Miracles in Modern Medicine

by Redqueenswrath

Summary

Five years down the road, Sam and Castiel are forced to confront the fact that although Cas cannot carry children, they both want a larger family.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Five years later…

Castiel growled low in his chest, taking a playful nip at his Alpha. The older man had barely gotten in the door before his husband pounced, wrapping his bare legs around Sam’s hips and gyrating shamelessly. Sam groaned softly. His hands automatically came up to clasp the omega’s hindquarters as he spun them around, slamming the other man against the door and bucking his hips in response. The Alpha buried his face in his mate’s neck and inhaled deeply, savoring the scent of heat-stricken omega.

“Your cycle’s early…” Sam rumbled, lipping at the column of Castiel’s throat. The omega whimpered in response.

“Lisa was here earlier. She’s pregnant again…Ah!…I think it triggered me.”

Sam chuckled against his omega’s pheromone-drenched skin. For all that his big brother had once railed against domestic life, Dean and his mate were certainly making a respectable attempt at forming their own basketball team. Ben, now just short of five years old, was a big brother to fifteen month old Claire, and with another on the way… Sam grinned.

“Do they ever stop fucking?”

“Don’t know. Don’t care. Knot me, Alpha!” Cas gritted out, rocking his hips to punctuate his point. The Alpha tried -and failed- to give a damn about the slick that was being smeared all over the crotch of his suit. He’d just tip his dry cleaner extra. The older man hiked his mate up a bit and made for their bedroom, pausing every few steps to kiss the shorter man senseless. He tossed the omega onto the mattress and had to bite back a laugh- Castiel had stripped the bed and put on the rubberized sheet that would keep his slick from ruining yet another mattress. In their early days, they’d trashed quite a few cheap and easily discarded mattresses, but Sam had drawn the line at having to replace the king-sized memory foam bed every six months or so.

Castiel sprawled out, splaying his legs in blatant invitation. The Alpha didn’t bother biting back a moan when his fingertips found the omega’s hole and discovered that it was already loose, worked open by Castiel’s own fingers.

“Couldn’t wait for me to get home, angel?” Sam teased, nipping love bites into his mate’s heavily

Chapter 1
muscled thighs. Castiel keened, arching his hips to give the other man more room to work.

“Tried. Tried to wait… fuck, I need your knot! Now, Sam!” The Alpha blinked in surprise- it was like they had completely skipped the first few heat surges and gone straight to the peak, when his omega was absolutely desperate for relief. Sam stripped quickly and gathered a bit of slick in his palm so he could stroke his own cock a couple of times. ‘Cas-sexual’ or not, the asexual Alpha needed a couple of moments to overcome the initial mental discomfort of being aroused outside of Rut. Castiel watched hungrily as his mate’s cock fattened and lengthened before he become inpatient. The omega lunged, swallowing his lover down in one blindingly fast motion. Sam yelled and dug his hands into the other man’s unruly hair. Maybe it was the absolutely insane amount of heat pheromones in the air, making the room chokingly warm. Maybe it was Castiel’s sinfully skilled mouth and tongue- the tongue that was currently lapping precum straight from the slit. Maybe it was the way the omega was whimpering and moaning around his mouthful, as though he could orgasm just from choking on Sam’s cock. Sam didn’t know and wasn’t going to devote the brain cells necessary to figuring it out, all that mattered was that he slammed to full hardness with a snarled curse, his head swimming with the force of it.

“That’s enough, angel… oh, fuck! Ah-! Cas, stop! Stop or I’m gonna blow my wad in your mouth!” Sam begged, knees buckling. He hunched over, gasping desperate breaths, and all but dragged his mate away by his hair. The Alpha swore a blue streak as he fought down the mounting pleasure. He never did manage to get himself back under control, because suddenly he found himself flat on his back with the younger man pinning him down. Castiel sank down on Sam’s aching cock in one almost violent motion and started riding him like a prized bull. The Alpha was helpless to do anything but hold on for dear life as Cas took what he wanted, slamming his hips down in a punishing pace over and over. The frantic omega growled and swore, dragging Sam’s hands up to both nipples, and Sam could take a hint. He thumbed at the small nubs, tracing calloused pads over the sensitive skin before pinching gently and twisting. Castiel went wild.

“Yes! Fuck, just like that Sam! Oh…oh fuck-” The omega’s jaw locked open in a wordless scream as his channel clenched hard around Sam’s member. Hot stripes of cum splashed as high as Sam’s sternum and Castiel wailed his way through an orgasm.

“Jesus fuck, CAS!” Sam snarled, pumping his hips once-twice-three times into that insanely tight heat before his knot popped and he poured his release into his mate’s welcoming body. The omega collapsed against his chest, panting hard. Sam chuckled breathlessly, the wonderful scent of sated omega thick in his throat, and tried to shift his hands from where they were trapped against his mate’s chest. Castiel growled in displeasure.

“Don’t stop…”

It took Sam a few moments to muster up the brain power to figure out what his mate wanted. Curious, he thumbed at Castiel’s nipple again, receiving an approving purr. The omega arched into
the touch, wordlessly begging for more.

“You like this, babe?” Sam knew that Castiel’s nipples were unusually sensitive for a man, but then again his mate was a chimera. There were lots of oddities, both small and large, about his body that didn’t match up to the standard. The omega nodded shakily, and Sam happily obliged him while his knot slowly deflated. He tried to pull out once it was down, only to be stopped by his mate’s leg around his hip.

_Huh. He’s even clingier than usual._ Sam thought. He nuzzled into Castiel’s neck and scented him, trying to determine what was the cause of this unusual behavior, kissing and nibbling absent-mindedly.

“Yessss….” Castiel rumbled, his back arching even further to expose more skin to the Alpha’s lips and tongue. Sam quirked an eyebrow but followed the unspoken direction, easing his way down Castiel’s throat, over his clavicle, along the firm muscle of his pec, and to his right nipple. He ghosted his lips over the bud, getting an enthusiastic whine in response, and tentatively lapped at it.

Castiel moaned something that sounded like “Sam” and “More, please”.

“Like this?” The Alpha drew the bud into his mouth, sealing his lips around it, and sucked gently. His mate gave a sobbing, gasping moan and nodded frantically. Confused but not turned off, Sam obediently sucked and laved at the omega’s nipple. He pulled it as far into his mouth as possible, locking it firmly between his lips, and pressed his tongue to the bud as though he were pitting a cherry. That was met with another mewling cry. Castiel tangled his fingers into Sam’s shaggy hair and held him there, begging softly for more.

_The hell is going on?_

_I mean… I don’t not like it… But what the fuck?_

Castiel held him there for ages, breathlessly encouraging the Alpha to keep up the nipple play until his jaw ached from it. At some point, Sam switched sides and was shocked by how swollen, puffy, and drawn up the first nipple was. If he didn’t know better…

_Fuck, it’s like he has A-cups._ The stray thought made Sam jerk in surprise and everything clicked into place. Lisa had been here. Lisa was with child. Lisa was also still nursing Claire. The omega’s hormones were going psychotic in sympathy. They had theorized before that Castiel might have
some omega breast tissue, to match the underdeveloped ovaries and misplaced slick glands his failed
twin had left behind in him.

*I guess that’s not a theory any more.* Sam pondered the revelation and realized that he really wasn’t
upset or disgusted by the notion. In fact, it was kind of a turn on…

*Gah, we’re both so messed up.*

Sam had seen Lisa breastfeed often enough that he knew the mechanics of it- his brother’s mate was
not shy about how she had fed either of her babies, and everyone else had encouraged and supported
her in it. With that in mind, he adjusted the way he was laying, finally letting his flaccid cock slip out
of his mate, and curled around the omega. He nuzzled back in, opened his jaw farther to take as
much of the surrounding puffy tissue in as he could, and sucked deeply.

“…oh!” Castiel whimpered, his shaking hand coming up to cup the back of Sam’s head. Sam smiled
and pulled again, suckling like he expected to be rewarded with liquid. The omega whimpered.

“Sam, please… please don’t stop.” Sam hummed in acknowledgement and kept up his ministrations
until his jaw threatened to cramp. When he finally pulled away, rubbing his aching muscles, he
chuckled at the sight his mate made. Both nipples were obscenely swollen and red, the surrounding
skin bruised a deep purple. His chest was almost one solid hickey. Sam went to kiss his love and was
shocked to see tears gathering in the omega’s eyes.

“Angel, why are you crying?” Sam whispered, cupping his mate’s cheek.

Castiel choked on a whimper, biting his lip until it nearly bled. He shook his head violently, but Sam
was nothing if not patient. He cuddled his mate close and waited for the omega to find the words he
needed.

“I want…” He couldn’t get any farther before bursting into tears, great wracking sobs that he tried
and failed to muffle against Sam’s shoulder. The Alpha held him close, stroking his hair, and let him
ride it out.

Finally, the waterworks stopped and Cas was left with red eyes and the hiccups. He blew his nose
with the tissue Sam produced from the night stand and tried again.
“I want… And Lisa… Oh, Sam… it’s not fair!”

Thankfully, Sam had many years of experience with deciphering what Castiel meant when he was so choked up. His heart broke for the omega in his arms.

“I know, sweetheart. I know. Me, too.” Sam admitted into Castiel’s perpetual bedhead. He could pretend that seeing his brother snuggling his newborn children hadn’t affected him so strongly, but he knew it was a lie. He had kept it quiet because he hadn’t wanted to upset his barren, male omega.

Yeah clearly that didn’t work, asshole.

Oh do shut up.

But look at him. He wants kids, too! And there’s plenty of routes we could take to get them...

Sam heaved a sigh and kissed his mate’s forehead.

“So, how do you feel about adoption?”

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As it turned out, it was a lot harder to adopt than Sam had originally thought. He was a criminal law specialist, not family law, and didn’t really understand the scope of the process. It didn’t help that most adoption agencies weren’t willing to hand over a child to a pair of males. Sam had hoped that Castiel’s omega status would have helped matters, but it only seemed to make it worse. They’d literally been asked to leave the last agency they’d tried, and Castiel had sobbed uncontrollably for hours afterwards. Sam was helpless to do anything but hold the distraught omega close and try to hide his own tears.

Lisa was the one to propose the idea of them using a surrogate. The bubbly woman had initially offered herself, but as she approached the end of her third pregnancy, she seemed more inclined to remove Dean’s balls with a spoon than go through a fourth. Her belly was almost comically big thanks to the twins nestled under her rib cage, and she swung between being over the moon and wanting to tear her mate’s head off. Which head remained to be seen.
But the idea of a surrogate had peaked the other couple’s interest and they began searching for suitable candidates. They signed up with several agencies that handled such things, waiting with bated breath to be told that they had a potential match. Meanwhile, Castiel’s winter heat came and went right on schedule. Sam took a week off from work and stopped taking his Rut suppressants so that they could enjoy the cycle to the maximum. Neither man brought up the breeding kink they seemed to share- it hit far too close to home to be toyed with right now. It was after Christmas that they had a break in their search, from the most unlikely of sources.

“You know, you could just ask me.” Alpha and Omega stared at their redheaded friend, jaws on the floor. Charlie smirked and forcibly closed both of their mouths.

“But Char… you’re, well you’re a lesbian.” Sam choked out around the surge of shock and hope that threatened to swamp him. Castiel was still staring, unable to process what had just been said.

Charlie snorted. “I didn’t say I would do it the old fashioned way! But test tube babies are totes a thing.”

Tears in his eyes, the omega staggered to his feet and embraced their best friend. Sam was quick to join them, enveloping them both in his massive arm span.

“Is that a ‘yes’?” The ginger woman’s voice wavered as though she, too, was fighting tears. Castiel nodded mutely and Sam leaned in to kiss both of their foreheads.

It took them several weeks to convince the doctor assigned to their case that Charlie would be an excellent surrogate. In the end, Doctor Mosley, Doctor Milligan, and Sam’s own general practitioner all had to sign off on the mental and physical health and wellbeing of the couple before they would even consider it. It wasn’t that Doctor Harvelle wanted to see them fail, she was very supportive of the unusual family’s efforts, but there wasn’t really a protocol in place for an asexual Alpha, a male omega, and their lesbian beta friend wanting to have a child together. It was like a ridiculous Rom-Com.

The first thing they needed to do was suss out when Charlie would be fertile and able to conceive. That was easily accomplished by manipulating her normal cycles with birth control pills. It was made even easier because she was a beta- no heat hormones to account for. Secondary gender didn’t have any real effect on a person’s ability to conceive or sire a child, nor did it dictate what secondary gender the child would have.

Next, there was the debate about whom would actually sire the child. Testing proved that Castiel was definitely not sterile and could impregnate a female just like a normal Alpha or male beta. This
sparked plenty of discussion -and at least one screaming match-, because both men wanted the other to have the opportunity to be the genetic father of the potential child. The resulting stalemate lasted several weeks, missing the first opportunity altogether, before Charlie put her foot down.

“Either you boys need to decide, or we’re calling this off. I won’t play a game of keep away over this!” In the end, it was Doctor Harvelle that came up with a solution. She would take semen from both men, mix it together, and use that to (hopefully) impregnate Charlie. That way, it was up to random chance. Both men were left wondering why they hadn’t come up with such a simple solution from the get-go. The procedure went well and all three of them were sent home to wait.

Charlie moving in with the mated pair was almost a given. Their home was plenty big enough, and Sam had all but insisted that the young woman take over the ‘inlaw suite’ so that she would have her own miniature apartment with them, complete with a master bedroom/bathroom, a kitchen, a living room, and a small patio of its own. It wasn’t like that section of the house saw a lot of use anyways, since the Winchester brothers were orphans and Castiel’s mom only visited once or twice a year. Charlie, of course, put up a token protest but showed up with her luggage and a large calico cat named Dorothy the very next weekend. Sam and Castiel’s dogs learned very quickly that the feline was not to be trifled with and the strange, perfectly imperfect family settled in to wait for two little pink lines on a stick.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The first attempt failed. Charlie greeted them at the breakfast table with a hangdog expression and a silent shake of the her head. Castiel spent the rest of the day curled up in bed, sobbing. Doctor Harvelle Skyped with the couple and spent quite a while reassuring the distraught omega that this was normal, that it often took a couple of tries to get one to “stick”. There was nothing wrong with any of them physically, but the process was a delicate one and the list of ways it could go wrong was a mile long- even naturally conceived pregnancies had a high fail rate in the first couple of weeks, but most women simply didn't realize that it had happened at all. They would adjust Charlie's medications and try again in two weeks.

Two months later, there was still no positive pregnancy test. Castiel started sinking into a depressive downswing, although the entire Winchester-Novak clan rallying around him seemed to help keep his head above water. Lisa went into labor early one Saturday morning and Sam and Castiel suddenly found themselves with two pint-sized houseguests while Dean rushed her to the hospital. They took Ben and Claire out to the zoo and for ice cream, Claire on Castiel’s hip and Ben on Sam’s broad shoulders, and Sam found himself imagining this exact scenario but with his own children. One glance from Charlie told him that she knew exactly what he was thinking. The redhead smiled to herself, patting her stomach when both men had their back to her, and began planning. Less than twelve hours later, they were all summoned to Lisa’s bedside to meet the newest additions to the Winchester-Braeden family: Mary, a little girl with blue eyes and Lisa’s dark curls, named for Sam and Dean’s mother, and Robert, Dean’s miniature clone. When they called Uncle Bobby to tell him the news, everyone could hear the old man’s pleased but flustered blush as he threatened to send Dean an industrial sized box of condoms.

Lisa, exhausted but beaming with pride, let the adults cuddle and coo over the two tiny babies. Both weighed in at barely over six pounds each, normal for twins, and Sam was too terrified to touch them. His brain helpfully supplied an endless stream of paranoia about his own hypothetical future child as he observed the swaddled newborns.

They're smaller than my hands, for God's sake! How am I supposed to be responsible for something so fragile?

But then again… His mind screeched to a halt when Dean clapped him on the shoulder and pointed to Castiel, drawing Sam’s attention to how his husband was staring, awestruck, at the little boy in his arms. Despite never having held a baby that was hours old, Castiel seemed to have it down pat. Robert was snuggled firmly into the crook of his arm, right up against the omega’s chest, and Cas had the most tender smile Sam had ever seen as he let the baby suckle on the tip of his finger. Sam wasn’t sure Cas even realized that he was slowly rocking back and forth and humming to the little boy.
“He’s a natural.” Dean murmured in Sam’s ear and he couldn't help but agree- his Omega looked perfectly at ease with caring for Robert. Lisa finished nursing Mary and she and Cas switched babies, Robert going to Lisa’s breast for his first meal and Mary taking up residence against Castiel’s shoulder, where he easily burped her. Once she was settled, she went right into Robert’s vacated spot against Castiel’s chest. Sam sighed.

I hope I'm up to this like Cas is…

Dean tugged Sam out into the hallway by his shirt. “Dude, what's bothering you?”

Sam closed his eyes against the urge to roll them- he should have known that Dean would sniff out his discomfort instantly. When he didn't respond, Dean pulled him in for a rare hug.

“Sammy, I've known you since you were still wet-"

“Gross, De’.”

“Shaddup, I'm talking. Seriously what's got you so bent out of shape? And don't try to tell me that it's ‘nothing’. I'm not stupid.”

Sam groaned and leaned against his big brother, looking for comfort like he hadn't since they were kids. Before they had grown up. Before they had both presented as Alphas. Before society had tried to tell them that their codependency was wrong. “What if I'm no good at this? Cas is amazing with babies. What if I suck at it? Hell… what if… what if it never happens at all?”

“Still nothing?” Dean had been kept up to date on everything going on with Charlie. He adored the redhead and saw her as the baby sister he and Sam had never gotten to have. Sam shook his head.

“Why is it so easy for you?” Sam tried so hard to not be resentful of Lisa and Dean’s increasingly large family, but God was it hard.

It's not fucking fair.
Yeah well life isn't fair. Suck it up.

Oh for god's sake I sound like dad. I really am getting bitter.

Dean interrupted Sam's increasingly self-hating thought pattern with a snort of laughter. “Dude, that's all her side of the family. I swear, their women have litters! Her cousin had *triplets* last summer! Hell, Ben was a broken condom and Claire was conceived on the pill. Her body just *likes* being pregnant.”

“She threatened to wear your balls as earrings, man.”

The way Dean’s face paled a bit was worth the mental image, hands down. “I never said *she* likes being pregnant. Just that she gets knocked up if I look at her too hard.”

Mind eased, Sam returned to Lisa’s bedside. He still didn't try to hold either of the newborns, but he leaned over Castiel’s shoulder to pet Mary’s curls. The scent that washed over him when his nose brushed his omega’s neck was confusing. Confusing, but very, very pleasant.

*Hmmmm... He smells like home. Home, and contentedness, and...milk?*

That last one drew the Alpha up short for a moment, but then he realized that Cas had been cuddling and burping freshly fed babies. Mary had probably spit up on his shirt. Regardless, it was a really pleasant scent and it did all sorts of things to Sam’s hormones. The soft, rumbling purr Castiel gave told him that the omega had noticed it and was very pleased. Sam kissed the side of his neck in response.

Unwilling to wear out their welcome, Sam and Cas made themselves scarce when Lisa started yawning. Ben and Claire went to have a sleepover with another couple that Dean and Lisa were friends with, leaving the couple with the evening to themselves. During the drive home, Sam could hardly keep his hands off his husband and by the time they shut the front door behind them, he was on the omega, crowding him up against the wall and rutting against him.

*Sonovabitch he smells so good!*

Sammy junior agreed wholeheartedly with the thought as Sam buried his face against Castiel’s throat, kissing and lipping at the stubbled flesh. Castiel hummed his approval and rolled his head to the side to give the Alpha more access.
“Cas... baby, can we have sex?”

Cas started—outside of Rut, Sam rarely initiated anything more than cuddles, maybe blowjobs at maximum. But he quickly cast the surprise aside and nodded enthusiastically, fumbling with Sam’s button down when the Alpha didn't move fast enough. Sam chuckled against his neck and scooped the omega up, carrying the protesting man to their bedroom and kicking the door closed. He laid Cas out on the bed and crawled up beside him, watching with lust-filled eyes as the other man began stripping out of his clothes. Sam followed suit, chucking everything in a pile in his haste to get some skin-on-skin contact. He nuzzled right back into Castiel’s neck, sucking a harsh bruise over his collarbone that had the omega whining in approval and arching off the bed. Sam laughed darkly and repeated the same mark on the other side. His head was swimming with the omega’s omega’s altered scent. It wasn't like heat scent, oh no, but dammit if Sam couldn't pin down why it was affecting him so strongly. He nipped and kissed his way down Castiel’s chest until he could flick his tongue over a perky nipple.

Castiel groaned. He tugged Sam’s hair encouragingly and Sam took the hint, swirling his tongue in wet circles around the sensitive nub. He settled between Castiel’s splayed legs and brought his knee up to give the omega something to rub against while he worked his nipples over. Sam was quickly rewarded with a gush of slick over his thigh, drawing a ragged moan from the Alpha. Cas always got so hot for nipple play that Sam was considering buying some clamps to use on him. Whatever his next thought would have been, it was blown away like smoke on the breeze when Cas tangled his fingers into Sam's hair and forced him to take more of the flesh into his mouth.

One of those days, huh?

Sam couldn't exactly complain—after the discovery that the omega’s chimerism included some female breast tissue, both men had become a little fixated on nipple play. Sam happily opened his mouth further and applied as much suction as he could, making the tissue puffy and full under his ministrations. Castiel keened in response and blatantly rubbed his hole against Sam’s knee.

“Alpha...Alpha, please!” Cas whined, squirming harder when Sam didn't immediately oblige him. When he forced his eyes to focus on the man over him, he found Sam lapping at his nipple with a puzzled expression.

“What?”

Sam shook his head. “Nothing, sweetheart.” He switched sides and went back to his thorough exploration of his lover’s chest, rumbling in pleasure when Cas yanked his hair. The omega spread his legs farther, trying to encourage the other man to just sink into him already, but Sam was a man
on a mission. He could feel Castiel’s cock throbbing against his stomach, the pulsing sensation matched by fresh gushes of slick from his hole, and suddenly Sam wanted to see if he could bring the omega to completion with nothing but nipple stimulation. It certainly seemed like a viable option, given Castiel’s mewling cries and the way he was arching into Sam’s embrace. Sam grinned wickedly and sucked deep, mimicking the way he had done it when they discovered Castiel’s tissue quirk, causing the other man to arch into a deep bow. Castiel’s muscular legs locked around Sam’s hips and he found himself being drawn into his husband’s body. Sam groaned deep in his chest and finished the penetration with a snap of his hips, refusing to relinquish his mouthful even as he bottomed out.

“Sam… move! Fuck, please!” The note of desperation in Castiel’s voice drove him into action and Sam snapped his hips, scoring a direct hit to the omega’s prostate. Within seconds, he could feel the other man’s passage tightening around him, clinging to his shaft as he pumped into him, and Sam growled softly. He redoubled his efforts, sucking mercilessly, and Cas came with a broken howl. His body locked up, seizing around Sam’s cock hard enough to make the Alpha see stars, and Sam let himself be dragged into his own orgasm on the heels of Castiel’s.

Panting breathlessly, Sam rolled them both to the side so they could wait out his knot without Sam squashing the slightly smaller man. Castiel went with him without protest and threw one leg over Sam’s hip to ease the angle they were locked together at. He fumbled for one of the rags they usually stashed between the mattress and headboard so he could clean them off, chuckling at the liquid splattered as high as their sternums.

“Guess I was really pent up- there's jizz on my nipples!” Cas chortled, making Sam hiss at the way his channel clenched and fluttered around the Alpha’s knot. Sam leaned down and lapped at the liquid, but frowned at the unfamiliar taste.

_The hell?_

“Cas, that's not cum.”

The omega blinked in confusion. “Then what-”

Something clicked in Sam’s head and he gently squeezed the omega’s swollen chest, watching in shock as a very small trickle of fluid slipped from his nipple. Castiel’s jaw hit the floor.

“What. The. Fuck.”

_ooooooOOOOOoooooo_
The second Sam’s knot had gone down, they’d gotten dressed and called Doctor Harvelle in a panic. The older woman needed a few minutes to calm the couple down enough to actually understand what was going on and she immediately ordered them to tell Charlie to take an at home pregnancy test. She did a very poor job at concealing her amusement at the confusion written on the men’s’ faces.

“I believe that between the exposure to Lisa’s pregnancy and postpartum hormones and everything going on with Charlie, Castiel is exhibiting phantom pregnancy symptoms.” The doctor went on to explain that this sometimes happened with female omegas, especially if they were extremely emotionally close to a pregnant female. Biological relations were even more at risk. Though it wasn't common, it certainly wasn't unheard of either. Basically, Castiel’s hormones wanted a baby so badly that they were tricking his body into thinking that it was actually pregnant, despite him not possessing a uterus.

“Stupid hormones. Stupid chimerism!” Castiel grumbled against Sam’s shoulder. Sam had to agree, though he found the whole thing fascinating. Fascinating, and strangely sexy.

God I'm so fucked in the head...

Any further thoughts were interrupted by Charlie slamming into the room, brandishing a white and pink stick in one hand. The shocked, beaming grin the woman was sporting told the males what the answer was, but that didn't stop Cas from snatching the test from her hands and staring in disbelief at a bright pink plus sign.

“Holy shit. Holy shit! Holy shit!” Sam crowed as he took a turn examining the test. When he looked up, he found Castiel on his knees with his face buried against Charlie’s stomach, weeping softly. The redhead was sniffing too, smiling so brightly that her jaw had to ache. She and Sam joined Castiel on the floor in a sandwich of bodies as they worked through their disbelief together. More than once, one of them shot a glance at the test as though to verify that it still read positive. With shaking hands, Sam fished his cell phone from his pocket and took a teary-eyed selfie of the three of them and the stupid stick.

Chapter End Notes

Edited because I messed up and called the boy twin two different names, inadvertently giving away some spoilers. Doh!
Chapter 3

At Doctor Harvelle’s gentle caution, Sam and Cas kept the news quiet at first. No one wanted to consider the possibility that the test could be a false positive, or that the pregnancy could still fail, but the last few months had taught the odd little family the harsh reality of medically assisted pregnancy. They sat on the announcement and buried the urges to go binge shopping for baby stuff until after Charlie’s first doctor’s appointment. Sam broke down sobbing at the grainy, black and white blob on the screen, and Castiel insisted on taking a recording of the rapid thump-thump-thump heartbeat.

The Alpha often caught him listening to the audio file on his phone, and sent a copy of it to himself while Castiel was in the shower one day. He had a pair of custom silver bracelets engraved with the soundwave pattern, presenting them to the beta and omega over dinner one night. A week later, the same line pattern was inked into Sam’s wrist, under his watch band.

The family got their first taste of the difficulties that could accompany pregnancy at the six week mark. Charlie went from happily chowing down on her pancakes to green-faced and bolting for the bathroom in about ten seconds flat. Sam got up to check on her, only to hear Cas gagging in the kitchen. Confusion and concern warred in his chest before Charlie waved him off and he turned to check on his husband.

“Babe? You ok?” Sam rubbed the sick omega’s back soothingly as Cas rinsed his mouth out and spit into the sink.

Castiel growled softly and shook his head. “Fucking hormones.” Sam flashed on what Doctor Harvelle had warned them about at Charlie’s appointment—sympathy pregnancy symptoms. The omega and beta were closely bonded emotionally, and Castiel’s hormones were squirrely at best. He had always been prone to being sent into early heats. It seemed that Sam was about to be in charge of two pregnancies at once—one real, one purely hormonal.

Fuck my life. The Winchester bit back a groan and made a mental note to buy stock in pepto bismol and saltine crackers.

They ‘went live’ with the news at eight weeks, unable to contain themselves any more. But such an unusual pregnancy demanded something more than a blip on Facebook, so they planned to do something cute. Dean and Lisa had announced their third pregnancy with an adorable picture of Lisa sitting in the grass with Ben and Claire, holding a chalkboard that read “we’re expecting (again!)”. Dean had been off to the side, facepalming himself, with a similar chalkboard with “not AGAIN” scrawled across it. The goofy announcement had received mixed (but mostly positive) reactions, and the happy couple had just ignored the few who hadn’t understood their quirky sense of humor.
Charlie had been the one to propose ‘borrowing’ the kids for the announcement, and Dean and Lisa had been all too happy to agree to drop their brood off for a much needed date night. Sam presenting them with a box of condoms as they walked out the door had been received with a snort of laughter from Lisa and a hand upside the back of his head from Dean. Wrangling the four children was actually easier than they had expected- Ben was a stellar big brother and was a seasoned pro at pregnancy announcements. He sat on the couch with Claire leaning over his shoulders, hugging him from behind, and the twins in his arms. Sitting behind them was a poster board on which Charlie had painted “Uncle Sam, Uncle Cas, and Auntie Charlie love us so much that they made us a best friend! Due in November!” in green and gold. The beta was extremely against blue-pink color coding, and since neither Cas nor Sam had any strong opinions about it, they let her go nuts. They mailed hard copies of the picture to their families -both blood and ‘adopted’- a week before they posted it online.

Sam knew the instant that Dean opened his mail, because less than thirty seconds later “Ramble On” was playing from Sam’s cell. He flicked the green phone icon over and was immediately treated to Dean trying to yell congratulations over Lisa squealing incoherently. The Winchester-Braden clan invaded that evening, bringing with them dinner and a bottle of whiskey for the males to celebrate with. Lisa produced a bottle of sparkling grape juice for Charlie so she wouldn’t feel left out. The mother of four wasn’t drinking alcohol either, since the twins wanted almost constant nursing thanks to a growth spurt. She caught Castiel watching in fascination and motioned for the omega to join her on the couch.

“Here. Hold Mary while I get Robby situated.” She casually unhooked a clasp on the strap of her tank top and brought the little boy up to her chest. At two months old, he was a pro at this and happily latched on. Mary reacted to the scent and sound of her brother being fed by rooting around at Castiel’s chest, getting a startled yelp from the omega when she tried her luck. Lisa chuckled. “They think anything even remotely nipple shaped is worth trying. She latched Dean’s nose last week.” Sam snorted a laugh from across the room. Dean kicked him.

With a soft smile, Cas shifted Mary away from his chest and offered her a pacifier. “Sorry, babygirl. I’m not the mama, no milk to be had here.” Absently, he rubbed at his chest with his free hand, massaging his pectoral. He did the same thing several times over the next few minutes, drawing a puzzled glance from Lisa as he did. Eventually, they switched babies so Mary could take her turn and Cas could burp Robby.

“Umm… Cas?” Lisa was staring at the omega’s chest, one eyebrow arched, and Cas followed her gaze down to his shirt. His damp shirt.

“…The hell?” He handed Robby off to his dad and darted off to the bathroom, shouting for Sam a moment later. The Alpha quickly appeared at his husband’s side and was floored by what he was seeing. He’d known that Castiel’s chimerism included female breast tissue, but this… The omega’s chest was swollen, firmly in the ‘A’ cup category, and he was leaking droplets of fluid from both
Sam gaped, blinking rapidly as he tried to process what was going on. This went way past the sympathy nausea and weight gain that Doctor Harvelle had predicted. It was after hours, but he fumbled for his cell phone and called the doctor’s office anyways. The nurse who answered forwarded the call to the doctor’s personal phone, and she answered after a few moments.

“This is Ellen.”

“Doctor Harvelle? It’s Sam Winchester.” Sam tried to keep the panic out of his voice, but he must have failed because the doctor’s tone changed instantly.

“Sam? What’s wrong? Has something happened to Charlie?”

The Alpha cleared his throat. “Nothing’s wrong with Charlie, other than normal morning sickness. But Cas is… well, he’s fucking lactating.” Beside him, the omega gave a somewhat hysterical sounding laugh. Sam explained the circumstances- that Castiel had been spending a lot of time with their sister-in-law, who was nursing twins.

There was poorly concealed amusement in Ellen’s voice when she asked Sam to put Cas on the line, or move them to speakerphone. Sam obediently set the phone on the counter and changed the audio output.

“Castiel?”

“Doc, what the hell is going on?!?” The omega was definitely panicking now. “A few drops is one thing, but this was enough to soak my shirt!”

“Well, it seems that your body is highly reactive to pregnancy and post-pregnancy hormones. You’ve always been tripped into sympathetic heats very easily, so this isn’t very shocking. Have you been having morning sickness, too?” The omega made an affirmative noise against Sam’s shirt, where he was hiding his face. “Then this is something that may continue if we don’t stop it. There are medications I can give you to cause the milk to dry up. Come in tomorrow and I’ll write you a prescription.”

There was a moment where Sam could see the gears in Castiel’s head turning rapidly. The omega
was a geneticist who was beginning to specialize in chimerism—of course he would want to examine this from all angles.

“Ellen, do you think that I would be capable of breastfeeding?”

Wait, what? Sam scrambled to keep up with the shift in the conversation.

The doctor hummed softly as she considered the question. “I’m not sure. It’s a possibility. I don’t know of any cases of chimeras successfully breastfeeding, but then again your situation is unique even amongst chimeras. But doctors have been inducing lactation in women for a long time. Some mothers don’t produce enough milk on their own, others want to be able to bond with adopted newborns by nursing. So I don’t see why not, but I’d prefer if you came in for an exam before we make a decision. I have a cancelled appointment tomorrow at nine, can you make it to the office for it?”

“We’ll be there. Thank you for taking our call even though you’re off work, Ellen.”

The doctor’s smile was audible as she brushed off the gratitude. “It’s nothing, boys. If you ever need me after hours, just call this line instead of routing through the office. I’ll see you in the morning!” The line went dead and Sam stared at his husband. Castiel was flushed bright pink under the Alpha’s wide-eyed, somewhat awestruck expression.

“So… You really want to do this?” The Winchester’s voice shook a little bit. Castiel rubbed the back of his neck, a sure sign that he was upset or uncomfortable. He shuffled his feet, and that was it for Sam. He swept the other man up into his arms, holding him close, and ran his palms up and down his bare back. Cas snuffled his nose into his Alpha’s neck, breathing deeply. Sam could feel the omega smiling against his skin and he returned the gesture, taking a deep lungful of omega sweetness, ozone, and the underlying milk scent. Castiel visibly relaxed when Sam’s scent didn’t change to reflect disgust or anything unsavory at the idea he was being presented with.

“Cas, babe… your body is all sorts of fuck-y, but you know I love every square inch of you. If you want to try, I’m all for it.”

The omega started and stared up at Sam with confusion and hope in his eyes. “Really? You’re ok with your male omega trying to breastfeed our baby, a baby that’s being carried by our lesbian best friend?”
Sam snorted and kissed Castiel’s forehead. “As long as you’re still ok with having a “Casexual” Alpha who likes taking a cock up his ass.” Castiel snickered, snorted, and then burst out laughing. Sam joined in, giggling helplessly against Castiel’s hair, until Charlie finally came to check on them. She took one look at the scene in front of her and rolled her eyes affectionately. The beta patted her stomach and addressed the tiny life hiding in there.

“Baby, your daddies are absolutely nuts.”

ooooOOOOOooOO

Doctor Harvelle finished poking and prodding at Castiel and pronounced him as ‘normal’ as it was possible to be when you’re genetically two people, even going as far as to take a sample of the liquid the omega could express and a microscope to verify that it truly was milk - technically, it was colostrum, a newborn’s first meal before proper milk came in. There was nothing wrong with the man’s breast tissue other than the fact that it was technically his sister’s, so she pronounced it safe for him to attempt to nurse the baby that was due in seven months. She offered several suggestions for supplements that he could take to encourage him to produce enough.

“I’d invest in a couple of bras, if I were you. Right now, just a cupless bralette or training bra would do. But frankly… we just don’t know how much growth you might see. Your chest could stay relatively the same, or it could swell rather drastically. Breast size is no indication of milk production capabilities.” Castiel nodded, accepting the information with the grace of a medical professional in training. Sam’s brain had stalled out on the mental image of his husband in a lace bralette. The fact that all his blood had rapidly relocated south didn’t help matters at all.

Sonofabitch, that’s so sexy.

Get a grip, Winchester! Those aren’t for you anymore, they’re for the baby.

... but there’s seven months to go. I wonder if I can borrow them until then...

Doctor Harvelle’s next comment caused Sam’s brain to completely fry. “Now, this is more ‘off the record’ but… stimulation can trigger or increase production. Just food for thought.”

Oh, hells yeah! Sam stole a glance at Castiel, who was thinking exactly the same thing he was if that filthy smirk was anything to go by. Ellen kindly pretended to not notice the silent conversation.
“Alright boys, I have other appointments. Tell Charlie that I’ll see her the first week of May for her next appointment, and to keep taking her medications until otherwise directed.” Charlie was still taking synthetic estrogen to maintain the pregnancy, and would have to keep it up until week twelve, when the baby’s placenta would take over and produce the hormone naturally.

Sam and Cas said their goodbyes and vacated the office, making a beeline for their car. They glanced at each other as they slid into the Dodge Charger and both spoke at once.

“Can we go to-”

“Should we-”

Sam laughed awkwardly and gestured for Cas to speak first. The omega flushed a lovely pink color as he cleared his throat and tried again.

“Victoria’s Secret?”

The Alpha groaned low in his chest and palmed at his crotch, trying to ease the way his zipper was digging in to the erection that hadn’t faded in the slightest. “Dear God, yes. And I’m so buying you matching panties.”
Chapter 4

Castiel loved his job. He adored his colleagues. Prison orange was not his color. The omega kept reminding himself of these three things, repeating them over and over in his head as yet another person started asking him insanely personal questions. Granted, he’d been through this before. When he had first been accepted as a junior member of the doctoral group working at the lab, he knew that he had only been chosen over the group of equally qualified candidates because he was the very thing that they were studying- a chimera. After all, if you had a question about chimerism, it was a lot easier to stick your head out into the hall and yell ‘Hey, Castiel! Have you ever menstruated?’ than it was to hunt for an answer in medical journals. Cas had very quickly developed extremely thick skin and began sassing back- ‘Come check my panties and find out, Benny!’

Eventually, the novelty of his medical condition had worn off and they had realized that he was a talented researcher in his own right, and the jokes had mostly stopped. But now… with the phantom pregnancy, the cohort had a brand new reason to accost him. The only reason he was tolerating it was because it stemmed from genuine curiosity and not maliciousness. Castiel took the constant questions and requests for blood and tissue samples with an increasingly irritated scowl until he finally hung a sign over his desk that read ‘Ask me for a blood draw and I’ll rectally insert an Erlenmeyer flask in you.’

That turned into good natured ribbing and the sign was changed frequently, as often by Cas as it was by his colleagues. Each one was more ridiculous than the last, and it made the omega smile in spite of himself.

‘Want to win a free ride in the centrifuge? Request a hair sample!’

‘The next person to inquire about my morning sickness will be used to test rabies vaccines’

‘Moo at me and find yourself crammed in a monkey kennel’

He took a picture of each new sign and texted it to Sam, who laughingly threatened to have them all arrested for imitating Breaking Bad. As far as Cas knew, nobody was making methamphetamine in the storage closet, though he had spotted what looked suspiciously like a hootch still tucked away behind a water heater. He did his best John Snow impression pretending to know nothing in regards to that.

Thankfully, the researchers had always been extremely understanding about his unusual medical needs. Taking a week or so off work for his heats had been handled exactly the same as the other omegas that worked in the lab- quietly ignored. Everyone else would close ranks and pick up the
slack until the omega was back on their feet and returned, usually bearing donuts or cupcakes. The treats were accepted as the playful bribery that they were. Although heat and rut suppressants had been on the open market for several years, not everyone wanted to -or even could- take them.

The weeks rolled by and before they knew it, Charlie had left the first trimester behind. The three of them collectively decided that they didn’t want to know the sex of the baby that was growing rapidly under her ribs, preferring it to be a surprise. The paternity would be treated the same, since it didn’t matter in the end. Personally, Castiel was hoping for a girl.

Sympathy symptoms were the bane of Sam’s existence. Charlie, unfortunately, hadn’t been released from the clutches of morning sickness just because an arbitrary date had passed. Her energy levels were slowly being sapped and she had developed an almost constant craving for chocolate. Castiel wasn’t puking nearly as often, thankfully, but now his favorite treat turned his stomach, much to his frustration. The beta happily offered to eat every scrap of chocolate in the house, causing him to toss a pillow at her head. The omega had also put on a couple of pounds, something he was very self-conscious about but Sam secretly adored.

They were laying in bed, basking in the post-orgasm haze, and Sam started absentmindedly stoking the other man’s slightly softened abdomen. Cas slapped his hand away.

“Angel?” Sam’s wounded expression was enough to make the omega’s heart ache and he immediately felt terrible for the swat. He sighed heavily and poked at the slight jiggle over his abs, scowling.

“I need to work out more.” The blue-eyed man groused. Sam contorted himself, flexible as ever, to be able to lip at Castiel’s belly.

“I think it’s sexy as hell.” Castiel made a disbelieving noise and Sam turned those puppy eyes on him again. “Really! It’s kinda like… like our baby’s growing here.” He stroked the soft flesh tenderly, and Castiel immediately relented with a soft hum. The Alpha’s head came to rest on the swell of the other man’s belly and he trailed his fingers up to a swollen nipple, where he palmed it. “These are beyond hot, too.”

That had been another hard thing for Castiel to deal with- his chest changing. Yes, this was a change he wanted, but it was still strange to see. And getting used to wearing a bralette every day was bizarre, too. They’d picked up a number of lacy, pretty ones for at home (which drove Sam wild), but he had quickly developed a preference for jersey knit ones in neutral colors for at work. The last thing he wanted was for his colleagues to latch onto that.
And speaking of latching… Sam’s gentle teasing had already drawn a couple of drops out. He groaned in frustration and reached for a tissue, only to be stopped in his tracks by the way Sam was staring in fascination. Fascination and want. The omega smiled indulgently and stroked his husband’s hair.

“Go ahead.”

Sam gave an aborted twitch but stayed where he was. He peered up at the omega through his fringe, searching for any sign that Cas was just indulging him and wasn’t actually interested. Finding nothing of the sort, he carefully scootched up the bed until he could nuzzle into Castiel’s chest. The smaller man sat up, propping himself up against the pillows, and smiled faintly when Sam started lipping at a leaking nipple.

“It’s alright, babe. Go for it.” Permission granted, Sam groaned softly and took the bud into his mouth, toying with it between his lips. The tiny drops that landed on his tongue were sweet and he was instantly addicted. They’d toyed with nipple stimulation plenty of times since the initial milk incident, but Cas had always made him stick to his hands. He’d never allowed Sam to use his mouth before…though now, the omega was kicking himself for waiting so long. The blissful expression on Sam’s face made his blood sing, and Sam’s scent changed in response, becoming an intoxicating combination of content and aroused. He cupped the back of Sam’s head and guided him into a more comfortable position.

“That’s it, Sam. Just like that…” The omega sighed happily. His chest tingled strangely, and he vaguely remembered that it was caused by a letdown reflex- his body practicing for breastfeeding later on. The brunet groaned and sucked deeper, his hips rutting instinctively. And yup- that was an erection pressing into Castiel’s thigh. It was extremely unusual for Sam to get aroused a second time unless he was in Rut, and the omega knew for a fact that the other man was still religiously taking his suppressants. Regardless, the answering rush of slick from Castiel’s hole announced his enthusiastic interest in round two.

Sam rumbled a needy noise around the nipple he was suckling at, trying to contort himself so that he wouldn’t have to release his prize in order to get more friction on his length. A fresh surge of liquid in his mouth had him moaning, the vibrations sending a shiver up Castiel’s spine.

“Cas… want you to fuck me.” The Alpha sighed. Castiel bit his lip almost had enough to draw blood and nodded enthusiastically, rolling them so that Sam took his place sprawled against the mattress. The Winchester was forced to let go when Cas pressed his thighs apart and began teasing at his ass with a palmful of the omega’s own slick. They both loved how filthy this was, how good it felt for Cas to mark his Alpha in such a primal way. One finger became two became three maybe a little too fast but neither cared- Sam liked it a bit rough and Castiel was happy to oblige. The omega slicked his cock and pressed in, arching over the Alpha as he plunged to the hilt in one heated slide. He gave Sam no time to adjust -not that he wanted it in the first place- before starting to move, angling to tag
the Alpha’s prostate on every other pass. Sam bucked up to meet him, driving him even deeper. He tried to twist his body so that he could reclaim the omega’s swollen chest but couldn’t quite manage it, huffing a frustrated growl when he realized.

Cas chuckled darkly and gripped Sam’s hips, rolling them to reverse their positions again. He peered up at the Alpha with hooded eyes and watched in amusement as Sam figured out what the omega wanted. He gathered his legs under him and rose up on his knees, slamming down with enough force to drive the breath out of both of them. When his thighs started to burn with the strain, Sam shifted to a more gentle rocking motion and arched his back so that he could get his mouth back on his mate’s chest. He happily lapped up the stray dribbles before returning to deep sucking, tonguing expertly at the sharp peak that was Castiel’s right nipple. He rolled the left between his fingers, mimicking the way he was laving at the right.

“Jesus, Sam… you get sooo hot for that, don’t you?” Castiel drawled, his voice deep and gravely with arousal. Sam groaned around his mouthful and sucked even harder, purring when he was rewarded with another trickle. “I’m gonna have to tie you down to keep you off me when the baby’s here, aren’t I?” Another deep groan from the Alpha. “You can’t steal milk from our baby, Alpha. I know you’re crazy about my breasts, but that’s not nice.”

Sam froze, heat blazing through his veins like wildfire- for all that they’d discussed Cas trying to feed their baby, they had never referred to it as the omega’s breasts. It had just felt so awkward. The Alpha keened brokenly and picked up the pace, riding the other man’s cock like his life depended on it.

Castiel watched in awe as Sam went from ‘hmm, an orgasm might be in my future’ to ‘sweet fuck, I’m about to cum’ in the span of a couple breaths. Quickly figuring out the trigger, the omega exploited it ruthlessly.

“You like that, huh? You like suckling at your omega’s breasts, don’t you? Does it taste good, Alpha? Do you like my milk? Fuck, it feels good. I’ll-ah!-love having your tongue on my breast, playing with my nipples while you ride my cock.” Sam shuddered, eyes rolling back, and Castiel quickly wrapped his hand around the thick swell of his Alpha’s knot, squeezing firmly. The brunet whimpered softly as his second orgasm rolled through him, eased by the pressure Castiel was providing. A couple of thrusts later Cas gave in to the orgasm he’d been fighting, sighing happily and rutting lazily into the other man to milk the spurts of cum from his body. He squeezed Sam’s knot a couple of times before letting go and licking the white smears from his palm.

With Sam out for the count, Cas carefully maneuvered them until he could get them both under a blanket. Exhaustion was nipping at his heels and the omega happily surrendered to it.
“Dean, can I ask you something insanely personal?” Sam kept his eyes fixed on the Doctor Sexy episode the brothers were watching. Cas, Charlie, and Lisa had gone shopping for baby furniture, leaving the Winchester brothers to their beer and man-crushes.

Dean snorted. “Well it’s about nine inches long and curved to the right…”

“DEAN! Not *that*, you jerk!”

“Fine, fine. Spit it out, bitch.” The familiar routine of playful insults settled Sam’s nerves a bit and he mustered up the balls to ask his question.

“Were you ever like... *really* into Lisa nursing? Not feeding the babies, just...the whole concept?”

Score one for the little brother- Dean choked on his beer. Sam waited for him to clear hops from his sinuses, snickering to himself the whole time.

“Like, sexually?” Sam made a noise that could have been construed as agreement. “Not really… I mean, kinda? Her smelling all sweet and milky gets me going. Why the hell are you asking?” The gears in Dean’s head gave an almost visible jolt when he put two and two together. “What, does Cas… You’re kidding me!”

Sam heaved a sigh and retrieved a fresh beer. “Yeah. It’s part of his chimerism- he’s got some female breast tissue, and it’s reacting to Charlie’s pregnancy and Lisa nursing.” Dean boggled at him for a moment before seeming to come to the conclusion ‘not my circus, not my monkey’.

“ Weird. Neat, but weird. Hey, whatever floats your boat. I never understood being into dick, either, but if that’s what trips your trigger and Cas is ok with it, whatever.” The older Winchester was picking at the label on his bottle, slowly peeling it off to occupy his hands. He opened his mouth to say something else, but was cut off by the shopping trio returning and demanding that the ‘menfolk’ come help carry boxes into the house. Dean shot his little brother one last ‘dude, you’re kinda strange’ look, to which Sam just stuck his tongue out like the mature, responsible lawyer he was, and went to get started on the heavy lifting.
Chapter 5

Week fourteen saw the first noticeable movements of the baby. They were still too faint for a somewhat disappointed Sam or Cas to feel, but Charlie likened it to little butterflies fluttering about in her stomach. That immediately turned into the three of them calling the baby “Butterfly”. Doctor Harvelle was quick to assure them that in the next few weeks, the baby’s movements would grow strong enough to be felt from the outside, too. She pronounced Charlie and their ‘Butterfly’ to be perfectly healthy so far and scheduled their anatomy scan appointment for two weeks later. Although they still didn’t want to find out the gender, it would give them an in-depth look at how baby was doing. It would be the first time they would get a clear look at his or her face as well, which was met with high enthusiasm. Sam and Castiel had been taking turns accompanying Charlie to her appointments so that neither man racked up too many days off from work. Both wanted to take ‘paternity’ leave once the baby arrived, so it was best to not abuse their coworkers’ good will. However, they were going to try to make a special exception for the anatomy scan.

Castiel’s cohorts were all too happy to give him the scheduled day off in exchange for an MRI scan of the omega’s internal organs for their research. Castiel accepted the trade with good grace, knowing that they really were happy for him and his unusual family. Sam, too, had mostly lucked out with his fellow lawyers at Shurley and Sons. Sam had been practicing there for long enough that he had developed some seniority, and his reputation as one of the best criminal law specialists in the state certainly gave him some leeway when it came to Charlie and Castiel. The only thorn in his side was the eldest of the ‘Sons’ part of the law office’s name- Lucifer. Sam seriously questioned Charles Shurley’s choice in naming his eldest son that, but it certainly fit. The first thing the blond man had done when Sam had been hired was to blatantly hit on him. Inappropriate work relationships aside, Sam’s protests that he was Asexual and in a relationship with a male omega, and therefore not interested in Lucifer’s advances, had been met with disgust. The unwanted flirting had immediately morphed into mockery, and no amount of warnings from his father or brothers had deterred him from trying to make Sam’s life a living Hell. Rather than risk losing his position at the prestigious firm, Sam just bit his tongue and ignored it.

The day after Charlie’s fourteen week appointment, Sam knocked on his boss’s door to ask for the day off in two weeks. Charles Shurley -who insisted that everyone from the coffee fetcher on up call him Chuck- could generally be found holed up in his office, nursing his umpteenth coffee and working on his novel. After thirty years, he could no longer be bothered to run the day-to-day goings on in the office, preferring to let his second son Michael shoulder most of it. Michael was the most responsible out of the group of siblings, and his quiet support had been a balm to Sam when he had first been hired fresh out of Stanford. Lucifer was considerably more hotheaded, though he was a force to be reckoned with in the courtroom.

“Sam, Sam! Come in, son.” Chuck waved him in. Michael and Lucifer were sitting opposite their father, and from Lucifer’s foul expression, they’d been mid argument. Again.

_Do they ever stop fighting?_ Sam wondered, eyeing the twins suspiciously.
“Good morning, Chuck. I wanted to ask a favor-” Lucifer groaned and rolled his eyes dramatically, and Michael kicked him. “Charlie has her big anatomy scan in two weeks and I wanted to take the day to go with her.”

Chuck smiled. “Of course, Sam.” The young Alpha returned the grin and started to leave, but stopped dead in his tracks when Lucifer spoke.

“Come on, dad! This is getting ridiculous!” The derisive tone in Lucifer’s voice made Sam’s blood pressure spike, though he forced himself to not react. Michael glared at his twin.

“Lucifer, stop it. You know that Sam is entitled to time off for family medical events, the same as the rest of us.” Michael had been extremely supportive of Sam’s odd family and had never been quiet about his irritation with Lucifer’s dismissals. The twins were as different as night and day, and Sam very much preferred the younger but kinder one.

The elder twin snorted again. “It’s all bullshit and you know it. He’s just making up excuses to get out of work at this point. Medical appointments out the ass and time off for his little freak’s heats-”

Chuck waved a hand to cut his son off. “That’s enough, Lucifer. Sam can take his paid time off as he pleases, and his husband’s cycles are none of your business. You take Rut leave when needed.”

“He gets double what I do!”

The younger twin rolled his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. “We’ve been through this-unmarried Alphas and omegas get two weeks of paid time off for their cycles per year, married ones get a maximum of four weeks in case their cycles don’t line up with their spouse’s. And might I remind you that you would get four weeks just the same as Sam if you hadn’t run your fiance off with your tomcatting-”

“One more word and I’ll kick your ass here and now, Michael.” Lucifer snarled, ice-blue eyes flashing dangerously. Sam stood frozen to the spot, unable to look away from the brewing fight. The Shurley twins were notorious for airing dirty laundry in front of anyone unlucky enough to be in the room, but this was the first time he’d seen it get this close to blows.

Michael growled softly. “I’d like to see you try. But either way, you need to back the hell off Sam and his family.”
“That’s not a family, it’s a genetic freak, a sexual deviant, and their weirdo pet lesbian using a petri dish to make up for what they all lack!” Sam snarled, Alpha hormones surging through his veins at the insults to his loved ones, and started towards Lucifer. Job or not, he was about to beat the other Alpha’s ass into the ground for that shit!

“That is ENOUGH, Lucifer!” Chuck shouted, causing all three younger men to freeze in place. The old, greying beta never yelled, never raised his voice to anyone in the firm. He had perfected the fatherly ‘I’m disappointed in you’ expression decades ago and used it to great effect when it came to his employees- one glimpse of that look was usually enough to put grown men on their knees. He stood up from his desk, staring down at his eldest in disgust. “You have been warned again and again to not speak that way about Sam and his family. You are a discrimination lawsuit waiting to happen! Secondary gender is a protected class, the same as sexuality and disability status, and your flagrant disregard of Federal law is a disgrace to your title! One more instance and I will fire you, my son or not.”

Lucifer gaped at his father, rage and disbelief flickering across his face. He stood, nose to nose with the beta, and jammed a finger into his father’s chest. “You would fire me over this...this freak?!” The blond Alpha shrieked. Sam and Michael moved simultaneously, and the only thing that stopped the Winchester from deckung Lucifer was the raven-haired twin beating him to it. Lucifer hit the floor, rubbing jaw with a stunned expression. He started to get to his feet, fists clenched, when Chuck slammed a palm onto his desk.

“Out, Lucifer. Clear out your desk, and get out. You have fifteen minutes, after that I will have security escort you.” Charles Shurley’s voice was deadly calm, though his hands trembled with suppressed anger. “I will not allow you to jeopardize this firm with your inability to hold your tongue. Get. Out.”

Lucifer’s jaw worked, though no noise came out as he turned between his father and brother several times. Finally, he rounded on Sam and found his voice. “I’ll get you for this.” The older Alpha snarled softly beforeshouldering past Sam and stalking out of the office, seeming to suck all the air out of the room as he stormed off. Chuck sighed heavily before taking Michael’s hand and examining it for injury.

“I think this is fractured. Go get it checked out, boy. I thought I taught you to throw a punch better than that.” The beta scolded softly. Michael chuckled ruefully.

“Sorry, dad. I should have stayed in Karate lessons as a kid, I guess.” The younger twin clapped Sam on the shoulder with his uninjured hand on the way by.
After a few moments, Chuck dropped back into his leather chair with a tired groan. “Sit down, Sam.” Sam jumped but obeyed, twisting his wedding band in a nervous tick.

“Mr. Shurley, I’m so sorry-”

Chuck cut him off with a dismissive wave. “Don’t start with that ‘Mr. Shurley’ crap now, son. I thought I broke you of that years ago.” The older man chuckled.

“I’m sorry. I’ll go clear out my stuff and be out of your hair.” Sam tried to get up, only to be stopped by his boss’s sharp glance.

“You could do that. Or you could accept the Head of Criminal Law position I was about to offer you, seeing as I suddenly find myself with a vacancy.” Sam’s head reeled as he tried to keep up with the way this whole thing had gone off the rails.

All I wanted was a day off!

Sam blinked at the older man uncomprehendingly. “I’m… I’m not sure I follow.”

With a heavy sigh, Chuck dug into his desk drawer and came up with a flask and a pair of glasses. He poured himself a double shot of amber liquid -Sam was pretty sure that it smelled like bourbon- and held the second glass out to Sam with a questioning glance. The Winchester normally wouldn’t drink on the job, but the last ten minutes had him so far off balance that his hands were shaking and his gut was doing summersaults. He nodded, accepting the drink when Chuck passed it to him.

“Look, Sam. I’m not getting any younger, and I had been looking to pass the last of the firm responsibilities on to my sons. Michael excels at family law, and Raphael has been handling the medical malpractice side of things quite deftly. I had intended to allow Lucifer to take over the criminal law practice, but… his temper and prejudices have only grown more concerning over the years. I’m not sure where I went wrong with him…” Sam privately thought that maybe it had something to do with naming him after the goddamned Devil, but he kept his trap shut. “Anyways, I have been intending to retire and work on my novel full time. This is not public knowledge yet and I would appreciate your discretion.”

Chuck paused to take a deep drink and Sam followed suit, his mind working at warp nine. If Chuck was saying what the young lawyer thought he was saying…
“So, I’m in need of someone to step into Lucifer’s role and frankly, you’re the best option by far. I’m not sure why you haven’t left to form your own firm yet, you certainly have the reputation to support such a venture, but if I can get you to stay here instead, head up the firm with Mike and Raph—”

Sam nearly dropped his glass in shock, his hands shaking violently. His throat clicked when he tried to speak. Clearing his throat, he tried again. “Yes!” Ack, too much enthusiasm. The Alpha flushed bright pink as he tried to tone it down a bit. “I mean, I’d be honored to accept.” Chuck hid a grin behind his second glass of bourbon.

“Excellent. I’ll have Michael and Raphael draw up the paperwork and have it on your desk by Friday at the latest.” There was a loud crash from outside the office, followed by Lucifer’s distinct bellowing. Chuck closed his eyes as though praying for strength before touching the intercom button. “Security to the third floor, please.”

The sight of Lucifer being dragged out of the office by his shirt and firmly booted out of the door would keep Sam’s heart warmed for ages to come.

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The news that Sam would soon be one of the Senior Lawyers at the office -and the accompanying pay raise- was received with high enthusiasm from the ragtag group that was his family. Dean and his brood insisted on taking them all out for dinner at a local steakhouse to celebrate, and the elder Winchester laughed himself nearly sick at Sam’s description of his bizarre ‘interview’ for the new position. Charlie’s appetite had returned now that her morning sickness was almost nonexistent and she happily chowed down on a ribeye, a double portion of mashed potatoes, a salad, and finally a big piece of chocolate cake for dessert.

“What, I’m eating for two!” The ginger protested when Sam teasingly tried to take the plate away, lest she lick every crumb off it. Castiel had stolen a single nibble of the sweet treat, only to pull a grossed out face and return to his salad. The fact that the omega had barely picked at his food left Sam extremely concerned- yes, he was still struggling with sympathetic nausea, but this was out of character. Later that evening, after Charlie had headed off to bed citing exhaustion and food coma, Sam confronted his omega about it.

“Cas, angel, you’ve got to eat more than half a salad.” He stroked his husband’s hair softly, trying to take the sting out of the words.

Castiel groaned and poked at his stomach, accentuating the accumulating jiggle, which Sam happily kissed and blew a raspberry against. “You know that Doctor Harvelle said it’s just from your
hormones going a bit bonkers and it'll go away after everything settles down, right? Besides, it’s like five pounds. You’re far from obese, babe. And even if you were… do you honestly think I wouldn’t still want you?"

The omega sighed, breaking into giggles when Sam tickled him. “You don’t always want me, Mister Ace.” He protested, a small grin telling his Alpha that he wasn’t being serious. Sam rumbled a laugh and licked a broad stripe up Castiel’s happy trail.

“Just because my heart and my dick don’t always agree with each other doesn’t mean that how I feel about you changes.” That had been a slight point of contention between them recently- Castiel’s hormones had been causing him to be considerably more horny than usual, and Sam wasn’t always up for responding. After a couple of incidents, the Alpha had gone out and purchased a new dildo with a false knot to replace the one they had discarded years ago. Between creative use of the heat aid and Sam’s frankly stellar oral skills, they had come to a compromise that kept the omega satisfied even when the older man wasn’t interested in actively participating.

“Stupid hormones.” Cas muttered, and Sam chuckled at the familiar complaint. With an asexual Alpha, a pregnant lesbian, and a male omega going through sympathetic pregnancy symptoms, it was a common refrain in their house. Charlie had threatened to embroider it on a throw pillow.

“Hey, we’re almost halfway there.” The Alpha’s attempt at comforting him was met with a defeated groan.

“We’re only halfway!” Castiel grumbled. He pulled a pillow over his face and yelled dramatically, kicking his feet and slapping his hands on the mattress like a toddler throwing a tantrum.

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The morning of the anatomy scan, Castiel was so nervous that he couldn’t eat at all. He paced back and forth in the kitchen, occasionally trying to sip at the cup of coffee that Sam had pressed into his hands. Charlie finally threw a strawberry at his head and yelled at him to ‘sit the fuck down’, because if anyone should be nervous, it was the pregnant chick. The omega flopped down with a stuttered apology, and Charlie kissed his temple to show that there were no hard feelings. A couple of hours later, Charlie was sprawled out on an exam bed with Doctor Harvelle running an ultrasound wand over her protruding stomach. The ginger yelped as the cold gel was applied, and when Castiel laughed she immediately demanded that he take a turn, see how he liked it. To everyone’s surprise, he actually liked the idea.

“Maybe later, Castiel. Right now let’s focus on the physical pregnancy, shall we?” After six months
of working with the family and four months of pregnancy, the doctor was well acquainted with their
strange brand of humor. Ellen smiled softly as she located the baby and began taking measurements.

"Ok, here we go. There’s Baby Butterfly," The older woman chuckled at the nickname they had
given their unborn child. “Baby is about three ounces right now, and the size of an avocado. That’s
perfectly normal, right on track. There’s the left foot- looks like five toes. And the right… also
perfect. Skinny little legs look just right- some fat will pack on in the last few weeks and that curve
will go away as Butterfly learns to walk. Oh, baby doesn’t like the wand, they just kicked it!
Skipping riiiiight on past the interesting bits… those look normal too, by the way.” All three
onlookers laughed at the doctor’s avoidance of telling them whether it was a boy or a girl.

“Alright, kidneys… liver… lungs…heart… everything’s fantastic here, lets have a look at that
precious face!” She nudged the wand, and the grainy picture coalesced into a recognizably human
face. Charlie squealed, Castiel gasped, and Sam could have been knocked over with a feather. Their
little Butterfly’s chubby, squishy cheeks appeared on the screen, complete with a thumb jammed
firmly into his or her mouth.

“That’s a baby, alright!” Doctor Harvelle smiled as the family fawned over the image. She hit ‘print
screen’ several times as she moved the wand around, getting different angles. “Alright, only the brain
left and we’ll have gotten all the measurements we need. Look at all that grey matter! Baby sure
takes after daddy!”

Sam chuckled- both he and Castiel were highly educated and scored well above average on
intelligence tests, and Charlie was an absolute genius in her own right. Regardless of who had sired
the baby, they were certainly going to be smart. Finally, Ellen removed the wand and offered Charlie
a tissue to wipe the gel up. Castiel lay down for a turn and laughed until he had tears in his eyes
when the doctor cooed over the ‘food baby’ the omega was developing.

“Alright, everyone. It looks like momma and baby are fine, so I’ll just refill your prescription for
prenatals and you can all be on your way! Make sure to schedule your next appointment with the
receptionist, and I’ll see you next time.” The three parents-to-be obediently trotted out to the front
desk, all grinning from ear to ear and taking turns examining the printouts Ellen had given them.
As per Sam Winchester’s luck, life took a sharp turn into “What the Fuck” Land as Charlie crossed into month five of her pregnancy. The Win-burys, as Dean had taken to calling them, were laid out in the den, watching cheesy horror flicks and laughing themselves sick -a typical Friday night for them-, when Sam’s phone rang. He paused the movie to check the caller ID and was shocked to see his half brother’s name. Curious, he answered the call and sent it to speaker phone.

“Hello?”

“...Sam? Sam, it's Adam.” The much younger man sounded exhausted, or maybe terrified. Sam hadn't spent much time with him, so it was hard to tell.

“Hey, what's up?” There was something really strange about the way Adam was breathing, as though he was fighting for air.

“Sam, I'm in trouble.” Adam’s voice shook, and suddenly Sam realized that he was fighting tears- he sounded exactly like Dean when he was choked up. Charlie and Cas froze, staring at the phone.

“What's wrong?” They’d never been close, but Adam was still family and every hair on the back of Sam’s neck was standing on end.

There was a long pause and a distinct sniffle before Adam answered. “My mom’s dead.”

Instantly, Sam was transported back to almost six years ago, hearing such similar words from Dean. Realizing that their dad was gone, that they were orphans. And now Adam, who had only graduated from high school two years ago, was in the same position. His heart broke for the kid.

“What am I gonna do?” Adam’s voice trembled. “I can't afford the apartment on my own, the landlord says I need to leave if I can't pay!” There was a beat, then he spoke again. “I... know we were never close and I hate to ask but can I borrow some money?”

“No.” Sam heard three gasps- one on the phone and two by his shoulders. Castiel blinked, as though he couldn't believe what Sam had just said, and Charlie looked ready to hit the Alpha. He held up a hand to placate them. “I can't let you stay out there all alone, Adam. I don't give a damn that you and I weren't as close as Dean and I are- hell, no siblings are as close as Dean and I. But you're still my
brother, and I'm gonna help you if you'll let me. So, give me the whole situation.”

Adam choked back a sob and started relaying the tale- how his mom had started acting strange, gotten aggressive and forgetful. How she had refused to go to a doctor until she had fainted one day and Adam had called an ambulance. How, at the hospital, she had been diagnosed with stage four, inoperable brain cancer. How she had died only weeks afterwards, unable to even remember her own son. He talked about how he’d been struggling to pay for college, but had withdrawn at the end of the semester so he could try to save money to help her but it had been too late. And now he was freshly orphaned, with a part-time, minimum wage job, mounting student debt, and was about to be homeless.

Sam’s heart shattered into a million tiny little fragments. Beside him, Charlie wept softly into Castiel’s shoulder. The omega was biting back tears as well. He glanced at them for confirmation of his plan and they both nodded, the silent conversation taking less than a minute.

“Adam, is there anything keeping you in Minnesota any more?” The young man made a soft noise that Sam interpreted as ‘no’. “Ok then here’s what we’re going to do- pack up anything you care about. Clothes, personal stuff, whatever fits in a couple of suitcases. Sell everything else. Go to your college and get a sealed copy of your transcripts. How was your GPA? What were you even studying?” Sam was already planning six steps ahead.

The youngest of the three brothers sniffed hard before answering. “Structural and civil engineering, 3.9 GPA.”

“Fantastic, Stanford has a great engineering program. Get your crap together and break the lease, I'm booking you a flight out to California for Monday evening.” Sam hopped up to pace back and forth in the den, watched studiously by the other two.

“But… isn't your girlfriend pregnant? I saw the announcement.”

Sam snorted just as Charlie and Cas burst out laughing. “Adam, Char isn't my girlfriend. She's my best friend who is surrogating for me and my husband.” A quick glance at the beta and omega found them laying on each other, howling with laughter.

“Oh.” Adam sounded like he was fighting to not laugh despite his terrible mood.

“Yeah, oh. But anyways, we have plenty of room and we’ll get you set up with your own place long
before the baby arrives. The other option is Dean’s place, and he’s got four kids under six years old.”

Sam could all but hear Adam’s eyes bugging out of his head. “Four?!?” there was a long pause. “I'm an uncle.”

“Yup.” Sam grinned.

“I'm an uncle! Holy shit, I'm an uncle!”

Charlie struggled to her feet and took the phone away from Sam. “Times five, buck-o! Plus a brother-in-law, a sister-in-law, and… whatever the hell I am. The cool aunt, I guess!”

With Adam in a more positive mood and plans laid out, Sam hung up and immediately called Dean. The eldest Winchester was less than thrilled at first, but even he had to admit that they couldn't leave the kid out in the cold.

“This is gonna be like that golden retriever puppy when you were twelve, I can see it already.” Dean teased. “You've named it, and now I'm stuck cleaning up its poop.”

Sam said a prayer for the technology to slap his brother through the phone to be developed. “Dude, you're a terrible big brother. The kid’s an orphan, cut him some slack. I'm gonna get a plane ticket lined up and email the admissions department at Stanford.” Over the years, Sam had made and/or organized several large charitable donations to the college and helped to fund scholarships for promising students who came from impoverished communities. Between that and his status as an alumni who was now a senior partner at a law firm, he had a decent amount of pull when he wanted to use it. And he took advantage of that now, calling in several favors to get Adam’s name on the list of incoming students in the fall. He also located a decent apartment right off campus and put in a request to tour the place in a couple of weeks.

Cas wrapped his arms around his Alpha from behind and buried his nose in Sam’s hair. “You're such a good big brother.” Sam huffed an embarrassed sound.

“And you're gonna be a great daddy, too!” Charlie was in the kitchen, raiding the freezer for some ice cream. She came back in with a bowlful of Thin Mint flavored ice cream topped with sliced strawberries and bananas. One disbelieving and grossed out look from the Alpha and omega pair had her rolling her eyes.
“Oh don’t give me that look! See, it’s healthy—there’s fruit and everything!” The males glanced at each other and decided not to comment on the fact that the fruit was drowning in chocolate drizzle.

Sam and Dean picked their younger brother up from the airport in the Impala, which had considerably more trunk space than Sam’s Charger that he still refused to trade in. Cas elected to stay home with Charlie and Lisa to help mind the minions, as he now called Dean’s herd of small people.

To be honest, Adam looked like shit. He had bags under his eyes the size of his carry on backpack, his hair was greasy, and there was no life in his eyes. Sam was reminded very strongly of Dean, the day he had shown up after their dad had died. The youngest brother had eyed them nervously for a moment, but accepted and melted into the hug Sam dragged him into. Dean shouldered his backpack and exchanged the coffee he’d been carrying for a suitcase. Sam grabbed the other one and off they went, Adam desperately chugging at the coffee the whole way to the car. He didn’t talk much on the half-hour drive back to Sam’s house, though he smiled faintly as the older brothers bickered back and forth. He had just drifted off to the lullaby of Baby’s powerful engine when they pulled into Sam’s driveway. Cas, Lisa, and Charlie rushed out to meet them—well, Castiel and Lisa rushed, Charlie waddled as quickly as she could manage—and between the five of them, they got the physically and emotionally exhausted beta into the house.

“Here, go shower. We’ll put your stuff in the guest room and heat up some leftovers for you.” Charlie gently tugged Adam along, coaxing him towards the spare bedroom. She shooed the Winchesters away—right now, it would be hard for Adam to learn to bend and accept sympathy from his Alpha brothers, but another beta would be accepted easier.

Adam emerged a few minutes later, dressed in basketball shorts and a t-shirt. His short blond hair was still damp and spiked up in every direction from toweling it, making Sam flash on Dean when he was much younger. He smiled into his beer and passed the younger man a plate of meatloaf, mashed potatoes, and an ear of grilled corn. Dean wandered by and dropped a beer beside his younger brother, waving off Adam’s half hearted protest that he was still underage.

“Dude, you’ve had a shitty week. Be quiet and drink.” The young beta blinked in surprise but tucked in with gusto, confirming Sam’s suspicions that the kid hadn’t had a proper meal in ages. Winchesters, as a rule, seemed to go off their feed when they were depressed and he made a mental note to ply him with food as much as possible. Maybe he could con Dean into firing up the grill and making those freaking incredible burgers of his again.

Adam started nodding off during his second plate—and damn, could that kid put away food like a proper Winchester!—nearly face planting his mashed potatoes. He didn’t even protest when Charlie bundled him off to bed, knuckling his eyes the whole way. He paused long enough to murmur a shy
‘thank you’ to the family at large before vanishing. Sam could hear him snoring within five minutes.

Dean piled his brood into the Impala soon after- Ben, his booster seat, and Lisa in the front with him, the twins and Claire squeezed into the back in their car seats. Sam punched him in the shoulder as a goodbye.

“Dude, no more kids! You’re gonna have to start stuffing them in the trunk!” Dean replied with a raised middle finger and off they went. Charlie excused herself soon after, citing ‘incubator exhaustion’. The poor woman was so easily worn out these days, and Sam felt bad about it. He watched her toddle off, hands rubbing her lower back, and quickly made her an appointment with a masseuse to relieve some of that back pain that she never mentioned but clearly suffered from.

Castiel, too, was clearly angling to get to bed, but for another reason entirely. Sam chuckled as the omega nuzzled under his chin. Cas purred, his scent turning sweet and aroused.

“Horny, babe?” Sam smirked as he tugged the other man closer. He wasn’t sure if he was ‘up’ to the real deal tonight, but pleasuring his lover was never a hardship. He teased his fingers under Castiel’s waistband and cupped his erection firmly. The omega whined and arched into the touch. He didn’t speak, but made an affirmative noise as he rocked into Sam’s palm.

Sam spun the younger man around and hiked him up so that Cas was forced to wrap his legs around Sam’s hips. Castiel immediately attacked the arch of Sam’s throat with lips and teeth and Sam rumbled a soft moan as he carried his husband to their bedroom. The omega rutted against him the whole way until Sam finally kicked the door shut and settled them on the bed.

A quick check of his body and mental state told Sam that tonight was a ‘nope, not happening’ night. Thankfully, he and Castiel had long ago decided to use the same stoplight system that many kinksters used during BDSM scenes- green for ‘yes’, yellow for ‘maybe/slow down’, red for ‘absolutely not’. Cas occasionally used it too, when his (thankfully fading) PTSD acted up. He kissed Cas apologetically and retrieved the heat aid he had purchased a while back.

Cas caught on quickly. “A ‘red’ night, then?” Sam nodded and Castiel pulled him in for a slow, lingering kiss. “I love you so much, Sam.” The Winchester smiled against his husband’s lips and started stripping them, taking his sweet time uncovering every new inch of flesh. He trailed kisses down the back of Castiel’s neck, pausing to suck a hickey into the juncture between shoulder and throat. Cas groaned and rolled his head to the side to give Sam more room. The last scraps of cloth fell away, leaving Sam bare and Castiel in nothing but the red, lacy bralette that drove Sam wild, and Sam lay back against the pillows, half sitting up with his legs straight out in front of him. He tugged Cas to straddle him, back-to-front, and wrapped one hand around the omega’s hard length. The other came up to toy with a swollen breast. They still hadn’t progressed past A cups, but Sam was absolutely crazy for them.
The omega groaned softly, his spine curving up into a bow under Sam’s gentle ministrations. He was careful to not press his ass back into Sam’s crotch as he writhed, happy to let the Asexual Alpha work him over like this. A thin trickle of milk seeped through the red lace and Sam moaned when he caught the scent.

“God I love your breasts, baby. They’re so fucking sexy…” Sam rumbled. Uninterested dick or not, the warmth that surged through him as he touched his lover’s body was a familiar and comforting sensation. Cas keened and pressed harder into Sam’s hands. The Alpha kept stroking, just enjoying the warm flesh under his palms and the soft noises his beloved gave up to him.

Sam would have been content to just keep going like this, to work Cas to an orgasm so slow and achingly tender, but the omega clearly had other thoughts. He was squirming in Sam’s lap, smearing slick all over the Alpha’s muscled thighs and leaving the skin damp. Sam palmed the heat aid, pinning the false cock between his legs and arching his hips up a little, causing it to rub along the omega’s soaked rim. After years of practice, he could be really damned convincing in the way he moved, using the toy as an extension of his own body.

“Gonna take my knot, sweet omega? You gonna fuck yourself on my dick until you’re screaming and blowing your wad all over my hand?” Sam growled, grinding the toy firmly along the seam of Castiel’s ass. The omega whimpered and nodded, his hands scrambling for purchase so he could arch up enough to take the hardness being offered to him. Sam chuckled at his desperate, shaky movements and took pity. He guided Castiel’s hips up and back until the toy breached his hole. The younger man didn’t hesitate, sliding down on the false cock until it bottomed out.

Castiel drew in a shuddering breath, his eyes rolling back as Sam pumped his hips. They had deliberately chosen a toy that was curved steeply, with an almost comically bulbous head that pummeled the omega’s prostate mercilessly. Sam might have felt inadequate if it wasn’t for the way Castiel never failed to scream himself hoarse as he came on Sam’s dick every time he actually fucked his husband. He smirked against Castiel’s increasingly sweaty throat, jacking his husband’s cock in counterpoint to the deep, grinding motion he was using to drive the heat aid into his channel.

“Alpha… Alpha, please…” Cas panted, unable to choke out a fully formed thought as Sam mercilessly worked him over. The Winchester chuckled and switched to the other breast, tweaking and pinching his nipple until a burst of milk wet his fingers. Sam made a broken noise and brought his fingers to his lips, lapping up with sweet fluid.

“Fuck, baby. You’re making so much more…” Lust roughened Sam’s voice and before he quite realized what was going on, his own cock was fattening and lengthening, pressing up against his belly and slotting right between Castiel’s cheeks. The omega cried out and arched back into it mindlessly. Each new thrust of Sam’s hips drove the heat aid into his ass and pressed his cock
against his rim, causing Castiel to go wild. He bucked and writhed, squirming around until the head of Sam’s erection slotted up against the heat aid.

Sam swore violently and clutched at his husband, breathing hard through his nose as he processed what the other man wanted, and how much that turned him on. Alpha possessiveness surged hot and heavy in his veins.

“Fuck, angel… you want this? Want my cock and the toy? Want me to split you open, fuck you until your hole gapes, til my knot can’t catch?” Sam panted raggedly against the nape of Castiel’s neck. The omega gave an animalistic groan and nodded frantically, hips working to force the Alpha’s cockhead into him alongside the toy. Sam released his grip on Castiel’s length that was throbbing with his heartbeat and worked his fingers between them, right into Castiel’s core. He tugged at the omega’s rim, checking how feasible double penetration might be, and was rewarded with a fresh gush of slick all over his palm. Arousal crashed through him like a tidal wave and he plunged three fingers into that heat. Castiel’s channel sucked them in easily and Sam whined in near desperation.

Unable to resist the siren’s call of his omega’s body, Sam shifted both broad palms to Castiel’s hips and eased him up. The other man scrambled to help, getting a shaking hand around the shafts of both the toy and his Alpha’s cock.

“Thought…ah! Thought today was a ‘red’ day.” Cas panted as he started sinking down, the stretch driving all the air from his lungs. Sam’s eyes rolled back and he chuckled breathlessly.

“It was. And then you had to go and be all irresistible -fuck!- and cock-hungry, and you smell so damned good!” Sam ground his teeth as he and the toy both bottomed out, stretching the omega agonizingly wide. Cas collapsed against his chest with a pathetic whimper.

“Please…” It seemed like that was all Castiel could choke out and Sam nodded. He nuzzled into his lover’s neck, pressing sweat drenched fringe to shaking flesh, and started moving. He didn't dare thrust sharply, so he just ground his hips in a circle— that tactic never failed to make his angel keen and writhe and beg for more. Cas was trembling in his arms, shivering violently with the overstimulation and stretch and adrenaline crashing through his body, making the most beautiful mewling whimpers that Sam had ever heard. With his hands wrapped tightly around Castiel’s chest, cupping a lace-clad breast in each broad palm, the Alpha worked to bring them both right up to the edge.

“Gonna cum for me, pretty omega? Can you come on my cock, let me see you blow without me jerking you off?” Sam’s voice shook as hard as Castiel’s body and he gave a half-exhausted grin when the other man nodded. He rolled his hips, chasing the supernova of pleasure threatening to explode in his gut, and muffled a shuddering hiss against his husband’s neck. Castiel’s channel started fluttering around him, a sure sign that he was seconds from erupting, and common sense
managed to break through Sam’s pleasure-fogged brain enough to tell him to get rid of the toy. He fumbled for it, tugging the heat aid out and tossing it aside seconds before his mate’s body seized and clamped down around him. Cas came almost silently, too overwhelmed to even scream. Sam kept his eyes pried open so he could watch the evidence of the omega’s orgasm pour in thick jets all over his abs. One more roll of his hips and Sam followed him with a ragged sigh. His knot inflated and caught, plugging the omega up as his Alpha’s cock emptied inside him.

With Castiel an exhausted deadweight on his chest, Sam carefully rolled them to the side so they could wait for his knot to release. The omega’s scent was screaming fifteen kinds of sated and happy and Sam breathed it in with a pleased rumble. Already he could feel the other man’s breathing deepen and smooth out as he drifted off to the sleep of the well fucked.

*I’ll clean us up in a bit. Just gonna close my eyes for a few minutes…*

Sam never did notice when his knot finally went down, peacefully asleep with his softened cock still warm inside his mate’s body.
Chapter 7

The day Charlie crossed the twenty-six week mark, also known as ‘viability week’, was cause for great celebration. This important milestone meant that even if she went into labor this early, their baby had a good chance of surviving with medical care. The beta was too worn out to do much, so they sent her, accompanied by Lisa, to the spa for a full day of pampering. Both women returned home looking extremely relaxed and all but glowing. Dinner came in the form of Dean’s famous burgers, assisted by Adam. The young beta had been moved from Sam and Castiel’s home to an apartment just two blocks from campus in preparation for the start of the fall semester in just under a month, though he still spent most evenings with at least one of his brothers. With no living parents left between them, all three had grown to be extremely close. Naomi’s visit in late July had been emotionally challenging for the newly orphaned nineteen-year-old, but the older woman had all but adopted him on the spot. She had flown home at the end of her four-day weekend with the boy’s email address stored in her phone and they talked frequently. Sam was relieved that he had found a surrogate parent, like Bobby had been to him and Dean as kids.

Sam had settled into his new role as the head of the Criminal Law department at Shurley and Sons relatively easily. There had been a small amount of grumbling from a couple of those loyal to Lucifer, but the long-haired Alpha had managed to convert them fairly quickly. He wasn't a LOSE-chester, after all. With the eldest of the Shurley twins gone, taking his violent outbursts and blatant sexism with him, the office became considerably more peaceful. Sam was working long hours, staying a bit late each day to bank some time off for when the baby arrived. It kind of sucked, but he knew that Castiel and Charlie were well cared for in his absence and would appreciate the extra set of hands when there was a newborn in the house.

The young Alpha stood up from his desk, popping and twisting his back to ease the tension of having spent nine hours hunched over a case file, and bid his secretary, a sweet omega named Eileen, goodnight on his way out the door. There were only a couple of cars in the darkened parking lot- his Charger, Eileen’s subaru, the sleek red Mustang owned by Michael, and a beat up Ford truck he thought belonged to one of Raphael’s interns. Sam sighed happily as he settled into the driver’s seat and fired it up, easing out onto the street. He was lucky- the drive home was very easy and he could do it on autopilot. His thoughts drifted to his wonderful husband as he turned onto the main road, verifying that the light coming up was green. The omega had taken to having a home-cooked meal on the table for his Alpha when he got home. Charlie kept trying to contribute, but usually wound up observing while stealing nibbles of food until Cas chased her out of the kitchen.

*I’m the luckiest Alpha in the world,* Sam thought. A small smile crept up onto his lips as he drove, eager to get home to his beloved. Cas was still rather hyper-sexual thanks to Charlie’s pregnancy hormones and for once, Sam was really looking forward to indulging that. They were debating about letting Sam go off his suppressants for a bit, get one Rut cycle in before the baby. Castiel hadn’t gone into his summer heat yet and wasn’t really showing signs of it starting, and Doctor Harvelle said he might miss it entirely due to the sympathy pregnancy symptoms. Regardless, the omega seemed to want to climb onto Sam’s knot nearly every single night now. Sam’s cock twitched in response to the thought and he adjusted it a bit so the zipper of his dress pants wasn’t digging into the sensitive skin.
Yeah, definitely gonna see if Cas wants to fool around. Sam’s smile shifted into something more like a smirk before he tugged his concentration back to the road. Between one blink and the next, Sam realized that a fast-moving blur was coming from the left and *not slowing down for the light!* He slammed on the brakes—nothing happened. The Charger didn’t respond to the brake pedal and panic flashed through Sam before he reflexively ripped the car out of gear and pulled emergency brake.

*Fuck!!!* The car still didn’t stop! He cranked the wheel over, sending the Charger into a tight spin - *shit, shit, too fast!* - too late, sliding sideways into the intersection. Everything seemed to slow, time dropping to a crawl, as Sam caught sight of the speeding car’s headlights right in front of him.

*Fuck! Cas... I’m sorry* - There was a sickening crunch of metal on metal, and Sam’s world went black.

ooooOOOOOOoooo

*Beep-beep-beep-beep*

Sam groaned softly, unwilling to open his eyes to silence the obnoxious alarm clock. His head felt muzzy, foggy and exhausted as though he hadn’t slept right all week. *Just a bit longer...* The beeping continued and he tried to get his mouth to work so he could ask Cas to turn the damned thing off. There was a shaggy mop of hair leaning against his leg and the Alpha weakly tried to pat at it.

*Cas... Wait. That’s not my husband’s hair.* Castiel’s perpetual bedhead was soft and silky, this was rough and coarse. His hand jerked sharply when whoever it was stirred and started to sit up.

“...Sammy?” Even this bleary, Sam would know that exhaustion-roughened voice anywhere. Relief crashed through him.

“De’?”

The hair under his hand vanished and there was a loud clatter. “Nurse! He’s awake!” Dean shouted, making Sam wince and hiss. Immediately, what sounded like a herd of elephants came bashing into the room. Sam groaned at the loud noises assaulting his head, which throbbed like a four-alarm hangover. Multiple hands touched him at once, taking his pulse and running all over him, prying one eye open, and the middle Winchester child growled out something resembling profanity.
“Sam Winchester, can you hear me?” An unfamiliar male voice asked. Sam groaned again, this time an affirmative noise. “Can you open your eyes for me?” Obediently, Sam cracked his eyes open and hissed at the bright pen light being flashed across his retinas. The light vanished.

“I’m sorry about that, Sam. Nurse, dim the lights a bit please?” The room lights came down and Sam groaned in relief. “Sam, do you know where you are? Can you remember anything?”

From the sound of things, he was in the hospital. Memories of a car crash flickered through his head and he tried to nod. “Hospital. Car wreck.”

“You’re lucky to be alive, Sam. You’ve been in a coma for three days! A concussion, a perforated liver, a few dozen lacerations, multiple broken bones…” Sam coughed and immediately regretted it when his sternum lit up like he’d been electrocuted. “Yes, you’ll be feeling that air bag for quite a while.”

“Wha’appn’d?” Sam slurred, trying to get his eyes to focus on the doctor.

“Someone cut your fucking break lines, that’s what happened!” Dean snarled, Alpha rage starting to color his scent, souring the familiar gunpowder and leather. The doctor fixed him with an unimpressed glare and Dean wilted a little.

“The investigation is ongoing, but that about sums it up. Your brake lines were cleanly severed by a knife, which was later found near your parking spot at your office. Both vehicles were totaled, mangled almost beyond recognition. What’s left of your car was inspected by the police, since witnesses said that you never slowed down, yet tried to steer away from the intersection. The man that blew the light actually accelerated into it.”

Sam’s head reeled. “Is he ok?”

“Only you would be concerned about someone who tried to fucking murder you.” Dean growled softly. “He fled the scene. The car he was driving was listed as stolen. Witness said it was a tall blond man in his fifties.”

“Lucifer.” Sam hissed. Dean and the doctor glanced at each other before nodding.

“That is the current theory, although, to absolutely nobody’s shock, he’s dropped off the map. The
police have a warrant out for his arrest, but he’s gone completely underground.” The eldest Winchester scrubbed at his unshaven cheeks, looking older and more worn out than Sam could remember seeing him since their father’s death. “Too bad it’s not six feet underground.”

Sam snorted weakly. His eyelids already felt heavy again and he was struggling to cling to consciousness. He wrenched his eyes open again so he could try to take in what the doctor was telling him about his injuries. He’d had to have emergency surgery to repair the damage to his liver and stop him from bleeding out, one of his broken ribs had tried to puncture a lung, his chest was one solid bruise from the seat belt and air bag, the concussion and whiplash could have been much worse but were still going to have him in pain for a long time, and his right arm had been broken in three places from where he’d tried to brace himself; the cast went all the way from his fingertips to his shoulder.

“You’re going to be hurting for a long time, Sam. You have a morphine pump set up, do not hesitate to press this button,” he waved the controller, “if you start to feel pain. We must stay on top of it, or you will regret it quickly.” Both Winchesters nodded, Sam wincing as his neck pulled. The doctor left, urging Sam to rest as he did, and the younger Alpha obediently tapped the pump button and laid back. He was just starting to fade when a thought occurred to him that sent adrenaline crashing through his system, temporarily blocking the narcotic effect.

“Where’s Cas?” Now that he thought about it, it kind of hurt that his mate wasn’t there when he woke up. Really hurt, actually. Sam glanced over at his brother and took in the almost guilty expression with growing alarm. “Dean, where’s my husband?”

Dean cleared his throat, trying to avoid his little brother’s gaze. “He’s upstairs, with Charlie.”

“What?” The morphine was kicking in, making Sam’s brain feel fuzzy again, and he struggled to focus.

“She’s… Charlie’s upstairs, in labor and delivery. When the police called, told us you had been in a wreck and were in the hospital, she and Cas came flying out here. They… the doctors said you might not make it. Sammy, you were really fucked up. Bleeding out all over the damned place. The surgeon told them your heart was failing and… it was too much stress for Charlie. She passed out, she fell.” Dean’s face was ashen now and Sam’s heart dropped into his gut. He scrambled to cling to Dean’s arm, shaking it as hard as he could manage. “The way she fell, she hit her stomach and went into early labor. Fuck, I’m sorry Sam. They took her up to labor and delivery, and Cas went with her because we didn’t want her to be alone. He’s been bouncing back and forth for three days.”

Ice swept through Sam’s body, freezing the air in his lungs and locking up his muscles. Denial echoed through his mind as his whole world seemed to narrow to a pinpoint. It couldn’t be. It fucking couldn’t! His hand shook violently and Dean caught it in his own as the younger brother
started hyperventilating.

“Dean… De’, please tell me the baby’s ok.”
Chapter 8

The heart monitor attached to the young Alpha’s chest went apeshit as his blood pressure spiked, and the rapid beeping did absolutely nothing to help the situation. The doctor came tearing back in and immediately threatened to sedate Sam and have Dean thrown from the hospital by security if he continued to upset the patient. Eyes wide and chest heaving, Sam tried to choke out a desperate question about Charlie and the baby.

“Sam, they’re fine. They’re both just fine. It was a little touch-and-go for a bit, but the labor and delivery nurses were able to get the contractions stopped. Charlie is being held upstairs for observation and continued dosing of medicine to keep labor at bay, but if all goes well she should be released in the next twenty-four hours.” The younger Alpha nearly collapsed in relief, though he was seriously contemplating using his IV line to strangle his brother.

Castiel came crashing into the room, eyes blazing and greasy hair spiked all over the place, clearly from running his hands though it over and over, and immediately began yelling at both brothers—Dean for not telling him the instant Sam had woken up, and Sam for scaring the omega shitless. He quickly devolved into tears, weeping into Sam’s hospital gown.

“Don’t you ever, ever, ever scare me like that again! Jesus H. Tapdancing Christ, Sam— I thought I was going to lose you! And then Charlie…” Cas broke down again, unable to continue to voice his horror at having seen his entire family in the hospital, fighting for their lives at the same time. His cheeks were sunken from lack of sleep and being unable—and unwilling— to leave either of them alone long enough to eat, his face thick with stubble and hair was pretty gross. Sam’s heart broke as he peppered kisses all over the other man’s face, apologising over and over and swearing to never frighten him so badly again.

After begging pathetically and cranking up the puppy eyes, Sam was permitted to be bundled into a wheelchair and pushed up three floors to visit Charlie. There was a brief scuffle over who would get to push Sam’s chair—and then an argument involving two against one when he tried to refuse the chair altogether—and Dean ended up winning, so Cas clutched his husband’s hand and walked alongside as they took the elevator up to the obstetrics wing.

“It’s about time you woke up, Princess!” Charlie teased from her hospital bed. The bright, vibrant woman looked none the worse for wear after her close call and was sitting up in bed with her laptop balanced on her belly bump, tapping away. Sam let his big brother help him to his feet so he could crawl into the spot Charlie made for him, scootching over as far as she could. Sam lay beside her, heavy cast tucked against his chest, and lay his cheek on her stomach.

“Hey there, baby… I’m so sorry I scared your momma so badly. You just stay in there and keep baking, ok? We really want to meet you, but you need to get big and strong first!” Sam stroked the
swollen belly that housed his and Castiel’s child. Baby Butterfly responded with a firm kick against Sam’s chin, getting a surprised laugh from the Alpha. Charlie groaned.

“Oh, come on! Baby just quit dancing on my bladder and chilled out, and you had to go and wake them up!”

Sam chuckled. “I regret nothing.” He poked at the vaguely foot-shaped bulge on the side of her belly and laughed when it was withdrawn. A nurse came in to check on mom and baby, smiling indulgently when Sam flat out refused to leave the bed. Castiel leaned against Sam’s back and reached over him to lace his fingers with the Alpha’s over Charlie’s belly.

“Looks like everything’s fine, Ms. Bradbury. You should be good to go home as soon as Doctor Harvelle signs the discharge paperwork. Although, I’m sure you’ll be taking up residence on the first floor until a certain Papa is released, as well.” Sam’s head popped up at the mention of their favorite doctor.

“Is Ellen here?” If the Alpha had possessed a tail, it would have been thumping rapidly at the thought of seeing her.

The nurse chuckled. “Yes, she’s on her lunch break. I’ll be sure to send her in when she gets back.”

Sam’s eyes were drifting shut, a combination of relief and high grade narcotics making it nearly impossible for him to remain conscious. He gave a token protest when Castiel and Dean hefted him back into the wheelchair, allowing him one last bleary kiss to Charlie’s belly before taking him back to his own room. He didn’t even notice when his big brother hoisted the taller Alpha into his arms. Dean took a moment to self-indulgently cuddle the younger brother he’d damned near lost before tucking him back into the hospital bed.

Sam was released the next morning under strict orders to go home and rest, checking in with his own doctor frequently and return to the ER if he experienced any bleeding from his surgery incision or difficulty with his concussion. The Alpha was still fairly dizzy and easily exhausted thanks to the head trauma and his broken arm ached like a motherfucker if he moved it, so he didn’t really resist when Castiel and Charlie made him a nest on the couch and proceeded to spoil him rotten.

“We nearly lost you, Sam. Shut up, let us take care of you.” Sam hummed and pulled his omega and
beta into the blanket fort with him. He spent a lot of time napping with his nose against Charlie’s belly and she allowed it happily, since she often napped throughout the day due to her constant state of gestation-induced exhaustion. Castiel stood watch over them both.

Michael, Raphael, and Chuck all stopped by to check on Sam and offer rather awkward but heartfelt apologies for Lucifer’s insanity. The eldest of the Shurley brothers had been caught heading across the border to Mexico and was now in custody, much to the relief of the Win-Burys. The psychopath was awaiting trial for grand theft auto, aggravated assault, attempted murder, and a laundry list of other, lesser crimes. If all went well, he’d be locked away for a very long time. Sam had been placed on paid leave to give him time to recover.

“I just don’t know what went wrong with him, Sam. He was such a sweet child.” Chuck sighed. Yet again, Sam choked back the urge to comment on the dudes name. Being on weapons-grade narcotics probably wouldn’t save his ass if he bitched his boss out, after all. “I mean, I’ve already got one black sheep in the family. Gabriel’s rebellion was relatively minor, comparatively.”

From the kitchen, Charlie made a questioning noise. She was munching happily on a pickle, and Sam tried not to comment on it. The redhead had always had a thing for eating pickles straight from the jar, and the one time he had implied that it was a pregnancy thing, she’d dumped the pickle juice over his head. Chuck smiled softly.

“My youngest, Gabriel. Halfway through law school, he told me to...ahem... ‘cram it with walnuts’ and dropped out to take over a coffee shop.” Sam stared in disbelief and Charlie choked on her second pickle.

“You’re kidding me!” The young beta gasped when she had sort of caught her breath. “I think I work for your kid! I’m his head baker.”

Chuck smiled. “Small world, then. Tell me, is he well? He hasn’t spoken to me in several years, and I must admit that it hurts more than I thought it would.” Sam hummed a questioning noise. “I... I may have said some things that I regret when he left, told him that if he didn’t want to join the family business, then he shouldn’t consider himself a Shurley any more.” Sam winced, remembering all too clearly how it had felt to have similar words spat at him by his own father.

“No wonder he’s going by Milton.” Charlie’s eyes shot daggers at the older beta, who had the good grace to look shamefaced.

Chuck sighed. “If it wouldn’t be too much to ask, could you tell him that I’m sorry? I was wrong, and I deeply mourn the loss of my son, now more than ever.”
Pacified, Charlie leaned back against Sam’s shoulder. “I’ll tell him. I can’t promise that he won’t tell you where you can cram it, but I’ll pass the message.”

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It was almost a month before Sam’s doctor cleared him to return to work, under strict orders to avoid exerting himself at all lest he set back his recovery. All of his stitches had been removed, but the cast would be staying in place for another two weeks. Sam wanted the damned thing off already, mostly due to the fact that Dean had been his typical brotherly self and doodled penises on it when Sam had been asleep. Castiel tried to help by adding wings to the little phalluses. It hadn’t helped.

Now thirty weeks pregnant, Charlie was swelling quickly with the baby. Not a single piece of her normal clothes fit, so she and Lisa had gone on another shopping spree while Dean and Castiel put the nursery together. Sam sat in the rocking chair, pouting his ass off because they wouldn’t allow him to participate. To amuse himself, he scrolled through Etsy in search of geeky maternity wear, ordering her a shirt that read “two hearts? Must be a Time Lord!” Charlie kissed him smack on the lips when it arrived in the mail a week later, much to Castiel’s amusement.

Sam was at work one Friday morning, working his way through the backlog of emails that had clogged his inbox during his medical leave, when a very familiar face peeked into his office. “Gabriel! Hey man, what brings you here?” Sam got up to greet the short, blond owner of his favorite coffee shop. Immediately he felt a bit stupid- unless Gabriel was in some sort of legal trouble, there was really only one reason for him to be here. “Your dad’s in his office, want me to walk you up there?”

Gabriel blanched. “I don’t think I can do this.”

With a comforting pat on the shoulder, Sam guided Gabriel to sit down. “Nobody’s going to make you, but I promise, Chuck misses you and feels like a heel. He talks about you all the time now.”

Somehow, the blond didn’t look reassured. “I just… what the hell am I supposed to say to him?”

“Hey, dad’ might be a good start. Look, take it from me… try. Just try, ok? Because otherwise, one day you’re going to get the call that your dad’s gone, and you’ll have to live with that.” Suddenly, Sam looked old. There was pain in his eyes, years worth of regret for the reconciliation he’d never gotten to have. Gabriel grimaced and buried his face in his hands. The two men sat together for a while, lost in their own thoughts, before Gabriel seemed to steel himself and stood up.
“Ok. Just... can you stay nearby please?”

Sam smiled faintly and settled his arm in the sling a bit better. “Don’t worry, Gabe. I’ll protect you from the big bad monster... I mean, your dad.” Gabriel punched him in the good shoulder.

Sam’s cast was finally cut off, and his doctor did a very poor job of concealing his amusement over Dean’s graffiti job. The last of the mottled bruising over Sam’s chest was fading too. Castiel insisted that it was healing because of him kissing it better at every opportunity, and Sam giggled like a little kid every time he did it. His doctor pretended to scowl sternly as he reminded the pair that the Alpha was still supposed to be ‘taking it easy’ and had to leave the room entirely when Castiel slyly asked if that meant he had to be on top. The answer was ‘yes’, much to Sam’s embarrassment at his brazen omega.

Though it will be nice to be allowed to have sex again... The asexual Alpha mused, mirth lighting up his eyes. He was getting a little tired of being treated to a front row seat to Castiel fucking himself on the toy and not being allowed to participate at all, and with his right arm broken, even jerking off had been a challenge. The pair left the office shooting each other dirty glances, and Cas had his hand down the front of Sam’s pants before they even pulled out of the parking lot. The Alpha tried to scold him for driving one-handed but the words hung up in his throat when Castiel’s wickedly skilled fingers closed around his shaft and began teasing him to full hardness.

Sam moaned softly as his sweet omega expertly worked his cock without looking, eyes locked on the road ahead as he multitasked. His thumb swirled over the red, dripping cockhead, smearing precum all around to ease the dry friction. His hips snapped up uncontrollably and Sam whined, trying to get the omega to move faster, grip him tighter, something other than this cruel torture! Castiel’s breathy chuckle told the Alpha that the other man knew exactly what he was doing and was enjoying himself far too much.

“Cas... baby, come on! Quit teasing!” Sam rumbled. His head rolled back against the seat when Castiel dropped his hand to gently massage the Alpha’s balls. He tugged very gently, making Sam keen, before whipping the Lincoln off the asphalt and down what looked like a service road. The moment he threw it in park, the omega was on his husband, kissing him senseless and grinding against him. Sam groaned when the other man stripped his shirt off, revealing a halter-top style lace bralette in a stunning turquoise that made the omega’s eyes seem to glow.

“Fuck, is that new?” Sam asked around ragged breaths. Cas bit his lip and nodded and Sam shoved a hand down the omega’s jeans, feeling the lace stretched across his muscled ass. “Oh... tell me the
panties match.” Nothing got Sam hotter faster than his beloved wearing lingerie over his swollen breasts. They had definitely gotten bigger in the last few weeks, now what Sam would classify as B cups if he had the brain power to spare, and he happily buried his face against them. Cas chuckled and worked his jeans open so he could draw his own cock out and rut against his lover without risking friction burn. He spit into his palm and wrapped his fingers around both erections, creating a channel for them to slide through, and Sam hissed in pleasure.

He left the brunt of the work to Cas, since his newly uncasted arm was weak from disuse and still sore, and focused on mouthing at the omega’s nipples through the lace. He was quickly rewarded with a burst of liquid and lapped it up before tugging the lace aside and pulling the nipple into his mouth, sucking firmly. Cas bucked against him with a low cry. The omega cupped the back of his head to encourage him to keep it up and obedience was not a hardship, so Sam shifted a little and latched properly- tongue under the bud of Castiel’s nipple, pulling as much of the swollen flesh into his mouth as he could, and sucked harder. Sweet liquid trickled onto his waiting tongue, earning a lusty moan from the Alpha. Cas worried his lip between his teeth as he worked both of their cocks in quick, jerky motions that told Sam he was already right on the edge. With a grin, Sam gripped both butt cheeks and pulled the omega even closer so that he could work a hand down the back of Castiel’s slick-soaked jeans and finger him. The angle was terrible for him to get any real penetration but it didn’t matter in the slightest; just a couple of pumps of his hand and Castiel was wailing his way through his orgasm, rocking back and forth between Sam’s fingers and his own palm as he spilled over. The added glide from Castiel’s spend made it even easier for Sam to chase his own orgasm and he came a few moments later, moans muffled around the breast still in his mouth and Castiel’s hand wrapped firmly around his swollen knot.

As they came down from their shared high, both men seemed to have the same thought simultaneously- how on earth were they going to get into the house without anyone noticing that they were covered in sweat, cum, slick, and milk? Their clothes were all but ruined! Sam snorted, Castiel giggled, and the pair broke down laughing.

“I love you so much, angel.” Sam whispered against his husband’s ear. His smile grew even wider when Castiel’s scent changed, reflecting joy and contentment and love overtop of his normal ozone body scent and the milk that clung to him no matter how often he changed the little absorbent pads he’d taken to using.

“I love you too, Alpha.”
At thirty-seven weeks pregnant, Charlie and baby Butterfly were deemed “early term”. As Doctor Harvelle explained, that meant that if the beta went into labor again, they wouldn't really work to stop it because the baby would be just fine. However, an internal check told the doctor that there could be a ways to go yet.

“No dilation, cervix isn't effaced, mucus plug is still there. Sorry Charlie, but this baby’s not done cooking yet.” The redhead groaned in frustration- she was tired of being pregnant, dammit!

Castiel had to agree. Both beta and omega had been suffering from Braxton Hicks contractions- “practice” contractions. With no uterus, the cramps were affecting Castiel’s abdominal muscles rather than Charlie’s womb, but they were equally aggravating and neither was getting much sleep due to discomfort. Sam was exhausted too, but had learned very quickly to not mention it when they had nearly torn his head off.

Once they were home, Charlie retreated to her mini apartment to drown her frustrations in a bowl of Cherry Garcia. Castiel demanded, and received, a bubble bath and a back rub from his Alpha.

“This sucks hard. All this pain and I don't even get to pop out a baby at the end.” The omega groused as Sam kneaded the aching muscles of his lower back. Sam had joined him in the hot water, happy to be able to be intimate with his lover. Castiel eventually sighed and laid back against Sam’s chest, letting the Alpha wrap his arms around his waist and hold him. He laughed when Sam nuzzled into the crook of his neck.

“Oh, wow. I'm sorry angel, that’s got to hurt.” Sam could feel the muscles under his palms clenching and contracting, pulling tight.

“Ya think?!” Castiel hissed through gritted teeth. Sam pressed firmly, giving Castiel something to brace against to ride the contraction out. It lasted under thirty seconds, but Castiel was gasping for breath by the end of it. “Poor Charlie. She’s got to do this for real!”

Sam was in awe of the woman for that- watching both of them deal with this whole mess had given him an extremely strong appreciation for those that actually chose to give birth. He didn't think he could have done it, certainly. When another cramp didn't seem to be coming, Cas relaxed into Sam’s embrace. They lay in the hot water until it ran cool and all the bubbles had popped before toweling
Thanksgiving came and went, hosted by Sam and Cas because honestly, Dean’s home just wasn't big enough to hold his brood, the Win-burys, Adam, and Adam’s new girlfriend. The sweet little omega, a vibrant nursing student named Jess, had fit right in with the unconventional family and a good time had been had by all. Charlie sat upon her ‘throne’, Dean’s favorite recliner, and was waited on hand and foot by all four adult males, much to her amusement. Now that Adam was well known by the pack of kids, they spent most of the evening chasing him around the house and demanding piggyback rides from their ‘cool’ uncle. Sam pretended to be affronted, though he fawned over little Mary, who crawled into his lap to escape the rambunctious older kids and her twin, who scrambled after them on all fours as quickly as he could. Mary watched the chaos with an unimpressed glare, thumb firmly in her mouth.

Eventually, the group dispersed. Dean quietly pulled Adam aside to make sure that the young beta was using protection, lest he make the elder two brothers uncles way too young. Adam sputtered out that they weren't that far into their relationship yet, but Dean ignored him and filled his pocket with condoms anyways. The kid, freshly out of his teens, tried to look to Sam for a rescue, but the middle brother only laughed and said Dean had done the exact same thing to him way back when. Adam’s cheeks were still flaming red as he and Jess hopped on Adam’s motorcycle and departed.

“Dean, quit terrorizing the kid.” Sam chuckled as he hugged his older brother goodbye.

“Not a chance. There's enough kids in this family right now, please and thank you. Besides- they're still in school, they don't need an accident sidetracking all that.” Sam was actually pretty touched by the older Alpha’s concern, given his less than warm initial reaction to their younger brother.

He’s really grown up. Fatherhood suits him. Sam mused as he waved goodbye and tucked a snoozing Charlie into the back seat of his new Subaru Forester. Dean called it a soccer mom car. Sam called it one of the safest vehicles on the market, and after his near death experience, he wanted to keep his family safe.

At forty weeks to the day, Charlie woke up cranky. She had been kept up most of the night by the ever-present Braxton Hicks contractions and a thunderstorm. She marched into the kitchen and confiscated the cup of coffee Sam had been pouring himself, her icy glare cutting off any protest he might have had about her caffeine intake, and burrowed into the couch. Castiel didn't seem much better off and he was sulking in the recliner. Such cranky, borderline bitchy behavior was out of character for both of them and Sam made a mental note to phone Doctor Harvelle if food and coffee didn't perk them up.

Over the next couple of hours, the storm outside steadily worsened. Dean stopped by to check on
everyone and rescue Sam for a little bit. The brothers made a tactical retreat to the kitchen and spent a while chatting and catching up, since they hadn't actually gotten to see each other since Thanksgiving. A sharp crack followed by an almost instant roll of thunder brought them up short and Dean peered out the window.

“Dude, I'd better get home. It's fifteen kinds of Hell out there.” Rain lashed at the glass, coming in nearly sideways, and the wind howled in huge gusts. Sam nodded in agreement and started to walk Dean to the door. Prying the storm door open was difficult with the rapidly deteriorating weather.

“Oh son of a bitch!”

Sam peered out behind his brother and honestly, all he could do was echo the sentiment- the road was completely flooded, the ditch overflowing with rainwater. The younger Alpha tugged his brother back into the house.

“You're not going anywhere, man. That current's deadly.” As if to punctuate his point, most of a fallen tree floated rapidly down the washout. Dean groaned. “Look, it's ok. Call Lisa, tell her you're stuck here. We’ll put you up for the night and you can head home in the morning.” Sam’s logical side pointed out that the roads were likely to be littered with debris even after the storm blew over, but he squashed that- no need to worry Dean unnecessarily. The eldest Winchester retrieved his cell phone and wandered off to call his mate, so Sam rejoined his husband and best friend on the couch.

“Can I get either of you anything?” Sam asked softly. Charlie didn't seem able to sit still tonight, squirming and shifting every few minutes, and it didn't help that the damned practice contractions still hadn't let up.

“No, thanks. I think I'm going to go to bed, watch some-" There was no warning before the lights went out. “-movies. Fuck.”

Sam found his phone and activated the flashlight app. “Stay here, I've got some candles and lamps under the kitchen sink.” He trotted off, returning a few tense moments later with an oil lamp, an armload of emergency candles, and several flashlights tucked into his pockets.

Dean reappeared, also using his phone as a light source. “Well, now we’re fucked.” He grumbled. Sam kicked him hard.

“No we’re not. We’ve got plenty of food and the stove is a gas range so we can still cook. I've got
light sorted out. Go fill the spare bathroom tub with water and we’ll be fine.” Dean glared, Alpha stubbornness making him resist taking orders from the younger man, but he eventually relented and went to do as he was told. Sam got the oil lamp lit and the living room was enveloped in a warm, comforting glow.

Dean returned just in time for Castiel to have finished digging out the board game collection and snorted when the omega rejected them all in favor of Cards against Humanity. Sam came up with beers for the non-gestating crew and a mug of Charlie’s favorite tea for the heavily pregnant woman and they whiled away a couple of hours laughing themselves sick and trying to one-up each other’s perverted jokes.

Eventually, Charlie started yawning. She stretched and shifted a bit, knuckling at her eyes, before announcing that she was taking a flashlight and dragging her blimp-like self to bed. Cas and the Winchesters chorused ‘good night’ to the beta as she toddled off. She got as far as the doorway to her section of the house before she froze.

“Ummm… guys? We’ve got a serious problem.”

Sam looked up from his cards and promptly dropped them in shock- the redhead had her flashlight trained down between her feet, at the puddle between them.

“My water just broke.”

Sam was on his feet in an instant, darting across the room to the beta’s side. She was pale-faced and trembling and he pulled her into his arms, hugging her shaking frame.

“You're joking, right? Please tell me you're joking.” Dean approached slowly. Charlie shook her head against Sam’s sternum. “We can’t get out. Driving that road is suicide.”

“Call Ellen.” Charlie gritted out against Sam’s shirt, and he realized that she was having another Braxton Hicks.

No, her water just broke! This is real!

Wait, she’s been having these all day. Holy shit, Charlie’s been in labor all fucking day and we didn't even know. Sam’s respect for the woman ratched up several more notches as he dug out his
phone and hit the speed dial button for their doctor.

“This is Ellen.” The woman sounded bleary, as though he had interrupted a nap.

“Ellen, it's Sam. We’ve got big trouble- Charlie’s water just broke and we can’t leave the house because the storm flooded our road. We don't have power, either.”

For the first time in the year that he had known her, Ellen burst out into a string of profanity that made his ears blister. “You've got to be kidding! Of all the nights your kid could have chosen to make their grand debut, they picked this one?!” There was even more cursing and Sam would have laughed if he wasn't so terrified. Dean clapped him on the shoulder to show some sort of support.

“Well, I can swear though them. Baby’s gonna come out swearing like a trucker.” Charlie snorted.
This seemed to please Ellen and she chuckled softly. “That’s good, Char. You’re doing great. I don't think baby is coming in the next couple of hours, so let's get you more comfortable- first time moms usually take quite a while to get to the good stuff.” All four adults crowded around the phone to listen to Ellen describe what was going to happen and what they needed to do. Dean was dispatched to collect supplies- towels and the waterproof sheet Cas used for his heats, namely. They moved Charlie to Sam and Castiel’s room so she could be more comfortable and have access to their large tub if she wanted a warm bath to ease her pain.

“So, giving birth isn't as difficult as modern TV makes it seem.” Ellen joked over the phone, getting a collection of chuckles. “If you relax and let your body do most of the work, rather than trying to push, it'll go a lot easier. Try to labor kneeling or squatting, gravity will help. You can walk around if you feel up to it, or take that bath. Just try to remain calm and as comfortable as possible, ok?” Sam only half listened as he helped Charlie change out of her clothes and into a spare robe for comfort’s sake. Cas listened raptly.

“I'm going to get off the line to conserve battery power. I recommend turning off all but one cell phone for the same reason.” Charlie made a distressed noise when she realized that the doctor wasn't going to stay on the phone the whole time. “Char, sweetheart. You could be in labor for hours and I only own one spare power bank. I promise it will be ok, your boys will take care of you. Call me every hour to check in and update me. You're strong, you can do this.” They said their goodbyes and hung up, leaving only Sam’s cell phone turned on.

Dean shifted awkwardly from foot to foot, clearly uncomfortable. Yes, he adored his brother’s odd little family but he didn't really want a front row seat for this. Thankfully Sam caught on fast and unceremoniously booted the older man from the room with orders to stay out in the living room in case they needed help. He beat a grateful retreat to the kitchen, leaving Sam and Castiel to deal with the woman in labor while he hunted up the old school stovetop coffee percolator he knew Sam had stolen from uncle Bobby years ago. They were in for a long night…

Hour by hour, the little group waited for the arrival of their newest family member. Castiel broke out the little handheld doppler system Sam had bought after the preterm labor scare and they reassured themselves with the sound of the baby’s heartbeat, strong and sure. Charlie rotated between laying on the bed, pacing through the house, and doing squats with Sam for support. The sympathy pain stricken omega did his best to comfort the redhead, and the pair often ended up clinging to each others hands and trying to breathe through contractions together. The waves of muscle pain were slowly getting stronger and closer together, each one taking longer to pass. Charlie was no longer able to talk through them, gritting her teeth and trying not to scream was all she was capable of. After dinner time passed and the baby hadn't made an appearance, Doctor Harvelle allowed Charlie to drink the protein shake Dean brought her. Keeping her strength up was important. She threw it up an hour later, but Ellen told a suddenly frantic Sam that it was ok, even to be expected and a sign that things were going to get rolling soon.
Somewhere near midnight, Charlie demanded to get into the bathtub and let the jacuzzi jets ease some of the pain. Castiel got the water running and lit the room as best he could with the lamp and candles while Sam held the beta, slowly rocking with her in an almost dance-like motion. He massaged her lower back and she gave a grateful groan. Once the tub was full, the males helped her to sink into it and cranked up the jets. Charlie made a noise that wasn't quite human in response, practically melting into the comforting water.

“Don't let me drown, ok?” She sighed, closing her eyes to rest a bit between contractions. Sam retrieved two pairs of swimming trunks and changed quickly so he could climb in after her and provide some support. Cas followed suit, and together they propped her up in the water.

From where she lay against Sam’s broad chest, the tired beta gave a small grin. “I can see why you like this, Cas. If I was into the whole penis thing, I'd totes be jealous.” Sam snorted into her hair and started working to braid the unruly locks back away from her face, earning another grateful sigh. Cas took up rubbing her stomach and providing some counter pressure against the next set of contractions.

Charlie was a trooper, Sam had to give her that. He couldn't imagine the amount of pain she had to be in, but she had hardly made a peep. It was certainly nothing like the screaming, thrashing mess that you saw on TV - in fact, the whole thing was rather peaceful so far. Even Castiel’s sympathetic cramps seemed to have eased somewhat in the hot water.

Dean brought Sam’s ringing phone in and very studiously didn't comment on the naked woman and two men in swimming trunks in the jacuzzi tub, though he did pass Charlie a bottle of Gatorade that he’d rustled up and plied the males with coffee. Charlie sipped her orange drink gratefully while Sam updated Ellen.

“Cas, I need you to do a dilation check-”

“I'm out!” Dean blanched and hightailed it out of the room.

“-to see how much farther we have to go. Sam, didn't you say your brother has four children?” The doctor finished, and Sam could hear the laughter she was biting back.

The middle Winchester snorted. “Yeah, and he passed out when Ben was crowning. He doesn't do well with this stuff.” Charlie giggled for a moment before groaning her way through another contraction. Sam set the phone down to help coach her breathing.
When it passed, Ellen resumed directing Castiel. He apologized profusely while he delicately tried to feel for the beta’s cervix. He froze, shock flashing across his face.

“Uh, Doc? I think we’re way past being concerned about dilation!” The omega tried to not shout as he described how he could feel the top of their baby’s head.

“Alright, Charlie- show time! On the next contraction, I want you to push. Don’t exhaust yourself, just see what happens. Cas, report any changes. Sam… just keep being the amazing moral support, ok? Help her breathe through it.”

In his arms, Charlie locked up in fright. “Doc I don’t think I can do this!” Fear made her voice tremble and Sam held her even tighter in the water, trying to keep her grounded.

“You can and you will, sweetie. I promise you can do this!” Charlie squealed, signaling the start of a muscle spasm, and Cas called out that he could definitely feel the head moving towards him.

“Excellent, you don’t need to check any more. Char, your body knows what it’s doing so don’t worry. How are you positioned at the moment?” Ellen’s voice was soothing and Sam fought down the urge to panic.

“Bathtub, laying on my chest on her back.”

“If she starts having trouble, get her to roll over and use you for support. Gravity helps with these things, and that damned ‘laying on your back with your feet up’ position causes more problems than it fixes. Just don’t let her stand- she could slip.” The doctor paused for a moment, then swore. “My battery is dying. I’m not going to be able to stay on the line, guys. Don’t worry, you’ve got this. Cas, get ready to catch-” the line went dead.

“Fuck!” Sam growled. He tossed the phone to the safety of the doorway and resettled Charlie, who was locking up in another contraction. “Come on, Char! You can do it- push!” The beta obeyed, giving a high pitched, broken cry. The wave ended and she flopped back against Sam’s chest, panting.

Cas leaned up to pat her stomach. “That was great, Charlie. You did fantastic, a few more like that and I think we’ll have a baby!” The omega winced when one of his own cramps kicked in and Sam grabbed his hand. Breathing hard through his nose, Castiel rode out the pain until it eased up again.
“Son of a bitch, that sucks!” He panted, chuckling wryly with the beta. Sam petted them both, feeling all but helpless in the face of what the other two were going through, but less than a minute later he was bracing Charlie again as she cried out. She clawed at his thighs, sending bolts of pain along the deep red stripes she left behind, and only relaxed when the pain faded. Sam waved off her apology and helped her turn over in the water, bringing her up to her knees so she could support herself on his shoulders. Castiel pressed up behind her for added stability.

“Come on, Char. You're doing so amazing! We’re almost there!” Castiel coached. Over the beta’s shoulder, Sam saw him slump and bite his lip until it split and bled, though the omega didn't make a sound through the wave of pain wracking him.

Good God, he's strong… Sam thought. He's delivering our baby while going through sympathetic labor, himself! He had never been more in awe of or in love with the omega than in this moment. Charlie moaned again and Sam cupped her cheeks, forcing her to focus on him as he guided her through breathing slow and controlled.

“Push, Charlie! Almost there!” Castiel barked, and Sam yelped when the beta’s nails dug into his shoulders. She buried her face against his neck and screamed, her whole body locking up with the force of it. Suddenly, all the tension went out of her at once and Sam had a lapful of exhausted, panting beta.

Cas was grinning at him over Charlie’s shoulder. “Head’s out! Come on Char, one last big push and that’s it!” Charlie nodded, face still planted in Sam’s neck, and gathered her strength. A moment later, Cas gave a triumphant whoop and Charlie whimpered, going limp again. There was a heart-stopping pause before a loud, plaintive wail broke the silence.

“It’s a boy!” Castiel choked out. Sam helped Charlie roll over so the exhausted woman could see.

“Hey there, baby…” She grinned, tired and proud in the same expression. With tears in his eyes, Castiel scooted closer so that Sam could have a look at his son. Cas handed the tiny boy off to Sam so he could help Charlie deliver the afterbirth, tied off and cut the cord, and clean her up as best he could. That accomplished, Sam reluctantly passed their baby back to Cas so he could scoop an extremely worn out Charlie up and carry her to the bed. Once he had her comfortable, he returned for Cas.

The omega had gotten out of the tub and was leaning against the cool tile, their son perched on his chest. Castiel looked nearly as exhausted as Charlie was, though he seemed to glow with joy and disbelief as he regarded the tiny newborn who was already beginning to root around at his breasts. Sam stopped in his tracks and just stared- Castiel looked for all the world as though he had been the one to give birth: wiped out, hair a disaster, cheeks flushed, proud as all get out, and potentially high on oxytocin. He snapped a picture on his phone before helping the other man to his feet.
“I can't believe it…” Sam breathed, leaning in for a closer look as Cas settled down onto the bed by Charlie. She winced as she rolled onto her side to watch them, a small smile playing on her face. “He’s absolutely perfect.” And he was-ten fingers, ten toes, soft skin, and a shock of blonde hair that had a bit of a red tint going on. His eyes peeked open, unfocused and newborn-bright, and Sam was startled to see his own hazel eyes peering back at him. Cas smiled.

Jack, as they decided to call him, started rooting around in earnest a few minutes later, squalling softly as he searched for his first meal. Cas glanced over at Charlie, who shook he head and flapped a hand at him.

“I carried him for nine months, you’re on boob duty. I would like my body back ASAP, thanks.” Castiel chuckled and sat up, tucking the tiny newborn into the crook of his arm and bringing him up to his chest. Jack nuzzled around for a moment before finding a nipple and eagerly latching on, causing his daddy to gasp in surprise.

Dean knocked on the door but didn't try to open it. “I heard crying, is it safe to come in?” Charlie tugged her robe to make sure it was securely closed before granting permission. Dean sidled in, approaching slowly when he saw his brother-in-law nursing the newborn. He blinked a couple of times before shrugging and sitting near Sam’s feet.

“So, how’s the little guy doing?” Dean rumbled, an affectionate smile creeping up onto his stubbled cheeks.

Sam smiled and leaned in to kiss the top of the baby’s head. “He’s perfect.”

Chapter End Notes

And here we are, at the end of Miracles in Modern Medicine! It's been a stressful year for the crew, that's for sure, but I think they came out the other side on top. I will likely do some time-stamp style mini installments, because I can just see this refusing to leave me the hell alone (like many of my fics), and I've frankly gotten quite attached to this little AU that I only started because I wanted to medically explore the concept of a male omega. I'm sure that I'll revisit this soon... After all, there's a baby to watch grow up! But for now, toodles!
Please comment? Even if it's to tell me that this sucks and I should stop writing, comments are helpful!

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