Burning for You

by braezenkitty

Summary

Cas tries out a new form of punishment with Dean.

Notes

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And thanks to bendoverandbiteyourgag for the inspiration!

See the end of the work for more notes.

“You’re doing so good for me, Dean,” Cas says, running a hand along Dean’s back. Dean sighs and relaxes into the contact. The leather restraints binding his arms behind his back shift against his skin, reminding him that he can’t relax too much. Cas has him bent over the kitchen counter, cool tile pressed against the heated flesh of his stomach and chest, and the spreader bar attached to his ankles holds his legs wide, leaving him completely exposed. It’s more than a little embarrassing, and Dean feels his face heat when Castiel’s hand slides down to squeeze an ass cheek and briefly pull him open wide.

“Do you know why we’re doing this, Dean?” Cas asks, leaving Dean to walk to the refrigerator.

“Why I have to punish you?”
“Yes, sir. I lied to you,” Dean answers, straining to see what it is that Cas has pulled out of the refrigerator.

“Lied to me about?”

“About dropping, sir.”

“And next time you experience sub drop you will tell me, right?”

“Yes, sir.”

Cas returns holding a hand of ginger up for Dean’s inspection. “This is your punishment.”

“Ginger?” Dean swallows. He’s heard about this, but never tried it. Mainly because he’s heard it’s supposed to burn like hell. He’s always been a bit curious though.

“I’m going to peel a finger of this ginger and insert it into your anus.”

It says a lot about how apprehensive Dean is that he doesn’t giggle at Cas’ overly formal way of talking dirty.

“And then I’m going to spank you,” Cas says, grabbing a paring knife out of the knife block. He cuts into the ginger, slicing one finger away from the others and the sharp smell of it invades Dean’s nostrils. A nervous flutter begins in his belly and he squirms against his restraints, testing their hold.

Cas continues peeling the ginger and the aroma grows stronger. His long, lean fingers work over the root, baring its pale yellow flesh and despite the apprehension, Dean’s dick starts to harden at the thought of those fingers working him open and pushing the ginger inside. He wonders how bad the burn will get, if it’ll be a pleasant tingle or more intense. He’s gonna go with more intense, given that Cas had chosen it as his punishment.

“Are you ready?” Cas asks, rinsing the now peeled finger of ginger at the sink.

Hell no, Dean says in his head, but what comes out is a breathy, “Yes, sir.”

Cas runs a hand over his flank to soothe him, then slides his thumb into the cleft of Dean’s ass, applying gentle pressure to his hole. He rubs small circles over it, sending waves of pleasure straight to Dean’s cock, before letting his hand slide away to pull Dean’s cheeks apart. Dean can’t help the whine that escapes at the loss of Cas’ thumb on him.

“Shh, Dean,” Cas says.

The first touch of the ginger against his skin is cold and he involuntarily jerks forward and away from it.

“Stay still,” Cas says, tightening his grip on Dean’s ass.

The second time, Dean’s expecting the cold so he doesn’t flinch away though he has to breathe deeply to remain relaxed as Cas slowly breaches his hole with the tip. There’s only water to slick the way, and the slight drag against his skin lets him feel every bump of the ginger as it slides in. It’s pleasant in a way. Dean always did like sex a little rough, the burn of only using spit as lube an exhilarating contrast to the pleasure of Cas pounding against his prostate or Cas’ hand on his cock. Despite neither of those things happening now, Dean’s fully hard, cock hanging heavy between his legs.
When the flared base of the ginger is finally seated against his ass, Dean sighs and relaxes. He likes the familiar feeling of being filled, as if he’s using an ordinary plug. And there’s no burning sensation yet. He wonders when it will start.

Cas tugs on his restrained wrists, lifting his torso off the counter. “Go and lay down on the bed, face down.”

“Yes, sir,” Dean says. Taking careful steps—the spreader bar makes it difficult to walk, and the ginger doesn’t help—he makes his way out of the kitchen and down the hallway to their bedroom. It’s slow going, and by the time he’s standing in front of the bed he can feel a tingly heat in his ass. It’s not burning yet, but it’s definitely getting warm.

He gets one knee up on the bed, then the other, then bends at the waist and lowers his torso until he drops. It leaves his face smushed into the covers, but the restraints prevent him from catching himself. He’s about to start wiggling his way down to lay on his stomach when Cas places a hand on his lower back.

“This is perfect, Dean.” The bed dips with Cas’ weight. “How’s it feeling?”

“Really warm, sir, and tingly.” It’s starting to get a little uncomfortable actually, and the urge to squirm away from the feeling is growing.

“Good,” Cas says, running a hand over Dean’s ass. He’s so gentle Dean’s not expecting it at all when the first smack lands. His hips jerk forward and his ass clenches, tightening around the ginger and causing the low heat in his ass to flare up. It burns, and Dean’s surprised at the rush of pleasure that follows the intense sensation. He sucks in a breath and forces himself to relax, loosening the muscles surrounding the ginger until the burn lessens and he’s left with a warm, tingly pleasure.

Behind him, Cas chuckles darkly. He doesn’t give Dean time to relax any farther, smacking his ass again and again in quick succession. Dean squirms against his restraints, the burn in his ass quickly becoming almost unbearable as he fights between clenching against the sting of each slap and relaxing against the heat of the ginger. When Cas finally takes a break, Dean forces himself to unclench and almost sighs in relief as the burn dies down, only to have Cas smack him again.

“Cas, please,” Dean gasps, panting into the blankets. He’s not usually one to beg, but his ass is on fire inside and out.

“Yes, Dean?” Cas asks, running his fingernails over Dean’s inflamed flesh. “Is it getting too intense for you?”

Dean wants to say yes, wants to beg Cas to pull the ginger out, but a bigger part of him wants to endure this punishment and make Cas proud of him. What comes out is “No, I can handle it, sir.”

“Good boy,” Cas purrs, sliding a hand between Dean’s legs and wrapping it around his cock. He slides his hand over the engorged flesh, gathering a drip of precome to smooth the way, and Dean moans at the mingled pleasure and pain sensations. Soon his hips are twitching with the urge to rut forward into Cas’ hand.

“Go ahead and fuck my fist, Dean,” Cas says, his voice dark and dangerous, “I know you want to.”

Dean should pay more attention to Cas’ tone, but his mind is overwhelmed, flooded with endorphins, and he groans and FUCKS FORWARD. As soon as his ass cheeks squeeze together the tingling burn flares up and he gasps and relaxes. Cas huffs a laugh as he continues stroking Dean’s dick. A whine escapes Dean’s lips as he struggles not to repeat the motion.
“You’re doing so well, Dean,” Cas says, leaning over Dean to press a kiss to the nape of his neck. “I think you’ve endured your punishment for long enough.”

Dean can’t help letting loose a sigh of relief as Cas tugs the ginger out. The burning sensation dies down immediately, although he’s left with a pleasant tingle. Cas then undoes the restraints at his wrists, gently placing his arms at his sides and urging Dean to lie down flat on his stomach. He moves to Dean’s feet next and undoes the spreader bar.

“Roll over,” Cas says, and Dean complies. Cas is standing at the foot of the bed, unbuttoning his shirt with a glazed, hungry look in his eyes. He strips the shirt off and pulls off his pants and boxers in one go, his cock bounding free. Climbing between Dean’s spread legs, he moves up Dean’s body until he can capture his lips in a kiss. “You’re so beautiful,” he says, kissing across Dean’s jaw and down his neck. “I’m going to fuck you now.”

“Fuck, yes,” Dean groans as Cas manhandles him into his lap. Cas leans over to grab the lube he’d left sitting on the bedside table and uses it to slick himself up. He locks eyes with Dean as he positions himself at Dean’s hole, pressing in slowly.

Dean sighs and relaxes, allowing Cas’ cock to stretch him open further as he slides inside. The feeling of being filled combines with the residual tingle, and Dean finds himself squeezing around Cas, chasing any leftover heat.

Once he’s fully seated, Cas pulls back and thrusts forward slowly but forcefully, pushing their bodies together in a dirty grind until he’s buried again. He repeats this motion several times and Dean moans in frustration at the slow, teasing pace. Before he realizes it, another whine is pouring from his lips. “Cas, baby, please, fuck me.”

Cas just raises an eyebrow in response. He bites his lip as he adjusts his grip on Dean’s hips, pulling him further up onto his lap. The new angle has him brushing against Dean’s prostate with every slow thrust, sending ripples of pleasure through Dean’s body. He doesn’t speed up, but he does wrap a hand around Dean’s cock, stroking him in time with his thrusts.

“Oh, fuck, Cas,” Dean gasps as Cas continues his slow grind. Dean’s so close he’s practically seeing stars. He grabs Cas’ thighs with both hands and tries to draw Cas further inside him, grinding his hips against him at the same time.

“Come for me, Dean,” Cas says, rolling his hips forward, and after a couple more strokes Dean does. Cas groans as Dean clutches around him, and Dean digs his fingernails into Cas’ thighs as his come splashes across his belly.

Cas collapses against him, burrowing his head against Dean’s chest, and Dean wraps arms around his shoulders.

“I’m guessing you wouldn’t object to us using this method of punishment for future infractions?” Cas pants out between heavy breaths, smirk twisting the corner of his mouth as he gazes up at Dean.

Dean feels a blush creep over his cheeks and he can’t help a small grin. He certainly had enjoyed it, despite his initial apprehension and the times when he thought he couldn’t take any more.

“You better not start acting up just to get it.”

“Never, sir,” Dean says with a smirk of his own.
End Notes

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