Willing & Able

by CBFirestarter

Summary

Dean has worked hard at both his jobs, paid his bills, helped his brother with his homework, watched out for his extended family, maintained his house and his most beloved impala. He has taken care of everything in his life, everything except himself. That's alright by Dean, he has enough, until he meets a man with storm blue eyes that shows him he can have more, that he deserves more, and that he can be... a very good boy.
Hello All!
Did not take as long a break from posting as I intended. I have spent the last two weeks or more writing like crazy on two fic's but in the end this one won out. Each of my fics have presented their own challenges and this one is my first BDSM relationship. I hope you all enjoy this love story, just wrap yourself up in it (see what I did there). I tagged as much as I was certain of but this is a WIP so tags may shift and change along the way but I will promise to give you all a heads up if they do and let me know if I missed one. As for posting schedule I will do the best I can to stick to a 1-2 week posting schedule. Life is busier lately than it was when I first started writing fic but I will do my best not to leave you hanging too long. Special thanks as always to my book club and Beta readers (as I list them I realize how truly lucky I am) EllenOfOz my amazing editor, and my beta readers, waywardjenn, WaywardAF67, TrenchcoatBaby, Lorelei2005 and Misha_is_my_spirit_animal78. These are the most amazing people on the planet and have all made this story better already, fanfic friends are the best friends.
Enjoy!
-CB

PS: Yes I started another fic with "W" why you ask? because I can! (grins and rubs hands together)
Chapter 1

Dean squints at the pile of papers strewn across the kitchen table before him. He adjusts the reading glasses on his nose and frowns down at the electric bill. He still has three days on it and he should have his paycheck from Garth’s Grinds by then. Still, he knows it’s gonna be a stretch on making their water bill payment this month and he decides to try and get an extra shift off of Ellen if he can.

“What ya doin’ tonight?” Sam asks as he comes into the kitchen, slinging a messenger bag over his shoulder. He watches as the kid stretches to look in the top cabinets for food. He feels a pang of guilt cause he knows there’s nothing up there but SpaghettiOs.

“Was thinking about seeing if Ellen needs any help tonight. You want some extra cash to grab some food?” He digs out his wallet from his back pocket and pulls out a ten.

“Dude, you barely get any time off, why don’t you do something for you tonight,” Sam counters, snatching an old box of wheat thins out from the top cabinet and waving away Dean’s cash. “These work, you can keep the cash. I gotta go to the library to finish that paper for world history, though.”

“You want me to take a look at it for you tomorrow? I don’t need to be into work till nine,” Dean offers as he shuffles the bills back into a pile.

“Yeah actually, if you don’t mind. I have SAT prep class tomorrow night, though, so can I just leave it on the kitchen table for you?”

“Yeah, Sammy, that sounds good.” Dean tries to fight back a yawn and fails.

“Do something fun tonight, or at least get some sleep, okay?” Sam gives him a worried mother hen look. Hell, it’s his job to worry about Sam, not the other way around.

“Who is the guardian in this situation? Don’t you go stressing about me. I’ll be fine.” Dean stands to tuck the bills into the mail holder by the fridge.

“We take care of each other, Dean, and you know it.” Sam gives him one hell of a bitch face.

“Yeah, yeah. I’ll bring groceries home tomorrow, okay?”

“See ya later,” Sam calls over his shoulder, heading out the door. The library is luckily only a short walk from the house.

Dean moves back to the table and pulls up his beat up old laptop. Ash had gotten it for him for a steal a few years back. It runs okay, but their internet is crazy slow, one of the many reasons Sam did homework at the library most nights.

He pulls up Google and hovers over his history bar. He’d found the website for the club a month ago. Since then he’s looked it over several times whenever snooping little brothers aren’t around. He feels the draw, the curiosity to click, burning through him. He figures what the hell, it can’t hurt to look. He pulls up the site again and is greeted by the drawing of a red curtain graphic and the name Tricksters Den scrawled across the top. He glances at all the announcements, Ladies Night on thursday, Sub Sundays, and a host of other deals and events. He scrolls down and reads the about section for the club for the tenth time.

Welcome to Tricksters Den,
Where you can live out your deepest, darkest kinks in a safe, sane environment. We welcome all customers 18 years and up to partake in our many BDSM services. Why not visit our shop to peruse and purchase all your bondage and kink needs? Private rooms that are monitored for all participants’ safety and are available for rent, or you can really show off your stuff in the open bar. Even if you are just looking to get your feet wet, and learn about the scene, this is the place for you. Please read our full list of ID colors and decide what one best suits you. We look forward to seeing you.

Dean thinks it’s a pretty standard business greeting for what basically amounts to a sex club. There’s a disclaimer statement a mile long and he moves to click over to the bracelet colors again. Black bracelets are for Doms, with a red stripe for “exclusive with a sub”, a green stripe means “looking for a sub” and a purple stripe means you’re just looking around. He moves to the Sub bracelets that have a similar coloring system—red for taken, green for open, and purple for just there to observe. He rubs at his own wrists absentmindedly.

He’d always been a bit experimental where sex was concerned, but even this was a bit outside his comfort zone. He’d gotten hard in record time, though, just from the pics on the site—people strung up in intricate ropes and knots, other’s spread on crosses, blindfolded, gagged, and a host of other instruments he didn’t even have names for. A deep, primal place inside him imagined how those ropes would feel pulled taut against his skin. The pressure holding him still, forcing him to give in and just let go. The thought alone had him sporting a semi. He could just go and see what it was all about—put on a purple bracelet so no one would bug him.

Sam had said to have fun…

Before he can second guess himself, he closes the laptop and pulls on a pair of chucks, leaving his glasses on the table. He grabs his leather jacket, well, his dad's old jacket, and heads for his car. Baby roars to life below him and he makes his way into the city. It takes him a few turns around the block to find a safe spot to park his girl before he walks to the club. A glowing sign hangs out front like a beacon, and he feels his heart drop into his stomach like a stone.

Nut up, Winchester, he growls to himself. He takes a deep breath and opens the door, stepping inside out of the cold November air. He is greeted by a tall man with black, swept-back hair and long, pointed nose.

“Welcome to Tricksters Den. Can I take ya coat?” the man says in an Irish accent, and smiles at him, giving him a once over. Dean shuffles his feet but shrugs out of his jacket and hands it over. He only has a simple black t-shirt underneath, and a soft pair of jeans that are really just a tad small on him now. Compared to the man in the finely-tailored suit in front of him he feels woefully underdressed. Still, the guy smiles at Dean and hangs up the coat before he grabs a tablet and hits a few buttons.

“You been here before, lad?”

“Um no,” he manages to get his first words out.

“Alrighty, I’m Patrick, and I just need a form of ID and we can get you a color band, eh?” The man’s smile turns up a little at the side, like he’s laughing at some joke that Dean doesn’t get. He’s not so sure he likes this guy. Still, he shows him his ID and he quickly hands it back to him. He has Dean sign a waiver form on a tablet using his finger too. “Are you familiar with our color system?”

“Yeah, I checked out that site, I think—well, I mean—purple maybe?” Damn, he needs to grow a backbone this second or he will get eaten alive in here. He can hear the low thrum of music from down the hallway.
“Good choice there, handsome.” The man turns to pull out a box from a cubby in the wall and wraps a purple band around his wrist. He feels a chill run down his spine when the plastic is snapped into place.

“How much?” he asks, getting ready to pull out his wallet when the man waves him away.

“It’s Sub Sunday—you get in for free. Best of luck,” the man winks at him, fucking winks and does a little bow, gesturing toward the hallway behind him.

Dean walks down the dark hallway and comes into the main room. The lights are fairly low and there is a subtle, unobtrusive music playing in the background. He scans to see the various couches and tables scattered about. It takes a moment for him to see the back wall that has two Saint Andrew’s crosses and a series of benches and chairs. He also sees a large rack that has several instruments hanging from it. He swallows deep before he eyes the bar and makes a bee line for an open stool at the end.

There are several people there wearing only collars or leather harnesses. No one is currently attached to any of the rigs in the back yet but he figures the night is young. The bartender is a smaller, Middle-Eastern woman with her hair falling loose around her shoulders and a tight black dress hugging her frame. “What can I get for you, handsome?” she smiles at him, leaning against the bar as she sizes him up.

“What can I get for you, handsome?” she smiles at him, leaning against the bar as she sizes him up.

“Whiskey on the rocks?” he asks and she gives him a nod before going to make his drink. He looks around, thinks there are thirty or so people in the room. He hears a whack sound, followed by a low moan, and glances to the back right corner of the room. He sees a woman tied over a bench who is bare except for the ankle and wrist cuffs locking her down. Another woman with long, red hair stalks around her wielding a flogger. He feels his pants tighten as another smack rings out through the low music. Why does that make him so hard?

He adjusts himself a little, taking a big gulp of his whiskey and sucking in air at the burn in his throat. As he glances around the room again, his eyes fall on a man leaning against the wall. He can practically feel the heat of his gaze on his skin, and he can hardly pull his eyes away to admire the dark hair and broad shoulders.

He’s been attracted to guys before, even gotten a BJ from a quarterback in high school, but that’s about it. The older he gets though, the more appealing it seems, and as he eyes the stranger leaning on the wall it seems like a really good idea. He watches the man as his long fingers thrum on the glass in his hand, tongue darting out to wet his lips. He is talking to another, shorter man with gold, swept-back hair, who is talking animatedly, his hand flying about. The stranger turns his gaze back to his friend and Dean feels a loss of warmth from the stare.

There is a louder smack sound and Dean can’t help but flinch at it. “A little jumpy, are we?” a man who has slid onto the seat beside him asks.

Dean turns to look at the man whose eyes are lingering on Dean’s back. He’s older—thin but not out of shape. Certainly not his type, and when the man lifts a feral smile to him that is only more confirmed.

“I’m fine,” Dean retorts, finishing the last of his drink.

“First time is it?” the man asks again, and Dean is already annoyed by this guy. Dean ignores him but the man pushes on, “If you’re looking to learn, I would be happy to show you the ropes, pun intended.”
“Sorry, I’m not interested.” Dean only gives the guy a side glance as he feels the man shift closer to him on his stool. There is something intimidating about him, violent almost, even though he hasn’t done more than hit on Dean. Which in a sex club he shouldn’t be so annoyed by.

“I promise to be gentle with you, Bambi,” the man hisses in his ear. He glances down at the guys bracelet and see’s black with a stripe of green.

“No means no, dude,” Dean snaps at him.

“Oh, don’t be like that. You know something brought you out here tonight. Let me help ease some of that tension,” the man practically purrs at him.

He is about to shove the guy on his ass when a rough voice comes from over his shoulder. “He already said no. I think you should leave him alone.”

He looks up into stormy, blue eyes and sees the stranger from a moment ago. He is standing by Dean’s shoulder with chest puffed out and brows narrowed. He would not want to be at the other end of that look… well maybe he would, and isn’t that a little fucked up?

“What business is it of yours?” the creepy guy replies.

“He said no, and you are disregarding it. On top of the fact that he is wearing a purple bracelet and is obviously not interested in any advances tonight, I think it best you go.” The hot as hell guy glares down at the other man with a stare cold enough to freeze the sun.

The man hesitates a moment before looking at Dean and standing up from his stool. “If you're ever interested, Bambi, the name is Alistair Cross.” The creepy guy leers at him one more time, then slinks off into the crowd.

Dean feels a tension release from his shoulders once the man is gone. He turns to look up at the stranger and licks his lips. “Uh, I could have handled that, but uh, thanks I guess. That guy was a real dick.”

The blue eyes turn to him now and look over Dean’s face like he's assessing for injuries or something. “I am sure you could have, but you shouldn’t have to.” The man hesitates a second as they stare at each other and fuck, why does he have the sudden urge to drop to his knees in front of this guy?

He can’t hold the eye contact any longer, burning alive under it. “Can I buy you a drink?” he chokes out.

The man finally gives him a small, hesitant smile. “I already have one, but I appreciate the offer.” Dean glances down to the man's elegant wrist to see a black band with a purple stripe. Not interested, Winchester.

“No worries, man. Uh, thanks again.”

The man seems to pause, waiting for something but Dean’s not sure what.

“Castiel.”

“Huh?”

“My name, it’s Castiel.”
Dean raises a suspicious brow at that.

“Not something you hear every day,” Dean smiles a moment till he sees Castiel’s face start to sour, “but I like it, it suits you.”

The man gives him an awkward nod.

“I’m Dean, it’s nice to meet you.” He holds out his hand and wonders if that is an okay greeting. He doesn’t really know if normal social etiquette would apply in this setting.

Castiel stares at his hand a moment before slowly wrapping his hand around Dean’s, and the touch sends electricity jolting over his skin. He can’t help but draw in a breath at the contact. He feels the strong calloused fingers brush his knuckles and he suddenly wants those hands all over him.

“Take care of yourself,” Castiel rumbles quietly.

“I got it covered,” he answers back.

Castiel hesitates a moment before saying, “Good boy,” and flashing him a small smile. Dean all but melts on the spot with those two words. All too quickly the hand is retreating and he makes a small, awkward bow to Dean, which shouldn’t be so fucking sweet but it is, before heading back to his previous companion.

If ever there’d been a chance to give this whole thing a shot there it was and he totally blew it. He knows he really didn’t stand a chance with the guy, he had a purple bracelet but still he’d thought maybe the guy was interested. He stares at his empty glass, studying it, not wanting to let his eyes wander. The bartender leans in front of him again, sliding a fresh drink toward him.

“It’s from blue-eyes in the corner,” she tells him with a warm smile. He glances over to see Castiel watching him again, leaning against the wall. So he wouldn’t let Dean buy him a drink and talk but he leaves and sends one over? He’s getting some serious mixed signals from the guy. Still, he raises the glass to him and tips it back. One more drink won’t hurt.

He turns his back to the bar and spends the next hour nursing his drink and just watching the people. He sees one man sitting in a chair with his sub on all fours, naked, next to him, a drink balanced on his back. He sees another man with his head under a woman’s skirt, her head tossed back, legs spread and moaning. It’s a bit like watching live porn, only way more real. He is more surprised by the woman from earlier who was being flogged is now all wrapped up in a blanket in the other woman’s lap. The Dom is brushing a soothing hand over her head and whispering to her and Dean thinks how nice that must feel, being cared for.

After he finishes his second drink, several couples have headed for what look like private rooms and things are quieting down. He checks his watch and sees it’s close to midnight. He should really go home since he has to be up in five hours. He tries to resist the urge to look towards the back wall one more time at Castiel, but he can’t help it, he glances up for just a second through his lashes. Castiel’s heated gaze is still locked on him, or better yet, on his retreating backside. He stands as tall as he can, and walks out knowing that those eyes are watching him go. He feels the rush and exhilaration from it, from being wanted like that—it leaves him feeling drunker than the whiskey has.

The cold air wakes him up and he knows the drinks were pretty weak—he should be good to still drive. The whole ride home, as he presses the heel of his palm to his hard as stone cock, he thinks of storm-blue eyes and a deep, gravelly voice.
Morning comes way too soon—Dean had tossed and turned for the few hours he had been in bed. He peers in at Sam who is still asleep, starfished out his covers, all tangled. He has a few more hours to sleep at least. Dean yawns and takes a quick shower before pulling on his loathed khaki pants and work polo shirt. Man he hates a uniform. He feels his eyes burn as he tries to focus on the road driving to work. He just manages to reach the Sandover Office building by five thirty five—only five minutes late.

He checks his phone to see a text from Jo, asking if he can look at her car ‘cause it's making a funny sound. He sends a text back saying he’ll look at it tonight when he comes for his shift. He groans at the thought of going in early, meaning his two hours between jobs will now be more like one. He gets the cart set up and ready to go, brewing the coffee and checking his stock of supplies.

He wheels the cart to the front lobby and at six am the first tired-looking workers stumble their way in and bee-line it for his cart. Garth, his boss, owns several coffee carts located in businesses throughout Lawrence, and he does well for himself. Garth had really come through getting Dean this job, since it comes with benefits and is full-time, five thirty to two for five days a week. Still, minimum wage is minimum wage and it's just enough to pay the taxes on the house and utilities. He isn’t complaining though—he only has a GED and no other formal training so this is good enough for now.

He stays in the lobby for a few hours as the people trickle in. He’s gotten damn good at making a solid cappuccino and latte, especially since Garth upgraded the espresso machine a year ago. He then begins his long slog through each floor of the building. He smiles at all the people in their fancy suits and work clothes. He figures some of these shirts cost more than his whole wardrobe.

It’s rounding on lunch time and he's almost finished with his shift when he reaches the tenth floor. He hates this floor, the executives. Some of them are polite, but some of them, like Zachariah, are grade A assholes. The second the elevator opens and he pushes the cart onto the floor, the balding, older man steps in front of him.

“A bit late this morning, Winchester?” the man smirks at him.

“Sorry, sir. What can I get for you?” He manages to bite his tongue. There’s no being late, he doesn’t have a set schedule. He just has to hit all the floors before he leaves.

“Give me a double shot vanilla bean latte with skim milk, and make it quick—I have a meeting in five.” Zachariah glares at him and Dean starts work on his order. “Ah, Castiel. Are you settling in okay?” Dean freezes in place, back turned to Zachariah. His heart races in his chest. How many people could possibly be called Castiel?

“I am doing fine, Zach. A little jet-lagged, as to be expected.” And there it is, that same deep, gravelly voice that goes straight to Dean’s cock. Oh fuck, he does not need to be sporting a semi at work. His tight, thin khakis would leave nothing to the imagination. He keeps his back to them, hands clenched on the side of the cart, taking a few steadying breaths.

“Sometime this year,” Dean hears Zachariah sneer behind him. He picks up the cup and throws on the lid before turning around. He keeps his eyes down, not ready to look up and find storm-blue eyes. Zachariah snatches the cup from him and puts a few dollars down. The exact amount, Dean notes—Zach never tips. “See you in the conference room, Castiel,” Zach nods and heads down the hall.

Dean feels the eyes on him, but just can’t look up to meet them. “Hello Dean,” the voice is quiet, soft, concerned?
He looks up to see Castiel standing there—he looks just as good in the daylight. A grey-blue suit finely tailored, with a white button up shirt and a red tie to top it all off. Dean’s a few inches taller, but Castiel is broader and looks like he packs some serious muscle under that suit. “What can I get for you… sir?” he asks, and why the hell did he say it like that?

Castiel quirks a questioning brow at him before glancing up at the menu. “A cappuccino please.”

He turns around and begins tamping down the coffee grinds. He can again feel Castiel’s gaze on him and he wonders if it’s some super power of his.

“He looks just as good in the daylight. A grey-blue suit finely tailored, with a white button up shirt and a red tie to top it all off. Dean’s a few inches taller, but Castiel is broader and looks like he packs some serious muscle under that suit. “What can I get for you… sir?” he asks, and why the hell did he say it like that?

Castiel quirks a questioning brow at him before glancing up at the menu. “A cappuccino please.”

He turns around and begins tamping down the coffee grinds. He can again feel Castiel’s gaze on him and he wonders if it's some super power of his.

“Sorry if I am making you uncomfortable,” Castiel says in almost a whisper.

Dean glances over at him. “You're not, I’m fine.” He turns on the machine and tries to focus on the whirring sound.

“You're shifting your weight from side to side, and you keep rubbing a hand on the back of your neck.” Castiel observes, and who even notices that stuff?

“That against the law?” Dean retorts making the froth without looking back. Castiel doesn’t answer him and he feels flush of shame for being rude. He puts a lid on the drink and turns to hand it to him.

“Sorry, I didn’t sleep much last night. Here’s your coffee. it’s three twenty-five.”

Castiel reaches out to grab the cup brushing those calloused fingertips over Dean’s knuckles again and he visibly shivers, fucking shivers at the contact. Okay he admits it, he is a bit touch starved these days and the contact is so grounding. The hand lingers over his longer than strictly necessary before pulling back.

“Here.” Castiel hands over a bill which Dean quickly takes. “May I ask you something?”

Dean looks up into those eyes again but he can’t read the look there. He just gives a nod. “Sure.”

“I know you were just watching last night, and being new to the scene can be… intimidating.” Castiel pauses a moment like he's picking his words carefully. “If you ever want to explore, I am available. Someone like you deserves to be well taken care of.” Is this guy really offering him what he thinks he is in the middle of the goddamn office?

“I can take care of myself you know,” he says back even though a tiny voice in his head says, but wouldn’t it be nice not to have to?

“I know you can, Dean. I am offering for you to take some time not to have to.” Was he a fucking mind reader now?

“I’ll think about it,” Dean answers knowing its likely all he’ll think about.

“He’s my card, the cell is on the back. I’m staying at the Eldridge Hotel.” Castiel slides the card onto the cart leaning into Dean’s space.

Dean can’t form words at the smell of his cologne, spicy and sweet all at the same time. “Thanks,” he mumbles and really wishes some of his confidence he uses to pick up women at the bar or get tips at the roadhouse would come back to him right about now.

“Goodbye, Dean,” Castiel nods, not unlike last night, and strides down past the cubicles toward the glass-walled conference room. Dean looks down at the money in his hand and sees a ten, which is a pretty fucking generous tip. He twirls the business card in his hand a second before tucking it in his back pocket of his pants. He’s going to have to find some time to seriously think this over, but in the
meantime he has work to do.
Hi guys!
Posting a day early because I want something good for today and posting always makes me feel good. Now I know I am taking my time getting to the smut with this fic but bear with me, its in the next chapter and the ground work needs to get laid before the boys can get laid (apology for the dad joke). As always I love to hear from you and if you have any questions don't hesitate to ask. If you don't wanna leave a comment you can email me too at the address below.
Love ya!
CB
cbfirestarterfanfic@gmail.com

Saturday night rolls around. Dean can feel the exhaustion in his bones and yet he can’t seem to settle. The week has flown by in such a blur. He works his shifts on the coffee cart in the mornings, helps Sammy with homework in the afternoon, and tends bar in the evenings at the roadhouse. Jo’s car needed a wheel bearing and he had done the work at Bobby’s shop for her and helped Bobby move his old fridge to the junkyard before his new one came. He’s only just now got back from the roadhouse because Ellen needed his help with a shipment of beer that came in.

He spins his keys on his finger and pulls out Castiel’s business card again. He’s done nothing but stare at it for days now, worrying it between his fingers. His to do list stretches out before him and he feels the anxiety thrumming under his skin.

He’s seen Castiel every day this week, as he grabs a simple cappuccino and leaves him a ten dollar bill on his way to his meetings or office. He only ever said, “Hello, Dean,” or told him to take care of himself. He hadn’t mentioned his offer to Dean again, but it’s all Dean can think about.

“What the hell, Sammy?” he grumbles, catching his breath and gripping the card in his fingers.

“Oh, just saying hi. What's up with you?”

“Nothing. Sorry, just…nothing. So what’s up?” He tucks the card into his jeans pocket which does not go unnoticed by Sam, though he thankfully doesn’t comment on it.

“I was just gonna let you know I’m taking Amy out to a movie, if that’s alright?” Sam actually starts to blush a little.

“Really? Finally got the balls to ask her out, huh?” This is exactly what Dean wants—Sam being a normal teenager.

“Actually she asked me out, and I still have those two movie passes from Ash.”

“Here.” Dean pulls out forty bucks from his wallet, mostly from good tips that week. “Take her to get some pizza too, okay? Do you want to borrow the car?”
This nearly makes Sam’s jaw hit the ground. “You’d let me take the Impala?”

“You’ve driven her before.” He tosses Sam the keys from his pocket. “Not a scratch, Sammy, and remember, no glove no love, dude.”

Sam scowls at him. “Gross. I’ll be back by midnight.”

“I hope not,” Dean laughs.

“Jerk.”

“Bitch,” Dean grins and Sam heads out the door. The house feels oddly quiet once Sam is gone, and it only serves to drive his anxiety that much higher. Without his car he decides to go for a walk. He pulls on a black zip-up hoodie and slips into his favorite chucks before heading out the door. It’s on the warmer side for a November night but it’s still a bit chilly. He starts walking out of their neighborhood and toward the river.

He finally reaches the bridge and looks at the city lit up, still fairly early for a Saturday night. He makes his way across the bridge, the dark water flowing below. He stops to look at it and spins his phone in his hand. Feeling brave, he pulls out the business card and puts the number in his phone, saving the contact, then drafting a text.

Dean: Hi, its Dean, what you up to tonight

He hits send before he can second guess himself. Leaning over the rail, he watches the light reflected on the water when he feels a buzzing in his pocket.

Castiel: Hello Dean, is that your way of asking to see me tonight?

Dean: I guess

Castiel: You guess or you know?

Dean: You really need me to spell it out?

Castiel: Yes I would like that Dean

He hesitates, feeling this urge to make Castiel happy. He bites his lip, typing out a reply.

Dean: Would you like to come out and have a drink with me

Castiel: See that wasn’t so hard, I would love to come out and meet up with you. Where were you thinking?

He glances up at the city lights and thinks of all the restaurants and bars.

Dean: Dempsey’s Burger Pub? It’s not far from your hotel, meet me in 30 min?

Castiel: See you soon

Dean tucks his phone in his pocket and pulls up the hood of his sweatshirt, feeling a chill from the breeze off the water. Maybe he should have brought his leather jacket. Hands shoved in his hoodie, he picks up the pace, heading for the pub. He gets there with a few minutes to spare and finds an empty booth in the back. He rubs his hands over his arms in an attempt to heat up, his leg bouncing under the table.
The door opens and Castiel strides in with a long billowing trench coat hanging off his shoulders. He looks around before those stormy eyes lock onto Dean. He weaves through the crowd with ease, a calm sort of grace to his movement, each step calculated.

“Hello, Dean.” He stands in front of the booth, his smile small and tight lipped but Dean can see it reach his eyes. He shrugs out of the coat and Dean takes a moment to admire the navy sweater he is wearing that hangs on muscular shoulders, with dark wash grey jeans. It looks really soft, and he almost reaches out a hand to feel it, but manages to restrain himself.

Castiel slides into the booth across from him, fingers steepled together on the table.

“Hi Cas,” he replies with a half smile of his own, and this earns him a slight tilt of the head and narrowing of the eyes.

“My name is Castiel,” he corrects and Dean just rolls his eyes.

“I know, it’s just a nickname.” Dean can’t believe he’s never heard that before.

“True, I guess it’s acceptable,” Castiel nods.

“Gee, thanks your highness,” he teases and feels his laugh catch in his throat when Castiel gives him a predatory smile.

“You are fresh, aren’t you?” Blue eyes narrow at him and he can’t help but lick his lips.

“That gonna be a problem?” He wonders if it is—he’s pretty sure mouthing off is not part of being “submitive”.

“I wouldn’t say there is a problem, but there will be consequences.” Castiel’s words said in that low, gravelly voice make Dean’s cock twitch in his pants, oh please. “But we have a lot to talk about before we get to any of that.”

Dean huffs out a breath and nods his consent as a waitress comes over to their table. Dean orders his favorite beer, El Sol, and Castiel orders a Sam Adams. Dean is staring at his beer slowly, turning the bottle when he feels a hand rest on his bouncing knee to halt the movement. He glances up at Castiel, who is studying him.

His heart begins to beat a little faster under the stare and he drops his eyes to the table. “Sorry, nervous habit.”

“It’s alright, Dean. Did you notice you were doing it?”

Dean looks back up at him. He can still feel the fingers resting on his knee.

“Sometimes I notice and try to stop, but a lot of the time no, not until Sammy tells me to stop,” Dean rambles out, and why does any of this matter?

“Who’s Sammy?” Castiel takes a sip of his beer, lips on the rim of the glass, and his eyes track Castiel’s tongue as it sticks out to lick the foam from his upper lip.

“Um, my little brother,” he answers, still distractedly staring at Castiel’s mouth.

“Tell me about him?” Castiel takes another sip of his beer and Dean follows suit before answering.

“Well, he’s seventeen, finishing his senior year. We’ve been busy filling out scholarship applications and college applications the past few weeks. Sam is really smart.” The smarter than I am part goes
“Sounds like a job for a parent, not an older brother.”

“I’m his legal guardian. Well, since I was eighteen, anyway. We do that stuff together,” he shrugs, taking another pull from the bottle.

“How old are you, Dean?”

He knew this question was coming. “Twenty-one, but I’ll twenty-two in January.”

Castiel eyes him a moment. “That’s a lot for someone to take on at your age.” Dean just shrugs again. When were they going to start talking about the kinky stuff? Castiel continues, “I am twenty-seven, by the way.”

“That’s kinda young to be working on the top floor.” He knew Castiel looked young, but he had expected him to be older.

“I graduated with my masters from Harvard Business School four years ago, and my cousin is CEO at Sandover. I was lucky enough that he gave me a job and I’ve worked my way up since then.”

Dean feels about two feet tall—this guy is so out of his league. He wonders if Castiel's just looking for a hookup with a kid from the wrong side of the tracks. He was okay with a casual relationship but he doesn’t want someone slumming it with him.

Castiel eyes him. “Dean, what are you thinking?”

“Nothing,” he gives Castiel a smile but the man only frowns at him.

“You’re lying. Something is bothering you. If you can’t be honest with me this will never work. If you don’t want to tell me that is fine, but please do not lie.” Castiel sounds like a scolding father, and if Dean felt two feet tall before, now he's about one foot.

“What do you want from me anyway?” he shoots back, hoping they can stop dancing around the subject and get down to it. He feels the thumb on his knee start to rub back and forth over his knee cap. He’d almost forgotten the hand was there. It somehow settles him and his muscles unwind a little. He lets out a shaky breath, looking back up into those blue eyes.

“You're right, Dean, we should discuss what we are doing here before continue talking. I don’t want you stressed or unsure about what to expect from me or what I expect from you.” Dean nods at that, thinking it sounds fair. “I am a Dominant, and I am not currently in any kind of relationship with anyone. I was, as you know from the club, not looking to enter into a romantic or Dom/Sub relationship because I am only in Kansas for the next six months on business.”

“So why ask me to text you then?” If the guy wasn’t interested, what the hell were they doing?

Castiel pins Dean with an intense look. “Because from the second I saw you I wanted you, I wanted to protect you, to take care of you. It’s been like an itch under my skin ever since that first night. I worry about you going to the wrong Dom and ending up getting hurt. I cannot offer you something long term, but I would like to show you what I know, and help you discover your kinks in a safe and healthy way.”

“So, just sex then?” That was what he had been expecting, but something about that feels… wrong all of a sudden.
“More than sex, Dean. There is more to a relationship between a dominant and a submissive than that. I was hoping we could start with you filling out a quick form—it's a simple set of questions that will help us figure out if we are compatible, and have the same likes and dislikes.”

“I have to take a test? To have sex with you?” Dean can’t keep the incredulous tone out of his voice.

Castiel rolls his eyes. “Dean, this isn’t going to be a one night stand. I want to know you, understand what your needs are, how best to please you and care for you. To do that I need somewhere to start from and we can go from there. If this isn’t something you want, that is okay too, we could just be friends, I don’t know many people in this city. Or we could go our separate ways if you wish.”

Dean looks at the man across from him, the sharp lines of his jaw and strong set of his shoulder. Maybe this is the perfect way for him to get his feet wet, see if he even liked any of this stuff. It isn’t even a long term commitment, which takes some of the pressure off. Looking at Castiel, he realizes there was no backing out for him now—he wants to give himself to this man. He can’t say why, but he trusts him.

He pulls out his phone and sends a quick text to Castiel with his email address. He watches Castiel jump a little when his phone buzzes and he tilts his head at the screen. “Send me the test, alright. I’ll fill it out and send it back to you, but I don’t know how long it will take me.”

Castiel smiles wider now, giving Dean’s knee a little squeeze. “I look forward to it, Dean. Would you like another round?”

Dean leans back in his seat, flashing Castiel his best smile. “Hell yes.”

They spend the next hour or so drinking beer and chatting about themselves. Castiel has a twin brother who lives back in Boston. He has four cousins who all work at Sandover like he does, though he only really likes one of them. He prefers cats to dogs and for exercise he likes to row on the river.

“Rowing, really?” Dean has seen rowers on the river before, he’s just never really thought about how someone gets into doing that kind of sport.

“Yes, I used to row on the Charles River in Boston ever since my college years. It’s a wonderful work out—I was glad that there was a river here so I could continue it. It helps clear my head.” Castiel sits back in his seat, hands steepled on the table and Dean misses the contact on his knee. Castiel asks, “Do you like any sports? Or exercise?”

Dean barks a laugh, “Uh no, I just keep in shape through life stuff, pushing the coffee cart in the morning, carrying kegs and beer boxes at the roadhouse or working around the salvage yard.” Castiel just nods and Dean checks his watch to see it’s close to midnight. “I should probably head home, make sure Sam brings my baby back in good shape.”

“Baby?” Castiel’s eyebrows raise comically high.

“My car, she’s my baby. Anyway he went out on a first date tonight and I wanna hear how it went.” It’s then he realizes he’s kinda on a first date too, and how did a booty call turn into a date?

“May I walk you out?” Castiel’s voice was warm and it felt like a blanket wrapped around him.

“Sure,” he replies with a shrug.

“Good boy,” Castiel gives him a more teasing grin and a shiver runs through him at those words, like they have the power to make him melt into a puddle. Castiel stands, tossing down cash onto the
table, pulling on his trenchcoat and holding out a hand to Dean. He stares at it, a little dumbfounded. Castiel raises his eyebrows expectantly so Dean reaches up and takes the offered hand, letting himself be pulled up. Castiel’s hand is cool and strong and he loves the feel of the callouses there. He’s shocked how quickly Castiel goes from polite, almost shy businessman to the commanding, dominant man before him. He can tell Cas is giving him a taste of what he could offer in the bedroom and so far he’s not disappointed.

“I can help pay for the drinks,” Dean adds. He has just enough cash for the two beers and tip.

“Don’t worry about it, this one is on me. Where is your coat?” Castiel frowns at him a moment, taking in his thin, hooded sweatshirt.

“Didn’t bring one. It’s okay, I’ll be fine. Come on,” he nods, heading for the door, Castiel still gripping his hand. Okay, so they hold hands now? When they exit the pub and stand on the street they’re greeted with cold blast of November air, and hard as he tries he can’t keep it from making him shiver.

“You shouldn’t be out in this weather without a proper coat,” Castiel frowns at him again, obviously worried.

“It’s not a big deal, I swear. I run hot anyway. It’s not a far walk.” That’s a half-truth—it’s about a twenty-minute walk but still nothing he isn’t used to.

“You're walking? Didn’t you take a cab or something?” Castiel is sounding more upset by the minute and Dean shuffles his feet under the scrutiny. He isn’t used to anyone worrying over him.

“I walked. It’s not a bad night out, plus like I said, my brother has my car.” He isn’t sure what the hell is upsetting Castiel so much.

Castiel continues to frown at him. “I cannot convince you to let me call you a cab?” Dean shakes his head. “Well then, you at least should take my coat,” Castiel says, shrugging out of the beige blanket of a coat.

“Man, you worry too much. I'll be fine!”

Castiel wraps the coat around his shoulders anyway. For how thin it is, it does block the wind, and he is instantly warmer.

“That’s better, you can return to me on Monday if you wish.” Castiel smiles at Dean and he knows a losing battle when he sees one so he puts his arms through the coat.

“You're walking? Didn’t you take a cab or something?” Castiel is sounding more upset by the minute and Dean shuffles his feet under the scrutiny. He isn’t used to anyone worrying over him.

“Okay, I’ll bring it to work in the morning, uh thanks.” The weird thing is, it feels really good to wear his coat, still having the sweet spicy smell of Castiel’s cologne to it. It feels safe.

“I had a pleasant time tonight.” With quick, lithe movements Castiel crowds in toward Dean till his back is pressed to the brick wall of the building behind him. Castiel raises a hand up, wrapping it around Dean’s jaw in a firm but not painful grip. Dean's breath catches in his throat and he swallows hard. Please, please, please, he chants in his head but he doesn’t even know what he’s begging for. A thumb brushes slowly over his lips and his eyes flutter shut, mouth opening, waiting. “So beautiful,” Castiel whispers in a low, seductive voice. He lets out a tiny whimper, cause its not nearly enough, he needs to feel him, feel his touch all over him and the little bit of contact is like a tease.

“Please,” he huffs out and he doesn’t want to think how desperate he sounds, how needy.

“Please what?” Castiel asks and if he were to open his eyes he would see a smile there.
“Kiss me?” he says without thinking, and before he can second guess himself lips are pressing onto his. They feel warm on his cold skin and the brush of stubble against him is a fucking amazing kind of burn. He feels teeth nip at his lower lip and he gasps as Castiel chuckles, planting one more soft, chaste kiss and pulling back. His eyes blink open and Castiel’s hand drops its grip on his jaw, turning to cup his face, and heaven help him, he leans into it. Such a small touch, and a kiss and he feels completely unglued.

“You're so good, Dean, so amazing. I cannot wait till I get you all to myself.” Castiel stood up tall and planted one more kiss on his forehead before pulling back. “Text me that you made it home, alright?”

“Y-yeah okay,” his voice was shakier than he’d like.

“Good night, Dean.”

“Good night, Cas.”

With that Castiel heads off toward the hotel a block away, while Dean slowly turns to head toward the bridge. He pulls the coat up tight on his shoulders and breathes in the smell again, mingling with the night air. He feels in a bit of a daze on the walk home, feeling more drunk from the kiss than the two beers. Fuck, if the guy can kiss like that, what else can he do? He is smiling a dopey smile when he unlocks the back door to the kitchen and sees Sam leaning into the fridge.

“Hey, you're home. What’s with the coat?” Sam smiles at him and for the life of him he can’t wipe the grin off his own face.

“Borrowed it from a friend.” He quickly takes the coat off and rolls it up in his arms. “So are you. How was the date?” He plops himself down in the chair and Sam slides a soda over to him, popping the top on his own and sitting down.

“She’s great, Dean. I mean, she is so smart and funny and she really just gets it, you know?” Sam is glowing and it gives Dean a whole new reason to smile. He listens as Sammy tells him all about the movie and how she likes pineapple on her pizza which he thinks is gross but he ate it anyway. He does inform Dean however that he does not kiss and tell, but judging by the look on his face when he says it there definitely would be something to tell.

“Awww my little Sammy is all grown up and breaking hearts,” he teases and Sam scowls at him.

“I’m off to bed. You working tomorrow?”

Dean sighs and stretches. “Helping Bobby for a few hours but that's it. You wanna tag along?”

“Yeah, haven’t seen him in a few weeks, plus maybe he will have that book I keep waiting on at the library.” Only Sam would get that excited about a history book.

“Okay, we leave at ten. Night, Sammy.”

“Night Dean.” Sam heads upstairs and he listens till he hears the bedroom door shut before pulling out his phone.

Dean: I had a great time, thanks for meeting with me. I will try and look at the list tomorrow.

Dean: oh and I made it home

Castiel: Glad you made it home safe, once you take a look call or text me with any questions. Sleep
well Dean

**Dean:** I will, night Cas

With that he tosses his can in the recycling and drags himself up to bed, hoping to dream of stubbled kisses and a pair of blue eyes.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Hello All!
I struggled so hard to get this chapter posted tonight. Lost my first attempt after 30 mins
of editing and clean up, tried not to cry, failed, whined to my fan fic friends, put on my
big girl pants and tried again. Topping it off with a cracked cellphone screen today and
my computer froze mid edit and needed a reboot, its a miracle this is posting tonight. I
bring this too you with love, now I am gonna go cuddle my pets and try not to break
anything else.
Love you all,
CB
aka: calamity Jane

Dean spends most of Sunday messing around the salvage yard with Sam. They clear some brush and
help Bobby crush a few cars which Sam finds endlessly exciting. He sits at the picnic table and
smiles as Bobby hands him a beer sitting down.

“How’s it going, kid?” Bobby takes a drink and settles his hat on his head. “You guys doing alright
for money?”

“How many times I got to tell you, we’re good, okay? I’d tell you if we needed help.” He would too —Bobby had always been the person he’d turned to even though he hated asking for help.

“I don’t want you working yourself to the bone. I can pitch in if its getting to be too much,” Bobby
grumbled and he knew the old man would, but he also knew Bobby had just enough money to keep
himself afloat as it was.

“I have it covered. There’s food in the fridge, the lights are still on and there’s a roof over our heads.
Plus Sam had that summer job at the library and that helped a lot, too. I promise we’re okay.” Now if
only Dean could convince himself of that.

“You heard from John at all?” Bobby asks, taking a longer sip of beer.

Dean does the same before replying, “Nope, not for nearly six months now.” He hates himself for
how relieved he feels about that, but things are just so much easier without his dad around.

Bobby just nods and flashes him a sympathetic look that Dean hates. “Why don’t you take Sam out
back and do some shooting practice?” Bobby stands and slams down two pistols, then tosses the
magazines at him, which he just barely catches.

“Thanks, Bobby.” He smiles, grabbing the guns and hollering for Sam who is playing with
Rumsfeld in the yard. “Come on, bet you can’t beat me. Best two outta three!” he calls and Sam runs
over to him, taking the other gun. They head to the back of the property where Bobby has some old
cans set up. Sam wins the first round and Dean the second but they tie on the third. It feels good and
powerful to have the gun in his hand, to focus on the weight of it centering him. He starts thinking of
another weight, of the pull of ropes and the press of strong hands and he lets out a shuddering breath
just thinking about it.
“You alright?” Sam asks as he gathers up the empty magazines.

“Uh, yeah, peachy keen,” he replies, thinking he really needs to take a look at that link Castiel had sent him. They say goodbye to Bobby and head back home. Sam looks happy sitting in the passenger seat of the Impala, head tipped back and wind sweeping through his too-long hair as his arm hangs out the window. He loves seeing Sam like this, relaxed and unworried. So much of his time is spent making sure Sam doesn’t have to worry, at least not about anything but girls and school like it should be.

When they get home Sam heads straight to his room for homework and Dean settles at the kitchen table, pulling up the link from Castiel. The page that opens contains a sixty-question test, making Dean groan immediately—he hates tests. He sees a part where he can select Sub-specific questions and tries that. He spends thirty minutes at it before he finally feels a building frustration. Surely he couldn’t fail at a test like this, but he doesn’t know how to answer anything. On a whim he picks up the phone and calls Castiel.

“What’s up, Dean,” he answers in that deep voice that makes Dean’s skin tingle with goosebumps.

“I can’t take this dumb test. It’s too complicated,” he mutters and knows how much he must sound like a petulant child.

“Tell me what parts are confusing you. Is it terminology?” Castiel asks, sounding not at all upset with him.

“Some of it. Like pet play—is that like I’m your dog or something?” He isn’t so sure if he’s into that.

“It can be but doesn’t have to be, there are varying degrees of it, but it’s essentially role playing. Is that something you are interested in?”

“No… I mean I don’t think so. That’s the problem—if I haven’t done half of this stuff how do I know if I wanna do it?” There is the crux of the problem.

“Dean, take a few deep breaths for me, okay? In….and out…and in….and out.” Dean does as Castiel asks and breathes deep till he feels a little more settled. “Why don’t I send you a different list that should be much more straightforward? It will list an activity and you just answer yes, no, or maybe if you are unsure. This is just to give me an idea of where to start—a lot of this we’ll learn along the way, alright? There are no wrong answers.”

Dean nods and realizes Castiel can’t see him. “You sure you really want me for this? I am sure there are people who are way better with all this that you could, you know, be with.”

“Dean, you are already doing so well, you have no idea, do you?” Dean squints at the phone. “You were confused and stressed and unsure and you came to me, you talked it through with me. That helps me trust you, to know you trust me to help you and guide you. This kind of relationship is built on trust and I know that is probably hard for you, but you are already doing so well outside your comfort zone. Can I ask you something?”

Dean licks his lips. “Yeah?”

“Are you feeling better than when you first called me?”

Dean hesitates, but he knows he is feeling more relaxed. “Actually, yeah, I guess.” He swears he can envision the smile on the other end of the phone.

“YOU are who I want, Dean Winchester, and I promise to take good care of you, I want this to be
good for both of us and I think it could be.” Dean feels a warmth in his chest at the words. “Now why don’t you take the new list I am sending you and if you have questions, just call or text me, okay?”

“Yes, okay,” he answers clicking on a new email from Castiel.

“Good boy. I will talk to you soon.” Castiel hangs up and Dean does feel better and little less lost.

He opens the document to find a multiple choice list with the title “Willing & Able?” at the top. Most of the questions are a bit more straightforward. Are you willing & able to receive pain for the purposes of pleasure? With Yes, No, or Maybe. He goes through the list, putting yes next to bondage, dirty talk, toys, orgasm denial and exhibitionism. He puts a maybe next to pain, sensory deprivation, pet play, and punishment, not really sure whether he could handle those. He puts a no for water-sports, blood play, sounding, and slave play though he makes a note that he enjoys feeling owned. He puts in the notes at the end that he is willing to top or bottom and enjoys giving and receiving oral sex. He wonders if she should preface that with the fact he has never bottomed or given head and decides he will bring it up later. He hesitates a moment before adding a note that he has very sensitive nipples.

He reads over the test one more time and feels a sense of relief to have it all laid out like that. So much that he wouldn’t have been able to express verbally, but on the paper it was easier. He sends it back to Castiel and grabs himself a beer as reward for getting through all the questions.

It doesn’t take long for Dean to hear a pinging sound and see Castiel has sent back another attachment. It seems to be his own test, with slightly different Dom questions. Seems like they have a lot of the same interests, Castiel enjoys dirty talk and with that fucking voice he can only imagine. He also seems to like rope play, and possessiveness in scenes. He is a maybe for pet play and exhibitionism and a no for water-sports, blood, and sounding. He apparently mostly enjoys to top but can enjoy bottoming as well. He also likes giving and receiving oral and Dean does a little fist pump at that.

“Fuck,” he says to himself when he realizes how compatible they are, and that this might really happen. His phone rings and he snatches it from the table. “Cas?”

“Hello, Dean. Did you have a chance to read through my list?”

“Sure did. Seems like we’re on the same page?”

“I would like to move forward and plan a scene for you, if that’s something you still want?”

“Yeah, I would like that,” he rolls his shoulders a bit.

“Does next Saturday night work for you?” Castiel asks and all Dean can think is its not soon enough. He thinks about his schedule though, and maybe it does make the most sense.

“I can do that, though it seems far away,” he admits. Now that he’s made this decision he wants to follow through on it.

“It does, but I think having a week for both of us to think on it will be good. I don’t want to rush things. I would still like to get to know you better, if, that is... well if you want, that is.” Something about this last statement sounds hesitant, nervous even.

“I’d like that too, Cas. My schedule is pretty busy but I can try to call you on my off time?” he offers.

“I’d enjoy that very much, Dean. Have a good night.”
“Night Cas,” he smiles hanging up the phone.

“Who has you all smiley?” Sam teases, sauntering into the kitchen. Dean slams the laptop shut, running a hand through his hair.

“Just someone I met,” he replies, trying and failing for nonchalance.

“Oh yeah? Same someone who gave you his coat?” Sam smiles at him.

“What’s with the look?” Dean scowls at him.

“Come on Dean, are we going to keep pretending I don’t know?” He sighs, tucking his folders and books into his bag.

“Don’t know what?” Dean chews his bottom lip.

“Look if you’re seeing a guy just say so. It’s fine by me, I get it,” Sam says, his voice completely cool and even.

“How did you, I never-” Dean stumbles over his words.

“I know you, Dean. Come on, I’ve seen you checking out the ass on that beer delivery guy at the roadhouse and you have a huge crush on Dr. Sexy, it’s not rocket science.” Sam rolls his eyes now.

“I like girls, Sammy,” he adds as if this were an important point to make.

“Yeah, but I think you like guys too and I am trying to say I’m cool with it. You know I like both too, right?” Sam adds as an afterthought.

“You’re Bi, but you’ve only dated girls?” Dean has no idea what to make of this new development. It isn’t that he wasn’t gonna tell Sam, he just didn’t really have a reason too till now.

“You’re Bi, but you’ve only dated girls?” Dean has no idea what to make of this new development. It isn’t that he wasn’t gonna tell Sam, he just didn’t really have a reason too till now.

“Yeah, well I haven’t found any guys I like but I’m open to it. I just I want you to be able to talk to me, okay?” Sam looks at him with what he calls the puppy dog face and its nearly impossible not to relent under that gaze.

“His name is Castiel. I’m seeing him next Saturday.” There, he said it.

“Cool. The guy can’t be half bad if he leant you his coat,” Sam gives him a side grin, “I’m heading to bed, I have a calculus test in the morning.”

He watches as Sam turns to leave. “Hey Sammy?” Sam stops to look at him. “You know I don’t care that you like guys right? Just so you know,” he adds trying to get the sentiment across as best he can.

“Thanks, Dean. Get some sleep.” He leaves and Dean slumps back into his chair, feeling utterly worn out and yet just a little bit lighter.

**********

The week is long, but Dean finds himself looking forward to his few short moments with Castiel. The other man waits for the other customers to leave before coming to get his cappuccino. They talk about their brothers and about favorite foods. They both avoid the subject of parents and that’s fine by Dean. He learns that Castiel doesn’t mind his hotel but he hates that there is no bathtub, something Dean can’t understand since he hasn’t taken a bath since he was a kid. Castiel says he should really give it a chance and Dean replies only if Castiel gets in with him. The look Cas gives him makes it clear that is definitely on the table.
He also calls Castiel on his rides home and sometimes on his ride to the Roadhouse. Dean isn’t normally a big talker, but with Castiel it all just seems to come pouring out of him. There is something about his smooth cadence and earnest tone that he trusts. Before Dean knows it, Saturday morning rolls around and he has a day shift at the Roadhouse before meeting up with Cas.

“Dean, I just sat some people in the back. Can you go take their order?” Ellen asks, ducking under the bar, searching for something.

“Yeah, I got it,” he replies, grumbling to himself. He hates waiting tables even if the tips are better, but Jo has a cold and Ellen has asked him to step in. They are busy for a lunch shift, and he’s relieved when Benny shows up.

“Hey, brother. You feeling alright?” Benny asks as he hooks up a new keg under the bar.

“Yeah, why?” he kinda snaps. Man, he needs to try and get a nap in before meeting Cas.

“Just think your working too hard is all, you look tired. I can cover your tables if you want to run on home?” Benny offers and damn that sounds tempting. He does the quick math in his head—he’s paid the electric bill already and the taxes on the house, plus he already grabbed groceries in the morning—he can get by with less tips for the day.

“You sure, Benny? I could really use the break.”

“I’m sure. Get on outta here, brother.”

Dean pulls off the black apron and hurries home to take a nap before he needs to head out.

He collapses on the couch and has just enough wherewithal to set an alarm on his phone before passing out. When he finally comes to, his neck is aching and his left leg has fallen asleep.

“Sonovabitch,” he grumbles as he rolls off the couch and stubs his toe reaching for the phone. He hurries up the stairs and takes a long hot shower, using some of Sam’s fancy ass shampoo cause it smells so damn good. He double scrubs everywhere, unsure of what he’s getting into.

He ends up in his room, digging through his clothes and unable to pick anything. All he has is t-shirts and sweatshirts and ratty old jeans. He finally pulls out a knitted long-sleeve shirt in an army green and his cleanest pair of dark wash jeans. It isn’t nice, but it's clean, and he knows the jeans make his ass look good. He picks up his necklace, but decides to leave it on his dresser. Grabbing his keys, he hustles down the stairs and waves at Sam before driving downtown.

His nerves are on edge as he finally reaches the address Castiel gave him. He takes a few steadying breaths and knocks on the hotel room door.

Castiel opens it, and Dean’s jaw nearly hits the floor. He is wearing his work slacks but he is barefoot. He has on a white dress shirt with the top three buttons undone and holy fuck he has suspenders on and why is that so hot?

“Dean, come in, please.” He gestures toward the suite and steps aside.

He takes in the small kitchenette and living area, glancing at a door that must lead to the bedroom. It’s almost like a small apartment. “This place is nice.” He looks at himself in the mirror and quickly brings his eyes back to Castiel.

“Thank you. The company pays for it, though I am looking into renting a house or a condo. I'm not a fan of hotels.”
Dean nods, looking around. “So how do we…you know, do this?”

“Well, why don’t we sit for a second and I can tell you what I was thinking and we can go over a few things.”

Dean follows Castiel to his living area and sits on the love seat, while Castiel takes a chair next to him.

“Is there always this much… work to doing this kind of thing?” He wonders when they will just get to the fun part.

Castiel quirks a smile. “Yes, communication is important. I’ve been on the scene for just under a decade now and I can tell you, laying things out early makes them go much better later on.”

“Holy crap, that’s a long time. When did you start?”

“When I was eighteen I met a man at my cousin's party. My cousin owns the club we met in. He was a Dominant and asked if I wanted to learn from him, so I spent a few years working with him and his Subs until I felt ready to take one on myself.”

“You were really young,” is all Dean can think to say.

“Yes, maybe too young, but I learned a lot and I can’t regret it.”

Dean just nods at that. He knows about being too young for a lot of things in his life.

“Did you bring your test results?”

“Oh yeah, uh, here, all clear.” He does a little salute, pulling the paper from his pocket. He is glad he got them back so fast, having done the tests on Monday.

“I have mine as well and it’s all clear,” Castiel hands the paper over and Dean scans it quickly.

“Have you thought about safe words?” Castiel looks so calm and at ease.

“Red, Yellow, and Green sounds good to me.” He wants something simple and easy to remember.

“Red to stop, yellow to slow down, and green means you are good to go. I prefer that system as well. I need you to understand Dean, that it is perfectly alright to use your safe-words at anytime you feel uncomfortable. I will never be upset with you for using them.”

“Yeah, okay.” Dean feels his heart rate picking up—they must be really close to starting soon and he's dying to feel those hands on him.

“Good. Now, for tonight I would like to start simple—no penetration, and no pain, just some restraints if you're okay with them?” The way Castiel talks about bondage is so matter of fact Dean almost has to laugh, but he bites his tongue.

“Green and ready,” he replies with an enthusiastic smile.

“Come here and kneel. Stick out your wrists.”

Dean moves so fast he almost slams his hip into the ottoman, but he puts his wrists into Castiel’s lap and looks up into those stormy eyes, now filled with want. Knowing he put that look there makes him shiver with want of his own.
Castiel reaches behind him and pulls out a box. Digging inside, he pulls out two padded leather cuffs, black with a green stripe through the middle and silver D rings on them. He shows them to Dean. “Are these acceptable?” When Dean nods quickly, he adds, “Words, Dean.”

“Yes, I like them. Please.” He pushes his wrists up a little higher, trying to control his breathing.

“When these go on, it signifies the beginning of the scene, and I will go from being Castiel to being your Dom. Do you understand?”

“Yes.” His voice is a bit higher than he intends.

Castiel reaches forward and fastens the cuff first to his right and then his left wrist, checking to make sure they aren’t too tight. The feel of them is even better than he imagined, it feels grounding and secure, it feels safe.

“My beautiful boy,” Castiel murmurs in a deep, low voice, rubbing his thumbs along Dean’s pulse points. “Go into the bedroom and strip off your clothes. When you come back I want you to kneel in front of me.”

“Yes, sir,” he replies and moves swiftly to the bedroom and begins to take off his clothes. Judging by the neatness he sees in the place, he folds his clothes into a pile on the dresser. He feels a bit exposed, his cock half-hard and bobbing against his thighs. He takes a calming breath and moves back into the living room where the lights are now dimmed.

Castiel is sitting in the middle of the love seat now, his legs spread obscenely wide with a pillow on the floor in front of him. He extends out a hand to him. “Come here, Dean.”

Dean takes the proffered hand like a lifeline as the man guides him to kneel between his legs, back to the couch. Castiel places one hand on the back of Dean’s neck and the other cards through his hair. Dean goes a little limp at the touch.

“Do you know how beautiful you are, Dean? Every eye in that club was watching you, wanting you,” Castiel purrs into his ear, continuing to card his fingers through his hair. “Put your hands behind your back and lean forward for me.”

Dean complied. It was just so easy to not have to make the choice of what came next. Castiel shows him a short piece of black rope before he brings it behind Dean and begins pulling the ends through the rings on his cuffs. He makes quick work of tying them and he gives an experimental pull.

A tiny moan of contentment leaves Dean's lips before he can stop himself.

“It's okay to make noise, I want to hear you, Dean. All the noises you want to make for me,” Castiel whispers, pulling Dean back up until he's leaning against the couch. Castiel grabs a bottle of something and rubs it on his right hand before returning it to Dean’s shoulder. He feels fingers carding through his hair and firm fingers begin massaging at the base of his neck. His eyes flutter closed.

“Good boy, so good for me,” Castiel praises him as Dean lets his head fall against Castiel’s knee. He feels his muscles loosen and relax, his heart rate slows and the sense of calm he feels is like nothing he’s felt before. He is drifting in this warm haze of contentment when Castiel’s hand snakes over his collarbone, thumb brushing across his Adam’s apple.

Dean draws in a deep breath before letting it out, the feel of Castiel’s hand over his sternum is strong and centering. He feels lips brush along the shell of his ear and gasps in a breath, pushing out his chest. A hand moves lower until fingers graze over his hard nipple and he lets out a low, whimpering
whine. Castiel’s slippery, calloused thumb now moves in a slow circle around the peaked nub.

“Please, oh please,” he whines and feels a kiss press behind his ear.

“My sweet boy mentioned these were sensitive.” He licks at Deans earlobe at the same time he lightly pinches the stiff nub.

“Oh fuck,” he cries out, bucking his chest up into the touch, his cock quickly hardening again after having gone soft.

“Mmm, you are so responsive.” Castiel cups Dean’s pec now and barely brushes his thumb across the surface, making Dean whimper and buck up pulling on his bound wrists. “What color, Dean?”

It takes a few moments for him to realize what Castiel asked him before he blurts out, “Green! Very green.”

“Good boy.” And those two little words make a warmth fill in his chest. For that moment he is good, he is wanted, he is safe. Castiel moves his other hand down to Dean’s neglected nipple and begins teasing and tweaking it as well, rubbing in the oil from the other hand. He never knows when he is going to get a sharp tweak or a soft, rolling pull. His cock gets harder and harder till it’s almost at the point of aching, standing proud off his lap. He needs something to touch him—just the smallest squeeze would send him over the edge right now.

“Please, please, please, oh god, please,” he whimpers, feeling completely undone and unraveled and god he has never needed to come so bad and not been able to tip over the edge and Castiel has only touched his nipples.

“Please what, my sweet boy? Tell me what you need,” Castiel encourages, and the stubble on his cheek tickles the back of Dean neck.

The fingers teasing and playing with his chest are making him mad with want. “Come, I need to come, please.” He just manages to get the words out.

“Come sit here.” Castiel grabs Dean’s shoulders in a tight, bruising grip, lifting him up while scooting back so Dean is seated on the edge of the couch between his legs. His bound hands feel the bulge in Castiel’s pants and the substantial size sends a shiver down his back. Castiel’s left arm wraps around him, pulling him against his chest while the fingers begin their teasing again on his over-sensitized nub.

He throws his head back over Castiel’s shoulder and writhes on top of him. The feel of Castiel all around him, the mouth kissing his neck and the hand on his chest and the legs bracketing him is all so intense and amazing he can’t help but pant and whine, canting his hips begging for more.

“You want me to touch you, sweet boy?” Castiel purrs in his ear, licking and nipping at his jaw.

“You beg so beautifully. Such a gorgeous cock.” Castiel’s voice is a little more strained now as he seemingly tries to catch his own breath. Dean’s fingers brush again against the bulge in his pants making Castiel gasp this time. He can’t hide the grin from his face. “Mischievous boy,” Castiel chuckles in his ear. “Are you going to come for me, Dean?”

He nods vigorously as Castiel’s simultaneously pulls at his nipple and cock in tandem. All it takes is one quick pinch and twist of his wrist and Dean is coming hard, shooting out in front of them, come
dripping onto Castiel’s hand. He milks Dean through his orgasm as Dean flops back against him, utterly boneless and spent. He closes his eyes and allows himself to go limp in Castiel’s arms.

“So good for me. What a perfect boy you are, just amazing, Dean.” Castiel’s praise barely registers as Dean lets himself float, riding the euphoric high. Castiel shifts a hand behind him, undoing the rope on his wrists and in one smooth move manages to sweep Dean up in a bridal carry.

He can’t be bothered to even think about anything so long as Castiel is touching him. He feels himself being set down on a soft, fluffy bed. He curls up into a ball, nuzzling into the pillow and smelling that spicy, sweet scent of Castiel. He feels a warm wet towel wiping him clean and then the dip of the mattress in front of him. He quickly tugs and pulls at Castiel until his face is pressed against his chest and their legs are tangled together. He takes a moment to wonder about the fact that Castiel is still fully clothed but he can’t possibly form the words to ask at the moment.

Once a blanket is pulled up and over them he falls into a hazy sleep.

He comes to some time later to feel hands back in his hair and lips kissing his forehead. Its sweet and intimate and he shouldn’t like it so much but he does.

“Can you eat this for me?” Castiel’s voice is warm as he holds up a small peanut butter cup before his lips. He opens his mouth and takes the candy, sucking on the fingers a little as they pull away. The chocolate melts on his tongue, sweet and smooth and he hums in satisfaction.

“Good boy, drink some water for me.” Castiel holds up the cup to his lips and he feels a little like a child, but his body still feels a bit shaky so he accepts the cool water. Castiel feeds him a few more pieces of candy and makes him drink a full cup of water before he sits both of them up.

“Wha—what time is it,” he yawns, feeling groggy and a little perturbed at having to be vertical.

“Almost ten—you’ve slept for a while. I’m glad—you seemed to need the rest.” Castiel cups his face and he leans into it. “How are you feeling?”

“Good, really fucking good. That was…really amazing.” He sighs and stretches. “But shit, man, you’re not even naked and you didn’t even get to…you know...” He gestures vaguely at Castiel’s lap.

A shy smile breaks across his face and its so contradictory to the Dom persona from before. “Tonight was more about meeting your needs, Dean, and believe me I found the experience more than satisfactory.” Castiel nods toward his pants and pulls the blanket back to reveal what looks like a dried wet spot.

“You—you came in your pants? Just from that?” He asks, dumbfounded.

“Good, really fucking good. That was…really amazing.” He sighs and stretches. “But shit, man, you’re not even naked and you didn’t even get to...you know...” He gestures vaguely at Castiel’s lap.

Dean blushes a little feeling embarrassment flush his cheeks. He nods hoping next time he gets to see that cock.

“Why don’t you get dressed while I clean up, and then maybe we can watch a movie or something on the couch?” Castiel offers.

Dean laughs, “Don’t know how I will never look at that couch and not get hard, but yeah, that sounds good.”

Castiel kisses him softly on the lips before heading for the bathroom. Dean gets dressed and is just
pulling his shirt over his head when Castiel comes out again. Hell, if he doesn’t look like a Greek god in his thin sleep pants and v-neck t-shirt.

“May I see your wrists?” he asks and Dean holds them up for him. “May I take them off?”

“You’re the Dom,” Dean shrugs.

“Yes, exactly, so it’s my job to make sure you are comfortable with everything we do, even this. Are you ready for these to come off?” Dean looks at them, the comfort he feels from them, and he doesn’t want them off, but he knows it’s time.

“Yes, you can take them off, Cas.”

Castiel eyes him a moment but moves to take them off and despite his clothes he feels almost naked now without them.

“I’ll make up some popcorn and you can choose the movie.” Castiel wraps an arm around his waist and it settles him a bit.

“You could stay the night?” Castiel offers.

“Nah, I should get home for Sammy, but uh... Shit, I don’t really know how this whole thing works.” He rubs the back of his neck, trying to think of what to say. Castiel just waits patiently as always for him. “You wanna hang out or something, tomorrow?”

Castiel grins now. “I would like that. I normally go rowing on Sunday mornings if you would like to come along?”

“I, uh...don’t know how.”

“That’s alright, we can take a training skiff and you can just keep me company. Meet me out front at ten?”

What the hell, he thinks to himself. “Sure, but uh, can we get lunch after?”

“You have yourself a deal.” Castiel leans in, kissing him again, and he is really starting to love those lips. “Now, you promise to call or text me if you start to feel off, or have any bad thoughts. I know you said you read about sub drop, but...”

“I feel good, Cas, promise, really good. And if that changes, you will be the first person I call.” That seems to set him more at ease and Dean pulls Castiel in for one more kiss before he waves goodbye. As he heads down the elevator he takes a moment to let the warm, peaceful feeling settle over him again, wondering just how long it might last.
Hello my friends! 12hr work day but finally home getting to post. Hope you enjoy.
Warnings for impact play.
<3

Dean checks the temp outside and for the hundredth time thinks they're crazy to be going outside, and on the water, no less. He puts on a long-sleeve knit shirt that is a little small on him, and steals Sam’s warm brown Carhartt jacket with the hood. He decides on a pair of jeans because that's all he has other than his work khakis. He puts on a pair of lightweight waterproof boots and finally heads out the door to get Castiel.

He finds Castiel waiting outside for him when he pulls up. He enjoys the double take he does when he takes in Baby in all her sleek, black glory. Castiel is in track pants, a long-sleeve shirt and vest and he has a burgundy beanie hat on his head with a large H on the front.

“Your car is very impressive, Dean. What year is it?” Castiel asks, running a hand over the smooth leather seats.

“She’s a sixty-seven. My dad gave her to me.” He gives the dashboard an affectionate pat. “So, where to, Mon Capitaine?”

“The Kansas Rowing Boathouse—just make a right and head North.”

Dean starts driving and eases back in the seat, loving the feel of the engine rumbling below him.

“So, you said you father bought this car for you?” Castiel breaks the silence.

“Well, it was his car first. He gave it to me when I turned sixteen and got himself a truck,” Dean shrugs hoping they can stay off the topic of John.

“My uncle gave me a car when I turned sixteen as well, though it was not nearly as fine a vehicle as this.” Castiel smiles at him and he is grateful to be avoiding that subject. “My brother Jimmy drives a little red Porsche that he is very fond of.”

Dean laughs at that. “Bet that handles real well in the winter.”

“He did learn that the hard way and got himself an SUV for the winter,” Castiel sighs with a fondness in his voice. “It’s right up ahead.”

They park and he follows Castiel while he rents out a training skiff with a seat for him in the back, facing forward to where Castiel will row. Dean watches, licking his lips as Castiel carries the heavy boat above his head, muscles in his neck and back straining.

“Are you ready to be my cox?” Castiel asks as he puts the boat into the water.

“Excuse me?” Dean’s eyebrows shoot into the air.
“My Coxswain—the person who sits in the boat and is responsible for steering and race strategy. They face the direction of travel.”

Dean shakes his head. “If you wanted my cox all you had to do was ask.” He chuckles at his own joke while Castiel rolls his eyes. He carefully slides into the skiff and gets settled as Castiel sits facing him and pushes off from the dock. He grabs the oars and gives his shoulders a little shake. Dean watches as Castiel’s arms come forward, dipping the paddles into the water and with one mighty pull back sends them soaring across the water. He gasps a little and grips the side of the boat, but soon relaxes into the steady rhythm. He marvels at Castiel’s strong shoulders and chest as he pulls them through the water.

It’s cold and the air stings his cheeks a bit so he pulls the hood down over his ears. Even with the cold it’s exhilarating and he dips his fingertips into the chilly water. It’s peaceful on the water, shining in the morning light and there are no other boats on the river right now. Even though he is on a tiny boat flying through icy river water he still feels amazingly safe, somehow.

“Let me know when you see the bridge and I will slow and we can adjust our direction,” Castiel calls over the wind. He gives the man a thumbs up and bright smile. He kind of wants to try the rowing thing but maybe next time.

Castiel’s cheeks are a rosy pink and his eyes are an even brighter blue out in the daylight. Dean thinks he is likely the most handsome man he’s ever seen. Now if he can only manage to get him out of his damn clothes. Castiel’s muscles are trembling as they return back to the dock. Dean gets out first and offers him a hand, jumping out.

They both return the boat and Castiel stretches his arms above his head, showing off a bit of hip bone to cold morning air. Dean swallows hard at the sight and glances back up at Castiel, the smug bastard catching him.

Castiel grins. “Did you have fun?” he asks as they head to the car.

“Yeah, that was actually really cool.” He turns the engine on and looks over as Castiel pulls off his beanie and shakes out his messy, wild-looking hair. If Dean knows one thing it’s that Castiel should always wear his hair like that… always.

“Do you want to continue to stare at my disheveled appearance or would you like to find us lunch?” Castiel quirks a brow and Dean blushes a little at being caught, but only a little.

“Ladybird Diner work for you?” he asks, thinking it’s walking distance from Castiel’s hotel.

“Yes I have been wanting to try that establishment,” Castiel nods.

“Dude, anyone ever tell you, you talk funny?” Dean laughs.

“Are you making fun of my dialectic?” Castiel’s look is challenging now.

He bites his lip and takes the bait, “So what if I am, mister prim and proper?”

Castiel leans over in the seat now until his lips are only inches from Dean’s ear. “I may have to teach you some manners, turn that beautiful ass nice and red for me. Is that what you're looking for Dean?”

“Oh fuck, yeah. I think definitely yes.” Dean licks his lips, cock tight now in his jeans. He had put a maybe next to pain, unsure about how much a masochist he might be. But the idea of Castiel’s strong hand coming down on his exposed ass, slaps ringing out, a burning searing sensation, has him hard in seconds.
“Hmmm, we may have to make that happen,” Castiel hums before leaning back in his seat.

Dean coughs to clear his throat before starting the car and heading down the drive, keeping his eyes front and center. They make it to the restaurant and Dean sucks in the cool air as he steps out of the car, letting it center him.

“Are you alright?” Castiel’s voice is smooth and strong a hand rests on his lower back.

“I’m all good,” he replies, feeling calmer by the minute, Castiel’s hand quelling his nerves.

“Remember, we don’t do anything you’re not ready for.” Castiel presses a kiss to his cheek and he feels warmth spread through him at the touch.

“I’m ready, but food first. I’m starved.” He grins and leads Castiel inside.

They take a small table near the back and wait for the waitress to come over. He loves this place with its classic breakfast of bacon, eggs, and pancakes but it also has the healthy crap that Sammy loves so much. That, and it’s affordable and close don’t hurt either. He is thinking a burger today though, and doesn’t even bother with the menu. Castiel buries his nose in it, and begins licking his lips at the options.

“Hungry, Cas?” Dean asks in a low voice, leaning in. He slowly sucks in his bottom lip between his teeth and Castiel draws in a deep breath.

“What can I get you lovebirds?” the waitress asks with a teasing grin as Dean and Castiel both pull back, sitting up straight.

“Bacon burger and fries,” Dean replies, handing the menu to the waitress.

“Same for me,” Castiel replies still looking a little flustered, handing back his menu.

“Would have thought you would be eating rabbit food like carrots.”

“A man cannot survive on carrots alone, Dean. I love a good juicy burger.” Castiel steeples his hands on the table in that way he does.

“Good to know, Castiel likes meat.” The other man flashes him a wicked grin and Dean is surprised he doesn’t self-combust on the spot.

“My Cousin Gabriel would love you. Everything is a lewd joke to him.”

“Did you just say leewd?” Dean barks a laugh.

“This is what I am talking about.” Castiel sighs, but there is mirth behind his eyes.

It gives Dean a warm, fuzzy feeling knowing he made Castiel happy…makes him feel amazing, actually. Dean must be giving Castiel a strange face because his own features soften. He stares into those stormy blue eyes, feeling lost in them and bolts in his seat when the food is set down with a clunk in front of him.

He gives Castiel a sheepish grin before digging into his burger. It’s warm and salty and juicy and exactly what he needs after such a busy morning. Castiel seems to attack his food with the same fervor. Dean sits back picking at his fries, feeling wonderfully content as the waitress comes back over.

“Any dessert for you two?”
“No, I don’t think—”

“What kind of pie you got?” Dean interrupts Castiel, smiling at the waitress.

“Lemon Meringue today, or a we a have lava cake or apple crisp?” She smiles at Dean as he mulls over the options.

“Apple crisp with vanilla ice cream on the side.” Castiel quirks a smile at him and declines dessert. Dean digs into the sweet apple and crispy brown sugar and only when he is halfway through does he look up to see Castiel smiling at him.

“You want some?” he asks, waving his spoon over the bowl.

“I’m fine, thank you. Is this a favorite of yours?”

“Oh yeah, I mean normal pie any pie but crisp is basically pie. My mom used to always have pie on the weekends.” He takes another warm bite, trying not to drip melted ice cream on his chin and failing. Before he can wipe it away Castiel reaches out and wipes the stray drip away with his thumb, which he promptly sucks into his mouth. Dean watches those pink lips wrap around the digit and can only imagine what the tongue is doing in there. He swallows hard at the sight feeling the familiar tightness in his pants. He wonders if he will ever be around Castiel and not get hard.

“Would you like to come back to my room to… get cleaned up?” Castiel plasters on his best innocent smile that isn’t fooling Dean for a moment.

Dean pushes his empty bowl aside and leans in across the table. “Green, sir,” he whispers, and for good measure flutters his lashes. Castiel’s jaw goes rigid and he practically vibrates with excitement at the look in his eyes. The waitress slides the bill across the table. Dean snatches it up before Castiel can and manages to pay for lunch, despite Castiel’s many protests.

They walk to the hotel and ride up the elevator standing shoulder to shoulder with fingertips brushing. Dean feels the energy pulsing under his skin, the uncomfortable twitch and need growing in him. Something deeper than arousal, something consuming him. It feels like the sensation may make him burst if he can’t find some relief.

“Wait here for me,” Castiel says in a low voice as he heads to the bedroom. He returns carrying the leather cuffs from before. “You seem on edge, would you like me to help you with that?”

Dean nods and then quickly clears his throat, “Yes, please.” He wishes he didn’t sound so needy but he can’t bring himself to care.

“I know these were on your maybe list, Dean, but I would like to punish that beautiful round ass of yours. I think you will find it… liberating. If you would prefer to wait or not try this, that is completely acceptable. The point of it is not to truly punish you but to bring you pleasure through submitting. I need to know you understand that, and that your safe words are still intact before we proceed?”

“No blood?” he asks, cause he knows he can handle pain but he cannot handle being out of commission.

“Of course, that is a hard no for me as well.” Castiel smiles warmly at him.

He brings his wrists forward, palms up. “Green, sir,” he repeats from the restaurant before. Castiel raises each wrist to his lips, planting a kiss there before fastening the leather cuffs in place, checking their tightness.
“Go into the bedroom, strip and kneel at the end of the bed.” He puts a deeper rumble into his voice and Dean tries not to bolt for the bedroom.

He strips his clothes quickly, still taking time to fold them. He kneels at the foot of the bed, cock half-hard and twitching with interest. He lets his eyes slip closed and feels his breathing start to slow, focusing on the weight of his ass on his heels and the scratch of his fingers on his thighs. He hears Castiel’s soft footsteps enter the room listening as he moves closer to stand beside him.

“Is my needy boy ready for me?” he purrs behind Dean, and he almost flinches at the feel of a hand on his shoulder before relaxing into the touch. “Lay across the bed for me. Legs off the end, and hold them shoulder width apart.”

Dean easily complies with the request, putting his hands on either side of his face and gripping the bed spread. He feels a towel laid underneath him and rough texture of the terry cloth brushes against the tip of his cock, now hard and weeping. Turning his face toward Castiel, finally opening his eyes, he soaks in the sight of him. Castiel is wearing a white t-shirt and the same track pants from before, as he moves to sit next to Dean. He rubs a soothing hand in circles on his upper back and Dean lets out a long breath, relaxing into the touch.

Castiel’s other hand skims over his backside, sending a shiver over his exposed skin. Castiel has long, graceful fingers and they slide down, cupping his balls and lightly rolling them. He can’t help the whimper that escapes his lips, the touch too light and not nearly hard enough. Castiel only chuckles lightly and moves his hand further down while the one on his back holds him firmly in place. Fingers skate over his hard erection with the lightest pressure.

“You are not allowed to come until I say so. Will you be able to hold it or do you need help?” Castiel asks in a low voice, running his hand up and down Dean’s length.

“I- I can do it,” Dean gasps out.

“Excuse me?” Castiel gives a tiny growl and a tug to his balls.

Dean lets out a little squeak. “Sir, I can do it, sir.” He is panting now, and shocked at how rock hard he still is. Maybe there's something to this pain pleasure thing.

“Good boy. I think for mouthing off you’ll get thirty hits, does that sound fair?”

“Yes, sir.” Dean squirms under the firm hand holding him to the bed. It earns him a tiny swat to the right butt cheek.

“Stay still for me. That's very good, Dean,” Castiel praises as Dean goes as still as he can, relaxing into the bed. He can do this, he can be good. It feels so amazing to be good.

The first smack comes across his ass with a biting sting and a loud whack that rings out in the quiet room. It hurts more than he thought it would and he draws in a deep breath, feeling the beginning of tingling on his skin. Castiel’s hand rubs the spot a few times, soothing him till he settles. The next smack is just as hard on the opposite cheek, same burning pain. Castiel rubs the spot again.

“So good for me, bending over and showing me your perfect ass. What color, Dean?”

“G-green, green,” he says twice for emphasis.

Castiel’s next two hits come in quick succession, rubbing five circles into his skin after each smack. By the time he reaches ten Dean feels the tears pricking his eyes and his body awash with the sensation of fire licking his skin. It fucking hurts, but it also feels fucking amazing and he can’t hold
back the babbling any more.

“Oh fuck, please, oh please, more, please,” Dean mumbles into the bed, tears leaking down his face, cock hard and leaking pre-come against the towel.

“My sweet boy likes that, don’t you? Likes to feel the heat from my hand. Leaking all over the place, so wet for me,” Castiel’s voice rumbles near his ear as the methodical smacks picked up again. Smack, rub, smack, rub, smack, rub. Somewhere around the twentieth he feels his whole body give, he feels like he’s floating, muscles letting go and nothing existing anymore but the hot arousal and burning skin, like flames devouring him. It’s euphoric letting himself go, he doesn’t have to think, he doesn’t have to worry, he just has to feel. Castiel will take care of him.

A voice in his ear, a rumbling whisper says, “Come for me, Dean.” He feels a hand stroke his cock and a glorious pull and he’s coming, pulsing out every once of pent up energy he has, shaking and gripping the blanket like a lifeline. He isn’t sure how much time passes and he continues to float and drift in the warmth. He knows Castiel’s hands are on him, touching him and soothing him.

“Dean… Dean can you look at me?”

Dean cracks his blurry eyes open and sees messy dark hair and the storm blue eyes.

“There we are. You did so well, Dean, you're so perfect. Do you think you can stand for me?”

Castiel’s face is soft and so warm-looking. Dean isn’t sure if he can move or ever wants to move again. If only he could just stay where he is for eternity. He lets out a little whine as Castiel pulls at his shoulders and scoops him up off the floor.

He nuzzles against the white cotton and breathes in the smell of salty sweat and the lingering spicy sweet of Castiel’s cologne. Dean hums, satisfied, eyes closed again and tries not to whine when he feels himself being set down on the edge of the sink. The cool counter top stings and soothes his burning ass.

Castiel starts a shower and strips off his clothes. Dean’s eyes go wide, suddenly feeling much more awake as he takes in the sight before him. Castiel is perfect, broad strong shoulders, beautiful curves by his hips and ass, that V of muscle leading down to his soft thatch of hair. His cock is hard and proud looking and a little thicker than Dean but maybe not as long.

“Like what you see?” Castiel asks in his gravel voice, snapping Dean out of his dirty thoughts.

“Yes sir, very much so.” He nods, his voice feeling a little hoarse.

“I’m glad. Come here.” Castiel stretches out a hand and pulls Dean toward the shower. It’s a small tub, not big enough to soak in but it fits both of them in it standing. Castiel moves Dean under the warm water and he sighs at the feeling of it. The water isn’t too hot which is good since his ass is still burning, and he lets his eyes slip closed, head tipped back under the spray.

He hears a chuckle and feels soapy hands running over his skin, washing every inch of him with slow and gentle care. He is lulled almost to sleep till he feels a pinch to his sore cheek and lets out an undignified squeak. Castiel grins up at him like a Cheshire cat. “You may have the finest ass I ever saw, and its even lovelier this beautiful shade of red.”

Dean can’t help but blush and look away at the compliment, and is glad that Castiel doesn’t seem to need a response. He finishes rinsing Dean off before he shuffles their position and begins running water over his own skin, groaning in pleasure. Dean lets his eyes wander over the other man and again he can’t stop staring at the beautiful cock, half-hard between his legs. He has never sucked a
cock before but there’s a first time for everything. If ever there were a cock asking to have his lips around it, it was this one.

With one hand on the wall he lowers himself to his knees before Castiel. The hard tub hurts a little but he ignores it as he looks up to the curious storm blue eyes. “May I?” he asks hands rising to brace themselves on the firmest thighs he’s ever seen.

“Have you ever sucked a cock, sweet boy?” Castiel watched Dean’s face, eyes flicking over him—he could almost feel it like a touch.

He shook his head. “No, but I want to.”

“Color, Dean?”

“Green, sir.” He watches the cock in front of him twitch and sticks his tongue out, giving the curved head a flick of his tongue. This earns him a tiny gasp from the Dom above him and he feels fingers grip his wet hair.

Taking that as a sign he leans forward, slipping his lips over the warm, wet cock before him. He feels the heavy weight of it on his tongue and hums around it. The hand tugging at his hair is grounding and he begins to bob and move his head. He wants to try and take him deeper like that one girl did for him, but every time he does, Castiel’s hand stills him. It’s frustrating and he grunts in disapproval.

“You’re not ready for that yet, trust me,” Castiel chides and tips his head back into the water moaning as Dean hollows his cheeks out. Castiel grips his hair a little tighter and begins slow shallow thrusts into his mouth. It’s so fucking hot, the feeling of being used and the look of adoration in Castiel’s eyes is all overwhelming. He closes his eyes and lets his jaw go slack, humming contentedly as he lets Castiel use his mouth. His cock is valiantly trying to harden on his thighs and he moans more around the slip and slide of Castiel in his mouth. Why has he not done this before?

“Oh, oh god Dean, I’m, I’m…” Dean waits and watches eyelashes fluttering up to see Castiel’s Adam’s apple bob and the muscles of his stomach clench. He pulls back and is suddenly coming on Dean’s neck and chest. It is so hot watching him unravel above him, his mouth open and gasping for air. Dean grips onto those firm thighs and tries to catch his own breath, running a tongue along his swollen lips and tasting a tiny hint of bitterness and salt.

Castiel reaches down to him and he grasps his forearms letting the man pull him to his feet. His knees are screaming at him but all of that is forgotten when lips crash into his. Possessive and warm, licking his lips and stealing his breath. When Castiel lets him go he feels almost dizzy with the intensity of it. He’s never felt so wanted by anyone in his whole life.

“You’re amazing, so perfect,” Castiel purrs and grabs the shower head to clean them both off before turning off the water.

Dean begins to have the boneless feeling again, his muscles weak and by the time Castiel finishes toweling him off he feels a small tremor under his skin. Castiel sits him on the bed covers pulled back and comes over to him with bottle of Gatorade. He holds it while Dean drains nearly half of it and then pops two peanut butter cups into his mouth.

“Good boy, that should help. Can you lie down on your stomach for me, head on the pillow?” Dean nods and Castiel guides him into position. He tucks his hands under the pillow nuzzling down and soon he’s greeted with the strong smell of coconut. Warm slippery hands circle his shoulder blades, thumbs digging in to his knots.
“Coconut oil is very good for red or irritated skin,” Castiel says in a low voice as his hands drift over his sore ass. It doesn’t hurt nearly as much as he feared though and Castiel’s hands and oil feel good on his heated skin. Once Castiel has turned all his muscles to jello he slips in beside him, pulling the covers over them. Dean crawls over a little until his head is resting on the man’s shoulder tucked under his arm.

“Get some sleep my good boy.” Castiel kisses the top of his head as Dean slowly drifts off.
Okay friends, hope you like this one. I may be late posting next week, Waywardjenn and TrenchcoatBaby are coming to visit me next week!!!! like I will get to hug them and squeal and generally loose my shit to see them. Its going to be epic people lol. Anyway if I am a little late next week I will blame them. Enjoy love you fan fic family <3

Dean wakes up slow and groggy, blinking his eyes in the low light of the room. It takes him a moment before he figures out where he is—in Castiel's hotel room. He looks up at his pillow, which happens to be the firm chest of his Dom. His head tipped to the side, still obviously deep in sleep. Dean takes the moment to look his fill at the beautiful jawline and neatly groomed hair. He listens to the slow thud of his heart and thinks the guy must have a really low resting heart rate, wondering what it would take to make him break a sweat.

He slowly climbs out of bed, padding over to the bathroom to relieve himself. He peeks over his shoulder at his ass and grins a little at the pink color. It's already fading and he already misses it, the grounding sting. He thinks about the scene—he's now checked off a few bucket list items. Nothing could compare to the high he felt last night submitting to Castiel. It was such a rush and an adrenaline high and yet so incredibly relieving and calm all at the same time.

But the afternoon spent cuddling in bed, eating room service and watching Dr. Sexy reruns was just as good, in its own way. Dean had loved watching Castiel try to figure out the relationships—it baffled him that the characters were always mad at each other, but never talked about it. Dean couldn’t give him a better answer than drama. His eyes nearly hurt from how many times he rolled them when Castiel would point out a medical inaccuracy. “It’s just a show, Cas,” he had mumbled multiple times, but he still found it kinda endearing. They had fallen back asleep in bed after dinner and Dean hadn’t bothered with clothes. He had liked the way Castiel’s eyes darkened whenever he caught a glimpse of Dean’s pinkened cheeks.

He isn’t used to that much attention, the eyes always following him. He wants to shy away from it, and he can’t fathom what on earth is so interesting about him but he tries hard to just enjoy it for a bit. He isn’t the invisible boy, not with Cas.

He makes his way back out into the room to find his phone sitting on top of his neatly folded clothes. Pulling it up he sees some missed texts from Sam. He notices that it’s nearly eleven.

Sam (7:45pm): Hey, the powers out in the house.

Sam (8:12pm): Not sure when your coming home, I checked the fuses and they all seem fine.

Sam (8:43pm): Called the electric company said a transformers down, it will be back on in the morning earliest. Call me.

Shit, shit, shit! Dean curses to himself. How did he leave his phone on silent? He never does that. He hastily tugs on his clothes and types out a text to Sam.

Dean (10:58pm): on my way home now
He hesitates a moment in the bedroom doorway. It’s a shitty thing to just take off on Cas like this but he hates waking him, and last thing he wants to do is explain why he has to go. He pulls out a notepad from the little desk and scribbles a message.

*Sorry I have to run.*

*Call you later.*

Dean

He knows it’s inadequate but he doesn’t have time to worry about it as he runs out of the hotel room, making his way home. He drives like a bat out of hell and gets back to his place in only fifteen minutes. The house is dark except for a warm light coming from the living room. He pulls around back, letting himself in through the kitchen, keeping a light on his phone to guide him. It’s already chilly in the drafty house without the heat on. He heads to the living room and sees a fire roaring in the fireplace. There’s a lantern on the coffee table with notebooks and textbooks strewn about it. His long, gangly-limbed brother is curled up on the couch under a thick quilt, fast asleep.

“Hey, Sammy.” Dean shakes Sam’s shoulder and listens as he groans and stretches, hitting his feet on the arm rest and huffing grumpily before moving to sit up.

“Dean? What t-t-time is it?” he yawns, blinking up at Dean.

“Just past eleven. I’m sorry, man, I missed your texts. I must have silenced my phone.” What kind of fuck up doesn’t keep his phone on him?

“Its alright, I took care of it. Did you have fun?”

“Huh?”

“On your date?” Sam rolls his eyes.

“Oh, yeah. I mean, I did, but that’s not important. What did the electric company say?” Dean frowns looking out the window to the other houses.

“Just said a transformer was down and a team was sent out, but they didn’t expect power back till eight.”

“Fuck,” Dean grumbles and Sam just nods.

“Nothing we can do about it. I was just gonna sleep here cause it’s warmer, and it’s not supposed to be below freezing tonight anyway so the pipes should be fine. Glad the fridge is empty don’t think we’ll lose much there, but I put a towel in front of it in case there’s water if it thaws.” Sam rubbed at the back of his neck, still looking tired.

Dean feels a little rush of pride that his brother knew how to handle things.

“I’m sorry you had to deal with that crap. I’ll take care of it from here. Why don’t you get some sleep? I’ll take the chair and keep an eye on the fire.” Dean figures it’s the least he can do for abandoning Sam like he did.

“Hey, nothing to be sorry for—shit happens. I’m a big boy now, Dean. You couldn’t predict the power going out. Don’t go beating yourself up, okay?” Sam glares at him now.

“Go on and sleep, Samsquatch,” Dean teases, trying for lighthearted and missing the mark.
Sam only watches his face a moment before laying back down and settling in. Dean tosses a log on the fire and crawls into the recliner with an old throw blanket. He nestles down as best he can and sets an alarm for a few hours to stoke the flames. He longs for the warmth and security of Castiel’s bed, but getting lost and caught up in the thrill of it all he forgot about what matters. Dean’s fucked a lot of things up in his life, but he prides himself on not fucking up Sam—that, he did right. Now here he is, his little brother, cold, and curled up on a couch that’s too small for him and all alone because Dean wanted to get his rocks off.

***********

Morning comes too soon for Dean’s liking. The water is still cold and he is glad he showered at Castiel’s place last night. As he goes to take off his long sleeve, he realizes he is still wearing the leather cuffs from the day before. He hadn’t even noticed them and prays that Sam didn’t see them last night. He unbuckles them, feeling a cold, empty sensation without them. He doesn’t really want to think about why it upsets him so much. How can he care about something this much so fast? He tucks them in his bag for work in case Castiel wants them back. He checks his phone and sees a message from him.

Castiel (12:02am): Hope everything is okay, text or call me in the morning?

He didn’t mean to make Castiel worry and really he doesn’t think they’ve known each other long enough for him to have earned Castiel’s concern. Now he made Sam and Castiel worry which is a shitty thing for him to do. He needs to get his act together. He types out a quick reply, even though he knows he will see him at work soon enough, a thought that makes him smile despite his foul mood.

Dean (5:23am): It’s all good, power went out at the house so I needed to get home. See you at work this morning?

Castiel (5:25am): Sorry to hear that, yes I will see you in a few hours. Let me know if you require anything.

Dean hurries to get ready and takes a few minutes to stuff Sam’s books in his bag and even makes him a PB&J sandwich with some chips and an apple for lunch. He hasn’t made Sam’s lunch in a while now but he still feels bad that he was home alone dealing with the house. The power kicks on right as he is about to leave, and he writes a note next to the lunch that he will take care of the fridge before his shift at the roadhouse.

He downs two shots of espresso before the first employees come through the door, since he’s feeling a little worn out from everything over the weekend. He makes his usual rounds and keeps getting distracted by the feel of his khaki pants on his backside. It’s like a constant reminder of Castiel and he’s surprised how much he likes that it’s soothing him.

“Mr. Winchester.” The cocky tone can only belong to Zachariah. He turns and doesn’t even muster a smile, just raises his brows in question for what he wants. “No good morning or cordial greeting? I should report you to your supervisor.” Zach gives Dean a predatory grin.

Dean’s nostrils flare and his jaw firms. “What can I get for you today, sir?” His voice is clipped and doesn’t match the wide, fake smile he gives the man.

“The usual, you rude little ingrate,” Zachariah hisses. Dean ducks his head and gets to making the coffee as quickly as possible. “Ah, Castiel, did you send over the new projections for the FP&A team?”
Dean relaxes at the name. He can feel the eyes on him and it soothes him. Castiel is here and that makes him want to purr with contentment. Fuck, Dean really needs to rein in this shit. It’s just supposed to be a casual thing.

“I already sent the updated file over, but I told them we cannot extend the project— it’s a hard deadline.”

The way Castiel says “hard” makes Dean want to fall to his knees, rough and commanding.

“Vanilla latte,” Dean manages to say, handing the coffee over and keeping his eyes on Zachariah. Something about knowing Cas is watching him when he isn’t looking makes his skin buzz with excitement.

Zachariah takes it and drops the cash on the cart without looking at him. “I will have to check with my team, we may need more time to confirm the designs.”

“You don’t have more time, so I suggest wrapping up the designs by the end of this week like you said you would. I wouldn’t want to have to tell Michael who is to blame for pushing us off-schedule, do you?” Dean looks up to Castiel’s face and sees the raised brow and look of contempt on his face. At least Castiel doesn’t like Zachariah any more than he does.

Zachariah turns a beet red color and turns on his heel spilling coffee on his hand and cursing as he marches off down the hall.

“Man, I never saw anyone fluster that guy. That was awesome.” Dean smiles at Castiel who seems to be fighting the smile back.

“That was rather rude of me. I should likely make amends later. I don’t like how he talks to you,” Castiel admits, looking him over. “How are you? I was worried when I found you missing.”

“I’m sorry for taking off—Sam texted me the power was out at the house and I needed to get home. I missed his texts, actually. I shouldn’t have silenced my phone,” he admits, still feeling a weight of guilt. What if something really bad had happened?

“I have a solution for that, if you’re comfortable with it?” Castiel offers. Dean begins making his cappuccino and nods for him to continue. “When we scene you could leave your phone with me, and I can have it on a low vibrate so if anything important comes up I can pause or end the scene for you. If you’re worried or concerned during our scenes than that defeats the purpose of them.”

Dean thinks it through. He’d really be trusting the guy to keep an eye on it but Castiel has yet to let him down and he’s not ready to end what they’ve started here. He looks into Castiel’s storm blue eyes and decides he’s gone this far, what’s a little more trust? “Yeah, that works. We can try it.” He hands over the coffee and enjoys the smile on Castiel’s face.

“Good, I am pleased.” The smile makes Dean chuckle and earns him a confused tilt of Castiel’s head.

“I, uh, have the things, you know. I forgot to take them off when I left. I can give them back to you.” He can’t bring himself to say what it is but he knows Castiel will figure it out.

A look of comprehension comes over Castiel’s face. “You brought them here?” He sounds flustered. Did Dean really make him flustered?

“Yes, I have them in my bag, but I can hold onto them if, if you won’t need them?”
Castiel studies his face a moment. “Those are for you and only you, Dean. There is no one else.”

It’s like Castiel read his mind and he feels his shoulders relax. “Good, that’s good. I mean, we never really said, but I hoped and that’s good.” And wow, is he really this god damn pathetic?

“Now that that’s settled, why don’t you bring them next time we meet? When are you free next?”

“Um, I work tonight, well, every night till Saturday.” He hates the slight disappointment he sees on Castiel’s face. He chides himself it was only a matter of time before he saw that look and he tries to shake it off. “Saturday night, though?” He bites his bottom lip waiting, watching.

“Of course. I will be moving mid-month—I’m renting a condo just down the street a block. It should give me more space. I can text you the new address.” Castiel takes a sip of his coffee, eyes crinkled in a smile. “Have a good day, Dean,” Castiel whispers as he sweeps past him, heading for the big conference room.

Dean fights down a shiver at the promise hiding behind the words. He finishes his loop and heads downstairs, about to close up the cart when he hears someone yelling for him, “Wait!”

He turns to see a redhead jogging toward him. She puts a hand on his shoulder, panting, trying to catch her breath. Dean rolls his eyes. “Charlie, if you wanted a coffee why didn’t you stop by when I was on your floor?”

“I was out late last night, I overslept. Come on, I need my coffee,” she pleads and he rolls his eyes, pulling out his supplies.

“How were you last night?” he asks, watching her lean against the cart.

“Charity event,” she replies, grinning mischievously.

“Oh, I’m sure you were very charitable,” he laughs.

“If you can’t get laid at reproductive rights function you simply cannot get laid.” She wiggles her eyebrows and shows off a cellphone pic of a pretty brunette with dark almond eyes.

“You gonna actually see this one again?” he asks, handing over the coffee.

“Don’t be a hater just because you aren’t getting any.”

“Who says I’m not?” He immediately regrets the words the second they leave his lips, but he can’t help wanting to wipe that smug look off her face.

“Oh my god! Details, right now!” she sets the coffee down, eyes sparkling.

“Aren’t you late for work or something?” he quickly deflects.

“Oh no, you are not getting out of this. Spill, Winchester.” She levels an unflinching gaze at him.

“I met a…a guy.” He doesn’t know why that is so hard to say, especially to Charlie, of all people. Her mouth gapes open comically wide before she snaps her jaw shut. He lets out a sigh. “He’s really cool so far but it’s not anything serious, he’s only in town for a few months.” Saying that makes his chest ache a little, already feeling a tiny pang of loss at the thought.

“So what’s his name, what does he do, where did you guys meet?” She babbles out a string of questions.
He seriously debates telling her anything, but at the same time he is burning to talk to someone. “His name is Castiel, he works here, actually. On the tenth floor.”

“Is that how you met? Oh, please tell me you had some kind of meet cute over a cup of coffee! Maybe you made one of those dicks in his latte foam, you little flirt?” She punches his arm, a big grin on her face.

“You are such a pain in the ass, and we met at a bar, and like I said you don’t need to get all crazy, it’s just a temporary thing.”

“Wait, is it that cute new blue-eyed hunk that just started a few weeks ago?”

“Well he has blue eyes, so—”

“Holy crap, dude, nice job! He is a total hottie and works with the big wig guys.”

“How would you know what counts as a hot guy?” he starts, closing up the cart while she sips her coffee.

“I’m a lesbian, not blind, and I can totally dig into this guy and get you all the nitty gritty details.”

“Charlie, no! I mean it, don’t go getting all Sherlock Holmes on me,” he wags a finger at her.

“You would so be my Watson by the way, and come on, a little stalking never hurt anyone. Please, pretty please?” she whines. He knows no matter what he says she’s gonna do what she wants.

“It’s a free country, but I don’t want to hear anything about what you dig up.”

“You got it, boss. Oh shit, I think I was supposed to meet with my boss this morning. Gotta run.” She pecks him on the cheek before scurrying off up the elevator. He can’t help chuckle as he sees her in the glass window dancing her way up the floors.

**********************

It’s another long week and Dean is feeling it, come his Saturday morning shift at the roadhouse. Sam comes with him and takes up a corner stool with his homework. Who even does homework on a Saturday? Nerdy brothers, that’s who. He interviews Ellen for a paper on running a small business or something while Dean goes back and forth, stocking the bar.

“Why don’t you put down the book and go do something fun, Sammy?” Dean rolls his eyes as he crouches down to put the glasses away.

“If I get the paper done now I don’t have to worry about it all weekend,” he grumbles back.

“You going to see Amy again tonight?” Ellen asks, coming in from the kitchen. Dean wonders how she knows about Amy.

“Yeah, I think so. Not sure what we’ll do—maybe a concert downtown,” Sam shrugs but he is watching Dean like he’s waiting to hear if its a good idea or not.

“See, now that’s what I’m talking about. You need some money for tickets?”

“I can do you one better,” Ellen interrupts. “Sam, you go out back and help Jo inventory the beer and I’ll buy you the tickets for payment.”
“Really? That would be great! I’ll do it right now.” Sam jumps off the stool and gives Ellen a kiss on the cheek before running back toward the kitchen.

“You made his night and all you did was give him work to do. Something is seriously wrong with that kid.” Dean shakes his head but can’t hide his smile.

“He is a good kid and you know it. He had a good example to follow.” Ellen smiles at him and he doesn’t get what Ellen means, ’cause he sure as hell isn’t an example he wants Sam to follow.

He is just happy that Sam has a way to make some cash so Dean can pocket his for now. He is hoping to treat Cas to breakfast tomorrow if he can. Cas had asked if he could stay the night and he already gave Sam the heads up. He is nervous about leaving Sam on his own overnight but he knows he isn’t a kid anymore and Cas had promised to keep an eye on the phone just in case.

As tired as he is, he still loves being at the roadhouse like this with all his important people around him. He can hear Jo and Sam squabbling and laughing in the back, Benny is singing some song under his breath while he cooks, Ellen is waiting a few tables and giving Dean’s shoulder a squeeze when she passes, and Ash is passed out on the pool table as per usual.

He finally drives Sam home in the afternoon and has way to much fun teasing Sam as he goes through five different outfits before settling on one for his date. Dean hears a knock at the door while Sam is in the bathroom fixing his floppy hair for the tenth time. He swings the door open to see a short blonde standing on the front step, hair braided to the side.

“Hey, Amy. Sammy is just finishing primping. You wanna come in?”

She smiles and laughs, “I think he spends more time on his hair than I do.” She winks at Dean and he hears the thunder of gangly legs running down the stairs.

“Amy, you’re early,” he squawks and Dean can barely contain a laugh at the look on Sam’s face.

“I know, but I had to get out of the house, Mom was in a mood.” Dean doesn’t miss her rubbing at her wrists and not for the first time worries about the girl’s home life. He figures if she is really in trouble Sam will talk to him about it, ask for help.

“I’m ready. Let’s head out—I got us concert tickets,” Sam beams.

“Sweet! Who is it?”

“Bon Iver,” he grins and she leaps up, wrapping arms around his neck and planting a kiss on him.

Dean smiles at the shade of red Sam turns and gives them a second before clearing his throat. “Come on, you two, get out of here. I’ll even let you take the Impala.” He figures he can just leave a little early for Castiel’s, maybe grab the bus.

“You sure, Dean? Why don’t we drop you off on the way?” Dean looks at the clock. He is a little early but he can always grab a bite to eat downtown. He shrugs and grabs his small backpack and they all head out. It’s weird to have Sam driving but he waves them off as they head to concert. He feels better knowing Sam has the Impala, like her thick steel will keep him safe.

He stares up the large brick building and checks the address Castiel had texted him. He isn’t that early really—he could just go up and see if he’s home. He hesitates though—Castiel had said seven and he should probably try to at least follow a simple order. He sees a small bench and sits down with his bag in his lap, pulling out a book he had tucked in the front pocket.
He is so engrossed in the book he jumps a little when he hears his name. “Dean?”

He looks up to see Castiel watching him, a tilt to his head and a bag of groceries on his hip. He snaps the book shut and stands quickly, almost dropping his bag. “Uh, hey, Cas.” He rubs his neck, worried he screwed up.

“How long have you been sitting here?” Castiel asks, a frown growing on his face.

“Dunno, half hour maybe? I can wait if you need me to, it’s no big deal.”

“It’s freezing out. Please come inside, I just purchased groceries for dinner.” Castiel nods and Dean hustles to tuck his book away and follow Castiel inside.

Castiel’s new building is a nice place like his other hotel, and there’s a doorman downstairs which Dean thinks is pretty fancy. Castiel hits the button on the elevator for the top floor which doesn’t surprise Dean. He suddenly feels guilty for not offering to help Castiel move, then he remembers the move is just temporary and Cas probably doesn’t have much with him.

He feels nervous energy buzzing under his skin, wondering what Castiel might have planned for them. They haven’t discussed what scene they might do and the fact that Castiel wants Dean to stay over means it might be intense. Intense is exactly what he’s looking for. Head swimming with everything between work and his family, he can barely sleep the few hours he has lately, waking up worrying he forgot to switch the laundry over or call Garth about more almond milk for the cart or to check on Jo and make sure her car is still running okay.

“A lot on your mind?” Castiel asks as he unlocks the door to his apartment.

“Sorry, sometimes I space out a little.” He shrugs, feeling self-conscious. Castiel just smiles and gestures for him to follow inside. He takes off his jacket and kicks off his shoes before following Castiel inside.

“I hope you like pasta,” Castiel says as he walks to put his food down and Dean’s jaw drops. The apartment looks like it costs more than five of Dean’s house put together. There is a huge gas fireplace with stone that leads up to a tall ten-foot ceiling. The furniture is industrial and functional and looks like it’s more pretty than comfortable. All that is what Dean had expected, but the ceiling to floor windows overlooking the river draw him like a magnet.

“Dean?” He hears Castiel’s voice but he can’t resist the pull and he walks over to the windows, staying back a foot or so to peer out before shuddering and stepping back again.

“Sorry, yes, pasta is great. That’s an entire wall of glass,” Dean points at the window as if Castiel should be more impressed by this.

“Yes, it’s a nice view, one of the reasons I picked this place. I am making cacio e pepe tonight.”

Dean turns and raises an eyebrow. “Really? I’ve always wanted to have that. Can I help?” He admires the large counter-top and viking range thinking of all the recipes he could whip up in a kitchen like this.

“You can chop and season the asparagus.” Castiel pulls out the greens from the bag.

Dean tries not to make a face as he grabs a cutting board and knife. Once he spots the oven and realizes he can roast the vegetables he feels much better about it.

As he’s chopping he feels a calm settle over the room and Castiel flips on the stereo to a blues
station. Clapton is perfect music to cook to. Dean mixes the veggies in a bowl with some olive oil and garlic and salt and pepper, tossing it around before spreading it on a cookie sheet. The apartment is really well stocked, considering Castiel just moved in. They are almost done when Castiel turns to him and brushes his knuckles along Dean’s cheek.

“Dean, I would like you to go take your bag into the bedroom, strip and bring me your cuffs.”

Dean’s heart thuds in his chest. Are they going to scene before eating? That won’t leave them much time or the food will get cold. He opens his mouth to protest but Castiel levels a look at him, and he snaps his mouth shut and just nods, heading off to the bedroom. He isn’t even sure what room it is—the first door is a powder room, the second on the left is locked and then he finally finds the bedroom on the right. He sets his bag down and strips quickly, giving himself a once over before grabbing the cuffs. His heart is racing as he clutches the soft leather to his chest. He has no idea what game Castiel is playing but wants to trust that it’s gonna be one he will like.

He walks out of the bedroom and sees Castiel waiting for him by the kitchen table. He looks confident and at ease, barefoot in his slacks and blue dress shirt, sleeves rolled up. Dean licks his lips, hoping he gets to see more of that body, naked and up close. He holds out the cuffs to Castiel who takes them gently from him and places a kiss to each pulse point on his wrist before he straps them on.

“Safe words?”

“Green is good, yellow slow down, and red to stop,” he recites dutifully.

“Good boy. I would like to try something with you, to help you get into the right head-space. Do you trust me?”

“Yes,” he nods emphatically, still curious what this could be about.

“Come, sit on the cushion here however is comfortable to you.” Castiel steps aside and Dean sees a large couch cushion next to a chair at the kitchen table. He balks a moment, hesitating. Castiel moves to the kitchen, retrieving a plate full of dinner and raises his eyebrows at Dean. It doesn’t look like a scolding, more like a question. Dean wants this though, he wants to not have to make any decisions right now and he thinks that might be what Cas is offering him. He moves to the cushion and lowers himself down into a kneeling position, hands on his thighs.

“So good, Dean.” Castiel runs his fingers through Dean’s hair and he lets his eyes slip shut for a second, enjoying the touch. Castiel sits down and Dean watches as he spins a fork full of pasta on his plate. It looks creamy and smells amazing. He thinks he knows what is coming next but he is still surprised when the fork of food appears in front of him. He glances up to meet the those intense blue eyes. This is what Castiel wants. It’s...well, it’s weird but he leans forward and takes the offered bite of food.

He lets out a little moan because it tastes even better than he thought it would. How can something so simple taste so good?

“This is a favorite meal of mine.” Castiel smiles warmly, and he smiles back. Castiel eats a bite himself before offering Dean a bite of asparagus. He isn’t thrilled about the veggie but he accepts the bite and is surprised how good it came out. He feels a bit more relaxed with each bite. He doesn’t have to think about anything, worry about anything, not even what bite of food he should take next. Castiel will give it to him and he can let his mind rest.

He feels comfortably full once they almost finish the second plate of food, and he leans against the
leg of the table. Castiel tips a sip of water into his mouth and it’s a little awkward but it’s nice and
cool as well. He licks his lips and stares up at Castiel, feeling calmer than he should. He shouldn’t
like being on the ground, or having someone feed him. It was just so nice having Castiel’s attention
and nothing being expected of him.

“I think we should clean up now, and then if you’re ready, I would like to show you something.”
Castiel gets up and reaches out a hand, helping Dean to his feet. He’s a bit more wobbly than he
expects, and he needs to shake out the stiffness in his knees. Castiel plants a kiss on Dean’s forehead
before they collect the dishes and put away the food. Castiel takes Dean’s hand and leads him down
the hallway. He opens the locked door on the left and flicks on a light, letting Dean peek inside.

“This is going to be my playroom. The apartment was owned by a musician and this room is
soundproof.”

A shiver runs over Dean’s skin that has nothing to do with the temperature. He looks at the large
oriental rug and lightly padded cream walls, but otherwise the room is empty. To his surprise, Castiel
locks the door and heads back into the bedroom, leading him with one finger linked in the ring on his
cuff.

Letting the cuff go, he opens up a drawer and pulls out a long green rope, before turning to face
Dean. He swallows hard, looking at the lengths of corded fabric. Castiel glances over towards the
pile of Dean’s clothes. He must notice Dean’s phone sitting there, and he nods to acknowledge he
will keep track of it.

“Is my good boy ready to be all tied up for me?” Castiel practically purrs, holding out the rope like a
promise.

Dean is ready, he is so very ready. His cock stands at full attention and also fully on board with this
turn of events. “Yes sir, green sir,” he whispers, feeling the flush creeping up his cheeks.

“Oh, my beautiful boy, we are going to have so much fun.”
Chapter 6

Hi All!
Sorry this took so long, finally found some writing time. Enjoy my friends <3

Dean draws in a deep breath before letting it out through his nose and feels some of the tension thrumming through his body ease. Castiel is undoing the rope before him, fingers graceful and experienced. He notices that he handles the rope with the same care he handled the oars on the river. He creates two large loops, holding them up for him to see.

“This is called a dragonfly tie. It should feel tight but not cut off your circulation or put undue strain on your joints. You need to tell me if anything begins to feel numb or hurts, do you understand?” Dean nods. “Good, I have a set of trauma shears and they can cut you out of anything in a matter of seconds if you need me to.”

“Okay,” Dean nods again and Castiel moves behind him with the rope at the ready.

He feels Castiel slip the two loops over his hands and pull them up around his shoulders like a backpack strap. Castiel pulls the loops till they tighten just enough to hold his chest out with a slight arch to his back. Castiel’s fingers slide under the ropes, testing the tension and, seeming happy, he continues his work. Dean’s skin tingles with the light touches of fingers brushing his back as Castiel works. He continues creating loops and running them up his arms at four inch intervals. Dean pulls a little at each set of loops, feeling them stretch his arms and back.

“How do they feel so far?” Cas asks.

“Good,” he replies, licking his lips and taking shallow breaths.

His Dom continues his work with the loops until he ends up tying Dean’s wrists together by looping the rope through the rings on his cuffs. His arms are totally encased in a long latticework of rope. He tests them again and nothing hurts and he wiggles his fingers which still feel fine. His arms are completely immobilized, leaving him at Castiel’s mercy. He feels a bit of anxiety creeping in, being exposed and tied like he is. He tells himself to take a deep breath and not be a baby about it, but he can’t seem to stop his heart from beating out his chest.

“S-s-sir,” he stutters out. He needs to see him, to know he’s not alone and unarmed.

“Right here, Dean. Take a big breath in for me.” Castiel’s soothing, deep voice rumbles as he moves to stand in front of him. Dean stares up into those confident stormy-blue eyes and draws in the deep breath. “There, that’s it. Now let it out, nice and slow. Let your body relax into the ropes, let them hold you.”

Dean does as he’s told. Keeping eye contact with his Dom, he lets out the air from his lungs and relaxes into the grip of the ropes. He almost immediately feels better, calmer, he is safe here, he is taken care of. He takes a few more breaths like that and revels in the feeling of his binds. “What color, Dean?” Castiel asks softly, still keeping eye contact.
"Green, I’m good,” he reassures.

Castiel’s face quirks up in a grin, “You are so good for me, Dean. Do you appreciate my rope work?”

“Yes, sir.” He licks his lips and stays as still as he can, letting the praise wash over him.

Castiel reaches out and pushes his thumb into Dean’s mouth. He opens up for him, giving a teasing flick of his tongue over the pad of his thumb. He tries not to smirk when Castiel fails to hide his shiver at the touch. “Mmm, I think I want this beautiful cock-sucking mouth of yours to get me hard.” Castiel tilts his head a little looking at him with cool control before withdrawing his hand. “On your knees.” The tone brokers no argument and Dean awkwardly lowers himself to the floor without tipping over. He kneels up in front of him, waiting to see what happens next.

Castiel flips the tail end of the rope that is connected to his wrists over Dean’s shoulder. His cock twitches with interest and fuck, is he really getting hard just at the idea of a dick in his mouth? No, he thinks, he is getting hard just from the look in Castiel’s eyes, the all consuming desire that he put there. He is going to make Castiel happy and he feels the thrill and the rush of it coursing through him.

Castiel steps in front of Dean, his legs spread wide and Dean struggles to stay still and be patient staring up the length of him. His Dom takes his time unzipping his pants and pulling out his half-hard cock. He desperately wants to move in and take the length into his mouth, but he knows that isn’t up to him…he needs to wait, to be good.

To his surprise he feels Castiel grab the loose rope from his shoulder and, giving it a steady pull upwards, he feels his wrists rise forcing his body to bend and head to tip down. Castiel stops pulling when his face is only a few inches from his cock. “Mmm, I love you like this, all trussed up so I can do whatever I want with you, can’t I? Open up big and wide for me, handsome.”

Dean wets his lips and feels a tug on the ropes urging him forward, pulling the warm cock into his mouth. He starts slow, sucking and bobbing his head, falling into an easy rhythm. It’s hypnotic, bringing him down to such a base level. His body all but melting into the restraints, the heady smell of cologne from Castiel, the feel of his cock filling him up. He hums contentedly, letting his mind drift.

“Mmm, your mouth,” Castiel groans in his deep gravel voice. “So good, Dean.” The praise makes him flush as he feels the cock fully hard twitching in his mouth. His own neglected cock is hard and desperate to rut up against something. The suppressed need is making itself known. and he lets out a whimper he would adamantly deny ever making later.

“My needy boy, you love being good for me don’t you?”

He moans in agreement, sucking a little harder and a little deeper.

“Look at you, all hard and desperate just from sucking me off. You don’t even realize how gorgeous that is, do you?” Castiel doesn’t seem to need a response, tugging on the rope and making him take the cock a little deeper. He makes his throat relax and struggles a little to balance when he feels a firm hand grip his shoulder. The touch is steadying and strong and makes his skin desperate for more.

His hips thrust forward into the air and he’s never wanted to wrap his hand around his cock so bad in his life. But he can’t move, can’t give himself the touch he so desperately needs—only Castiel can give that to him. Castiel moans wantonly above him and thrusts into Dean’s mouth. He looks up at
his Dom and is met with a steely blue stare that is a mix of feral lust and worshiping awe. He watches him bite down on his lip, stifling a moan as he begins coming down Dean’s throat.

Dean seals his lips and swallows, but it’s all so far back he can’t even taste it. Once Castiel is beginning to soften he pulls back and tucks himself back into his dress slacks. Dean catches his breath a moment, feeling his head swimming with the adrenaline rush of it all, mouth still slightly parted. He sits back on his heels, Castiel’s hand still firmly on his shoulder.

“Well, that was…” Castiel lets out a shaky breath, making Dean glow with pride, “very good, Dean.” Castiel looks down at Dean with a strange expression for a moment, like he’s trying to figure something out. It only lasts a moment before his calm poise comes back over his face. “Do you like having something in that sinful mouth of yours?” Castiel sticks two fingers in his mouth over his tongue and slowly slides them in and out. His tongue and lips are over-sensitive and a little sore but it still feels so good, the gentle touch making him shiver.

Dean whimpers, his cock flushed and uncomfortably hard needing to touch something, anything. “I-I need, please, so hard,” he whines around the fingers in his mouth.

“Do you want a hand wrapped around your cock, Dean, need someone to stroke you and make you come?” Castiel’s voice has a teasing tone and it drives him wild.

“Yes p-please.” He needs it so badly he's not above begging.

Castiel sticks out his left leg and sifts the fingers of his other hand through the rope around his shoulder, pulling up and forward. He pulls until Dean’s chest is pressed against his hard hip bone and Dean turns his face, pressing his cheek against Castiel’s stomach and feels the brush of his slacks against his erection.

“Dean,” Castiel’s voice is firm and hard and it makes him shudder with want as he looks up the long line of his body. “If you want to get off, then get to it.” Dean’s brows furrow a moment as he tries to understand what he means, but when he feels the press of Castiel’s leg against his cock, he lets out a gasp.

He can’t really want him to hump his leg? He isn’t sure he can do that, but he looks up at his Dom and sees he’s waiting…and Dean so desperately wants to come. He whines around the fingers in his mouth, and Castiel pulls them out to rake them through his hair while his mind races with indecision.

“Dean, if you need to safeword you can do so at anytime, I won’t think any less of you. Do you understand?” Dean nods. “But if you aren’t going to safeword and you want to come then you should do as I say.” Castiel’s voice is deep and thick with lust. Dean knows, he knows he doesn’t have to do this. Despite the hard tone in Castiel’s voice, he knows what happens next is up to him. He makes a tentative thrust forward with his hips and the silky fabric feels amazing on his skin. Dean has never been someone to do things halfway so he leans his full weight on Cas and begins rutting hard against his leg.

“That’s it, so hot for it aren’t you?” Dean is, he really is and he closes his eyes, reveling in the sensations he’s been reduced to. Slick, wet fingers tease at his nipple, circling and pulling, and it zings down to his groin. He thrusts harder and faster, muscles straining against the ropes, and he can feel his balls tightening up. “Going to make a mess of my nice slacks aren’t you, make them all wet? Are you going to ruin them? Let me hear you, Dean, let me hear how good it feels.”

Dean draws in a deep breath at a hard pinch to his nipple and cries out, “Oh fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, feels so good, need you.” The words spill out of him and he’s so close, lungs bursting when finally he feels it coiling up and suddenly he’s coming so hard it’s like a punch to gut. He sucks in a breath,
body going rigid as he leans into the ropes…and Dean feels like he’s soaring.

His balance is slipping, and right when he thinks he might topple over, strong hands grip his shoulders. And lips are brushing against his jaw whispering to him, “Good boy, such a good boy, you were perfect.”

He all but purrs, eyes shut and feeling boneless. He is pulled into Castiel’s chest and he nestles his face into the crook of his neck, breathing in his spicy sweet smell. He can feel the ropes being undone and dropping from his arms.

His muscles burn from the exertion and his knees are just now protesting the current position. He feels an arm reach around his back while another dips under his legs, and Castiel swoops him up into a bridal carry. He is too exhausted to protest and still feels like he’s floating a bit. Castiel carries him to an ensuite bathroom and he blinks owlishly at the bright light he flicks on.

“Mmm too bright,” he mumbles against Castiel’s chest and hears the rumbling chuckle in reply.

“Here, is that better?” he asks, turning on a dim light by the sink and turning off the offensive overhead light.

“Mmhmm,” he hums as Castiel sits him down on the vanity. He rubs at his arms, fighting a yawn as Castiel draws a bath. That sounds like an excellent idea for his sore muscles. He watches as Castiel strips and he gives a low leering whistle that earns him an unimpressed eyebrow raise. He huffs a laugh, still enjoying the view as Castiel bends down to add some bath salts to the tub and turns off the water.

“Come here, you devious little flirt,” Castiel teases as he pulls Dean off the sink and helps him into the tub, sliding in behind him. Dean lies back, resting his head on the firm chest behind him and enjoys being bracketed by those strong thighs. Castiel has one arm snaked around his ribs, holding him firmly against him, and Dean lets his body go loose in the grip like he had with the ropes. It’s truly addicting being able to just let go, having someone else hold up his weight both emotionally and physically. He can’t remember the last time he felt this relaxed and at ease.

He’s careful to keep his hands on the side of the tub, hoping not to get the leather wet, and is just wondering where his Dom’s other hand is when… He feels fingers sliding down the crack of his ass. He gasps a little at the shock of it and shivers despite the hot water.

“On your list you said ‘yes’ to bottoming,” Castiel states matter-of-factly while dragging a finger just over the edge of his furled muscle. “Have you ever had anything in here before?”

He is really glad he is facing away from Castiel so he can’t see the blush creeping up his cheeks. “I uh, well…” he hesitates. Is Castiel going to be upset that he is so inexperienced? He feels bad enough that he is so new to being a sub, much less never having bottomed before. He takes a deep breath and decides this is not something he can stretch the truth on. “No, nothing, but I want to. Try, I mean.”

“Thank you for being honest with me,” Castiel kisses the side of his neck and he relaxes again. Castiel’s finger puts firm but undemanding pressure on his hole, now massaging in small circles. His soft cock twitches in interest, but unable to rise to the occasion so fast. “If you would like to explore this area in our next scene, I have some homework for you.”

“Homework? I hate homework, I get enough of it with Sammy’s school work and all that stuff I had to read about this. I don’t need to read up on anal sex, I think we can figure it out, I know the basics.” He pouts, despite his best efforts not to.
“The homework is to prep this,” he presses against the tight muscle to make his point. “I want you to work yourself open for a few minutes each day, increasing the number of fingers each time till you can fit four comfortably. Do you think you can do that for me?”

And fuck, he had to word it like that. “Yeah, I can do that.” Fitting in even a few minutes for pleasure during the day will be tricky, but this is way better than reading, so he will make it work.

“Good boy. I want your first time to be enjoyable for both of us. Trust me, a little prep goes a long way.”

Dean nods and closes his eyes again, enjoying the soft stroke of fingers down there like a unspoken promise of what’s to come.

Soon they are toweled off and Castiel climbs into bed, beckoning Dean to follow. He looks at the handsome man before him, dark shadow of stubble on his face and hair messy from the steam of the bath. He feels a pang in his chest, a deep, intense longing for this man… but holds back a second. He hates to admit how much he has enjoyed the cuddling and contact with Cas. He thinks he probably likes it way too much, and if this is really just a temporary thing he doesn’t want to cross that line from aftercare to domestic. Plus, real men shouldn’t like cuddling anyway. He rubs at the leather around his wrists. So long as he has these on, all he has to do is listen to Castiel, but this different. He wants this, and not in a submission giving him really hot cosmic level sex way, but in a just wanting to be held by this man without any rules or guidelines between them kind of way. He wants Castiel, just as he is, not just as his Dom, and the thought is terrifying. He isn’t supposed to want this and he can’t have it and it’s making him ache all over in a completely new kind of way.

“Dean?” Castiel quirks his head, sensing his hesitation and sitting up as the blankets pool around his waist. Those storm-blue eyes are locked on him, and while they once had the ferocity of a hurricane, they now have a soft, still look to them.

“I should head home, it’s getting late.” And I can’t let this get out of control.

“Dean, if something’s wrong—”

“No, nothing’s wrong,” he cuts him off, “I just, I feel much better after the bath and I don’t need the whole—” He waves a hand toward Castiel. “I’m good and I don’t want to blur the lines too much.”

“What lines are you referring to? Will you sit and talk with me?” Castiel is looking concerned now and that is not what he was going for.

“It’s all cool, really, but I should get home,” he moves toward his clothes, desperate to get out of there and put the temptation out of arm’s reach. His stomach twists and he needs to get a grip on himself. Castiel is just a kinky fuck buddy, he has to keep his emotions under control. He feels the lump forming in his throat and quickly pulls on his boxer briefs when he feels a firm hand land on his shoulder.

“Dean, look at me?” Castiel’s voice is firm and laced with just a tiny fraction of his Dom tone. It’s enough to make him turn around and look up at Castiel’s face. Fuck if that isn’t the most beautiful face he thinks he’s ever seen. “I think you are experiencing some sub-drop right now. I don’t want you to leave here and have that feeling only get worse. We had a very intense scene today and I would like it very much if you came back into bed with me so I can help you through this. It’s part of being in this kind of relationship and I want to be sure you’re alright.”

Dean can feel tears pricking his eyes, which he can’t for the life of him understand. The lump in his
throat only feels thicker. Maybe that’s all this is, a sub-drop, and Castiel just wants to do what any
good Dom would. Maybe cuddling won’t cross the line if it’s just a Dom taking care of his sub.
“Okay, but I think I’m too tired to talk right now.” He doesn’t want to have to try and explain the
feelings he only half understands himself.

“Alright, come on now my good boy.” The little term of endearment makes the lump in his throat
ease and he follows Castiel back to the bed, climbing in next to him and letting him be the big spoon.
He lies still, eyes closed, and just tries to clear his mind. He hears a crinkling sound and suddenly a
piece of Lindt chocolate appears before his lips. He reaches forward, sucking the chocolate ball from
his Dom’s fingers and moaning a little when the chocolate shell cracks into creamy goodness on his
tongue.

He starts to feel better, more sturdy and safe somehow. He can have this, enjoy this as part of the
whole package. He just needs to work on compartmentalizing better. “We don’t touch very much in
my family,” Dean whispers out, not even sure Castiel is still awake behind him.

“Some people struggle with physical touch as a form of affection,” Castiel replies, pulling Dean in a
little tighter.

“I mean my mom, she held me all the time when I was young. Sitting on her lap when she’d read to
me, or curled up on the couch watching cartoons on a Saturday morning. Once she was gone
though, that was kinda it. Sometimes Sammy would want me to stay in his bed when he wasn’t
feeling well as a kid. I’d read him books or comics. But Dad always said real men don’t need that,
and we should learn to toughen up. The world is more likely to give you a fist to the face then a hug
and kiss.” Dean mimics his father's voice.

“Not to contradict your father, but I find that mentality to be toxic masculinity. All humans of all
genders need touch and comfort, it is a natural and completely normal desire to have. Everyone has
varying degrees of needs. I myself find much peace in being able to hold someone I care about.”

Dean mulls that over. “But don’t you think this is something only done in a relationship?”

“Yes it certainly can be, but we are in a relationship of sorts, aren’t we? Even if it is unconventional.
You’re allowed to enjoy this, Dean, I am offering it happily.”

Castiel’s voice is strong and he feels a little silly for freaking out so much, he was fine with it before.

“Yeah I guess so. Sorry for kinda freaking out a little,” he mumbles.

Castiel plants a soft kiss to the nape of his neck. “Rest now. You will feel better when you wake.”

Dean lets his eyes close, willing himself to just enjoy this while he has it, ‘cause it can’t last. It still
aches in his chest at the thought of losing Cas even after such a short time together. He makes a
resolution to himself not to worry about it though, ‘cause he can’t change it and he’s too weak to
give this up a minute before he has to.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Hello Fan Fic Friends!
So coming at your guys with the next chapter. I do want to give a heads up with this fic, but I have been struggling to write recently. I don't think its so much this story cause I love this story and have all the chapters outlined and ready to go but I think I have just burnt myself out. So I may take a few weeks off from writing and let myself reboot so I can give this story my full attention and make it good as I want it to be. Maybe my writing muse will come back sooner than I think. I am excited for the next chapter I just need the energy to write it. Thank you in-advance for bearing with me on this it means a lot all your support. Secondly I just want to ask your opinions here, would you be interested in me including some Castiel POV chapters or sections? I have a chapter planned toward the end from his POV but wondering if it may be needed sooner. If you have an opinion on it let me know. Love you all enjoy <3 <3 <3

Dean is glad he spent the night with Cas after his little freak out. He feels much better come morning and is happily mixing pancake batter in the kitchen when a messy-haired, shirtless god strolls into the room, his sleep pants sitting dangerously low on his hips.

“Jesus, Cas, you should put a shirt on if you want breakfast and not an early morning fuck,” Dean teases.

Castiel tips his head at him and continues on his shirtless path toward the coffee pot. “I wouldn’t want to distract the chef. Pancakes?”

“Blueberry,” Dean adds with a nod, and Castiel heads back to the bedroom returning with a tight white t-shirt on. Dean focuses on flipping the pancakes while Castiel sits across from him at the breakfast bar.

“Dean, can we have a talk this morning if you’re amenable?”

“’Amenable’? Really Cas?” he laughs, flipping the pancakes over.

“Agreeable? I think you know what I mean, Dean.” Castiel raises one brow at him and it makes his stomach drop. He loves that fucking look in his eyes…it makes his cock twitch every time.

“Yeah, Cas. What’s going on in that big noggin of yours?” Dean is a little nervous now, but surely if it was something bad Castiel wouldn’t be so casually sitting in his pajamas.

“I just want to touch base with you now that we are outside of a scene. How are you feeling about our scenes so far?”

“I like them, I thought the earth shattering orgasms would have given that away.” Dean shifts a little on his feet—he hates talking about this stuff.

“Are there parts you like more than others? Are there any kinks we haven’t tried you still want to explore, or any we have that you want to take off the list?”
Dean places the pancakes on the plate and puts another batch in the pan. “I think I like the impact play more than I thought I would.” He shrugs, stirring, and Castiel stays patiently quiet while he works through it in his mind. “The rope was really good too, I’d be up for more of that.”

“And did anything not work for you?”

“I didn’t like being tied up and not being able to see you,” he admits, with heat coming to his cheeks.

“Alright. Are you still interested in trying a blindfold, so long as you are not physically restrained?”

Dean thinks it over again, waiting for the bubbles in the pancake to become even before flipping. “Yeah, I think as long as my hands are free and I can feel you, that would be really hot.”

“We can certainly make that happen. How are you feeling about butt plugs, vibrators, gags, edging, and exhibitionism?”

Dean spits out the sip of coffee he just took. “Fuck Cas, you can’t just say shit like that out loud before we even eat.”

“If you are not comfortable discussing it than we cannot do any of these things, Dean.”

“I thought we already talked about this stuff,” he grumbles, taking another sip of coffee.

“We did, but it is important to touch base as we go and make sure we are both on the same page. Rule number one is that a ‘yes’ before a scene can become a ‘no’ during one, but a ‘no’ before a scene can never become a ‘yes.’ Do you understand Dean?”

He sighs because he gets it, now more than before. He knows when he is in subspace it’s hard for him to remember his own limits sometimes, and it’s important Cas knows them before going into it so he can watch out for him. “My answer is yes to all of those. Now can we eat?” He plates the last pancakes, sliding a serving across to Cas.

“Just one more, and I promise the heavy conversation over.” Dean waves a hand for him to continue. “Since you have never bottomed before I would like to do so outside of a scene, with us on a level playing field. It can be an overwhelming experience for the first time I want to make sure it’s a positive one for you.”

Dean chews his lower lip. He’d actually really liked the idea of not having to be in control on that one, but deep down he knows Cas will lead the way and maybe he’s right, and he should trust him on this. “Okay with me, but I’m not some delicate flower. You don’t need to use kid gloves with me, alright?”

“I am well aware Dean, thank you for understanding.” Castiel flashes a warm smile at him and he preens under the look a little. They take their breakfast to the living room and he decides to sit on the floor between Castiel’s feet leaning on the couch behind him. Cas doesn’t say anything about this choice and he isn’t sure what impulse made him do it, except that he feels a kind of safety sitting here bracketed by Castiel.

They watch some cooking shows and Dean remarks on a few recipes he wants to try for Cas, and they have a pleasant calm Sunday morning. Castiel absentmindedly cards his fingers through Dean’s hair and it may be the best feeling in the world, if not at least top five. He feels a warmth in his chest when Castiel kisses him goodbye, lips lingering on his soft and gentle.

He whistles as he gets home, throwing keys down on the kitchen table, feeling light as air in a way he hasn’t in a long time. He’s kicking off his shoes when he hears talking in the living room. He
finds Sam and Amy sitting on the couch, hunched over in whispered conversation. Sam looks up at him and his big hazel eyes are round and pleading. Fucking hell...he never gets that look unless he wants something.

“What’s going on? Spit it out.” Dean moves to sit in the recliner next to the pair. He sees now that Amy has been crying, eyes red rimmed. “Fuck Sammy, please tell me she’s not pregnant? How many times did we talk about using a condom?”

“I’m not pregnant,” Amy huffs.

“Geez Dean, really?” Sam scowls at him.

“Alright, well that’s good because you two are both way too young to be parents.” Actually, now he thinks of it, he wasn’t much older than Sam is now when he became his brother’s legal guardian... and he’d been his parent long before then.

“Dean, can Amy stay here for a little while?” And hell, there go the puppy dog eyes again.

“Level with me. What’s going on?” Dean softens his voice a bit, ‘cause there is a whole lot not being said by the two teens.

“I can’t stay in that house with her anymore.” Amy’s voice is hoarse but strong. “I just can’t do it. I was going to ditch town, get on a bus and just head west or something. But I don’t want to leave Sam and my grades are really good this semester with Sam helping me study. I might have a shot at college but not if I stay in that house with—with her.” The anger and hatred when Amy says her is palpable.

“Amy, is your mom hurting you? If so, we can go talk to someone about it.”

“If you go to the cops they will just send me to some shitty group home.”

“Dean, we can’t let them send her away like that.” Sam is clutching Amy’s hand now in his and Dean can tell he is so screwed.

“I promise you won’t even notice I’m here, and I can get a part-time job and help pay for groceries and—” Dean lifts a hand to stop her from talking.

“What is your mom gonna say when you don’t come home?”

“Last time I saw her she threw a vodka bottle at my head and told me to get the hell out of her house and not to come back.” Amy firms her jaw and he notices the duffel bag at her feet.

“Sam, help her clear out the spare room upstairs, and no, you are not sharing a room. Amy, so long as you get good grades, no part-time job, okay? It’s junior year and I want you both focused on school. I also expect both of you back in the house by eleven p.m. every night. Family dinner tonight at six at the Roadhouse, be ready.” This whole speech makes him feel incredibly old.

Dean’s arms are suddenly filled with an overgrown little brother hugging the breath out of him. “Thanks Dean, really,” he whispers into Dean’s ear before finally letting him go.

“Thanks Dean,” Amy echoes, cracking her first smile. He knows he’s doing the right thing...he can’t turn the kid out on the street.

“You can both make it up to me by doing the dishes in the sink. I am going to go upstairs and take a much deserved nap.”
He shakes his head as he climbs the stairs, wondering how in the hell he became parent to two teenagers at the ripe old age of twenty-one. He thinks about her beat-up book bag and small wardrobe and does some quick math in his head. He may have enough to send them to the mall to get some new stuff if he puts in some more overtime. That’s a problem for another day though.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Dean is crouched down in front of the coffee cart, digging through his supplies to try and find extra lids, when a familiar voice interrupts him.

“Trouble with the millennium falcon there, hans?” He glances up to see Charlie beaming down at him.

“Hey there Red, same old same old. What are you doing up here?” He grabs the lids and turns to start making Charlie’s coffee.

“I’m presenting a new IT security plan to the board this morning, it’s totes gonna knock their socks off.”

“I have no doubt. Still, sounds intense. You want an extra shot of espresso?” He glances around still not spotting Castiel yet.

“Hit me up, gonna need all the help I can get.” She leans on the cart, narrowing her eyes at him. “So where is sexy Mr. Blue Eyes? I did some digging you know.” She wiggled her eyebrows at him.

“I’m sure he’ll be by for coffee any minute, and I don’t want to hear any of the dirt you think you dug up, alright?” Last thing he needs is turn into a stalker on the guy. He already can’t get him out of his head.

“Oh, come on. It’s nothing bad but it is…juicy,” she whispers.

“I will not stalk my boyfriend.” He jumps a little when he hears a familiar chuckle over his shoulder.

“That’s good to hear, but you do know I am open book Dean.” Castiel smiles and his eyes glint with mischief. “This must be Charlie, it’s good to finally meet you. I’m Castiel.” He stretches out a hand to her, and she stumbles over her words a minute before giving his hand a shake.

“Uh, sorry about the whole cyber stalking thing.” She shrugs, not looking all that sorry and Dean is pretty sure his cheeks are flaming red by now.

“Not to worry, I’m glad that Dean has good friends looking out for him. I believe we have a meeting this morning to discuss your new software proposal?”

Dean busies himself making Castiel’s coffee and getting some sense of control back while the two of them talk shop. He hands off the coffees and they both give him expectant looks.

“What?” he frowns at them.

“I asked if Castiel here wanted to do dinner with us, maybe have a game night?” Charlie gives him a shit eating grin.

“We’ll see about that.” He rolls his eyes at his meddling friend.

“I do like games, but I warn you, I play to win,” Castiel says with a raise of his brow that makes Dean’s stomach do somersaults.
“Oh, it is so on.” Charlie claps her hands. “Thanks for the coffee, Dean. Come on boss man, let’s get our meeting on.”

Castiel smiles at her and reaches to take the coffee from Dean, giving his wrist a little reassuring squeeze. Charlie winks at him, heading off to the conference room and Castiel gives him a small smile as he heads off after her.

Dean knew his home life and his relationship with Castiel would collide eventually, but he still wasn’t prepared for it. It’s all feeling like too much. If Sam knew Charlie met Cas he wouldn’t stop asking to meet him too, and then what? Family dinner at the roadhouse being interrogated by Ellen, Bobby, Jo, hell even Benny. And what was he supposed to say any way, _hey just want you to meet the man who spanks and dominates me for kicks on the weekend_. He groans, banging his head against the side of his cart. He is so out of his depth here it’s not even funny. He takes some steadying breaths, squeezing his wrists imagining the cuffs there, taking all his worries away.

“Sleeping on the job, Winchester,” Zachariah sneers behind him.

“No, uh sorry sir. Regular?” he bites out his polite reply.

“I don’t have all day.” Dean hurries to make the latte and get Zachariah away from him as soon as humanly possible. Man, he makes Dean’s skin crawl.

He hands off the coffee and takes the usual exact change, breathing a sigh of relief as the worm of a man heads to the board room. He needs something to take the edge off…when he remembers Castiel gave him homework this week and maybe that is just what he needs.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Dean had showered and washed away some of the tension from his muscles. Now sitting on his bed naked with a bottle of lube in his hand, he isn’t sure what to do next. He grabs his cell phone sending a text to Cas knowing he is likely still in the office.

**Dean:** So how exactly should I start this homework could use a little inspiration

He doesn’t need to wait long before his phone is buzzing with a text.

**Cas:** Lay down on your back naked, get comfortable, then take your lovely cock in your left hand and gently stroke it to hardness.

**Dean:** I thought this was about my ass not my dick

**Cas:** all good things to those who wait, now do as I say let me know when you are good and hard.

He does as Castiel asks and leans back on his pillows. Pulling up his knees a little, he grabs his cock in his left hand and starts a steady rhythm. He closes his eyes and imagines dark hair and storm blue eyes leaning over him, a hard press of muscle against him. Licking his lips he imagines how Castiel’s firm grip would feel around him. Maybe he’d lick and bite along Dean’s neck while he did it, leaving sore sweet bruises behind, claiming him. He wanted that, fuck, he wanted to be owned, to be used by this man, desired by him. He felt a throbbing need coiling deep within him and he suddenly remembers that coming right now is not the goal. He pulls back a little, panting, and grabs his phone.

**Dean:** very hard, so fucking hard for you sir

He didn’t mean to tack on the _sir_ at the end, but fuck, he needed his dom to guide him through this. His phone was buzzing and it was Cas, of course it was. He put him on speaker and lay back down,
putting his hand around himself again.

“Hello Dean, do you have lube with you?”

“Yes sir.” He knows he already sounds wrecked, but he can’t be bothered to care.

“Good boy. If I am going to help you, then same rules apply Dean. What color?”

“Green,” he replies, struggling not to just stroke himself and come all over his chest.

“You’re going to be a good boy and do exactly as I say, I want you to spread your legs wide, pulling your knees up and letting them fall to the side so it’s easier for you to get at your needy hole.”

He shivers a little as he does as Castiel tells him, breathing slow and deep, letting the air out in a shaky breath. “I’m all spread out sir,” he whispers.

“Good, now take your right pointer finger and rub it in small circles around your tight little hole, no lube, and don’t push in yet,” Castiel directs him, and he lets his hand slide down his stomach past his dick and balls to find his opening.

“N-no lube sir?” he asks, a little concerned.

“Trust me, it’s easier to start out dry, don’t worry pet,” Castiel purrs, and he relaxes, doing as he is told. He flinches a little at his own touch but soon softens into it, enjoying the teasing caress.

“Mmm good sir,” he sighs, pushing a little harder, and damn it feels so good.

“Now press in gently, just a little. Get used to the feel of it beautiful boy.” Castiel’s voice drops and Dean wonders if he was still in his office spouting all these dirty things to him. He does as he’s asked and surprised as his body opens up for himself. He moans and wiggles the finger, enjoying the strange sensation. “Now, I want you to add a little lube and push back into that needy hole for me.”

He was quick to obey, slicking up the finger and pressing it back in. “So good, I can’t wait till it’s you,” he teases a little, imagining the lust in his dom’s eyes.

“I bet you already look a mess and you’ve barely even started fucking yourself, huh baby?” Castiel teases right back and Dean can’t help but moan in agreement. “Push in a little deeper now and clench down on that finger, like you’re milking my cock.”

He tenses and releases, tenses and releases, shocked at the powerful grip of the muscle and thinking how amazing that would feel around a cock. He loses track of time until suddenly his muscles feel looser and the slide in and out is easier. “Add your index finger now, push in slow and deep… do you feel that burn?”

He does feel the burn but it’s delicious and so very sensual to be teasing this part of his body. “So hot, so tight, f-feels amazing,” he whimpers out, pumping a little faster now and rocking his hips. His heavy erection bouncing against his forearm.

“Feels good being full, doesn’t it pet? Can’t wait to fill up both your needy holes. Make you whimper and cry out for me, you’re so beautiful when your all strung out and desperate,” Castiel pants into the phone. “Now for the fun part handsome, curl those fingers up toward your belly until you hit your prostate. Then rub over it nice and easy.”

Dean sinks his fingers in and curls them, taking a moment to find that spot... but when he does, he is seeing stars. “Holy fucking shit!” he cries out, legs tensing, his whole body feels rocked by the
intensity of the sensation. He wants some fucking more of that and begins to stroke his fingers in and out, working the spot over. How has he not done this before?

“Now stroke your beautiful, weeping cock for me like a good boy. I want you to keep going ‘till you come and make a dirty mess of yourself, can you do that?”

“I-I fuck, oh fuck, yes, yes sir,” he mumbles, gripping his cock and stroking in time. He begins to lose track of what Cas is saying, getting lost in sensation while Cas is growling out the most dirty things to him and he feels it, his balls tightening up. “I’m gonna, gonna—”

“Come for me Dean,” Castiel commands, and who is he to not give this angel everything he wants? Dean comes, pulsing out across his fingers and splattering his chest, orgasm rocking through him till he feels completely drained. He struggles to catch his breath, groaning a little, and he pulls out his fingers from himself.

“Mmmm, if all homework was like that maybe I would have got my high school diploma,” Dean chuckles, before he deflates a bit remembering just how out of Castiel’s league he is.

“Circumstances we can’t always control can present challenges. I know how bright you are Dean.” Castiel’s voice is warm and soothing. Dean bites back a laugh, ‘cause “bright” has never been an adjective anyone has used to describe him. He is pretty sure all of that DNA was saved up for Sam. Jesus, Castiel went to like Ivy league schools. Dean’s surprised he doesn’t fall asleep having a conversation with him. Even if he wanted a relationship with Cas outside of what they were doing now, he couldn’t keep up with him. He needs to get his head back on straight…this is just a mutually beneficial sexual relationship. Exploring some kinks and that’s it.

“Yeah, well I’ve got a GED and a give ’em hell attitude,” he sighs reaching for his towel and cleaning himself up, and god, he got it everywhere. “So, uh, is that what you want me to do? To get ready?” He could really use a change of subject from his failed academic career.

“Yes, I just want you to continue getting comfortable with yourself, and I only want you doing it two or three more times before the weekend so you’re not sore.” He hums in agreement. “Dean, can you tell me how you are feeling?”

He thinks on it a moment and he isn’t sure how to answer, “I dunno.”

“Can you try to put some words to it for me? I’m concerned you are headed toward a drop?”

“No, I am fine Cas. Just overtired, and that was one hell of an orgasm.” He does feel satiated and tired, but also a little empty and a little numb, even.

“Dean, will you stay on the phone with me? ‘Till I know you are alright?”

“I really should go Cas, I have an actual night off tonight and Sam is going to a friend’s, I need to clean the gutters and rake the yard.” It was only a half lie, he did need to do those things, but he had a feeling he would end up crawling under the covers and just staying in bed.

“Please, for me? We can debate fruit pie verses cream pies? I still don’t understand preferring apple to chocolate.”

Dean chuckled a little. “Look, I like all pie, but fruit pies are the best. I mean…all the flavors and texture.”

“I think you only need one flavor and that is chocolate.”
“You would, you’re a chocolate-aholic. I’ve seen your secret stash.” He smiles, pulling on his boxers and curling under his covers.

“Dean Winchester, did you steal my last hershey kiss?” Castiel sounds teasing but there is a hint of dom to his voice.

“No idea what you’re talking about.”

“I need to find a better hiding spot apparently, but see even you like chocolate.”

They argue back and forth about the merits of each desert ‘till he hears a knock at his door.

“Sorry Cas, someone’s at the door. I gotta go,” he groaned, crawling out of bed and pulling on a pair of sleep pants.

“I pity the person who is about to be stunned by a sex god when you open the door, I bet you look fully debauched,” Castiel teases, and Dean takes him off speaker as he heads down the stairs.

“They are just lucky I have pants on,” he laughs, stretching as he moves to open the front door.

He blinks as he stares into storm blue eyes. His jaw drops as he watches Castiel pocket his cell phone and give him a warm smile.

“Hello, Dean.”
I'm ALIVE!!! I have to say its been a long few weeks. Between work and personal stuff it was really hard for me to focus on my writing and every time I tried to write it just wasn't working. I wrote a lot that just got tossed (despite my editors cries to save it). I finally hit my stride again though and the beginning of this chapter you will get some Cas POV. Its a longer chapter than normal and I am really excited to finally get to post again. Big thanks to my editors and beta's helping me through this really hard time, and huge thank you to my readers, all your kind words really meant a lot to me. On with the show and Happy Holidays!

Castiel had been impulsive coming here…if only Jimmy could see him now. “Impulsive” or “rash” were the last words anyone would use to describe him. Castiel is controlled and takes calculated risks, sure, but this was something different. He watches the range of emotions flit across Dean’s expressive face. Everytime he doubts himself, or doubts having pursued this relationship, all he has to do is look at that face to know he has to do it.

“How did you find me?” Dean sputters out, seeming more shocked than angry, which is certainly a good sign.

“I requested your address from my IT department. A certain red head was happy to oblige,” Castiel says, fighting a smirk at the thought of the young woman and her quick wit.

“Oh, she is in so much trouble. I’m gonna put salt in her coffee, the little traitor,” Dean grumbles,arms crossed.

“Seems a bit extreme. If you salt anyone’s coffee it should be mine,” he hesitates a moment, watching the irritation on Dean’s face. “I can leave if you wish, I really didn’t mean to intrude. I just wanted to be sure you were okay.”

“No, I mean of course you can stay, but next time you can just ask me for my address you know. Don’t need to go all double-oh-seven on me,” Dean rolls his eyes at him.

Castiel can’t resist stepping up into Dean’s space and leaning over so their cheeks almost brush together. “Shaken, not stirred?” he all but purrs into Dean’s ear, and the electricity between them feels like it will spark any second. Castiel loves the breathy little hitch to Dean’s voice when he’s thrown him off balance. But his sub is nothing if not adaptable, and quickly lets out a small chuckle.

“More of a beer guy myself,” Dean turns and they look at each other a moment, eyes locked.

“You said something about yard work?” Castiel spits out and then clears his throat, “If you can find something suitable for me to wear I can help you. Then we could order pizza or have a drink?” Castiel knows he is crossing a line. He told Dean this was a strictly dom/sub relationship and he can’t offer any more with his impending move back home in a few months. Still, he can’t seem to help himself.

He loves spending time with him, whether it’s just sharing a meal, chatting about a show, or Dean is
bent over and begging for release— it’s all equally addicting. He can’t seem to get enough of him, and really, what harm is being done? He is only putting his own emotions at risk— Dean is just looking to Castiel for a form of much-needed release. He is fairly sure Dean hasn’t noticed how hard Castiel has been falling for him.

Dean hums a moment, stepping back and looking at him. “I have something you can wear if you’re sure you wanna help?”

*I’m sure I want to spend more time with you*, he shakes the thought from his head. “Yes I am sure,” he answers with a smile and watches as Dean jogs up the stairs. Soon he is in a tight pair of Dean’s jeans and Singer Auto sweatshirt, raking leaves in the yard.

Castiel enjoys the physical labor, it clears his mind much like rowing does. He keeps an eye on Dean, watching for any signs of drop. The tone in Dean’s voice over the phone had set off warning bells in his mind. He was learning that Dean was a very physical person, communicating as much with a look and gesture as with a word, and often more so. He had to see him to know if he was okay, and he still feels guilt at having done a scene over the phone without being there for aftercare.

“It’s getting dark, why don’t we turn in?” Dean calls to him across the yard, coming down off the ladder from cleaning the gutters out. Despite the cold there is a thin shine of sweat on his brow and lovely pink coloring to the man’s freckled cheeks.

“After you,” he gestures toward the door and Dean rolls his eyes—likely at his formality—and heads into the house.

Castiel sits on the couch, taking in his surroundings as Dean orders pizza for them. It’s a modest home, likely built in the twenties with signs of beautiful old architecture in the railings and molding. Its very well kept and clean though, and he can tell there likely hasn’t been any major renovations done to the house in many years. He wonders how long Dean has owned it.

“Pizza’s on the way.” Dean flops down on to the couch next to him, popping the cap off two beers with the flick of his ring and handing one to him.

“You will have to show me how to do that,” Castiel muses as he takes a sip of his beer.

Dean smirks, “Something I can teach you for once. Hell yeah.”

He loves how natural and easy things feel with Dean.

“How long have you been here?”

“Since I was young. It’s a family house, my grandfather on the campbell side left it to me and my brother.”

“You’ve taken excellent care of it. And it’s just you and Sam here?”

Dean huffs out a laugh, “Well my dad used to live here, off and on while I was in high school. He hasn’t been home in a long time though. Now I’ve got Sam’s girlfriend living here, no idea how I agreed to that. Guess I’m just a sucker.”

“You are a kind and generous person, not a ‘sucker,’ Dean. What happened with her home?” Castiel saw the concern on Dean’s face.

“Mom’s a drunk and kicked her out. She’s good though and just wants to finish out school. It’s another mouth to feed, but what kinda asshole turns a kid out on the street, you know?”
He nods and notices Dean shifting in his seat, fingers peeling at the label on his bottle. Nervous? he wonders, taking in the subtle tension in his jaw and vibration to his leg. Castiel moves his hand out and settles it on Dean’s knee, feeling his restless energy dissipate a little. It’s an improvement but it’s not enough. He picks his next words carefully here.

“Dean.” The man flicks up green eyes to him, freezing all motion except for a darting out of tongue to wet his lips. Castiel decides to take a chance and goes on his instincts, taking a pillow from the couch he tosses it on the floor between his spread feet. “If you need your cuffs, go get them?”

Dean only hesitates a second before setting down his beer and moving off the couch, returning in just a moment to stand before him, cuffs out stretched. The dom carefully takes the soft leather, fastening them around Dean’s elegant wrists and guides him to sit on the cushion by his feet. Castiel feels a bit of his own tension relax with the weight of the body leaning against his legs. His sweet boy is safe and where he can help him, care for him. He thinks it’s something Dean hasn’t had in a very long time.

He hands the beer to Dean, who takes it with a soft smile and begins raking his fingers through Dean’s soft hair. This is Castiel’s happy place, the look of contentment and trust on Dean’s face fills him with warmth. “You have a lot on your plate Dean. Is there anyone else who can help you share some of the burden?”

“It’s not a burden, it’s my responsibility and I can handle it,” he answers, sounding more tired by the minute.

“I never doubted your ability. I’m only asking if there was some way to make things easier for you? You’re wound as tight as a bowstring.” To emphasize his point he moves his fingers to Dean’s shoulders and begins working at a knot there.

“I’m good, I promise,” Dean adds with finality.

“You are good, my good boy,” he whispers softly, thumbs pushing up the long line of his neck and eliciting a low moan from his sub. Dean takes a swig of beer and leans deeper into the touch.

He blinks a moment looking up at Castiel, a softer look on his face, “You really think that?”

“I know it.” Affection swells in his chest for the man before him. They sit quietly while Castiel massages out the numerous knots, till they’re soft and relaxed in his hand. He feels his own stress from the day leave his body just by being near Dean. The pizza comes all too soon and while Castiel would have much preferred to feed Dean himself, that was bit tricky with the food choice. Still, it warms his heart that Dean continues to sit by him at his feet. Once they finish eating Castiel notices Dean’s eyes look heavy, and he lets out a small stifled yawn.

“Time for me to go I think.” Castiel cards his fingers through the soft hair again and slowly rises off the couch, reaching out a hand.

“So soon?” Dean says with a forlorn look on his face, peering up at him.

“Yes my sweet boy, you should get some sleep.” He also thinks of his late night meeting he still had scheduled with a vendor in Japan. He doesn’t want to leave Dean, but he’s confident now he isn’t leaving his beautiful sub in a dangerous state. If anything, Dean likely needs some time to himself to rest.

Dean stifles another yawn. “Yeah, okay, I guess I am pretty spent.” He helps Dean stand and takes off the cuffs. It wasn’t really a scene but he knows the comfort they give Dean and he couldn’t deny
him that. Castiel changes into his suit from before and finds Dean waiting for him by the front door. Dean is the picture of beauty standing there, bow legs at ease and hands shoved into his hoodie pockets. It’s getting dark now and the dim light from the hall is casting shadows on his angled face.

He steps up into his space, drawn into Dean like he has some kind of gravitational pull. Resistance is futile, he realizes, looking into those questioning eyes that lift to meet his. He lowers his lips to kiss him soft and slow. Dean presses into him and he feels his cock harden in his slacks as he deepens the kiss. Hands somehow glide along the man’s ribs, fingertips pressed into the firm muscles of his back. He suddenly feels desperate to see the freckled skin under that t-shirt and feel the hard body moving underneath him. He lets out a low growl, making Dean shiver in his arms. He grins in triumph, nipping at that plump lower lip till he hears him take a gasping breath.

The moment is broken by the sudden buzzing of his phone in his pocket, and it brings him screaming back down to earth. He was leaving, and Dean needs rest…not to be taken advantage of in his own entryway.

“I should go,” he sighs, watching the slight disappointment flash over Dean’s face. “I will see you soon.” He leans in, planting a final kiss to Dean’s forehead making the man roll his eyes at the gesture, though he doesn’t protest.

“Bye Cas,” he says with a half-smile and step back. He takes one last look at the man before heading out the door and pulling his trench coat tight around him. Instincts still scream at him to turn around and go back to Dean, stay with him through the night, but he knows he can’t. If he doesn’t get a little space he isn’t sure he will ever be able to leave him.

He glances at his phone once safely tucked back in his car, and sees a missed call from Jimmy, and several emails from his assistant Hannah about upcoming meetings. He syncs his bluetooth and calls Jimmy back as he heads to his loft.

“You better not be ignoring me, little brother,” Jimmy answers quickly.

“If such a thing is even possible. I haven’t figured out how to accomplish it yet, but if I manage to, you’ll be the first to know.” Jimmy barks out a laugh in response, making him smile. “How is Claire?”

“She is working on her lego death star you got her, determined to finish before Uncle Cas gets home.”

“I’m sure she will have it done in no time.” Castiel feels an ache in his chest, longing to be home with his family.

“Gabriel isn’t giving you too hard a time is he?” Jimmy had been concerned about the temporary move, but Castiel had insisted he wouldn’t be alone since Gabriel would be there. This hadn’t comforted his twin, however.

“He’s Gabe, you know how he is. But he brought me to his club and we have dinner every Wednesday together. I promise he is not neglecting his cousin duties.” He rolls his eyes a bit at Jimmy’s unnecessary worry. Perhaps if they had gone to separate colleges, gotten apartments on their own, they would have been more independent. However, neither of them had cared much for having that distance and had always stuck together. Being so far apart was a big adjustment for both of them.

“You’re not getting into any trouble at that club are you? I know how wild his parties used to get.” Jimmy rarely ventured out of his room back in the day when Gabriel would throw one of his
swanky, and often kinky, parties. But Castiel had never been as good resisting the urge to see what was going on.

“I am a grown man Jimmy, I can handle myself. Though I have…” he trails off. He hasn’t mentioned Dean yet. Not to Jimmy or Gabe, and he knows they will both be mad at him for different reasons.

“Spit it out already…no not you Claire, eat your dinner.”

“Well I sort of met someone.” Castiel wonders how much is safe to say.

“What kind of someone? Claire please, just a minute I’m talking to Uncle Casti—yes, I promise you can talk to him when I am done. Cas, you said you weren’t going to get serious with anyone for a while.”

“I’m not, I mean I didn’t plan to do that. It’s just a fling really but he’s, well, he’s special Jimmy.” Special doesn’t begin to encompass all that Dean is. “I’m trying to keep my distance but I’m afraid I’m failing. He’s all I can think about,” he admits in a low whisper.

Jimmy lets out a long sigh on the other end and he can hear footsteps and a door closing. “Cas, you said that you wouldn’t date anyone in Kansas. Those were your words. I am not ready for another relationship Jimmy. I won’t be staying long enough to date anyone Jimmy. Do you remember all that?”

He nods before remembering his brother can’t see him. “I know what I said, Jimmy. I didn’t go looking for this, it just kind of happened… He’s not like anyone else I’ve ever met.”

“Are you—are you falling for this guy?” Castiel feels a knot in his throat and is unable to voice the denial he knows he should. “Fuck Cas, is this going to be Alfie all over again? There won’t be enough Ben and Jerrys in the world for this.”

“If I recall, it was you who ate several pints of ice-cream.”

“Yeah, well, I don’t like seeing my brother in pain,” Jimmy huffs. “You’re only there a few more months Cas, please just don’t do this to yourself. Break it off now before you get any more involved.”

Cas feels a spike of panic at the thought of not seeing Dean. He doesn’t know how to tell Jimmy it is far too late for that. He couldn’t possibly turn away from Dean now. “I didn’t call you for a lecture, Jimmy.”

There’s a stiff silence on the other end and he can hear Claire calling for him in the background. “I hope this guy is worth it Cas. You know I’ll be here for you no matter what, right?”

“I know, I miss you both.” He really does. He imagines being home now, sitting on the couch with them curled under a blanket with a movie on and…he suddenly pictures Dean there next to him, tucked up under one arm.

“You’re coming home for Christmas still right?”

“I wouldn’t miss it,” he replies, though he feels a bit sad at the thought of leaving Dean around the holidays.

“Okay, hold on a second, Claire wants you.” Castiel talks to his niece and listens to her regaling him with tales from the school yard and all about her new friend Kaia. He finally tells them both he loves them just as he is pulling into his parking garage. He sits in the car, idling a moment, wondering
how he got himself to this point. He has no one to blame but himself. Having pursued the man and practically begged to be his dom. He rests his head on the steering wheel and thinks of Jimmy’s concerned words echoing in his head.

He looks at his phone buzzing in his hand to see the conference call coming in. With a sigh and thoughts of Dean pushed aside, he answers the call. “Kon'nichiwa, atarashī purojekuto ni tsuite watashi to mendan shite kurete arigatō,” he greets his partners, and reclines back, ready for a lengthy debate on timelines, pricing discounts, and test scripts. He needs to remember why he came here—to finish his project and return home. Not to fall in love with a certain green eyed man.

***************

Dean had been surprised by Castiel’s visit earlier in the week, but had to admit it was very welcomed. He feels better than normal as he works through the week, and makes sure to take a little more time with himself in the shower each night. Castiel wasn’t wrong that the more he stretched and practiced, the easier it was and the better it felt. He is vibrating with excitement come Friday night, having taken a shorter shift at the roadhouse so he could go to Castiel’s.

“When do I get to meet this guy?” Sam pouted. Dean drops the burgers in front of them and stubbornly ignores the question as he fills Amy’s soda.

“Leave your brother alone, Sam.” Amy rolls her eyes and Dean gives her a little conspiratorial wink.

“He’s practically glowing, I think I deserve to meet the guy responsible,” Sam levels Dean with another bitch face.

“Enough Sam, you aren’t meeting him till I say so and that’s the end of it. You’ve got fifteen minutes to eat up, then were hitting the roa.,” Dean walks back to the bar feeling his brother’s stare on his back…and he knows he can’t avoid it forever.

“What’s got your boxers in a bunch?” Jo teases as she cleans the last beer mug.

“Nosey little brothers,” he grumbles.

“He’s not the only one that wants to meet the reason you’ve been so smiley lately.”

“Not you too. Enough already.” Dean feels the blush creep up his cheeks, and damn it, can’t he have one thing all to himself?

“Just saying, you better bring her around here soon. I promise to play nice and everything, though I can’t promise anything about mom,” Jo chuckles and Dean feels himself freeze. Only Sam knows that Dean is seeing a he not a she.

Now or never, nut up Winchester.

“If I decide to bring him over here, and that's a big ‘if,’ it will be when I’m ready to.” He ducks his head over the cash register, totaling up his tips. He can feel Jo’s eyes on him but he can’t bring himself to turn around just yet.

“Huh,” Jo huffs a moment and Dean cringes, waiting for whatever she might say next. “Seems like I owe Benny twenty bucks.”

Dean frowns a moment till he understands what she means. “You bet on me!” He hisses spinning around
“Oh, calm your tits Winchester. Benny just had a hunch is all. You know I don’t care, right? So long he’s making you happy it’s all good.” Jo gives his arm a little punch that hurts more than it should. “That’s still no excuse not to bring him around. I want to meet this guy too.” She waves a finger at him before heading down the bar to take another order.

Dean shakes his head at himself, wondering why he was so worried to tell the people he cares about. He should have a little more faith in them. He cashes out and finds Sam and Amy waiting by the door for him to head home. Sam is no less pushy about getting to meet Dean’s mystery man.

“He can’t divulge his identity, he’s an international man of mystery Sam.” This earns him an eye roll. “It’s groovy baby,” Dean laughs and Sam shoves his shoulder. “Hey no pushing the driver.”

He finally drops them off at the house and heads back over the bridge toward Castiel’s loft. His mind is buzzing with anticipation for the night. He bounced from foot to foot waiting on the elevator, and when he finally reached the door, he couldn’t help but hesitate.

Be cool Winchester.

He knocks and hears Castiel’s voice call from inside to let himself in. He slinks into the apartment, kicking off his shoes and hanging up his coat before going to find his dom. Castiel is standing by the large windows in the living room, a glass of whiskey in his hand. The smile he gives Dean is warm and hungry and it makes his breath catch a little in his throat.

“Hello, Dean.” Castiel’s eyes move over him.

Dean feels the nervous energy coiling inside him and he uses all his will power to keep his voice level and steady. “Heya Cas, starting the party without me?” he jokes, nodding at the glass.

“Would you like a drink?” Always the gracious host, Castiel gestures toward his small bar cart by the window. “I picked up some Dalmore last week.”

Dean nods, thinking a little whiskey isn’t a half bad idea. He’s never heard of Dalmore however, which is saying something considering the amount of whiskey and bourbon options Ellen keeps at the bar. He figures it’s a bit higher quality than the Roadhouse serves.

“I’ve done some thinking,” Castiel starts, handing the glass over. “I know we discussed that tonight will be just us and no scene, and I stand by that. I do want to make it clear however, if I haven’t before, that I will still take care of you tonight.” Dean feels the back of Castiel’s fingers brush along his jawline. He relaxes a fraction at that. He isn’t sure why he was worried, but they hadn’t done anything sexual outside of a scene and he didn’t know if he was expected to be the one initiating things tonight or not. He’s more relieved than he cares to admit that he wouldn’t have to be.

Dean sips at the whiskey, smiling at the smooth burn in his throat. “That sounds good to me, but uh—you know I’m not a delicate flower so uh—no kid gloves, okay?” He does not need some soft-handed, gentle boring lay. He wants to get fucked, he wants to get pounded into, and he wants to feel it for days. He shifts into Castiel’s space, breathing in that spicy scent he has come to love so much.

“I promise you will be fully satisfied by the time I’m done with you,” Castiel replies coolly and it sends goosebumps over his skin. “Now why don’t you go to my ensuite and get cleaned up?” Castiel noses around Dean’s jaw a moment, letting him feel the breath on his skin before taking a step back.

Dean wastes no time getting into Castiel’s oversized shower, and using some of the supplies left out for him. He’s glad to have some privacy to make sure he’s fully ready to go. He gives himself a quick once over in the mirror and wonders if it was worth putting clothes on, and decides a towel around the waist is good enough. “Squeaky clean,” he calls, as he steps out into the low light of the
bedroom. His heart rate begins to ratchet up a few notches. Castiel stands by the dresser in nothing but a pair of black boxer briefs that leave very little to the imagination. For the hundredth time Dean takes in the handsome strength of the man. Castiel carried himself like a man who could handle just about anything. He’s pretty sure the building could be falling down around them and he’d still keep his cool and convince Dean it would all be alright.

Castiel turns slowly as he comes over to Dean, shoulders back and eyes drinking in his half naked body. “You’re stunning, you know that?” Castiel huffs out, as he brushes his fingertips lightly over Dean’s throat to his collarbone.

“You don’t say,” and fuck if Dean’s voice doesn’t crack a little. Soon lips are capturing his in a heated kiss, and his eyes flutter shut as he gives into the soft, insistent mouth. His body rolls toward Castiel, letting out a needy whining sound as he feels his cock already hardening. Hands guide him over to the bed as the towel drops, and he flops back against the pillows, pulling Castiel down on top of him.

“So beautiful, gonna make you come undone Dean,” Castiel whispers, kissing just below his ear and working his way down his neck. He spreads his legs wide and Castiel hovers over him as he sucks a dark mark onto his collarbone. It feels amazing and he can’t help but reach up to run his hands along his sides. When he feels Castiel’s erection brush against his own he can’t contain the little gasp.

“Wanna mark you, make sure everyone knows you’re mine,” Castiel growls as he nips and mouths at his chest, fingers teasing and tugging at his left nipple till he arches off the bed and into the contact.

“Yours, yes yours,” he moans, and god he wants that to be true. Here in this moment he wants to belong to Castiel, and even more so, he wants Castiel to belong to him. It’s such an overwhelming realization and he doesn’t know what to make of it. His mind starts running wild and he loses track of what's going on until he feels lips lock around the head of his cock. All thoughts are pushed from his head as he struggles to not buck up into the wet warm heat.

Castiel sucks and licks, teasing up and down his shaft. It’s light and amazing but he can tell Castiel is holding back. Fingers begin to glide up his thighs, pushing Dean’s legs up and out. He’s panting now, feeling more exposed than ever before as Castiel moves off his cock to roll his tongue around his balls. “Holy fuck,” he mewls at the sensation. He digs his fingers into his knees to hold them in place and resist taking his own cock in hand. He just needs to lay back and let Castiel work his magic.

“My good boy,” Cas purrs as he licks and nips at the soft skin at the back of his thighs. “Gonna get this tight hole good and needy for me.”

With those words he feels a tongue begin to circle around the furled muscle. His body immediately clenches up at the strange sensation, but two hands move to gently rub up and down his legs. He feels like Castiel is trying to quiet a startled animal, but he has to admit he is starting to relax. The tongue swirls at the sensitive skin and he feels himself want to rock into the gentle pressure. It feels so incredibly hot to have Castiel’s warm wet mouth kissing and teasing at him, the rough burn of his stubbled cheek on the tender skin of his legs.

“C-Cas,” he whines as the tongue slips just inside him, muscle giving way. He had no idea something like that could feel so good, and Castiel begins to groan as he fucks his tongue into him. He thinks he might actually lose his mind at the pulsing need and it’s not nearly enough. Right then a finger slides in alongside the tongue and he revels in the stretch and burn.

Castiel pulls out of him and he can’t help but whimper at the empty feeling. “Don’t worry, sweetheart. I will fill you up in a moment.”
He feels like a needy cockslut but he can’t help it, he wants it so bad and he isn’t sure how much longer he can wait. “Cas please, I need it.” He feels the blush on his cheeks at the words, but he’s too far gone to care.

“Turn over for me, chest to the bed and ass in the air.” Castiel leans back as he flips over. His dom guides him into position as he presses his forehead into his crossed arms and arches his back, knees spread a little. “Good boy, this way will be is easiest for your first time.”

He doesn’t really care about easy, he just wants to get the damn show on the road. He wiggles his ass back and forth, hoping to encourage the man, and hears a soft chuckle. “Patience is a virtue, Dean.”

He grunts in annoyance when he hears a bottle cap flip and feels a slick finger slide into him. It delves deeper than before and he doesn’t hold back, moaning at the feel of it. A long dexterous finger works in and out of him and Dean shuts his eyes, focusing on the stretch and burn, willing his muscles to relax and let Castiel in. He’s three fingers in when he notices he is rocking back and forth, fucking himself on those talented fingers.

“I’m—I’m good Cas, come on,” he begs, ready to get that fat cock inside him. He’s a little worried about how big Cas is, but a much larger part of him is desperate for it.

“Hmmm, I don’t know if you’re needy enough yet,” Castiel purrs as he crooks his fingers grazing of his prostate.

“Son-ova-bitch,” he grunts, biting down on his knuckles to try and stifle his moan. He’d hit that spot on himself before, but it’s so different knowing Castiel is touching him there.

Alright handsome.” Castiel slips his fingers out and Dean wonders if there were four in there. “Tell me if you need me to stop or slow down, okay?”

Dean nods and shakes his ass one more time for good measure, grinning at the growl Castiel lets out. He sucks in a deep breath, and then feels the blunt pressure pushing into him. Letting the air out of his lungs he wills his body to relax, feeling Castiel rock into him. It’s so much more than the prep he had and feels so full, and he knows there are a lot more inches to go.

“Breath Dean, slow deep breaths.” Castiel’s voice has dropped into that low confident cadence he thinks of as his dom voice. It soothes something in him, and feels his muscles give as Castiel pushes…till suddenly he is fully seated. Sharp hip bones pressed into his ass. He’s never in his life felt this vulnerable and this safe. He feels it, like a weight lifted off him. Here lying underneath Castiel, completely desired by him, wanted by him, filled by him, here he is finally enough.

“I'm going to move now,” Castiel warns and Dean can only nod his head, far beyond words. He feels Castiel’s chest press to his back as one arm reaches around to hold him. He starts with low shallow thrusts, lips littering his neck and shoulders with gentle kisses. Dean’s erection—that had flagged slightly at the first few pushes—is coming back to life with a vengeance. Hard and leaking, he moans at each thrust of hips that drag across his prostate.

“Cas, Cas, oh fuck, Cas,” he mumbles out his name almost like prayer. His body shudders at each shock sent through his body, pushing him closer and closer to the edge. He feels like he’s floating away on a wave of pleasure and he’s desperate for release, but he never wants it to come.

A hand wraps around his cock, twisting and pulling with each snap of hips grinding into him. “So good, so good Dean, feel amazing. Come for me, come for me Dean,” Castiel pants out, his own voice strained. His words feel like they open the last flood gate as all his muscles tense and bear
down and he’s coming hard with a sharp cry on his lips, “Cas!”

Split open and bare he succumbs to his body, riding out the high as fingers pull every last drop of pleasure he has to feel. He’s so lost in his orgasm he almost misses the telltale shaking of the hips behind him as Castiel grunts, going still, and a warm sensation fills him at his core. They both collapse onto the bed in a pile of boneless limbs. He whines as Castiel pulls out of him, pouting lips and eyes scrunched shut.

“Are you alright?” Castiel asks, and he pulls Dean to lie across his chest.

“Mmm perfect,” he sighs still working to slow his racing heart. “Little sticky though,” he adds, feeling a slickness between his legs. Without a word Castiel grabs some wipes from the bedside table, and he smiles as the cool cloth clean between his legs. He hums contentedly, letting Castiel fuss over him till he moves to cuddle up under Dean again. Exhaustion hits him now like a freight train and Castiel, ever the mind reader, presses a kiss to the top of his head.

“Get some sleep Dean, I’ll be here.” With those comforting words, he finally lets himself drift off to sleep.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Happy Holidays!! I know I am late but I have a holiday chapter for you! I am really pumped to share this fluff & smut fest. We get a little more kinky here so hold on to your bondage :) Thanks to my betas and editor for making this readable. Also I know I haven't replied to comments last week but I adore you all and will reply to each one tomorrow, cause your comments are life. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dean begins to push his coffee cart into its usual spot in the lobby when he hears a familiar voice call behind him.

“Hey Dean! How’s it hanging?” Garth ambles up to him, arms packed with bags of coffee grinds.

“Need a little help there?” Dean asks, as he goes to take a few of the bags and put them under the cart.

“Thanks. Man, those things get heavy.” Garth heaves a labored breath. “So how’s my favorite barista doing?”

“Would you not call me that, Garth? Just say ‘employee’ or something,” Dean rolls his eyes.

Garth throws his hands up in apology. “Alright, Grumpy Gus. Sounds like business has been booming, you upped sales nearly twenty percent last month.”

Dean just shrugs, knowing that a certain new businessman’s latte consumption has been a contributing factor. “You want a cup?” he offers instead, knowing Garth’s tendency to drink half his own stock.

“Hit Me up, brother,” Garth grins, so he starts to make a double espresso with a splash of cream.

“Say, have you given any more thought to opening up a real cafe for Garth Grinds?”

“It’s your call, Garth, it’s your business. I’m sure you can make it work.” Dean stirs in the extra sugar Garth likes.

“I can’t pull it off on my own, man. I need an ace up my sleeve, I need a partner.” Garth stares at him and Dean isn’t sure what the hell he is getting at. “Come on, compadre, I gotta spell it out for you? I want you to be my partner and help me open up a real shop.”

Dean’s eyes narrow at Garth a moment, trying to tell how serious he is. “You know I don’t have any money to invest, right? I mean you cut my paycheck, man, you know how much I make.”

“I don’t need your money, Dean, I need your skills, okay? Just think it over. I think we could make mucho dinero if we give this a go.” Dean has to admit, it sounds appealing. He loves the idea of running his own place, maybe making enough he doesn’t need two jobs. “Just think it over and let me know, alright?”

“Yeah I’ll think about it, talk it over with Sammy. Say, you coming for dinner tomorrow night?”
“Wouldn’t miss it. Oh and this is for you. Merry Christmas, man.” Garth hands him an envelope and smiles as he heads out. Dean glances inside and sees a bonus check for a few hundred bucks. He can’t help but feel a little tension ease. It’s just enough to get Sam that new laptop he needs so badly. He can actually pull off a decent Christmas this year.

The morning flies by without many customers, seeing as most people have left for holiday break already. When the elevator dings and Castiel strides out in jeans and a white button-up his jaw nearly drops open. His normally combed hair is just a debauched looking mess on top of his head.

“And I thought my coffee was hot,” Dean wiggles his eyebrows, unable to keep the teasing tone from his voice, and fuck it, there’s no one else even up here.

Castiel narrows his eyes as he strides over, the stare alone enough to make Dean want to melt on the spot.

“Don’t pretend like the hottest thing in here isn’t my good boy’s hot little ass,” Castiel growls in his ear and yup, he’s officially sporting half a boner now.

“Fuck, Cas, you can’t say shit like that,” he huffs, clenching his jaw.

Castiel chuckles lightly. “You started it.” Castiel steps back a bit and he draws in a breath to steady himself. “I just came in to get my laptop. I have my flight to Boston in a few hours.”

“That explains the casual Friday attire on a Monday. How uh, how long you staying for?” He tries to not sound too interested. As if Castiel doesn’t already know how gone he is on the guy.

“I have a flight Christmas day. I should be able to see my niece open all her gifts before I go to the airport. Would you be interested in coming over at night? If you aren’t too busy?”

“Yeah, I’d like that.”

“Good, I have a Christmas surprise planned for you.” Castiel winks at him before striding to his office. It gives Dean just enough time to get his erection under control and make Castiel’s coffee before he comes back out, computer bag slung on his shoulder.

Castiel takes the proffered coffee. “Thanks, beautiful. Have a happy holiday with your family, Dean.” Castiel says earnestly and pulls Dean in for a small soft kiss. He wants to deepen it, to fall into it, but all too soon Castiel is pulling back and heading for the elevator.

“Bye Cas, fly safe!” He watches the man till the doors shut and wonders what he has planned for him.

*****

“Boy, if you touch those pies before we eat dinner I will tan your hide,” Ellen growls at Dean, who throws on his best innocent smile.

“Cross my heart, Ellen, I won’t touch a bite till after dinner.” He grins, wondering how he might be able to distract her long enough to grab a piece of crust.

“I wouldn’t mess with her, she’s got the turkey carver in her hand,” Sam chuckles, carrying out a bowl of squash and green bean casserole from the kitchen.

It had been a tradition for the past few years to do a big family dinner at the Roadhouse on Christmas eve. Having started with the Winchesters and Harvelles, it had grown to include most of their friends.
such as Charlie, Bobby, Ash, Benny, Garth, and now Amy. They had pushed a few tables together and Dean had spent most of the day in the kitchen working on the turkey, his pride and joy.

“You can’t cut the turkey yet, it needs a few more minutes to rest,” he grumbles, temporarily distracted from his pie obsession. Garth reaches over and manages to steal a piece of the bird before Dean can chase him off. “Hey, let the bird rest, bunch of savages. That’s alright girl, don’t let them rush you,” he whispers to the turkey in question.

“Talks to his car, now he’s talking to the turkey,” Jo laughs as she helps with setting out the last of the side dishes.

“Would you stopping talking to our dinner and start cutting so we can eat,” Bobby grunts, taking the turkey carver from Ellen and offering it to Dean. He notices the slightly awkward look on the man’s face when Ellen shoots him a smile, and wonders how long it’s gonna take the old man to ask her out.

“All right, I got this, you go sit down.” Dean goes to work carving the turkey, which comes out moist and perfect like it always does. He sits down next Sam, placing a heaping plate of food in front of him, thinking back to those Christmases as a kid where they had cereal for dinner ‘cause it was all they had. He even stole a turkey one year from a local grocery store but realized he didn’t have a clue how to cook it. He’s glad they’ve reached a point where he can give Sam a real Christmas dinner.

Conversation is lively as always, and he has to laugh watching Benny and Charlie sitting on either side of Jo, both vying for her attention. He isn’t actually sure if Charlie stands a chance but she’s sure as hell trying. Jo, true to form, sits back and enjoys the competing suitors. Garth and Ash start a heated debate with Bobby about upgrading his ancient computer system while Ellen and Amy discuss her recent classes and love of science.

“This is really nice,” Sam whispers to him with a nudge of his elbow.

“Yeah it is, good having almost everyone together.” He sighs, thinking of his dad and not for the first time that night.

“All of my family is right at this table,” Sam says, firmly eating another brussel sprout. Dean cringes at the car ride home with the kid after that dinner. “Serious though, if I don’t say it enough… Thanks, Dean.”

“For what?” he frowns, never very comfortable with opening up.

“For taking care of me, taking care of all of us. Mom would be proud of you I think, I know I am.” Sam gives him a small smile and he wants to reply, but he just doesn’t trust himself to speak. He opts for giving Sam’s shoulder a squeeze before returning to dinner.

Dean’s phone has been buzzing off and on all night with texts from Castiel. Asking him why his niece keeps taking their picture with something called snapchat, or how his brother won’t stop pestering him to try his peanut brittle and he doesn’t want to chip a tooth. He laughs when Castiel sends him a picture of a very burnt turkey followed by a picture of Chinese take out boxes.

Dean: How’d you even manage to burn it that bad?

Castiel: I did nothing of the sort, my brother however should not be allowed near the kitchen. I am surprised my niece isn’t wasting away with his cooking.
“Who’s you texting all night?” Charlie asks with a blank, innocent expression that isn’t fooling him for a second.

“None of your business, Red.” He locks his phone, stuffing it in his pocket.

“You’re no fun,” she sighs, “and I know who it is anyway.”

“Have you met him?” Sam pipes up, and then winces when he realizes the pronoun he used. He looks at Dean apologetically.

“Him?” Benny asks, and the table goes suddenly very quiet.

“Thanks, Sam,” he mutters, and his brother has the good graces to look slightly abashed. “Yes, ‘him,’ alright? I am…seeing this guy, okay? It’s just for fun, it’s nothing serious, and no you will not get to meet him.” He crosses his arms and waits to see how the chips fall.

Bobby scoots back from his chair, standing up and looking down at Dean. He thinks he might melt under the man’s stare and starts to regret his decision. “Anything that makes you smile so much, Dean, is fine by me. You know damn well you also don’t need mine or anyone else’s approval to do what you want. Don’t expect me to protect you from Ellen here when you tell her you’re not bringing that boy around to meet her.” Bobby pats him on the shoulder before heading to put his plate away.

Ellen levels him with a look that makes him feel twelve years old again. “I don’t care if it’s a girl, a boy, or a damn werewolf, you bring them here to meet me. You got it, Winchester?” Dean swallows hard and nods. “Good. Now who is ready for pie?”

He manages to go the rest of the evening without anyone harassing him about Cas, and he eats an obscene amount of pie before dragging Sam and Amy home for the night. He can’t help but smile a little when he checks the rear-view to see them both fast asleep. They look young and innocent and happy curled up in the back of his car. It reminds him of his younger years on the road with their dad, falling asleep in the back seat with Sam on his chest.

He hates to wake them, but beds are preferable to bench seats and he ushers their grumbly selves up the stairs. He waits till they’re both in bed before he lays out the few presents he got them along with a few his friends gave them. The tree isn’t much, and he wishes there were more gifts under it, but something is better than nothing. He lays down on the couch and pulls out his phone, smiling at the pic of Castiel standing next to a man that looks like his clone with a blonde haired girl on his hip. He looks really happy.

He flips to another contact in his phone and hovers over it. He isn’t even still sure its an active number. He only hesitates before typing a quick message before drifting off to sleep.

**Dean:** Merry Christmas Dad

************

“You really didn’t have to get me anything,” Amy says for the hundredth time that day.

“I’m glad you like them, and it isn’t that big a thing, they were on sale.” Dean shrugs a little but smiles as he sees Sam and Amy fawning over their new laptops. Well, refurbished laptops, but Ash had fixed them up and said they’d run like new. Sam had gotten Dean a collection of some of his favorite movies including *Die Hard*, which they had watched already that morning.

He checks the clock to see it was almost four and already dark out. “You guys sure you’ll be okay
“Go on, get out of here, we’re good.” Sam smiles, and Dean hustles upstairs to shower and head out the door.

He bounces on the balls of his feet, waiting for Castiel to answer his door. He’s really looking forward to some much-needed stress relief. He’s also looking forward to a pair of intense storm blue eyes.

“Come in!” he hears from inside and he hustles through the door. He slips off his shoes and socks and hangs his coat, fumbling with the tiny box behind his back. Castiel is leaning against the back of his sofa, waiting for him. He looks downright sinful in nothing but a pair of jeans sitting low on his hip bones.

“You have a good flight?”

“I did, and not too much traffic either. How was your holiday?”

Dean licks his lips and tries not to stare at his bare chest, or think of wanting to run his tongue over it. “Good. We mostly just open gifts and watched movies today.” He pulls out the small box behind his back and holds it out to Cas. “It’s not much, but it made me think of you.”

Castiel takes the box and carefully pulls at the paper, unfolding it till the object falls out on his palm. It’s an ornament of a man rowing. “I know it’s kinda lame but—”

“I love it, Dean. This is perfect for my tree.” Castiel leans in to plant a kiss on his cheek and moves to hang the ornament on the tree.

“My gift for you is of a more physical nature. Did you prepare how I asked?”

Dean nods, pretty sure he’s never been this clean in his whole damn life. He watches as Castiel’s eyes darken and he can almost feel as he switches into Dom mode. This is quickly becoming one of his favorite parts, where he can drop all weight away and slip into being this Dean, this person who just needs to feel and just needs to make his Dom happy. It washes over him as he lets his body relax.

“Head into the playroom and strip for me, good boy.” He taps Dean on the ass as he hurries to the small side room. They haven’t actually used this room to play yet and he can see that Castiel has acquired a few more pieces of furniture since he saw it last. He carefully takes off his clothes and is just grabbing his cuffs when Castiel comes in.

“What’re your safewords, Dean?” he asks as he buckles the first cuff.

“Red to stop, yellow to slow down, and green is good,” he answers quickly, not sure why Cas keeps insisting on running through them every time.

“Good boy.” He clasps on the other cuff and pulls a red rope from his back pocket. “I want you to close your eyes and keep them closed till I say otherwise.”

Dean’s heart rate picks up a notch but he nods, squeezing his eyes shut. He feels Castiel taking both his hands and guiding him across the room. The slide of rope through the rings on his cuffs and Castiel’s soft breathing are the only sounds. He feels his arms lifted up over his head and gives an experimental tug to feel them solidly secured. He then feels hands on his ankles pushing his legs apart. He shivers a little and uses the rope above him to balance as he spreads his legs.
“Going to keep you nice and open for me,” Castiel purrs, as he clicks what feels like ankle cuffs onto him. “Too tight?” Castiel whispers from somewhere behind him.

Dean tries to move his feet and realizes there’s a spreader bar attached. “Not too tight,” he answers and struggles not to open his eyes. He is quite literally strung up and at his Dom’s mercy. He hears a whirring sound and feels air against his chest, cock almost fully hard now just from anticipation.

“Look at my favorite little slut, already hard and leaking for me. Think I better help make sure you can last for me.” Castiel wraps a hand around his cock and he feels a ring slide down to the base. He moans at the tight sensation, feeling his erection swell but knowing it will be damn hard to come with that on. He feels the heat of Castiel’s skin against his back. “One last thing, open your mouth for me, and don’t break this or you won’t be coming tonight.”

Dean shivers as he opens his mouth and feels a hard cylinder about the width of his thumb pressed against his tongue. He closes his lips and tastes peppermint in his mouth.

“Open your eyes,” Castiel whispers.

When he does he can’t contain the gasp, and almost drops the what he has determined is a thick candy cane. He is naked and stretched out in front of a wall of windows. The lights of the city are sparkling below him, miles of plain stretching out into the dark. He feels his heart leaping into his throat and he struggles to steady his breathing.

“Now everyone in this city can see what a dirty little slut you are for me. How gorgeous and cock hungry you are, and how you are all mine.” Castiel’s words make his cock twitch and heaven help him, he swears it gets even harder. “Hmm, you like when I call you that don’t you, my needy boy. Get that thick candy cane nice and wet for me okay, I am going to turn this sweet little ass a more festive color.”

Castiel steps back from him and he tips his forehead against the cool glass to steady himself. The first hit comes out of nowhere, stinging across his left ass cheek. He nearly crunches down on the candy but is able to stop himself.

Castiel wastes no time getting into a steady rhythm, and Dean thinks he might be using a leather paddle. The stinging burn feels like flames licking up his skin, the sensation overwhelming him. Tears leak from his eyes as he moans and stretches back to meet each hit. He lets out a long breath when he finally lets his mind slip and just feels his body rocking with the impact. Every hit just drives all other thoughts from his mind and the pain has morphed into a wild kind of pleasure singing through his veins.

“So good for me, baby, making such lovely sounds. Too bad all those people down there can’t hear you moaning for me,” Castiel teases, running his fingers lightly over Dean’s abused ass. He knows they are too high up for anyone to see him, and even if they did they wouldn’t know it was him. Still the thrill of someone catching them, seeing him this debauched is enough to almost make him come on the spot.

Fingers turn his head up as thumbs wipe away his tears, then pull the candy from his lips. “Color?”

“Green,” he says in a raspy, fucked-out voice. And hell, he hasn’t even been screwed yet and he sounds like he’s been ridden hard all night.

He watches over his shoulder as Castiel sinks the large candy cane into his mouth, tipping his head as if in thought. “Hmm, I think candy canes are one of my favorite parts of the holidays, don’t you agree?” He flashes Dean a wink before going out of sight behind him.
It's only a second before he feels two hands pulling apart his now very red cheeks, exposing his hole. “What a lovely needy little hole you have. Just begging for anything in it.” He then feels the brush of a tongue over his puckered entrance and tries to remain as still as he can, grasping the ropes above him. Castiel wastes no time licking and teasing and he feels a tiny cool sensation on his skin.

The teasing is starting to drive him wild as his cock strains against the tight ring. He fights back the whimper, desperate for more. “What was that? Does my little slut need something more than my tongue?” Dean nods vigorously. “That isn’t good enough this time sweetheart, I want you to beg me. Tell me what you want.”

“I-I want more,” he gasps out, flushing red with embarrassment all over.

“More what, Dean? You want me to fuck you with this candy cane? Slide it into you? Nudge it against that one special spot?”

“Yes oh god yes!” he cries and gets a little slap on his ass. It takes him a second to realize what Castiel wants, “P-please fuck me with the candy cane, please fuck my needy hole.”

The groan that Castiel lets out is loud and gruff and there is a pause before the hands shift on his hips and he feels a blunt pressure pressing into him. There’s a tongue teasing around the pucker as the candy cane presses further in, and he huffs out a breath as he begins to rock it back and forth. It takes only a second before a tingling starts and he feels the peppermint burn against his sensitive skin. It never occurred to him how that might feel.

“Holy fuck, oh fuck,” he pants, shivering as the candy slicks back and forth, the mixture of burning and cool sensation is driving him fucking wild. A slight tip of the candy and he feels it brush against his prostate, making him see stars.

“Feels good doesn’t it, so hot for it aren’t you, my needy boy. No idea how fucking gorgeous you are like this.”

“Please, I gotta, I need to come, please,” he down right whimpers and tosses his head back at a particularly on target thrust of the cane.

“That’s a good boy, why do you need it?” Castiel licks and kisses at the nape of his neck now, and he hears the sound of jeans hitting the floor.

“Cause I’m a—” He hesitates before just going for it, “Cause I’m a needy cock-slut and I need you to fill me up, please fuck me, please.”

“Now that is the prettiest begging I ever heard.” The fingers slip out of him and hands pull hips out a little and another presses on his lower back. “I’m going to give you what you need, my good, needy boy. You’re my needy little bottom and the most gorgeous thing I ever saw.” Castiel pants against his ear as he thrusts into him.

It’s not slow or gentle, not this time. This time he is going to be fully wrecked and he revels in it. Castiel slams into him at a brutal pace and he wants to rock into it but he has no control, his only option is just to surrender to it. He feels the sting of skin on his sore cheeks and fullness and heat as
Castiel drives into him. The cool glass on his cheek and the stretch from the restraints have him flying higher than he ever dreamed.

“Fuck, so tight, so good, you’re so good for me,” Castiel grunts, slamming in. His cock is bouncing hard and he is desperate to take it in hand. Right then Castiel’s fingers lace around the base and snap off the cock ring. “Think you can come on my cock?” Castiel’s voice has a teasing edge.

Dean can’t form the words, he’s just letting out a litany of groans and grunts as Castiel changes angles and hits his prostate on every thrust. His orgasm hits him like a freight train, cock straining and balls tightening up till he is bursting, crying out, coming all over the glass window. He feels every muscle in his body contract and Castiel give a final grunt as he slows and a warm sensation begins to fill him. His head feels light and he blinks, feeling a heavy darkness coming as his eyes flutter shut.

He whines a little as Castiel pulls out of him, feeling empty at the loss. He loses track of things, letting his mind float as graceful hands unbind him and praise is whispered in his ear. He feels arms lift him and he slumps against the hard chest as he’s carried to what he assumes is the bed. A wet cloth makes him shiver a little as he is cleaned and cool lotion is rubbed into his skin, making him mewl and sigh in contentment.

“Eat this, darling, then you can sleep,” Castiel’s voice is soft and warm and he wants to curl up in it. He feels a candy pushed past his lips and lets the chocolate melt on his tongue before swallowing. He eats a few more and drinks some water before Castiel pulls him up into his arms. “Are you alright? You were absolutely amazing tonight, Dean.”

“I’m great. Sore, but great.” He nuzzles against the man’s neck, feeling heavy and exhausted.

“Merry Christmas, my good boy,” Castiel whispers, kissing the top of his head as Dean drifts off to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Also additional note I got the candy cane idea from another fic by the lovely ZoyciteM who said I I could play with her idea. It was so very fun <3
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Hello Readers!
Okay, hope you enjoy this one, I will warn there is angst ahead.
<3
CB

Over the next few weeks Castiel helps Dean explore all kinds of limits and kinks. He has learned you can come with a cock ring on when someone milks your prostate with a skilled finger. He also learned that he likes nipple clamps, but that he doesn’t care for hot wax. There also seems to be no end to the amount of rope he enjoys.

Still, there have been other times too when he sits at Castiel’s feet and feels fingers card through his hair or allows Castiel to feed him by hand or wash him in a warm bath. Those times he feels… well, he feels cared for in a way he never has. Castiel has awoken something in him, he was starved for touch and has found someone who he can accept comfort from, and not feel like it makes him weak. His Dom offers it freely and likes to give him pleasure.

“Color, Dean?” Castiel’s voice sounds from above him and he steadies a little at its familiar gruff tone.

“Green, sir.”

It has been a long day, and a pretty shitty one. The espresso machine is acting up again and Sam had needed money for a school trip on top of his alternator going. He took as many extra shifts at the bar as he could to cover it and is just worn out, head buzzing with all the things he needs to do and fix.

“Relax, my good boy, all you need to worry about is doing as I say,” Castiel’s hand rests on his shoulder, giving a small squeeze. He had suggested they try a new scene, now that Dean was more comfortable and said it might help him calm down. Dean is currently lying on Castiel’s bed with his hands bound criss crossed on his chest, a blindfold blocking out all light.

“Take this.” Castiel presses a hard, square plastic object into his hand. “Hit the button here if you need to safe word, Dean. Hit it now for me.”

Dean hits the button and hears a buzzer sound and feels the vibration in his hand. “So I hit this and it’s like saying red?”

“Exactly. I can have you out of all this very quickly, alright? Now remember that I will be here with you the whole time. My hand will never leave you, okay?” Castiel’s voice is firm on this and Dean nods. “Alright, open up for me, good boy.”

Dean opens his mouth and a round ball gag is pushed in and strapped securely around the back of his head. It’s got a little give to it, so he can bite down on it if he wants. A gentle kiss presses to his cheek. “Slow, even breaths.” He then feels pressure of headphones sliding over his ears, blocking out all sound. He feels it, a brief rush of panic as he can’t see, can’t hear, can’t talk, can’t move. Gentle hands cup his face and thumbs brush over his spread lips and the anxiety passes.
Castiel’s fingers slowly begin to glide over him as he floats in the darkness and silence. He focuses on the feel of them running over his shoulders, over elbows and down to his abs. He breathes deep through his nose, letting his body go limp into soft sheets below him. He can almost hear Castiel’s voice in his head, *good boy, just relax, I have you now.* He lets those words penetrate him and allows them to repeat like a mantra in his mind.

Lips brush over his knee cap, trailing down his left leg and he feels kisses pressed to the top of his foot. Fingers begin to rub the knots out of his feet and he revels in the calming touch. Some nights Castiel is able to bring him down to his baser self, till he becomes almost nothing, just a hole to be used. On nights like that it gives him a freedom, he doesn’t have anything weighing him down. Being nothing but a hole, a cockslut, or toy is the simplest thing in the world, and far easier than being himself, the brother, the guardian, the employee. On nights like this though, he feels like everything slips away. Like he is the only thing in the whole world to Castiel, and Castiel is the only thing in his whole world. He feels worshipped and cared for and while it’s so different than when he feels used, it’s the same kind of euphoric high.

He doesn’t know how much time passes, maybe an hour, maybe less. Every inch of him has been touched and rubbed, arms held tight in the comforting tie of the ropes. Mouth sucking absentmindedly on the gag. He feels like he’s floating when a tongue runs a long stripe up his cock. It had been half hard, and now begins to fill as hot breath ghosts across his balls. He whines behind the gag and feels hands grip the base of his shaft. Castiel’s fingers are slick and begin to work up and down his cock with a graceful motion. Soon he is fully rigid and sucking in deep breaths through his nose. There’s a shifting on the bed to either side of him and he feels what he thinks are thighs against his hips and a hand pressed against the crossed arms on his chest. The other hand wraps around his cock holding it straight, and then the head is enveloped in something tight and hot.

Holy fucking shit, is Castiel riding him?

The pressure around him clenches and relaxes before sliding down till he feels Castiel fully seated on him. His whole body trembles, the only thing he can feel is the warm tight heat of the body over him. Castiel lifts up a little before sliding back down and begins an easy rhythm riding his cock. He wants to reach up to touch and feel him but he can do nothing but lie there and let Castiel do what he wants.

His cock throbs in that perfect wet hole like it was made to hold him. No sound and only blackness around him has all his senses narrowed to his cock. He grits his teeth on the gag, panting, and feels Castiel’s movements become more erratic and fast. He isn’t sure how long he can hold off when he feels Castiel slam down on him gripping him hard and something wet hits his stomach. The pressure is too much and he lets go, coming hard, body tensing with his release.

He gasps around the gag as Castiel pulls off him and feels the headphones being pulled off along with the blindfold. He blinks at the light till Castiel’s smiling face comes into focus. “How’s my good boy?” Castiel asks, taking off the gag and rubbing at Dean’s jaw.

“Mmm good, sir,” he mumbles and Cas chuckles at his goofy smile. He waits patiently as the ropes are undone and the buzzer is put away. He sort of misses the comforting hold of them already.

“Do you want to soak in the tub or rest first?”

He stretches and arches off the bed, considering. “Bath.”

“Come on then, up you go.” Castiel helps Dean to the bathroom and draws them both a warm bath,
adding some jasmine scented bath salts. Easing into the water, he leans forward so Cas can slip in behind him, arms wrapping around him.

Dean rests his head against the firm chest behind him and wonders how he got so lucky. “You’re really good at this, you know.”

“Thank you. I had a good mentor.” Castiel runs a washcloth up and down his chest.

“What was his name?”

“Cain. He still lives just outside of Boston.”

“What was he like?” Dean lets his hands wander under the warm water.

“Steady, unshakable kind of man. He had seen a lot in his life I think, had a lot of scars he carried and a lot that are more than skin deep. He never really talked much about it with me though. He wasn’t a very social person, the night at the party were we met was one of the only ones he attended. I watched him working a young man on a Saint Andrew’s cross and was fascinated with how he wielded a flogger. He is one of the better men I know, though he’d deny it.” Castiel’s voice sounds warm and affectionate when talking about Cain.

“Does your family know about Cain?”

Castiel pauses a moment and Dean worries he misspoke before the hand starts moving again. “Jimmy has met him but he doesn’t know about the nature of our friendship. Gabriel obviously does since it was his party we met at.”

“Sorry if that was a sore spot.”

“No, it’s fine, Dean. I do hate keeping secrets, especially from Jimmy, but there are some things brothers don’t need to know.” Castiel places a kiss against his neck.

“That’s the truth,” he sighs, tipping his head back to kiss along Castiel’s neck.

“Mmmm you make me very happy, Dean. I expected to hate being in Kansas, just planned to use the time to clear my head. You’ve made my time here so wonderful.” Castiel’s eyes close and his face softens.

Dean looks at the graceful lines of his face and marvels at the beauty there. Castiel’s words are a reminder that their time together is limited. As good as things feel with him, there is no real future. Even if there could be, he doubts Castiel would want something like that with him. The amount of baggage he has would take a semi truck to move. He pushes the unpleasant thoughts aside and decides not to let it spoil this moment.

They stay in the tub till it starts to cool and then dry off and curl up on the couch to watch a marathon of the Terminator movies. Before heading home, Dean leans back over his shoulder and calls, “I’ll be back,” in his best Schwarzenegger impression.

He lets his mind drift on the drive home, enjoying that bit of peace he finds with Castiel and trying to hold on to it. He parks around back and heads for the kitchen, figuring he should check the fridge and make a grocery list for tomorrow. As he walks up to the porch though he can hear shouting, and leaps up the steps, flying through the kitchen and coming to an abrupt halt in the living room.

“Dad?”
John Winchester turns to stare him down and his blood runs cold. Sam stands off to the side, body vibrating with anger.

“Dean, where the hell have you been, boy?” John growls out.

Sam jumps in. “Not any of your business, Dad. Get the hell out of here.”

“Don’t give me lip, son.” John edges toward Sam and Dean’s instincts take over and he moves quickly between them, a hand to Sam’s chest pushing him back.

“Sam, why don’t you go upstairs and cool off.” Dean glances to the steps and sees a worried Amy hunched over the banister.

“No way, not until he gets out of here,” Sam growls, and it reminds him of a dog with its hackles raised.

“Do as your brother says and go upstairs,” John orders, and Dean wants to groan knowing that is now the last thing Sam will do.

“Sam, please.” He lowers his voice, meeting Sam’s eyes and damn, the kid has gotten tall. “Let me handle this, okay? Take Amy upstairs and I’ll be there in a minute. Do it for me, okay?”

Sam searches his face, and it’s only now that Dean sees the fear behind the anger. His little brother purses his lips, and Dean knows he will get an earful later as he turns to head up the stairs after Amy.

“That kid needs to learn some damn respect.” John’s eyes move over him like a specimen under a slide. “Shouldn’t you be home looking after your brother?”

Dean squares his shoulders. “He’s not a kid anymore, Dad, he’s seventeen. What are you doing here?” He looks his father up and down, taking in the few day old stubble, glassy eyes, and stench of cheap whiskey.

“Not welcome in my own home anymore? I came to see my sons, check up on you.” He walks over to the wall and picks at a piece of peeling wallpaper. “It’s a good thing I did, too, never would have left you the damn place if I thought you’d neglect it.”

Dean winced at the scolding. “It’s just wallpaper, I don’t have the money to fix it yet.”

“And what about the rotten wood on the front porch? Or the leak in the sky light in the kitchen? Or what about the pot hole in the driveway? You too good to get your hands dirty and take care of things around here?” The words sting, cause he’s not wrong, the house needs a lot of work and he just can’t seem to keep up with it.

“How long are you here for this time?” he crosses his arms and tries to keep his face blank.

“Long as I need to. Someone needs to take care of things around here since you obviously aren’t. Who’s that girl upstairs?”

“Amy, a friend of Sam’s and she’s staying in the spare room—”

“You mean my room.”

“The spare room. It hasn’t been your room for two years, Dad. You can sleep on the couch for tonight but you can’t stay here.” He tries to put force behind his words but feels like they fall flat.

“You gonna kick me out on the street, Dean? After all I’ve done for you and your brother.” John
raises a challenging brow.

“You know why you can’t stay here. If you need some money to get a room than I’ll see what I can do in the morning,” Dean grabs a blanket from the hall closet and hands it to his dad.

John eyes it a moment before nodding and taking the small peace offering. Dean heads up the steps to find his likely furious brother when John calls after him. “I’m still your dad, you know.” The words are a little softer than before.

“Then act like it,” he retorts before jogging the last few steps out of sight. He hears the muffled voices from Sam’s room and knocks lightly on the door before pushing it open.

The teens go silent as he comes in and is surprised to see Sam looking a lot calmer than he anticipated.

“You guys alright?” he asks, not knowing how much Amy knows about their dad.

“We’re fine. Is he gone?” Sam asks, arms crossed.

“He’s sleeping on the couch.” Sam goes to interrupt him but he holds up a hand. “It’s just one night, Sam, then he’s gone, okay? He’s in no shape to drive.”

Sam fidgets from foot to foot and he looks in that moment like the same wide eyed kid that stood behind him in court as he took over his guardianship. “I don’t like it.”

“Neither do I. He won’t bother either of you, I promise.”

Amy chews her lip a moment before leaning in to give Sam a hug. “Come on, we have that big calc test in the morning, let’s get some sleep.”

Sam looks at her a moment and smiles before he finally sighs in resignation. “Okay, but just tonight, Dean. He can’t stay here—you know what the lawyer said.”

“I know what the lawyer said, Sam. He’s out first thing.” He thinks he should really consider changing the locks too. He’d been optimistic that maybe his dad had sobered up since he saw him last but he should know better by now.

“Oh okay,” Sam nods and Dean turns to leave before Sam grabs his arm. “Don’t listen to anything he says, Dean, I know how he gets in your head.” Little brother, wise beyond his years. He smiles reassuringly, patting his hand.

He nods and wishes them a good night closing the doors to each of their rooms. He changes and checks to see that the kids are asleep before peering down into the dark living room to hear his Dad snoring loudly on the couch. He’s too keyed up to sleep so he heads to kitchen to start doing dishes. His mind replays his dad's words over and over in his head. Never good enough, always more he should be doing. His stomach hurts and he pops a few Tums as he moves to cleaning the bathrooms next as quietly as he can. Before he knows it he’s cleaned most of the house top to bottom as the sun is starting rise.

*****

He rolls his sore shoulder as he stares up at Castiel’s apartment building. John had been sober when he woke in the morning and was more amenable to leaving to find a motel room. He certainly wasn’t gone for good though, showing up drunk at the Roadhouse demanding a whiskey and to see his ungrateful son. He had to leave his shift to drive his dad back to the motel. John ranted about how he
was really close to finding the arsonist who burnt their house down. Dean didn’t bother arguing, didn’t point out all the evidence that had said the fire wasn’t arson, just faulty electrical wires in the nursery.

John managed to keep popping up the rest of the week, even pounding on the front door at midnight, pissed because his key no longer worked. Dean managed to convince him to leave before the neighbors called the cops for the yelling. He knew eventually his dad would slink off again, disappearing like the ghost he was. He tried to remind Sam of that, but he could see the anger and hurt on his brothers face every time John came around.

The only reason he even goes to Castiel’s is because he knows Sam and Amy are staying at a friend’s house for the night. He’s raw and numb from the weeks worth of vile words from his dad, so many of them ringing far too true about his many shortcomings. He needs to feel, he needs to hurt, he needs to breathe. He tries to keep his cool as he rides the elevator, knowing he needs to be in control just a little longer.

“Dean?” Castiel’s voice shocks him out of his thoughts and he wonders how he got to the front door already.

“Heya Cas.” He tries for a smile but Cas still eyes him suspiciously.

“How has your week been?” Cas asks, as he strolls into the apartment and kicks off his shoes, trying to push down the guilt at not having told Cas about his dad yet. He just doesn’t want to be coddled right now, he wants to be used, to feel useful.

“Same old same old,” he shrugs, peeling off his jacket, flannel and tee shirt. He already has his cuffs on.

“Dean, did I ask you to strip?” Castiel’s voice is laced with that commanding control.

He pauses before smirking and unbuttoning his jeans. “No sir, I just decided to.”

Castiel’s eyes flash a moment. “Is someone looking to get themselves in trouble?”

He licks his lips, jeans slipping to the floor. Running his thumbs back and forth under the waistband, he winks at Cas before dropping them too. He’s half hard from just the anticipation. “What are you going to do about it, sir?”

Castiel’s eyebrow raises as he strides over and wraps a hand around Dean’s throat giving a small squeeze. He gasps in a breath, and manages not to smile in triumph. “If you’re going to behave like a brat I will treat you like one.”

The hand moves to the back of his neck and drags him toward the play room. Excellent! Dean grins internally, trying to keep a serious face.

“You’ve been argumentative all week,” Castiel grumbles, and Dean can tell there’s no real heat behind the words but he shivers all the same. Sure, he’d been a little curt at the coffee cart and he could have been nicer when Cas asked about his day, but he just didn’t feel like it.

Cas drags him over to a padded bench laying him down across it on his stomach. His cuffs are quickly fastened to two rings bolted at the bottom of the bench and then he feels two straps latch around his lower thighs above the knee, holding them slightly apart. He closes his eyes, testing the bonds to see they leave him no room for movement. His cock hangs hard against the padded bench.

“Color, Dean?” Castiel asks in a much calmer voice, moving to stand in front of him. He can’t look
higher than Castiel’s belt buckle.

“Green, sir.” He licks his lips, slow and obscene, hoping to goad Castiel some more.

Castiel strides away from him and he hears a cabinet opening before soft feet pad back over to stand behind him. “So, have you been a bad boy, Dean?”

*Yes, god yes I have*. “Yes, Sir.”

“I always say bad boys look better in red.” He feels a hand graze down over his ass when the hard smack of leather hits his left cheek. He jolts but doesn’t make a noise, eyes shut tight. It doesn’t take long for Castiel to work up a rhythm, almost like the beat of a drum. Dean drifts into the pain, focusing all his attention on the burn and sting, hoping it can quell his mind. It’s still there though, the little voice in the back of his mind is still hissing at him. All the things he fails at and the ways he’s weak.

“You’ve been very badly behaved, I am very disappointed in you,” Castiel teases him, and he feels it, down to his bones he was never really good enough. No matter how hard he tries he is always coming up short. It’s a whole new low knowing he isn’t even good enough to do this one simple thing, to just be good and take what Castiel gives him.

He can’t stop the tears and he wants to see Castiel’s face to know he hasn’t failed him, to prove he can be good, he can, he’ll try harder.

The hits stop and he can’t make out the words Castiel is saying. Asking him for a color, his body is wracked with sobs and he manages to get out the one word, “R-red.”

He barely registers as his limbs are unhooked and he is being hauled up and off the bench, collapsing on top of the solid body holding him. He gasps for breath and feels like the tears may drown him and he can’t stop, Castiel thinks he’s bad, and he is, he can’t even take care of his own father, or brother, or Cas.

“Hush Dean, breathe with me, I’m right here.” Castiel’s voice is strong and calm and Dean clings to it like a lifeline. He doesn’t deserve it though, he shouldn’t be comforted for failing. He struggles to pull away from Cas, he needs to go to get out of here. He is pretty sure he is going to break completely if he sees disappointment in those storm blue eyes.

“Sorry, I’m so sorry,” he whimpers as he tries to pull away. Castiel’s arms are strong around him bracing him.

“You have nothing to be sorry for, Dean, you’re my good sweet boy,” Castiel whispers warm in his ear.

“I’m not, I’m not good, I’m a failure, please I’m so sorry, just let me go.” God, he never cries like this, not even as a kid.

“None of that, Dean. Would you look at me, please?” He slowly lifts his face and looks into the storm blue eyes filled with worry and concern and affection. “I will never force you to stay, Dean, but you seem to be having a drop right now. I don’t know what brought it on but I need you to let me help you. Can you do that for me?” Castiel’s thumbs brush the tears from his cheeks, his breathing still ragged.

He still wants to run and flee and yet his body collapses against Castiel like it knows what it needs. Hands rest on his back holding him, and he hides his face against Cas’s neck. “O-okay.” His voice is shaky and hoarse but he manages it.
He isn’t sure how long they stay on the ground for, Dean wrapped around Castiel like a koala or something. Castiel never stops a litany of *good boy* and *my perfect Dean*, praising him, his hands firm and comforting. He feels a shiver run through him and is utterly drained as Castiel pulls them both up to their feet, getting them across the hall and under the covers. Castiel quickly pulls Dean back into his chest, kissing the top of his head.

***********

Castiel isn’t sure what on earth prompted Dean’s outburst but he can’t stop mentally flagellating himself for not realizing something was wrong sooner. He should have pushed Dean to talk more before they started the scene, but he was sure that whatever was bothering him, the scene would help him. He had been very wrong as he holds a trembling Dean against his chest. Obviously this is not just a normal bad week for Dean, and he hopes he can get him to open up before he closes off again.

“Dean, you can talk to me, okay? I’m here for you, whatever it is that has you so upset, I promise I won’t judge you. Nothing you say will change how I feel about you, nothing will stop you from being my good boy, do you understand?” He feels some tension drop a little from the firm body in his arms. He waits and eventually Dean’s breathing slows and he seems to find his voice.

“My dad showed up,” he whispers against Castiel’s chest. He waits for Dean to elaborate, thinking if he talks now Dean might spook and never tell him what’s going on. “My old man is kinda a hard ass, nothing I do is good enough for him. He’s been drunk every time I’ve seen him this week which isn’t that unusual, I just hoped he’d have managed to stay sober for a little longer.”

“What happened? Why doesn’t he take care of you and your brother?”

“After my mom died he just kinda lost it. He became obsessed with finding who set the fire that killed her but no one set the fire. He lost his job and started driving us around the country looking into arson, working odd jobs. We grew up on the road, me and Sammy. It wasn’t so bad when he was sober, but he was drunk more often than not. When I turned eighteen a lawyer contacted me saying that my grandfather on my mother's side passed away and left me his house.

“It took a lot of pleading but I convinced Dad to let us stay at the house so Sam could go to the same high school all four years, you know? Kid just wanted to set down some roots and we had friends here. I think coming back to Lawrence was what pushed Dad over the edge though, being back in this city. He disappeared for weeks at a time so I worked to keep the house running and take care of Sam.”

Dean pauses a moment before seeming to steel himself to go on. “I think it was two years ago. Dad came home angrier than I ever saw him. He was yelling up a storm about how Sam and I were ungrateful brats and how we must not have loved our mother or we’d want justice for her. He, uh, he grabbed at Sam tried to drag him to the car, I don’t know what he was thinking but I knew I couldn't let him take Sammy. So I tried to pull him off and, well Dad has a strong right hook, clocked me good.

“I didn’t see what happened next but Sam was yelling and then he was on the floor with a split lip next to me and I just saw red. I lunged up and started throwing punches. I told him to get out and never put a hand on Sam again. He stumbled out the door and drove off. I waited for the bruises to heal and Sam and I talked it over and we went and got a lawyer. I petitioned for legal guardianship. It took months to get Dad to show up to the court, and Bobby tracking him down, but he did come while sober. He signed his rights away without so much as a word. You should have seen how heartbroken Sammy was. He’d never admit but I don’t think either of us ever thought he’d really walk away. Sam insisted on a restraining order, I didn’t think we needed it, he didn’t want us anymore. I got it for him ‘cause it seemed to make Sam sleep better knowing it was there even
though it’s just a piece of paper. I just, I failed him you know? I couldn’t help him get over Mom, get him sober. I’m the worst son.”

Castiel’s heart aches in his chest for the pain Dean has gone through. Suspecting a painful past and knowing of it are two different things. No wonder Dean had been so upset during their scene. “You need to understand, Dean, that none of that was your fault. You are not your father’s keeper, he is responsible for his own actions. You are a kind and loving person. I have seen first hand how much you care and give to the people in your life. You are not a failure, and you are not bad. I am so proud and honored to know you, to be your friend. You must know that what I said in scene wasn’t true, it was just for the role-playing.”

He waits to see if it’s sinking in, silence filling the room. Dean clears his throat, “You aren’t mad at me?”

“No, of course not, you did nothing wrong. I am so sorry if my words hurt you, that was never my intent.” He kisses the top of Dean’s head again and cards his fingers through the man’s soft, downy brown hair. How could I ever hurt you when I love you so , the words fill his mind and he nearly gasps at the realization that they are very true. Heaven help him, he is falling in love with this man.

“S’okay, you didn’t know, I didn’t want you to know,” Dean mumbles and he can tell that he must be on the cusp of falling asleep. Castiel fights back his own tears, knowing how much the man in his arms needs him.

“Thank you for telling me, Dean. Sleep now, I’ll be here, my good boy.” He tilts Dean’s face up so he can see the shining green eyes looking nervous and apprehensive. He kisses him softly on the lips, putting what he can’t say in words behind the gesture. He sees Dean relax and his eyes flutter shut as he nestles tighter against him and drifts off to sleep. He has time to think, about how best he can help Dean. The drop he is in is a strong one and he will need a lot of contact to feel better after the endorphin crash.

Once Dean wakes, Castiel rubs some soothing cream into his tender skin and coaxes him into some comfortable clothes, then orders them some pizza. He insists Dean drink some gatorade and has some chocolate till the food comes and settles him on the couch beside him. He lets him rest his head in his lap once they are done eating, but Dean isn’t interested in TV. Instead Castiel picks up a book he was in the middle of and begins to read aloud.

“The mind is not a book, to be opened at will and examined at leisure. Thoughts are not etched on the inside of skulls, to be perused by an invader. The mind is a complex and many-layered thing,” he lets his voice drop into a low register and sees Dean melt against him, listening to the words like they are a balm to his soul. He thinks he could have picked a happier Harry Potter book to read, but maybe happy isn’t what Dean needs right now. Maybe what he needs is just to feel the hurt, to feel heard. He didn’t stop reading when he felt tears falling on his pant leg, only continued to rub a soothing circle on his back.

He’d never been a violent man, never wanted to cause pain to anyone who didn’t desire it. Given the opportunity, he would love to make John Winchester feel half the pain he’d inflicted on his children. Make him know what he put them through, such a bright light shown in Dean and the idea of anyone smothering that made him absolutely murderous.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Did you miss me? Cause I missed you! seriously I missed you guys all 383 of you subscribers (holy crap people!). Anyway I won't ramble on even though its what I do best (or so my mom tells me). Excited to share this with you guys hope you enjoy and are all staying warm <3

CB

Dean leans on the tiled wall of the shower and lets his eyes slip shut as the water pounds at his skin. He is still sick to his stomach, and has a tightness in his chest that just won’t go away. He’d woken up in Castiel’s bed with the man snoring softly in his ear. The night had felt a bit like a blur, from his antagonizing Cas, to breaking down in the playroom. Memories of crying while strong arms held him flash in his mind and he groans at the embarrassment of it all. He couldn’t tell what had come over him but it felt like a tidal wave crashed into him and he couldn’t keep above water. He’d felt better with Castiel’s kind words and soft touches, but now he feels bereft and ashamed of himself.

“May I join you?” Dean turns to see Castiel standing outside the shower door, hair gorgeously sleep rumpled and nothing on but boxer briefs.

“Uh yeah,” he replies, and Cas removes his briefs and slides in under the water. It’s a large shower and fits them both easily. Cas moans with a happy smile on his face as he tips his head back under the water. Dean can’t take his eyes off him, drinking in the soft skin and dark wet hair.

He wonders when he is gonna get the boot. He figures Cas is a pretty decent guy, he put up with Dean’s meltdown, comforted him, let him shower, but he was sure to want to end things now. He didn’t sign up for all the shit Dean is dealing with, this was just supposed to be a fling. Even as he thinks the words, he knows things have gone way past just a fling for him. He wants Castiel, he wants him to stay, he wants him to become a part of his life, and that’s a damn dangerous thing to wish for.

“Dean?”

He lifts his head to meet Castiel’s eyes and they are concerned and searching.

*Probably wondering if I’ll have another meltdown.*

“I’ll get out of your hair as soon as I dry off.” Dean still has a little soap on his skin but he really doesn’t care, he needs to rip the bandaid off and go.

“You are never in my hair, Dean. Do you have plans today?” Castiel asks lightly, and there’s a note of something else to his voice, hopeful maybe?

“Just uh, picking up Sam. Think I might take him the Ladybird Diner for lunch, Amy is at a friends for the afternoon.” He watches Castiel as he furrows his brow the way he does when he is trying to puzzle something out. He shivers a little, having been out of the heat for so long.

“Here, get under the water.” Castiel smiles and guides Dean with a hand on his back toward the
shower head. He should protest, he should leave but he can’t quite force the words out. “Would you mind if I tagged along?”

His eyes shot up at that. “Cas, it's cool, okay? You were really great last night, better than great, but I —” He hesitates, looking for the words. “I know this isn’t what you signed up for, okay? So you don’t have to pretend to wanna hang out with me, and if… if you don’t want to see me anymore I understand.” He grits his teeth, stomach doing backflips and he stares at his feet waiting for Castiel to politely wish him well and send his broken ass on its way. Feet step right into his space and two hands cradle his face, waiting till he meets his eyes.

“Dean, you’ve placed so much trust in me these past few months. You have given me so much more than I could have dreamed of. I am going to ask that you trust me one more time and listen to these words as the truth that they are,” Castiel watches his face intently and he manages a slow nod. “You are still in a drop right now, your emotions are still likely eating away at you. I assume you are feeling some self doubt and inadequacy?” Dean bites his bottom lip and nods again. “Then let me set the record straight. Last night changes nothing for me. I want you just as much in this moment as I did yesterday, in fact I want you more now than ever. You are a wonderful sub, a devoted friend, and I am honored to spend whatever time I can with you. You trust me as a friend and as your Dom to give you what you need, and this is me doing that. It’s also me asking for what I need, because I do need you, Dean. Please don’t go.” The stern, confident voice slips at the end letting out just a tiny bit of pleading.

“You really mean that? I safeworded last night, and we didn’t even get to the fun fucking part.”

Castiel barks out a short laugh. “As much as I love the fun fucking part, I was incredibly relieved that you safeworded last night. That only proved to me that you know your limits and felt safe enough with me to tell me you had reached yours. I will NEVER fault you for using your safeword—it’s there for that exact reason, you did nothing wrong. I will continue to repeat that till it sinks in to that stubborn head of yours.”

Dean is more confused than ever, and while it makes no sense to him, he thinks Castiel means what he is saying. He manages a small smile at Cas and rubs at the back of his neck, feeling a little foolish for overreacting so bad.

“So you wanna come to lunch?” he offers, watching a smile grow on Castiel’s face.

“And will I get to meet Sam?”

“Yeah, I guess so. Don’t say I didn’t warn you though, ‘cause he will interrogate you. Kid should become a lawyer or something,” he chuckles.

“I can handle it.” Cas smiles warmly, running a hand through Dean’s damp hair and leaning in to kiss him softly on the lips. He’s surprised to realize they are both stark naked and neither of them is turned on at the moment. He isn’t really sure if he would be up for that. “I don’t know about you but I am in desperate need of coffee. Would you be opposed to brunch instead of lunch?”

Dean shakes his head and rinses, quickly stepping out to let Cas finish. They both dress warmly and Dean lets Cas wrap a scarf around his neck despite his protests that he will be fine. Once outside he is grateful for it since there is a light snow squall and the wind seems to pull the heat right out of him. They both hurry for the Impala and it takes a few tries to get the car started.

“Come on baby, I know its cold,” he whispers to the car and smiles patting the dash once the engine roars to life. Castiel chuckles and Dean blushes a little, heading out to pick up Sam from his friends.
He watches Sam come bounding out of the house, all awkward long legs and shaggy hair. He really needs to just knock the kid out and drag him to a barber. Sam halts when he gets to the driver's side and sees Castiel in the front seat, quickly moving to the back and sliding in.

“Heya Sammy. I uh, want you to meet my friend, Cas.” Dean tips his head to the passenger side and Sam looks like the cat that got the canary.

“Hello, Sam. It's very nice to finally meet you.” Castiel reaches a hand over the seat and Sam grips it enthusiastically.

“Glad to meet you too, beginning to think my brother was making you up.” Sam smiles warmly at them and Dean relaxes a little.

“You hungry for some grub?” Dean asks, heading for the diner. It’s one of the few places both brothers enjoy since they have the greasy food Dean loves and the healthy green crap Sam eats.

“Ladybird?” Sam asks, smiling, and Dean just throws him the thumbs up.

Cas and Sam begin chatting about Sam’s classes and different colleges he is interested in. The mention of college makes Dean feel a little pale, imagining tuition. He will just have to make it work somehow, and luckily Sam is really fucking smart so he knows the kid will get a scholarship. They reach the diner and it’s packed with the Sunday brunch crowd but luckily their usual waitress Sara finds them a small table in the back.

“So what kind of work do you do?” Sam asks eagerly and Dean imagines him sitting in class taking notes.

“Easy does it there, kiddo, let’s at least get some coffee before you interrogate the guy.” He rolls his eyes and Sara comes back over with coffees, giving Sam a little wink.

“I work for Sandover as a project manager. I am currently working on a new manufacturing site for one of our better selling products. We wanted a more central location for shipments which is why we decided on Lawrence.” Castiel reaches a hand under the table, placing his hand on Dean’s knee which immediately stills. He still can’t understand how his touch can seem to draw all the nervous energy right out of him, but it does.

Sam darts his eyes between the two of them and smiles. “So, your not from around here, right?”

“I’m from Boston, yes. My brother and niece are still there, and that is where headquarters for the company is.”

“You and your brother close, too?” Sam asks, shooting Dean a smile that he can’t help but return.

“Oh yes, Jimmy and I are twins and have always done everything together.” There’s a bit of melancholy to his voice talking about his brother.

“Is Jimmy married?”

“He was but his wife Amelia passed away shortly after my niece was born so he’s a single father.” Dean looks over at Cas, surprised he didn’t know this about his brother already.

“That can’t be easy,” Dean adds, feeling a bit sheepish.

“He’s a doting father, and Claire is a wonderful kid, they get by just fine but I do miss them.”
“A loving father sounds nice to me,” Sam sighs and though he is hiding it well Dean sees the pain behind his eyes. The waitress shows up, bringing their orders. An order of corned beef hash and side of bacon for Dean, a western omelet for Cas, and Sam seems to have ordered some kind of toast with avocado on it.

“Can’t you put butter on your toast like a normal person?” Dean grumbles and Sam rolls his eyes.

“It’s good with the tomato. You should give it a try, you know green food won’t actually kill you,” Sam shoots back.

“I’ll take my cholesterol with a side of sugar please,” he smiles and wiggles his eyebrows.

“Some of us would actually like to see you make it past thirty, Dean,” Sam scolds.

“I second that,” Castiel chimes in between bites.

“Don’t you start too. I will eat what I wanna eat and that’s final. A man cannot live on rabbit food.” He savors another bite of bacon.

Castiel leans in to whisper in his ear, “Only good boys who eat their greens get a treat.”

Dean chokes on his hash and Castiel grins as he smacks his back till he manages to get his throat clear.

Sam eyed them suspiciously but hadn’t heard what Cas said. They eat in relative quiet with an occasional question peppered in by Sam. Dean relaxes on a full stomach and some of the unease from the night before begins to leave his body.

“So how did you guys meet, anyway?” Sam inquires leaning back in his chair and smirking at Dean’s scowl. He opens and closes his mouth like a fish a few times.

“We met at a BDSM sex club, Sammy, wouldn’t exactly suffice as an answer.

“At a bar. He was being pestered but an aggressive gentlemen and I stepped in. Though we didn’t meet for drinks till after I saw him at his work—your brother makes an excellent cup of coffee.” Castiel glances at Dean for confirmation that his story holds up and he manages to nod.

“Never seen Dean stay with anybody longer than one date. Did you learn the secret about him early on?” Sam grins.

“And what secret is that?” Castiel raises a brow, looking truly curious.

Sam leans in to whisper like he is giving away national secrets or something. “Pie, he will do just about anything for pie.”

“I will not! And who doesn’t like pie?” Dean grunts, crossing his arms in irritation.

“I will have to remember that if he is being recalcitrant. It’s good to know what… motivates him,” Castiel hums to himself.

“I don’t like pie that much, okay?” he tries to argue as Sara wanders over to table, dropping a slice of chocolate cream and blueberry peach pie in front of him.

“Let me know sweetie if you want to try the lemon meringue too?” Sara smiles brightly and he flushes red.

“I didn’t ord—”
“Oh come on now, sugar, you never come in here without at least two slices of pie.” She twirls on her heels, heading off to the kitchen. Dean pouts a moment staring at the delicious mounds of baked perfection from the flakey crust to sweet filling, his mouth watering.

“Go ahead and enjoy your pie, Dean, we didn’t mean to embarrass you,” Castiel whispers in his ear and reaches over with a fork stealing a bite.

“Hey! Get your own pie,” he grumbles.

“It’s nice to share, Dean,” Castiel’s eyes sparkle with that and he huffs but lets Castiel steal a few more bites.

“Wow, he must really like you, to share the precious pie,” Sam grins again and he knows he will be hearing about this later.

“I will avoid too much more pie or I will have to put in more time on the river,” Castiel sighs, leaning back.

“River?”

“Yes, I row, at least when it’s not too cold.”

“Really? I always wanted to try that. I almost signed up for the school team but it was way too much money.”

Dean looked at his little brother, frowning. “This is the first I heard of it. Why didn’t you tell me about it?” Dean works hard to make sure Sam doesn’t stress about money, that is his problem to deal with.

“It was too much, and it was just something for fun, I might not even be any good at it,” Sam shrugs.

“With big moose shoulders like yours, I bet you’d kick ass at that. How much was it? Can you sign up for the spring?” He can tell he’s making Sam uncomfortable but he isn’t gonna drop it that easy.

“It’s okay, Dean, it’s like $750 a semester, it’s way too much. I can just do track again and I like running,” Sam adds but Dean isn’t fooled.

“We can talk later, but if you want to do this, Sam, I can make it happen.” He waits, seeing indecision on Sam’s face.

“I’ll think about it,” Sam adds a little sheepishly and Dean feels a bit of tension ease. He hates Sam hiding something like that, feeling like he can’t ask for something he wants.

Castiel keeps quiet during this conversation, watching Dean from the corner of his eye, studying him. He’s thankful for it though, that he doesn’t jump in or push. Something he loves about Cas, he can read him like a book. He just seems to know when Dean needs him and when he doesn’t.

They finish eating and Castiel snatches up the tab before Dean can fight him for it. He struggles not to smile as Castiel and Sam are debating their favorite authors on the drive back to Castiel’s. Pulling up out front of the building he feels a tiny ache in his chest not knowing the next time he will see Castiel.

“It was very nice to meet you, Sam. Thank you for sharing your brother with me.” His smile is warm and genuine and he looks to see Sam returning it in spades.
“Same here, it was good to meet you too.” Sam smiles, leaning back in his seat.

Cas turns to Dean and only hesitates a moment before leaning in to plant a chaste kiss on his mouth. Lips whisper by his cheek, “If you need me, or have any bad thoughts, I am just a phone call away.” He plants one more kiss on his cheek before sliding out of the car and into his building. Dean shivers a little, whether from the cold air or the kiss he can’t tell or doesn’t want to think about.

“I like him,” Sam proclaims, climbing over the seat and nearly smacking Dean in the head with his foot when he does.

“I am glad he meets with your approval.” Dean rolls his eyes, hiding the genuine relief he feels that Sam and Cas got on so well.

He feels none of the residual stress and worry he felt that morning and only hopes he can keep this calm feeling with him the rest of the day.

****

The next two weeks move on and there is no more sightings of his dad, but he knows full well that doesn’t mean he has left town. Bobby swings by twice to check in on them with the guise of dropping something off but Dean sees it for what it is and can’t help but be grateful for it. His scenes with Castiel are simple, easing his way back into his headspace. He gathers up enough courage to ask if they can go to the club again, maybe scene while they are there. Castiel insists they go over limits several times but finally agrees.

“Dean, are you ready yet?” Castiel calls from the living room. He snaps his head up and pads into the room, stark naked with his jeans folded neatly in his arms as requested.

“Good boy, place those on the couch and bend over for me, feet shoulder width apart,” Castiel moves behind him and he is quick to respond to the request. He's glad Cas is getting him into a headspace before they leave—he's vibrating with pent up energy. He bends, putting hands on his knees and strains a little to stay balanced. A hand pops into view holding a green, spade-shaped butt plug. He gulps a little, licking his lips at the sight. It's a good size but not as big as Castiel is and he knows he can handle it.

“Does my favorite needy little slut approve?” Castiel’s voice is teasing but affectionate.

“Yes sir, please sir,” he lets his voice drop into that raspy, lust-filled tone.

“Fuck, Dean,” Castiel huffs out behind him, a hand rubbing in small circles on his lower back. He grins a little that Castiel lost some composure just from his voice.

“Fill my hole, sir, make me full please,” he adds for good measure and listens to the accompanying groan that follows.

“You’ll take what I give you,” Castiel scolds and give his ass a little smack, not enough to really heat the skin, just enough for a warning. Castiel fills him with a good amount of lube before he slowly works in the plug, patiently rocking till it’s fully seated within him, nestled right against his prostate. He lets himself be guided to stand and allows Castiel to help him put on his black boxer briefs and tight, light wash jeans that Cas had bought for him. They are way softer than his normal Walmart Levi’s and they hug his ass and crotch where he has a serious boner growing.

“Alright, my good little pet, your safe words are in full effect tonight, and if at any time you feel uncomfortable I want you to use them. If you need my attention outside of our scene you can also tap
my wrist two times to let me know, do you understand?”

“Yes sir.” He wants to roll his eyes since they already went over all this, but he isn’t sure he wants to poke at Cas tonight, he really just wants to be his good boy.

Castiel nods and helps Dean into his winter coat and boots and he bites his lip hard at the sensation of the fleece lining on his nipples. It’s awkward walking with the plug tucked up inside him, a constant bumping pressure on his prostate. Not enough to be uncomfortable or but just enough so he can’t forget it’s there.

They take a Lyft over to the club since Cas insisted he would be in no shape to drive. His knee is bouncing on the seat beside Cas who puts a hand to the nape of his neck and squeezes. He lets out a sigh, feeling his leg still under the touch. He leans in a little to the comforting warmth from his Dom’s body. He will be good tonight and make Castiel proud of him, he can do this.

They reach the club and Castiel smiles at the familiar door man leaning against the wall, a smirk on his face.

“Well well well, you boys back for another night of mischief, are we?” Patrick winks at him and gestures towards the bracelets.

“Red and black for myself and two red for my sweet boy,” Castiel replies for them and of course he does. Dean blushes and keeps his eyes down, finding it a bit less overwhelming.

“Lovely. I assume you’ll do the honors, then.” Patrick hands the bracelets to Castiel who moves to wrap each one over Dean’s leather cuffs and snaps his own onto his wrist after handing his coat to Patrick. It feels solid, he is Castiel’s tonight and no one else’s. He feels a sense of pride sweep over him.

“Off with the coat and shoes, Dean,” Castiel asks, holding out a hand and Dean takes a deep steadying breath as he shrugs out of the coat, his nipples hardening when exposed to the cool air in the entryway. He feels his heart rate pick up as he bends to remove his boots and grits his teeth as the plug shifts within him.

He hands them to Castiel who puts them in a cubbie for them. Dean fidgets till he feels fingers lacing with his own a reassuring squeeze. Castiel’s storm blue eyes search his face, giving him a moment to chicken out, or safeword. He can do this though, he wants this, to show how good he can be.

“Come, my sweet boy,” Castiel hums and leads them toward the soft music. He keeps his eyes lowered, goosebumps rising on his skin as he feels people watching him. People are buzzing around him talking but he doesn’t register much, just focuses on the feel of Castiel’s hand in his.

“Taller than the last one, but much better looking,” Gabriel says with a leering tone. Last one?
“Behave yourself, Gabriel,” Castiel all but growls. He shivers at the tone and feels his cock harden slightly in response.

“Where’s the fun in that, little cousin? Anyway, will you be wanting one of the stages or a private room tonight? My den of delights is at your disposal.” Dean wants to roll his eyes at the cheesy line but keeps his features still.

“Over there should do nicely. I want everyone to be able to see just how beautiful and good my boy is.” A small squeeze has Dean practically purring under the praise, basking in the warmth of it.

“Don’t let me stop you then, just check in with the dungeon master Billie over there. Have fun, you two.”

Dean glances up in time to catch a wink from Gabriel before the man is off and heading toward the bar. The hand on his neck guides him over to where a tall, beautiful black woman stands against the wall. He blinks up at her feeling a bit cowed by the energy she gives off even just standing there.

“Billie, this is Dean, we will be scening here tonight if you would oversee?” Castiel sounds polite, like he is asking about the weather and not about tying him up and working him over. The relaxed tone he uses only further helps to sink him into his headspace. “Dean, wait here with Billie for me while I go get ready.” A kiss to his temple and Castiel’s warm presence is gone from his side. He wants to whine at the loss, feeling suddenly naked and out of place.

“Hello, Dean. Can you tell me what your safe words are tonight?” Billie’s voice is strong and reassuring and he understands now why he was left alone with her. She is likely trying to make sure Dean is willing and that she knows his safe words so she can monitor the scene. He feels it’s a bit unnecessary, he trusts Cas completely with every fiber of his being, but still he appreciates the sentiment.

“Red for stop, yellow for slow down and green for good,” he replies quietly, still not meeting her eyes and trying to resist looking around at the crowd of people.

“And do you have any hard limits tonight I should know about?” Again her tone is comforting and he thinks maybe she missed her calling as a therapist.

“Um, no touching, except—except from Cas. And the jeans stay on.” He had negotiated these terms with Cas before they agreed to this, and both had been at Castiel’s suggestion.

“Alright, feel free to safeword at any time and enjoy yourself, you are in good hands.” He smiles and nods to her and jumps a little when he feels a hand return to his neck but relaxes once he sees familiar shoes come into view.

“Come with me, pet,” Castiel hums, guiding him over to a slightly raised section of floor. He can see different chairs lined up in a semi circle around them and people are starting to take seats and chatter in low voices. That’s when he feels it, a light low buzzing in his gut. He gasps at the sensation, eyes darting up to see a mischievous grin on Castiel’s face. A vibrating plug, holy crap. He groans as the sensation travels through him lighting up his prostate. It’s still a low setting, nothing unmanageable, and it’s gone as quickly as it came. He takes it for what is… a warning.

“Alright, all you have to do for me tonight is just be quiet and still,” Castiel huffs, moving in front of Dean. A blindfold slides down over his eyes and he immediately sinks into the darkness, hiding in it away from all the eyes. It gives him a strange kind of confidence. Lips brush against his own and he leans into it, letting Cas guide the kiss, soft and reassuring.
He listens as Castiel moves around and stays still as rope begins to weave around his body. His body is pliant, allowing his Dom to lift his arms and move his shoulders where he wants them. He feels the lattice work pulling his arms behind his back and more rope than normal crossing his shoulders and chest. “Any numbness or tingling?” Castiel whispers in his ear and he shakes his head. The talk in the crowd has died down and he only catches a few words of muttered praise of Castiel’s skill.

A firm hand on his back tips him forward at the waist till his torso is horizontal and he feels a pull on the ropes at the center of his back. A whining sound of a motor and he tenses a moment as he tips forward, almost losing his balance on his feet. “Easy there, my beautiful boy, just relax and let the ropes hold you.”

He shivers a little, nipples rock hard and he can feel the strain on the ropes with every breath. It feels a bit like free falling, like when he was kid and used to go to the quarry and close his eyes and jump into the abyss. Those few seconds in the air where he felt free. Let out a breath he leans forward, pulling up on his tip toes and letting the ropes cradle him.

Back arched and mouth open, slow easy breaths pass his lips. A sturdy hand strokes down his sides, checking him all over. That’s when the rope begins to lace up his right thigh and one gentle but firm pull tucks his knee up to his stomach, taking some of his weight on his leg. “This is the last one, you will be fully suspended. I promise you are safe, sweetheart.” He hums at the word, sweetheart, he didn’t think Cas had used that one before and he’s ashamed how much he likes it. “Color?”

“G-green,” he croaks out, voice seeming to have sucked into his body, tucked away inside him.

“Here we go,” Castiel begins to lace up the left thigh and with one graceful tug pulls up the other leg and attaches up. He’s swinging now in the air, his full weight held in the ropes and Castiel’s palm flat against the quivering muscles of his stomach. He thinks for a moment he should be scared but he can’t find an ounce of fear in himself. There are a few aw’s from the crowd and even a few soft claps but it feels far away, distant. He floats in the darkness, focusing on the soft glide of Castiel’s fingers over him.

The buzzing clicks on, then, and he feels it everywhere as if it’s buzzing over his skin. Hands continue to rub at his neck and shoulders and he feels the brush of fabric against his hair as Castiel stands closer to him. The vibrations grow bit by bit and it’s now that he realizes with his back arched like it is, the plug is pressing directly down into his prostate. He whines, low and needy as the ache begins to build and his cock fattens up in his jeans, bulging out against the stretch of tight denim. His whine turns to louder whimpers when he feels his cock begin to leak with building pressure. He’s desperate to rock and rut up against something but he is utterly immobilized.

“Is my needy boy going to come for me?” Castiel murmurs. “God, look at you, all strung up at my mercy. All these people here watching you, wanting you. Listening to your hungry whimpers and cries, just dying to be stuffed full, aren’t you? Everyone here is dying for a taste of you, but they can’t have you, can they?”

“No sir,” he whimpers out between panting breaths.

“Right, because you’re mine, aren’t you?”

And oh god that voice, that possessive growl cuts through him and he feels his balls tightening up. “Yours all yours sir, please, please…” He isn’t even sure what he’s begging for. Lost and floating and swimming in sensation, he isn’t even sure which way is up anymore.

He feels something fluffy and plastic pressed into his hand. “Shake this for yellow and drop it for red, do you understand?”
He grips the odd item giving it a shake and hearing it jingle. “Yes sir.”

“Good boy, my perfect boy,” Castiel praises, running a hand through his hair, the other lifting his chin. “Open up that mouth good and wide for me so I can stuff that hungry hole of yours.”

“Oh fuck,” he pants, mouth hanging open and the sound of a zipper and suddenly the round head of Castiel’s cock is pressing into his mouth. Castiel wastes no time in fucking his mouth. Jaw slack and mouth dripping with saliva, he groans around the thick member, punctuated with little tugs to his hair. He rocks back and forth on the ropes as Cas drives a little deeper, almost into his throat and making him gag. The vibrations in his ass pick up and pulse and he is so full and so used and so completely gone, body melting in the euphoric high.

“Fuck, that wet fucking mouth of yours,” Castiel curses, thrusts stuttering and the bitter taste of come hitting the back of his tongue. “Come for me, Dean,” Castiel growls as he comes hard down Dean’s throat and he manages to swallow him down, milking him as his own orgasm crests and he’s coming, soaking his jeans. He quivers with the force of the orgasm, whimpering and suckling at the now softening cock in his mouth, still somehow managing not to spill a single drop. The vibrations stop and he feels incredibly lightheaded as Castiel pulls his cock out of his mouth.

“Jesus, Dean,” Castiel says, almost in awe, “My beautiful boy, so good for me, such perfection,” he coos into his ear and he feels a blush creeping up his face. He’s so full and so used and so completely gone, body melting in the euphoric high.

Castiel lifts him up and carries them a short distance, sitting down in what must be large armchair, Dean tucked up on his lap. Warm fabric, a blanket maybe, pulls across his body and covers him. He presses lazy kisses to Castiel’s neck, humming in contentment, not able to form words if his life depended on it. There is a press of something to his lips and he wraps his mouth around a hershey kiss humming contentedly.

They stay like that for a while. Dean listens to the bustling sounds of the club, the smack of a paddle and a corresponding grunt. Laughter and moans of lust broken up by casual conversation. A few people come close to them, compliment Castiel on having such a lovely Sub. He smiles into Castiel’s neck as he feels his arms tighten around him. Finally he lets him pull up the blindfold and blinks up at him owlishly, totally spent and feeling a bit itchy in his come-soaked jeans.

“How is my good boy doing?” Castiel searches his face.

“Mmm good, real good,” he sighs and doesn’t care at all what anyone here thinks of him, all he has eyes for now is the man underneath him.

“Are you going to keep that?” Castiel smiles fondly, looking down, and Dean notices the object still tucked safely in his hand, a bright green, feathered cat toy.

“You got a thing for green, huh,” he chuckles lightly.

“A total sucker for it, what can I say?” he purrs kissing his forehead. “Ready to go home?”

Dean nods emphatically, feeling overwhelmingly tired. “My jeans are gross.”
“Yes, well you wanted to keep them on, you can wear them all the way home, my dirty boy.” Castiel chuckles and helps him to his feet, keeping the blanket wrapped around him and guiding him toward the exit. As he is about to leave he takes a quick glance around the room and his eyes catch on a familiar leer. The man from the first night in the club, Alistair, is watching them like a hawk, eyes raking over him. It makes his skin crawl a moment, such violence and lust in just a look. He scowls at the man before tucking under Castiel’s arm, making it completely clear to anyone who cares exactly who he belongs to, and just maybe who belongs to him.
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Hey guys!
Gather round, story time my friends, get your snacks, find a comfortable spot, don't worry I'll wait... you all good? Okay posting another chapter! and its a roller coaster fair warning, but I am excited to share with you all, plus secret time, its my birthday so what better time to post. Hope you all have a great weekend, see you in the comments! (also I will respond to all your comments from last week tomorrow it was just a crazy week but I read and loved them all!)
<3 <3 <3
CB

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dean walks out into the living room naked as the day he was born, and he thinks he should feel more embarrassed but all he feels is relaxed. Castiel is sitting at the kitchen table and Dean moves to sink down onto the pillow next to him. He’s a bit tired and takes a chance resting his temple against Castiel’s thigh. He’s rewarded with a hand carding through his hair.

“How was your day today, sweet boy?” Castiel’s voice is warm and thick like syrup.

“Good, sir, tired but good.” He smiles, thinking about Sam and Amy coming home showing off their stellar grades on their recent science projects. He could tell that Amy had never had anyone be proud of her—she nearly started crying when Dean had told her how impressed he was. That had prompted celebratory pizza.

“Glad to hear it,” Castiel hums and lowers a bite of bread down to his lips which he gratefully takes.
“Do you think, would it be asking too much, Dean, if you could just be my good boy tonight? Let me take care of you?”

Dean feels a drop in his stomach at the mention of Castiel’s work but manages to swallow it down.

“Is it work?” he asks, beginning to feel a bit silly being naked, unsure if sex is on the table.

“Yes, a bit, we are nearly complete and just waiting for the final licensing and inspections to be finished. It’s a lot to coordinate,” he adds with a sigh, feeding Dean another bite. “Do you think, would it be asking too much, Dean, if you could just be my good boy tonight? Let me take care of you?”

Dean feels a drop in his stomach at the mention of Castiel’s work but manages to swallow it down.

“I can do that,” his reply comes out, softer than he means it to. He feels a hand cup his face, tilting it up till their eyes meet.
“Thank you,” Castiel whispers lightly to him and he wants to melt into that firm touch. He can do this for Cas. He thinks there isn’t much he wouldn’t do for Cas.

They finish dinner in silence, Castiel clearing the dishes and asking Dean to go and run a bath. He swishes his hand through the warm water, breathing in the scent of the bath salts. Castiel walks in looking a bit tired, shoulders slumped and rolling his neck. Dean stands and begins to help Cas shed his clothes, piece by piece dropping them to the floor. They move carefully as they slink into the welcoming water.

“You’re so good, god you're so good for me,” Castiel sighs against his skin. Dean knows something is off, something is wrong. He presses tighter against him and just lets Cas hold him. He wants to ask what is wrong, but he also wants to be good, to be Castiel’s good boy and just be here for him.

They soak in silence, legs tangled together and his eyes end up fluttering shut. His body feels heavier and before he knows it Cas if guiding him up and out of the tub, toweling off every inch of his skin with the softest towel in existence. He begins to think he needs to read the tag and make a trip to Bed Bath and Beyond next weekend.

Cas takes him to bed then and proceeds to take him apart. He doesn’t even tie him up just has him grip the headboard as Castiel works over him. Fingers pinch and tease as his nipples, teeth biting into his shoulder, bruises sucked into his hip. He moans and whines with each stimulation. He has no idea how much time has passed—could be hours, though he doesn’t think it’s that long. He comes and comes hard, twice in an unreal amount of time. His body is getting weaker now, practically shaking with the effort to keep his hands where they are. He can do it though, he can be still, be a good boy.

If he had any doubt of that status, Castiel keeps up a litany of praises the entire time. Good boy and sweetheart, and perfect float over him, adding to the euphoric haze wringing out all the energy he has to give. It’s like he’s tumbling away, parts of him breaking away, and it’s terrifying and yet he feels safer now than he has in his entire life. The press of Castiel’s warm cock against his hip grinding down as skilled fingers work against his prostate. He feels it bubbling up in his chest and he comes on a cry as he feels a splash of come hitting his stomach and chest and he knows, can feel it in the vibration of muscle that Castiel is coming too.

“Dean, Dean, Dean, Dean, oh Dean,” Castiel chants in his ear and its a like a benediction, like being enough, being what this beautiful man needs. He falls into darkness then, letting sleep take him.

He wakes up in a tangle of limbs under the blanket. He feels a little damp but not sticky and can tell that Cas must have wiped him down. He purrs contentedly and nuzzles against the warm skin under him.

“My good boy, how are you?” Castiel asks and he manages to lift his head squinting with one eye.

“Completely and utterly fucked,” he smiles, “and thirsty.”

He leans up to take a sip of water from the glass Cas has on the nightstand, always the boy scout. They both indulge in a few pieces of chocolate before settling back down.

“Are you okay?” Dean asks again, unable to dislodge this nagging concern.

“Better now, I just… I ordered tickets today,” he adds in an almost hushed tone.

“Tickets?” he frowns trying to put the word in context. Tickets, like plane tickets, and where is he going? And it hits him like a damn piano falling on his head. He’s going home, he’s going to Boston,
he’s really leaving. “Oh,” he adds before he can think of anything else to say.

“I’m feeling a bit more… sad about leaving then I thought I’d be. I wasn’t expecting… I wasn’t expecting you.” He says softly, clutching a bit tighter to him.

Dean bites down hard on his lower lip, resisting every urge to run and flee, find a release from this suffocating ache in his chest. Then don’t go, don’t leave me, stay? “I’m sure you’ll be glad to see your family.”

Cas lets out a sigh, “I will be happy to see them again, but gaining something doesn’t take the sting of loss away.”

He doesn’t have an answer for that, he wants to beg him to stay to really be his in every sense of the word. The pleading is trapped in his throat, unable to get out. He can’t ask that of him, he can’t ask him to give up his home, his family all for Dean. He thinks about if it were reversed, if Cas was asking him to leave Kansas to leave Sam. That does it for him, the last nail in the coffin. There isn’t anyone or anything that would make him abandon Sam. He knows its not completely the same, Cas’s brother is independent while Sam needs him. But that isn’t completely true, being a single dad can’t be easy and not having Castiel there for support. He’s a selfish dick for even thinking it. He keeps his face hidden, holding on to Cas like the lifeline he is.

“It’s gonna be okay,” he whispers and he isn’t sure whose benefit he is saying it for.

“I want it to be,” Cas answers, kissing the top of his head, “I really want it to be.”

*****

“Winchester!” The sharp bark wakes him from his train of thought and he looks up to see a snide looking Zachariah. “You going to keep giving me that neanderthal stare of yours or do you plan to actually make my coffee.”

He frowns but turns to make the latte. He hasn’t seen Cas yet this morning but they had planned to meet up that evening. He even got Benny to cover him at the Roadhouse. He needs the money but with Cas leaving soon he figures he can stand to miss a shift or two. He hands the coffee over silently, seeing as if he opens his mouth something less than polite will topple out.

“Only two more weeks left,” Zachariah says conversationally taking the coffee.

“Huh?”

“Until your little pal Castiel flies back to his precious east coast. Can’t wait to be rid of the pain in my back side.” He smiles before sauntering off down the hall.

Dean scowls after him and jumps a little when a hand lands on his shoulder. Expecting to see Castiel he is surprised to see Garth. “Garth?”

“Hey there, compadre, you got a good haul so far today?” He glances at a fairly full tip jar and nods. “Nice! Say, you got any time to go look at a place with me this afternoon?”

“What kinda place?”

“For a new Garth’s Grinds location, duh!” Garth gives his wheezy laugh at that.

“Yeah I guess, just gimme the address.”
Garth quickly sends him a text with where to meet him. Garth heads out and Dean waits on the last floor for thirty minutes with no sign of Cas. He takes a chance, brewing him his usual order and slinks through the cubicles toward where he thinks Castiel’s office might be. He walks with confidence as if he has any idea where the hell he is going and stops short when he catches a pacing figure in one of the side offices.

Castiel looks mouth wateringly good. In dark grey slacks a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up and burgundy vest hugging his broad chest, Dean wants to sink to his knees just at the sight. He’s striding back and forth likely wearing a hole in the floor at this point. Dean taps on the glass window and watches him startle and glance up. A broad smile lifts on his face at the sight him, and then he glances at the coffee in his hand and smiles even harder gesturing with a wave for him to come in.

Dean opens the door and is greeted with the sound of a very commanding man on the phone. “We were supposed to have test batches out by Friday. Is that still the current goal?”

Castiel holds a finger up to his lips gesturing for Dean to be quiet, and Dean nods, placing the coffee on the desk. “I told you, Michael, the molds failed, so we are planning to do a test batch on Saturday so we can meet the Monday validation schedule. Things are still on track.” Dean moves to step out but Castiel steps forward, halting him with a hand on his arm. His fingers are cold, and the firm grip sends a shiver through him.

“Just copy me on the emails with the engineers, so I can keep on top of it this weekend. Have you spoken to James? He wants to host a welcome home dinner for you that first Saturday you’re back in Boston. Luke is still in India—not sure if he will make it home in time.” Dean watches as Castiel flushes a little red.

He coughs a moment to clear his throat. “I told him whatever he wants to plan is fine with me so long as he doesn’t go overboard, I hate big parties.”

“Well at least Gabriel won’t be there, that should help to keep things tame. Keep me posted on those molds, I’ll talk with you soon.”

“Bye, Michael.” There’s a distinctive click on the line as he hangs up. Dean stares at his feet a second, all of this impending deadline of doom feeling far too real. “Thank you for finding me,” Castiel’s voice is rough and sincere.

“S’okay, just wanted to make sure you stayed caffeinated. All in a day’s work,” he shrugs, still unable to pull his eyes up.

Fingers move up to cup his face and he shivers a bit. “Man, your hands are cold.”

“Hmm yes well I haven’t had my coffee to warm them up,” Castiel adds with a small grin. Castiel hums then, and he knows that hum, it’s the sound he makes when he is thinking up something terribly dirty he wants to do to Dean. “I’ve thought a lot about you in here.”

“You got some office fantasy I don’t know about?” He’s going for confident but he can’t keep the aroused waver out of his throat.

Castiel’s eyes narrow down at him, and he crowds Dean up against the door, a swift hand tugging on the blinds, snapping them shut. He’s caged in with Castiel’s chest only an inch away from his own. He can feel the rise and fall of his chest, matching his own breathing to Castiel’s.

“I could do so many things, Dean,” Castiel practically purrs against his ear. “I could tuck you up under my desk where no could see you. Unzip my fly and take out my cock, feed it into your mouth.
Bet you would like that. Let you keep me warm while I work, staying good and quiet for me while I take conference calls. Would you like that Dean? Being my perfect little cock warmer?”

Dean lets out a sound he won’t own up to ever having made and just nods emphatically. Just the thought of kneeling at Castiel’s feet like that, the warm weight of his soft cock on his tongue, filling him, stretching his jaw.

“Judging by the bulge in your khakis I’d say that is a yes.” Castiel chuckles a little but there’s no real humor in it, just lust and the heat of arousal. “And what about if you made me hard? Would you want to choke on my cock, pretty boy? Suck me down until I’m feeding you my come? Or would you rather I pull you up, bend you over the desk and fuck you so hard you can barely walk out of here?”

“Oh god,” Dean groans and his hand flies to his dick now straining against his pants. He presses down hard trying to kill the boner threatening to rip the seams.

Castiel sinks one hand into his hair yanking his head back with a firm grip that makes him gasp. “I asked you a question, pet.”

He pants trying hard to think of an answer, “Wh-whatever you want, sir, both, either, all of that.”

“Hmmm, of course you would, little cocksling that you are. You’d take it wherever I give it to you, won’t you?” Castiel nuzzles at his exposed throat, and he feels utterly vulnerable at this fucking sex god’s mercy. He whimpers, ‘cause fuck, he just can’t help it. “Your mine, my perfect good boy.”

He melts a little at that, legs feeling shaky and it’s almost like the air is thick between them now. He wants to move, or rub up against Castiel, but he’s frozen in place by the hand in his hair and blue eyes now staring him down. “Yours,” he whispers back, and god does he want that to be true with every fiber of his being.

Castiel’s hand softens then and cups his face, his features softening. “I wish I had more time for you, but I am sure you need to go attend to your cart.” Castiel sounds regretful now. Fucking son of a bitch cock tease.

“You,” he starts and has to lick his lips a moment composing himself, “are a goddamn tease.”

Castiel does laugh this time genuinely and it lightens the tension in his chest just at the sound. “I’m sorry, truly. Can I make it up to you tonight?”

“You better,” he lets out a long breath and can’t hold back the smile, Castiel’s storm blue eyes full of hope.

“You going to be alright?” Cas gestures toward his tented pants, his erection slowly going down.

“Just need a minute, maybe with you on the other side of that desk,” he raises an eyebrow. Castiel steps back with a nod and moves to sit at his desk, taking the coffee and immediately drinking down a big gulp and wincing from the heat.

Dean closes his eyes and thinks of the most unsexy thoughts he can till finally he can adjust himself enough to hide any lasting chub. Castiel is watching him carefully over his coffee once he finally opens his eyes. “Better?” Cas asks, a twinkle in his eye now.

“I’ll live, but you owe me.” Dean swallows hard, leaning up off the door and opening the blinds.

“I will make it well worth your while, I promise.” Castiel does a cross symbol over his heart.
“Eight work?” He wants to be sure he has time to make dinner at home before leaving.

“Perfect,” Castiel smiles again and fuck, he can go from almighty sex god to adorable kitten in two minutes, which is astounding and just a little unfair. He nods then and ducks out of the room, heading back to his coffee cart without looking back, an embarrassed smile plastered on his face.

*********

Dean looks at the shop with Garth. It’s actually a really nice location, close to the river. They talk about what kind of food they would offer and Dean checks out the back kitchen to see a decent enough set up for a bakery. He had thought Garth was nuts to open a physical location, but the more they talk through the numbers, the more it sounds like a reasonable business venture. Garth even has an appointment with his bank for a new business loan and he wants Dean to come along.

His head is filled with the possibilities of it, having his own business. Garth can handle the books and Dean can handle the day to day, which actually is just another version of what they are doing now anyway. It would mean really planting down roots though, even more than he already has, if he's financially signing up for this thing. He knows it shouldn’t scare him but it does. Sure, he’s a homeowner, and sure he’s basically a parent to his brother, and his brother's girlfriend, but this is really heading into full-on adult responsibility territory. Of course, Garth also gave him the option to just take the role of manager, which has less permanence but better pay. That offer is almost more tempting and a lot less risky.

He decides to talk it over with Sam first, because in a years time he will be off to college and what if he picks a school out of state? He doesn’t know if he can just let him go off on his own like that. And how stupid does that make him, that he doesn’t want his brother to go off to college like a normal kid is supposed to do? No one brings along their parents to college, and certainly not their big over-protective brothers. Sometimes he just wishes he could hit the fast forward and not have to wait and see what the future holds for him.

Always at the back of his mind now is Cas. Is there anywhere in this potential future that he could carve out space for the man? He can’t see it, can’t see how to make that work, like he has puzzle pieces from all different boxes and he can’t force them all to fit together.

He pulls up to the house and sees the lights on inside. There’s a warm pink glow to the sky and the neighborhood is quiet when he walks up the back steps.

“Oh come on, you’ve never seen the original Star Wars ?” Sam scoffs.

“You mean with that annoying big eared dude?” Amy questions, then both teens turn to him as he walks in.

“Hey, we do not utter the word Jar Jar in this house,” Dean points a finger at her.

“I think we should at least try and watch A New Hope tonight.” Sam shakes his head looking appalled.

“As long as there’s popcorn I'm good to go,” Amy adds.

Dean pulls out the pots and pans he needs to cook spaghetti and meatballs while Amy and Sam sit hunched at the kitchen table finishing homework. He thinks that he would almost like to stay and watch the movie with them but not even Star Wars can tempt him away from Cas at this point.

He just salts the boiling water when there is a loud banging on the front door. His eyes meet Sam’s for a moment and they both share the same suspicion...Dad. He moves to the front of the house and
peers out the window but can’t see who is standing on the front porch. The door bangs a few more times. Taking a deep breath, he pulls the door open and is surprised to see a surly looking woman glaring up at him.

“Where is my daughter?” she yells and Dean can smell the alcohol on her, stronger than any perfume. Her eyes dart past him and land on a spot behind him.

“Mom? What are you doing here?” Amy, in a shaky voice, calls from the living room.

“Get your ass out here right this minute,” the woman practically spits. Dean blocks the doorway instinctively, sparing a quick glance back to see Amy clinging to Sam’s side looking downright terrified.

“Alright ma’am, why don’t we just talk about this for a minute?” he tries to remain diplomatic.

“Who the hell are you to talk to me? That is my daughter and I am taking her home now!” the woman growls at Dean and shoves at his chest.

“Hey, calm the hell down, alright?” Dean won’t budge from his spot and resists the urge to shove back.

“Mom, just go, alright? Leave me alone.”

“Ungrateful brat, that’s what you are! Is this how you treat me after all I’ve done for you?” She shoves at Dean’s chest again hard enough to leave bruises, but he may as well be a statue. This woman is piss drunk and aggressive as hell and he’s not letting her anywhere near Amy or Sam.

“Tom!” she screeches and that’s when Dean sees a guy standing a few feet behind her. He’s skinny and tall, his face cracked and lips chapped, aged by drugs and the streets, likely. He thinks he could take the guy but he also sees the knife clip on the jean pocket. This could get ugly really fast and while he knows he can handle himself, he won’t take the chance with his brother.

“Go home, sober up. Amy is staying here where she’s safe,” he retorts and slams the door shut, quickly pressing against it and sliding the deadbolt. Amy’s mom and her sketchy friend begin banging on the door, yelling and hollering. What a fucking mess. He makes a decision then, one Sam might hate him for, but he grabs his phone and dials 911.

“Hello what’s your emergency?”

He licks his lips, looking at the perplexed expression on Sam’s face. “Yeah, uh, I need some officers sent over to my house. There’s a woman here, Ms. Pond and her friend, they are trying to break into the house and one of them has a knife.”

“Dean!” Sam hisses at him. “You can’t call the cops! They’ll take Amy away.”

He covers the receiver with his hand taking a steadying breath that is all the harder with the banging and death threats coming through the door. “This isn’t up for debate Sam, Amy is not safe like this and neither are we.” He brings the phone back up and hears the dispatcher say she is sending a unit.

“Look, Amy Pond is here, she’s the daughter of the woman banging down my door. I’m concerned for her safety.”

He glances at Amy now, tears in her eyes, and his heart aches for the kid. He knows what it’s like to have a parent who forgets you, abandons you, a parent who when they do notice you, it terrifies you. He looks between the two and he gets it now, maybe more than before, why Sam and Amy get each other so well.
“Amy I want you to listen to me, alright?” He waits till her eyes clear and she seems to steel herself, pulling on some kind of armor as she stands a little taller. “No matter what happens, I have your back, alright? I’m going to go down and sign up as a foster parent for you, okay? We can do this official if that’s what you want.”

“Dean—” Sam starts to interrupt but Dean holds up a finger to silence him.

“Amy, if you want to get emancipated from her, or you want me to be your guardian like I am for Sam, I will help you do whatever it takes to get you safe, okay?”

Amy looks at him then, brushing her blonde hair behind her ear. “You’d do that for me?”

“Yeah, I would. It won’t be easy though and they may take you to a group home for a bit or a different foster till I can get it all squared away, but I won’t forget about you.”

“Okay, that—that sounds good.” She gives him a weak smile then and there’s the crashing sound of glass breaking as a foot comes through the front window. “Get upstairs and lock the door now!”

Dean yells at them. Both of them hesitate like deer in headlight. “Now! Go!” he yells again and they both run up the stairs. He curses the old ass windows that he hasn’t replaced on the first floor as sketchy dude Tom tries to climb through over the broken glass.

Dean bolts to the bookshelf and grabs the baseball bat stashed there, hiking it up over his shoulder and advancing on the guy. He waves it over his shoulder like he’s looking for a curve ball and growls at the guy, “Last warning to get the hell out of here!”

The guy just sneers at him, but Dean can hear sirens now in the background. The man freezes, Dean’s heart racing as he sees the dude hesitate like deer in headlight. “Now! Go!” he yells again and they both run up the stairs. He curses the old ass windows that he hasn’t replaced on the first floor as sketchy dude Tom tries to climb through over the broken glass.

The officers are banging on the door now and he hopes they got Amy’s mom under control. He jumps past the guy on the floor and opens the front door, holding out his hands and laying the bat down carefully before the officer walks into the house.

“Jody?” he recognizes the cop immediately and breathes a sigh of relief. “Fuck, I’m glad to see you.”

Jody had put John in the dunk tank more than once and she always let Dean know when he was sober enough to pick up in the morning.

“Dean, this the perp?” she nods at him to back up and she begins to cuff the guy and he moves to sit at the foot of the stairs. “You alright? Are you hurt?”

“No I’m good, just uh—little shaken. Sammy!” he calls and looks down at his hands to see they’re shaking a little.

The next few hours feel like they go by in a blur. The food burns on the stove top and Sam has enough forethought to turn it off. They spend time down at the station giving their statements and waiting with Amy before child protective services comes to take her for the night. Sam and Amy have a tearful goodbye and he gives her a firm squeeze on the shoulder as she goes. The brothers ride home in silence and he feels the words that are going unsaid between them hanging thick in the air.

As he trudges inside he pulls out his phone and sees several texts from Castiel.

**Cas (7:55):** Have you already eaten tonight?
Cas (8:16): Is everything alright?

Cas (8:34): I’m starting to worry, hope you’re okay

Cas (9:03): Your phone is going straight to voicemail

Fuck. He sends a quick text back that he has to cancel for the night and he will explain in the morning before tucking his phone in his pocket and examining the broken window.

“I’ll get some plywood from out back,” Sam mumbles and disappears through the kitchen. Dean grabs the tool box and Sam holds up the wood he found while Dean nails it into place. The adrenaline rush of it all is sapped from him now and he feels like he could sleep for the next year. They move like a well-oiled machine, Sam cleaning up the kitchen and Dean sweeping up the broken glass. He keeps an eye on him, waiting for the shoe to drop.

“She’ll be back,” Sam says half under his breath. Sam is standing at the foot of the steps, head bowed. “We’ll get her back, right Dean?” He looks at his brother then, all floppy hair and still just like the little kid he used to read bedtime stories to.

“Yeah Sammy, I promise she’ll be back.” He tries for a smile and suddenly his arms are full of his gangly brother. He can’t hear Sam cry but he feels the dampness on his shoulder as he rubs soothing circles into his back. They stand there like that for a long time, Dean carrying his brothers weight, wishing for all the world he could take the pain and fear away. It seems like no matter how hard he tries he can’t protect Sam from the world.

When they pull apart neither says a word. Sam just gives him an embarrassed, watery smile before trudging up to bed. Dean collapses down on the couch in the stillness of the house as tears come to his own eyes and for just a minute he wishes that there were strong arms to hold him, maybe just this once. He chokes them down and buries them deep as he lays down right where he is and falls fast asleep.

Chapter End Notes

PS: I am starting to organize my next fic and it will involve, A/B/O, tattoos, a record store, motorcycles, cello’s and guitars, and a whole bunch of romantic love, with a dash of angst... so stay tuned if any of that sounds appealing.
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Hello Friends!
So we are almost at the end and things are moving fast! Buckle up for this one and remember how much you like me (grins nervously). Thank you to my editors/beta’s for all the love and support.
Love
CB

Dean signs his last form, rubbing his eyes and stifling a yawn. He checks his watch and can’t believe he’s already been here two hours.

“Well, Dean, all this looks in order. We already did a home check six months ago but we will need to do another. Normally it would take about six months to get you set up as a foster parent, but seeing as you’re already in the system as foster parent to your brother and then official guardian, I think I can expedite this for you.” Missouri gives him a warm, knowing smile.

“How long, though? I don’t want her stuck in the system.” Dean doesn’t mean to sound as frustrated or grouchy as he did, he just really needs a damn win right now.

“Now, don’t go getting all sassy with me. I know you’re worried about her but she is safe, and it won’t be forever,” Missouri scolds him, but there isn’t any heat behind it. “Now, why don’t you go on and get out of here I’ll call you to schedule the visit, alright? One step at a time.”

“Yeah okay, thanks Ms. Moseley. I appreciate it.”

“Come now, Dean, it’s Missouri, after all these years.” She reaches across the desk to give his arm a little squeeze.

“I’m gonna get home, finish cleaning up. Just call as soon as you hear, okay?” Dean gets up gathering his things, and says his goodbyes before driving home.

On the way, his phone starts ringing and nearly makes him jump a mile, before he sees it’s Cas calling him. Fuck, he wasn’t at work this morning and never called Cas back. He must be freaking out. He quickly answers the phone.

“I’m so sorry, Cas.” He hopes he sounds sincere.

“Are you alright?” Castiel whispers into the phone.

“Been better, but I’ll live.” He sighs. “I don’t even know where to start.”

“The beginning usually works for me,” Castiel replies, making Dean chuckle.

“Yeah, I guess you’re right.” He starts in on the story, giving Castiel the shortest version possible about Amy’s situation and the events from the night before. “So I finished filing the paperwork this morning. I just hope Missouri can get it done quick. Sam will have a permanent bitch face if I don’t get her out of foster care.” He’s back home and surveying the damage to the house.
“I don’t believe you are just doing this to keep Sam happy,” Castiel adds after listening so patiently.

“Well, why else would I?”

“Because you care about her. You’re a caregiver at heart and you feel responsible for her.” There’s no question to the statement and Dean can hardly refute it the more he thinks about it.

“Yeah, well, kids shouldn’t just be shoved aside. She deserves a stable place to live.”

Immediately the thought, like I never had, flashes across his mind. It doesn’t take psychoanalysis for Dean to figure out why he wants to help this kid. “She’s smart, Cas, gonna give Sam a run for his money at valedictorian next year. She deserves more than I can give her. Hell, Sam deserves more than I can give him but it’s better than the alternative, you know?”

“You, Dean Winchester, are more than enough for both of them. Everyone should be so lucky to be loved and fought for by someone like you. I just—” Castiel’s voice halts, choking back words and silence fills the line. “When can I see you?” his voice is more level now.

“Um, well, I took the lunch and dinner shift at the Roadhouse tonight since I couldn’t work the cart this morning. So unless you come by for a drink I’m not free till tomorrow.”

“A drink sounds lovely. I will see you tonight, then,” Castiel replies and Dean stands frozen a minute, feeling his heart hammer in his chest. “Please call me if you need me at all, Dean. You don’t need to do everything alone, I can help.”

He huffs a laugh. “Yeah, but not for much longer.” The silence to that comment is deafening. “Sorry, yeah I’ll let you know but don’t worry ‘bout me, okay? I’ve taken care of myself for a long time. See you tonight?”

“Yes, I’ll see you tonight.” Castiel’s voice sounds melancholy now. Which is beyond unfair, since he is the one leaving, not Dean.

“Bye.” He clicks the phone, unsure of what he just agreed to. Benny, Jo and Ellen are likely working tonight—he should have warned Castiel what he was walking into.

He spends a few hours cleaning the house, making note of things he should do before a home visit—like a grocery run. He is going to have to custom order a window so the plywood will stay for now. It’s as good as it will get when he heads off to work.

He keeps his mind blank as he waits tables and helps Ellen unload a beer shipment in the afternoon. His muscles are practically shaking when he finally stacks the last box and slides down the wall to sit a minute and catch his breath. He hasn’t said anything to her about Castiel coming and he thinks he should, but all that will do is earn him hours of teasing and possible interrogation. His nerves build as he works behind the bar with Jo, and it turns into a busy night. Benny is in the kitchen and Ellen is waiting tables.

“Whiskey on the rocks?” He glances up to see Castiel smiling at him over the bar. There is the telltale thump of his heart in his chest at the sight of him. He just stares a minute, frozen, taking in his five o’clock shadow and the crinkle at the corner of his eyes. He doesn’t think it’s fair how he continues to get somehow more handsome every time he sees him.

“What kind of whiskey?” he manages to ask, grabbing a glass and rinsing it.

“Whatever you recommend is fine by me,” Castiel replies easily.
Dean grabs the Tin Cup whiskey and pours it for him before sliding it over. Castiel takes the glass and he shivers at the feel of fingers grazing over his knuckles. He briefly considers climbing over the bar and crawling into the man’s arms before he dismisses it as ludicrous. The impulse is still there, though.

“You planning on serving anyone else tonight?” Jo elbows his side, squinting up at him as he uncaps two beers.

“Don’t be such a smart ass or I won’t introduce you,” he rolls his eyes.

“Introduce me? Is this him?” Her face brightens as a smile stretches across her face.

“Cas this is Jo, Jo this is Cas.” He waves a hand between them.

“It’s nice to meet you,” she smiles, shaking Castiel’s hand. “So this is the mystery man, huh? He’s pretty hot, Dean.” She winks at him and he sees a small blush on Castiel’s cheeks.

“Yeah, well, he’s taken, so keep your mitts off him,” Dean replies and then feels a bit sheepish. Cas isn’t really his and isn’t really taken.

“Sorry to say, but it’s true, I’m all his.” His answer is so earnest and easy Dean almost believes it.

“Duly noted,” she smirks, sliding off toward the kitchen, no doubt going to alert Benny and Ellen.

“Remember you chose to come here, I cannot be held responsible for any future questioning.” He wags a finger at Cas, who only smiles back at him. He shakes his head and moves to serve the few people waiting. He is busy serving drinks when he catches sight of both Ellen and Benny talking to Castiel. He makes eyes contact and Cas smiles and nods that he is okay, so Dean goes back to work.

It’s nearly a half hour before he finds his way back to Cas.

“I’m taking a break,” he calls to Jo and signals Cas to follow him. He heads outside into the cool night air. A flurry is just starting up—probably one of the last ones of the season.

“Dean?” Castiel’s rough voice calls to him and he turns, throwing his arms around the man. He buries his face in Castiel’s neck and breathes him in. “You’ve had a hard few days, haven’t you?”

“Understatement,” he grumbles, not letting Cas go yet.

“I’m sorry, for what it’s worth,” Castiel adds and Dean feels his heart ache. Why did he have to let this guy under his skin? He should have kept him at arm’s length, protected himself better. For the life of him he has no idea how he is supposed to let him go. Letting people go is something Dean has never succeeded at.

“Thanks for coming tonight. Sorry I couldn’t see you more.”

“I had a lovely night. Your friends care a great deal about you,” Castiel pulls back a little, carding his fingers through Dean’s hair.

“Yeah, overprotective bunch, but they’re good people.” He shrugs, knowing how lucky he is to have all of them. Castiel eyes him a moment, the snow melting on his hair and shoulders the second it lands. He pushes Dean back against the wall, capturing his mouth in a kiss. Firm hands grip his hips pushing him flat against the wall as Castiel claims his lips. It’s warm and heady and Castiel tastes like whiskey and his body wants more, so much more. He tries to grind his hips up but Castiel holds him firm and it only furthers his arousal.
He isn’t sure how long they are out there, making out against the Roadhouse wall, but a cough catches his attention and he blinks up to see Benny looking embarrassed by the door. “Break’s up, brother.” He quickly smiles and ducks back into the bar.

“Fuck. I better get back in there. Tomorrow night?” he asks hopefully.

“Tomorrow night.” Castiel kisses him one last time before heading out to his car. Dean watches him go till his tail lights disappear down the street. He waits a beat till his erection goes back down before heading back into the bar. Last thing he needs is to give his family any more ammunition to tease him.

***********

“Everything looks good here, Dean,” Missouri smiles at him and he can practically feel Sam bouncing from foot to foot behind him.

“Always is. We run a tight ship.” He nods, feeling proud. Sam had helped make the house spotless and cleaned up Amy’s room. They met all the guidelines and luckily Dean already had his full background check and references on file from when he’d taken full responsibility of Sam.

“Well boys, I can’t make any promises yet, but I talked with a few people and we may be able to get Amy back here as early as next week.”

Dean’s mouth hung open. “That fast?”

“Yes, well, I have a soft spot for you Winchester boys and she must be something special to get you both so riled up. I think it’s all going to work out. Dean, of course you will have to keep in touch with the prosecutor on her mother’s case, since we may need Amy to testify, so just keep that in mind.”

“Whatever she needs we got her back. Right, Sammy?”

“Hell yes,” Sam answers fervently.

“Allright. Well, you two be good, and keep your noses clean.” She heads out and Dean sighs with relief as he shuts the door behind her.

“Man, that’s good news, huh?”

Sam is beaming at him. “Yeah it is. Thanks again for doing all this. It really means a lot to me, Dean.”

“I know it does,” he pats his brother on the shoulder. “So I was thinking I would go to Castiel’s tonight, but you wanna help me cook an early dinner? Maybe we can make enough for leftovers you can give to Amy.”

“Yeah, that’s a great idea. She said the food at the group home was really bland.”

“Chilli it is!” Dean smiles and follows his brother to the kitchen.

He is just pulling out the vegetables to chop when he hears the front door open and close. He freezes, scared that he forgot to lock it after Missouri left. He looks and locks eyes with his dad standing in the living room. “Sam, I want you to call Bobby, okay? Tell him to get over here.” He’s quiet and calm. Proud actually of how level he is, considering the look in John’s eyes.
“Dad, how much you had to drink?” He approaches slowly, keeping his eyes locked on the man.

“’Nuff,” he grunts then looks back up at Dean. “Am I so terrible, Dean?” His voice cracks a little at the end and his eyes are watery.

“Not when you’re sober,” he replies tiredly.

“Dean I, I need your help,” he gasps and sways a little on his feet. Dean’s heart cracks at the pain in his voice.

“Dad, what do you need?”

“Mary… I need my wife,” John crumples then, collapsing onto his knees. Dean goes to him, unsure of what to say or what to do. This is a different John than he has seen before. “Want her back so bad,” John whines, and Dean crouches down and puts a hand on his dad’s shoulder.

“She’s not coming back, Dad, sh-she’s gone,” he chokes out, thinking of his mother.

John is outright crying now, and Dean turns to see Sam standing in the kitchen doorway, looking scared and concerned all at once. “Shoulda been me, never should have left her in there,” he clutches at Dean’s shoulders, then pulls him into a crushing hug. Dean flinches a little, unable to stop the involuntary reaction. John doesn’t notice as he continues to babble into his shoulder.

“Dean?” Sam whispers coming up behind him.

Dean just shakes his head at Sam, at a complete loss as to how to handle this. “Dad, you gotta stop blaming yourself. It was a lifetime ago.”

“Miss her so much, more than anything.” Dean can’t help but think, more than your sons? But he already felt like he knew this.

“Can’t keep doing this, Dad. It has to stop, please, I’m begging you, alright?” He doesn’t know what else to do.

“Don’t know how,” John mutters still clutching at him.

“Will you go to rehab? I will bring you myself.”

“Too expensive. Should let me go, Dean.”

“Stop being so stubborn, Dad. He’s trying to help you.” Sam crosses his arms, staring down at them.

“M’not stubborn,” John grunts, pulling back from Dean and staggering to his feet. “Your brother is too dumb to know a lost cause when he sees one.”

“You’re not a lost cause, and you know it!” Dean shouts back, jumping to his feet. “If you thought that you wouldn’t have come here.” He spins in a circle, frustration and emotion threatening to burst out of him. “Sack up and get sober! Be the man she’d want you to be, the man I know you can be.”

John looks at him then and just stares, the pain in his eyes all but crushing Dean. For all his dad’s faults, his mistakes and neglect, he can’t hate him, he can’t even stop loving him. He never could give up on him, even after all this time. There’s almost no price he wouldn’t pay to get his dad back, to pull him out of the bottle, but he learned a long time ago he would never be able to do that if John didn’t want to.

“I don’t know if I can,” John whispers then.
“Well I do. I know you can do it, Dad, you just have to try. You just have to let me help you.” He watches Johns still form, and he almost misses it but the man nods. Dean hears the back door open and close, Bobby’s tell tale boots coming into the room.

“What’s going on here, Dean?” Bobby’s voice is level and just the steadying presence Dean needs.

“Dad is going to rehab. Right Dad?” he looks up and locks eyes with his old man. John’s face seems to break a little, almost imperceptible but he gives a firm nod of consent and he knows its the best he is going to get. “Would you mind driving with us across town?” He will never admit not wanting to alone with John when he’s this drunk. Luckily Bobby doesn’t ask questions.

“’Bout time. Let’s hit the road.”

“Sam, why don’t you finish that chilli. I’ll be back before you’re done, okay?” He looks over at Sam who only nods.

“Come on, Dad.” Dean walks up to him and puts a hand on his shoulder, guiding him outside. They climb into Bobby’s charger and drive to the closest rehab clinic across town. Missouri had given him the name a long time ago when he asked her for recommendations. He never thought he would get John to go and he still expected him to bolt when they got there. John sits silently in the back the whole ride and manages to get out of the car on his own, walking himself in to the clinic.

It takes a while, and a lot of paperwork. They only just lucked out they had a spot open. Bobby puts down a credit card against Dean’s protests but he won’t hear anything more about it. They will have to see about a payment plan or something going forward but he knows he can find a way, he always does.

Bobby gives John a once over, “Don’t fuck this up, Winchester.”

“Bobby,” Dean hisses at him. “Give us a minute, okay?”

Bobby reluctantly heads out to his car.

“I don’t know about this,” John says gruffly.

“Trust me, okay? We’re Winchesters, right? We don’t run from a fight and we don’t give up. So you’re gonna go in there and you’re gonna get yourself sober.” Dean puts as much confidence as he can behind the statement. He knows in his gut that this is it, that if his dad can’t do this he is as good as dead. It’s life or death at this point. “I’ll visit, okay?”

John nods and Dean turns to go. “Dean,” he looks back, “I’m sorry, for all of it. I promise I’ll try.” He smiles at his dad before ducking out the door.

Bobby tries to get Dean to talk but he just doesn’t have the words in him. He feels numbness seeping through him as he climbs the steps, smelling the chilli before he reaches the kitchen. Sam asks him what happened and how it went but he just can’t. He gives him a few brief grunts before going to take a shower.

He feels the itch under his skin, and he needs a scene, he needs to feel something. He wasn’t supposed to go over so early but he doesn’t think Cas will mind. He leaves Sam to dinner and tells him to save him some before he bolts out the door. Leg bouncing the whole drive over he can’t seem to stop fidgeting. Cas isn’t home so he waits outside the door, pacing to the hallway window and peering out before pacing back toward the elevator. He starts to think he is going to wear a path into the carpet at this rate.
“Dean?” Castiel’s voice greets him as he sees the familiar trenchcoated form step out of the elevator.

“Hey, you’re home,” he sighs at seeing the man.

“I am. Have you eaten dinner?” Dean just shakes his head. “Okay, come on in, I can figure something out.” He doesn’t want food, he wants to feel something. He rubs his fingers over his cuffs he already has on, following Castiel into his house like a damn puppy dog. He watches Castiel set down his stuff and he quickly hangs his own coat up.

“Can we...can we scene?” he asks in a rush. Castiel turns to face him, seeming to take in his demeanor. He is trying so hard to be open with Cas, tell him what he needs, even if it feels so hard to do. “I need you, I need to hurt, Cas, can you help me?”

“Dean, what happened today?”

“I don’t wanna talk about it. God, everyone wants to talk about shit, I just need to not think about it for a little, okay? I just need you to help me feel something.” He pulls at his hair, relishing the tiny spark of pain it elicits, nowhere near what he craves though.

“Thank you for sharing that with me, Dean.” Castiel’s voice is warm and soothing as he steps into his space. “I am concerned you aren’t in the right state of mind for a scene right now.”

His chest feels like its caving in, he doesn’t know why he feels like he is spiraling but he is. “Sir, please, just I need it okay, I’ll beg if I have to, but just do something.” He clutches his hands into Castiel’s shirt, eyes pleading with him.

“Dean, I am always here to take care of you, I can give you what you need right now but it is not a scene,” his voice is level, so level and so calm. Fuck him and his calm.

“Always be here, huh? Yeah, until you’re not, until you go back to Boston.” It hurts, and god, it hurts in all the wrong ways. This wasn’t the pain he wanted. “You know what, fine. You’ve done what you set out to do, showed me the ropes, taught me what you knew.”

“Dean, I don’t want to go,” Castiel pleads with him. The man looks hurt and stricken and...did he do that?

“So what, you gonna stay, then? ‘Cause last I checked you had a plane ticket.” He watches Castiel’s face.

“I do, but that doesn’t mean I don’t want to stay here, to stay with you.” Castiel hovers near him, just an arm’s length away like he’s scared to spook him.

“I can’t do this for another week, Cas. I can’t stay here every second feeling more and more, knowing you’re leaving.” He reaches down and starts to unbuckle his cuffs.

“Don’t do this, Dean. Stay, let me take care of you. You’re obviously distraught.”

He can’t look up at those sympathetic storm blue eyes. He can’t do it.

He tosses the cuffs down at their feet with a resounding, painful thump. “We knew it would come to this, so I’m ending it now. I just can’t take this, Cas, it hurts too much. It’s—it’s over.” He forces himself to step toward the door, his body practically shaking now.

“Please stay, let’s talk about this,” Castiel pleads.
He wants to, god he wants to collapse into this man’s arms, but he can’t do it. Every second he spends with the man, the more in love he falls and the more it will hurt when he goes. This is a band aid he has waited too long to rip off.

“Bye, Cas.” He turns on his heels and bolts out the door. He doesn’t bother with the elevator, flying down the stairs and it’s a damn miracle he doesn’t trip and fall on his face. He runs hard to his car, like he’s being chased. He isn’t sure if he is or not, and doesn’t know if he thinks that’s good or bad. He gets behind the wheel of his baby and drives. He circles the city, not really sure where he is going till suddenly he pulls up in front of a familiar sign, *The Trickster’s Den*.

He looks at it for a long time, debating. The pain in his chest feels like it will suffocate him. He doesn’t want a fuck, he doesn’t want someone to hold him or care about him or make the pain go away. Those are things he only wants from one person, and that person is leaving him. No, what he needs is pain, he just needs to feel something other than the lonely ache in his chest. He figures he’s a hell of a lot safer in there, where he has a safeword, than picking a random fight with some jackass in a bar. Pushing all thoughts of Cas from his mind he steps out into the night.
“Well, look who we have here. Back for more?” Patrick grins at Dean, and he rolls his eyes.

“Green please.” He hands over the cover charge and ignores Patrick’s surprised expression.

“Trouble in paradise there, love?” He pulls up Dean’s sleeve and fastens on the green bracelet.

“Nope, just looking to blow off some steam,” he answers.

“You’ve come to the right place for that. Have fun, handsome.”

Dean heads inside and goes straight to the bar. He thrums his fingers on the counter top until he sees Gabriel sauntering over. “Hey there, kiddo, what brings you out tonight?”

“I want a whiskey, straight, and I just want one, that’s it, okay?” He doesn’t want to be drunk right now, he is numb enough, he just wants to take some of the edge off. Plus if he wants to scene he needs to be a little clear headed. He will not let this break him, he won’t risk getting in trouble with so many people depending on him, and the last thing he wants to do is lose himself in a bottle, seeing first hand how well that worked out for John Winchester.

“Having a bad night?” Gabriel’s voice is a bit softer and more sincere now as he pours the drink, scooting it over to him. “You and Cassie get in a fight?”

“Cassie?” he barks a laugh. “Uh no, were fine. Peachy fucking keen.”

Gabriel raises a brow at him and opens his mouth to say something when Kali comes up to tap on his shoulder. “We need you in room eight, one of the customers is asking for you.” Dean sips his whiskey, enjoying the burn and tries to ignore Gabriel sizing him up.

“I’ll be right back, Deano.” He hurries off and Dean savors his drink a moment.

“Well now, is that a green bracelet I see?” Dean turns to see Alistair sliding onto the stool next to
him. The man gives him a soft smile that seems out of place on his face. “Is everything alright?” It almost sounds sincere.

“Been better,” he grunts and Alistair just nods with a sympathetic look.

“You want to talk about it? Or are you looking for something else?” Alistair asks, coolly leaning against the bar.

“You offering?” he asks, sizing the guy up.

“To Dom you? Yes, sweetheart, anytime you want,” he purrs.

Dean swigs the rest of his drink. “No sex, you're not fucking me and I’m not fucking you. I just want some impact play, I need… I need to hurt without getting hurt. That work for you?”

The man eyes him a moment. “I can work with that. Uriel has a room open.”

Dean flicks his eyes over to where a large man stands beside one of the private rooms. He nods and follows Alistair over. Dean looks up at the hulking man and only gets a look of boredom in return. “Safewords?”

“Uh, red for stop, yellow for slow down, and green for good,” he replies now like it's second nature. He gets a brief nod and feels Alistair’s hand on the back of his neck, guiding him into the room. He shivers at the cold touch and his heart is racing now. His empty stomach rolls the alcohol around like acid.

He glances at Uriel standing by the door, arms crossed and staring at the far wall. He takes in the room, a cubby area with towels, water bottles and blankets. On the far wall, a rack covered in all kinds of toys and implements, floggers, crops, paddles, and whips. He’s only tried a tenth of the ones there. He shivers, imagining how they all might feel. Lastly he sees the centerpiece of the room, a large five pointed star. It's made of heavy wood and firmly bolted to the floor with cuffs at four of the points.

“Alright handsome, strip for me and get into position facing the star, arms and legs out.” Alistair’s voice, while soft and calming, still doesn’t sit right with him. The man still can’t seem to hide that undertone of violence. He came for pain though, and he tells himself to buck the hell up and get on with it. He strips off his shirts, shoes and socks but keeps on his jeans.


Alistair’s movements are fast and he latches a hand on the back of Dean’s neck bending him painfully in half. “You will address me as Master if you want to continue playing, pet. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master,” he grits out, the word feeling bitter on his tongue when directed at this man.

“Good. Now pet, I accept your terms. Get into position.” Alistair shoves him toward the star and he goes slowly, spreading his feet out wide and arms up and out above his head. He panic a little at the feel of the cuffs locking around his ankles and wrists. Goosebumps raise on his skin as he shivers at the cold air on his bare torso.

It's okay, you're fine, you have a safeword, you're not alone. He takes a few steadying breaths, trying to let his nerves settle. Alistair drags a hand down his arm and slowly across his shoulder blade, resting it in the center of his back. “I’ve waited a long time to have you, pet. You’ve been very naughty making me wait like you have. Very bad pet you are. I think it’s time I punish you like you
deserve,” the man hisses in his ear. He cringes at the snide, derisive tone. All hints of sympathy and caring are out the window.

He closes his eyes to steady himself and doesn’t open them till he hears things shifting on the wall of toys behind him. He can’t twist to see them and he gets next to no warning before the bite of a whip slashes down across his back. He cries out at the sharp, bright pain of it. Instinctively pulling on the restraints, he gasps for a breath as another blow falls.

Alistair begins whipping in a steady rhythm back and forth, laying a lattice work across his skin. He keens and whines at the lashing, burning pain as his skin feels like it’s set on fire. There’s a litany of cruel words spilling out of Alistair’s mouth, how bad he is, how pathetic. The words feel like they are burning into his skin with each hit. Even when the whip hits over his ass and legs it still hurts, the jeans giving little relief.

He pants hard, feeling tears prick his eyes, and he has an overwhelming need for Cas. He needs his strong hands and safe embrace. He needs his soothing, rough voice and gentle touches. It’s a struggle but he manages to grunt out the word, “Red! Red!”

He sags in the restraints when the whip stops. Gasping in air, he feels suffocated, he wants out of the restraints and he wants out now. “Untie me.” His voice sounds foreign to his own ears.

“Did you hear something, Uriel?” Alistair’s voice has a mocking tone.

“Nope, I didn’t hear anything,” the dungeon master chuckles. He turns his head to stare wide eyed at the man who only smiles back. “I don’t think this creature has learned its lesson yet, Al.”

He’s panicking now, heart threatening to leap out of his chest at any moment. He’s never felt like this, never felt this helpless, not since he was a kid. He chokes back the urge to vomit as he pulls on his bonds, trying to wiggle his wrist free. “Now we can really have some fun,” Alistair laughs. As the whip lashes across his back with even more force than before he cries out behind the gag and secretly prays that storm blue eyes will come and save him while there’s still something left to save.

************

Castiel paces his living room, phone in hand. He’s called Dean more times than he can count since he stormed out and all of them have gone straight to voicemail. He should have stopped him, should have blocked him from leaving till he cooled down. He’s never felt so lost, so useless. He dials the only person he thinks will understand and sighs in relief when the soft voice answers.

“Hello Castiel, it’s been too long,” Cain’s voice is soothing and firm as always.

“Cain, I need your advice. I think I’ve made a mess of things and I don’t know what to do.” He knows how worked up he sounds but damn it, he can’t be in control all the time.

“Tell me what happened. Is this about the sub you took on in Kansas?”

“Yes, he stormed out on me. I think he’s hurt that I’m leaving and he must feel like I am abandoning
him or something. He came here all worked up and upset, looking for an impact scene but I could tell he was too distraught for it and when I refused to scene he just, he just…” Castiel pauses to catch his breath a moment. “He left. Said he was done and he would go find someone else. I don’t know what to do, he won’t answer his phone and I’m scared he’s going to get hurt.”

“Easy there, Castiel, take a few slow breaths with me.” Cain’s voice is steady and he listens to the breathing on the other line trying to match his own to it. “That sounds to me like a rather intense reaction to losing a play partner. Could it be that he has feelings for you?”

“I mean, I don’t know, he hasn’t really said so, but… he would have said something by now wouldn’t he?”

“I don’t know this Dean, but I do know you. I know that you care deeply and passionately about the people you play with, but that I have never heard you so emotional about a sub before. Do you love this man, Castiel?”

He hesitates. He’s been avoiding that truth for weeks now. The unavoidable truth that he does love Dean, in an all-consuming, life-ending kind of way. “You don’t have to say anything. I am not the first person who should hear you say that. I think that this man likely feels the same way about you, that you feel about him. Find out if he does feel the same.”

“And what do I do then? I’m still supposed to move home, Jimmy needs me, Claire, and there’s no more work for me here in Lawrence.”

Cain sighs into the phone now. “If he loves you, Cas, then you move heaven and earth to be with him. It’s as simple as you want it to be. Now get your head out of your ass, calm the hell down because something tells me he is going to need you when you find him.”

“Thank you, Cain, I just, I want him to be okay. I never meant to hurt him, not ever.” Castiel feels the ache in his chest.

“I know. Call me if you need me, anytime.” He hangs up the phone and jumps a little when it immediately rings in his hand.

“Gabriel, now is really not the time.” He frowns, not having energy for any of Gabriel’s nonsense right now.

“You better make the time, bucko, cause your handsome green-eyed sub just strolled into my club.”

“Dean is there?” How could he not have predicted this?

“Yes, well he was, I served him a drink and he looked a little worse for wear. Green bracelet and all so I figured you two had a falling out.”

Castiel feels flooded with relief that he knows where Dean is now. “Wait a moment, was? Past tense?”

“Well I had to go see about a client in another room and when I came back he was gone,” Gabriel sounds a little concerned now.

“Did he leave the club?” he asks as he throws on his coat and grabs his keys.

“I dunno just… Patrick! Hey, did Green-Eyes leave yet?... No? … thanks! It sounds like he is still here, maybe in one of the private rooms.”
“Get him out of there, Gabriel!” he all but shouts, bolting for the door now.

“Hey now, Dean is a fully consenting adult, if he chose to scene with someone I am not gonna go busting in there. We have dungeon masters in every private room, he should be just fine.”

“He is not fine, he isn’t in his right frame of mind, Gabe. Please just find him, just get eyes on him and make sure he is okay. I am coming down there.” He flies down the stairs, trench coat billowing behind him.

“Alright, calm down, I will go do a wellness check on all the rooms. For the record I am not letting you anywhere near Dean unless he consents to see you, understand? My club, my rules.” Gabe’s tone is deadly serious.

“Whatever, Gabe, just go!” he pants and hopes he’s not too late.

Dean has lost some track of time. It feels like an eternity but logically he thinks it hasn’t been that long. His legs shake and can’t hold him anymore, all his weight pulling on his bound wrists. He thinks absently that his hands feel numb and thinks Cas will be really mad if he sees. He always checks for tingling and circulation when he binds Dean. He wants his Dom, he wants Cas, he feels adrift in the pain and he’s desperate for an anchor now. He wanted to hurt and that’s exactly what he got, ten fold. Careful what you wish for, his mind helpfully supplies.

“What's going on in here? Where is his drop signal?” He can make out the familiar voice behind him and feels the lashes stop.


“Like hell, he’s gagged with no drop signal—he can’t safeword out. Step the hell back this instant. Billie, get in here and watch them.” Gabriel appears at his shoulder. Dean blinks a few times to try and clear his vision. He feels the buckle come undone behind his head and moans in relief as he pulls out the gag. “Dean, what color are you?”

He has to lick his lips a few times to get the words out, “Red.”

“Alright, just hang tight. Billie, help me with these,” he feels his wrists and ankles being undone and hands help lower him to the floor. “Did you check his hands? The circulation is cut off.” Gabriel is fussing in front of him now but he really just wants to be left alone.

“He didn’t indicate he was in distress,” Alistair replies coolly.

“Dean did you safeword?” Gabriel voice is quiet and he can’t help but shut his eyes. It’s really the terrible end to a terrible day.

“Yes, they didn’t listen,” he whispers back.

“That’s a lie, he did no such thing,” Alistair retorts.

“I didn’t hear a safeword,” Uriel adds in. Dean looks up at Gabriel and sees fury on his face. For someone so small, it’s absolutely terrifying.

“How dumb do you think I am?!” Gabriel stands up now, coming at Uriel and Alistair who are both looking completely unfazed. “Uriel, you’re fired. Collect your things immediately. And you!” He points a finger at Alistair’s chest. “I want you the hell out of my club. I’m blacklisting your ass, I will
not tolerate abuse in my club!”

“Dean?”

Dean looks up to see a stricken looking Castiel standing in the doorway with Patrick at his heels.

“I told him to wait, boss, but he just pushed past me.”

Dean can’t bear to meet Castiel’s eyes. In pain and humiliated, he just wants to crawl in a hole and never come out again. He does look up, however, when he hears a loud smack. The sound had come from Castiel’s knuckles connecting with Alistair’s face.

“How dare you!” Castiel bellows as he fists the man’s shirt and proceeds to break his nose with a heavy punch. Billie and Patrick leap into action to pull the two apart as Dean gapes at the scene in front of him. If his legs had any kind of strength left he’d get up and leave, but they aren’t obeying him at the moment.

“Break it up! Billie, get those two out of here this minute. Patrick, bring my idiot of cousin to my office.”

Billie shoves Uriel and Alistair through the door, growling and threatening the whole way out.

“Dean, are you alright? Get your hands off me!” Castiel growls but Dean can see Patrick has a firm grip his arm. It’s all too much for him, he can’t handle any of it. He buries his face in his hands and just waits for everyone to go away and leave him alone.

“Castiel, I will take care of Dean, he's in good hands. Go with Patrick right now. If Dean wants to see you once he settles, I will call for you.” Gabriel’s voice is strong and commanding without the prior heat to it. He can see how the man would be a good Dom.

“I’m here, Dean. I’m not going anywhere, alright?”

Dean doesn’t look up but he hears footsteps retreating. He wants to chase after him or call him back, but he feels frozen.

“Hey there, kiddo.” Gabriel wraps a blanket over his shoulders and he hisses at the contact on his welted skin. “Sorry ‘bout that, we can get something to make that feel better, okay? Can you drink some water for me?”

He nods and Gabriel holds up a water bottle for him. His hands are tingling and stinging as the sensation returns to them. He flexes them and tries to look at them but his vision is blurry. He brings his hands to his face again and feels dampness. When did he start crying? He’s a goddamn mess.

“You're gonna be okay, just take some breaths with me, in through the nose and out through the mouth.”

He listens, ‘cause he can’t seem to manage that on his own. They stay on the floor for what seems like a while until the tears finally stop to just a quiet, hiccuping sob. Gabriel just sits with him, helping him breathe. He can’t remember ever feeling so awful. “I know you're feeling really crappy right now, but I want you to listen to me real careful. You did nothing wrong here, Dean. What happened was not BDSM, that was abuse. I am so sorry you ended up in this position in a place you were supposed to be safe. For that I am so very sorry, kiddo. Now I know you're feeling rough, I am completely ready to take care of anything you need. But do you want me to have Castiel come and help you?”

He doesn’t know what to say to that. He wants Castiel because he always wants him, and part of him
is craving that comfort. But another darker side of him tells him he doesn’t deserve comfort and
doesn’t want Castiel to see him like this.

“It’s completely your call, Dean. I love my cousin but you are my priority right now. Whatever you
need, just say so.” Gabriel’s hand is firm around his forearm, a steadying grip.

“I need Cas,” he answers, and he does need him like he needs air.

“Alright, ask and you shall receive.” Gabriel pulls out his phone, and it’s only a few moments before
Castiel is bursting into the room wearing that same avenging angel look Dean loves so much.

“Oh, Dean.” Castiel moves to kneel in front of him as Gabriel slips from the room. Dean reaches out
to wrap his arms around Castiel’s neck and holds onto him with what strength he has left. Castiel
scoops him up blanket and all, carrying him from the room. He can hear some voices from the club
but they quickly duck into a different room, and Castiel lays him out on a bed, flat on his stomach.

“May I see your back?” Castiel asks softly and he nods, trying to hold in the hiss of pain as the
blanket is removed. “My poor good boy,” Castiel sighs. “There’s tiny bit of bleeding in a few spots
but nothing terrible, you won’t need any stitches and you won’t scar. It will hurt for a week or so but
you will heal. May I take off the rest so I can check you over?”

“Yeah, whatever,” Dean grumbles.

“Dean, I won’t if you’re not okay with it.”

“It’s fine, Cas, just do it.”

Castiel unbuckles his jeans and pulls them down. He winces but his ass and legs aren’t nearly as bad
as his back. Castiel opens some drawer but he doesn’t pay much attention. He closes his eyes and
lets himself succumb to the exhaustion.

“This will feel cold at first but should help the welts.” Cold gel makes him shiver as Castiel lightly
massages the aloe into his skin. It stings a little and then soothes the burning fire of his back. Castiel
moves slowly over every inch of him. He massages out the tension in his shoulders and down his
sore arms, even working some knots out of his hands. He lets himself have this, a kind of calm
before the storm. Lets the good feeling sink in because he knows it can’t last.

“You can say it,” Dean huffs out into the quiet room.

Castiel is sitting next to him now carding his fingers through his hair. “Say what, Dean?”

“I told you so.”

“Dean,” Castiel says, sounding almost sad.

“What, you can say it. I was dumb, I never should have trusted him.” He knew the guy seemed
shady, and he did it anyway.

“You are not dumb, you couldn’t have known what he’d do. It wasn’t your fault, Dean. I don’t
blame you and neither should you.” Castiel sounds like he means it, and he wants to believe it. “He,
on the other hand, is lucky I didn’t ring his neck.”

Dean chuckles. “Looked like you broke his nose.”

“Should have broken more on someone like that.”
“How’s your hand?” Dean shifts his head to look over at Castiel’s knuckles.

“It’s sore but I’ll live. I’d do it again in a heartbeat.”

“Who knew you were such a brawler, mister suit and tie,” Dean smiles a little.

“Oh yes, a real warrior,” Castiel adds. Silence fills the room a moment and he almost feels like he could fall asleep. “We should talk, Dean. I hate how we left things.”

“Yeah I mean, we should… talk, but uh—not tonight. I’m kinda at my limit here.” Well past many of his limits.

“Will you come home with me and we can talk in the morning?” Castiel asks, planting a kiss to his temple.

“That sounds good, let’s blow this popsicle stand.”

Castiel drives Dean’s car to his place, having apparently taken a Lyft to the club. He feels like his head is swimming and all but dives under the covers of Castiel’s bed, falling fast asleep before he feels Castiel slide in beside him.

***********

Castiel wakes, stretching out across the bed and finds an empty space next to him. Panic ratchets through him as he flys out of bed in nothing but his boxers calling out, “Dean!”

“Out here!” comes from the living room and he sighs in relief. Pulling on some sweats and tee shirt he goes in search of him.

Dean is sitting on a cushion over by the big wall of windows, knees pulled up to his chest and cup of coffee by his side, staring down at the street below. He moves to the chair closest to him and just sits and waits. True to form, Dean stays silent, staring out the window, and he knows he’s going to have to be the first to speak here.

“Dean, I haven’t been completely honest with you. I haven’t been very honest with myself. I am hoping that you will hear me out and then maybe take some time to think about what I tell you before deciding anything.”

Dean looks up at him then, his eyes look clear and his focus good. He’s happily surprised Dean isn’t in a worse drop—the aftercare the night before must have helped. “I’ll listen, Cas.”

He takes a deep breath before collecting his thoughts. “I care about you, Dean. I tried to keep my emotions out of this relationship, tried to just be the guide, the teacher you were looking for. I saw this relationship as something you needed from me and I liked being needed. I never expected to need you back, I never expected to fall for you. I didn’t think I stood a chance,” Castiel smiles a little. How inevitable loving this man seems now. “I think you’re funny, and smart, and kind, and selfless, and about the most gorgeous person I ever saw. I want more with you, I want to be a part of your life and I want you to be a part of mine. I want everything with you Dean, I want a future, ’cause….

‘Cause I love you.”

Dean looks up him then and the look of disbelief on his face makes Castiel's chest ache.

“But you're leaving.”

“I am, unless I have a reason to stay. I don’t know how I’d do it but there’s nothing I won’t do for
you, if you want the same things I do.”

“Cas, I...” Dean trails off, and Castiel can see it, the stress and panic setting in.

“You don’t need to answer now, okay? I don’t want you to. You’ve been through so much in such a short time I don’t want to create any more stress for you, I want to do the exact opposite. Just think on it, okay? My flight isn’t for another five days and all you have to do is say the word and I will stay with you. We can figure this all out together.” He thinks that the coming days are going to be torture waiting for Dean, but the man he loves deserves the time and he is going to give it to him.

“I’m not sure what to say,” Dean replies softly.

“That’s okay, like I said I don’t need anything from you today, alright? Did you take the day off work?”

Dean sighs at that, “I did, I texted Garth I was sick and he’s covering. I’m still really sore.”

“Want to spend the day with me here? I can play hooke and we can do whatever you want.”

“Yeah?”

“Yes.”

“You got a deal, Novak.” The small smile on Dean’s lips brightens his face and lightens the tightness in his chest. He’s going to do everything in his power to see that smile as often as he can.

Chapter End Notes

TRIGGER WARNING:
In this chapter Dean enters into a scene with Alistair, they have strictly defined limits and safe-words for impact play scene, with nothing sexual. Alistair ends up ignoring his safe-words and using a whip on Dean. He is hurt but will heal. It is split between two scenes in this chapter. If you need to skip in order to take care of yourselves all you need to know to continue the story is that Gabriel and Castiel step in to help Dean, Castiel confesses his love for Dean and gives him a chance to decide how he feels and see if he wants to move forward together or not. All love my friends <3
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

Hello My Friends!
Okay folks, this is it! second to last chapter. There is an epilogue coming where I promise some awesome follow up and probably some smut to finish them off (get it see what I did there? please excuse the bad joke lol). I know this is short but I hope you all like it. Thanks for being such wonderful commentors, kudos leavers, and readers.

<3
CB

Dean leans over the worn table, finishing up the final paperwork. He can’t handle sitting in the hard metal chair—the welts on his back are still aching. He’s just glad so far Sam hasn’t noticed. The aloe cream Castiel gave him has helped a lot and he knows in a few days he’ll be a lot better.

“Alright Dean, did you finish signing everything for me?” Missouri comes back in the room and Dean hands over the papers. “Wonderful, these look good. You know, Dean, have you ever considered a career in social work?”

Dean pops his head up at that. “Say what now?”

“You’ve got a big heart, and a knack with troubled teens. I could put in a good reference for you at the KU School of Social Welfare. The head of the program there owes me a few favors.”

He has never really considered college before. Then again there was never a career that seemed worth the time and effort of going to school and spending all that money on tuition. Doing what Missouri does though? Helping kids out who really need someone watching out for them—now that was tempting. Except for the important little detail that he sucked at all things academic and it wouldn’t be free either. “School isn’t really my strong suit. Plus, I gotta work, you know bills, two mouths to feed.”

Missouri’s mouth twists into a confident smile, “I didn’t hear a no. There are night classes and financial aid, you know. Could do some real good in this world with your determination, Dean Winchester—you say the word and I can help you make it happen. Sam agrees with me.” Missouri puts all the paper in her folder and sweeps back out the door.

“I do think it’s a great idea,” Sam chimes in, a big goofy grin on his face. “You’d be really good at that Dean, better than making coffee.”

“I make a mean cup of coffee,” Dean scowls.

“Yeah, but look at all you’ve done for Amy, and all you’ve done for me. Just think you could do a lot more kids out there. We can find a way to make it work if you want to do that.”

“Sam, one big life event at a time, okay? I am not going back to school. You’re the scholar in this family—let’s focus on you and your college applications, okay?” Dean thinks about it, though. Getting a degree and starting a whole new career? It sounds impossible. He has a future, he can manage Garth’s shop and he’s good at that, he should just be thankful for what he has. Plus, there’s
the big looming decision of what to do about Cas. He loves him, that much he knows, he wants him to stay, that much is easy too. What he can’t seem to decide if it's the right thing to ask him to stay. Does he really have any right to ask Castiel to uproot his whole life for Dean, to let Cas really see just how crazy his life really is?

“Dean there’s no reason we can’t both have what we want. If we work together I know we can make it happen. If I just—”

“Sammy, enough let’s just focus on the task at hand today.”

“Just promise me you’ll think about it?” Sam looks at him then with the puppy dog eyes, and if that isn’t playing dirty.

“I promise. Now can you drop it?” Dean grumbles as the door opens and Amy pops into view, back pack on her back and huge smile stretching across her face.

“Sam!” she runs and nearly tackles Sam where he’s sitting at the table. Dean stands back a step as Sam hauls them both to their feet, offering to take her bag for her. She turns then and looks at Dean and suddenly skinny arms are wrapped around his rib cage and pulling into a tight hug. He manages to suppress the hiss of pain and after a second of shock he hugs her back. “Thanks, Dean,” she whispers to him as she pulls away.

“Okay you guys are good to head home now, Amy I’ll be by to check on you next week and you can call me anytime,” Missouri gives the girl a warm smile.

“Tacos to celebrate?” Dean asks and gets fervent nods from both teens. “Let’s get this show on the road then.”

************

Castiel blinks his dry eyes and struggles to reread the same lines of contract for the fourth time. It still isn’t sticking and he knows he should call it a night. The past few days have been miserable for him. He was never one to not be in control—he likes knowing what is going to happen, making a plan, setting a goal. It’s what makes him such a good project manager and Dom. He excels at these things. Now, he's faced with one of the most important life choices he will probably ever make and it is out of his hands.

He groans, closing the laptop. He checks his phone and still no word from Dean. They had spent that day together following that terrible night. They went for a walk by the river, grabbed hot dogs from a street cart, and meandered around till they ended up back home on the couch drinking hot chocolate. He’d made sure to add extra marshmallows to Dean’s mug. It had been a quiet, easy day, considering how long the night before had been, how painful.

They had talked about their families and youth. Talked about the time Sam tried to fly and broke his arm, and the time Gabe had glitter bombed their car vents when he and Jimmy were in high school. Dean had told him about his dad going into rehab, and that it was his first attempt at inpatient care. They talked about Jimmy and Claire and about Claire’s mother passing. They talked about the depression Jimmy went through after, and how Castiel stepped in to live with them that first year till he was back on his feet. He talked about how Jimmy did work with several non-profit groups as a manager. At the end of the day Dean had headed home promising to call Castiel when he had thought things over. He knows Castiel flies out Friday night.

Here he sits on Thursday night burning the midnight oil and Dean had yet to say a word. He’d seen him in the mornings at the coffee cart, exchanging pleasantries. He’d even seen Dean that morning
with a huge smile on his face saying they had gotten Amy back. Still he hadn’t said a word to Cas about what he wanted. Should Castiel stay? Did Dean love him too? Would Dean want to come to Boston? The not knowing was killing him. It isn’t like he doesn’t understand though. He knows Dean never came to these kinds of decisions lightly, and he also knows Dean is overloaded on big life choices at the moment and maybe there just isn’t space for Castiel in any of that.

He grabs his work phone, hitting the speaker button and hitting the second speed dial, listening to the echoing ring in his empty office.

“Cas, how goes it?” Jimmy answers brightly.

“I um, I have something I wanna talk to you about.” He never was one for beating around the bush.

“I’m all ears, little brother, Claire just passed out on the couch watching Lion King… again,” Jimmy chuckles softly.

“Well, I was considering staying in Kansas.” He waits, envisioning the frown on his brother's face.

“We talking for another day, a month, or permanently?” Jimmy’s voice is fairly even.

“Maybe for the foreseeable future.”

“This about Dean? Are you staying for him?” Jimmy’s voice is much softer than he anticipated. No bite of the anger or frustration he expected.

“Yes. I mean, I’m in love with him. And before you say anything, this isn’t like before, I’ve never felt like this about anyone. It’s—it’s—” he struggles to find the word, “it’s different. He makes the whole world spin.” When did he become some hopeless romantic, anyway? “Look, I’m not sure if he feels the same or not but if he does, I want to be here with him.”

“I’m gonna really miss you,” Jimmy’s voice is low, almost a whisper. “But you know Claire and I will be okay, right? I mean it’s not like you’ll never visit. Plus there’s this thing called the internet.”

Castiel feels tears come to his eyes and takes a few breaths before responding. “You really mean it? Are you sure you will be okay? You and Claire are still so important to me, you know that, right?”

“Cas, you deserve to be with whoever makes you happy. I don’t want you to be alone for the rest of your life. If this guy is what makes you smile than I am all for it. I love you, little brother.” There is a warmth to Jimmy’s voice now.

“Thanks, Jimmy. Now I just have to hope he feels the same about me.” Castiel sighs, resting his head on his desk.

“He couldn’t not love you, believe me. Now go home and get some sleep, call me tomorrow, okay?”

“Okay, night Jimmy.”

“Night.”

Castiel hangs up, grabbing his things and heading home. His whole place is already packed up, boxes labelled and ready to go. Michael’s assistant, Anna, is supposed to stop by the day after and finish shipping things and closing out the lease. He hadn’t bothered to tell Michael he might want to stay in Kansas. He figures he’ll cross that bridge if and when he gets there.

By morning he is dressed and ready for his last day in the office when he gets an email from Anna.
From: Milton, Anna  
Sent: Friday, March 15th, 6:52 AM  
To: Novak, Castiel  

Subject: Travel Plans  

Your flight this evening was cancelled, I was able to book you on a new flight but it leaves at 10:15am today. I have attached your new itinerary and you can check in using the link below. I will let Michael know that you won’t be in the office today. Call me if you have any questions or issues and just leave your key with the doorman for me to pick up.

Thanks!  

Anna  

Crap, Castiel curses to himself. He had planned on seeing Dean this morning at the office. Face to face asking him for an answer, maybe taking him to lunch. He sighs, turning to grab his suitcase and doing a last loop through the apartment. He feels his stomach drop, that it’s actually here, this moment. He won’t even get to see Dean again. He pulls out his phone and drafts a text that ends up longer than he means to. He closes his phone, tucking it into his pocket, and without anything left to stop him, he begins his journey home.

***************

Dean fiddles with the wheel on the coffee cart. He really should just replace the damn thing but hasn’t had a chance. He finally gets it functional again and heads to the elevator. It felt good having Amy back at the house again, more settled. He was surprised what a big hole she had left in such a short time. Sam’s mood is better and both kids are throwing themselves into school work and college applications, planning which ones they want to tour. He’s been by to visit his dad, and he looked like hell but he was sober at least. They hadn’t had much to talk about and the whole thing had been awkward as hell but it was a step.

He finally gets the cart settled and stares down at the lid sitting off to the side. He’s done a lot of thinking, mulling over his Cas situation. He’s paced and muttered and even written a pro-con list. All the pros are simply all the ways Castiel is amazing, and all the cons are all the ways that Dean is lacking. Thing is, Castiel knows all the things on the con list. He knows Dean doesn’t have much money, he knows he isn’t highly educated, he knows he has a drunk for a dad and a dead mom, and a shit ton of responsibilities. He also knows that Dean listens to the same songs over and over, and he knows that Dean would rather crack a joke when uncomfortable than just talk. He knows everything there is about Dean and yet he still loves him. That decides it right there—nothing on the con side of that list matters if Cas loves him.

He wishes he’d had the epiphany sooner and he still feels like a selfish dick for even asking Castiel to stay, but he also knows he will never forgive himself if he doesn’t. He even has a fairly cheesy romantic plan, written on the coffee lid that is currently mocking him, I Love you too, I want you to stay. He plans to hand it to Cas with his morning coffee and just see what happens. He considers buying flowers and decides that is too much for him.

“Hey there, Dean,” Charlie strides up beside him. “What’s shakin’?”
“Did you miss me on your floor again?” He scowls at her, glancing around for any sign of Castiel.

“Yup, late night for me.” She sighs, batting her lashes at him.

“Video games or getting laid?” he chuckles, making her coffee.

“This time? Late night meeting to strategize for the next Moondoor weekend. You seen Cas yet?”

“Not yet, and if you could be gone when he gets here…” He pointedly hands her the coffee, tipping his head to the door.

“But come on, how is he supposed to be my new best friend if you hog him all the time?” She goes for a squint but ends up smiling at him.

“Come on Charlie, Cas will be here any second and I really need a moment alone with him.”

“Too bad he won’t be showing up,” Zachariah’s snide voice comes up behind him. “Heard he took an early flight this morning, probably already at the airport.”

Dean’s heart sinks right into his stomach. “You're lying.”

“He didn’t tell you? Well why would he bother telling the coffee boy?” Zachariah laughs and Dean is about ready to punch him in the nose.

“Back off, Zach, or I will call down to HR and write you up for harassment so fast it makes your head spin,” Charlie hissed at him.

“You can’t prove anything,” he scoffs but begins to look nervous.

“So if I check your company computer I won’t find anything suspicious on there? Just a routine IT check, after all.” She gives him a wolfish grin then.

Zachariah mumbles something about how he has nothing to hide and turns tail and marches off without his coffee.

Dean scrambles for his phone and sees a missed text from Castiel from nearly an hour ago.

**Cas (7:04am):** *My flight was changed to this morning, so I won’t be in the office today. I am going to assume that a relationship is just too much for you right now, or that you don’t reciprocate my feelings. No matter the reason, I just want you to know your decision doesn’t change anything for me. I love you, I will always love you, and I just want you to be happy <3*

“Fuck!” he curses. How could he have missed that. “He already left for the airport!”

“Cas? Weren’t you guys gonna talk or something?”

“I was gonna tell him this morning that I want him to stay, that I feel the same way, and I missed my chance.” He wants to bang his head against the wall. He holds the lid out to Charlie and she goes wide eyed, taking it in.

“Well crap, we gotta go!” She grabs the cart and starts pushing it to the elevator.

“Charlie, I need to work, I can’t go? And what do you mean, we?”

“Come on, text Garth, let him know you need to leave a little early. I’m driving you to the airport.”
He begins jogging after the redhead, bee-lining it with his cart down the hall.

“We can’t—you can’t—this is a bad idea,” he tries to protest.

“Nut up, Winchester. You love this guy?”

“Yes, I do, but—”

“No buts, we’re gonna go get your man, hopefully before he’s through security.” She gives him a wink and he only hesitates a second longer before throwing caution to the wind running after her.

He’s a jittery mess the whole way there. He texts Cas to call him ASAP, not wanting the first time he says the big four letter word to be in a text. He doesn’t hear back but the message isn’t read yet. This was really dumb, like epicly dumb. Charlie flies through traffic, making scary good time. They pull up to the curb for departures at terminal C. Charlie does a little sleuthing to figure out what flight he was likely on.

Dean isn’t even flying, but just the sight of the airport makes him feel pale and queasy. He jumps out of the car and despite his protests, takes Charlie’s credit card in case he has to buy a flight. He runs inside and checks the departure board and Castiel’s flight hasn’t started boarding yet but there’s no sign of him. He runs to the closest check in counter that’s open.

“Hi, I need a flight?” He bites his lip hoping to pick the cheapest one available.

“Alright, where to?”

He hesitates, he has a feeling saying that he doesn’t care would raise some red flags.

“Chicago,” he blurts out thinking there are several flights on the board there.

“Well, you're in luck. I have a seat left on a flight leaving in the next hour. Can I see your license and form of payment?”

He hands over both and is relieved the ticket doesn’t cost too much. He'll have to pay Charlie back big time. He moves into security and has a vain moment looking at his clothes—he really wishes he wasn’t in khakis and a polo shirt right now. Not what he would choose to try and win over the love of his life. Fuck, Cas really is the love of his life. When the hell did that happen? He manages to stifle a giggle as he goes through the metal detector and jogs down the breezeway toward what he thinks is Castiel’s gate. He pants, thinking he really needs to get into shape, and bow legs are not designed for running, when he catches a glimpse of familiar dark hair and a tan trench coat.

“Cas! Wait!” he calls out and freezes as he watches him whip around. Holy crap, it’s really him, storm blue eyes that could melt a glacier, and he’s really doing this.

“Dean? What on earth are you doing here?” Castiel is right there in front of him and Dean can hardly breathe. He tries to catch his breath, feeling the heat on his cheeks and the words just aren’t coming. “Are you alright?” and fuck, Cas looks worried now.

Instead of answering, since he can’t seem to find his voice, he pulls the coffee lid out of his pocket and hands it over to the man before him. Castiel takes it looking perplexed, and spins it right side up before reading. The crease of lines between his eyes softens and his lips pull up into a smile.

“So-sorry… I’m late,” he gasps in air smiling hopefully at Cas. He doesn’t answer Dean but instead throws himself at him pulling him into a hug and knocking the little air he has right out of him.
“I love you, Dean,” Castiel’s voice is thick with emotion.

“I love you too, Cas,” he finally manages to answer, laughing with the joy of it. “Fucking hell, I didn’t think I’d make it.”

“I’m glad you did but how? Why didn’t you call me?”

“Just wanted to live out a rom com moment,” Dean chuckles, pulling back to look at that gorgeous face. “And I tried to text you and you didn’t answer.”

Castiel pulls out his phone and frowns at it. “I seemed to have turned off notifications, I’m sorry Dean. Did you buy a ticket just to get in here?”

“Well yeah, but it’s okay, I’m just glad you hadn’t flown off yet thinking I didn’t care, or didn’t want you. Cause I do, Cas. I really want you to stay.”

“Then I’m not going anywhere. Never going to leave my good boy.” Castiel cups his face and pulls him for a warm kiss. Dean knows then that everything is going to be alright.
We made it to the end! I really can't believe another fic in the books. You readers out there have really made this an amazing experience for me. I know I say it all the time but you are AWESOME! Your kind words have inspired me and brought me joy. I can only hope my words on the page did the same for you. Special thanks to me crew of beta readers and editors who have stuck with me on this fic and kept me focused and inspired in some trying times. I LOVE YOU <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

8 Years Later

“Krissy, you got ten minutes or you're walking!” Dean hollers up the stairs.

“Dean, can I, uh, ask you something?” Jack sidles up to him, talking in a low whisper.

“Course, but we gotta get you guys to school so make it quick.” He glances at his watch and he swears Krissy is gonna be the death of him.

“So there’s this girl in my math class, Jenny, and she’s really pretty and she makes funny jokes and always has the best star wars tee shirts and—”

“You like her?” Dean can’t help but smile, turning to give Jack his full attention now.

“Yeah I do, but how do I ask her out? How do I even know if she likes me?” Jack stares at him with big blue eyes that are eerily close to his husband’s.

“You won’t really know until you ask her out. Just invite her for coffee after school or something. Don’t do a movie right off the bat cause you wanna be able to talk, okay? Go for a walk or get something to eat.”

Jack nods, taking that all in. He’s a really good kid, reminds Dean a lot of Sam when he was young. Recently orphaned, it’s been a hard adjustment for him, but Dean never ceases to be amazed with how much he’s grown the past six months. Castiel had taken a fondness to the kid as well and had even suggested they consider adopting Jack. He had to admit he was growing on him too, and he didn’t have a soul in the world.

“What if she says no?”

“Then she says no. It sucks, but you move on. Something tells me you will be just fine.” He pats Jack on the shoulder and hears thundering footsteps coming down the stairs.

“Well, good morning sunshine, thanks for gracing us with your presence,” he smiles at the scowling teen.

“I’m here, let’s go,” Krissy huffs and marches out the door, slamming it behind her.
Dean grits his teeth and counts to ten. “Jack, why don’t you go wait in the car and I will grab Alex and Ben, okay?”

Jack looks at the door warily but nods, grabbing his backpack and going outside.

Dean knew opening up a home for teens was going to be hard. Seeing as very little in his life had ever come easy, though, he hadn’t let the task intimidate him. Plus he’d had a lot of help. Starting with Jimmy for one. He and Claire had moved out to Lawrence a few years back and this project had kinda become Dean and his baby. It took a lot of work and push to get the house open but they finally did it two years ago. He shouldn’t have been surprised with how determined Jimmy could be when he set his mind to something—he was much like his twin that way. Jimmy and Claire lived in the house full time and Dean worked with the kids to try and get them in permanent foster placements or back to their parents. Jimmy was out this morning running some kind of errand with Claire before dropping her at school, which left him on school drop off duty for the rest of the troops.

“Ready?” Dean pops his head in the kitchen and both kids nod at him before tossing their bowls in the sink and grabbing their bags. Ben and Jack get into a lively debate about whether Empire Strikes Back is better than A New Hope, Empire obviously, but he doesn’t enter the debate. Alex sits in front flipping through one of the novels Dean got her for Christmas. Krissy on the other hand stares out the window, arms crossed and silent.

When he gets to the school he turns around to look at her. “Krissy, can you wait a minute? You guys go on ahead.” The others tumble out of the car and head up the steps and, miracle of miracles, Krissy doesn’t bolt after them. “Is something going on?”

She darts a glare up at him. “Everything is just peachy.”

“Sure, totally, I must just be imagining the emo, end of the world vibes you’re giving off.” Dean sighs, and waits, watching her. She doesn’t move, which means she has something to say and just can’t seem to figure out how to say it. “Come on Daria, whats up?”

“Who’s Daria?”

“Stop making me feel so old for one, and she is basically you in animated form right now, so spill.”

“Dad was supposed to visit this weekend,” she says in a quieter voice. Well that explains it. He had a feeling this is what caused the mood.

“Sometimes Dads can really suck, believe me. You know it’s not your fault, right?”

“If I mattered that much he would have been here,” she mutters.

“Krissy I want you to listen to me really careful here, okay? Your Dad does not determine your worth. YOU matter, you matter to me, to Jimmy, to your friends and teachers. For all your scowling I know how well you're doing. You’re a pain the ass sometimes, but life would be a little boring if someone didn’t rock the boat a little.” That gets her to smile, the shell starting to crack. “Your Dad is an addict, Krissy. I know how hard that is to love someone and watch them destroy themselves. The best thing you can do for him is to take care of yourself and let us take care of you. He loves you, he just can’t be there for you the way he should be. But I am here, okay? I know it sucks, but you're not alone, not now and not ever.”

“You said your dad drank. Did he…did he ever get better?”

“Not till I was older, but he did get sober. It can be done, but not everyone succeeds at that.” John had stayed sober for six whole years, and even made it to Sam’s graduation at Stanford. He hadn’t
ever really been a big part of their lives—sometimes there’s just too much water under the bridge—but they’d found a peace of sorts. He was glad that his Dad’s last few years had been sober ones, before the liver cancer took him a year back.

“Sorry for being a jerk,” she says, giving him a small smile.

“It’s fine, you’re allowed to be pissed or sad. Just try not to bottle it up, okay? Talk to me, I’m not just a pretty face.” He gives her a goofy smile and she laughs and nods.

“Thanks, Dean. Oh, and happy birthday.” She waves and heads into the school and he feels a little better now hoping he got through to her.

He spends part of the day in the office with Missouri on paperwork and the other half running around doing errands. He’d told Castiel and everyone else he did not want to make a big deal about his birthday. People turn thirty every day. He hadn’t heard from Cas since they’d kissed goodbye in the morning but he’d been too busy to really notice.

He was really looking forward to getting a burger tonight at the Roadhouse. Since he’d stopped bartending he felt like he never got over there as much as he should. He drove by his old house on the way back from the hardware store and he looked at the fresh paint and new bushes planted in the yard. He was glad the new owners were taking care of it, having spent so many years of his life there. Once Sam and Amy had gone off to college it had been time for him to move on, get a place with Castiel. He’d insisted on getting a place with enough rooms so Sam and Amy could come back during the summers if they wanted.

It was dark out when he pulled up to the Roadhouse, running a little late. He hustles out of the car and checks himself in the window quick. Older now, a few crease lines around his eyes but otherwise not much else has changed. He tiptoes through the slushy snow heading inside.

“SURPRISE!!!!!!” a chorus of voices greets him as he opens the door. Blinking around, he takes in the room filled with people. It’s just about every person he knows.

“Happy birthday, handsome.” Arms wrap around his middle and kiss is pressed to his cheek.

“You are in so much trouble,” he warns only to have another kiss pressed to his neck.

“You didn’t think we’d really just let your birthday go by un-celebrated? Besides I did not act alone.” Castiel sweeps out of the way, tossing him a wink as he greets his family.

“Sam!” he smiles when his eyes meet his brother, long arms wrapping him in a hug. Amy jabs Sam in the side in order to get her hug in as well. “You didn’t have to come all the way just for me.”

“It’s not everyday you turn thirty! Course we came out.” Sam looks good, the California sun agreeing with him. Though he still needs a damn hair cut. It had been hard on Dean when Amy and Sam decided to hit the west coast for school. Still, he’d had Cas and his own schooling to finish. Now Sam was working as a junior attorney while Amy was finishing medical school. He hasn’t been sure if Amy and Sam would last, but turns out some people really do marry their high school sweetheart.

“You need to cut these locks, Fabio,” Dean teases, pulling at his hair, and there is Sam’s bitch face he’d missed so much.

“I like it long,” Amy smiles, wrapping arms around Sam’s waist.

“Can’t argue with the wife I guess. Are you guys staying with us?”
“Hotel. Didn’t want to intrude too much on you and Cas on your birthday, plus he said something about a surprise for you tonight,” Sam smiles and holy hell if he only knew what a surprise from Cas could be. He really did love his kinky husband. Speaking of he looks around and finds Cas talking with Jimmy and Gabriel by the bar, Claire snuggled into Gabriel’s side. He takes in the rest of the room, sees Ellen and Bobby fussing over a very pregnant Jo and Benny doing the same. Charlie is talking animatedly to Garth and Ash with her new girlfriend Dorothy at her side. Missouri is even there and all the kids from the house as well. Krissy even has a bit of a smile on. Jack runs over to him the second Sam and Amy go to get a drink.

“Happy birthday,” he beams.

“Went well with Jenny today?”

Jack flushes a bit and it’s so damn cute. “She said she would love to go out and get coffee, so we're going after school on Friday.”

“Atta boy, see? Little courage pays off.” Dean ruffles the kid's hair. As they both head over to a line of tables filled with food, he realizes he's starving. Ellen shut down the whole place for his birthday. He mingles and talks to everyone thanking them for coming out. Seeing all these people in one place really tells Dean just how lucky he really is. It may not be traditional but he is not lacking on family.

“Drink?” Castiel hands him a whiskey which he gratefully takes. “Having fun?”

“Yeah actually, can’t believe you flew Amy and Sam out here.” He feels Castiel’s hand slide into his back pocket, giving his ass a little squeeze.

“Just like to keep my husband happy. Are you happy, Dean?” Castiel all but whispers against his neck.

“Stupid happy,” he grins at him. “How ‘bout you?”

“I have the most beautiful, kind, funny husband in the world, what more could I ask for?”

“True, I am pretty awesome.” This earns him a little pinch and nearly yips but keeps it in. Castiel’s eyes laugh at him.

“You think you're so damn funny, don’t you?” Dean raises a brow at him.

“No, I leave the humor up to you. Just don’t indulge too much. I have plans for you tonight.”

“No whiskey dick, got it.” Dean nods.

Castiel gives him that look, God, that earth-shattering, glacier-melting look that makes his knees weak.

“...soon,” Castiel huffs out before heading toward the kitchen, leaving Dean reeling a bit.

“Dean, we have something for you.” Sam taps him on the shoulder and holds out a bag. Amy is grinning next to Sam like a Cheshire cat and he hesitates taking it.

“You didn’t have to get me anything,” he eyes them both.

“Oh, just open it already,” Amy rolls her eyes and he is suddenly reminded of the nervous teen that was on his doorstep all those years ago. Nope he didn’t regret helping Amy one bit, and it earned him his very own little sister.
Dean opens up the bag stuffing his hand inside and pulling out a tee shirt. He flips it around and reads what’s written on it, World’s Coolest Uncle. He reads it a few times frowning then looks up at Sam and then Amy and then Sam again and it hits him like a freight train.

“You're pregnant!” He’s pretty sure his mouth is hanging open.

“Well I’m not, but Amy is. Get ready for uncle duty in about seven more months.” Sam is smiling so big it lights up his whole face. Fuck, he can feel the tears coming. He can’t really manage any words, he just sweeps both of them up into a hug, feeling the laugh and tears bubbling up out of him.

“Now that is birthday present,” he laughs again, wiping at his face and pulling away.

“Well don’t you worry little future Dean or Deana, your parents might be nerds but I’ll be here to help you learn how to be cool too,” he nods, pointing at Amy’s stomach where his future niece or nephew currently resides.

“Actually we have some more news on that front. I got accepted to an internship at Lawrence memorial so we will be moving back here in the summer.”

“You're shitting me, really?”

“Yeah, well, I think we've had our fill of the coast, we miss our family and with this little one on the way we figured it would be good to have some help around.”

“Oh I see, you just want me for my babysitting abilities. You know what, I don’t even care, I am excellent with kids. I changed your diaper enough, think I can handle it.” He nudges Sam who scowls at him.

“Yeah, yeah, well you will get a chance to relearn that skill,” Sam laughs. The lights dim then and he looks over to see Ellen walking toward him with a huge pie in her hands with a giant candle in the top. A chorus of happy birthday starts up and he feels so really and truly loved, that they are all here for him.

*********

“You going to tell me what my surprise is yet?” Dean hangs up his coat and kicks off his boots in the mud room, padding his way into the kitchen after his husband. He loves their house, set just outside the city with a view of the river and their own dock and boat house for Cas to take his skiff out with ease.

“Go to the playroom, strip, and wait for me,” Castiel calls over his shoulder as he treks up the stairs.

Dean’s heart thumps hard in his chest. They haven’t had any time to play in a few weeks. While Dean still loves vanilla sex, it just doesn’t compare to the satisfaction of really letting Cas take him apart. He scurries toward the playroom and uses his thumbprint to unlock the door. Safety precaution he had insisted upon when they moved in—last thing he needed was Sammy finding their sex room.

He strips down and folds his clothes off to the side, putting on his leather cuffs, and moves to kneel on the cushion in the center. He considers for a moment prepping himself but Castiel hadn’t told him to, so he just waits. He lets his breath even out, palms down on his thighs and shoulders back. He feels a little of that calm wash over him. It had been a really long day.

The door opens and closes and he stays as still as he can, eyes on the floor. Dean had worked hard to become the best submissive he could. The praise and approval Castiel gave him whenever he held position or staved off orgasm were as addictive as a drug.
“Alright, my good boy, are you ready to play?”

Dean nods, nearly shivering at the steel in Castiel’s voice.

“Stand up for me.”

Dean complies while keeping his eyes down. Castiel stalks around him and moves to the cabinet just out of his eye line. He hears clinking and a drawer opening and closing before Castiel is standing in front of him, hands out. Dean looks down. A leather belt, a slim prostate stimulator, and a cock ring…holy crap. “Color?”

“Green,” he replies evenly, trying to dampen down his excitement and nerves.

“Good boy. Hold out your wrists for me.” Castiel leads him over to the spanking bench, having him kneel over the cushion and lie across it, fastening his wrists to the floor. He then uses rope to tie Dean’s knees spread apart. Bent over now, Castiel has a perfect view of his very empty hole. Dean feels his cock already swelling and getting with the program.

“You, my sweet birthday boy, are only going to be having one orgasm tonight, and it will be well earned.” Long fingers wrap around his cock, stroking him to full hardness before the cock ring is wrapped around the base. He wants to fidget, knowing what comes next and suddenly desperate for it.

“One for every year sounds like a good number to me, do you agree, pet?”

“Yes sir,” he replies quickly, knowing that is a lot of blows but also knowing his Dom won’t push him past his limits.

“Count them out for me.” Hardly a sound is made before the first smack of the belt stings across his ass. It burns and tingles and he revels in the intensity of it.

“One.” Another smack lands on the other cheek. “Two.” Another blow, this one falling on his thighs. “Three.” Castiel moves at a steady pace, pausing to rub at his reddened skin every few hits, humming in approval. He can only imagine how red his previously white and freckled ass now looks. His skin feels warm and burning and all he can think about is the strain of his cock against the plastic of the ring and the heat seared across his skin. “Thirty,” he chokes out on the last blow and sags against the padded bench, pressing his eyes shut.

“My good boy, if only you could see how beautiful you are,” Castiel hums behind him, pressing feather light kisses all over his back, his cheeks, even down his trembling thighs. Dean lets out a moan at the sensation and tears fall down his nose. Since they increased the impact he finds he can’t stave off the tears anymore. It had jarred him at the beginning but now, now it’s heavenly. He struggles so much to let go, to just let his emotions free and his tension loose. Here, it all just comes pouring out of him, pulled out with each crack of the paddle or strap or hand. He probably looks like a puffy eyed mess but he feels downright euphoric. Here he is safe, here he can just feel.

“We shouldn’t need this anymore should we?” The cock ring snaps off and he sighs in relief. “You're not coming yet, sweet boy, I have something else in mind.”

A slick finger circles his rim and he cants his ass back to meet it, anxious to be filled. The finger dips in and out just teasing before it presses in deeper. Castiel takes his time slicking him up, and the amount of lube is downright obscene and more than normal. Dean doesn’t usually take much prep, so long as everything is slick enough, he can even take Castiel without a single finger first. He likes the tight stretch and his muscles loosen for it like he was always meant to be there.
“Oh fuck,” the words slip from his lips as Castiel’s finger grazes over his prostate.

“I want you to tell me if you're close to coming, do you understand?” Castiel’s voice is firm and solid, anchoring him down.

“Yes sir.” He thinks that edging is the hardest thing they have done in their play together. It took him so long to get good at seeing his orgasm before it hits and then willing it back down from the brink. He wasn’t so sure he’d like it but that first time he orgasmed after being kept on edge was the most mind blowing he could remember.

Something a bit thicker than the finger slides into him and he clutches around it. A low vibration starts and Castiel rocks it in and out of him, rubbing it down till he finds his prostate. Dean wants to howl from the electric shock of it. His body jerks on the bench and a steadying hand rests on the small of his back. He focuses on his cock now, feels the precome beading on tip, his balls tightening up. “Yellow!”

The vibrations stop immediately and Castiel tips the toy off his prostate. He whines at the loss of sensation. “Good boy, so good for me, just tell me when you're ready.”

He catches his breath and it takes him a few minutes to compose himself and say green. Castiel starts up the massager again and adds even more lube so he's wet and slick and oh so full and yet far too empty all at once.

He loses track of time, thinks that Castiel brings him to brink three or four times, needing to grip him at the base to help him resist his release. He is catching his breath, mind humming and cock bobbing just this just side of painful when something bigger is pressing in alongside the toy. Holy fuck that is Castiel’s cock, the toy and the cock. “Relax for me, a pretty little cocksul like you can take it. Going to fill you up just how you need. Let me in.”

Dean does exactly that with a few thrusts Castiel is fully sheathed inside him. Castiel lays his chest against his still burning back and Dean hisses a bit, but relishes the contact. Castiel is everywhere, in him on him, he is utterly and totally owned by this man. Castiel kisses at the base of his neck and starts to thrust, shallow and slow, and it’s perfect.

“You can come anytime you want now, my needy boy.” Castiel’s thrusts pick up and then he flicks on the vibration against his cock, pressing it down against his prostate.

“I’m gonna, oh g-g-god,” he moans, shaking with the overwhelming fullness, he can’t hold it back anymore and he feels his balls tightening. His whole body tenses as he feels Castiel’s slick fingers wrap around his cock and give a light squeeze and that’s it, he is done for. He comes on a cry, body shaking and pulsing with his release.

“Good boy, my perfect boy, so beautiful, so amazing, I love you so much, so much, Dean.” Castiel’s voice rings in his ears and he feels it the warmth flooding through him as he comes as well on a stuttered thrust. Castiel slips out of him and delicately removes the toy while still keeping his chest pressed firmly to his back. “Love you, my husband. Can’t believe you're mine.” Castiel sounds awed and reverent.

“Love you too.”

He gets unhooked and cleaned and lovingly covered in his favorite aloe lotion before they are both satiated and tucked up in bed. Dean has been many things in his life. Son, brother, father, foster parent, barista, bartender, social worker, friend, and now husband. While he takes pride in all of
these things there’s is one thing he likes being most of all.

“You’ll always be my good boy, won’t you?” Castiel hums softly.

“For you? Always.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank You <3

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!