Mr Smith Will See You Now

by ladyofthursday

Summary

Castiel is an omega panty blogger, who desperately wishes he could meet his favourite follower: Mr Smith. The alpha is sexy, smart and very, very secretive...

Dean Winchester is an alpha with a problem. He's crushing hard on a hot as hell twink on Tumblr - the omega is everything Dean dreams about...

But dreams don't come true, right?

A collection of interlinked shorts for the SPN Kink Bingo 2018.

Notes
This is my very first Kink Bingo and I'm so excited! I've decided to do lots of my squares as an ongoing fic that's loosely interlinked.

Thanks to my bestie tobythewise for your help, love and support. You're the best!

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Square Filled: AU
MrSmith sent you a message: Hey sweetheart – havin a good day?

Cas grinned as his phone flashed with the new notification. He should really be writing his essay for grad school instead of spending his evening messaging some guy on Tumblr. But this was Mr Smith… and Cas would do anything for him.

<< It’s been pretty good thanks. Yours? How’s work?

>> boring as fuck. i hate meetings

<< Zachariah again?

>> yup dude is an ass

>> wish i was with you instead

>> that would be much more fun

Cas chewed his lip absently as he read the messages. It would be amazing to meet Mr Smith in real life – the man was one of Castiel’s favourite followers, always leaving sweet compliments, liking all his posts and sending him scorching hot fantasies. They’d been chatting for several months now. Mr Smith had been one of Cas’s first followers when he’d started his panty blog, and unlike some people (dickheads as Mr Smith called them), he’d been genuinely lovely. Most guys sent Cas messages asking for private pics or pics of his hole wet with slick or sent him pics of their knots telling him just how much they’d like to breed him.

Cas usually just rolled his eyes and send them pictures of penis snake before blocking them.

It was only a month or so in that he and Mr Smith had started sexting… and they’d never stopped. Mr Smith had even sent Cas a few pics of himself in a suit, face omitted, or in his boxers or even once or twice fully hard and leaking. Cas had had a lot of fun with those pics.

He just wished he knew more about the other man. Mr Smith was very careful about what he said so all Cas knew was that he was in his thirties, a single, bisexual alpha, who worked a high powered corporate job and had a love of pie and classic cars.

Cas didn’t even know where he lived. It sucked.

<< What would you want to do to me?

>> mmmm so many choices baby

>> probably start off by sucking those pretty nipples before i rim your tight little hole – wanna lick up all your slick and get you so wet for me

Oh god that sounded good. Cas groaned sliding his hand into his boxers, his little omega cock hardening, the sticky feeling of slick between his legs.
<< That sounds amazing. I’d love that so much.

>> good boy. Can’t wait to get your pussy all wet for me before I slide in and pound you

Cas gasped, his fingers circling his hole, slick coating them before he pushed two inside, loving the stretch. He loved it when Mr Smith called him a good boy. God, he wanted to be so good for the man.

<< Yes alpha. Wanna be your good boy.

>> I know you do baby. Gonna be so good for me – gonna make you scream on my knot as I breed your tight little ass

>> are you touching yourself for me?

<< Yes

>> are you gonna cum for me?

<< Yes alpha please

Cas threw his head back, panting and moaning as one hand worked his dick and the other pumped three fingers inside his hole, brushing his prostate. He imagined Mr Smith whispering in his ear, fat alpha cock filling him as Mr Smith’s knot swelled, before it filled him up with come.

<< cum for me sweet omega

Cas came. Hard.

He lay on the bed trying to catch his breath. His t-shirt was covered in come, as was his hand. Cas knew he needed to get up and have a shower before he finished his essay. But now he was tired and all he could think about was Mr Smith’s dick.

Fuck he needed to get laid.

Cas reached for his phone again and opened Grindr.
Square Two: Scent Kink

Chapter Notes

Here is square two - I'm hoping to try and add to this once or twice a week depending on how much time I get to write. I'll always try and post on Monday and sometimes it might be Friday as well.

I just want to say thank you so much to everyone who has read, left kudos, commented and/or subscribed already. I can't believe how popular this has been in just 3 days! You're all stars.

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Square filled: Scent Kink

The club was sweltering, and it stank. There were horny couples grinding on the dance floor under flashing lights and a pounding baseline, and Dean was pretty sure some of them were fucking. The whole place was a sea of scents and it made his nose wrinkle in disgust… and lust. Fuck it, this wasn’t even his kind of place. But dammit he really needed to get laid and blow off some steam.

This week had been hell on wheels and Dean was glad to see the back of it. As soon as he’d managed to escape his office, he’d grabbed his phone and fired up Grindr. He just needed a hook up, something quick and fun to take the edge off and he was too lazy to go bar hopping in the hopes of finding a willing body.

Thank fuck for modern technology.

By the time he’d gotten home and changed, he’d already arranged to meet some cute twink. The guy looked cute: nice body, high, tight looking ass and a face that was horribly familiar, but Dean couldn’t quite place it.

Sure, the guy wasn’t quite his Tumblr crush, but he’d do for tonight.

By the time Dean got to the club and found his way to the bar, there was a fluttering of nerves in his stomach. He ordered a neat whiskey and sipped it, allowing the burn to soothe him as he flicked open his phone, noticing the new notification.

Daddys-little-omega sent you a new message: Got any plans for this evening?

Dean groaned into his drink. Dammit, he was supposed to be thinking about this guy from Grindr, not his favourite panty blogger.

<< yeah got a hot date. Need to blow off some steam

>> Me too – hope you have fun! <3

<< you too if the guy is rude just kick him in the nuts

>> I'll remember that.
Dean grinned, taking another sip of the whiskey. He slipped his phone into his pocket and looked around the club. They’d agreed to meet by the bar at ten, and it was nearly ten past already. Dean had sent the guy a picture of the outfit he was wearing so his hook-up could find him. Maybe the guy wasn’t coming?

He put the empty glass on the bar. He’d wait a few more minutes, just in case he was running late.

There was a twitch in his nose, a slight itch and then the soft smell of something divine flooded his senses. It was fresh in a way that reminded Dean of the seaside and the scent of the ocean, but there was a sharpness there too, an undercurrent of citrus that was so refreshing in the stifling heat of the club. And then a gentle waft of sweetness… honey and vanilla and brown sugar. It rested on his tongue and overwhelmed him.

It was the most delicious scent Dean had ever encountered.

He took another deep breath, drinking it in and letting the elements seep through him. Fuck he needed to find the person who smelt like this – he wanted to kiss them and lick their skin and suck little marks into their neck until they melted into his arms. Dean felt his dick twitch in his pants. And yeah, then he wanted to fuck them until they screamed his name.

“Excuse me?” A voice snapped Dean from his thoughts. He looked around to see a wide pair of blue eyes peering at him through long, dark lashes and the scent of citrus and the sea intensified. “Are you Dean? I’m Cas.”

Cas… Cas… shit this was his Grindr date! Wait, his Grindr date smelt like this?

Holy mother of god yes!

“Yeah, I’m Dean. Nice to meet you Cas,” Dean said, forcing his brain back on line.

“Same,” replied Cas, a smirk on his face. He was clearly younger than Dean, but the lust fuelled look he was giving Dean suggested he didn’t mind at all. Despite the low light, Dean could see the omega’s tight, lithe body and his full lips that were already filling his mind with fantasies. The boy was dressed in a tiny pair of shorts and a crop top that wasn’t really covering much at all. For a moment Dean wondered how the fuck the guy had got past the bouncer. Then he realised he didn’t give a shit. Most of the girls here were wearing the same amount of clothing.

“So Dean,” Cas murmured, stepping in close to whisper in Dean’s ear. “Do you want to buy me a drink or can I tempt you into something else?”

Dean took a deep breath, his dick hardening as he indulged in that delicious scent again. Should he buy Cas a drink? Or…

“What are your other suggestions?” He muttered, running his hands down Cas’s back to cup his ass and relishing the way Cas shivered at his touch, melting into his side.

“Well, right now, I’d really like to take you into that corner there,” Cas said, nodding at a dark, secluded part of the room, “and blow you until you fill my mouth with come.”

“Yeah… that sounds good.” Dean squeezed Cas’s ass again, pressing wet, sucking kisses into the omega’s neck. “Lead the way, sweet omega.”
Chapter Notes

It's heating up between our boys!

I've decided to go with an ABO universe where alphas have a bit more control over when they pop a knot - otherwise this scene would be super awkward...

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Square filled: Blowjobs
(Please don't be like these very silly boys and perform unprotected oral sex on strangers. Or in nightclubs...)

Castiel could already feel slick between his cheeks as he dragged Dean away from the bar. The alpha was everything he’d hoped for and more – tall with delicious shoulders and slightly bowed legs that Castiel was dying to get between. His green eyes were already filled with lust at the sight of Cas in his tiny shorts, so it had been worth freezing his ass off outside while he waited in line.

Plus he was older too. Cas had known that already from Dean’s Grindr profile, but seeing the man in real life had kicked his daddy kink into overdrive.

And then there was his scent. Rich and welcoming with a hint of something wild underneath, just begging to be released. It reminded Cas of leather jackets and pine forests and the deep, rich scent of bourbon.

It made Cas want to drop his panties as fast as physically possible. Not to mention the fact he’d called him ‘sweet omega’, which reminded Castiel just enough of Mr Smith to fuel the fantasy that this alpha might actually be him.

The corner was dark and welcoming, nestled behind a roped off booth that was currently empty and far enough away from prying eyes that nobody would disturb them. The thumping baseline and intense volume of the music would cover any noise they made. Not that what he and Dean would be doing was anything compared to what Cas had already seen on the dance floor.

“Oh fuck Cas, you smell so good,” Dean growled, nibbling at Cas’s neck as Cas pushed him up against the wall.

“So do you,” Cas muttered, capturing Dean’s lips in a deep kiss, loving the way the alpha’s tongue claimed his mouth. Dean’s hands were all over him, grasping and caressing in a way that made Cas melt. He slid to his knees, ignoring the sticky, cold feeling of the floor beneath him as he stared at the bulge in front of him.

He ran his hands across the denim, loving the way the alpha groaned, hips bucking up into his touch.

“Fuck! Need your mouth baby.” Cas smirked, shooting Dean a wink as he reached up to unbutton his jeans. Sliding the zipper down, he reached his hand inside to rub Dean’s thick cock through his boxers.
Cas couldn’t help the moan that slipped through his lips at the feel of Dean’s dick. It was long and thick, a perfect alpha cock that he needed in his mouth ten minutes ago. He teased it out through the front of Dean’s boxers, licking his lips at the sight of the leaking tip.

Bracing his hands on the front of Dean’s thighs, he caressed the head with his tongue, lapping up the salty-sweet pre-come and revelling in the scent of the alpha’s musk.

“That’s it baby, take it all in, suck my dick,” Dean groaned quietly, his fingers tangling is Castiel’s hair, gently pushing him deeper onto his dick. “Such a good omega for me.”

Castiel moaned, sliding his tongue around Dean’s cock as he opened his throat and swallowed the alpha down.

“Fuuuuck! Good boy, swallow that cock. Love that big alpha dick, don’t you?” Dean gasped as Cas’s nose nuzzled the base of his dick. Cas groaned in response, swallowing around Dean and relishing the breathy curses that poured from the alpha’s mouth.

“Yeah baby, what do you need? Need my cock? Want me to fill you up with come?”

Cas moaned again, his throat vibrating and causing Dean to curse again. The alpha thrust into his throat, taking hold of Cas’s hair and starting to fuck his mouth.

Castiel relaxed his throat and tried to focus on breathing through his nose. But all he could smell was Dean’s rich, tangy scent and it was making him so wet and hard. His own cock ached between his legs, his hole twitching with need. He wanted Dean to fuck his mouth, but he also wanted him to fill up his hole. Cas wanted the alpha to bend him over and take him, or hold him up against the wall, pounding him hard until Cas screamed.

“Oh fuck, baby, getting close… gonna-fuck-gonna come!” Dean’s grip tightened as his dick pulsed hard, shooting his load deep into Castiel’s throat. Cas swallowed it all with delight.

He pulled off Dean’s dick with a wet pop, licking the tip to clean up the last few drops of come. With a satisfied smile, Cas looked up at Dean from beneath his lashes. His own cock was still throbbing, tenting his tiny shorts obscenely.

There was a hungry look on Dean’s face as he gazed down at Cas.

“Come here, little omega,” he beckoned, pulling Cas to his feet and reaching around to caress his ass. “I’m going to make you scream.”
I'm absolutely loving writing this so far! Plus I'm about a week or so ahead for once so you can expect two updates this week - and for the foreseeable future!

Thank you so much for all your comments, kudos, subscriptions etc. I'm overwhelmed by the response to this!

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Dean slid his fingers into the back of Cas’s shorts, caressing his slick hole.

“So wet for me already,” he murmured, nipping at Cas’s neck. Cas couldn’t help the high-pitched whine that escaped his lips. The teasing touch of the alpha’s fingers on his rim, the hot press of his lips and his rich, deep scent was making Cas melt. “Such a needy omega.”

“Yes alpha… please.” Castiel wasn’t even sure what he was begging for. He just needed something. He tilted his hips back in the desperate hope that Dean would take the hint. But Dean just chuckled, removing his fingers and swatting at Cas’s ass.

“Naughty boy. So demanding.”

“Please, Dean… I need it.” Cas wiggled his hips, grinding his erection into Dean’s hip. “Please, alpha, need you so bad. Want to be so good for you.”

“I know you do. Sweet little omega.” Dean’s voice was low, and the words sent a shudder through him. Another groan escaped Cas’s lips. It was all his fantasies coming true at once.

Then Dean slid his fingers back into his shorts, pressing one into his aching hole and Cas almost exploded.

“Oh fuck, alpha.” Cas clung to Dean’s shirt, licking at his neck as Dean slowly began to pump his finger in and out.

“So tight for me,” Dean said. “Such a tight little pussy.” Castiel groaned in response, thrusting back onto Dean’s fingers, wordlessly begging for more.

Dean slid another finger in, caressing his insides as Dean searched for his prostate. Cas gasped as the alpha’s fingers grazed it. Dean gave a low chuckle as he repeated the movement until Castiel was squirming. A litany of filth slid from the alpha’s mouth as he pushed a third finger into Cas’s ass. The omega could feel slick trickling down his thighs as Dean worked his fingers in and out, mercilessly teasing his prostate.

“Alpha… please… need to, need it.” Cas knew he wasn’t making any sense, but he couldn’t help it. Pleasure was firing through his body, searing through his skin and making his brain melt. He could barely stand anymore. Dean’s strong arms held him upright, his scent seeping into Castiel’s senses.
He wanted to come so badly. He could feel his orgasm there, just slightly out of reach. All he would need was one touch. One touch, and he’d be done for.

“What do you need baby?”

“Touch me, please!”

“Can you be quiet for me? Can’t make too much noise or people will see.” Fuck – Cas had totally forgotten they were in the club. All of him was focused on Dean and right now, he didn’t care if people saw them. Let them look. Let them see Dean take him apart.

But he desperately wanted to be good. Something about the alpha made Cas crave his approval. And he’d do anything to get it.

“Yes alpha. I’ll be quiet for you,” Cas stammered out, pressing his face into Dean’s chest in a bid to muffle his moans.

“Good boy,” Dean murmured, sliding his other hand into the front of Cas’s shorts. “Such a little slut for me. Not even wearing any panties.” Dean wrapped his hand around Cas’s throbbing cock, pumping it in time with the fingers in his hole. The alpha worked his prostate as he teased the head of Cas’s dick, smearing the pre-come up and down his length. Cas could feel his body shaking as he rushed headlong towards his orgasm.

“Come for me baby.”

Cas opened his mouth in a wordless scream as pleasure shot through him. His whole body was on fire and he clutched at Dean, gasping and panting as he shook with the aftershocks of the most powerful orgasm he’d had in years.

Slowly he tried to get his breathing to return to normal, whining as Dean slipped his fingers from his trembling hole.

“Open your mouth for me Cas,” Dean said, in a voice that demanded obedience. “Time to clean up your mess.” Cas did as he was told, opening his mouth as Dean slid his come covered fingers between his lips. Cas groaned as he sucked his own release of the alpha’s skin, relishing the salty tang of his semen and the quiet moans escaping from Dean’s lips.

When he finished, Dean pulled him in for a deep kiss, chasing the taste of Cas’s release and nipping at his lip. As they broke apart, Dean lifted his other hand to his own lips. The fingers were sticky with slick and Cas gasped as Dean licked them clean.

“Taste so good Cas. Next time, I want it straight from the source,” Dean grinned. Cas blushed. That was an amazing thought. None of his previous partners had been that enthusiastic about rimming him.

“Next time?” Cas asked, cheekily pressing up against the alpha and teasing little kisses over his jaw. “When will that be?”

“Depends,” Dean said. “Got any plans for the rest of the night?”

“I think I’m free,” Cas teased.

“Good. Let’s get out of here.”
Square Five: Paddling

Chapter Notes

I'm posting this one a day early as I'm not around tomorrow! The next update after this will be Monday - I'm so glad you're enjoying this so far. I'm having so much fun writing it and thinking up some delicious situations...

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Square Filled: Paddling

The elevator dinged softly as the doors slid open to the twenty-fourth floor of Sandover International. Cas smiled to himself as he slipped through the doors, making his way through the deserted corridors, admiring the glass panels and smart looking offices as he searched for his destination.

The door to the corner office was slightly ajar, the brass plaque declaring the inhabitant to be ‘Dean Winchester: Director of Sales & Marketing’.

Since their first ‘date’ a couple of weeks ago, he and Dean been hooking up regularly. The sex was amazing, Dean was funny and charming as well as handsome, plus he always made breakfast if Castiel stayed over.

Sure, he wasn’t quite Mr Smith, but Cas could live with that. They were still messaging each other regularly, and Cas enjoyed the attention from two alphas. It was a win-win situation.

“Knock knock,” Cas called, tapping on the door and sticking his head into the office. “I have a delivery for Mr Winchester.”

Dean looked up from behind his large, glass desk and raised his eyebrow, a little smirk playing over his lips. “Do you now? What would that be?”

“A sexy little omega for you,” Cas said, sliding through the door and locking it behind him. “A sexy little omega who has been so bored all afternoon, and who can’t stop thinking about all the delicious things that his rugged alpha could do to him.”

Dean sat back in his chair, patting his knee with a deliberate look. Cas happily climbed onto Dean’s lap, straddling his thighs and grinding down on the alpha’s crotch, breathing in Dean’s deep scent of leather and wood.

“A very naughty little omega,” Dean growled, grabbing Cas’s ass tight. “A very, very naughty omega who’s been teasing me all day. Your video came through right in the middle of a very important meeting.”

It was all Castiel could do not to laugh.

Technically he was supposed to be spending the afternoon planning a presentation to give about ‘Omegas in STEM’... but that had been ridiculously simple to put together, and he couldn’t be bothered to start doing more work after that. Mr Smith hadn’t been answering his messages either because he’d had some big meetings to go to.
To pass the time, Cas had started stripping off and sending semi-naked and nude pictures to Dean, teasing him with photos of his ass and cock. He even included a little video of him stroking his dick, legs spread so Dean could see his glistening hole.

A couple of the photos had come out really well, and Cas had made a mental note to save them for his blog.

“What are we gonna do about that?” Dean murmured, his low voice sending little shivers through Cas. He tried to grind down on Dean’s lap again, but the alpha held him place.

“Maybe you should punish me?” Cas replied, canting his hips backward and gasped when Dean swatted his ass.

“Cheeky brat,” Dean chuckled. “But I think you’re right, naughty boys need to be punished. Stand up and bend over the desk.”

“Yes sir!” Cas replied, scrambling off Dean’s lap and planting his hands on the cool desktop, sticking his ass out as far as possible.

“So eager for your punishment baby,” Dean growled, running his fingers across the tight denim of Castiel’s shorts. They were more like hot pants if you wanted to be picky, but they made his butt look divine. “Look like such a little slut right now, how the fuck did you get past security?”

“Garth?” Cas chuckled, remembering the casual look on the evening security guard’s face as he’d given the omega directions to Dean’s office. “I’ve known him since kindergarten.”

Dean laughed, the sound sending shivers up Castiel’s spine, and he wiggled his ass again. “Just remember the traffic lights and say ‘red’ if you need me to stop at any time. Ok sweetheart?”

“Yes alpha,” Cas answered. That was one of the best things about their casual relationship – they weren’t afraid to ask for things. When Dean had brought up things like spanking, paddling, restraints and toys a few weeks ago, Cas had been more than happy to say yes to trying them with the alpha. He’d enjoyed them in the past, and he had a feeling that doing them with Dean would be nothing short of mind-blowing…

“Good boy, and if you behave and take your punishment, I’ll reward you.” Cas groaned, head sinking onto the desk, the sticky feeling of slick between his legs. He desperately wanted to be good for the alpha, the very idea of obeying him stirred something primal inside him – deep down in his soul.

“Luckily,” Dean continued, reaching round to unbutton Cas’s shorts, pulling them over his ass, “I had plenty of time to plan this and I have just the thing for you.” There was the sound of desk drawers opening, and Dean moving something. Cas twisted his head slightly, trying to see what Dean was searching for. Dean must have seen him looking, because he held it out for Cas to see. A ruler.

A thick, wooden ruler.

That was going to sting. Cas couldn’t help but moan in anticipation, his cock twitching against the desk.

“How many do you think you deserve little omega?” Dean asked, in a way that suggested there was definitely a wrong answer. Cas thought about it for a moment… he had been being a brat, and he had been doing it deliberately.
“Thirty, sir.”

“Thirty?” Dean said, saying the number slowly and clearly to check what he’d heard.

“Yes, sir.”

“That seems fair. Good boy. I want you to count them out for me, will you do that?”

“Yes, alpha.”

“Good little omega.”

Cas braced himself against the desk, waiting for the sweet sting of the ruler. The first smack was lighter than he’d anticipated, but it made him gasp all the same.

“One…” his voice was shaky already, but Dean didn’t give him any time to think about it as the next swat landed on his ass.

Dean picked up an even rhythm, dividing the spanks between each cheek, each one slightly harder. Cas could feel his skin heating to a stinging burn as Dean paddled him.

“Look so good,” Dean murmured, pausing to run his hands over the hot flesh, squeezing Cas’s cheeks and making him moan. “Your pretty ass is getting so red baby. Such a good omega, taking your punishment so well. You’re halfway there, ready for the next fifteen?”

“Y-yes… yes alpha,” Cas groaned, panting the words out. His ass stung, but it was so delicious at the same time. His cock throbbed between his legs, and his hole leaked slick down his thighs. His whole body felt like it was one fire, and it was glorious.

The next spank landed, and Cas cried out as pleasure shot through him. “Sixteen.”

The next few were dealt out hard and fast, the ruler snapping on his skin. Cas was struggling to keep count, but a spine-tingling growl from Dean kept him in check. Castiel wanted his reward. And he was determined to get it.

“Twenty-eight,” Cas choked out through gritted teeth. His whole body was like a bomb ready to explode… but Dean hadn’t given him permission to come. And Cas didn’t think the alpha would like it if he did - even if it would be incredibly hot to orgasm from a paddling alone.

“Twenty-nine.”

“Thirty!” Cas gasped, as the last spank landed hard on his right cheek.

“Such a good boy for me,” Dean said, voice rumbling like distant thunder, the scent of arousal pouring off him in waves. His thumb played over Cas’s leaking hole, sending little shocks of pleasure through him, muting out the pain. “Would you like your reward now?”
Here is Castiel's delicious reward... and don't worry, there is a cunning plan afoot for them to find out who the other is... but this is Dean and Cas, so it may take them a little longer yet!

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Chapter Notes

“Would you like your reward now?” Dean asked, gazing down at the omega’s cherry red ass.

Castiel was beautiful like this – wanton, wet and panting. Slick dribbled down his thighs as Dean slowly teased Cas’s hole with a finger, sliding it into his tight heat. Cas gasped, trying his best to hold still as Dean began to pump his finger in and out, gently grazing it over the omega’s prostate.

“I can’t hear you baby,” Dean said, “does this mean you don’t want your reward?”

“P-please, please alpha,” Cas gasped. Fuck he was beautiful when he begged. “Fuck me alpha, I need it. Was a good boy for you, please.”

“You were,” Dean agreed, sliding a second finger into Cas’s channel. It was relaxed already, the omega’s muscles pulling Dean in. It was so tempting just to fuck him already – but the alpha wanted to tease him. Wanted Cas to be delirious with pleasure. And then he was gonna fuck this sweet omega ass on his desk and let him come all over it. It would make work so much better when he could pass the time remembering Cas’s delicious moans.

Cas let out a high whine as Dean rubbed his prostate, his hips thrusting back onto Dean’s fingers as the omega started to fuck himself on them.

“Deeaaan,” Cas moaned as the alpha slid in a third. Dean reached around with his other hand, sliding it under Cas’s loose t-shirt to tease his nipples. They were already hard. Dean pinched them, the gasp Cas made sending little ripples of pleasure through him. Dean slid his hand down, casually stroking the omega’s throbbing little cock as he fingered his hole.

Damn he was so perfect like this - sweet and sticky, the sharp scent of his desire filling Dean’s nostrils and driving him mad. Dean’s dick was already hard in his slacks. It had been since Castiel had waltzed through the door. But now it ached. And he was desperate for some omega pussy.

Cas whined again as Dean removed his hands. He unzipped his slacks and pulled his cock out through the gap, quickly rolling a condom onto his dick. Thank fuck he kept some in his bag for emergencies! He groaned as he slid into Cas’s tight, wet ass, loving the way the omega moaned and writhed underneath him.

It looked so fucking sinful – the way his dick and dark slacks contrasted with the omega’s slick, red ass.

“Fuuuck, baby you look so good on my dick,” Dean moaned as he bottomed out.
“Yes, fuck, Dean… love your cock,” Cas gasped, wiggling his hips to get Dean to move.

“Fuck me, please!”

Dean didn’t need telling twice.

He gripped the omega’s hips and began fucking him at a ruthless pace. His hips snapped forward, pounding into the sweet heat.

“Fuck, such a tight little pussy. Love it when I fuck you, don’t you? Such a dirty slut for my dick.”

“Y-yes, yes. Such a slut for you,” Cas cried, his voice descending into nothing but breathing moans and high-pitched whines. His hands were clutching the front of the desk, knuckles white, as Dean rode his ass hard and fast.

“Are you gonna come for me?” Dean growled, sliding his hand round to fist the omega’s cock.

“Yes alpha, please,” Cas moaned, hole pulsing around Dean. Dean knew he was close, his whole body was trembling under him. Pleasure coursed through the alpha as he pounded into the omega. It was taking all his willpower not to pop a knot right there. Cas smelt so good, the scent of his arousal softening to something sweet and delicious. Dean wanted to drink it all down.

“Come for me sweet omega,” he muttered. Underneath him, Cas exploded. His cock painted the desk with ropes of come and his ass tightened like a vice around Dean’s dick. Fuck it felt good. Screw that, it was amazing.

It only took another few brutal thrusts before Dean was crying out, “fuck yes, gonna, fuck, gonna come.”

“Yes,” whined Cas, his voice wrecked, “come in me alpha. Come in my pussy.”

Dean snarled as his orgasm overtook him, flooding him with pleasure. He collapsed down onto his office chair, taking Cas with him and pulling the omega onto his lap. His dick slipped free, and carefully he used one hand to slide the condom off. He deposited it on the desk – he’d deal with that in a minute.

He pulled Cas in close, wrapping him in his arms and breathing in his scent as the omega nuzzled into his neck.

“That was amazing,” Cas mumbled, a little yawn breaking up his speech.

“Yeah it was,” Dean agreed quietly, stroking Cas’s hair. He loved the way the omega’s hair was so fluffy, always sticking up at odd angles.

“What do you wanna do now?” Cas leaned back slightly, his bright baby-blues peering at Dean from under his lashes.

“Well,” Dean said, pressing a soft kiss to his lips. “Do you wanna come back to mine? We could get take-out and watch a movie?”

“Sounds perfect,” Cas hummed, “as long as there’s also ice cream.”

“Brat,” Dean chuckled, pulling him in for another kiss.

He bought Cas ice-cream anyway.
Daddys-little-omega sent you a new message: Hey can I ask you a question?

<< sure what's up?

>> As an alpha, how do you feel about handcuffs?

<< on me or on my partner?

<< would you wanna tie me up or would you want me to cuff you baby?

>> The first one – would you like it if an omega, like me, handcuffed you and rode you?

<< fuck yes! That would be so fucking sexy – I'd love to watch you take charge!

<< why d'ya ask?

<< thinking about trying it on someone?

>> Possibly – this alpha I've started seeing

<< the casual one?

<< who you met in a club?

>> Yes. He says he's open to kink

>> He paddled me the other day – it was so hot

<< mmmm I can imagine

<< you'd look so good with a red ass baby boy

<< are you worried bout asking him?

>> A little. You never know how alphas will react.

>> Some of them don't like the idea at all. They think it diminishes their 'alpha-ness'.

<< that's just bullshit

<< any alpha who says that doesn't deserve you and if this guy says that I'll fucking kick his ass
You’re so sweet. Thank you

I needed to hear that.

anytime sweetheart

that alpha is a lucky son of a bitch

I’d love to be the one you wanna tie up

Well I’d love to tie you up if I could.

yeah? What would you do to me?

Hmmm well I’d probably invite you over

booty call? Naughty omega

You can call it a booty call if you want ^_^.

I’d greet you at the door in some very cute clothes – booty shorts, thigh high socks, crop top and underneath I’d have on that little lacy thong I know you love

fuck yes!! That would be so fucking sexy

I’d invite you in, get you a drink and then lead you straight into my room

wanna get straight to it?

I’m so horny right now and I really want to ride your dick

I’d push you to the bed and straddle you

I want to make out with you first, kissing you all over while I grind against you

fuck you’re making me so hard sweetheart

then what would you do?

Well, since I’m in charge and I want to make sure you do as you’re told. I’d strip off your top and then handcuff you to my bed.

kinky little omega

that would be so hot

Good. Then I’d start stripping myself naked… really slowly, until I’m just wearing my thong and my long socks

Would you like me dressed like that?

fuck yes! You’re like my wet dreams come true lol

you’d look so fuckable like that. I’m so hard thinking of you

That makes me so happy alpha.
I’d then undo your jeans, slide them off till you’re naked.

Then I’d start teasing your cock – licking you, sucking you – bet you taste so good.

And just so you know, I love giving blowjobs… and I can deepthroat ^-~

you’re gonna kill me baby

would love your mouth on me bet you’d feel so good

I want you to lick me too, so I’d pull my thong to the side and straddle your face so you can eat my hole while I suck your gorgeous, alpha cock.

fuck yes baby! Bet you have a delicious little pussy – can’t wait to eat all your slick and get you so wet for me

That sounds amazing alpha. I’m sure you have a very talented tongue.

well I’ve never had any complaints =P wanna make you scream for me

I know you would. I’d be screaming round your cock as I suck you

But I won’t let you come

Instead I’m going to slide onto your fat alpha cock and ride you – hard!

such a good boy for me

I’d love to watch you bounce on my dick

especially if I’m tied up – wanna see you milk my cock with your tight little ass

think you could cum on my cock? Cream your pretty panties for me?

can try!

I bet you’d feel so good inside me

And if you’re really good, I’ll let you fuck me…

I’m always good sweetheart ;)

fuck you’re getting me so hot

Are you thinking about me right now?

yes – so hard thinking about you riding me

Are you going to come?

I’m so wet right now and I’m playing with my favourite toy…

oh fuck!

shit I’ve made such a mess lol

Me too!
That was so fun though – thanks for listening to me.

no problem baby

you’re always worth it

Dean flopped back on the couch, wiping his sticky hand on his shirt. It needed a wash anyway. That had been fun… Daddys-little-omega always had the kinkiest ideas and he was hot as fuck too. Almost as hot as Cas…

Dean wondered what Cas would think about handcuffs - specifically about handcuffing Dean down and riding him. He really wanted to live out that fantasy now. Cas had the tiny shorts and the crop top as well…

He was just about to head for a shower when his phone flashed again.

Message from Cas: Hey alpha – want to come over? I’ve got a surprise for you!

Message to Cas: Yeah? What kind of surprise?

Message from Cas: How do you feel about handcuffs?
Here's the one - the one you've all been waiting for! I hope it lives up to your dreams - let me know.

If you want to, come say hi on tumblr you can find me at ladyofthursday

It was Friday night and Dean was home alone, eating pizza on the couch and bored out of his skull.

For the first time in nearly two months, he was not with Cas and it sucked. Apparently, Cas had some family birthday to go to, and he’d been threatened on pain of death to attend. It didn’t mean the omega had gone willingly, and Dean was pretty sure Cas would spend most of the evening texting him and maybe even show up at his door later for hot, drunk sex.

It was still weird though. Dean knows at this point that he and Castiel are practically dating. They spend most weekends together, they watch movies, cook dinner, text all week and have tons of scorching sex – all they haven’t done is sit down and work out what they’re actually doing. Because neither of them seem to have the guts to do that.

Dean shoved the last piece of pizza in his mouth, idly flicking through Tumblr, catching up with what he’s missed over the past few days. It’s mostly just porn and he entertained the idea of jerking off, but then the possibility of drunk sex with Cas stumbled back into his brain so he decided against it.

He was just thinking about watching Dr Sexy reruns, when a photo caught his eye.

It was a nude from daddys-little-omega of his ass, cheeks spread wide and hole glistening with slick. The caption underneath said; ‘Teasing Daddy while he’s at work.’

Dean stared at it.

He quickly closed Tumblr and opened up his gallery, flicking through the photos that Cas had sent him, thumbing back to the day when Cas had spent the whole day teasing him. The day they’d had sex over his desk…

He had the exact same photo.

Fuck! Cas was daddys-little-omega.

Dean opened Tumblr again, searching through the blog to confirm his realisation. There was Cas’s bed, and his bookcase… and that was definitely his ass and his dick, and the mole by his nipple.

Shit… how the fuck had he not noticed this before?! He knew Cas looked vaguely familiar.

Daddys-little-omega had never really put up pictures of his face, but sometimes you could see the outline of his jaw, the swell of his lips and the dark mess of his hair.
It all clicked into place - most notably the handcuff situation from two weeks ago. Damn he was an idiot! He’d literally shown up at Cas’s to find the omega in shorts and crop top and lived out that entire conversation, minus the lace thong… stupid alpha brain!

He was totally gonna blame this on his dick.

Still, this was the best news ever… not only was he practically dating his Tumblr crush, who happened to be a smokin’ hottie… Cas also loved panties just as much as Dean did.

Now he just had to work out what to do with this information…

x

It actually didn’t take long for Dean’s plan to come to fruition… five hours in fact.

In all honesty, it wasn’t even Dean’s plan, it was just Cas turning up on his doorstep slightly tipsy and very horny.

“Hey alpha,” he grinned, leaning against the door frame in a long, buckled trench coat, the scent of his arousal pouring off him. The tang of citrus on the air made Dean’s dick twitch. “Wanna have some fun?”

Dean smirked, pulling Cas in for a deep kiss and locking the door behind them. “Definitely,” he growled, reaching for the belt of the coat.

“Ah ah aahh,” Cas giggled, batting his hand away and strolling down the hallway to Dean’s bedroom, deliberately rolling his hips in the most sinful manner possible. “Come with me alpha, I have a surprise for you.”

Dean watched him walk away and it was only then he realised that the omega’s legs were dark and shiny, with a white seam up the back… holy fucking shit Cas was wearing stockings…

This was gonna be fucking awesome.

Dean stumbled over his feet trying to follow Cas as fast as possible, pulling off his clothes as he went. This was not the time for thought, this was the time for fucking.

Sex first. Talk later.

Strike that. Unwrap his present, then sex, then sleep, then talking.

Cas was standing by the foot of his bed, a little grin playing across his face as he took in the sight of Dean, now clad just in his boxers.

“Such a sexy alpha,” he purred. “Are you ready for your surprise?”

“Fuck yeah,” Dean growled, striding over to the omega and pulling him into a demanding kiss. “Does this have something to do with your panty blog, daddy’s little omega?”

Cas froze in his arms, his scent souring with alarm, body tensing as if ready to flee. Dean pressed a gentle kiss to his neck, laving at the skin and moving his tongue towards the sensitive spot below Cas’s ear. “Don’t worry baby, I think it’s delicious.”

“Really?” Cas’s voice was a tiny squeak. It made Dean’s inner alpha stir protectively.

“Really. Want to know my secret?”
“Yes…” Cas said hesitantly.

“I have Tumblr too… in fact, you already know me,” Dean murmured, sucking a mark into the omega’s jaw, loving the way he melted into his touch.

“I-I do… who are you?”

“My name is Mr Smith.” Cas gasped, a deep moan rumbling from his chest as Dean bit down. Not hard enough to break the skin, but enough to mean business. He wanted Cas. Not just to fuck, but as a partner too. He wanted to keep him and knot him and mate him and worship him every single day.

“Oh fuck,” Cas panted. “I wished it was you. I’ve been dreaming about you for ages.”

“Me too, such a perfect omega.”

“How did we not figure it out?”

“Beats me,” Dean chuckled, “probably because we’re ruled by our dicks.”

“Probably,” laughed Cas, pushing Dean away. “Would you still like your present? It might not be as big as a surprise now… but I don’t think you’ve seen it before.”

“Really?” Dean raised an eyebrow, a little smirk on his lips. He seated himself on the edge of the bed, eyes fixed on the omega in front of him. “Show me.”

Cas smiled, leisurely unbuckling the coat, sliding the buttons undone with nimble fingers. Achingly slowly he began to slide it off his shoulders… then he dropped it, revealing the most tantalising sight Dean had ever seen.

A black corset, with white ribbons and detailing, attached to lace topped stockings that clung to Cas’s perfect legs. On top of the suspender clips sat a pair of ruffled, black panties that bulged at the front, the top of Cas’s dick already peeking out. A white garter was wrapped around his thigh. Dean stared open mouthed, trying to take it all in as Cas turned slowly on the spot. The back of the panties was practically see through, and there was a wet spot where Cas’s slick was seeping into the material.

“Well, alpha, what do you think?” Cas asked. There was a teasing note in his voice, but Dean couldn’t help but notice the slightly twinge of nervousness in his scent. Time to put a stop to that.

“You look fucking incredible, baby. Now get over here so I can show you.”

x

They did have the boyfriend talk eventually. At 5am as the sun began to rise and they were lying together after round three. It took all of five seconds before they drifted off to sleep.

But those five seconds made Dean happier than he could ever remember being.
Cas was just putting the finishing touches to the lasagne when he heard Dean’s key turn in the lock. The apartment door slammed and Castiel could already smell the heavy scent of pissed off, horny alpha. It made his whole-body shiver, his dick twitching in the fitted jockstrap clinging to his body as he tried to remain calm.

It was hard though, especially because he just wanted to help his alpha relax.

He knew that Dean had had a bad day – first the meeting with a big client which went ‘tits up’, then he’d been lectured by Zachariah and then spent the afternoon doing paperwork and on a ridiculous, time wasting conference call. Plus, Dean hadn’t had any lunch either and Cas knows that Dean is a nightmare when he’s hungry.

Cas continued to pretend to grate cheese while he waited for Dean. He could hear the alpha grumbling and ranting to himself as he kicked his shoes into the wall. Cas was bent over to find a storage tub from the cupboard, when he heard a low growl behind him.

“Look what I found,” Dean purred, appearing behind Cas and running his fingers over the soft skin of his ass. “A sexy little omega, half naked in my kitchen. In my t-shirt too.” A deep rumble escaped his throat as he pulled Cas up, wrapping him tightly in his arms before starting to kiss and nibble Cas’s neck. “A delicious omega all for me.”

Cas groaned as Dean’s teeth scraped across his neck, sucking a mark into the skin, the alpha’s rich scent flooding his senses. He melted into Dean’s arms as the alpha slide his hands under the Led Zeppelin t-shirt Cas had borrowed, pinching his nipples hard. “Yes daddy,” he gasped, “all for you.”

Dean growled, sucking harder. “What did you call me?”

“Daddy…” Cas repeated, a tentative edge to his voice. Dean had always liked it when Cas had called him daddy over Tumblr, but maybe it would be different in real life…

“Fuck yes,” Dean said, “waited so long to hear you say that to me. Do you wanna be daddy’s boy?”

“Yes daddy, please.”

“Good boy.”
A rough hand spun Cas around and he found himself bent over the counter, face pressed to the cool granite surface, Dean’s hand holding the back of his neck to keep him in place. There was a powerful, fierce edge to Dean’s smell now; one that demanded the omega submit to him. A high whine escaped Cas’s lips.

“Do you like daddy playing rough?”

“Yes…” Cas gasped as Dean’s fingers circled his already dripping hole. He wiggled back, trying to tease Dean into fingering him. Instead Dean spanked him, hard.

“Stay still,” the alpha growled. “So wet already baby. Such a dirty little slut for me.” He pressed one finger into Cas, thrusting roughly a couple of times before sliding a second in. Cas groaned, his body willingly accepting Dean in. “Fuck, such a little whore. Do you want daddy’s dick?”

“Y-yes…” Cas could barely get the words out, pleasure singing through him as Dean added a third thick finger.

“Yes what?” Dean added with a sharp smack.

“Please daddy. Want your big dick daddy, please… please fuck me.” Cas whined. Dean was very rarely so possessive, but Mr Smith had been… it was delicious to find out that the alpha of his dreams was the very one who was about to fuck him.

“Fuck, you’re such a good little omega for me,” Dean rumbled. Castiel couldn’t help the little whimper that escaped his lips as Dean withdrew his fingers. “Aw, does my slut not like being empty? Don’t worry, daddy has just the thing for you.”

There was the gentle sound of a zipper opening, the rustle of a condom wrapper, then Cas could feel the head of Dean’s dick nudging his rim. Cas moaned, low and long as Dean thrust inside him, bottoming out in one movement. The alpha gasped, nipping his neck.

“So fucking tight baby.”

“Yes daddy, feel so good in me. So fucking big,” Cas panted, grasping at the edge of the counter. Dean barely gave him any time to adjust before he began to move, with long, slow strokes that sent exquisite pleasure thrumming across Castiel’s skin. The fabric of his slacks and the cool leather of his belt made Cas shudder with happiness – the idea of Dean using him was too delicious for words. All he could do was gasp and moan as Dean nailed his prostate with every thrust.

“Oh yeah,” Dean murmured, driving in hard and deep, “love fucking your pussy. Gonna be a little whore for me?”

“Yes, daddy.”

“Gonna be daddy’s little cumdump?”

“Oh fuck yes,” Cas groaned, “love being your little cumdump.”

“Good boy,” Dean growled as he gripped Castiel’s hips tight, fucking him harder and faster with every stroke. He was relentless, and it was driving Cas wild. “Tell me how much you love it.”

“Oh, fuck, I love it. Love your dick, daddy. Do you like my pussy?”

“Yeah, it’s a sweet omega pussy. Love fucking it so much. Can’t wait to pin you down and knot you, fill you up with my come and hear you scream.”
“Yes, oh fuck, daddy,” Cas sighed. Part of him knew it was just lust. Part of him wanted what Dean was saying to be true. He wanted Dean’s knot so badly.

“Are you gonna come for me, boy?” Dean snarled, reaching one hand around to squeeze Cas’s aching dick. “Go on, come for me like the little bitch you are.”

“Y-y-yes… fuck, daddy… I’m gonna, I’m gonna come!” Castiel’s orgasm shot through him, burning him from the inside out and leaving him breathless, as ropes of come seeped into the soft fabric of his jockstrap. He could feel his ass tightening around Dean’s dick, but the alpha didn’t let up the pace.

Instead, Dean pressed Cas roughly into the counter, pinning him down and using him, growling out a litany of filth as he pounded Castiel’s hole.

“Do you want my load?” Dean gasped, voice low and wrecked.

“Y-yes… please, daddy.” Cas whined, barely able to string words together.

“Where do you want it?”

“Inside me.”

With a final snarl, Dean pulled Cas up, clamping his lips onto the back of his neck, sucking a mark into the skin as he emptied into the condom. It was all Cas could do to keep his mouth closed as the words mark me… bite me, alpha danced across his tongue. He wanted to say them, wanted to feel Dean’s teeth sinking into his skin… but he didn’t dare.

They stood together, bodies shaking and chests heaving as they gasped for air. Cas sighed softly, loving the way his body sang with pleasure. Only Dean made him feel like this. It was a terrifying feeling… and yet somehow, it wasn’t.

Dean leant down to press a soft kiss to the back of his head, slowly slipping himself free. “So… what’s for dinner?”
Hey all, apologies for the delay in getting this to you. Real life got in the way a bit and I got stuck on a square. So I’ve rejigged it a little and my muse has come flooding back. Hopefully we’ll be back to regular posting next week.

If you want to, come say hi on tumblr you can find me at ladyofthursday

“So Castiel, do you know why you are being punished?”

“Yes Sir.” Castiel sat on his knees in front of Dean, head down and hands clasped, naked except for the backless panties he was wearing. Dean raised an eyebrow as he looked down at the omega, cock already aching in his jeans at the waves of arousal filling his nostrils.

“And why is that?” He asked, leaning down to jerk Cas’s face up, looking deep into those wide blue eyes that were already sparkling with lust.

“Because I came without permission while you were away.”

“And?” Dean said with a low growl, “that’s not all you did, was it sweetheart?”

“No Daddy,” Cas said, attempting to sound sincere. Dean knew he wasn’t the least bit sorry though. He knew Cas had done it deliberately.

“No it wasn’t. Not only did you come without permission, but you posted a video of yourself on your blog for everyone to see. Did you like people watching you behave like a little slut? Watching you fuck yourself on that dildo while you moaned like a whore? Taking that giant knot inside you and calling out for Daddy… are you that desperate for a knot baby?” Dean cupped the omega’s jaw, trying to read the expression on his face. He already knew that he wanted to knot Cas, and mate him too, but they’d been trying to wait to see how well things went between them.

But now he knew how frantic Cas was… well, that made it all the sweeter. And Dean was going to drag it out as much as possible until the omega was a begging, needy mess.

“No Sir… I will take your knot when you’re ready to give it to me.”

“Good boy,” Dean murmured, stroking Cas’s hair. “You should have talked to me about it, rather than teasing me.”

“I know Daddy. I’m sorry.” Cas chewed his lip, a little flicker of sincerity crossing his face.

“I accept your apology baby, but I’m still going to punish you. Do you remember your safeword?”

“Yes Sir. I can use the stoplights or my safeword is pumpkin.”

“Good. Now stand up and come with me.” Dean watched as Cas scrambled to his feet, cock
bobbing in the tight front of the panties. He smirked as he gestured Cas to follow him to the office, where he’d hidden a surprise for the omega.

It had taken him a few days to put together, a fair amount of cursing and one visit to Home Depot to get something to stand on, but he’d finally managed to fit a restraint system to the door. It could be easily removed if necessary, but the office was near the back of the apartment, and it was unlikely any guests would stumble across it.

A little gasp escaped Cas’s lips as he figured it out, and Dean noted the way his cock twitched, the air thick with the omega’s arousal. They’d talked about restraints and flogging before, but it wasn’t something they’d had a chance to test out. Mostly because Dean loved spanking Cas over his knee, watching his skin redden as he moaned and squirmed.

“I’m going to restrain you in this door frame, one limb in each corner, and then I’m going to flog your ass and the tops of your thighs. I’ll start out gently until you get used to it. Please don’t be afraid to use your safewords at any time. Do you understand?” Dean asked, lacing his tone with a layer of alpha dominance. Cas shivered, his tongue sliding out to wet his lips.

“Yes Sir. I understand.”

“Good boy.”

Dean carefully strapped Cas into the cuffs, which spread his arms and legs wide, leaving his ass deliciously on display. Dean couldn’t help run his hands over the plump, soft cheeks, loving the whimper that escaped Cas’s mouth as his trailed his fingers lightly over his slick hole.

“So wet for me already. Do you think you’re going to be rewarded?”

“Only if you allow it, Sir,” Cas answered. He was already struggling to form complete sentences as he drifted further into subspace.

“If you’re a good boy, you’ll get a reward.”

“Thank you, Daddy.”

Dean picked up the soft, suede flogger he’d bought specially for Castiel. The baby blue would contrast nicely with his pink ass. “Make as much noise as you want to baby, I wanna hear you moan for me.”

There was a crack and a moan as the tails landed on the omega’s ass, his hips jolting slightly in shock. Dean started off gently, spreading the blows out and not landing them too hard while Cas got used to the sensation. The boy was already moaning for him, crying out in pleasure as each strike landed, a trickle of slick sliding down the inside of his thigh.

“Such a good little omega for Daddy. Taking your punishment so well,” Dean said as he landed another blow, harder this time, loving the groan that fell from Cas’s lips. He began to pick up the pace, striking harder and faster, but still placing each one carefully. He wanted to punish Cas, but he didn’t want to injure him.

Soon, Cas’s ass and thighs were red and lined. It was a delicious sight that made Dean’s dick twitch madly and made him want to bend the omega over and knot him where he stood.

Gently, he placed the flogger down. “You are such a good boy for me. You took your punishment so well, I’m so proud of you,” he murmured softly, releasing Cas’s limbs and pressing little kisses to his shoulders and neck. “Let’s take you back to our room and get you relaxed.”
“Thank you for punishing me Daddy,” Cas replied, looking up Dean with shining eyes.

“You’re welcome baby,” Dean said, practically carrying the omega back to the bedroom. He laid Cas out on the bed, picking up a tube of soothing cream to massage into the hot skin. Cas moaned at the cooling touch, squirming under Dean’s ministrations as he began to remember how horny he was.

“D-daddy, please,” he gasped, as Dean skimmed a finger over his crack. “Please can I have my reward now?”
Woo time for some sex toys! I was totally picturing something like this for Cas's dildo, in case you're interested...

If you want to, come say hi on tumblr you can find me at ladyofthursday

“P-please Daddy, I promise I’ll be good,” Castiel begged, squirming under Dean’s touch. Dean grinned, tracing his fingers over the omega’s sticky hole. Cas groaned, trying to push back onto his fingers, but a sharp smack on his reddened ass stopped him in his tracks.

“I don’t know baby, do you think you deserve one?” Dean teased as he licked the traces of slick off his hand. It was addictively sweet and it took all of Dean’s self-control not to dive in and take his lover apart with just his tongue.

“Please Daddy, I’ve been so good!” Castiel was practically crying as Dean tormented him with nimble fingers. Dean wasn’t worried though; Cas had a safeword should it all get too much. But the fact the omega’s cock was dripping pre-come, and his hole was gushing slick was enough to tell him how much this was turning Cas on.

“That’s true, you took your punishment so well. Hmmm, I think I want you to give me a show,” Dean said, pretending the idea had just come to him.

“A show, Sir?”

“Yes. I want you to ride that giant, knotted dildo until it’s all in your tight little ass, just like in your video.”

Cas chewed his lip, a little groan escaping his throat. “Yes Sir. I’d be happy to do that for you.”

“I knew you would. You’re a good boy for Daddy.” Dean reached out to gently caress Cas’s dark hair, pushing the sweaty strands from his forehead. “Get your toy for me.”

Castiel scrambled off the bed, opening the drawer in his nightstand to pull out the dildo. Dean stared. It was a lot bigger than he’d first imagined, with a giant, swollen knot at the base for Cas to work up to. Fuck this was gonna be so hot.

He stripped off his clothes, leaving just his boxers on, and settled himself at the head of the bed. Leaning on a stack of pillows, he made himself comfortable and pulled out his cock, stroking it slowly. Dean gave a low moan as pleasure danced across his skin. He could already feel a knot starting to form at the base of his dick and nothing he could do would make it go down. But he wasn’t going to knot Cas today. At least not his ass anyway. He had plans for the first time he knotted his omega, and the were nothing like this.

Cas climbed back on the bed, holding the giant dildo in his hand. He looked at Dean, waiting for instructions on where to position himself. Dean thought for a second.
“Turn your body side on, then I can see your ass and your face baby. Plus, I can watch your pretty little dick bounce up and down.”

“Yes Sir,” Cas said, struggling to get the words out already. He knelt in position, holding the dildo in one hand, nudging his rim with the engorged head.

“Good boy… now, ride that toy for me.” Dean stared as Cas began to push the head into his ass, gasping and moaning loudly when it popped inside. The omega stared to ride down it in, clearly intending to get as much of it in hole as quickly as possible. But that wasn’t what Dean wanted.

“Slowly baby, I’m not in any rush,” he said, loving the way that Cas shuddered and whimpered at the realisation that the alpha was going to draw this out. “That’s it, looking so good for me omega. Does that dick feel good in your hole?”

“Y-yes,” stammered Cas as he slid down another few inches, before riding back up again. “Feels so good daddy.”

“I bet it does!” Dean loved the way the omega’s tight rim stretched around the blue silicone, pulling the giant dildo in deeper. Cas gasped as he tilted his hips and Dean was betting that the toy was nailing his prostate. Pre-come spurted onto the alpha’s hand as he stroked himself. Part of him just wanted to bend Cas over and fuck him hard, pin him to the bed and knot him, letting him know exactly who he belonged too.

The rest of him was happy to caress his dick as his slutty little omega put on a show.

And what a show it was.

Cas was vocal – moaning, gasping and whimpering, little phrases spluttering out of swollen, shiny lips as he rocked up and down, back and forward, working the toy like it was the last dick he was ever going to ride. Trickles of slick slid down his thighs, his cock bouncing with his movements. Cas’s eyes were fixed on Dean, wide with pleasure and lust.

“Faster,” Dean murmured, ordering Cas to pick up the pace and loving the way he did so immediately. “Are you gonna take that knot?”

“Yes Sir!”

“Do you want it?”

“Please Sir?”

“Wanna come on it?”

“Oh fuck, yes daddy!”

Dean smirked and climbed off the bed, making his way round to the other side, cock in hand. “I want you to take that knot in your hole, stretch it out and ride it till you come. And while you do that, you’re gonna suck me off as a thank you for letting you behave like such a whore. If you’re a really good boy, I’ll knot your mouth too so you exactly what you’re gonna be getting in your ass, boy.”

He doesn’t really give Cas a chance to respond, pulling the omega into place and pushing his open mouth onto his cock. His lover relishes it though, opening his throat and swallowing Dean down. Dean gasps as Cas moans around him, building up a rhythm so he slides up and down both dicks.

It’s the hottest fucking thing Dean’s ever seen.
He tangles his fingers in Cas’s dark hair, beginning to fuck his throat. The omega just takes it all and Dean can feel the familiar burning in his gut, the swelling of his knot as the pleasure builds until it erupts like a volcano. Dean howls as his orgasm crashes through him, knot popping Cas’s mouth and pumping endless streams of semen into his boy’s mouth.

Cas is moaning too, one hand working as he brings himself to orgasm and Dean can see the base of the dildo just poking out of the omega’s hole. For now, Cas is deliciously stretched on two knots, a little stream of come trickling out the side of his mouth as he sucks on Dean’s dick.

The pleasure is so immense Dean thinks he might cry. He knows one thing for sure though: he really, really needs to knot Cas.
Dean had to admit that despite the façade he presented to the world, he really was a romantic at heart. Spooning, cuddling on the couch, good morning kisses, little ‘I miss you texts’, cute rom-com movies – they were all things he loved, even if he wouldn’t always admit it.

But now it was time to pull out all the stops and romance the shit out of his omega… before he pinned him to the bed and fucked his brains out on his knot.

True, it didn’t need to be romantic. They could just have sex. But Dean wanted it to be special, even if that did make him sound like some teenage girl before prom night. He didn’t give a fuck. Cas deserved to be wined, dined and treated like a princess.

Dean had never, ever felt like this about anyone before. Castiel was different. Not only was he smoking hot, funny, sassy and incredibly smart, he made Dean happier than he’d ever been. The alpha was drawn to him in a way he couldn’t quite explain, although he was starting to think that it might have something to do with a word that began with ‘L’.

That was definitely new.

So yeah, Dean was pulling out all the stops to give his omega the most incredible night that, fingers crossed, would end in mind blowing sex.

First of all, he made dinner reservations at his favourite steakhouse, then he ordered a huge bouquet of flowers to be delivered to Castiel’s apartment that afternoon. He went shopping and picked out some new panties for the omega in midnight blue satin and lace, forking out the extra five bucks to have them gift-wrapped, picking up some extra condoms at the same time, that were designed for knotting. Dean really wished they could go bare-back, especially as his last physical had come back clean, but he wasn’t sure whether Cas was on any sort of birth control. Besides, it was better to be safe than sorry.

Back at the apartment, he laid out hundreds of large candles, before showering and changing to head out. He’d already paid the neighbour kid, Alfie, to come in and light them later when Dean sent him a text that they were on their way back.

His plan was full-proof.

Until he turned up at his boyfriend’s apartment to find Castiel in tears.

“Oh shit, what’s wrong baby?” The omega’s eyes were puffy and red, his face blotchy where he’d obviously been crying for a while and his scent was sour and sickly. A protective rumble emitted
from Dean’s chest as he wrapped his boy up in his arms, practically carrying him back into the apartment and settling them on the couch.

Cas nestled into him, clutching at his shirt as the renewed force of his emotion washed over him and he sobbed into Dean’s chest. The alpha watched helplessly, stroking his dark hair and making the most soothing noises he could until he could convince Cas to breathe.

“What happened?” Dean asked, tilting the omega’s face towards his. Cas rubbed his eyes and shook his head.

“It’s stupid really, it was just something that happened at school today.” He sniffed, using the cuff of his overly large sweater to dry his eyes. “I went to see Marv about getting some more lab time, for my last research paper, and to ask him about the outline, because the last paper I wrote for him, he hated.” Cas sighed, snuggling into Dean. “Anyway, he practically threw me out of the lab and said he didn’t have time for me. That I was just a silly, little omega and I shouldn’t be doing my Masters, let alone applying for my PhD. Turns out, the reason he hated my paper was because I’m an omega and he doesn’t think omegas should be doing heavy research into environmental science.”

With every word Castiel spoke, Dean could feel himself getting angrier and angrier. “What. The. Actual. Fuck?” He growled out through gritted teeth. “I thought your papers were marked anonymously? And how the fuck can he say that? It’s 2018 for fuck’s sake.”

“They are, but they know who’s doing what project so it’s easy to mark them down,” Cas sniffled again. “I know it’s stupid, but maybe he’s right. Maybe I shouldn’t be doing this.”

“No.” Dean snapped, pulling Cas up to look at him. “You are so fucking smart, and talented and god-damn perfect! I won’t hear you say anything like that about yourself, do you understand?”

“Yes daddy,” Cas said, chewing his lip. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry, you don’t need to be sorry,” Dean added, pressing soft kisses to the omega’s face.

“I ruined your evening plans.”

“Nah, it’s fine. Let’s just get take-out and watch a movie. I’ll order a pizza while you choose.” Hurriedly, Dean cancelled the reservation and Alfie’s candle lighting duties, before ordering the biggest pizza he could and a giant tub of ice cream. When he came back, Cas had chosen Predator, claiming that he needed to imagine Marv running away and being hunted down.

Dean laughed as he settled down on the couch beside him, “you’re a vindictive little bastard, you know that?”

“Yes,” replied Cas, hitting play and pulling Dean’s arm around him. “But you love it.”

“I do,” Dean murmured, kissing the top of his head. There was a pause.

“What?”

“I love you,” Dean said again, looking at the amazed smile on Cas’s face.

“I love you, too.” Cas pulled him into a fierce kiss, climbing into his lap and invading his mouth, claiming every inch of it. Dean moaned as the omega ground down on his lap, rubbing his ass against Dean’s rapidly hardening cock. “Want you to fuck me,” Cas groaned as he shrugged off his sweater and began unbuttoning the alpha’s shirt, sucking hickeys onto his chest. “Fuck me, knot me, make me yours.”
Dean gasped, throwing his head back as Cas sucked hard on his nipple. “Are you sure?”

“Yes,” Cas growled, “I want you to knot me right now, or so help me god, I will cut your testicles off with a spoon.”

“Alright, alright,” Dean chuckled, trailing kisses up the omega’s neck and loving the way he shuddered under the alpha’s ministrations. “But we should probably wait until the pizza arrives, I don’t think I can answer the door if we’re tied.”

“Fine, fine, fine,” grumbled Cas, climbing off Dean’s lap and collapsing onto the other end of the sofa with a sulky look on his face.

“Ruin my fun with your sensible idea.”

Dean laughed, pulling the omega’s feet into his lap and starting to rub them. Cas sighed deeply and smiled, the soft scent of happy omega filling the room. “You’re too good to me, Dean.”

“Nah, you’re worth it.”

The pizza arrived fifteen minutes later, and they decided to eat it first, mostly because Dean was enjoying the movie and desperately wanted to at least watch the part where they blew the camp up, because “everything is on fire, Cas! It’s fucking awesome!”

As the watched, Dean noticed Cas sliding closer and closer to him, casually sliding his sweat pants off until he was clad in the tiniest pair of boxers Dean had ever seen. Dean could feel his dick throbbing as Cas twisted himself, lying with his head in Dean’s lap. Dean gave a low groan as the omega began to mouth at his semi through his jeans, his nimble fingers working the zipper open and pulling out Dean's cock.

“Did you find what you wanted?” Dean tried to joke, but his words were lost in a gasp as the warm, wet heat of his omega’s mouth enveloped him. “Fuck! Love your mouth baby!”

Cas winked up at him, going to town on his dick - sucking, licking and slurping through a spectacular blow job. They definitely weren't going to get to the main event if Cas kept that up, and Dean desperately tried to find the words to tell him that. He could already feel his knot starting to swell, loving the way that Cas gently sucked at it.

Just as Dean was reaching through point of no return, Cas’s mouth was gone. Dean groaned, head falling back on the edge of the couch, as Schwarzenegger and Co ran from the Predator. Beside him, Cas was sliding off his boxers, eyes golden with lust and the heady scent of slick filling the air.

“You wanna find a bed?” Dean muttered, as Cas dragged his clothing off.

“No,” growled the omega. “I want you to take me right here, right now.” With one swift movement, he climbed onto Dean's lap, gasping and mewling as he impaled himself on the alpha’s thick cock.

“Knot me, Alpha.”

Dean didn't need any more encouragement. He grabbed the omega’s hips, pistoning up into the impossibly tight heat of Cas’s ass. Cas had his head thrown back, mouth open and panting as Dean fucked him, nailing his sweet spot with every thrust.

“Oh… shit… yes, Dean… fuck alpha, yes, yes,” Cas whined, voice high as he ground his hips down, clutching at Dean's chest. Dean could feel his knot swelling, starting to catch on Cas’s rim, his orgasm approaching like a fast moving train. It was only then that he had the horrible realisation that he wasn't wearing a condom.
“Cas… m’close,” Dean gasped, “you need to stop.”

“No, please,” Cas said, digging his nails into Dean's chest. “Knot me… I'm on… birth control… please!”

Cas ground down hard and that was all it took.

Dean howled as his knot caught, pumping hot ropes of come deep inside his omega. He pulled Cas close, sucking on his neck in a faux mating bite as his orgasm shook him to the core. Cas stiffened, his whole body tensing as he shot come onto Dean's chest, shaky moans pouring from his chest as he came untouched on his alpha’s knot.

They sat together, exchanging lazy kisses and whispered adorations until Dean’s legs felt less like jelly. Then he carried his omega to bed and made love to him until dawn.
Thanks for all your patience with me - life has been pretty hectic recently! I had a very belated honeymoon for two weeks and I started a new job, so I haven't had much time/energy to write.

Thank you as well for all your comments and kudos - I read every single one and they make my day. I promise I will reply to them as soon as I have time and the energy.

If you want to, come say hi on tumblr you can find me at ladyofthursday

It was late on one very lazy Sunday morning, when the pair of them were still cuddled up on Dean's gigantic memory foam mattress, that Castiel posed Dean the question.

“What's your favourite fantasy?”

“Easy,” murmured Dean, pressing a soft kiss to the back of Cas’s neck, “I've already lived it.”

“Oh?” the omega asked, rolling over in Dean's arms to gaze into the gorgeous green eyes of his alpha. “What was it?”

“Meeting you, scenting you, fucking you… used to think about it all the time when I looked at your blog.” Cas blushed, a warm feeling spreading through his chest.

“Fine… what's your filthiest fantasy?” he asked, curling his lip into a wry smile as he studied Dean's face. The alpha chewed his lip, rolling onto his back and pulling Cas on top of him. Castiel nosed into his neck, savouring the richness of Dean’s scent as he waited for the man to answer.

“Honestly?”

“Honestly. Nothing you can say will upset me - I'm curious now.”

Dean smiled as his slid one hand down to start caressing Castiel’s ass, “well, I dunno if it's the filthiest I can think of but I do really wanna fill you up with come.” Cas groaned as Dean began to circle his quickly slicking hole, loving the perfect balance of teasing pressure and desire. “I want to fuck you over and over and over again until you’re leaking, plug you up after each time so you don’t waste a drop, watch your little belly swell with my come, fuck your mouth too so you’re full of it. Rub it into your skin. Mark you inside and out, make you all mine.”

“Yes, alpha… yes,” Cas groaned, capturing Dean’s mouth in an open mouthed kiss. The alpha plundered his mouth with his tongue, as his hands began kneading the meat of Castiel’s ass.

“Does that sound good, sweet omega?”

“It really does.” Castiel pulled back, panting, a wicked glint in his eye. “Wanna do it right now?”
They spent all day in bed.
And in the kitchen.
And the living room.
And the bathroom.

Dean drew the line at fucking Castiel on the apartment’s balcony, but it was a close run thing. Instead he threw the omega over his shoulder and marched him straight back to the bedroom.

Dean fucked him until his hole was loose and sloppy, his belly swollen with seed. Come dripped down the back of his thighs as the alpha pressed into him again - it felt so delicious and dirty. He’d never felt this used, and he revelled in the feeling, pleasure singing through him. He never wanted it to end. He wanted to be fucked over and over, used for his partner’s pleasure as if he was nothing more than a toy - a set of warm holes to be fucked.

“Fuck baby, you feel so good. So wet for me,” Dean groaned, as he pressed Castiel into the mattress, riding him hard as his scent enveloped Cas’s senses, driving him wild. “Such a sloppy, open pussy.”

“Yes, alpha, love being used by you.”

“Fuck you’re a little slut aren’t you?” Dean growled, raking his nails down the omega’s skin before landing a hard slap on his ass that made Castiel buck with pleasure. The alpha was right, he was a slut - he was just a whore that wanted to be used. The revelation wasn’t a surprise to him, considering the depths of his fantasies, but it felt so good for his alpha to acknowledge it. To use him and toy with him. Fuck - it was all Castiel wanted!

Afterwards, they lay tangled and tied together, sweat and come mingling on Castiel’s skin.

“Was that what you wanted?” he asked quietly, snuggling into Dean’s chest and letting his alpha’s scent envelope and soothe him. Dean pressed a soft kiss to his head and pulled him close.

“That was perfect, baby. Fuck you’re perfect, I love you so fucking much.”

“I love you too,” Cas murmured. He knew he ought to get up and shower as soon as Dean’s knot went down, but he wanted to revel in his alpha’s scent as long as possible and feel the sticky presence of his seed on his skin. Dean had made him his in every way, and life couldn’t have been more perfect.

“Hey sweetheart,” Dean said, voice heavy with sleep, “move in with me?”
I'm back in the groove so you two chapters this week! And I've planned the order of the rest of them too. Thank you so much for all your comments and kudos, it means the world to me.

If you want to, come say hi on tumblr you can find me at ladyofthursday

It’s been a stressful few weeks to say the least. Cas agreeing to move in was the easy part, actually getting him here has been far harder.

Firstly it took forever to find someone to take over Cas’s room, especially since they’re into the autumn semester now, but luckily a last minute postgrad student by the name of Charlie decided it was perfect. She and Cas haven’t stopped chatting since, so that was one positive at least.

Then the landlord decided to be a dick and withhold part of the deposit for some trivial bullshit, and it wasn’t until Dean got Sam involved that things smoothed out. Sure, his brother practices environmental law, but that’s beside the point.

The most stressful part though has been dealing with Cas’s mom.

Over the past six weeks Dean has realised exactly why the two of them aren’t close. It’s not that she’s particularly mean, but she is horribly overbearing and anxious. Dean had pretty much heard the entire conversation when Castiel had first gritted his teeth and called her about his change of address, despite her not being on speakerphone.

“But darling,” she’d cried, loudly enough that Cas winced in shock. “You’re not mated! You can’t just move in with some random alpha you’ve only just met, it’s not right.”

“Mother, I’ve known Dean for nine months and he’s very respectable.” Cas said, in an obvious attempt to soothe her.

“But still, you’re an unmated omega, what will people think?”

“They can think whatever they like,” Cas snapped, “I love Dean and I’m moving in with him. I’ll send you the address.”

Ever since then, there had been weekly phone calls and messages from her, as she attempted to try and convince her son to rethink his decision. She’d even tried calling the university at one point in the hope they’d put a stop to it, but luckily they’d told her that her son was twenty-four and a grown adult, and basically to back off.

“She means well,” Cas said sadly, after another late-night call. “I just don’t think she realises that it’s different for omega’s now.”

But now Cas was finally here, and Dean couldn’t be happier. It had taken them most of the day to
move the omega’s possessions over, and Dean’s pretty sure that moving Cas’s excessively large textbooks has forever crippled him. Thank fuck his building has an elevator.

They were just debating whether to order pizza, Thai or Chinese food as a reward when Cas’s phone rang. He sighed in exasperation as he picks it up.

“Hello mother,” he answered dutifully, and the defeated note in his scent stirred something deep and primal in Dean’s chest. His omega was unhappy. Very unhappy. And Dean is not having it.

Quickly, he ordered a ton of Thai food, including a double order of Pad Thai because it’s Cas’s favourite. Then he pulled up the latest David Attenborough series, that Cas has been dying to watch, on Netflix and grabbed as many cushions and blankets as he could find.

Then he marched straight into their bedroom (and Dean would be lying if his heart didn’t do a little somersault at the idea that it’s now their room) and stood by the door arms folded. Cas was sat on the edge of the bed, head down as he listened to another lecture. His whole appearance was one of sadness and defeat, and there was a sour tang to his usually fresh, sweet scent that wrinkled Dean’s nose.

“But mother,” Cas mumbled, trying to get a word in to conversation. Dean snapped. He strode over to the bed and snatched the phone out of the omega’s hand before he had a chance to react.

“Mrs Novak, this is Dean Winchester, I don’t believe we’ve spoken before,” he announced, cutting off the shrill voice at the other end of the line. “I understand you have concerns but your son is an adult and able to make decisions on his own, and I also intend to take very good care of him. Now I would kindly ask you to back off,” he growled, “because you are upsetting Castiel. Unless you have something positive to say, don’t bother him again.”

He hung up and looked down to find Cas staring at him, open mouthed and wide eyed. “Sorry,” Dean muttered, “I shouldn’t have done that.”

There’s another pause and then Cas giggles. Dean stared at him in stunned silence as the giggle developed into a full blown-belly laugh, and Cas collapsed onto the bed, tears streaming down his face. “Holy shit, Dean,” he gasped, “that was amazing!”

“Yeah?”

“Yes. Oh my god, she’ll just be sat there in stunned silence, I can picture it now,” he giggled, taking a deep breath and pulling himself up to standing so he could plant a soft kiss on Dean’s lips. “Thank you.”

“No problem,” Dean said, returning the kiss. “Now come on, I’ve got a surprise for you.” He practically carried Cas through into the living room, settling him onto the couch in the mound of blankets and cushions.

“What’s all this?” Cas chuckled, as Dean tucked another blanket round him.

“It’s to help you relax,” Dean said indignantly. He pressed play on the documentary and left Cas sat there with stern instructions not to move while he sorted the food. The take-out arrived soon after, and he carried it through to the living room, setting it on the coffee table and pulling the cartons open.

“You got Thai?” Cas asked, as Dean began to spoon pad thai into the omega’s mouth.

“Yup, I got all your favourites,” Dean said. A little pool of warmth flooded his chest as Cas practically melted beside him, the sweet scent of happy omega filling the room, mingling with the
The rich, spicy smell of the food.

Dean refused to let Cas to anything - he hand fed him the entire meal, fetched him a soothing cup of tea and honey, and then gently rubbed his feet while Cas lay absorbed in Blue Planet II. By the time they reached the end of the first episode, Cas was already a little pile of goo next to him, but Dean still hand plans.

“Hey baby, I wanna try something,” Dean said softly, “just relax and watch your show. Let me know if you don’t like it.” Cas murmured a noise of approval as Dean slid his hands up the omega’s thighs, unbuttoning his jeans and teasing Cas’s soft cock out of his panties.

Leisurely, Dean lowered himself down, stretching out along the rest of their giant couch before sliding his lover’s dick between his lips. Cas gasped. A low moan sliding from his lips as the warm, wetness of Dean’s mouth engulfed him. He tried to buck up into it, but Dean’s hand held him still and soon Cas was lost once again in the richness of Earth’s oceans.

Although it was hard at first not to suck Cas off, bringing him to full hardness and coaxing a million delicious noises out of him, Dean knew the wait would be worth it. Drool pooled in his mouth and slid out of his lips, and he desperately wanted to lick it up.

He loved making Cas feel loved and cherished and wanted. Sure, some alphas might think that spoiling their omega’s (sexually or otherwise) was beneath them, but to Dean it was all part of a good relationship. Plus, he loved the feeling of Cas’s small, soft omega cock in his mouth.

Once the episode finished, he felt Cas stirring and heard the TV turn off in the background. He pulled off with a soft pop, wiping spit on his thumb.

“Do you wanna watch another one, baby?” He asked.

“No,” Cas looked up at him, a sleepy grin on his lips. “Take me to bed, daddy. To our bed.”

Something stirred in Dean’s chest again, and he couldn’t help the little growl that crawled out of his chest. “With pleasure,” he muttered, as he scooped Cas up and carried him to their room.
Square Fifteen: Figging

Chapter Notes

Here's number fifteen and another square of smutty, fluffy goodness. Enjoy! If you're not sure what figging is, you can find out more here.

Just a heads up that the next chapter will be to fill the gangbang square of the card, just to pre-warn you in case that's not your thing, but after that we'll be back to all the dean/cas goodness.

If you want to, come say hi on tumblr you can find me at ladyofthursday.

Also, a massive thanks has to go to tobythewise for correcting all my typos in this!

Square Filled: Figging

>> From Dean: do you need anything from the store?
<< You know you used to send me such sexy messages! What happened?
<< But yes can you grab some milk and bananas please

>> are you being sassy little omega? do you need a spanking from daddy?

>> yeah will do - do you want syrup for pancakes?

<< Yes daddy, I really do =P and yes please to syrup too!

>> maybe if you’re a good boy…

Castiel smiled as the last message flashed across his screen. Life with Dean had become so easy - over the past six months they’d slipped into a comfortable routine and it was hard to believe that they’d been together well over a year now. For their anniversary, Dean had taken him to an arcade and then to get burgers and giant milkshakes - it may not seem romantic to some, but for them it was perfect.

Recently though, they’d both been so busy that they’d hardly seen each other. Dean’s workload had doubled because he was overseeing a huge, international project. Meanwhile Cas was neck deep in his first year of his PhD, and apparently that meant nothing except long hours on campus reading and researching as much as possible.

They hadn’t had sex in over a month and Cas knew they were both frustrated and horny. But tonight, he was gonna change that. Even if he had to be a bit of a brat to do it.

First, he made sure that dinner was pretty much ready to go and could be reheated at will. Then he showered thoroughly, and dug out his cutest, laciest pair of pink panties (because that seemed to be Dean’s favourite colour on him), topping it off with a tiny, pink crop top with Daddy written across the front. Cas knew he looked deliciously fuckable. Now all he had to do was provoke the alpha slightly.
Carefully plugging his phone into the apartment’s sound system, he scrolled through his playlists until he found the perfect one. Then he hit play, and let the music sweep him away.

Castiel was so lost in his own, happy dancing, that he didn’t even hear the click of the apartment door or the growl of his alpha.

“What the fuck is this racket?” Dean shouted over the pounding drum and bass track. “Cas!”

Cas spun around to face the alpha, trying to make his face the picture of innocence. Which was harder than planned considering he was pink, panting and wearing very little. “Yes, alpha?”

“What the fuck is this?” Dean growled, flicking off the sound system. “You know I really hate that shit.”

“Oh?” Cas pouted, trying to make his eyes as big as possible, “I’m sorry daddy, I was just dancing. Didn’t you see?” Dean raised an eyebrow, the scent of arousal poured off him as he folded his arms.

“I did. I think everyone could see you shaking your ass like a little slut in those panties. Do you want a spanking?” Dean was obviously trying really hard to be serious, but the small grin curling across his lips says otherwise.

“Have I been naughty daddy?” Cas asked, sidling up to him. “Do I need to be punished?”

“Very naughty, baby. Very naughty indeed.”

“Hmmm, well maybe we could try figging as my punishment?” said Castiel, trying to sound nonchalant.

“You haven’t planned this at all have you little omega?” laughed Dean.

“No, it’s totally spontaneous,” grinned Cas, reaching up to kiss him deeply. “But if you look on the side in the kitchen, you may or may not find a piece of ginger that’s the perfect size.”

“You’re so fucking perfect. I love you,” Dean growled, smacking Cas’s ass so hard it made him squeal. “On the bed, on all fours. Keep your clothes on.”

“Yes, daddy.” Castiel could barely contain his excitement as he took off for their room. He could already feel slick pooling in his channel, lubricating his hole for the pleasure to come.

He practically jumped onto the bed, presenting his ass and waiting in silence, his whole body trembling in anticipation. Several minutes later, he heard the clear sounds of his alpha walking down the hallway.

“Aren’t you a pretty sight,” he heard Dean say behind him. “Such a good boy for your alpha.”

“Always.”

“Ah-ah, no words tonight darling. But you can make as much noise as you like, I wanna hear all those pretty sounds you make for me.” Cas whimpered as Dean slid his hand across his ass, grabbing his cheeks and squeezing roughly. “You look so fucking pretty in these panties, baby, but tonight I want full access to your ass.”

With one hand, Dean pulled the panties down, exposing Cas’s leaking hole to the air and he gasped as the alpha ran his thumb across his hole. “Fuck, so wet for me already. You’re such a whore for me.”
Castiel groaned as he felt the push of Dean’s thumb pumping gently in and out of him, teasing him with every movement. “What’s your colour, baby?” Dean asked, softly. “You can answer me.”

“Green.”

“Good boy, I know you wanted to try this, but I need you to let me know if it hurts. I’m not gonna be mad.” Cas nodded, chewing his lip as he tried to stop his body from shaking. He wanted this so badly, wanted to feel the burn of the ginger warming him from the inside out. Time seemed to slow and he couldn’t help but whine impatiently, tilting his hips back to try and urge Dean on. All that earned him was a sharp smack and a growled command to hold still.

Then he felt it. The cold, hard press of the ginger finger on his rim. He gasped as Dean pushed it inside slowly, pumping it in and out a few times before allowing the flared base of the root to rest on his pucker. It was strange sensation, but not an unpleasant one.

“So good for me,” Dean murmured. “Now you stay there for a few minutes, I’ll be right back. You may call if there is a problem.”

Cas felt the mattress shift as Dean stood up, and heard him heading back through the apartment and then the distant sound of running water. Daddy was clearly fetching a glass of water for later. He was just starting to think that maybe figging didn’t burn as much as people said, when the sensation began.

It was a hot, tingling feeling that made his hole twitch. He moaned long and low, reveling in the growing warmth.

“Does that feel good, boy?” he heard Dean say, and he groaned in response. “Good. Now I’m going to give you that spanking you wanted. I think thirty is a nice round number, don’t you?” Cas knew it was a rhetorical question, but he still had to bite his lip to keep himself from answering.

The first smack of his alpha’s hand caught him by surprise, causing him to gasp and squirm as the ginger plug jolted sending a shiver of pleasure and pain through him. After that, Dean was relentless, raining down blow after blow onto his ass. All Castiel could do was moan and whine, high pitched sounds sliding from his lips. His cheeks and chanel were burning hot and he could feel his dick twitching. He knew his orgasm was right there, if only Dean would fuck him or touch his cock, it would be all over.

“So good for me,” Dean said, “only another five, and then I’m going to fuck you.”

The last five spanks came quickly, and Castiel practically sobbed as the last one landed. Dean gently ran his hand over the burning skin, “fuck you look so pretty like this. Red is a good colour on you.” Carefully he worked the finger of ginger out. Cas gasped as the burning lessened, leaving a warm tingling feeling behind. He didn’t have time to savour it though before he felt Dean sliding himself in, stretching him wide and eliciting a deep groan from his throat.

“Do you like that, baby? You can speak now, wanna hear your lovely voice.”

“Yes, daddy,” Cas gasped, as Dean began to thrust languidly in and out. “Please, fuck… please Dean… fuck me. I need it.”

“You do? I don’t know,” Dean teased, “I’m not sure how desperate you are.”

“Please, please…” Cas begged, every breath punctuated with a moan. “I need you Alpha. Need your knot.”
“Like this?” Dean said, and with a swift movement he pinned Castiel to the bed and began to ride him, hard. Cas howled with pleasure as the alpha’s cock nailed his prostate, the friction on his cock from being trapped between him and the mattress was too much. He could feel his orgasm sweeping up on him.

“Come for me.” Dean ordered, and the world exploded with pleasure.

When Castiel came too, he was wrapped tightly in his alpha’s arms, his stomach and ass clean of come and slick. He breathed in deeply, snuggling deep into Dean’s neck as he inhaled the soft scent of pine and old leather that he adored.

“Hey baby, are you ok?” Dean asked, brushing his hair out of his face, “will you sit up for me and drink some water? You were so amazing, I love you so much.”

Cas nodded as he allowed the alpha to sit him up and pamper him. He loved this about Dean - that the alpha could use him so roughly, and yet afterwards he would cherish Castiel as if he were the most precious being in the universe.

“I love you too,” he answered softly. “More than anything.”
“So, what’s your filthiest fantasy?” Dean asked as they lay tied together, panting and sweaty and sticky with come.

Cas blushed, burying his face into the pillow so Dean wouldn’t see. How could he admit that? Even if they were in the middle of fulfilling his alpha’s fantasy…

“Come on babe, I told you mine… time to share.” Dean began nibbling his neck, teasing the skin. “What is it? Being filmed? Being on display? Being used?” Castiel tensed. “Ah-ha… I guessed, so you have to tell me now.” Dean chuckled, sucking another mark under Castiel’s ear.

“A gangbang,” Cas said, more to the pillow than Dean. He knew the alpha heard him though, from the rumbling growl that emerged from his chest.

“A gangbang hmmm, maybe we’ll have to do something about that one day… you’d look so pretty begging to be used and filled,” Dean groaned, grinding his knot on Castiel’s sensitive rim. Cas gasped and whined. “I think I’d love to see that.”

Castiel took a deep breath, trying to focus on the sweep of Dean’s fingers across his spine. His heart was pounding a million miles a minute already, his body aching with want and unreleased pleasure.

Slick was already trickling down his thighs, mixed with Dean’s release. The alpha had already fucked him once, knotting him and pumping him full. Marking Castiel as his, inside and out. A high whine escaped Castiel’s lips, his hips canting back desperately searching for touch.

In front of him, Dean chuckled. “Are you that desperate already, baby? Do you need an alpha?” The older man’s hands slid through his hair, grounding him with touch and scent. “Shall we get started then?”

“Please,” Cas begged, tilting his head up to looking into his alpha’s glinting green eyes. “Please let them fuck me.” Dean smiled and nodded.

“Just remember, you can safeword at any time.” Cas nodded and felt his whole body relax. He wanted this, more than anything. And he couldn’t believe that Dean had agreed. The alpha had gone so far as to find and vet all the participants, getting everything from criminal records checks to STI screenings. The process had taken months, and now… now it was really happening. Every nerve of his body was on edge, waiting eagerly for the first touch.

From behind him, Cas could smell the deep scent of another alpha. He shuddered, tilting his hips and...
groaning as a hot tongue laved over his hole, drinking up the mixture of slick and come.

“Fuck you taste so good, omega.” The man’s voice was rough with lust. It wasn’t a voice Castiel
recognised, but he knew Dean had invited alpha’s from outside the city. “Do you want my dick,
baby?”

Cas barely had a chance to answer before he felt the alpha’s cock filling him up. He gasped as the
man grabbed his hips and began thrusting in hard, grazing Castiel’s prostate as he took his pleasure
from the omega’s body. Lust and thrill at the feeling of being used thrummed through Castiel. He’d
wanted this for so long, but had never hoped, never dared to think it might come true: to be used over
and over.

Pleasure danced through his veins and across his skin, but his climax eluded him. Dean had already
milked him dry this morning, growling that his orgasm belonged to him and him alone, and Castiel
had sobbed with bliss as he came more times than he could count.

And now Dean was here, his hands providing a steady anchor as the alpha behind him rutted into
him. The man howled, pulling out to cover Castiel’s ass in hot ropes of come. The sensation startled
and delighted him, but Cas barely had time to think before another man took his place.

A gentle hand caressed his face, pulling his chin forward and Castiel found himself nosing at Dean’s
hard cock. Without thinking he sucked it down, drinking in the scent of his alpha’s musk as the
second alpha thrust into him, groaning in pleasure.

“Fuck, Dean, he’s so tight. Such a good little slut,” the man growled. “Looks so good taking my
dick. You love that, don’t you?”

Castiel whined, his mouth still full of cock. But he pushed backward sharply, trying to show the
alpha just how much he loved it. The man’s cock was larger than the first, and it felt like it was
splitting him open.

“Such a good boy for me,” Dean murmured, “look so good taking two cocks, sweet omega. Fuck…
that’s it... suck me.”

Another moan escaped his throat as he tried desperately to fuck himself on the cock behind him, as
he worked Dean’s in his mouth. More come splashed on his skin and a third cock pushed into him,
pushing all of his buttons. His body felt like it was on fire, and everything melted into one as alphas
fucked him over and over and over again. He lost track of time, of place, of himself, of the number of
times he was used. All he knew was pleasure. And it consumed him.

x

“Hey sweetheart, are you with me?”

The voice was familiar, so was the soft touch in his hair. Castiel opened his eyes, to the face of his
beloved. “Dean.”

“Hey gorgeous, there you are. You were so good, so amazing, can you sit up for me? I bought you
some juice and some snacks I need you to eat.”

“Was I good?” Castiel asked.

“The best. I love you so fucking much,” Dean leant down and kissed him, his lips tasted like cherries
and dark chocolate. Cas tried not to giggle when he realised that Dean had bought him his omega’s
favourite snack, but couldn’t resist helping himself.
“I love you too,” Cas grinned as he pulled himself up. His skin was wet with come and sweat, but he didn’t care. He was far, far past that point. “That was amazing.”

“Good, I’m glad you enjoyed it.” Dean smiled, and began to feed him small pieces of chocolate. There was silence for a minute as Castiel relived the past few hours, turning the experience over in his head. It had been amazing, that was true… but at the same time, it wasn’t quite the same as when it was just Dean.

When it was just him and the alpha, it was different. Special. Perfect, even.

“But, I think maybe I’ll just stick to you,” Cas grinned, sipping the little beaker of apple juice. “I think one alpha is enough for me.”

Dean handed him another piece of chocolate, and Castiel swore he looked even happier than before, his lip curling up in a wry smile that looked like victory. “Eat this and then I thought we could have a bubble bath and I’ll give you a massage, and wash your hair. Plus I’ve got two fuck-ass huge pizzas arriving later. And there’s a whole tub of mint-choc-chip in the freezer for you.”

Dean was so thoughtful, so caring, so willing to do anything for the one he loved. There was nobody else like him. A fire burned in Castiel’s chest and a realisation sparked: he wanted to mate Dean.

Mate him. Marry him. And live happily ever after.

But maybe he should wait until after he’d had a bath….
Square Seventeen: Somnophilia

Chapter Notes

Woop woop time for some more sappy kink! (I'm sure that's a new genre!)

This one is for somnophilia but it is consensual and has been pre-agreed upon by Dean and Cas as something they enjoy!

Also, I just want to say the biggest THANK YOU! to everyone who has read, commented and left kudos. This fic now has over 10,000 hits and over 500 kudos with is mind-boggling!! I couldn't have ever imagined this and I am beyond stunned and grateful. Thank you so much. <3 <3 <3

Square filled: Somnophilia

It was still dark when Castiel awoke, but that meant nothing given how late in autumn it was. Still the bed was warm with Dean sleeping softly beside him, so there was no reason to get up. He snuggled down, tucking into Dean’s back and spooning him in the hope that he might drift off again.

Twenty minutes or so later, he was still awake. And bored. And really, really horny.

A devious little plan formed in his mind - he was awake, so why shouldn’t he have some fun? He and Dean always enjoyed waking each other up with sexual favours… this seemed like the perfect opportunity to exploit that enjoyment.

Carefully, he slid under the duvet, wiggling his own pyjamas off (which consisted of panties and t-shirt, so it wasn’t exactly difficult) and gently convincing a sleeping Dean to roll onto his back. The alpha was so easy to move when he was sleeping as deeply as he was. He was also adorable too, and the peaceful expression on his face made Cas melt.

Cas slid between Dean’s open legs, laying on his stomach as he slowly worked Dean’s soft cock free of his boxers. He loved being between the alpha’s legs. Dean’s scent was deeper and stronger here, and Castiel felt drunk on it.

He caressed the silky skin of Dean’s dick in his fingers, relishing the way it filled and hardened under his touch. His boyfriend might not be awake, but his dick certainly was. Castiel smiled as he pressed soft kisses to his alpha’s shaft, working his way steadily up and down. Worshipping every inch. He ran his tongue over the head, delving into the slit and was rewarded with a spurt of precome. Above him, Dean groaned sleepily but didn’t wake.

A cocky smile caressed Castiel’s lips. How far could he go before the alpha woke?

He slid his mouth over Dean’s cock, enveloping it in warmth and wetness. He used one hand to tease the alpha’s balls, while moving the other under his own body. Castiel’s hole was already slicking, but he wanted it dripping. Although it wasn’t the best angle, he managed to tease two fingers in.

Cas groaned around Dean’s cock, and above him Dean mirrored the noise as the vibrations sent pleasure dancing through him.
For a while, Castiel worked his ass and Dean’s dick - the combination of alpha scent and hard cock and determined fingers driving him wild. Delicious bursts of pleasure rocketed through him. Cas could already feel his orgasm there, not quite reachable, but tormenting him with need.

It was too much. But not enough.

He pulled off with a soft pop, a line of drool connecting his lips with the swollen, purple head. As he sat up, he pulled his slick covered fingers free. For a moment, Castiel considered licking them. But instead, he gently wiped the sticky substance across Dean’s lips. The alpha stirred, his nose catching the scent of omega arousal. His tongue darted out to lick it up, sucking Castiel’s fingers between his lips to clean then. A long, low moan rumbled from Cas’s chest at the sensation. But Dean still didn’t wake.

With firm hands, Castiel nudged Dean’s legs together, straddling his hips. Grasping Dean’s cock, he lined himself up and sank down.

Castiel gasped. He relished the feeling of fullness as he took all of his alpha’s cock, rocking back and forth to take every last bit. He loved the way that his body pulled Dean in. He loved the way that Dean filled him up. And he loved that no other alpha had ever made him feel the same.

Castiel began to move. Slowly at first, just gently rocking up and down. Grinding and teasing. Dean grunted once or twice. Then his eye flickered and Cas seized the moment, picking up the pace to ride his alpha hard.

“Ohhhh, ohhhh, fuck,” his moans were high pitched, and he grasped at Dean’s chest as he angled himself to catch his prostate with every movement. “Deeeaan!”

“Yeah baby, fuck,” Dean groaned. Castiel looked down to see Dean gazing at him with hungry eyes. “Don’t stop. Take what you need - that’s it, ride Daddy nice and hard.”

“Ohhh, Daddy… feels so good!”

“Just couldn’t wait could you baby?” Dean grinned, one hand reaching up to tease Cas’s aching cock.

“No. Wanted you so bad, oh-fuck!” Cas cried out as his orgasm swept through him. It overtook him and shook him to his core as he came all over Dean’s hand.

“Good boy,” Dean whispered, leaning up for a kiss. It was gentle, but there was heat behind it and Cas could still taste his slick on Dean’s lips.

He sighed, his body still singing. Dean smirked. “My turn.”

Cas squeaked as Dean flipped them over, pinning the omega to the bed. He lifted Castiel’s legs up, thrusting in deep and hard before leaning down to capture his lips in a frantic kiss.

“Such a good little slut for me baby. Love it when you get so horny you can’t wait,” Dean growled. Cas gasped, dancing on the edge of oversensitivity as Dean rutted into him harder and harder. Filthy words poured from his lips and Cas could feel pleasure burning under his skin. His cock was already filling again. He couldn’t remember when he’d last been so turned on, which was saying something because the sex he had with Dean was always incredible.

“Dean-fuck-Deeeeaan,” he whined, clutching at the alpha. Dean didn’t relent, pounding into his ass, taking his pleasure in the most delicious way.
“Go on Cas, I know you’re close again. Fuck, you’re so tight right now,” Dean groaned. “Fuck, I’m gonna, shit… come with me Cas.”

And Cas did.

They lay in a tangled heap of exhaustion, skin sticking together in a way that Cas knew he’d regret later. But right now he was too blissed out to care. Dean threw an arm around him, pulling in close. Cas took a deep breath, sinking into the depths of Dean’s scent.

“Hey Dean,” he asked sleepily. “Can I ask you something?”

“Sure,” Dean murmured, pressing a soft kiss to his temple. “Anything. You know that.”

“Will you mate me?”

“What?!!” Dean shot up, pulling their skin apart and Cas winced as the dried come pulled at his skin, glad that they weren’t tied together for once. That would have been painful for both of them. He rolled over, looking Dean in the eye and smiling.

“I’m serious. Dean Winchester: will you mate me, and marry me?” Cas blushed, realising this wasn’t quite how he’d planned this conversation. At least, he’d originally planned for them to be wearing clothes. “I’ve, um, I’ve got a ring too.” Dean was staring, eyes wide and mouth open. Castiel shifted uncomfortably. “Are you gonna say something?”

“You little shit,” Dean laughed, “of course I’ll mate you.” Castiel giggled, releasing the breath he didn’t realise he’d been holding as Dean pulled him into a kiss. “You realise I’ve been planning this for months and you beat me to it by a week.”

Castiel leant back and raised an eyebrow. “It’s because you’re so old. You’re getting slow.”

“Old?! Old?! I’ll show you old,” Dean growled, pouncing on Cas and pinning him to the bed.

They ended up staying there all morning, celebrating. Afterwards, they both agreed they were going to need to invent a completely different story. One that involved less nudity and dried semen.
They got married in secret, on a beach in Hawaii on New Year’s Eve.

Neither of them wanted to wait that long, and the idea of having a big wedding made them both nauseous. Castiel said that as soon as they told anyone that his mother would have a hissy fit and then take over. They’d end up with all her friends plus her large family, many of whom disapproved of Castiel and his ‘life choices’, and she would insist on having it at her church.

“Better to just not tell her,” Cas said. “I’ll deal with the fall out later.”

Dean had his own reasons. He didn’t have a lot of family, except Sam, but he knew that the bigwigs at Sandover would all expect to be invited. He’d rather die than do that.

So they eloped. And in the end it was just them, a justice of the peace and a witness at sunset.

It was perfect.

Afterwards they had dinner by the water, on a little table set up just for them, under the stars and surrounded by candles. The food was delicious, although Dean was a little sad that there was no wedding pie. Cas just laughed and promised to buy him the biggest cherry pie he could find as soon as they got back home.

They debated staying out to watching the hotel’s fireworks, but by that point both of them had far more interesting things on their mind.

“Besides,” Dean said, nibbling on Cas’s neck and relishing the feel of his omega turning to putty in his arms. “We can watch them from our suite.”

“That sounds like a much better plan,” groaned Cas, turning in Dean’s arms and gazing up at him with a coy look. “Take me to bed and mate me, husband.”

Dean needed no encouragement, dragging Castiel back up the beach towards the hotel as fast as possible, the omega giggling behind him.

When they’d decided on their plan to elope, Dean had decided that he wanted his beautiful soon-to-be mate, have the trip of a lifetime. So he’d splashed out and booked the most expensive suite he could and asked for their most beautiful suite – they hadn’t disappointed.

It was a huge, airy bungalow – detached from the hotel, right down near the ocean. Not only did it have a private whirlpool, which Dean was determined to try fucking Cas in, but it the most enormous
bed. They two of them could lay starfished next to each out and still not touch.

When they got back to the suite they found a bottle of champagne and a platter of fruit and desserts laid out for them, and a trail of petals leading to their bed. Dean made a mental note to thank the hotel staff later.

He pulled Cas into the bedroom, slowly sliding the omega’s white shirt over his shoulders while he planted kisses on the soft skin of his neck, breathing in Cas’s delicious scent.

“I love you so much,” he whispered, “I’m so glad I met you.”

“I love you too,” Cas said, stroking Dean’s jaw and capturing his lips in a hungry kiss. “You’re amazing.”

They fell to the bed in a jumble of limbs, clothes disregarded in a heap on the floor. All except for the white, lace panties that clung to Cas’s hips. They were too pretty to get rid of just yet.

One kiss turned into a thousand and Dean was determined not to rush this, even though his cock was throbbing and his whole body ached with lust. His inner alpha wanted to pin Cas to the bed and fuck him hard and fast, claiming him as his own and finally mating him. But Dean had other plans.

He slid down Cas’s body, worshipping every single inch of skin. Dean sucked marks into his chest, worrying Cas’s nipples between his teeth until the omega cried out in pleasure and begged Dean for more.

“Oh sweetheart,” he chuckled, “we’ve got a whole night ahead of us. I’m not rushing anything.”

Dean covered Castiel in kisses, all the way down his stomach, his thighs, his legs and even his feet, purposely ignoring his omega’s cock. He could smell the sweet tang of slick and it made his mouth water. Gently he pushed Cas’s thighs apart, until Cas lifted and spread them, revealing his hole in all its glistening, furled glory. Dean hadn’t realised the panties were backless and his cock throbbed against the mattress.

“Fuck you look so good baby, got such a pretty hole,” he groaned, dipping his head down to run his tongue across the puckered skin. He’d never get over how fucking good Cas tasted, and he was pretty sure he’d never, ever get bored of eating his omega’s ass.

“Yes alpha,” Cas gasped, “all for you, it’s your pussy.”

“Fuck yeah it is,” Dean muttered, as he came up for a moment, winking at Cas who blushed furiously. Dean smirked and lowered his head, lapping up the slick and pushing his tongue into Cas’s hole, loving the assortment of moans that slid from the omega’s mouth. He slid one finger in, then two, seeking out Cas’s prostate and rubbing his fingers over it.

“Oh… oh fuck, Deaaaaan!” Cas’s voice was already wrecked and needy.

“Are you gonna come for me baby?” Dean said, sliding a third finger in and mercilessly teasing Cas’s sweet spot. “Go on boy, I want to watch you cream your pretty panties for me.”

“Oh, oh… oh shit, fuck, I’m gonna-” Cas’s hips bucked off the bed as his cock erupted, ropes of come flooding the lace.

Dean smiled, sliding his fingers out of Cas’s fluttering hole and into his mouth, licking the remnants of slick off his skin. “Delicious. But now, I think we need to take these off.” Dean slid the panties off Cas’s hips, a devious plan forming in his mind. He leant over Cas, whose face was still a mask of
bliss. “Time to clean up your mess baby,” Dean held the panties out, and Cas whimpered, opening his mouth for Dean to push the come covered lace inside. “That’s a good boy, suck it all up.”

Dean’s own cock throbbed at the sight, his knot was already threatening to form and he felt like a teenager all over again - about to pop a knot at the sight of a pretty omega. Granted, this was a lot kinkier than the omega porn he’d sneakily looked at when he first started jacking off, but still.

“Please,” Cas whimpered, when Dean removed the panties and tossed them on the floor. His lips were shining with spit and come, his voice hoarse. “Please, alpha, I need you. I need you inside me.”

For a moment, Dean hesitated. He’d had all these plans for tonight, like making Cas come over and over until he was a writhing mess, but that whimper… and the desperation on his mate’s face and in his scent was fast changing his mind.

“Of course,” he said, leaning down to claim Cas’s lips in a deep kiss. “Anything for my perfect omega.”

In one move, he sheathed himself deep in Cas’s hole, groaning as the tight muscles pulled him into the slick, hot channel. Cas gasped, hands grasping at Dean’s shoulders, bringing them chest to chest.

As they kissed, Dean slowly began to pump in and out, angling his hips to catch Cas’s prostate and make the omega whine. He’d intended for a night of kinky fun, but now he wanted to make love to his beautiful mate until the sun rose.

And so he did.

Slowly, gently, with love and heat and passion in every kiss, every movement, every whispered word. Dean wanted Castiel to know how loved and cherished he was. Because Dean knew that without him, his life would be meaningless.

He could feel Cas hardening again between their stomachs, the friction bringing him closer to the edge. The alpha felt a familiar tightening in his abdomen, the crescendo of his own release creeping up on him. He leant down, nosing at Cas’s neck for the perfect spot to place his mating bite and as his orgasm overtook him and his knot caught, he sunk his teeth into the Castiel’s skin.

“I love you, I love you, I love you,” Dean whispered over and over as he licked the skin, soothing the mark and sealing the bond. He kept up tiny thrusts, grinding against Cas’s prostate as he bought the omega to his second orgasm, tilting his neck to allow him to leave his own mark.

Pain flared for a moment and then there was nothing but infinite bliss.

They watched the fireworks from the whirlpool, with champagne, hand feeding each other fruit, giddy with love and lust. Afterwards, the crawled into bed and slept curled up together as lovers, best friends, husbands and mates.
It's time for some honeymoon fun! Also, as we're coming up on the deadline for Kink Bingo, I'll try and get the rest of this finished asap. I think there are 24 in total (as I have one square that I couldn't make fit this story) so there are another 5 after this.

If you want to, come say hi on tumblr you can find me at ladyofthursday

“What’s your safeword baby?”

“Pumpkin.”

“Are you completely sure you want me to film this?”

“Yes, Daddy. I want you to film us.”

“Fuck, you’re such a dirty slut. I love you so much.”

“I love you too, Daddy.”

Dean looked down at his beautiful, sexy mate stretched out on the giant bed in their honeymoon suite. Castiel looked like a dream - face down, ass raised and legs spread to reveal his beautifully shaved hole and the seam of his ass that ran down to his swollen balls. They didn’t have many of their toys or restraints with them, so Dean was having to be creative. He’d been edging the omega for the past few days, bringing him to the edge until Cas had been begging and crying for release. Dean had ultimately denied him, although he had done nothing like that to himself. There was something utterly delicious and filthy about filling his mate’s ass with loads of come, while denying the omega his release.

But Cas had been such a good boy, that Dean had decided it was time to reward him. After a little more fun…

In one hand, he held his phone, angled down to perfectly capture Cas’s ass. The other was poised to spank the smooth firm globes.

“Are you ready baby?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good boy,” Dean smiled. He raised his hand and bought it down with a crack. Cas gasped as Dean dealt a variety of blows to the soft skin, turning it the perfect shade of cherry red. Fuck it looked delicious. The gasps soon turned to moans and soft begging sounds as Castiel tried not to squirm.

“Spread your cheeks for me, baby.” Dean said, watching in delight as Cas reached back to hold his ass cheeks apart. Dean rewarded him by spanking the furled skin of his hole, already shining with slick, loving the way that Cas whined.
“Oh… oh… Sir.”

“Yeah, you like that?” Dean asked, angling the phone to perfectly capture the way the skin fluttered as he peppered Cas’s hole with blows.

“Yes, Sir!” Cas’s voice was wrecked already and Dean hadn’t even gotten to the main event. This was going to be delightful.

“Good boy, now let go of your cheeks and use your hand to hold your dick and balls - push them back for me boy.” Cas’s dick was already leaking a stream of pre-come, his balls full and almost purple in colour from the days of torment. Dean raised his hand and began spanking the omega’s balls, not quite as hard as his ass, but certainly firm enough to make his boy squirm.

It was a delicious sight - watching Cas moan and beg and try, desperately not to move. He’d already been warned that moving away from Dean’s hand would have consequences. And not fun ones.

“Look so good, baby. Love how full these are,” Dean said, tugging on the omega’s testicles and shivering at the choked moan that escaped Cas’s lips. “Do you want to come?”

“Please, Sir. Please, I want to come. I’ve been so good, please let me come.” Dean smirked. Cas was so beautiful when he begged, it really was one of his favourite sounds. He’d have to make him do it more often.

“Hmmm you have been pretty good.” Dean said, pretending to consider as he tormented Cas’s balls and dick, rubbing them firmly between his fingers. “I think I’ll fuck you, and if you can come on my knot like a good little omega, then you can come.”

“I will, Sir.”

“I know,” Dean said, pumping his own dick. “Or you won’t come at all.” He lined up, marvelling at the way Cas’s hole was already slick and open for him, and thrust into the omega. Cas gasped as he bottomed out, but Dean wasn’t in the mood for slow and sensual. He wanted it hard and rough, and he knew Cas wanted to same. He grabbed the omega’s hip with one hand, determined to video everything, and began fucking into Cas.

“Fuck your pussy feels so good, boy,” he snarled as he pounded into the omega. “Such a tight little boy-pussy.”

“Yes, love you cock, Sir,” Cas gasped, pushing his ass back to take as much of Dean’s dick as possible. “Love your big cock, Alpha.”

Dean knew he wasn’t going to last, but he didn’t give a fuck. Cas was so tight and wet and desperate for Dean’s knot, his muscles pulling Dean in with every thrust. The omega was howling with pleasure as Dean nailed his sweet spot and Dean knew that Cas was desperately trying to hold back his orgasm so he could come on Dean’s knot as instructed.

“Fuck, baby, get ready for my knot,” Dean growled. “Gonna knot your tight little hole.”

“Please, alpha, give it to me.”

Dean howled as he came, his knot catching on Cas’s rim and tying them together as his release flooded the omega’s channel. Pleasure overtook him, dancing through his body and lighting up every fibre of his being. But he wasn’t finished. He leant down, and whispered in his mate’s ear.

“Come.”
“Did you really film the whole thing?” Cas asked, some minutes later as they lay exchanging lazy kisses while waiting for Dean’s knot to go down.

“Of course, baby,” Dean said. “You asked me too.”

“Do you want to watch it?”

“Definitely,” Dean chuckled. “Although maybe we should wait until we’ve had something to eat. I think seeing you like that is going to make me want another round.”

“That’s very practical of you, husband.” Cas pressed a soft kiss to his jaw, a coy smile on his lips. “So, how do you feel about putting it on my blog?”
Chapter Notes

I said there would be more, and here it is! There's a bit of a time jump here, think about a couple of years passing since they got mated/married. Also, this contains student/teacher roleplay so skip if you're not comfortable with that.

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Square Filled: Caning

“Come on Cas, don’t you think this is a bit weird? I’m actually old enough to be your professor.”

“That’s why it’s perfect!” Cas’s voice was insistent from outside the door and Dean chuckled. “I’m still beautifully twinky and you’re a sexy, older alpha.”

It was true though. Castiel may have been a couple of years older than he had been when they’d first met, but he still had his twink body and looks. Dean had recently turned thirty-five, and while his birthday had been fun, he’d still bemoaned getting older - especially as he’d started the day by finding a selection of gray hairs around his dick. Cas had said it made him look even more of a sexy daddy alpha, although Dean wasn’t completely convinced. Still, if finding gray hairs meant his hot-as-fuck mate riding his dick three times in one night, in an attempt to make Dean feel better, then he’d take it.

Now Cas had decided to expand their already very wide sex pool with some role-play. Apparently he’d already had a costume from Halloween several years ago, and had found it in the closet while clearing out some old clothes.

“Are you ready?” Cas called and Dean snapped back into reality.

“Sure, let’s give it a shot.”

Cas knocked on the office door and Dean took a moment to settle his face into the same look of disapproval he used on people at Sandover who’d fucked up.

“Come in.” The door opened, revealing Cas in his costumed glory. Dean had to try very hard not to do a double take at the black mary-jane heels, white, thigh highs socks, tiny plaid skirt and tight white shirt that his mate was currently wearing. Holy shit he looked hot. Cas winked at him, and Dean was a thousand percent certain that there was a treat for him hiding under that skirt.

“Castiel, you’re late,” Dean snapped, raising an eyebrow and gesturing to the chair he’d placed in front of him. “Sit.”

Cas sat, crossing his legs to reveal inches of toned thigh and the curve of his ass. Fuck that skirt was short. Still, at least it gave Dean some ideas.

“Do you know why you’re here?”

“No Mr Smith, no idea at all.” Cas shot him a cheeky smile.
“Really? Given that you’re failing most of your classes, have declined to hand in most of your assignments and have received numerous write ups for the state of your uniform, I’d have thought it was obvious.”

“Oh,” Cas smirked, adjusting in his seat and spreading his legs to give a full view of the sheer pink panties he was wearing underneath. “Is there something wrong, Mr Smith?”

“Castiel,” Dean said, trying not to laugh at the innocent pout his mate was wearing. “That skirt is far too short, and you know it.”

“All the alphas don’t think so,” Cas said, the innocent look on his face not matching the teasing words pouring from his sinful lips. “They love being able to see my legs. Did you know if I bend over, you can see my panties? All the alphas love being able to see my hole.” Fuck, Cas was pressing all his buttons now. The omega stood up, turning round and bending over, showing Dean exactly what he meant. “They love being able to see the hole they’re going to be using later. Would you like to try it?”

Dean made a choked sound, his dick already rock hard in his pants. He hadn’t expected their roleplay to take this turn, but the sweet scent of arousal pouring off his mate suggested that Castiel had planned it all along. Especially when he wiggled his ass, pulling his cheeks apart slightly to reveal a glittering pink jewelled plug nestled in his hole.

Well, two could play at that game.

“You know Castiel, I don’t think I’m going to get through to you like this. I think you need to be punished. To be reminded how to be a good boy.” Dean stood up, picking up the thin cane he’d stashed in the office earlier and placing it on the desk. “Since you like bending over so much, bend over the desk. Now.”

Dean wasn’t quite sure if he’d ever seen Castiel move so fast, especially when he was being “punished”. Mind you, Cas loved being spanked and Dean had the very happy memory of paddling the omega with a ruler over his desk at work when they’d first started hooking up.

“Well, aren’t you a desperate little slut?” He said, admiring the curve of Cas’s ass. “Stick your ass out, show me those pretty panties.”

“Yes Mr Smith,” Cas said eagerly, tilting his hips back and up so the whole of his ass was exposed. That skirt really was short.

“I think we need to lose these too,” Dean teased, snapping the elastic of the panties. “I want to turn your ass this color to teach you a proper lesson.” He pulled the panties over the curve of his omega’s butt, watching them slide down his legs. “Now, since you’re such a bad student, I think you need a proper punishment, don’t you?”

“Yes Sir! Punish me Sir, I’m such a bad, bad student.” Cas said, wiggling his ass seductively.

“Don’t sass me,” Dean said, snapping the cane on the soft skin, loving the moan that Cas made and the way it left a pink stripe on his skin. “Now, count them out boy. I think we’ll start with twenty.”

“Should I start with one or two?” Cas said, as the cane left another mark on his skin.

“For that comment,” Dean smirked, “you can start at one again. And if you complain, or miss one, then we’ll have to start all over again so you can get it right.”

The next blow landed with a sharp crack and Cas’s voice was a delicious whimper when he spoke.
His voice got higher and more strung out each time as he sunk into subspace. His ass was already a delicious shade of purple after only ten, but Dean was determined to keep going.

The alpha’s dick was rock hard in his pants, and he was already dreaming of painting the omega’s red cheeks with white stripes of come.

“Nineteen,” Cas gasped, his body shaking, slick trickling down the back of his thighs. If Dean wanted any proof at how turned on his husband was, that was all he needed.

“Twenty.”

“Good boy,” Dean said, placing the cane down and rubbing his hands over the hot skin. Cas groaned in delight. “Are you going to be a good student now Castiel?”

“Yes Sir.”

“I’m not sure you are, but I’m sure you’ll try your best.”

“I will.”

“Good, now get on your knees and say thank you to me for punishing you.” Castiel sunk to the floor, nosing at Dean’s crotch and quickly undoing his slacks to release his aching dick. “You can suck me, but I want to come all over the pretty little ass of yours.”

“Yes, Mr Smith.” Cas said, then with a wink, he swallowed Dean to the root. Dean gasped, grabbing the soft strands of his mate’s hair to anchor himself. He loved that Cas’s skill at deepthroating still surprised him.

“Such a sweet little omega,” he gasped, as Castiel went to work, attempting to suck his brain out of his cock. He could already feel the familiar tightening in his gut, the fire under his skin and he knew it wouldn’t be long before he’d be shooting down Cas’s throat if he wasn’t careful.

“Fuck, I’m close,” he grunted, thrusting in the omega’s hot, fluttering throat. “Bend over the desk again and show me that ass.” Cas leapt to his feet, planting his hands on the desk and sticking out his ass which was still a delightful shade of cherry red. “Fuck that’s a sweet ass, I bet it’s a sweet pussy too.”

“Yes Sir,” Cas groaned. Dean knew his husband loved it when his alpha talked dirty to him, and he watched a little line of slick slide down the inside of the omega’s thigh. Dean grabbed his swollen cock, jacking it roughly, feeling his orgasm approaching like a freight train.

“Oh fuck, fuck. I’m gonna come, shit., fuck!” He came with a shout, ropes of his release painting the omega’s ass. It was the perfect sight as his orgasm washed over him. “Fuck that was good.” Dean collapsed into the nearest chair, pulling Cas onto his lap. “Good idea, baby.”

“Thank you.” Cas wiggled on his lap and snuggled into his neck, breathing in Dean’s scent. “Do I get to come?”

“No,” Dean teased, “you were being punished.” He looked at his husband’s raised eyebrow and pout and couldn’t help but laugh. “But maybe, if you’re a good boy while we shower and let me rub some lotion on your butt, I’ll suck your dick while we watch a movie and wait for take out of your choice. How does that sound?”

“Perfect,” Cas said, kissing his neck and then pulling Dean in for a deep kiss. “Just like you.”
Okey dokey, there's another time jump here - maybe another couple of years? I reckon that Dean and Cas are about eight years apart if that helps at all - they met when Cas was 23/24 and Dean was 31/32 and right now they're about 30 and 38 respectively.

Also thank you so much for all your comments/kudos - I love them all and I promise I'll reply as soon as I can <3

The was an unmistakable itch under Castiel’s skin as he left his office at the university that evening. A burning in his muscles that wasn’t tiredness or stress. It was his heat.

Thank god it was a Friday and it was easy enough to quickly email the various people he needed to, ensuring his heat leave would kick in for the start of the following week. Having a regular heat every six months certainly did make planning a lot easier.

As he reached the car, he could already feel a pool of slick between his cheeks and he locked the doors behind him, pulling out his phone to text his mate.

<< To Dean: I’m going into heat.
<< Please come home asap.
<< I need you.

>> sure thing baby, I’m hot and angry as fuck today
>> guess my rut is startin up too
>> i’ll grab some supplies on the way home

By the time Castiel had reached the house that he and Dean had recently purchased, need was burning through him. He couldn’t wait for his mate. Instead he climbed the stairs, shedding his clothes onto the bedroom floor and pulling out his favourite dildo from their impressive collection of toys.

He knew that he should get some water and put his clothes away, but he was so desperate already. One orgasm first, and then he’d get everything ready. Just one.

Castiel climbed onto the bed, toy in hand, settling onto all fours. His hole was already slick and open, waiting for his alpha’s knot to fill him up. But Dean wasn’t back yet, so the sizeable girth and fake knot of the dildo would have to do. He moaned as the tip breached his hole, and Castiel teased his
rim for a minute - lightly pushing the toy in and out, mimicking the way Dean often teased him when Castiel was needy and begging.

“Ohhh, yes… yes!” Cas gasped as he impaled himself the toy, sitting back to ride its impressive length. He could already feel the press of the knot on his rim, waiting for his hole to open up enough to swallow it. The dildo felt good, the ridges pressing on all the right spots, but it wasn’t quite right. It wasn’t his alpha.

“Well, isn’t that a pretty picture!” Dean’s voice was a low rumble from the bedroom door. “Couldn’t wait for me could you, baby? Were you that desperate?”

Cas turned, mouth open, a trickle of sweat running down his face. “Please alpha, I need you.”

Dean stalked over to the bed, capturing his mouth in a hungry kiss. It took Dean moments to remove his clothes. Then he was pulling the toy out and chucking it across the room, replacing it with his thick alpha cock and pounding into Castiel’s needy hole.

“Yes, fuck, yes! Alpha!” Cas gasped as Dean rode his ass hard, hitting every sweet spot Cas had. His alpha’s hands gripped at his hips, in a way that Castiel really hoped would leave bruises. Need thrummed through his body. He wanted everything the alpha could give him. “Please alpha, fuck me. Breed my pussy.”

“Yeah?” Dean growled, pulled Cas up to his chest and mouthing at the mating bite on his neck. “Want me to breed you up, sweet omega?”

“Yes! Breed me, alpha. Want you load… want you to breed me up with your pups.”

“Fuck, you smell so good. Gonna fill you up,” Dean snarled as his knot caught, tying them together. As the knot caught on his sensitive rim, Cas’s orgasm crashed through him and he cried out as he spilled into Dean’s hand.

The lay together, panting and sweaty, their need tempered for a moment.

“You know,” Dean said, stroking Castiel’s stomach. “You often ask to be bred while you’re in heat, but you’ve never asked for pups before.”

“Must just be a heat thing,” Cas said, dismissing the notion. “You know what I’m like when I want you knot.” He wiggled his ass teasingly, loving the possessive growl that his alpha made. Sure, he’d never asked for pups before. But that didn’t mean he wanted them, did it?

Ok, so he knew a few friends who had pups. And he had been noticing them more often recently. But… pups were expensive and sticky and loud and to get them you had to go through pregnancy, which was a whole other nightmare. And while Castiel knew Dean would be an amazing father and they’d both talked about having pups in the future, it didn’t mean they should have a pup right now. Castiel’s career was taking off, he loved his teaching position at the university and his students, and he was getting to do amazing environmental research. Plus, Dean was well on his way to being vice-president of Sandover by the time he hit forty, but it meant he often had to start work very early, and finish very late.

No, he definitely wasn’t thinking about pups.

Castiel pushed the thought out his mind and as soon as Dean’s knot when down, he went about cleaning up and sorting food for the weekend - for when they were too horny to do anything except fuck and sleep.
Two hours later he was back in bed, Dean pounding into him as he begged for his alpha to breed him.

Six hours later, he woke Dean to ride his dick, asking him to fill Castiel’s pussy with his come and a pup.

Twenty-four hours later, Cas was on all fours, pleading with his alpha to fuck him harder and to breed his sweet little omega.

Three days later, when the last of their heat and rut were leaving them, Dean pulled him into a tight hug as they collapsed down onto the crusty sheets, utterly spent.

“Sweetheart, is there something you want to tell me?”

“Yes… I think we should have a pup.”
Hey lovelies - I had a lot of fun writing this one! I hope you enjoy it.

They were going to have a pup.

Well, they were at least going to try, and that was the fun part. As if Dean needed more excuses to have sex with his beautiful husband.

They’d talked about it at length after Cas’s announcement at the end of his heat, but Dean wasn’t particularly surprised. It was a discussion they’d had before, and it was more of a coin toss as to who bought it up first. Dean loved the idea of being a dad - it was what he wanted more than anything else (except Cas), but he’d avoided pushing the subject because he didn’t want to be one of *those alphas*. The kind that saw omegas more as broodmares than partners.

But it was really happening now: they were going to try and get pregnant.

Cas had already made doctors appointments, stopped taking his birth control and started taking some sort of supplements which were supposed to help his body prepare for pregnancy. Dean scoffed, but then secretly spent several hours looking at the best positions for impregnation, which basically lead to him watching porn - but hey, it was research!

“It might take a while,” Cas said, when they were lying snuggled up on the couch one night. “Doctor Barnes said it can take up to year or more, so we shouldn’t be disappointed if I don’t take right away.”

“That’s fine, sweetheart.” Dean pressed a soft kiss to his temple, running his hands through Cas’s hair. “We can be patient, it’ll happen when it’s ready.”

Six months later and their patience was wearing thin.

They’d tried everything: having sex in the morning, having sex at night, all the positions they could think of, they had rough, kinky sex, they made slow, passionate love. Nothing.

“What if there’s something wrong with me?” Cas asked, voice shaking slightly, holding up another negative pregnancy test.

“There’s nothing wrong with you,” Dean said. “We knew it could take a while.”

“Easy for you to say,” Cas snapped. “You’re just an alpha, no one will blame you if I can’t get pregnant. Everyone will blame me. Stupid, useless omega!”

“That’s not true,” Dean said, trying to stay calm. Cas was trying to pick a fight, something he always did when he was frustrated. “You’re not stupid or useless.”
“What do you know? You’re just a knotheaded alpha!”

“Calm down Cas, please.”

“I am calm!”

“Fine, you know what, I’ll see you later.” Dean said, grabbing his briefcase and slamming the front door behind him.

Dean felt miserable all morning. He knew Cas was frustrated, because he was too. But in his heart he knew there was some modicum of truth to Cas’s words - people would always say it was the omega’s fault over the alpha’s. This was why they’d not told anyone of their plans. He sighed, rubbing his face in his hands. Maybe he should ring his doctor and get some sort of fertility test? He was nearly forty for fucks sake, if either of them was going to be sterile it was him.

“Mr Winchester?” His secretary’s voice made him jump and he looked up wildly to see her stood at the door, a smile on her face.

“Yes, Becky?”

“Your mate is here to see you. He’s bought you lunch.”

“Thanks, can you let him in. Oh, and Becky?”

“Yes?”

“Can you, I don’t know, make yourself scarce for an hour?”

“Oh? Got plans?” She giggled and Dean rolled his eyes. Even if Becky could be a tad annoying, she was the best secretary he’d ever had, and they had a better relationship than some.

“Not like that,” he shook his head, grinning.

“Sure, but just remember you have a meeting at 2 and there’s a spare suit in your office cupboard if you need it.”

“You’re a lifesaver, y’know.”

“I know.” She winked and left, leaving the door open behind her. Seconds later, Cas came in and shut the heavy door behind him, throwing the lock as he did. Dean could already smell the bitter citrus tang of worry in his mate’s scent, and something tugged in his chest.

“Hey,” Cas said, a sad smile on his face. “I’m sorry I snapped at you.”

“I’m sorry too,” Dean said, beckoning him over. Cas placed a bag on the table, which Dean couldn’t help noticing had the logo of his favourite deli on, before the omega climbed into his lap.

“I’m just frustrated,” Cas continued, burying his head in Dean’s neck to scent him. “I thought it would be easy.”

“Well, you are,” Dean joked, sticking out his tongue and drawing a small chuckle from the omega who elbowed him gently in the ribs. “What? You are!”

“Oh yeah? Well so are you, Mr fingered-me-in-the-middle-of-a-club-when-we-first-met!”

“You’re hot, can you blame me? Besides I seem to remember you sucked my dick first.”
Cas chuckled, sliding his hands around Dean’s middle and adjusting his legs so he was straddling Dean. The alpha couldn’t help wrapping his hands around his mate and squeezing Cas’s firm, plump ass in his hands.

“Fuck you have a nice ass,” he breathed, revelling the sweeter brown sugar and honey notes of his mate’s scent as their lips met in a hungry kiss.

“It’s your ass,” Cas murmured, as their kisses became more frantic. “All for you.”

“Damn straight it is.”

“Do you want it?”

“Right now?”

“Yes, please alpha, fuck me. I need you to make me feel good,” Cas whined, and something inside Dean snapped. If his omega needed to feel good, then Dean was going to make him.

“Take your jeans off, baby. Show me those pretty panties I know you’re wearing.” As Cas shimmied off his lap, Dean did a quick look around to make sure no one could see them - but the door was closed and a quick tug of the blinds covered the windows behind them. In front of him, Cas slid out of his jeans, revealing lacey lilac panties that barely covered his ass.

“Fuck! Those are beautiful, baby. Make you look so pretty.” Dean groaned as Cas crawled back into his lap, grinding down on Dean’s rapidly growing erection.

“Yes Daddy, wanted to look pretty for you.”

“You look so good for Daddy.” Dean said, pulling his omega in for more filthy kisses and he slid a hand into Castiel’s panties and ran a finger over his already-slick hole. “And you’re so wet for me already. Do you want Daddy’s dick?”

“Yes!” Cas gasped, throwing his head back as Dean slid two fingers into him, pumping them slowly in and out and teasing the rim.

“What do you say, Princess?”

“Please, please Daddy. I want your big alpha cock. Please Daddy, fuck me. Breed my pussy!”

“Good boy.” Dean said, loving the expressions that were playing across his omega’s face as he added a third finger and gently caressed Cas’s prostate. “Get my dick out.”

Carefully Cas reached between them to unzip Dean’s pants, sliding his fingers through the gap to tease Dean’s throbbing erection out of the gap in his boxers. Dean groaned as it sprang free, loving the way Cas ran his fingers up and down the hot skin and squeezed the small swelling of his knot at the base. Fuck, he wanted to make the omega feel good but all his teasing was going to make this very short lived if they didn’t hurry up.

Cas gasped as Dean slid his fingers from his hole, wiping the omega’s slick on his shaft, before pulling Cas’s panties to one side and pushing his cock into his mate’s waiting hole.

“Oh, shit…” Cas threw his head back as Dean thrust inside, bottoming out in a single smooth stroke. Dean couldn’t help the small chuckle that escaped from his lips. One hand grasped Cas’s waist, pulling him down, the other kneaded his ass cheeks before spanking one of the firm globes.
“Come on baby, you gotta do the work today. Ride Daddy’s dick.” Cas nodded, grasping the back of Dean’s chair before slowly starting to grind down, riding him with short, hard movements. Dean groaned at the delicious pressure. Sure, an office chair (no matter how large) wasn’t the best place to fuck, but he wanted Cas close right now - to hold him, touch him, breathe in his scent and make him feel cherished.

The omega was determined to do his best though, the small movements of his hips were driving Dean wild. Pleasure burned through him like wildfire, lighting him up from the inside out. “Fuck you feel so good, Cas.”

“So do you,” Cas whined, rocking downwards and pulling himself closer to Dean to rub his dick against the rough fabric of the alpha’s slacks and shirt, searching for that delicious friction. “Feel so good inside me.”

“Fuck, you have such a nice pussy, baby.”

“Oh fuck, fuuuck, Dean… I need you.”

“Yeah? You getting close?”

“So close, I’m… fuck, please Daddy… oh shit!” Cas threw his head back in an open mouthed scream as he spilled into Dean’s lap, his channel clenching tightly around Dean’s cock. He continued to rock down on his alpha, chasing the last vestiges of his pleasure before he collapsed panting against Dean’s shoulder.

“Was that fun?” Dean chuckled, squeezing the omega’s ass.

“So good!” Cas panted, his voice shaking. “Your turn now,” he whispered, tugging at Dean’s earlobe with his teeth. “Fuck me, Daddy. Breed my pussy.”

“Your wish is my command.” In a quick movement, Dean grabbed the omega tightly by the hips, pulling him down as he began thrusting up roughly into the tight heat. Dean chased his orgasm, loving the whimpers and gasps of his mate as he took his pleasure without hesitation.

“Yes, yes, use me! Use my ass.” Cas whispered, scraping his teeth across Dean’s neck. “Make me your fucktoy, please.”

“Yeah? Love using you, such a little slut for me. Coming in here with your tiny panties, wanting me to breed your hole. Fuck!” Dean could feel the familiar heat in his groin, his knot swelling and starting to catch on Cas’s rim. “Gonna… fuckfuckfuck!” His knot caught and pleasure exploded through him, stars dancing across his vision as he pumped seed into his willing omega, who squeezed tightly around him, milking his cock and knot for every last drop.

Dean’s head thumped back in his chair, his omega nuzzling into him, as he fought to catch his breath.

“So… that was fun.”

Cas chuckled, sitting back to press a gentle kiss to his mate’s lips. “Think anyone heard us?”

“Eh, probably. Who cares,” Dean smiled. His eyes caught the deli bag still on the desk. “So, as we’re gonna be here awhile,” he said, gently thrusting his hips to emphasise the point, “can I have a sandwich?”

Cas’s howls of laughter were probably heard by the whole building.
A month later, Cas started throwing up. He came home that evening with a massive grin on his face.

“Guess what?” he said, crawling into Dean’s lap. “Apparently we made a pup in your office.”

It took a moment for the message to sink into Dean’s spinning brain. His first words were, “you’re pregnant?” His second were, “you’re fucking kidding me, right? My office? All of the places we’ve fucked. Fuck, the pup’s gonna be a suit.” The pair of them collapsed into fits of giggles, clutching at each other as tears streamed down their faces.

They were having a pup.
“Dean… Dean… Deeeaaan!” Cas called from his place on the sofa, eyebrows wrinkled as he wondered where his mate was. He had a sneaking suspicion his husband had been avoiding him lately.

“Yeah, what do you want?” Dean said, appearing round the kitchen door.

“I called like three times,” Cas grumbled. “Can I have some pie?”

“You finished it yesterday, remember?”

“But I’m hungry.”

“You just had dinner.”

“Dean. I am six months pregnant with your hellspawn. Everything hurts. I need to pee constantly. I am the size of an elephant. All I want, is a piece of pie - is that too much to ask?” Cas knew he was being a whiny brat, and once upon a time Dean would have pulled him over his knee and turned his ass cherry red. But that was before it looked like he’d swallowed a beach ball.

“I know you’re tired,” Dean sighed. “Just let me finish these dishes and I’ll rub your feet, ok?”

“It’s still not pie,” Cas said. “But that would be nice, thank you.”

“I need to ask you something,” Cas said, looking over the table at Charlie, who’d agreed to meet him for cake. They’d met years ago when Charlie had taken over Cas’s lease when he moved in with Dean, and they’d remained friends ever since. She was also very honest with him.

“Sure, what’s up?” she asked, taking a sip of the giant milkshake in front of her.

“Am I being an asshole lately?” Cas sighed, picking at his slice of fudge cake. “Dean seems to be avoiding me.”

“Oh yeah.”

“Charlie!”

“You wanted me to be honest, so I am!” Charlie smiled and reached out to squeeze his hand. “Look, I know you feel like shit right now, and being preggers is no fun at all. But Dean loves you and you’re taking out your frustration on him.”
“I know… I just… I feel so tired and everything hurts and I hate my body right now. Pregnancy sucks.”

“Preaching to the choir, babe.” Charlie’s omega, Dorothy, had given birth to their own pup six months ago. If anyone knew how to deal with a pregnant omega, it was the alpha sitting in front of him. There was silence for a few minutes, then Charlie smirked and raised her eyebrows. “When did you guys last have sex?”

“Why does that matter?”

“Because you guys have always fucked like freakin bunnies.”

Cas chuckled, because it wasn’t a lie. Lately though… “I don’t remember. Maybe a couple of months?”

“Holy christ on a cracker - you’re kidding me? Aren’t you horny as fuck? Dorothy was.”

“Sometimes, but… I just don’t feel sexy any more.”

“That’s it,” Charlie said, grabbing her wallet and waving to the waitress. “We’re going shopping and you’re gonna get laid.”

Dean turned off Baby’s engine and sank back into the seat, mentally ticking off things in his head. He’d bought pie, he’d bought doughnuts, he’d bought that weird honey tea that Cas loved. He’d turned off his work phone and had ordered a giant bunch of flowers to delivered to his husband tomorrow afternoon.

Honestly, Dean loved his mate, more than anything in the world. But jeez would it have killed someone to warn him about the realities of pregnancy.

Dean had been thinking about a glowing mate, who was happy and smiling (and kinda horny, he’d heard that could be a thing). They’d decorate the nursery, pick out clothes, heck Dean was even prepared to go to a couple of pregnancy yoga classes.

What he wasn’t prepared for was Cas’s horrible morning sickness, general crankiness, refusal to let Dean see him naked and his ability to bite Dean’s head off over the smallest thing.

It would be worth, Dean told himself, in three months when their pup was born.

Besides, Cas was a hero in his opinion. However grumpy the omega was, Dean was a billion percent certain he’d never volunteer to go through pregnancy instead. So if he had to put up with Cas being an asshole, so be it.

The house was quiet, but Cas’s car was in the driveway so he knew the omega was here somewhere. Dean dumped the bags of food on the kitchen counter, concern starting to tick away under his skin. Where was his mate? Usually Cas would be on him the minute he got home, complaining about his body and asking Dean for food or snapping at him for something or other.

“Cas? You here?”

“Upstairs,” came his mate’s voice, “in our room. Can you come here please?”

“Sure,” Dean sighed, loosening his tie as he climbed the stairs, making a mental note to fix the funny
step halfway up before the pup was born.

The alpha wasn’t quite sure what to except when he stepped into their bedroom, but it certainly wasn’t what met his eyes. Their room was lit with the soft glow of candles, and the sweet heady scent of happy omega arousal filled the air. Cas was reclining in the middle of their bed, dressed in a sheer black babydoll, that skimmed over his bump and he could see hints of panties straining to hold his omega’s erection.

“Hello Dean,” Cas said, a little smile on his plush lips.

“Holy shit.”

“Do you like it?” Cas asked, running his hand down his body, biting his lip as his hand disappeared between his thighs.

“You look fucking incredible,” Dean murmured, moving to lean on the bed and press soft kisses to Cas’s lips.

“Thank you alpha,” he paused. “I’m sorry I’ve been such a grumpy ass lately.”

“It’s ok, you’re carrying our pup babe, I know that’s not easy.”

“I know, but I shouldn’t take it out on you, I love you so much.”

“I love you too.”

Their kisses became more heated as Dean slid onto the bed, pulling his mate close to run his fingers deftly over as much of Castiel’s body as he could reach. He slid his fingers over Cas’s bump down to his crotch, teasing the omega’s cock through the black lace of his panties, watching in glee as Cas threw his head back with a low moan.

“Look so pretty right now baby, did you buy this just for me?” Dean said, nudging Cas’s thighs open and teasing his hole, tapping the slick furls of skin with two fingers.

“Y-y-yes.”

“Fuck you’re so beautiful. Love you so fuckin much.”

“Love you too Alpha.”

Dean pulled back, hurriedly shedding himself of his suit, not caring where things landed - he could go hunting for socks later. Right now, he had an omega to pleasure. His omega.

The gasps and moans that Cas made as he opened up to Dean had desire thrumming through the alpha’s body, and as he sank into the tight heat of his mate Dean groaned long and low.

It wasn’t just sex, not this time, it was reconnecting. Remembering how good it felt to bring pleasure to their mate, to revel in the feelings that they gave to each other. To whisper soft words between hungry kisses as their bought themselves to the edge, finding their release together with broken cries.

Afterwards, Dean pulled Cas too him, spooning his mate and breathing in his scent as he held his mate close. They drifted in and out of sleep for a while, until Cas winced.

“What’s wrong?” Dean muttered, too sleepy to open his eyes. Apparently not having sex for a while meant you were absolutely drained when you tried it again.
“The pup’s kicking me.”

Dean smiled, placing his hand on Cas’s stomach and feeling the pup move under him. “Settle down little dude, your daddies needs some sleep.” There was quiet again and just as Dean was drifting back to sleep, Cas nudged him in the ribs.

“Dean… Dean…. I’m hungry. Did you bring me pie?”
Chapter Notes

Wow, so... we've finally reached the end.

I'd say I'm a little sad, and I am because I've loved writing this verse, but I'm also incredibly thankful to each and every one of you who has read, commented or left kudos over the past few months. I'd never imagined that this would be as popular as it has been and I've been totally blown away by your love and support. I hope you like the ending as much as I do.

If you want to, come say hi on tumblr you can find me at ladyofthursday

Square Filled: Free Space
(This is based on this post from All Because of the Boys - a NSFW MM story blog, which I'd totally recommend checking out!)

15 Years Later

“Done!” said Cas, drying his hands and tucking the towel over the oven bar as he viewed his finally empty and vaguely clean kitchen.

“You were very busy tonight, sweet omega,” Dean muttered, coming up behind him to envelop his husband in a tight hug, pressing kisses to his neck and scenting him. “Running round like a busy little bee.”

“I was running around,” Cas said, chuckling and leaning back into Dean’s comforting embrace. “I put all three of the kids to bed, well I guess Claire’s probably not in bed but she’s in her room, made five lunches for tomorrow and cleared up the last of the dinner plates since Emma forgot to put half of them in the dishwasher.”

“Thank you.”

“I'm not done - I’ve also put two loads of laundry on and written you a shopping list for tomorrow.”

“And that’s why you’re amazing,” Dean said, his kisses teasing the sweet spot on Cas’s neck that made him melt. “I'm guessing you just want to head to bed and pass out then? I know you’re teaching tomorrow morning.”

“Hell no,” Cas said, grabbing his Alpha’s hand and pulling him out of the kitchen. “We’re going upstairs, right now, and you’re going to fuck me. Hard.”

“Yes Sir, bossy omega!” Dean laughed, smacking his omega’s ass before flicking off the last of the downstairs lights.

“Dean, we haven’t had sex in nearly a week and that’s a crime. If you don’t fuck me now, I will tie you to the bed and play with all the toys while you watch.” Dean’s eyebrows raised in a challenging
look.

“All the toys?”

“All. The. Toys.”

“Let’s go,” Dean said. “Time for me to fulfil my duty as your loving husband and fuck you like you’re blind and can only see my dick with the braille up your ass.”

Cas paused on the stairs, mouth open, staring at his husband. “Jesus Dean, I can’t remember the last time you said something so crass.” He chuckled, as Dean caught up to him, pinning him against the wall for a deep, searching kiss.

“I mean it.” Dean added, one hand sliding under Cas’s t-shirt to tweak his nipples while the other caressed his ass.

“We should get to our room,” Cas whispered, nipping the old mating bite on Dean’s neck. “You’re making my panties very wet.”

“Oh really?” Dean smirked.

“Yes, I’m wearing the pair you bought me for our anniversary - the satin ones.”

“Fuck, we need to get upstairs. Now.” Dean stole one last hungry kiss, his tongue invading Castiel’s mouth and leaving him breathless before dragging his husband up the stairs and along the corridor to their room, locking the door behind them.

Their lips met in greedy kisses between shedding their clothes, leaving them in a heap in the floor. Dean dropped to his knees, nosing at Cas’s leaking cock, licking it through the satin before spinning his husband round. Cas placed his hands on the mattress, glad they had such a tall bed, as Dean slid his panties over the globes of his ass, spreading his cheeks and licking a hot strip over his hole.

“Fuck, Alpha, so good.”

“Taste so amazing sweetheart,” Dean said, placing a playful bite on Cas’s cheek before diving back in, devouring his husband’s ass as if it was the most delicious meal ever. “Get on the bed.”

Castiel scrambled onto the bed, presenting his ass and winking at his alpha over his shoulder. “Well alpha, are you going to fuck me?”

Dean growled and a little shudder rippled through Cas. Even after all this time, he still loved how possessive the alpha could be and how his low rumbling made him want to submit. Castiel let out a gasping moan as his husband sank into him, grasping at the sheets as the alpha bottomed out, letting him adjust for a moment before starting to slide in and out, drawing little whines from the omega. Somewhere Dean’s phone pinged.

Castiel had never thought it would be like this - that after over twenty years together he and Dean would still feel like this. He’d never thought that one Grindr date in a club would lead to this - a lifetime of love and happiness. And the sexiest alpha Castiel had ever encountered.

“Feel so fucking good, baby.” Dean rumbled, grasping at Castiel’s hips as he picked up the pace, pounding in the omega’s hole.

“Yes daddy, love your big dick. Want that alpha cock.”
“Yeah, you want that big alpha knot in you? Want every last inch of the dick, fill you right up. Fuck, you’re so wet for me baby, so tight around my cock.”

“Please daddy, fuck me. Give it to me. Harder, daddy, please!”

Castiel couldn’t help the stream of gasps and moans pouring from his lips as Dean fucked him, hard enough to make the bed creak. Dean’s phone chimed again but they both ignored it, chasing their orgasms together. Cas snaked a hand down to grasp his cock, stroking it in time with Dean’s pounding, the alpha’s cock nailing his prostate with every sweep, sending him higher and higher.

“Fuck, daddy, I’m gonna… gonna, shit, I’m gonna come.” Cas threw his head back in a scream and ropes of semen painted the bed. His ass clenched around his alpha and in a moment, Dean was groaning, his release hot inside Castiel’s channel.

The pair of them collapsed to the bed, gasping for air and giggling.

“We’re too old for this shit,” Dean moaned, his shoulder popping audible as he wiggled it. “How did we used to do this so often?”

“Lust?” Castiel laughed. “That was fun though.”

“It really was. I’m glad we got this room insulated when we bought the house though, otherwise we’ll have scarred the kids for life.” Dean stretched his legs out, before swinging off the bed to search for his phone, which had pinged again. He looked at the screen and chuckled. “Speak of the devil, I got messages from Claire.”

He collapsed back on the bed, passing the phone to Cas for him to read.

>> From Claire: WTF are you doing??

>> OMG ARE YOU HUMPING??

>> YOU TWO ARE SO GROSS!! I CAN HEAR YOU

>> STOP BEING PERVERTS

Castiel dissolved into giggles, clutching his side. “I can’t believe she heard us. Wow that’s embarrassing.”

“Darlin she’s a teenage girl, everything we does embarrasses her.”

“True true, and Claire has been known to overreact. She’s still a very young alpha.” Cas tapped the screen and began typing out a response.

<< From Dad: Sorry honey, we were just reenacting how you were conceived.

Dean snorted. “Think we’d need an office chair for that.”

>> From Claire: YOU TWO ARE DISGUSTING

<< From Dad: Sex is an act of love, and we love each other very much.

>> From Claire: I hate you.

<< From Dad: We love you too. Sorry for disturbing you.
Cas filled the message with heart emojis and hit send. “Man she’s pissed at us.”

“Meh she’ll be fine. Kaia’s coming round tomorrow and she’ll probably get revenge on us by being all kissy on the couch.” Dean shuddered. Castiel knew his husband still hadn’t gotten used to the idea of his precious first pup having a girlfriend.

“Don’t worry, I’ll make Jack run distraction. Him and Emma usually do a good job of it.”

“I guess,” Dean pulled Cas into a hug, nuzzling into him. “I’ve still got it though if she can hear you through the double insulated walls. You must have been loud, baby.”

“Or…” said Cas, nudging his husband gently. “Or, we left both the windows open… and Claire’s are open because her scent is all over the place right now.”

“Fuck!” The pair of the dissolved into giggles again. “Ah well, we live and learn.” Dean smiled, cradling his omega’s face and pressing a soft kiss to Castiel’s lips. “Love you Cas.”

“Love you too, Dean.”

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