fortunately, or unfortunately depending on the outcome, Dean didn’t have too much time to convince himself that running was his best chance. Before he was entirely ready Castiel was marching through the front door and straight for Dean. His whole body tensed as Dean waited for some sort of punishment to rain down on him but Castiel merely engaged the magic to unlock the door.

“Call it weakness, but I just can’t destroy you, even to save others. It might be selfish but I can’t become what he hated most, even to save his people. I cannot become like them.”

Dean shifted nervously on his feet as Castiel moved past him into the office, the wave of a hand almost an afterthought to direct Dean to follow. Castiel pulled out his chair and dropped like a stone into it. Dean wondered if he should keep quiet but that just never seemed possible for him.

“I know it doesn’t really help any, you’ve got no reason to believe me, but I’m not tellin’ anyone anything.” Dean pushed on when Castiel looked up at him, that damn squint of his making Dean’s throat go dry. “You’re right, I’m no better off if I do rat you out. Devil you know and all.”

Castiel stared at Dean for a moment before his head dropped down and he gave a small nod. Of course Dean never could leave well enough alone. He took a small step closer before speaking again.

“Can I… Can ask though… can you tell me about him?” Castiel’s sharp look had Dean stumbling to
finish. “It’s just… you seem to have forgiven his crime so easily, but from what the other angels said… well, it sounded like you kinda abused the system to keep a slave around till they kicked the bucket. The way you talk about him though, it sounds like there’s more to it.”

Dean could tell that Castiel was actually considering an answer, which was honestly more that he’d expected. He also didn’t expect Castiel to gesture to the love seat, indicating Dean should make himself comfortable. Once Dean had scrambled to comply, Castiel started talking.

“Max… he wasn’t bad. Maybe a little too cocky. But he had a good heart. Didn’t mean it was immune to breaking though. That’s what brought him here. His twin sister, Alicia. He used to joke that she got all the brains and he got all the beauty. Certainly not true, but I do believe that she was usually the one who took time to think things through. A filter of sorts between Max and a world of bad decisions.” Castiel paused, clearly weighted down by memories. “When she died, he was lost. Everything good in his life withered and died as he became obsessed with finding some way to bring her back. It took him a while to confess that if he hadn’t found a lead when he did, he would have given up and joined her.”

Dean swallowed around the lump that’d formed in his throat. He may have gotten better about giving Sam his space in recent years, taking some time for himself, but the thought of losing his brother altogether? He could understand being willing to go to crazy lengths to right that wrong or die trying.

“The lead he found was in some old lore about angels. An artifact that could pull a soul from the ether and give it corporeal form again. Of course the lore was written by humans and entirely incorrect. Most likely some barely conscious combatant that witnessed an angel seemingly rise from the dead. Still, Max was brilliant and resourceful when he needed to be. He managed to track down records of the item in question, a pendant. He couldn’t have known that it was a fairly common item. During the war every angel wore one. A vial of pure grace that they had carefully syphoned off as a final form of protection. A burst of healing just enough to get the angel up and moving again so they could get to safety and heal. They were so inconsequential that most angels didn’t even hold onto them after the war. The grace was reabsorbed and the pendant became a useless trinket. Only of matter to someone who preserves such things. A record keeper like myself.”

“I think I see where this is going.” Dean said quietly as he looked around the room and took in the books and glass cases with a new understanding.

“Yes, his research brought him to me.” Castiel said with a nod, a ghost of a smile on his lips. “I never did quite figure out how he accessed the official records. Honestly I preferred it that way. He found the catalogue of my work at the capital and it led him straight here. The fool thought he could walk into the home of an angel and pocket what he came for with none the wiser. Sometimes I think it was less foolishness and more a desire for a death he wouldn’t feel guilt over. I doubt very much that his sister would have been too pleased if he’d killed himself because he couldn’t live without her. I caught him and turned him into the authorities.”

Dean’s attention was drawn to Castiel when his voice became both quieter and harder. Guilt was etched into every line of his face.

“Most days that single action filled me with more regret than any other. Other days I couldn’t be anything but grateful.” Castiel stopped for a moment before clearing his throat and continuing, the emotion clearing from his face. “He was sentenced just as you were, though he wasn’t quite so adamant to disagree when I made it clear I had no intention of using him for sexual gratification. When we returned here he broke down and began to beg me. He swore fealty and unquestioning servitude. Even offered up his own soul. All he asked for in return was for me to use the pendant he’d been intending to steal to bring Alicia back. It broke my heart when I understood what he was
doing here and I had to explain to him the truth of the item. Explain that his sister was truly lost, even to an angel.”

Castiel paused once more to pull out a bottle and a glass from his desk. He filled the glass and took a long swallow before he was ready to continue.

“Max didn’t believe me at first. He had no reason to. The first year was… difficult. I held no ill will towards the boy. Max, on the other hand, held a great deal of ill will towards me. It didn’t matter that I gave him endless amount of freedom. I would have released him from his sentence if I could have, but giving up my claim would only mean that he would serve it for another, as I explained earlier. I gave him tasks he could fulfill if he chose and we met regularly to tally but beyond that we didn’t see much of each other. He sought refuge in nature, creating the gardens and the hives. He also spent a fair amount of time traveling the island and engaging with other slaves.”

“If he hated you so much and avoided you like the plague then how…” Dean started before he thought better of it.

“How did he end up my closest friend and part time conscience?” Castiel finished with a wry grin. “I had another angel to thank for that. Gabriel. He was as close to a brother to me as an angel can have. We might have been more but he tended to prefer the company of humans in that regard.”

Dean frowned at that but Castiel rushed on before he had a chance to get fully angry about the implication.

“Willing only. Gabriel… never kept a slave.” Castiel looked down at his hands, the guilt once again heavy on his features. “Neither had I, though I would make use of other’s slaves for labor. I hadn’t… ‘seen the light’ as you humans often say.”

Dean couldn’t help the small smile at Castiel’s use of air quotes.

“It wasn’t that I was against them, per say. I just preferred to be on my own with my books and my research. Truthfully I was blind to the treatment of humans in our charge. But Gabriel wasn’t. He was more comfortable amongst the slaves than his own kind. The other angels despised him for it but he was smarter than any of them gave him credit for. He would help the slaves in any little way he could to make their existence more tolerable. Sneak them food, birth control, heal them after their punishments. But he never got caught. In the year that Max and I barely coexisted, Gabriel found a kindred spirit in Max and taught him his ways. Max could only help Gabriel a little, being human, but he did what he could. Of course Max was an attractive human and Gabriel could charm the habit off a nun so their relationship was also quite physical. Something Gabriel was happy to tell me of at length, in great detail.”

Dean snorted, remembering all the times he’d inflicted the same kind of treatment on Sam. Castiel must have been able to read him easily because he shook his head with a grin, mumbling something that sounded a lot like ‘big brothers’. He became serious pretty quickly though and Dean was starting to get a bad feeling about where this story was headed.

“Gabriel was able to convince Max that I wasn’t a bad guy. Things began to settle into something more comfortable. That is until I found out what Gabriel was allowing Max to help with. It wasn’t that I was against helping the other slaves. My eyes were being opened to the atrocities I’d been ignoring. But I didn’t like how much risk Max was being allowed to take. He may have only just started to warm to me but in truth, I’d grown rather fond of him. Gabriel and I fought when I found out he had sent Max to sneak supplies to the slave quarters of one of the most notoriously awful slave owners. One of the first to turn breeding slaves into a business he could use to collect favor after favor. We were mid fight when Gabriel got a phone call. He took off without a word. I was still
furious so after I had a moment to collect my thoughts I went after him, determined to continue the fight.”

Castiel abandoned the cup and took a long drink from the bottle. Dean was tempted to ask for some himself but held his tongue.

“I followed him to Alistair’s property. I only know what happened before I got there because Max, the poor boy, remembered every second and told me later when he was able to bring himself to speak again. When I got there it was to find Gabriel cradling Max’s broken body. There was a woman with them, holding a little girl. She was barely six years old, wearing little more than tattered rags. The woman must have been the one to call Gabriel. When Max got to the quarters with his delivery it was to the sight of the woman being held in place as two angel’s tore away at the little girl’s clothes. They… well I’m sure you can imagine what they were going to do to her. It’s unusual for such young slaves to be used that way if only because of the risk of destroying their reproductive system. Max didn’t even stop to think, though even if he had I know he wouldn’t have done anything differently. He attacked the angels with everything he had. Sadly, while it was enough to distract the angels from their fun it only provided them with a different form of entertainment. Generally it’s frowned upon for an angel to punish another angel’s slave but in the case of clear cut assault, no one would argue against their right to take their pound of flesh. They whipped Max to the very edge of death. If they had stuck around, or not left the other two slaves behind, he would have died quickly from his wounds. But Gabriel was able to get there in time. Unfortunately Max was very badly hurt and Gabriel was a little freer with his grace use than he probably should have been. He…”

Castiel trailed off for a moment and Dean was surprised to see his eyes had become glassy and red. Though he was coming to realize he shouldn’t be so surprised.

“I got there just in time to hear Max arguing weakly, begging Gabriel not to do it. He shouldn’t have even been able to speak as close to death as he was, but he pulled the strength from somewhere. Gabriel just looked up at me and grinned before he said ‘I need you to stick around so you can teach him to be better, kid. He needs you.’ And then he was gone. Gabriel forced his grace out of his own body and into Max’s. The light was blinding, even to me. When I could see again, Max was sobbing over Gabriel’s body and the other slaves were huddled around him, giving them their strength. With what they had been through, they were still right there giving everything they had to Max. Even that tiny little girl, who couldn’t possibly understand everything that had happened but still somehow knew she was needed.”

Something pinged in Dean’s memories and suddenly he was absolutely certain but he still had to ask.

“The little girl. That was Ellen wasn’t it.”

Castiel nodded, his eyes becoming even more haunted by the mention of her name.

“Even at that age, her spirit was so strong. I found out the only reason Max had been there in time to stop them was because she’d been so difficult to subdue. Imagine, two grown angels slowed down by the kicking and biting of a six year old.”

“I believe it.” Dean said, remembering what little time he’d been able to spend with her.

Clearing his throat, Castiel continued on. Obviously ready to wrap up the story.

“Of course there was no keeping what happened a secret. Evidently the light of the healing was so bright they could see it up at the main house. It was unprecedented though. An angel had never sacrificed themselves for another before, let alone a human. Alistair tried to insist that Max should be
punished again, that healing him negated the punishment he received. When that didn’t work he tried to make some weak claim that Max was responsible for the death of an angel, something punishable by death. But given Gabriel’s history and my testimony they ruled his death a form of suicide. Max was returned to me and I was looked upon with suspicion from then on. It still took a while for Max to warm up to me. He blamed me for Gabriel’s death as much as himself. Said that as the owner if anyone should have taken that on it should have been me. Evidently I was convincing enough in my grief when I agreed with him. We were able to find some peace together. I put together a schedule that was pretty intense but not so much so that it would be too much for Max to handle. Enough though, that he might taste freedom one day. For a year we followed this schedule, all while Max taught me Gabriel’s tricks, taught me the needs of the slaves. We built that boat you stole that first year since Gabriel’s property was all seized and I needed some way to smuggle things in. Somewhere along the line we became friends without even realizing it. Max confessed at the end of that year that he had nothing to go back for. His life was here now. People needed him here. More than that, he and I needed each other. It stopped being a fight to the finish line and started being about living life. We were no longer master and slave. We were family. Our shared grief brought us together, almost as if Gabriel knew it would. There was still the tally. But Max felt that the things he did around our home were his way of earning the food and shelter I provided him with. We continued Gabriel’s work and over time we even improved on it. Max was so close to figuring out a system for smuggling out the slaves themselves without either of us getting caught when the inevitable happened.”

Dean waited impatiently for Castiel to continue and when he didn’t, Dean blurted out. “What? What happened?”

Castiel looked up at Dean with a softer smile than Dean had ever seen on the angel. It made Dean squirm, felt like it was a smile that belonged to someone else. Like Castiel wasn’t seeing Dean anymore but another slave. Or maybe not.

“You are a lot alike. Impatient, the both of you.” Castiel shook off the cobwebs of the past and continued. “Old age happened. Humans are frail and limited in that sense. One can only imagine what you creatures could accomplish without that limitation, considering all that you have in spite of it. Max pushed for as long as he could. But as I stayed the same, he became weak and gray. Though he preferred the term ‘silver fox’. Then it was my turn to care for him. Didn’t he just love that. The mighty slave owner Castiel, reduced to giving his property sponge baths and carrying it up and down the stairs. Talked like it could somehow be one last joke on me. But he was wrong. It was the greatest privilege I’ve ever had the honor to carry out. To care for one who’d spent so many years caring selflessly for others.”

The fondness in Castiel’s eyes died and they grew hard and cold.

“Slaves aren’t allowed proper treatment after death. You don’t mourn a broken stool, you throw it in the incinerator and buy another. I wrote up the report of his death and disposal. The latter being a complete work of fiction. Ellen and I buried him together. We put him to rest in the little clearing he would go to when the suffering of others became too much and he needed to ground himself. Ellen scolded me fiercely when I used my grace to carve that stone for him, reminded me how pissed Max would be at me for wasting it on something so frivolous. But that didn’t stop her from tracing that letter over and over any time she came to visit with him.” Castiel’s voice grew soft and broken. “I didn’t get to bury Ellen.”

Suddenly all the weight of Castiel’s grief, the blame that he placed on Dean’s shoulders for his friend’s death became too much. He knew it likely wouldn’t do any good. But he had to. At least he could tell himself he tried. Maybe then he could stop hating himself for something he didn’t even do.
“Cas?” Dean’s voice came out in a rough, a plea for something yet voiced.

Castiel seemed to be drawn from his memories by the sudden familiarity of the nickname Dean couldn’t seem to stop using lately.

“I gotta tell you something. And I know you’ve got no reason to believe me. Hell, I wouldn’t believe me. But I’ve gotta say it, just once. Then I’ll never say it again. I won’t even try and convince you this time. I just… I gotta say it.”

“Get on with it Dean. I’m tired and I’ve already been far too lenient today. Just say what you feel you must before I run out altogether.” Castiel said as he rubbed at his temples and let his eyes drift shut.

Good. It would be easier if he wasn’t being stared down while he spoke.

“I didn’t do it.” Dean managed to force out in a whisper.

“Didn’t do what? I don’t really care if you didn’t finish a task, in case you haven’t noticed.”

“I didn’t take your boat.”

Castiel’s eyes opened in a flash and pinned Dean down with that damn squint of his.

“What the hell are you-”

“I didn’t take it. I was at that cove with some friends. We’d stashed our boat out of sight before we went swimming.” Dean felt confident that no one could do anything to his friends at this point so he had no problem divulging that detail.

“Right.” Castiel gritted out, his squint turning quickly to a glare. “And you what, confessed because you enjoy servitude so very much?”

“Well,” Dean said with a self deprecating grimace as he scrubbed the back of his neck roughly with his palm. “Honestly I had no idea what was gonna happen to me. I figured I’d get slapped with a fine or two and be on my way. Wasn’t like anyone died. Seemed a lot worse than what they were saying would happen to the person I thought I was protecting.”

Dean waited a beat for Castiel to speak. To question him or tell him to stop lying or anything really. When he didn’t, Dean continued.

“See, I heard the guys talking about getting to drain the grace of this other guy named Castiel. Something about being on a part of the island he wasn’t supposed to be on without permission. Even us humans know what that means. And I saw this guy they were talking about, or at least I thought I did. Some kid, didn’t look much older than Sammy, though I guess that wouldn’t make much sense with angels being all immortal and shit.”

“Right… and where, pray tell, did this mysterious child who was not a child but also not me go? Did he dive into the water and turn into a fish Dean?” Castiel asked, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

“No, he took off into the trees. I thought I’d be okay when they said that this Castiel guy was gonna be the one in charge of my punishment or whatever. Figured the kid would take it easy on me considering he knew I saved his bacon. Of course when Castiel turned out to be a hulking dark haired beast of a guy and not some scrawny little blonde haired twerp I knew I was fucked. I’d already confessed. Not really any way to take that back and be believed.” Dean finished with a shrug
before he looked back at Castiel. “Case in point.”

“At least you don’t expect me to believe that you would just hang around and take all of this without saying a word to save some imaginary blonde t-” Castiel came to an abrupt stop and his eyes grew big. “The boy. The one separated from his group. Supposedly. He swore he was there with a group of other students and their professor. That he didn’t have any paperwork on him because his teacher had it. I heard them talking about him when I came in to sign your paperwork. They found him a few hours after you. Of course there was a group of students on the island. There’s always at least a few. The first one that was tracked down vouched for him. The student paperwork for the group visits aren’t terribly specific so it’s not surprising that there might be one that had the same description. It was obvious that the instructor was covering but they… they were too excited about being able to muck up my life and they just sent him on his way…”

Castiel trailed off as he looked at Dean, as if seeing him for the first time. A myriad of emotions fluttered across his face before he settled on absolute horror.

“Oh.” Castiel gasped. “Oh god. What did I… Dean. The things I’ve done to you. What I’ve made you do. I… Oh god!”

Before Dean could respond, Castiel was on his feet, hand clasped tightly over his mouth as if he could force the words back into his mouth and undo what he’d given voice to. He gave Dean one last look before Castiel bolted from the room.

Well. At least Castiel believed him?

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for all the comments and kudos and your patience. In case you're worried, this story is plotted out to the end, has been since I started writing. It's just connecting all the big bits with the little bits in between that's killing my productivity.

Visit me at Tumblr (though I don't much use it anymore... stupid Tumblr): spnbrennafae or on Twitter: @Brenna_fae

As always, much love and gratitude to my fic wife @DaydreamDestiel for keeping me going when I felt like there was no point. <3<3<3
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

So...
What the fuck happens now?

Chapter Notes

Holy shit guys I'm sorry. It's been way too long since the last update. My only defense is I really really despise transitions so this chapter was a bitch. At least once a month I would open the doc (I even made a separate one just for this chapter so it would load faster and be one less excuse) and force out at least a couple or words. It's not as long as you deserve but I needed to get something out there.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Twenty minutes had gone by before Dean managed to pull his eyes from the empty doorway. Twenty minutes to process all he’d just learned. Castiel wasn’t the monster he’d first thought. He’d already known this in theory but having it all laid out like that, spoken plainly, Castiel was working against his own kind. It was a lot to wrap his head around.

Twenty minutes to also comprehend that Castiel believed Dean. That was probably the most unexpected twist. Dean had no expectation of being believed. Castiel had no reason to believe him. Never mind the absurdity of someone allowing themselves to be caught and confessing to a crime they didn’t commit. Continuing the lie when confronted with the truth about who they thought they were protecting. Ignoring all that, the timing would be a dead giveaway that Dean must be lying. So convenient that the story comes out right when Castiel makes himself vulnerable talking about another slave who was just misunderstood, who pushed for Castiel to be better.

Yeah, Dean wouldn’t have blamed Castiel for not believing the truth. It wasn’t even a question that had it not been for Castiel being in the right place at the right time and hearing just the right information, it would have at the very least taken a lot of convincing. Frankly, Dean probably wouldn’t have even bothered to try. He’d meant every word when he told Castiel he just needed to say it once.

So where the fuck did this leave them?

Dean had half a mind to go after Castiel, but understood seeing his face right now would likely do nothing to assuage Castiel’s guilt. Instead, Dean poured himself a small measure of what he discovered to be whiskey and sat down to savor it. Then he sorted through all his thoughts. Figured out what questions needed answering. What follow up discussions would have to happen.

Once Dean wrestled down the urge to check on Castiel, to feed him, to offer him distraction, he finally made his way to the kitchen where he gathered up snacks and a few drinks (non-alcoholic, he wasn't about to push his luck and frankly his tolerance was shit after so long without a drink) and sequestered himself in his room. Any of the things Dean was itching to do would likely only make
Castiel feel worse so the best he felt he could do was remove himself from the equation.

***

Of course the thing with locking yourself away in a room with nothing to do for hours in the middle of the day was that even someone who isn't the least bit tired will eventually fall asleep out of sheer boredom.

Which was why Dean found himself tiptoeing down to the kitchen at two in the morning, disoriented from a messed up sleep schedule and hungry for a real meal.

A midnight snack would have to do. Well, a two am snack but… whatever.

Only problem? Evidently Dean wasn't the only one awake and hungry. The wide eyed deer look might have actually been kinda cute if not for the clear distress that had Castiel breaking from his frozen bent over posture in front of the fridge.

“I… I was just… I assumed you would be asleep so it would be a good time… I mean I'm not really hungry but it'll drain my grace if…” Castiel's teeth clacked audibly when his jaw slammed shut on his rambling. “Nevermind. I'll just leave you to it then.”

Castiel was almost through the door when Dean surprised both of them by reaching out a hand to grab the fleeing angel's shoulder. They stood staring at the point they were connected with matching panic rounded eyes, Castiel because his escape had been intercepted and Dean because he'd just put hand on a creature he was still pretty sure could smite him with a look if he wanted.

Dean broke out of the shared stupor first, dropping his hand as he cleared his throat.

“Look man, I get where you're coming from. This whole situation sucks major donkey di- I mean… it sucks a lot. But we gotta talk about some stuff and honestly as much as I'd like to give you time to process I really need to get myself on more solid footing. That ain't gonna happen until we sit down and get some clarity on a few questions I've got. Can we do that? Please?”

Dean could tell Castiel wanted to refuse. It wasn't hard to see, the way he gave a quick but longing glance to the stairs in the hall that would bring him to the sanctuary of his room. But Dean could also see the moment the guilt tipped the scales in Dean's favor. Castiel turned to fully face Dean, his posture as rigid as a soldier's.

“Of course, Dean.” He said with a sharp nod before marching himself over to the kitchen table and taking a seat.

Not wanting to rush into what could be a very precarious conversation, Dean used the time it took to put together a couple of sandwiches to sort his thoughts. He could sense, more than see Castiel fighting the urge to protest Dean doing anything for him, which didn't bode well for the future. Only, Castiel managed to hold his tongue, so maybe they could make this work. Dean didn't really want to think about the alternatives.

Once the light meal and drinks were brought to the table, Dean settled down himself and picked up his sandwich to take a large bite. No sense in trying to have this conversation on an empty stomach. When Castiel failed to move, Dean gestured with his sandwich, indicating Castiel should do the same. He hesitated for a moment before picking up his own and mirroring Dean.

They ate in silence, the heavy weight of everything unknown, questions yet to be asked and possibly without answer. Dean was hard pressed not to jump right in but he figured he could at least wait til the food was on its way to being digested. He had a strong inclination that neither of them would
have much of an appetite after the very necessary, but very uncomfortable conversation.

Still, the food was gone all too soon and Dean could see in the tense way Castiel was holding himself that it was a struggle not to bolt back to the safety of his room. This would just be a hell of a lot easier if Castiel would even look at Dean instead of making him feel dirty, unwanted… unneeded.

Dean pushed those thoughts away to hash out later. He wasn't dumb, he knew the past months had severely fucked with his head and it would take some time to unfuck it. Hell, just the fact that at this moment he was more concerned about how Castiel was handling shit when he was the one who'd been… Anyway.

Dean cleared his throat as he pushed his empty plate away and had to suppress a surprised snicker when Castiel started like a cat and stared over at Dean with big, wide Bambi eyes. Big bad angel master reduced to a little… fuck.

“Like I said, we gotta talk. And this is gonna be awkward as hell but I figure the best way to handle it is to be straight forward and ask the questions that need askin’. You might not like some of them. So… I gotta know, if I piss you off with a question what’s my punishment gonna be?”

As impossible as it seemed, Castiel's eyes grew even wider. He opened his mouth to speak but Dean felt the need to jump in and clarify.

“I ain't complaining. I just need to know so I can maybe figure out which questions are worth it ‘s’all.”

“Dean.” Castiel started, his voice pained. “I won't be punishing you. For anything. I… you have no reason to believe me, I know that. But you have to know that I'm not like them. Your servitude was a punishment that I believed you had earned. I'm not… I won't punish you or use you just because I can.”

It was Dean's turn to be caught off guard, though maybe he shouldn't have been. Nothing Castiel had said was really news if he thought about it. He certainly didn't expect an entire one eighty on whatever their… situation… was though.

"Okay then," Dean started with a deep breath to clear his head. "I'd say the number one question would be, what happens if we tell 'em the truth? You were way easier to convince than I ever woulda thought. Maybe they would be too? If there's proof or a record of this kid or something?"

Dean couldn't help slumping a bit when Castiel started shaking his head before Dean'd even finished.

"They wouldn't have any record of that and the odds of the people on duty even remembering him are nonexistent. The only reason I remember it at all was because that time was a rather uncommon occurrence for me. Hard to forget."

"Got it." Dean said with a nod "And we already know just telling them you don't want to keep me anymore won't do anything. So… next question. Why not just take Max to the mainland and let him go?"

"I tried." Castiel said softly, an almost smile curling the corner of his lips. "Not long after Gabriel's death. I told him to gather anything that was of import to him and meet me at the beach nearby. The one you and your friends had found. I intended to obtain a boat and take him to the mainland. I was unprepared for pushback as we were not on good terms. I expected he would gladly be free of me, no matter the cost."

"So," Dean jumped in when Castiel seemed to get lost in thought. "What happened?"
"He knew the cost, and he deemed it too great." Castiel answered, his smile growing into something like fondness. "I'm not sure if he was just that smart and figured it out on his own or if Gabriel had told him. When the laws were written it was unfathomable that an angel would assist a slave with escape. So there is no distinction between human and angel when it comes to the punishment."

"Which is?" Dean was beginning to feel like he would have to drag every bit of information out of Castiel, and he was beginning to get a bad feeling he knee why.

"Death. And since it doesn't specify it comes in whatever form the being would require." Castiel's smile slipped a little, his eyes foggy with the memories.

"But how would they know?" Dean pushed

Castiel shook the hold the past was beginning to have on him and looked at Dean, head tilted just so. "Know what?"

"That it was you that helped him escape?"

"Oh." Castiel said with a nod. "The sigil that connects us. I wasn't lying when I told you I would know if you tried to escape. And if I refused to track down my slave it would be as good as an admission of guilt."

"Ah." Dean said weakly. "So you were gonna break him off the island even knowing what it would mean for you?"

"Yes. It was an easy choice." Castiel leaned forward, his eyes a little too earnest for Dean's liking. "I'll do the same for you too Dean. I've lived a long life. You've barely had a chance. You should get that chance, free with your family."

Dean scowled down at the table before he pushed away from it and began pacing.

"Right. You're just gonna give yourself up, not to save my life even, just so I don't have to live here at your beck and call." Dean finally stopped long enough to pin Castiel down with a look. "Tell me something Cas, why didn't Max take you up on the offer? He hated you. He blamed you for the death of someone he probably loved. Even came out and said it shoulda been you. So why, if all that's true, did he refuse to leave?"

"I don't-" Castiel started before Dean interrupted with a heavy fist hitting the table.

"Bullshit! You know exactly why but you don't wanna say cause you don't want it to influence my choice but I ain't just a pretty face and perky nipples. I've already figured it out myself. So why don't you just be honest with me man."

Castiel swallowed hard and stared down at his clasped hands for a few heartbeats before he finally answered.

"Because of the other slaves. He knew with Gabriel gone I was the only one left to help them. He made me promise that if he stayed, we would keep doing the work that Gabriel had been doing."

"I'm betting he didn't even have to make you promise that in exchange for your life. You just let him believe that so he could feel like his sacrifice meant something and he wasn't doing it for someone he hated." Dean said, his voice softer now as he settled back in his seat.

Castiel didn't speak, but the small nod was enough of an answer for Dean. The quiet stretched out a bit, both men mentally and physically exhausted and the late hour beginning to take its toll.
"One more question for the night. The rest can wait til tomorrow. And they will come. No avoiding me, please." Dean waited and when no protest came he pushed on. "Why didn't Max perform intimacy tasks? I mean, I get why after he decided he'd rather stay on the island but what about that first year? When y'all were gung ho about him goin free asap."

Castiel started to fidget under Dean's scrutiny but to his credit he pushed through the discomfort he was clearly feeling to answer the question.

"In all honesty I did ask. That led to a very uncomfortable, but informative conversation. I learned, from a very angry Max, how differently angels and humans view physical relations. It may not seem like it, considering we use the word intimacy to label the tasks but I imagine it was human influence that brought that about. Sex... it's not... it's never been about emotions or connections. I don't know if you've noticed but angels don't pair up the way humans do. Sex is about two things, business and physical pleasure. Once it might have even been about procreation. But never... never love. To be honest if not for Gabriel I wouldn't even believe angels could love like that. But clearly they can, and he loved Max fiercely even though he always dismissed it as something less."

Castiel let his words trailed off, his voice tight. Dean stood and moved to the sink, taking down a glass and filling it with water before returning to sit at the table. He slid the glass across to Castiel who took it and sipped, grateful for the excuse to pause and gather himself. Dean waited patiently, the quiet for once not awkward. It felt good to be able to just talk without fear of consequence.

"So, you can imagine how surprised I was when I found out that humans hold sex and consent very dear. Sacred even. It made sense, once I considered his words and Gabriel's actions when it came to the topic. I felt thoroughly chastised for never having put two and two together before then, I just assumed Gabriel had a fetish. Nothing I judged him for mind you. I'm ashamed to admit that the only reason I had never partaken of a slave's assistance in those matters was because I didn't value it as worth the favor their owner would gain from me so my partners were all other angels whose only cost was mutual satisfaction. I wish I could say it was a moral choice but-"

"But-" Dean interrupted. "You didn't know any better and the difference between you and the others is that once you did, you changed your views. You certainly gave me plenty of chances to refuse consent and I have no doubt if I wasn't as stubborn as a mule you woulda respected that."

Something seemed to loosen deep within Castiel at Dean's words. They didn't completely erase the constant guilt that had been clouding his eyes all evening, or morning, but they definitely left him a little lighter.

"Thank you Dean." Castiel said, barely more than a whisper.

"Anyway." Dean said as he stood and took Castiel's glass and moved to the sink to wash it. "Sounds like the only thing that kept you from going that route was Max's objections. So consider this me not objecting."

"Dean-"

"No Cas." Dean interrupted again and man did it feel good to be able to do that. "I'm not the same as Max okay. Humans, they aren't all alike either. Some sure, it's gotta mean something for them to like it. Me? I'm happy with a warm, willing and preferably attractive body. Especially if it gets me home sooner, cause I gotta get back to Sammy. So unless you're saying you aren't one of those three?"

Dean paused to give Castiel a chance to speak up but he merely shook his head and Dean could swear if angels could blush then Castiel was "Then I'm all for it. Otherwise you should give up your claim and shunt me off to an angel who will be all too willing to partake. All I ask is that the discussions and arrangements in that regard be a little more mutual. But we can talk about that once
we've both managed to catch some Zs. Night Cas."

Dean was out of the room before Castiel could stop him or try and argue. He was all the way to his room before he stopped and let his brain catch up with everything. Surprisingly he only really had one question.

When the hell did he start calling his owner Cas?

Chapter End Notes

I love you guys for sticking with me. So sorry again for the wait. Feel free to come visit me on Twitter: @brenna_fae or Tumblr: spnbrennafae though I rarely use Tumblr since the great porn purge.

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