What Are The Odds?

Summary

One night at a bar Dean meets Castiel, an Alpha who tugs at him and his wolf in a way he can't believe. Riding high on adrenaline and attraction, he accepts a beer from the gorgeous man at the bar.

What are the odds their lives would change so much?
This was meant to be a one-shot PWP based on those gifs of Dean riding Larry, the mechanic bull. It's grown a little since then.

I'll be updating on Tuesdays, tags and characters will be updated as I go, because I don't feel like going through 27+ chapters to add someone who isn't mentioned for over 100K words.

Please continue to read chapter notes, chapter specific warnings will be in the beginning notes.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Riding the Bull

Dean slid from the mechanical bull with a triumphant laugh, accepting congratulations and slaps on his broad shoulders as he made his way to the bar. He snorted when he heard some drunk comment that it took a ‘real manly Alpha to ride like that’.

**Really, dumbass? You'd think he'd clue in that Omegas have more practice riding.**

He reached the bar and looked about for an available bartender when movement to his left caught his eye. The dark haired man on the next stool slid a beer over to him with a grin.

"Free beer when you last the eight seconds," the man told him with an appraising look, his voice like gravel.

"Is that a promo in this bar?" Dean asked, popping the cap and taking a long pull.

"Sometimes. When I'm here and I'm feeling generous." He winked one blue eye at Dean, who smirked as he leaned against the bar. The man ran his hand over his day old scruff, glancing up and down Dean's body. It ignited a different warmth than the alcohol.

"That so?" Dean gave a cocky smile, eyeing the man in return. He was about Dean’s own height, with sexed-up dark hair, gorgeous blue eyes, and was dressed in cowboy boots, dark jeans, and an AC/DC t-shirt. Dean loved the shirt, even if it seemed slightly out of place in the country bar. He also had several rings piercing each ear and one in his eyebrow. Dean wondered idly what else he might have pierced. In other words, everything about him had Dean's inner wolf sitting up with its tail wagging.
“Most don't last,” the brunette said with a sly look.

"Must be my firm grip," Dean retorted, watching as the other man took a drink of his own beer. "And a passion for riding..."

The man arched an eyebrow at him, a smile playing about his lips.

"Oh really?" he asked, his tone amused. He swiveled towards Dean, planting one foot on the rung of the stool behind Dean, through the middle of his legs. The position gave Dean a delectable view of his strong, muscular legs, straining the denim over his thighs and allowed him to feel the heat of his body. The man leaned forward, dropping his voice, and Dean unconsciously leaned closer to listen. "It'd take me a lot more than eight seconds, but I bet I could get you off."

Dean's eyes dropped to the other man's mouth, which might not have been the best idea, because seeing those pink, slightly cracked lips wrapped around the neck of his beer bottle, watching as his throat moved as he emptied it, was doing graphic things to Dean's imagination, far too quickly. He bit back a whine and shifted slightly, falling back to sit on his stool. He swallowed hard, willing himself not to start leaking slick, trying to remain looking casual.

From the smirk on the other man's face, he’d failed.

“I'm Dean, by the way,” he introduced himself, extending a hand.

“Castiel,” the man replied, grinning at Dean's expression. “Religious parents, named almost all of us after angels. Let's leave it at that.” He reached over and took Dean's hand in his own for a firm shake. As their hands moved apart, Dean felt Castiel's fingertips brush lightly over the pulse at his wrist, which had spiked at the other's touch. His Omega, his wolf, presented him with an image of baring throat and belly to the dominant wolf, before presenting something else entirely.

Dean swallowed harshly.

“So, is this place always this busy?” Dean asked hoarsely, carefully avoiding the tired come-here-often line. “Do you know how long it's been open?”
“Mmm. Particularly busy when we've got the bull running, but yeah, we do alright. Opened three months ago. I know it's a country bar, but so you know, Thursdays are a classic rock night. We get a mixed crowd for that.”

Dean glanced down at the faded AC/DC t-shirt, and grinned. “That's more your speed?”

Cas looked down at his own chest, and chuckled. “You could say that.”

“Opinions on Zeppelin?” Dean asked quickly.

“Why, is my answer a deal breaker?” Cas -- when did I shorten the Alpha's name name to Cas? How do I know he's an Alpha? -- grinned at him, teasing. "How Many More Times, from Zeppelin 1 is critically underrated.”

“Holy shit… keep talking like that, you're gonna make me cream my panties, Cas.” Dean sent the other man a flirtatious grin, seeing how his eyes widened, a tiny sliver of red appearing for a moment at the nickname. Or maybe it was the comment about panties. “Shit, sorry. Castiel is a bit of a mouthful.”

Cas grinned at him, leaning on his elbow on the bar, all swagger, affirming in Dean's mind the man's Alpha status. As though the red flash of his eyes hadn't been proof enough.

“You got that right.”

Dean's eyes dropped automatically and he wet his lips unconsciously at the sight that greeted him. His underwear was starting to feel uncomfortably damp, and there was no way Cas couldn't scent his slick. His eyes flew back to Cas', who was watching him with a dark look.

“See something you like?” Cas nearly growled, his eyes trailing over Dean in a hot and heavy gaze.

Dean pointedly dropped his eyes back to the large bulge in Cas’ jeans, and looked up to smirk at him through his lashes.

“Looks like I'm not the only one,” he taunted, leaning closer, taking in the other man's slightly spicy
cologne. He was vaguely disappointed to recognize a popular scent-blocking brand, but he supposed it was only fair, he was wearing something similar. Besides, he didn't need to smell the Alpha to know he wanted him.

Cas gave a low, husky laugh that went straight to Dean's groin and had his cock throbbing, his slick hole clenching. The Alpha moved close enough to whisper in his ear, his breath hot against Dean's skin, “B-b-baby, you ain't seen n-nothin’ yet.”

Dean threw his head back and laughed, meeting the other man’s gaze with a grin, his eyes shining.

“Dude, did you just BTO me?”

“It's a classic, even if it was recorded as a joke.” Cas shrugged with a wink.

_Holy fuck he's perfect_, Dean thought to himself. He looked around, trying to spot his brother to let him know not to wait up.

“Looking for an escape?” Cas teased, but Dean could tell that it would be no harm, no foul if he were.

“More like an exit I can take you through, but first…” He finally spotted Sammy at the end of the bar, chatting with a short blond bartender. “Give me a minute, Cas?”

“Sure, but I need to talk to the bartender anyway. That is, if we can pry him away. He's been chatting with that guy for twenty minutes.”

“Has he?” Dean eyeballed the bartender and shrugged. No accounting for tastes. Dean strolled over, clapping his brother on the shoulder. “Sammy! I'm heading out.”

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Sam looked up at his brother, wrinkling his nose at the faint smell of slick about him, and glanced past to the dark haired man in the AC/DC t-shirt leaning against the bar behind Dean.
“Do I need to dig through my stuff and find my noise cancelling headphones?” he asked, sending his brother bitch-face number thirty-seven.

The dark haired man hooked a thumb through Dean's belt loop, pulling him back slightly against his chest.

“I live alone. I had to move out, my brothers all snore horribly.”

“Fuck you, Cassie!” the bartender replied merrily, a twinkle in his eyes.

“Sorry, Gabriel, didn't see you down there!”

“Hilarious as ever. You're skipping out on closing?”

Dean turned to the man Gabriel had called Cassie. “You work here, Cas? You weren't behind the bar…”

Gabe grinned, and winked at Sam, who blushed a little at the blond's flirting. “Welcome to Milton's, co-owned by myself and my three slacker brothers.”

A tall, slender blond man appeared from the back, and rolled his eyes. “Now Gabby, that's no way to speak of me. Cassie is apparently leaving early, so if you want my help closing, you'd do well not to insult me.”

“Actually, Balth…” Gabe grinned, wiggling his eyebrows.

Balth glanced over the bar at Sam and his eyebrows nearly hit his hairline. “I see. Well, Victor and Benny are still here, and I suppose it will make up for that time I had that ménage à -- What's the word for twelve? -- back at the house.”

Sam stared at the man in shock, but heard Cassie lean over and whisper to Dean, “Another reason I moved out.”
Dean snorted, then looked back at him. “Alright Sammy, don’t wait up!”

Sam met Gabe’s eyes and gave him a little wink, even as his cheeks reddened.

“Don’t come home too early…” he called after his brother.

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Dean wove his way through the bar towards the door when a moist, clammy hand closed about his wrist. He twisted his wrist free, and snarled at the overweight, balding man.

“Come on, don’t be like that, little ‘Mega. I can smell your slick, but no way he's going to satisfy you. How about you come out back with me so you can see what a real Alpha's knot looks like?”

Cas’ eyes narrowed and he could feel his inner Alpha wanting out to tear the drunk limb from limb. The guy was a real problem customer, but he was connected. Cas and his brothers didn't want to create a disaster by kicking him out, but they were all fed up with him, too. He took a steadying breath, but let Dean speak first.

“Listen asshole, I'm betting you couldn't knot a pinhole, much less satisfy me. Why don't you go fuck yourself instead.”

Dean jerked his chin at Cas, an order to follow, and fuck if that wasn't hotter than hell. They started to move past when a broad palm landed on Dean's ass, fingers pressing right against his hole through his jeans.

Without hesitation, Dean reached back and twisted the man's wrist sharply, the cry of pain from the drunken Alpha was a balm to Cas’ wolf, but a low growl escaped him nonetheless.

“Omega slut, you broke my wrist!” the drunk whined, clutching at it. “I'm pressing charges!”

Castiel snarled at the man, his eyes blazing red, and had him up on his toes by his shirt collar in a
split second. The rancid stench of fear mixed unpleasantly with the burnt tar of anger oozing from the pasty-faced Alpha.

“Zachariah, we have had numerous complaints about your wandering hands, but because you bend over for Roman, we couldn't ban you without you crying defamation of character. We've never had ‘proof’ of what the Omegas you've assaulted were saying. Well, guess what? We've had cameras installed, and I saw your attack happen. Get the fuck out of my bar and never come back. You're banned.”

He turned to Dean, who was watching the display of righteous anger with a satisfied smirk.

“Did you want to press charges?” Cas asked, his tone softening from the previous outraged growl.

“Nah, too much paperwork. But I may start wandering other bars, and if I see him pull that shit on another Omega, it won't just be his wrist.”

“You can't threaten me!” Zachariah whined, his eyes wide with fear even as he sneered.

“I didn't threaten anyone, did you, Cas?” Dean grinned, a sharp display of teeth.

“Nope!” Cas replied, popping the P with a lazy smirk. He lowered the drunk to allow him to stand on his own, and waved at a large server going past. “Benny, please assist Mr. Adler in settling his tab, I know he has one running. Then call him a cab, and pass the word to my brothers. This is his last visit to our establishment.”

“You got it, brotha,” the burly man replied in a thick Louisiana accent.

“Buncha fags and Omega bitches here anyway, I'm sick of the stink in here!” The drunk stumbled to the bar, and Benny kept a close eye, nodding to Gabe at the end of the bar whose eyes narrowed. Cas found his brother eyeing him, and he simply raised an eloquent eyebrow before giving a feral smile, more a baring of teeth than anything else. Gabe would know that victorious smile meant everything was on the up and they'd finally found reason to kick out their worst customer. Sam was standing from his stool, his brow creased in concern, but Gabe put a hand on his arm and spoke to him quietly. Sam eventually sat down after a slow nod from Dean.

Dean was giving a bitter laugh as Cas turned back to him.
“Dean, you alright?” Cas asked softly.

“I'm fine,” Dean muttered with a shake of his head. “So is he. I popped my thumb when I twisted his wrist. He's got a minor sprain, but the handsy drunk fucker will probably spend the night waiting to get it x-rayed, thinking it's busted.”

Cas burst out laughing, most of his anger fading, and he steered Dean towards the door.

“Notice how assholes like that are the first ones to grope and try to pick up another man for a quick fuck in an alley, but as soon as they're turned down, out come the homophobic slurs? Seriously, this is the wrong fucking bar. Between the rainbow flag decal in the window, and the Omega Safe Zone sticker on the door, I don't know what the hell he was doing here.”

“You said he's in tight with Dick Roman? He's probably never had to deal with consequences before. Figured with more Omegas here, he'd be able to slime his way into someone's pants.” Dean snorted. “He thought I was an Alpha because of riding the bull. Apparently only an Alpha can be assertive and strong enough.”

Cas rolled his eyes as he held the door open for Dean.

“What an ass. Know what an Alpha can do that an Omega can’t? Have their eyes flash red. Meanwhile, Omegas can carry children. That right there is about the hardest fucking thing a person can do. That line about Alphas being tougher is just outdated bullshit.”

Dean looked at him in surprise, and grinned.

“You know something, Cas? I think we're going to get along really well.”

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Dean slung an arm about Cas’ shoulders as they hit the parking lot, leading the way to Baby. Cas’ eyes widened at the sight of her, gleaming black and chrome, and he ran his fingers slowly up the hood as he approached the passenger door.
“Mmmmm, hello baby, aren't you gorgeous?” he crooned, his voice deeper than before and warm.

“Fuck, Cas, you keep this up I'll be blowing you in the backseat,” Dean warned playfully.

Cas let out a low chuckle, his eyes meeting Dean's for a long moment before dropping to his lips.

“Proud of her, aren't you?” he asked, as though it were a question.

“You said it. She's my Baby. Had her since I was sixteen, restored her myself. I detailed her this afternoon, while waiting for a part for another car, so you're seeing her at her best.”

Cas stepped closer to Dean, warmth radiating from him as he tugged him closer by his hips.

“I take it you're good with your hands then.”

Dean dragged his palm down Cas’ side, from his ribs to his hip, then reached past him and opened the door. A waft of leather and polish hit them, along with a touch of lemon from the cleaning products. He met Cas’ lust-blown eyes, and smirked.

“Let's find out.”
Cas unlocked the door to his ranch-style home and dragged Dean through by his flannel. Dean laughed as Cas manhandled him, his pulse skyrocketing when he was shoved against the wall behind the door, with Cas’ mouth hot and demanding against his. Cas kicked the door shut and blindly reached for the lock, his lips and teeth and tongue working their way down Dean's neck, his nimble fingers already undoing Dean's shirt, pushing the plaid off his shoulders to hit the ground.

“Cas, Cas, hold on…” Dean gasped, dizzy with the sensations flooding his system, his hips rocking forward against Cas’ despite his protests. His Omega whined at him, definitely not on board with stopping. Which was odd. His Omega had never jumped in without a scent.

Scent… the house smelled completely null. Must have had it professionally cleaned.

“If you want me to stop, say so, but say it now,” Cas grated, breathing heavily, his forehead resting against Dean’s. “I'll stop whenever you want me to, but fuck, Dean, I want to fuck you!”

“Gods, Cas!” Dean exclaimed, his head thunking back against the wall. He grinned down at the other man and fisted his hand in his black t-shirt, hauling him back for a quick, hard kiss. “I just wanna get my damn boots off, they'd be a bitch if you got a little too eager and tried stripping my jeans first!”

Cas gave him a wolfish smile, his fangs slightly more prominent than they'd been at the bar, and untucked the Zeppelin t-shirt Dean had been wearing under his flannel. His blue eyes dropped to Dean's feet, and he smirked before looking back up.

“Would work well to tie you up a little, but we can save that for later.”
“Kinky little fucker, aren't you?” Dean accused, unlacing his boots quickly as Cas kicked off his.

“Says the guy wearing panties!” Cas shot back, his heated glance showing the idea really worked for him.

“How do you know I wasn't just saying that?” Dean asked, pulling Cas back for another kiss, their lips slotting together, tongues tangling. Dean's hands fisted in Cas' thick hair, controlling the kiss.

“Guess I'll find out, won't I?” Cas breathed against his lips between kisses.

“Cas, what's with the smell? Or rather no smell?”

“Previous owners were giving me headaches. After three weeks I gave up trying to clear it myself, had it neutralized today.”

He started walking backward through the house, the large living room opening to a casual dining room and a set of sliding doors beyond, showing a large deck with a dining set. A huge, open kitchen with a breakfast bar separating it from the living space was to the right. Dean took all this in at a glance, but Cas was leading him down a hallway off the living room, past several doors to the master bedroom at the end of the hall.

Cas’ hands were busily undoing Dean’s belt and Dean broke the kiss to nibble his way down to Cas' pulse, stopping just shy of the scent gland to suck a dark bruise on his tanned skin. He fought the urge to shift that half an inch and bite down, his fangs starting to descend.

*What the hell?*

“Fucker,” Cas commented with a grin, his eyes dark with lust at how close Dean was to his scent gland. “Good thing I'm the boss.”

“You do seem like the bossy type,” Dean cracked back, running his fingers down Cas’ spine before sliding them back up under his shirt, enjoying the solid feel of muscle. “Damn, what're you hiding under that shirt?”
Dean glanced past Cas’ shoulder and his eyes widened at the sight of Cas’ bed. Not many single Alphas had a full sized nesting bed. His wolf gave the image of Dean face down and presenting, and he found himself slicking again in a rush, though he’d never presented for anyone in his life.

Cas’ nostrils flared as he pulled back and yanked his shirt over his head, then grabbed Dean's hips to pull him tightly against him again. He captured his mouth in another heated kiss, nipping on his lower lip, driving Dean crazy. Dean reached for Cas’ belt, quickly undoing the buckle and whipping the leather loose with a snap. When he reached for his fly, his fingers brushed against the head of Cas’ cock peeking over the waist of his jeans. Dean pulled back from the kiss with a moan and stared down at the other man.

“That is not what you were packin at the bar!” he blurted, before dropping to his knees and undoing Cas' zipper. He hauled his jeans and boxer briefs down his thick thighs, and wrapped a hand around Cas' cock.

“Dean…” Cas breathed, his voice pleading.

Dean smirked up at him from under dark lashes and ran his tongue up the length of Cas’ cock, flicking his tongue over the sensitive spot just under the head, then wrapping his lips around the head. “Oh, fuck, Dean…”

Cas dropped a hand into Dean's hair, petting him softly as he proceeded to give him the blowjob of a lifetime. Dean lapped and sucked, tracing his tongue up the thick vein on the underside of Cas’ dick, teasing at the frenulum and dipping the tip of his tongue into his slit. Cas moaned his name, his hands locked in Dean's hair, his hips rocking slowly as Dean took him apart.

When Cas’ knees gave out, he dropped back and held up a hand, pleading silently for Dean to wait. The green-eyed man gave him a lust-drunk smirk, and teased lightly at the head again, watching as Cas gave a full body shudder.

“Dean, Dean! If you want me to fuck you, you've got to stop. I'm twenty-eight, not eighteen! You make me come now, you'll have to wait for me to recover.”

Dean grinned up at him, then slowly stood. He reached for the hem of his shirt, and pulled the t-shirt over his head at an excruciatingly slow pace, revealing a broad chest, tattoo on his left pec, solidly muscled with just a bit of softening around his middle. Cas drank in the sight, his cock twitching at the leisurely striptease Dean was performing.
Dean turned his back, and arched his back, moving his hips in a slow, sexy roll, before slipping his fingers into the waist of his jeans. He slid them down a bare inch, just enough for a baby pink bow to peek over the top, nestled at the top of his ass.

“Oh, fuck, Dean,” Cas groaned, dropping his head back on the bed, throwing an arm over his eyes. “Are you trying to kill me here?”

Dean gave a low chuckle and Cas lifted his head to watch him again.

“Oh no, I have plans for you tonight.” Dean pushed his jeans down over the curve of his ass, showing off the delicate pink satin panties cupping him perfectly. He pulled the jeans back over his ass, then lifted his arms over his head, rocking his hips again, letting gravity slide the denim lower over his bowed legs. Cas groaned as the pink satin reappeared, a distinct wet spot at the back from his slick. Dean's hips twisted and rolled as he coaxed his jeans lower until they finally pooled around his ankles. He kicked them loose and strutted over to the bed before crawling up to straddle Cas, keeping a careful distance between their hips as he bent to kiss him thoroughly.

Cas moaned at the taste of his own precome on Dean's lips and pulled him closer to sweep his tongue into Dean's mouth. After a moment, Dean moaned and dropped his hips against Cas’, pulling a groan from the Alpha as their cocks brushed against each other.

“Dean, let me look at you, come on,” Cas pleaded, his eyes dark with arousal as Dean sat back, giving a deliberate wiggle of his ass. “Don't make me tie you up.”

Dean gave him a cocky grin and rolled his hips, grinding against Cas. “Another time. Tonight I'm gonna ride you til you can't breathe.”

Cas’ eyes swept over the pink satin encasing Dean's cock, and he licked his lips. He sat up quickly, wrapping strong arms around Dean and flipping them, nearly bouncing Dean on the mattress. Cas squirmed down the bed and dragged the panties down Dean's legs, tossing them carelessly aside as he hiked Dean's legs over his shoulders. With the perfect access, he bent to run his tongue over Dean’s slit. Cas moaned at the honeyed taste of the Omega’s slick and he buried his face against Dean’s hole.

“Oh gods, Cas! Angel!!”
“Mmmm, you taste better than anything I've ever imagined... I wanna eat you alive, Dean,” Cas growled, lapping at him again before drawing back to meet Dean's eyes. “This okay?”

“Yeah, Cas, yeah…” Dean gasped as Cas ran his tongue over his leaking hole. “I'm clean,” he added on an exhale, “I was tested four months ago, haven't been with anyone since. I'm on suppressants and birth control, too.”

Dean reached down and hooked his arms behind his knees, further exposing himself to Cas’ mouth. He could feel Cas’ tongue sliding over him, then he arched up off the bed, his hips bucking as Cas sealed his lips around his hole and sucked. Cas grabbed Dean's hips, holding him still as he lapped and nibbled at his inner thighs, always returning to tease and work at his rim. Cas ate him out like a damn buffet, his efforts only increasing as Dean's moans and cries grew louder. Cas paused for a moment, drawing back to stare up Dean's body, his eyes roving over him.

Dean's chest was heaving as he panted and his cock was twitching, leaking precome onto his stomach. Dean trailed his fingers through the mess and brought his fingers to his own lips and licking them clean, giving a low moan as he sucked. Cas’ eyes darkened as he watched and he lowered himself to Dean's hole slowly. This time when his tongue started probing at Dean’s rim, Cas used it like a spear and Cas moaned against him, sending a shiver through Dean.

Cas worked relentlessly to open him and soon his tongue was driving into him past the tight ring of muscle. When Cas sat back with a smirk, Dean bit back a whimper at the loss of contact. Dean’s eyes roved over Cas' face, his lips red and swollen, his chin glistening with Dean's slick.

Cas reached for the nightstand and pulled a sleeve of condoms from the drawer, tearing one loose impatiently. He dropped it onto the bed and settled himself between Dean's legs again, then bent down and returned to his previous ministrations. He sucked and nipped at the Omega’s slit and added a finger to tease at his slick opening.

Cas circled Dean’s rim slowly with his finger, grazing over the centre lightly, then moving back to slow, featherlight strokes around the edges. Meanwhile, his mouth was busy sucking a hickey onto his inner thigh and Dean’s hips were bucking as he cried out Cas’ name, pleasure flooding him and slick leaking from him. He felt Cas press his fingertip against his opening and gave a low moan as it finally slipped inside.

“Are you okay, Dean?” Cas asked, his voice rough, his movements slow and careful, as he rocked his finger slowly in and out of him.

“Yessss… oh yeah, Cas.” Dean breathed out a sigh, his body relaxing slightly before a moan was
ripped from him, Cas’ finger sliding further into him. “Cas, angel, cmon. I'm not gonna break, gimme more!”

Cas gave a low, throaty chuckle, and Dean's body reacted by clenching tightly around his finger. Cas hissed in surprise. “So fucking tight, Dean! I can't wait to get my cock inside you…”

Dean whimpered as Cas slipped a second finger inside of him, then let out a ragged shout as Cas suddenly crooked them, pressing against his prostate and sending white-hot pleasure coursing through his veins. Cas gave him a feral grin and Dean's cock throbbed in anticipation, more clear fluid dripping to his stomach.

Cas toyed with him for a while, drawing his fingers completely out, then running his tongue over hole, his perineum. He moved his tongue over Dean’s balls, sucking lightly on the seam. Dean was begging by the time he added a third finger, and when he slipped in a fourth, the Omega was incoherent, reduced to breathy cries and whimpers.

“Easy, Dean, ease down…” Cas murmured, slowly withdrawing his fingers. He petted Dean's thighs lightly, dropping light kisses against his skin. “Breathe for me, Dean.”

Cas crawled up the bed and peppered Dean's face with kisses, slowly caressing his chest and sides, letting him calm down a little more. Dean’s expression was one of fucked out bliss, and he gave a slightly giddy laugh as he wrapped his arms around Cas and rolled them over, their cocks lining up for a heated slide, pulling a groan from both men.

“Gods, angel, if that's your foreplay, I might not survive the main event. Speaking of which…” Dean sat up, straddling Cas’ muscular thighs, and grabbed the condom, smirking at the custom fit label on the wrapper. He was in for one hell of a ride. He held the wrapper in his teeth as he slowly stroked Cas, watching as a bead of precome appeared. He ran his thumb over the slit, smirking as Cas moaned, his hands tightening on Dean's thighs.

Dean tore open the wrapper with his teeth and deftly rolled the condom over Cas’ dick, giving it a light squeeze when he reached the base. He reached behind to his own ass and moaned as he drove several fingers in deep. He used his own slick to coat Cas from root to tip, then wiped the excess onto his own cock, giving himself a slow tug as he raised himself to line up Cas with his aching hole. He reached back and grabbed Cas’ dick, slowly sitting back until the head was just brushing against his hole. Dean gave a low moan and circled his hips, teasing them both until Cas’ hands closed on his hips with a growl.

“Dean. You said you wanted to ride, but I will put you face down and pound you into the mattress if
you don't move.”

Dean grinned at him, grinding against him again. “Next time, Alpha.”

He held Cas’ dick steady and slowly sank down, hissing at the slight burn even after all the prep. He could feel himself stretching around the thick head, and gave a guttural groan as it popped past the tight ring of muscle. He froze for a moment, just breathing through the burn. His eyes were locked on Cas, who was biting his lip, his hands digging into Dean's hips almost painfully in an effort to keep from thrusting into Dean’s slick heat. Dean could see the shake in his arms, the way his stomach clenched. Cas was panting softly, his eyes a blue-rimmed black. Dean was struck with the thought that he'd never seen anything so sexy in his life.

After a couple moments, Dean's rim was no longer burning, and he pulled back a touch just to feel that edge of pain again before sinking down inch by inch. He groaned loud and low, his thighs trembling as he slowly took Cas’ cock in, sinking down until finally his ass was pressed to Cas’ thighs. Dean whimpered; the stretch, the feeling of fullness, was almost more than he could bear.

“Sonnovabitch…” he moaned softly, his green eyes nearly swallowed by pupil. “Fill me so good, angel.”

“So tight, Dean,” Cas groaned back. His face was flushed, his nostrils flaring as he held himself still, waiting for the other man to indicate he was ready for more.

Dean dropped onto his elbows and captured Cas’ lips passionately, invading the Alpha’s mouth with his tongue. He thrust into the wet heat, nipping at Cas’ lower lip, before diving back in to fence with his tongue. Cas’ hands slid into Dean's short hair, pulling him down as he fought for dominance of the kiss. One large hand cupped Dean's jaw, changing the angle, and Cas was suddenly in control. He licked his way past Dean's lips, his tongue exploring, seducing, ravaging Dean’s mouth and leaving him moaning and breathless. Eventually Cas broke the kiss, and meeting Dean's eyes intently, he rolled his hips.

“Ahh, fuck!” Dean cried out, burying his face against Cas’ neck, shuddering. When Cas swiveled his hips, Dean retaliated by setting his teeth to his throat, biting hard enough to leave an imprint. Rather than dissuade Cas from moving, he groaned out Dean's name and bucked his hips.

“Alpha,” Dean whined, “want to scent you…”
He nuzzled over Cas’ scent gland, but the blockers were doing their job and nothing was getting through. His wolf whined in distress, and this time he couldn't quite bite back all of the sound.

Cas growled, dragging his tongue up Dean's neck, and raised an eyebrow. He also stopped moving.

“You're wearing them, too, Dean. Did you want us to stop and have a shower?”

“Fuck no. Fuck me now, scent later.”

Dean forced himself upright and raised himself on his knees, rolling his hips in much the same way he’d done while peeling off his clothes. Cas grabbed onto his hips again, but for the moment left the control to Dean. Dean grinned down at the other man and deliberately clenched around his cock, watching in satisfaction as Cas’ eyes nearly rolled back in his head.

“You know, Cas,” Dean said in a low, husky voice, “if you expect to buck me off, you're gonna hafta move.”

Cas smirked up at him and rolled his hips in a long slow wave that started with his abs and ended with his thighs. With a very deliberate pop of his hips, he drove his cock deeply into Dean. At Dean's moan of approval, he did it again, planting his feet to give himself more leverage, driving the thrust just a little harder.

“Mmmm… yeah, Alpha. Love that thick cock filling me up. Come on, give it to me, angel.”

Cas groaned as Dean kept up a litany of begging and filthy demands, and snapped his hips up hard, pulling a cry from Dean's throat.

“Yeah, like that, Cas! Uhnng , so full, you're so fucking big, want you to give it to me hard,” Dean moaned as he rolled his hips to meet each thrust, his head falling back as they fell into a hard, fast rhythm.

Cas was thrusting up into him fiercely, the tendons on his neck standing out as his bared teeth in a predatory grin. He shifted his grip on Dean's hips, tilting his pelvis just so, and piston his hips with a hot, demanding roll of his body. Dean cried out above him on the first thrust, and Cas gave a low, satisfied chuckle before locking his hands on Dean, keeping him in place. As Dean's cries continued, growing louder and more desperate, Cas knew he'd found his prostate. He drove up into Dean...
relentlessly, until Dean was keening above him, his hole clenching as he neared the brink.

“Sonofabitch, fuck Cas, hnnng... fuck me just like that, ah ah right there angel!”

Dean scarcely recognized his own voice, the breathy, broken cries and demands seeming to come from someone else entirely as he rocked with every powerful thrust from the Alpha beneath him. His thighs trembled and his cock was aching, desperate for any kind of touch. He held off though, the throbbing a delicious torment. He fought to roll his hips, but Cas’ grip on him held him nearly motionless; the implicit strength of that grip just fucking did it for him. He thought of the man's threat to pound him into the mattress, and his own taunt of next time.

_Fuck, I really hope there's a next time!_

“That's it, Dean,” Cas growled, his voice sliding down Dean's spine like molten steel, burning him up and pooling low in his gut. “You gonna come on my cock, Omega? Think you can get there just like this, just with my cock filling you up? So hot, baby, so fucking hot... I'm gonna make you come, then I'm going to fuck you 'til you can taste it. You won't be able to move without thinking of me for a week, baby, come on, fuck! I can feel it, you're so close baby, squeezing my cock so tight, fuck!”

Cas' voice and filthy words as he drove into Dean were stoking the fire in his gut, and he could feel his thighs trembling, his stomach tightening as his cock throbbed, spurting a little as he hovered on the edge. Then his eyes locked with Cas’, and the heat and lust he saw there pushed him higher than ever.

“Angel, Alpha, fuckfuck FUCK! CAAAAASSSSSS!” Dean howled his released, his come painting Cas’ stomach and chest, a few drops hitting the underside of his chin.

Cas growled again, and with a mighty heave, flipped them over so Dean lay beneath him. He hiked Dean’s legs over his hips and pounded into him. Cas’ face was buried against Dean's throat, his arms wrapped underneath his back and gripping his shoulders, his powerful legs driving each thrust.

Dean found himself tilting his chin up slightly, not a blatant invitation, but the suggestion of one. He dropped his chin back down after a moment, confused. His wolf had never been like this, and he had to bite his tongue to keep from begging to be claimed.

Dean's cock was still pulsing, forcing out the last drops of come when Cas’ body locked against his for a moment, then drew back for a long, slow thrust -- once, twice, a third time. Dean could feel
Cas’ knot stretching him, but Cas drew back just before it swelled to fullness as he shouted his release against Dean's throat, collapsing against him. Dean moaned as he felt Cas’ dick throbbing within him, and slid one hand up Cas’ spine to fist in his hair, tugging lightly. Cas gave a low rumble in his chest, then propped himself on one elbow to avoid crushing Dean. Their eyes locked, and both men broke into gasping laughter as they came down from their high.

“Cas,” Dean said softly, almost shy. “Um… why didn't you knot me? I'm just wondering.” His wolf was whimpering in confusion, pacing in his mind, but Dean pushed that feeling aside for now.

Cas averted his eyes for a moment, and looked back with his cheeks flushed more than their exertions could account for.

“I've... never knotted anyone. Sex is one thing. Fucking incredible sex, in some cases,” he smirked, and Dean chuckled, “but for me a knot is for my mate. I'm sorry if that upsets you.”

Dean gave a slow smile. “I'll tell you a secret. I'm... actually glad. I've never been knotted before and I agree, it should be special. Honestly, my last boyfriend was a Beta, the one before that another Omega. I got so carried away with you I didn't think to ask you not to… so, thanks.”

Eventually, Cas softened and he slipped out, holding the condom carefully in place until he was kneeling over Dean. He quickly tied a knot in the bulging rubber and crawled off the bed. He cocked his head at Dean, eyeing him sprawled on his bed with a deep satisfaction in his eyes. “Shower now or the morning?” he asked, his voice rough from their efforts.

“Morning, I'm not trying to walk anywhere just yet.” Dean smirked.

Cas gave a low, satisfied chuckle and disappeared into the ensuite. Dean heard water running, and soon Cas was there with a warm washcloth, carefully cleaning Dean's chest and stomach from where they pressed against each other. He took his time, gently running the cloth over Dean’s cock and down over his hole. The warmth soothed the ache of his body and Dean relaxed further into the mattress. He was half asleep when Cas returned from the bathroom without the cloth and heard a low laugh.

“Cmon, under the covers, Dean.”

Dean muttered a protest, but allowed himself to be pulled upright to fold the blankets out of the way. Before he could settle again, his body gave him a different signal and he made his way to the
bathroom to obey that call of nature.

“Man, that is one hell of a shower,” he commented as he returned to the bedroom. “Double shower heads? And that bathtub is large enough to hold a family. You sure you're single?” he teased.

Cas gave him an unreadable look for a moment before replying. “You never asked that,” he said evenly.

It took Dean a second to process that statement, then his jaw dropped. “What the fuck, Cas?!” he shouted, glaring at the other man, his wolf stirring in distress and anger. He could feel his fangs aching, threatening to descend.

The man was laying on his bed with a shit-eating grin on his face. “I am single. But you didn't ask,” he pointed out with a smirk.

Dean gaped at him a moment, then he stalked over to the bed, a scowl on his face as he crawled onto the mattress and straddled the other man.

“You think you're funny, don't you?” he demanded in a fierce growl, and he knew his eyes were hinting at Omega gold.

“I'm hilarious. Now get in here. Coffee pot goes automatically at 9:30 on Saturdays since I usually close Fridays.”

“Ditched your responsibilities for a piece of this, huh?” Dean boasted even as he shook off his irritation at the Alpha's joke. He crawled under the blankets, sinking into the mattress with a contented sigh.

“You should've seen yourself on that bull tonight, Dean,” Cas murmured as he turned off the bedside light before turning and pulling Dean to him. “My wolf wanted you, demanded you immediately.”

“Mmm. Mine too, when I got to the bar. G'night Cas,” Dean breathed, starting the slow slide under into darkness.
Just before he surrendered to sleep, he felt a gentle kiss pressed to his forehead.

“Good night, Dean.”
Heat of the Moment

Chapter Summary

Sam and Gabriel leave the bar together, only to have Gabe's heat hit unexpectedly.

Chapter Notes

Love as always to Dani for her amazing beta skills!

And for my sprinting buddies in Writers of Destiel Discord, who were waiting so desperately for the next chapter. 😊

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sam and Gabriel stayed long enough to make sure Zachariah Adler had left the premises before Gabe informed Balthazar he was heading out.

“Don't forget you're on tomorrow evening, Gabby! I can see how you might get distracted, after all,” Balthazar commented drily, his odd English accent setting him apart from his brothers.

“Don't worry, I have to work tomorrow, too,” Sam told him and gave a reassuring smile. He yelped and startled, however, when his ass was slapped and Gabriel shoved a hand into the back pocket of his jeans. Balthazar smirked.

“Have fun, kiddies. We've got it here.”

Sam slung an arm around Gabe's shoulders and they almost made their way to the exit without incident. There was a quick burst of catcalling directed at the latest person to be thrown from the mechanical bull, whom Gabe had dubbed Larry, when a patron turned too quickly and sloshed her beer across them both.

“Oh, my gosh!” she exclaimed, flushing scarlet even in the dim bar. “I'm so sorry! Let me get some napkins!”

“Don't worry about it,” Gabe told her cheerfully. “Just means I have an excuse to strip the moose
“Have you got a car here, Gabe? Or are we getting a Lyft?” Sam asked, shivering in the light breeze. He saw Gabe rubbing his own arms and stripped off his flannel, wrapping it around the small Omega. Gabe's eyes flashed in the poor lighting of the parking lot, and he froze for a moment before shaking his head.

“Samalicious, thanks, but…” He handed back the shirt, but pressed himself against Sam's side. “Hold that thought until we get to your place. I'll be fine til then, and I don't think wrapping me in your clothes is too bright. Unless you want the sheriff called for a public indecency complaint.”

Gabe gave a slight roll of his hips and Sam groaned when he realised the smaller man was already hard. He thought about putting the shirt back around him, his wolf encouraging him to rub his scent all over the Omega, and he let out the first hint of a growl.

“Car or Lyft, Gabe, now,” he replied in a husky voice.

“Lyft. Our place is four blocks, so I don't drive most days.” Gabriel smirked then, his eyes lighting up as he met Sam’s gaze. “So, Samalam, take me home.”

Sam quickly pulled out his phone, and typing one handed, ordered a Lyft. The other hand held Gabriel's carefully, both of them far too aware of the tension rising between them. By the time Sam's phone pinged to let him know the Lyft driver was around the corner, Gabe's fangs had started to descend slightly and Sam was looming over him protectively.

The driver, a Beta, eyed them cautiously as they slid into the back seat, and hit the gas as soon as Sam gave the address.

“Samsquatch, Alpha…” Gabe's burnished whiskey eyes were suddenly luminously golden, and Sam could scent the slick on him. Gabe himself was pressed against Sam’s side, nuzzling at his throat. Sam took a deep breath, centering himself even as his wolf paced like a caged animal inside him. He hoped his blockers were working, because while Gabe had been flirtatious, he hadn't been so needy at the bar. Had that simply been self-control while at work? Or was there something else going--
Sam's thoughts were interrupted when Gabe gave a low, quiet moan.

“Like dark coffee and whipped cream… so good, Alpha,” Gabe practically purred.

_Oh shit, my blockers are wearing off!

Sam wrapped an arm around Gabe's shoulders to hold him steady. He pressed his lips softly to Gabe's forehead and frowned at the heat radiating from the Omega.

“Gabe?” he murmured against the golden brown hair, scenting him carefully. Still nothing past the scent of slick, but it was sweeter, richer than it had been only ten minutes earlier. Sam cleared his throat and let his wolf slip the leash just a little. “Omega.”

Gabe whined and raised his chin, baring his throat.

“Um, Gabe? You're going into heat. Do you want to go home?”

That got a reaction.

“Alpha, no, please, need you Alpha, need your scent, your knot! Sam, take me home with you, need you, Alpha!”

Sam made eye contact with the driver who looked distinctly uncomfortable. Sam sighed and found the number for the bar online. He dialed quickly and asked to speak to the owner.

“Milton's, Balthazar speaking,” came the polished English accent.

“Hey, um, this is Sam. Gabe's going to heat and won't give me your address to get him home.”

There was a pause while the noise in the background halved, as though Balth had closed a door.
“Gabby isn’t due for weeks. Is he alright?”

“He’s getting a little handsy, to be honest. And, um, his temperature is up. And he keeps talking about my scent, but I swear, I’m wearing blockers.”

“Now that is unusual…” Balth commented, but the Lyft driver was clearing his throat.

“‘Scuse me, Alpha, but I can’t get a whiff. You smell like cologne, but not getting coffee or whatever the other thing he said.”

“Balth,” Sam spoke into his phone again, suddenly calm and very focused on the blond at his side. “I'll take care of him. And I'll make sure he texts you as soon as he's able.”

There was a lengthy pause.

“Please, Sam, do not abuse this trust.”

“Never. He's… something special,” he finished, hoping Balth would ignore his pause.

“That he is. Hurt my brother though?” Balth left the unspoken threat stand, and Sam actually smiled.

“They'll never find my body. I get it. I have a brother, too. Who went home with your Alpha brother. Good night, Balthazar.”

“Ta, Sam.”

Sam turned back to his Omega and soothed him softly, even as Gabe started to squirm in his seat.

“Almost there, sugar,” Sam told him in a husky voice. “Hang in there, Omega. We're almost home.”

The driver's nervous scent was strengthening, but so was his determination. They pulled up in front
of the semi-detached where he and Dean lived on one side, their adopted sister Jo and her mate Charlie owning the second. As the car stopped, the driver turned in his seat to face them.

“Look, Alpha. I gotta make sure everything is okay here.” The Beta met Sam's gaze for a split second, then glanced down and away to avoid challenging him.

Sam felt a growl starting deep in his chest that someone would prevent him from taking care of his Omega, then froze at his line of thinking. He turned to Gabe, and coaxed him upright and away from him so he was sitting on his own, only their hands joined, as Sam couldn't bring himself to let go completely. He tried again, and this time Gabe whined, clutching at him.

“Omega, are you alright getting outta the car here?” the driver asked quietly, and Sam clamped down on his instincts, waiting for Gabe to answer for himself. Gabe shook himself and let go of Sam's hand as he turned to face the driver.

“Sam, could you step outta the car for a sec? I'll just be a second, Alpha,” Gabe told him with a purr, and Sam's Alpha settled. He got out of the car, and watched as Gabe turned to the driver. “Thanks, man, but my Alpha and I are fine.”

Sam felt a possessive purr rumbling from the center of his chest, and this time he let it loose. Opening the passenger door, he quickly tapped his phone against the driver's to pay, not even bothering to correct the preprogrammed twenty-five percent tip. He carefully helped Gabe out of the car, and when the Omega's legs wobbled, Sam simply picked him up bridal style.

He wasted no time in carrying Gabe up to the door, the smaller man having wrapped his arms around Sam's neck. Sam only paused at the door to carefully dig out his keys, nearly slamming them into the lock and getting them into the house in moments. He kicked off his shoes and set Gabe down on the floor gently. He knelt before his Omega—wait, my Omega? Mine?—and helped him out of his shoes. He pulled Gabe into his arms again and stood, drawing a whimper from the Omega.

“So strong, my Alpha, need you!” Gabe pleaded, and Sam groaned at the possessive words used just for him. He took the stairs two at a time despite his burden, his long legs eating up the distance to the bathroom quickly.

“Gabe? Gabe, I'm going to run you a bath. You're getting a little too hot, and I want you to cool down a little bit. Once that's done, hopefully you'll be a little more clear-headed so we can talk.”
"Don't wanna talk, wanna fuck!" Gabriel grumbled, licking a stripe up Sam's throat directly over his scent gland. Sam groaned and nearly dropped him, his cock leaping to attention.

"Gabe! Omega!" Sam exclaimed as he put him down, steadying him against the counter before leaning over to starting to run water into the jacuzzi tub. "You have to listen. You're going into heat early. Are you on suppressants? Birth control?"

"Yes! F90X, should only have my cycle every ninety days. Been only two months." Gabe was getting the information out, but he was whining as he spoke, slipping forward on the counter to grind his hips against Sam.

Sam chuckled and leaned down to kiss the Omega's forehead.

"I'm on suppressants, but my rut was just a week ago. Come on, Gabe, let's get you into the bath."

Sam took his time unbuttoning Gabe's burgundy dress shirt, his golden tanned skin gleaming with a light layer of sweat. Sam forced down his own arousal and slid the shirt from Gabe's shoulders. The Omega was quite a bit shorter than he was -- though most people were -- but he wasn't weak. His compact build showed strength while the touch of softness around his middle showed he was comfortable and not obsessed with his figure.

Sam started to reach for Gabe's belt and hesitated. Instead, he gently tilted Gabe's chin up with two fingers, meeting his whisky rimmed eyes, nearly swallowed by black pupil in his arousal.

"Gabe, please. Tell me this is okay, sugar. Tell me you're okay with this."

Gabe focused on him suddenly and took a slow step backwards. Sam felt something in his heart clench and tried to swallow around a feeling of bitter rejection. Gabe stood before him, trembling, and Sam let his hands drop, looking down and away from the Omega. His wolf howled inside, distress and loneliness in its voice, but Sam refused to give in to that nature. He had no right to claim Gabriel, he told himself. Then he heard the light clink of metal and his eyes flew back to the man before him.

Gabe was slowly undoing his own belt, drawing it through the loops to drop to the floor with a thunk. He thumbed open his tight jeans and Sam nearly growled.
“I know I’m irresistible, Samalam, but my eyes are up here.”

Sam’s eyes snapped up to Gabriel’s as he clenched his hands into fists at his sides, anything to prevent himself from reaching for the Omega at that moment.

Gabe's eyes were still dark with lust, but there was amusement and affection there, a merriment that had drawn Sam to him in the bar in the first place. Gabe was in there, not just heat-fogged Omega, and Gabe wanted him.

Sam took one giant stride forward and pulled the Omega into his arms, lifting him under the arms until Gabe wrapped his legs around his waist, his eyes wide and wild.

“Holy fuck, Samsquatch, that is seriously hot. Naked, now!” Gabe ordered, fisting his hands in Sam's hair to pull him down for a passionate, throat-swabbing kiss.

The dam broke.

Sam wrapped an arm underneath Gabe's rear, supporting him with one arm and freeing the other to turn off the water. He remained kissing Gabe as though he needed his lips to breathe. Sam turned on his heel and carried the Omega out of the bathroom, walking quickly down the hall to his bedroom. When he opened the door, Gabe moaned loudly against his lips and pulled free for a moment.

“You're all I can smell in here. You smell so fucking good, Sam! Rich coffee, whipped cream, cinnamon, fuck.” He met Sam's eyes with a mischievous grin and roved his eyes over his form. “Makes me hungry.”

Sam bounced him onto the bed, pressing him into the mattress with his larger body. The scent of slick increased in the air, honey-sweet and thick on his tongue. He couldn't wait. Sam's hands moved of their own volition to the zipper on Gabe's jeans, and he quickly stripped them and a pair of black boxer-briefs covered in hot pink lips down his legs.

Without hesitation, Sam flipped Gabe onto his front and pulled his hips up. Then he buried his face and tongue against Gabe's slit before the Omega could do more than exclaim at the rough treatment. Gabe cried out at the contact, writhing back against Sam’s tongue, his stubble abrading his sensitive skin deliciously. Sam’s large hands gripped his waist tightly, nearly engulfing the smaller man. Gabe whined and squirmed, slick gushing from his hole directly to Sam's waiting lips, and Sam was nearly delirious at the taste.
Sam sucked and licked, drove his tongue into Gabe's hole, and nipped around the rim. He laved his tongue over Gabe’s perineum and sac, then ran back up in a broad, wet stroke that left the Omega nearly incoherent.

Sam pulled back for a second, licking his lips as he hauled his shirt over his head. Gabe glanced back with a whine at the interruption, then flat out moaned.

“Holy fuck, Sammy, you are gorgeous. I want to cover you in caramel sauce and lick you clean for hours. Then I want to ride that thick Alpha cock of yours... I can see it, you're about to split your jeans open. Get 'em off, let me look at you!”

Sam groaned at the images Gabe was putting into his mind and he drew back, helpless to anything other than fulfilling the Omega’s wishes.

“I want to scent you, Gabe. I need to scent you,” Sam told him, his voice rough with lust.

“What, you want a shower now?!" Gabe demanded. “Seriously, your timing? Awful!”

Sam just grinned at him and reached for the drawer next to the bed, pulling out a package of wet wipes.

“They make cleanup easier, but they should also kill our blockers.”

Gabe grinned up at him and Sam felt his heart give an odd thump. His wolf had been waiting patiently, but now was back to pacing, a low growl coming from it. Sam pushed it down.

He and Gabe each grabbed a wipe, quickly scrubbing over their throats and wrists. Gabe looked around and Sam took the wipe from him, chucking both into a bin a few feet away. Sam popped his fly on his jeans with his back to the bed and palmed his cock for a moment, throbbing at being somewhat freed. He kept his back turned for a moment longer, feeling a shudder sweep through his frame.

Then it hit him.

His eyes nearly rolled back in his head, and he turned back to the bed with a growl. Gabe was smirking at him, lazily stroking his own cock.

“Come get me, *Mate,*” he challenged, wiggling his eyebrows at Sam in a way that should’ve been ludicrous, but instead was sexy confidence.

Sam growled again and his wolf howled. Sam straightened and drew his palm down his chest, pausing to tease over the well-defined muscles of his abdomen before sliding down to his hips. Gabe was panting as he watched, the wolf and the man both preening at the attention from their mate. Sam drew his pants and boxer-briefs quickly down his legs, and Gabriel groaned, rutting up against his hand a little faster.

“My oh my, Samalam, you *are* proportional, aren't you, Alpha?”

Sam prowled over to him and crawled up onto the bed, pushing him down to lay on his back. He planted his knees on either side of Gabe’s body, leaning down to lick a stripe up his neck, nipping at his scent gland.

“The better to knot you with, my dear,” Sam teased, grinding down against Gabe. He groaned as he pulled a delicious moan from the Omega as they started rutting against each other. Gabe fist ed his hands in Sam's shoulder-length hair, pulling his mouth to his own, stealing his breath in a greedy kiss. Sam groaned, stroking his hand down Gabe's side until he reached his thigh, then shifted and pulled suddenly, wrapping Gabe's leg high around his own waist. He thrust against his mate in a long, slow push, the dry friction drawing a gasp from them both.

“Gabe, you smell so fucking good. Honey so sweet for me, and I'm going to taste it all.” Sam slid down the bed, sucking on Gabe's throat, his collarbone, flicking his tongue over one nipple. He could feel Gabe's temperature climbing and knew they didn't have a lot of time before his heat hit in earnest.

“But that'll be later. Now, I'm going to knot you, fill you with my come, coat you in my scent, and everyone is going to know this sweet little ass is mine!” He all but growled his last words, but Gabe was squirming and nearly mewling underneath him. Sam reached down between their bodies and found Gabe's slit hot and dripping slick in a steady flow. His thighs were coated, the bedspre ad had a growing wet spot, and Sam's hand was instantly soaked as he slid two fingers into his tight heat.
Even now the walls were fluttering and clenching tightly, so close to the edge already.

“Sam, Alpha, I need you, need your scent all over me. I need you to knot me, need you to mark me with your come. And I'm going to ride that knot, going to milk you dry, Samalam. Then I want you to use those strong arms and take me against a wall. I don't want to walk for a week.”

“Fuck, Gabe.” Sam breathed out with his eyes closed, panting as Gabe detailed just what and how he'd like Sam to take him, until finally he couldn't hold back any longer. He pulled his fingers from Gabe's body with a wet sound and quickly coated his cock, lining up with his entrance.

He bent to capture Gabe’s mouth again, his tongue invading, hot and devastating, plundering until Gabe was whining and squirming underneath him. Then without warning, he drove into his Omega's slit, burying himself in one smooth thrust.

Gabriel wailed beneath him, wrapping both legs tighter around his Alpha. A fine sheen of sweat broke out over his body and he canted his hips, meeting Sam thrust for thrust, his heat demanding the frantic pace his Alpha set.

Sam drove them hard and fast, knowing Gabe's heat wouldn't give him a reprieve until he'd been knotted. He wrapped his palm around Gabe's cock loosely, stroking in time to their thrusts, precome dripping steadily as Gabe climbed closer and closer to the precipice. Sam grabbed Gabe's hips, pounding into him, and Gabe nearly shouted as Sam's thick cock ran over his prostate without stopping, filling him so completely there was no escaping the contact.

The first orgasm swept over Gabe, who came screaming, his cock spurting high onto his chest and stomach. His hole clenched around Sam who swore and gritted his teeth.

“Sam, Alpha!” Gabe's voice was wrecked, hoarse from screaming his release. “Knot me, breed me, Sammy. I need you, fill me up with your come, give it to me. Mate, please!”

Gabe was howling and Sam had a fleeting thought that Jo and Charlie were probably never going to let him live this down. Then Gabe raked his nails down Sam's back and Sam forgot how to breathe for a moment. Gabe was still hard between them, Sam was approaching his own release quickly.

Gabe was writhing under him, his voice lost in needy mewls as Sam picked up the pace, thrusting shallow and fast. Sam's wolf was prowling in the back of his mind, present during sex in a way he'd never experienced before, and Sam knew they were right. They were True Mates. He could feel his
own temperature climbing a little, but his suppressants were keeping his rut at bay. He wasn't certain they'd survive it.

His knot was swelling as he thrust deeper again, pulling a keening cry from his Omega as he felt the stretch.

“Knot me, Sam, please please please knot me! I need it, breed me up, fill me with your pups!”

Sam growled, his wolf howling in triumph as he thrust his knot past Gabe's rim, locking them together. Sam's fangs had long since descended, and he clamped down on the pillow under Gabe's head as he came, flooding his Omega. Gabe cried out again and came hard, his eyes rolling back in his head as he spurted over Sam's stomach.

Chapter End Notes

Come find me on Tumblr, Imbiowaresbitch
Smoke and Whiskey

Chapter Summary

Dean wakes ro a delectable scent teasing him.
Bacon.

Chapter Notes

Back to Cas and Dean, and more smut. This is a longer chapter, so have fun!
See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dean woke slowly, his body one giant ache, and he hissed as he stretched, his thighs protesting. He rolled onto his side, his face pressing into the mattress as he dropped his feet to the floor and pushed himself upright with his arms. He wobbled a moment, a slow smirk curving his lips. He could smell coffee, something sweet cooking, and --

*Mmmmm, bacon!*

There was something else... like a smokey whiskey, and it was teasing, tantalizing him, there and gone again.

He hobbled to the bathroom, eyeing the fantastic shower once more, and found a toothbrush on the counter, still in the packaging. He checked himself in the mirror as he picked at the corner of the plastic. His hair was disheveled, eyes still half-lidded and sleepy, and there were even a few dark marks he hadn't even realised Cas was leaving on him pepperling his throat and collarbones, and one on his hip. One was a hairsbreadth from his scent gland and he felt a bolt of lust at that. He looked like the morning after a spectacular night in bed and he couldn’t help but chuckle.

A few minutes later, he wandered back into the bedroom and discovered a pair of flannel sleep pants folded on the foot of the bed. He pulled them on and followed his nose down the hall. Usually, he'd say it was the coffee, but the scent of whiskey and now... vanilla? kept drawing him onward. His wolf was insistent, and since when did it care about breakfast?

Dean looked about as he emerged into the open concept living area, as he'd been more than a little preoccupied the night before. Large bay windows let in the morning sun, showing off a warm,
inviting room with two couches placed on each side of a coffee table, a stereo cabinet along one wall, and a shelf with an impressive vinyl collection. He thought about snooping through the records, but his stomach growled, and he moved past the dining table to the open-concept kitchen. The first thing he saw was Cas at the stove, carefully flipping bacon, his hips moving to the music coming from an ipod dock on the shelf opposite him.

Dean grinned as he watched him use the tongs to sing along to an old Backstreet Boys song, sliding across the kitchen to scoop up a pale blue coffee mug with a giant cartoon bee on the side. He was wearing a pair of cotton lounge pants slung low on his hips, and Dean let his eyes roam freely over the man’s bare torso, for the first time seeing a gorgeous tattoo on his shoulder blades, trailing halfway down his back.

Dean walked closer, his bare feet nearly silent, and traced his fingers over the spectacular angel wings; the tops feathered and vibrant, but halfway down they turned to flame, ending charred and broken. As he traced them, he wondered at the symbolism. He felt Cas shiver under his touch and Dean drew back slightly, feeling he'd overstepped.

Cas turned to face him, his expression slightly haunted.

“I'm sorry.” Dean found himself apologizing, rubbing at the back of his neck awkwardly as he looked away from the gorgeous man before him.

“Don't worry about it, Dean. Old wounds is all. Coffee?” Cas offered, setting his own mug down to pour one for Dean. Dean glanced down at the bee mug and chuckled at the words “Buzz off” printed on the opposite side.

“Yeah, two sugars, one milk would be perfect, thanks.” He smiled, watching as Cas turned to pull milk from the fridge and the sugar bowl from the back of the counter. “So, Backstreet Boys? Really?”

“Come on, it's catchy!” Cas smiled, handing him a large mug depicting a zombie in a bathrobe holding a coffee cup saying “First Coffee, Then Brains”. The image drew another chuckle from Dean.

“Yeah, I guess. The monster makeup for the video was pretty cool, and you could tell they busted their asses on choreography.”
Cas grinned at him, a bright, gummy smile that lit up the kitchen, and Dean felt his heart lurch, his wolf whining for attention from the other man. He took a drink from his mug to cover his confusion, and moaned at the rich, dark flavour.

“Choreography, huh?” Cas teased gently as he went past to pull the bacon from the heat, and Dean shrugged with a smile.

“Yeah, I, ah… I stripped for years after high school. I needed the money to support Sammy, at first, but when he got his full ride to Stanford, I kept it up for a few more years just cause the money was so good. Between that and working part time as a mechanic at my uncle’s, it gave me enough to open my own shop.”

“Why were you supporting your brother?” Cas asked, cocking his head curiously to the side like an inquisitive pup. Dean found it unfairly adorable.

Dean shrugged, reaching over and stealing a piece of bacon. He popped it into his mouth with a moan. He nodded his compliments to the chef, then swallowed before answering. “Our mum died when I was eight, Sammy was only four. Dad… he tried. But Mom was his True Mate. I ended up looking after Sammy when he'd be out working odd jobs, mostly as a mechanic. It happened when I was eighteen... he was stopped to help someone with a flat, and got hit by a drunk driver. Killed instantly.”

Dean looked up to see a look of sympathy on Cas' handsome features, and he shrugged self-consciously.

“Dad was lost without Mom. I'm not saying it was for the best, because it sure as hell wasn't, but part of him died with Mom. He got… colder.” Dean shook his head, trying to dispel his gloomy thoughts. “What am I smelling anyway? It smells amazing in here, and it's not just the bacon.”

Cas gave him a quick smile, acknowledging the topic shift, and grabbed a set of oven mitts. He bent, offering Dean a fantastic view of his ass, and pulled a baking dish from the oven.

“Boozy french toast, made with whiskey and irish cream. There’s strawberries to top it off.”

Dean's eyes widened and he took a deep breath as the kitchen was flooded with the rich scent of whiskey, eggs, bread, and something smokey. He groaned softly, and took a big gulp of his coffee to clear his head, flushing as he felt himself slicking.
“Do you feed all your one-night stands like this?” he teased, winking at Cas who froze while reaching for plates. He reached up to the cupboard to get them and shrugged in an overly-casual fashion.

“I... ah… don't generally have one-night stands.” Cas had his back to Dean as he served out the french toast, piling each serving high with sliced strawberries, but Dean could see the back of his neck and his ears reddening.

“So...” Dean started cautiously, “this is out of character or... you don't want it to be a one-night stand?”

Cas turned to meet his eyes, and again Dean was struck by the intensity of that blue gaze. He watched Cas’ throat bob as he swallowed, the Alpha’s voice low and gruff when he spoke. “Or. Definitely or.”

Dean stepped into his space, their chests bumping. “Good.”

He leaned down, and pressed a slow kiss to Cas’ lips, his tongue lightly tracing the seam of his mouth, tentatively asking him to open. With a groan Cas pulled him close, their bodies colliding in a heated embrace as Cas spun Dean to pin him to the counter. Dean moaned softly in response and wrapped his arms around Cas’ shoulders, hanging on tightly against the passionate onslaught. When they broke apart to catch their breath, Dean huffed a low laugh before speaking.

“I called it last night, saying you're bossy.”

Cas’ eyes darkened, and Dean felt his pulse jump in a sort of tense anticipation. “You have no idea. Cmon, food. I don't want you fainting on me,” he smirked. “If you could reach into that third cupboard behind you, there are some dinner trays. They're handy for eating on the deck.”

Dean waited a moment for Cas to back up and give him room, flushing when the Alpha moved just far enough that Dean was no longer pinned, but kept his hands on the counter on either side of Dean. Dean turned and glanced at the cupboards below the counter and grinned.

“Third from the left or from the right?”
“Left,” came the answer, breathed in a low growl in his ear. Dean shivered, and cast a reproachful look over his shoulder.

“Cas, you went to all this trouble, we should eat while it's hot.” Then he deliberately bent at the waist, shoving his ass back against Cas as he reached into the cupboard and found the trays.

“You fucking tease,” Cas growled, grabbing Dean's hips and grinding his semi against him. The ache in Dean's ass was a visceral reminder that their encounter last night had been rather vigorous, even without knotting. Dean straightened and set the trays on the counter, then turned in Cas’ arms again, their bodies brushing against each other the whole way.

“Angel, first of all, you started it. Secondly, it's not teasing if I plan on following through,” he promised, leaning in and running his tongue over the bruise he left on Cas’ neck the night before, then down over his scent gland. Cas’ eyes fluttered shut, but his hands on Dean's hips were suddenly gripping him like a vise.

“Dean, unless you want me to bend you over that bar stool by the breakfast counter, mark you as mine, and fuck you within an inch of your life? You'd best stop teasing,” Cas warned in a husky rasp. His lips quirked in a small smile then, his tone a bit lighter. “Besides, the french toast isn't nearly as good reheated. Come on.”

Cas stepped back, leaving Dean stunned for a moment at the suggestion of claiming him before they'd even scented each other. But then, his wolf was nearly howling in misery as Cas moved away from him. His wolf definitely approved of the suggestion of being claimed, and Dean was left wondering at the primal instincts flooding his system, dizzying him.

Cas refilled both coffee mugs, taking them out to the deck and setting them on the patio table. He passed Dean on his way back in, and Dean set his tray and the plate of bacon down. Cas followed after a moment with his own tray and they sat in companionable silence. Cas sipped his coffee as he watched Dean dig into the French toast, smirking when Dean let out a moan at the taste.

“Cas, this is fucking delicious,” Dean complimented, shoving in another mouthful. Cas simply chuckled, and nodded his thanks, his own helping disappearing just as quickly.

When they'd cleaned their plates, and the bacon was nothing more than a memory, Dean stood to stretch. He walked over to the railing on the deck, and leaned against it, holding his mug in both hands. He felt himself relaxing as the sun warmed his shoulders and back. After a moment, Cas joined him, their elbows brushing.
Dean looked out over the property stretching before them. There appeared to be vegetable gardens inside tall fenced enclosures, a riot of colour beyond showing flowers of all types. The property continued with no barriers to the woods at the back, and Dean swallowed another mouthful of coffee to turn to Cas.

“No fence between you and the woods?” he asked, curiously.

“No, I own forty acres beyond the yard, so I just fenced the veggies here and don't worry about it. Pain in the ass to deal with a gate or fence when I want to go for a run.”

Dean's eyes dropped to Cas’s legs, the thick muscle of his thighs showing he took his running seriously. He thought about what it would be like to tease Cas into a chase, his wolf whining at the very thought. He shifted against the railing as his mind flashed back to how it felt to straddle those legs last night. A hint of whiskey wafted over from Cas, either a holdover from breakfast or part of his scent make up.

*His blockers are fading… Shit. I'm gonna be hard constantly at this rate. Not to mention dripping slick.*

He glanced back up and met Cas’ eyes, staring back at him with an amused smile as though he could tell where Dean's mind had gone. His nostrils flared and his gaze darkened as he stepped closer to Dean. Dean bit back a whimper and put his hand gently against Cas’ chest in a caress, feeling his heart beating strongly. He slid his hand down to rest on Cas’ hip and looked back over the property.

“So you've got this place with all this room, all this property, but you live alone?” Dean asked, curious. “The gardens seem like a lot of work, but you co-own a bar. How do you keep it looking like this?”

Cas gave a rueful smile, running his fingers through his hair, standing it on end. “Most of it was here when I bought the property, and honestly, that was only a month ago. I've been pulling weeds in the gardens and collecting the fruit and veggies as they ripen, but beyond that, I have someone from a gardening centre coming out to take a look to see what really needs doing for upkeep.”

Dean gave a wry grin. “Oh yeah? Which place, Crowley's Greenhouse or Winchester's Gardens?”

“Winchester's. I called both, but the guy I spoke to at Crowley's was a pompous ass. The woman at
Winchester's was knowledgeable and friendly over the phone, so I've got someone coming out tomorrow.”

“Sounds like a good idea,” Dean commented with a smirk, making a mental note to check his work calendar; Charlie had access to schedule on site appointments for him, if the job called for it. “I know a thing or two about plants, you could say it’s a hobby. Wanna show me around?”

Cas gave him a gummy grin and gestured to the steps leading down from the deck to the plush lawn.

“Wait, I want a refill and I gotta empty the tank. Be two minutes.” Dean ducked into the house and set his mug on the dining room table, moving quickly through the house to the master bedroom. He scooped up his phone and opened the calendar for the next day.

Sure enough, an appointment with a C. Milton was scheduled for 1:30 P.M. He also noted Bobby had booked him for Sunday morning; that meant the part he’d been waiting for had finally come in. It would be a busy day, but at least on Sundays the garage was closed except for special order work, so it would be quiet. He scanned the notes Charlie had made, then dropped his phone back on his jeans and headed for the washroom. He glanced in the mirror and frowned at his still sleepy eyes.

Splashing some cold water on his face and neck to shock his system, he nodded at his brightened eyes and hummed a few bars of *Enter Sandman* as he relieved himself. He returned to the kitchen only to find Cas covering the baking dish with foil. He slid past to the coffee maker and filled his mug, breathing in the rich scent before adding milk and sugar and taking a drink.

“Damn, that's good coffee,” he hummed into the mug, smiling over it. “You ready to give me the tour?”

In response, Cas laid a possessive hand on his waist and leaned in to kiss him softly. Dean had a moment to kiss back before Cas was pulling him closer, kissing his way along Dean’s jaw to his neck. Cas nuzzled his way down his throat to his pulse and sucked a bruise over his scent gland. Dean felt lust spike through him like a lightning blast, and barely managed to set his mug on the counter before he was fisting his hands in Cas’ hair, pulling him closer. The scent of the other man was intoxicating, and Dean found himself on the verge of purring as Cas laved his tongue over the bruise he'd left on Dean's throat.

“Dean, you smell so fucking good… you were wearing blockers last night, did you wash them off?”
Dean could feel his mind going hazy, and mumbled into Cas's hair in reply, “No, but they're wearing thin. Wait, I splashed some water… oh gods,” he muttered as Cas nuzzled at his scent gland again. “You were wearing them too, Cas. They're still there, but I can gets hints anyway. Angel, please… I need to scent you.”

Dean was pleading, slick beginning to seep from his hole, a pool of heat gathering in his womb. Cas’ nostrils flared and he scooped Dean into his arms, wrapping his legs around his waist. He paused at the patio door and locked it, then carried Dean effortlessly down the hall. Dean was half-hard in anticipation already, and the show of strength from his Alpha… wait, no… the Alpha.

One night, and even an agreement that they wanted to spend more time together didn't make Cas his Alpha, despite what his wolf wanted.

Cas carried him into the master bedroom and through to the ensuite. He quickly rummaged through the cabinet and came up with a bottle of rubbing alcohol. He dampened a towel with the alcohol and swiped at his neck and down his chest, scrubbing under his arms. He tossed the towel into a hamper before grabbing another and dousing it the same before holding it out for Dean.

Dean's nose was twitching at the stinging scent of rubbing alcohol, and he sneezed several times to clear his sinuses.

Cas hit a switch and a fan started pulling the scent from the bathroom. Dean reached for the towel when suddenly the astringent stench dissipated, and Dean felt a gush of slick escape him. He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror past Cas and saw his eyes had flashed golden, and that his dainty omega fangs had spontaneously, fully descended.

He lifted his chin, baring his throat in an ancient sign of submission, and stood trembling before his Alpha.

*His Alpha*, his wolf howled in joy. Who stood waiting, not claiming him. Why didn't his mate want him?

Dean's fogged mind didn't remember his own blockers, focusing only on the fact that his Alpha stood before him, not touching him, and not responding to his offer of his throat. Finally, he couldn't bear it any longer.
“Alpha,” he whined, desperate and lost, trembling on the edge of rejection.

Cas rumbled low in his chest, a soothing deep purr, and stepped closer, his whiskey, smoke, and vanilla scent engulfing the trembling Omega. Cas gently wiped the towel over Dean's throat, down his chest, then dropped the towel and took Dean's hand. He backed them out of the bathroom, leading Dean to the bedroom.

Halfway to the bed, Cas froze, his nostrils flaring. His eyes flooded red as his wolf came to the forefront with a guttural growl.

“Mate… mine!”

“Alpha,” Dean purred, stepping into his mate's arms and licking over the scent gland at his throat. Cas rumbled for him and Dean felt his slick production ramp up when he saw his Alpha's fangs had fully descended. “Need you, Alpha, need your knot.”

Cas pulled him back onto the bed and they met in a fierce tangle of lips and teeth and tongues. Dean tasted blood and realised he'd bitten Cas’ lip. He looked up, meeting Cas’ eyes, black with a small ring of red. The Alpha’s eyes locked onto his and suddenly, Cas flipped them to pin Dean to the bed.

“Demanding little Omega,” he murmured, his voice deep and rasping, the Alpha wolf growl sounding through. Cas sucked Dean's lower lip into his mouth and teased with a fang, but was careful not to draw blood. “You want my knot, Dean? You want me to fill you up with my come? Knot you, breed you full of pups?”

Dean's eyes rolled back in his head, his arousal and desperation for his mate surging through him. He could feel his channel softening, loosening in preparation to mate, and Cas’ voice was only encouraging the slick to flow faster.

“How could I not have known when I tasted you last night?” Cas growled, his hands roaming over Dean and tugging his borrowed lounge pants down his legs. Dean quickly lifted his hips to let Cas remove them, his own hands shoving at Cas’ pants. He stared down Cas’ body, the morning sunlight allowing him to see far more detail than the lamp the night before. Cas’ knot was already swelling, and Dean ran a rough hand down Cas’ torso to stroke his fingers over the knot he'd been denied the night before.

“I'm on suppressants, remember,” Dean answered. “I hadn't expected to find my mate at twenty-six.
But now? Are you saying you want to be there for my heats to try for a pup?”

Cas growled and pinned him, rutting against Dean with his enormous cock, the knot adding another layer of pleasure. He fumbled in the drawer for a condom, and kissed Dean thoroughly. Dean whined when he saw it, but Cas petted him gently.

“Soon, my Omega, but I need to be in you now, and I want us to talk about pups first.”

“But you do want them?” Dean asked somewhat nervously, then purred and relaxed at Cas’ emphatic nod. “Then what are you waiting for? Claim me, angel.”

Cas groaned and dropped to nip at Dean's scent gland, rolling the condom on hastily. He grabbed Dean's legs and pressed his knees up against his chest, exposing his hole, dripping with slick.

“So wet for me, Dean. Are you ready?”

“Cas, get that knot inside me, now!” Dean ordered his Alpha, who simply bent for a slow kiss as he lined up.

Unlike the night before, when blockers had prevented their bond, Dean needed no prep, and Cas slid slowly into the tight heat of his lover, his mate. Dean groaned and clenched around him, but the position prevented him from thrusting to meet his lover. He whined for his Alpha, aching to move.

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Cas smirked and pushed Dean's knees to the side. He propped himself on his elbows over him, and started a hard and fast pace, knowing neither of them would last long. He could feel Dean's temperature spiking and wondered briefly if they'd managed to trigger a heat despite the suppressants. It wasn't unheard of for new mates, so he was glad he'd remembered the condom. He could feel his own temperature climbing, and knew he was on the verge of sliding into a spontaneous rut. He growled and his thrusts sped up, his wolf howling at him to claim bitemate!

***
Dean rocked his hips up to meet his Alpha's thrusts, and soon could feel the knot beginning to catch on his rim. He keened softly, the sensation better than anything he'd felt before, though fake knots during his heats weren't exactly a high standard.

“Cas… oh Cas, angel!” Dean moaned, bucking under his lover, his hands clutching at Cas's shoulders. His mind was on a loop, a desperate track of *matebiteknotclaimknotpupbreedpup*.

***

“So good for me, baby,” Cas grunted, his thrusts hitting harder and faster. “So wet for me, so ready. You want my knot, Dean? You want me to fill you up with my come, breed you til you're full of my pups? You'd look so good, swollen with our pups, dripping milk while you ride my knot!”

Cas' knot was throbbing, and he shoved hard, driving past Dean's rim to lock them together. He ground his hips against Dean in slow roll and Dean let out a shout as he came, his slick hole clenching around Cas' knot, milking him as he followed the Omega over the edge. Cas licked over Dean's scent gland and bit down sharply, the salt and copper taste of Dean's blood flooding his senses. His eyes rolled back in his head as he came again, his wolf giving a low growl of pleasure that he didn't try to silence. He licked the bite mark gently, then tilted his head back, exposing his own neck.

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Dean's eyes flashed golden as his Omega side swarmed to the forefront, and he set his fangs to Cas' scent gland without hesitation. He growled at the warm taste of Cas' blood on his tongue and felt his temperature spike, his cock throbbing with another orgasm. His hole clenched repeatedly and he could feel Cas' thick Alpha cock throbbing within him, but he writhed under his lover, the burning within him only climbing higher. His nostrils flared then, their mingling scents overwhelming his senses.

“Alpha,” he growled, grinding against Cas. He purred for a moment as he milked Cas again, then whined as his wolf realised that while he could feel the heat of his Alpha's come, it wasn't relieving the burning ache within. Dean whimpered, his desperation sending him into a panic, his hips rocking up against Cas. Cas’ eyes flew open, blood-red orbs locking onto his Omega.

“Mate!” he growled, his jaw clenching as he came again, his own fangs piercing his lip as he bit down. “MateknotbreedMATE!”
Dean whined again, his skin flushing as his heat took over his senses painfully. His Alpha was knotting him in rut, but there was no soothing the sharp, desperate burn.

“Alpha, Alpha, ALPHA! Breed me, fill me with your come, with your pups, please!” Dean's wolf was howling in distress; his Alpha, his mate, was knotting him but denying him their pups.

***

Cas' rut hit the second he tasted Dean's blood, and the pleas and whimpers from his Omega were enraging his wolf. His mate was upset, and his instincts were screaming at him to protectprotectprotect. His knot was throbbing, each spurt of come only increasing his desire to breed his mate, to see him swollen with their pups. His hands slipped down between them to the base of his cock, massaging his flesh as he ground into his Omega again.

Suddenly, he felt more than heard a small pop, and his Alpha roared as the scent of blissful Omega flooded his nostrils. Dean's rim clenched around him once more, and Cas felt his balls tighten one last time, his cock spurting into his mate. Which is when he realised…

“Dean…” Cas groaned, resting his forehead against Dean's collarbone, panting as he caught his breath. Dean didn't answer and Cas lifted his head to look at his mate. His Omega lay beneath him with heavy-lidded eyes, a contented smile on his lips, a purr rumbling up from his chest. Cas found himself purring in return, his Alpha oozing satisfaction.

Dean eventually blinked up at him, a lazy smile stretching his lips, his eyes returned to their startling green, as Cas knew his own were once again blue.

“Dean, we need to talk…” Cas told him seriously.

Dean frowned, hearing the concern in Cas’ voice. “Little awkward on the timing, there, Cas. Can it wait until we're no longer tied? How long are we looking at, anyway?”

“Twenty minutes normally, thirty in a rut. But with both of us triggered into cycle and True Mates? I have no idea. And we might as well talk about it, since your heat just vanished, didn't it?”

Dean froze mid-stretch, and his eyes widened as he assessed his state of mind, his heat symptoms.
“You used a condom, I know you did!” he exclaimed, looking down the length of their bodies, as though he'd be able to confirm it.

“I most certainly did,” Cas asserted. “But I think… I'm almost certain that it broke.”

“And my heat, and your rut just vanished. Holy shit.” Dean swallowed hard, meeting Castiel’s eyes. “I'm pregnant, aren't I?”

“I'm certainly no expert. I've…” And here, Cas blushed slightly, drawing a shy smile from Dean. “Like I told you, I've never knotted anyone before, much less sired pups before.”

Dean's head dropped back on the pillow and he stared at the ceiling a moment. Then suddenly, he started to chuckle. He laughed until tears were streaming from his eyes, and Cas smiled in amused affection, knowing that they'd make it work.

“What is so very funny?” Cas asked, running his fingers over Dean's lower lip.

“Well, I was thinking about your appointment tomorrow for the garden.”

Cas' eyebrows rose nearly to his hairline in surprise at the non sequitur. That was not what he'd expected to hear.

“Just that I'll have to text Charlie,” Dean smirked, “and make sure she marks your file as family so you get a discount.”

Cas blinked in confusion, then realised Charlie was the name of the woman he'd spoken to with the garden centre to set up his appointment.

“You know her?” he asked, puzzled. Dean gave him a smile of pure mischief.

“She's one of my best friends. More importantly, in this case, I sign her paycheques. We didn't get around to last names... I'm Dean Winchester.”
Dean grinned up at his mate, the head tilt Cas was doing in his confusion was absolutely adorable.

“Your family owns Winchester’s?” Cas asked, then remembered that Dean's parents were both dead. “You own it, I mean?”

“Sammy and I do. Our mom always wanted to open a gardening store. She had an amazing gift, and she taught me everything she could. It just always made sense to me, to do that for her. Sammy does most of the administrative and legal side, as well as our advertising and some of the hiring. I deal with our suppliers, our product, training our staff, and the store itself. And in house appointments.”

Cas grinned at down at him, his eyes dark with arousal, then the Alpha swept down to lick over the fresh mating bite, sending pleasure surging through Dean.

“So that appointment is in about twenty-four hours. What should we do until then?”

Dean gave a low chuckle, pulling his mate down for a slow kiss. “We're using that shower, for one. I still want a tour of the gardens, and if you're really lucky, maybe we could go for a run through those woods of yours. But I do have to work in the morning.”

Cas growled, his eyes flickering red for a moment, and he nuzzled at Dean's mating mark again.

“While I have no problem with you working, I don't like the idea of being separated so soon after mating… And do you really think having me chase you is such a good idea, little Omega?”

Dean purred, and lightly drew his nails down Cas' sides.

“Absolutely,” he murmured, looking up at his mate through his lashes, his tone low and teasing. “Alpha.”

Cas growled low is his throat, his nostrils flaring at the scent of his Omega challenging him. He
smirked at Dean's audacity, that he would be so daring while pinned and knotted. His wolf rumbled in approval. He had a strong mate.

Cas leaned down and kissed Dean lightly, a slow exploration, gentle and tender. Dean's fingers toyed with the hair at the nape of Cas’ neck, each slide of their tongues an affirmation of their mating bond, the air filling with the combined scents of happy Alpha and Omega.

“So, why have a country bar if you prefer rock?” Dean asked suddenly.

“Demographics.” Cas shrugged lightly, resting on one elbow, his other hand tracing lightly over Dean's tattoo on his pec. “My brother went to MIT with a business scholarship, and much as we'd all prefer a different kind of bar, this was the best choice for a first venture. Once this is truly running well, Balth wants to open a dance club. Whether he stays here to do that or moves to a larger city, he hasn't decided yet. But I think it'll be a bigger city.”

“Which one was Balth, the one hitting on my brother or Mr. British-ménage-à-douze?” Dean smirked.

Cas gave a soft laugh, bending to nuzzle at Dean's mating mark again, luxuriating in their combined scents.

“The latter. Gabriel was the one hitting on Sam. But in case you were distracted, your brother was hitting back and told you not to head home too early today.”

“Ugh, I don't want to think about my brother's sex life.” Dean grimaced, his scent briefly souring, then lacing with a determined scent. “Is Gabe a good guy? I know my brother can handle himself, but I've been looking out for him so long…”

“Gabriel is a sugar-addicted prankster who loves his family more than anything. He won't hurt Sam. His pranks never go that wrong.”

Dean smirked. “I'll have to tell him about the time I put itching powder in Sam's underwear.”

Cas snorted, his blue eyes twinkling. “And did he retaliate?” he asked, grinning as Dean's scent went warm and embarrassed.
“He, uh… he superglued my beer bottle. So when I picked it up…”

Cas chortled, his whole body shaking. Dean whimpered beneath him as Cas’ knot tugged at his rim lightly.

“Sorry, my Omega. I highly suggest you never mention pranks to my brother. Because if he and Sam join forces, there will be no stopping them. What is Sam's designation, if you don't mind me asking?”

“He's an Alpha. Makes it ridiculous that I keep trying to protect him, huh?” Dean shook his head, mocking himself.

Cas scowled at him and turned him by his chin to meet his eyes. “My brothers are a Beta, an Omega, and an Alpha. Even though I'm also an Alpha, Jimmy always tries to protect me, and he's my younger twin! Nevermind our baby sister, Anna. She bosses all of us around. Definitely an Alpha, that one.”

“Wait, you have a twin?!” Dean demanded, surprised. He grinned mischievously. “Identical?”

Cas’ eyes narrowed. “Don't even think about it, little Omega.” Cas growled, his eyes flashing Alpha red as he nipped at Dean's scent gland in possessive warning, keeping it just this side of painful.

Dean gave a sweet little gasp and shivered underneath Cas, his body tightening around Cas’ knot again. Cas half growled, half moaned, and his attempt to look stern failed utterly as his eyelids fluttered shut for a moment.

“One Alpha, we're mated. We're True Mates. I want no one but you. There is no way your twin could smell as delicious as you, anyway. Even identical twins have their own scents, and nothing could compare to yours.” Dean was nuzzling at Cas’ scent gland as he spoke, and began to purr as he licked over the fresh bite.

Cas tilted his head to one side, giving Dean better access.

They kissed each other slowly, leisurely, sharing little details about their lives, favourite foods, and spoke of concerts they'd attended. Apparently they'd both been at a Metallica concert a few years
prior, but with blockers and tens of thousands of attendees, it was no wonder they hadn't found each other.

Cas could feel his knot slowly shrinking, but not enough to free them just yet. Which is of course when his cell began to ring. He thought about ignoring it, but recognized his twin's ringtone. Jimmy hated phone calls, he would much rather text, so a call stood out enough that he ought to answer.

“That's Jimmy, my twin. Something’s up,” he told Dean as he carefully stretched. He gasped as Dean clenched about him deliberately, and shot his lover a glare. “Be good.”

“Just agreeing with you, Alpha! Something is up!” Dean gave a shit-eating grin, then rolled his eyes as his own phone started ringing. “That's Sam, why the hell is he calling?”

“Gabriel was going home with him, I hope he's okay!”

Cas's knot deflated enough to slip loose, and he rolled off the bed, glancing down. He slid the broken condom off and tossed it in the wastebasket, then with his phone in hand, stepped into the hall to give Dean privacy for his own call.

“Hello, Jimmy. What is it?”

“Cassie, you're never going to believe this…”

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“You what?!” Dean exclaimed, causing Cas to peek back around the door frame with one eyebrow raised in curiosity. “You're fucking shitting me. No, of course I don't think you… Sam, I… yeah, I get that, but -- Would you shut up and let me get a word in?! You found your True Mate and it's the owner of the bar we were at last night? Well, there are four co-owners, Sammy, and I know you aren't mated to Cas.” Dean let out an attractive snort and added, “Well, I know you're not because I am!"

Dean burst out laughing and Cas returned to his own phone call. “I'm sorry, Jimmy, I was distracted. I didn't hear a word of that, but I can hazard a guess.”
His twin snorted on the other end of the line and Cas could picture him rolling his eyes.

“How could you guess if you haven't been listening to me?” Jimmy's voice oozed sarcasm, and Cas stepped back into the bedroom, leaning casually against the wall.

“Well, you never call, so I know it's urgent. You don't sound worried, but excited. I'm going to guess that…” Castiel gave a dramatic pause and smiled as he continued, “Gabriel found his True Mate last night.”

“How could you possibly know that?!” Jimmy demanded, sounding disgusted that the surprise was spoiled.

“Because his True Mate is Sam Winchester, right? He’s about six foot four, shoulder length brown hair, built… and the younger brother of one Dean Winchester, who is currently naked on my bed with my mark on his neck. Gabriel isn't the only one who found his True Mate, Jimmy.”

“What?!” Cas pulled the phone away from his ear as his younger brother's voice broke on a shriek. “Cassie! How could you not have called me to tell me?!”

“How could I not? Perfect word, right there. Knot.” Cas smirked, waiting for --

“Ugh, you're disgusting. I don't want to know about your sex life!”

“So, you're not interested in hearing about a spontaneous heat and rut cycle this morning?”

“No, ugh, of course not! Why would I want… wait. How are you coherent and talking to me if you're in rut and he's in heat?” Jimmy demanded.

Cas grinned at Dean, his expression softening to something near adoration. “Suppressants, birth control, and a condom. They didn't stand a chance.”

“Holy shit, Cassie!” Jimmy burst out, which set Cas off laughing again. “How did that happen?”
Cas met Dean's eyes as his Omega hung up and turned with an elated expression, and winked at the naked man on his bed. “Well, I thought I told you about this years ago, but... when an Alpha and an Omega love each other very much—”

“Fuck off, Cassie!” Jimmy laughed. “What are the odds?! Do they have a sister? Maybe I'll have a chance.”

Cas rolled his eyes and crossed the room to kiss Dean on the forehead, then sat on the edge of the bed.

“One surrogate sister. And a best friend who is like the second little sister they never knew they wanted. You don't have a chance there, though.”

“Come on, I'm charming. I've always got a chance!”

“They're lesbians and together.”

“Damnit,” Jimmy grumbled, “why tease me like that?”

“Because you're my baby brother and it's my job to torment you until the day you die.”

Dean snorted, typing on his phone, and grinned over at Cas. He stood and stretched slowly, flaunting his strong frame, smirking as Cas' eyes darkened. Cas swept his gaze over Dean's body, a low growl escaping him when he realized those perfectly bowed legs gave him a spectacular view of his seed trailing down Dean's inner thighs. His wolf was oozing smug satisfaction.

“Um, Cassie? We're still on the phone. But I think I'm hanging up now. I'll stop by tomorrow to help with the garden?”

Cas shook his head, dragging himself back to his conversation, even as his eyes followed Dean as he sauntered to the bathroom, disappearing from view with a come hither glance.

“Perfect. See you tomorrow, one o'clock.”
Cas hung up, not bothering with a goodbye. Rude perhaps, but if Jimmy ever found his True Mate, he would understand. He was about to toss his phone aside so he could jump his mate when his phone buzzed with a text. He glanced at it, grinning as he opened the message from Gabriel.

Trckstr420: R u fucking kidding me?

BeeBarkeep: I thought pranks were your thing?

Trckstr420: dont b a bag o dicks. Srsly, Deano's yours? & knocked up?

BeeBarkeep: He is, he's naked, and in my shower. I'll text you later.

Cas tossed his phone onto his bed and stalked to the bathroom, only to find his Omega leaning into the shower wall, his hands on the tiles, his head tilted back to let the rainfall showerhead pour over him. Cas had a perfect view of his muscled back, the sweet, sinful curve of his ass, the strong, bowed legs that had ridden him so furiously.

Cas hadn't moved, or made a sound, but suddenly Dean stilled. Dean turned slightly towards the door, his eyes still closed, his nostrils flaring. Cas knew his Omega could smell his arousal, and the suddenly potent scent of slick wafted over him. He growled, and in a moment had his Omega pinned to the shower wall.

“Mine!” he rumbled, rutting slowly against the cleft of Dean's ass. He dropped his nose to scent at his mating bite, and gave a low, pleased growl at their combined scents. Dean had picked up his vanilla scent in addition to his own cedar, lavender, and lemon. Cas couldn't scent himself over the sensory information of mate, so he was left wondering how his scent had changed. He'd ask Dean later. For now…

Dean rolled his hips back, teasing against Cas, then turned in his arms and reached down to grab their cocks in a tunnel of both his hands. The water eased the way, but still left considerable friction as Cas wrapped one hand around the outside of Dean’s and used the other to grab the back of his neck, pulling him close for a passionate kiss.

Each slow thrust slid the ridge of Dean's cock against his own, and Dean dropped one hand to Cas’ knot, squeezing softly, stroking it in time with their rutting. Cas leaned closer to capture his lips with his own, his tongue begging entry. Dean's lips parted on a smile, and Cas took full advantage,
sweeping his tongue in to tangle with Dean's until both men were panting and breathless.

“Cas… Angel…” Dean moaned softly, and reached back to his slick hole, coating his fingers. He brought his hand back and wrapped it around their cocks again, the slide becoming easier and faster. Cas rested his forehead against Dean's as they panted, and trailed his hand down Dean's back to cup his ass with one broad palm. He teased his fingers along the top of Dean’s cleft for a moment, until Dean was whimpering and shifting against his hand, trying to direct his hand where he wanted it.

“Something you wanted, Dean?” Cas growled, slipping his fingers between his cheeks, ghosting over his hole in a feather-light touch.

“Cas, fuck, angel. Fingers or your knot, give me something here!” Dean pleaded, his eyes flashing golden. Cas’ Alpha responded with a guttural growl, his eyes glinting red.

“As much as I want you on my knot again, I don't think the shower is the best place for it, even with the bench. So, I suppose that means--” he slipped two fingers into Dean's hole, hitting his prostate with deadly accuracy, “--that fingers will have to do.”

Dean cried out, and pushed back against Cas’ fingers, then rocked forward into their hands. The combined stimuli was too much, and within a few minutes he was writhing against Cas, begging for release. Cas tightened his hand over their cocks, twisting his hand as it slid over the heads, his thumb stroking over Dean's slit, toying at the frenulum as Dean's hole and hand started to clench around him.

“Cas, yes, like that, pleeeeeease! Please, Alphaaaaat! Dean came with a cry, painting Cas’ chest and stomach with his seed. Between the tight clench around Cas's fingers and Dean's hand closing about his knot spasmodically, Cas grunted as his cock emptied itself for the second time in under an hour.

The two men slumped onto the bench, arms wrapped around each other as they nuzzled and scented at their mating bites. Dean rested his head against Cas’ shoulder, purring softly. Cas fumbled for a cloth and slowly began stroking over his Omega's arms, then down his chest, over his thighs. He slid down to kneel on the tiles before his lover and gently spread Dean's legs. He wiped away the slick, old and new, and tenderly stroked the cloth over his now soft shaft, then over his sac. Dean watched him with heavy lidded eyes, his purring a contented rumble filling the bathroom. Cas stood carefully, his knees protesting with a creak.

He scooped up a shampoo bar and slowly lathered it in his hands before leaning over to massage his way over Dean's scalp. Dean slumped forward, resting his forehead against Cas's hip, and Cas bit
back a moan as his cheek brushed against his own still erect shaft, the tip spurting another load at the touch. He grimaced as it landed on Dean's shoulder, then shrugged; he hadn't washed Dean's back yet anyway. He stroked his thumbs in slow circles over Dean's temples, his fingers scratching lightly over his scalp, before running his soapy hands back to rub at the back of his neck.

“That feels incredible, angel…” he groaned, rolling his head on his shoulders, wincing as a loud pop announced a loosened vertebrae. Dean's eyes opened carefully, blinking against the spray from the showerhead, and he smirked when he saw Cas' cock still leaking before him. With a wicked glint in his green eyes, he leaned forward and ran his tongue over the sensitive head, moaning his approval as Cas slapped his hands to the wall behind Dean to keep his balance as he came again.

“Dean, you're going to kill me…” Cas groaned, his eyes flashing red as Dean sucked and swallowed.

“Of what, dehydration? Tell you what, Alpha,” Dean taunted, “once we get back to bed, I've got something for you to drink.” His eyes flashed golden, the scent of his slick once again rising in the warm, humid air.

“Baby, a nap first and then lunch. And did you want to see the gardens or not?”

“Yeah…” Dean pouted, which should never have been that attractive on a man in his mid-twenties, but those full lips were positively sinful.

“With that in mind, let's get you out and dried off, then I can finish up. I doubt my ability to keep my hands to myself with you naked and hot from the shower.”

Dean stood carefully, deliberately brushing his chest and stomach against Cas' cock, and grinning as his Alpha grabbed onto his shoulders to steady himself as he came again.

“Omega,” Cas growled, his eyes bleeding red right to the pupil, “you will behave!”

Dean smirked at him. “Or what?” he challenged, his hands on his hips, chin thrust forward in a dare. Cas growled at him again, and gave a wicked smile of his own when he saw Dean shiver at the sound.

“I'll have to punish you, little Omega.”
Cas watched as Dean's pupils blew wide and the scent of aroused Omega surrounded them again. This time as his cock spurted, he stood tall, his knees locked so he didn't even waver, the very image of strong, virile Alpha.

Dean submitted, baring his throat, his wolf whining in approval of his mate. Cas’ Alpha gave a low rumble in return, and he leaned into his mate, nuzzling and nipping at Dean’s scent gland. He had a feisty one, and he absolutely loved it.

Dean leaned in for a slow kiss, then slid over to the second showerhead to rinse off. With a wink he stepped out of the shower and wrapped himself in a oversized bath towel, before bending at the waist to dry his legs.

Cas drew a deep breath and resolutely turned away. At least it was only the outline of his ass and not the bare flash of skin he'd expected. His Omega was behaving. Who knew how long that would last.

And honestly, Cas didn't really want him to. He didn't want a submissive mate. He wanted someone who would challenge him, push him, argue with him. He glanced back at Dean and groaned as he saw the man with one foot on the counter, his legs splayed to dry his thighs, miles of tanned flesh on display. Dean looked up at the sound and gave him a cocky grin.

“Where will I find sheets, Cas? Our bed is a mess,” he asked, then blushed as he realized what he'd said.

Cas noted with amusement that Dean's freckles stood out when his cheeks flushed. He scrubbed shampoo through his hair and directed Dean to the linen closet in the hall. Dean was still flushed pink as he hung up the towel and made his escape, and Cas chuckled softly.

“Our bed. Our home. I like the sound of that.

He rinsed himself off and turned off the water, then grabbed his towel and dried off. He checked the mirror and saw his hair was its usual disaster, and sighed. There was no sense worrying about it, his hair always looked like he had bedhead. Dean had referred to it as ‘sexhair’ earlier, so Cas wasn't going to knock it.

He stepped into the bedroom and found Dean making the bed in a set of old, well worn, flannel sheets. He had brought a variety of blankets and pillows as well, and was now scowling at the pile on the bed. Dean glanced about and spotted their pants on the floor, crossing over to them to scoop them up. The Alpha watched as Dean wrapped Cas’ lounge pants around a pillow, then stuffed it into a pillow case. His own slick stained pyjama pants were folded carefully to contain the mess, but
then tucked under their pillows.

Cas watched him in bemusement for a moment, then smiled tenderly when he realised what was happening. Dean was nesting, working to make a place that smelled like them. Cas walked up behind his lover and wrapped his arms around him.

“You know, if we just crawl in there and have a nap, by the time we wake up everything will smell like us anyway.” He turned Dean gently in his arms and tilted his chin for a slow, sweet kiss. “As our bed should.”

Dean purred as he leaned into the kiss and stepped backwards towards the bed, pulling Cas down onto it with him. They traded lazy kisses, cuddling into each other's warmth. Cas slid his hands into Dean's short, sandy hair, and pulled him closer to plunder his mouth. When they came up for air, both men were purring, and Dean curled up with his head on Cas’ broad chest.

“Nap, then food, right?” Dean asked.

“Mmmm…” Cas’ affirmative was sleepily delivered, his breathing already slowing.

“I want pie.”

“Uh huh, anything, my ‘Mega.” Cas’ words were slurring with sleep, and Dean chuckled softly.

“I think I'll keep you,” Dean said around a yawn, and wrapped his arms around his Alpha. Their breathing slowed, and they drifted off together.

Chapter End Notes

Much appreciation to Dani, my amazing beta, and to my wonderful friends on Destiel Writers Discord. Hopefully I'm forgiven. ☺
Chapter Summary

Cas and Dean have lunch at The Roadhouse.

Chapter Notes

Much love to my beta, Dani, as always!

To everyone leave kudos and comments, thank you so much! 😊

When Cas’ phone rang half an hour later, blaring Asia’s *Heat of the Moment*, he bolted upright in bed, grumbling as he searched for his phone. He finally found it under the bed, where it must have ended up when Dean changed the sheets.

“Hello Gabriel,” Cas answered, slightly out of breath.

“Whoa, didn't mean to interrupt, baby bro!” came the unsurprising response.

“Why are you calling, Gabriel?” Cas sighed, moving away from the bed slightly, hoping to let Dean sleep.

“I can't just call my favourite brother?” Gabriel asked indignantly.

Cas rolled his eyes and rephrased his question, “What do you want, Gabriel?”

“I can't believe you would suggest that I would only call--”

“I'm hanging up now,” Cas interrupted.
“Cheeseburgers! Bacon cheeseburgers from some place called the Roadhouse! My heat tripped, Sam can't leave me, Balth and Jimmy are covering at work for us. Please, Cassie?”

“Fine, but you owe me. You're making me wake up my pregnant mate, you realise.”

“Cassie, he's what, ten hours pregnant at most? He's fine.” Cas could hear the eyeroll.

“Two, actually. Condom broke this morning.” He sighed and ran a hand down his face. “Alright, it's lunch time anyway, but we're not stopping to visit while you two go at it. And Sam definitely won’t want another Alpha around, it won't matter that I'm your brother. I'll call ahead to place an order, what does Sam want? You know what,” Cas shook his head, scratching at the back of his neck as he bit back a yawn, “get Sam to call and place the order, and add two bacon cheeseburgers and fries to that. That'll take care of lunch for Dean and I. I don't know why you couldn't call Anna, though. Our sister is perfectly capable of fetching burgers for you.”

“I did. She's in rut, so that's no bueno.”

A quiet step behind him alerted him to the presence of his mate, and he turned with a smile.

“Do you need anything else, Gabriel?”

“Candy!” Gabriel demanded.

“Of course. Chocolate or gummy worms?” Cas grinned, knowing his brother's heat preferences well.

“Both?” came the expected reply.

“Sure, Gabriel. We'll be along in about… hmm. Dean, how long will it take to get from here to a store, to the Roadhouse, then Sam’s to drop some lunch for Sam and Gabe. Sam's calling in the order so we won't have to wait.”

“Half an hour, if we leave now. Tell Sammy to forget about ordering ours, we gotta go in and sit. You have to try Ellen's pie and we can get a couple of beers.”
“Got it, Cassie, I heard him. I want a piece of pie, too. Have they got sugar pie?”

“See you in half an hour, Gabriel. Goodbye.” Cas hung up and wrapped his arms around Dean to scent him for a minute.

“That’s right, you have a sister, too?” Dean asked, cuddling back into his Alpha’s chest. “Anna doesn’t sound like an angel name, though James doesn’t either, now that I think about it.”

“Her name is Anael, but she goes by Anna. And James, you're right there. Our mother liked to say he was named for an apostle, as well as the king who commissioned her favoured bible, the King James edition. I had the best day when I told her he did that to placate the church so they'd ignore his incredibly public gay love affair.”

Dean burst out laughing, but caressed a callused hand down Cas' cheek. “She's the old wounds you mentioned, isn't she? Your mom, I mean, not your sister.”

“Yeah…” Castiel said softly, nodding his head. He cleared his throat once. “I take it the Roadhouse is a favourite?” Cas asked with a smile, changing the subject. “And about the beer…”

Dean’s eyes widened.

“Well, sonofabitch.”

***

Ten minutes later they were sitting in Baby and Cas was nearly drunk off the concentrated scent of his lover. Dean exuded pure happiness as he casually drummed along with the AC/DC cassette playing in the tape deck. They hit a grocers first, collecting Gabriel's sugar fix, then headed to the outskirts of town. When they pulled up in front of the building, the lot was half full, and Dean grinned.

“Home away from home. Ellen and Bobby more or less raised Sam and I after Mom died. Like I told you, Dad tried, but he’d pretty much checked out. I reminded him too much of Mom, I guess.” Dean shrugged, but Cas could see the wound was still there.
“So I'm essentially meeting your parents?” Cas asked, mildly horrified. “And you didn't think to warn me?”

“Nah, Bobby won't be here at this hour on a Saturday. He owns Singer Salvage about five miles down the road. Tell you what, since we're only grabbing food and leaving, stay here. I'll run in and get lunch for our brothers, that way we don't get stuck for hours while they interrogate you. They can quiz us both when we get back in ten minutes, after we drop off the grub for Sammy and Gabe.”

“That sounds like a good idea.”

Dean leaned over and kissed him, grinning as he slid out of the car.

“Be two minutes, angel.”

Cas spent the next ten minutes going through Dean's mixtape collection. When finally Dean reappeared, he looked harried and sheepish. He slid into the driver's seat and sat for a moment, catching his breath.

“Dean, are you alright?” Cas asked, worried.

“Yeah, yeah. I'm just an idiot for thinking I could get in and out without Ellen or Jo noticing the bite, or that my scent has changed.”

“Oh, shit,” Cas’ eyes widened, “I'm surprised they didn't come get me with a shotgun.”

“I told them you weren't with me.” Dean gave a little smile, but he was clearly rethinking the cleverness of that decision. “Anyway, I told them I was picking up Sammy's food and that we'd be back in ten, so we'd better go.”

He pulled out of the lot and headed back into town, pulling up a few minutes later to a semi-detached house with a spectacular lawn, flowers creating a gorgeous rainbow of colour, quite literally.
Cas grinned, squeezing Dean's hand. “Subtle,” he teased.

Dean winked and scooped the takeout and candy from the back seat.

“A nosy neighbour assumed Sam and I were together and went on a rant. The lawn had to be done.” He opened the door and slid out of the seat. Before shutting the door, he said, “Be right back. We’ll get together with Sammy and Gabe when no one is in heat or rut, so no one goes all Alpha.”

Dean ran up to the house and unlocked the door, only to be met by a glaring, protective Alpha. Cas watched Dean pause, his posture stiffening for a moment, and he fought his wolf’s instincts to protect his mate, knowing it was likely just Dean's changed scent that was riling Sam's Alpha. A minute later, Dean was jogging back to the Impala with a duffel over his shoulder, which he chucked into the back seat.

“Sam packed up some clothes for me, though I think he was traumatized going through my underwear drawer,” Dean explained with a wink as he eyed traffic before pulling out in a wide U-turn. Cas groaned, thinking of more satin and lace panties showing off that perfect ass. Dean gave him a look, his eyes dropping from Cas’ eyes, to his lips, then to his throat, where the mating mark stood out. The scent of their arousal started to take over the small space of the car, and Cas rolled down his window, hitting the fan in desperation.

“I am not meeting your family with an erection, reeking of sex, Dean.”

“That's too bad, angel, because you always smell like sex to me.”

Cas rolled his eyes at his mate, but a pleased smile hovered about his lips.

“Except… well, not when we met. Then you just looked, sounded, tasted, and felt like sex.” Dean laughed as Cas let out a guttural growl, his fangs descending slightly. Cas could hear Dean's pulse pounding, heard the slow click as he swallowed. His wolf paced, ready to pounce on his mate, and Cas wrestled it back.

They pulled up to the Roadhouse and Dean threw the car into park. He was across the bench and into Cas’ lap before the engine stopped turning over.

His hands suddenly full of demanding Omega, Cas growled deep in his throat, attempting to thrust
up against his mate, but the seatbelt prevented the motion he wanted. “Dean, Dean…” he groaned, his hands roaming under Dean's t-shirt before sliding down to cup his ass. Dean's lips were everywhere, kissing him passionately one moment, moving gently over his mating mark, then sucking on an earlobe.

A sudden cough caught their attention and the pair froze. They glanced out Cas’ window to see a grizzled older Alpha in a stained ball cap, standing with his arms crossed, his weary eyes showing clear amusement.

“Boy, don't make me get the hose. You know I'll do it!” he threatened gruffly, but his eyes twinkling with repressed laughter.

“Um, hey Bobby. We were just--”

“I can see what you ‘were just’ doin’, ya idjit. Now get inside before your sister gets out here and threatens to skin your Alpha for abandoning you. Why didncha just say he was in the car and you'd be right back?”

“How did you know?” Dean gaped at him.

“You passed me on the way to your place. Or is it Sam's place now?” he asked shrewdly, his blunt manner catching Cas off guard for a moment. He quickly gave himself mental shrug and spoke up.

“We haven't discussed that yet, in so many words. But since my house is where our bed is, and has far more room, it would make sense that we make our home there. If we decide it isn't what suits our needs, we'll address it at that time.” He glanced at Dean, who was smiling shyly down at him, as though pleased with his Alpha's plans. “Though if you hate the house, let me know before I spend an exorbitant amount on the gardens, won’t you?”

Dean grinned, full of mischief, and popped the door open. He climbed off Cas' lap and stood next to Bobby.

“You wouldn't deprive me of my livelihood, would you, Alpha?” Dean managed to look at Cas through his lashes, despite Cas still fumbling with his seatbelt. Dean was biting back a smirk as Cas muttered under his breath about disrespectful Omegas needing to be shown a firm hand. Meanwhile, Bobby was watching them both in feigned disgust.
“It's gonna be like this around you two idjits all the time, isn't it? Well, welcome to the family, Cas. ‘Bout time someone put a leash on this one.”

Cas snickered at the indignation on Dean's face and stood to shake Bobby's hand. “Good to see you again, Bobby. How're the repairs coming?” Cas asked with a grin.

“Depends on when I can get my part-time employee in to work on it. Most of my boys can't be trusted with an older car, but the idjit went and got himself mated when he was supposed to work on it tomorrow morning, so who knows if he'll show up!”

Cas burst out laughing as Dean grumbled that he'd be there. “What kind of car is it anyway?” he asked, his green eyes glinting as they headed for the restaurant.

“It's a classic, you'll love it. It's a '78 Lincoln Continental Mark V,” Cas replied proudly.

Dean cringed and turned anxious eyes to his mate. “Tell me it's not that gold pimpmobile that's been in the shop for two weeks while we waited for the catalytic converters…” he asked with a wince.

“Hey now, that car has gotten me through a lot of rough times. And considering your car is a decade older--”

“And in far better shape,” Dean quipped.

“We can't all be mechanically inclined, now can we?”

Their bickering continued as they entered The Roadhouse with Bobby rolling his eyes behind them. Inside the door they were immediately accosted by a petite blonde whirlwind with dark brown eyes who planted herself in front of Cas with a murderous look. Another Alpha.

“What makes you think you're good enough for my big brother?” she demanded, her fists on her hips.

“Jo…” Dean started as an older woman with graying brown hair came over. She finished wiping her hands on a bar towel and immediately cuffed the blonde on the back of her head lightly. Cas
watched in amusement as the young Alpha hunched her shoulders and backed off the overt hostility when scolded by her Omega parent. It reminded of him and his siblings when their father was angry, which was rare.

“Joanna Beth, you mind your manners. Dean chose him, that is good enough for me and your dad, and it oughta be good enough for you.”

“Hiya, Ma,” Dean grinned, leaning over to give the stern faced woman a kiss on the forehead as he hugged her with one arm, “this is Castiel Milton, my mate. And…” he glanced back at Cas with a wink, “quite possibly the father of my pup, if a heat starting and stopping within an hour means anything.”

Jo shrieked, turning heads all through the restaurant. She launched herself at Dean, who caught her and gave her a hug, laughing all the while. Ellen gave a smile and slung an arm around Bobby's shoulders, leaning her head against his.

“You hear that? You're gonna be a grampa,” she teased, kissing his cheek. Beaming, she turned and picked up a couple menus, looking over her shoulder at Cas and Dean. “Park it, grab one of the booths if you like. We got one free in Ash's section, if you don't want this one hovering every two seconds.”

“Mom, that is not fair, I wouldn't--” Jo protested hotly, before Ellen cut her off.

“You wouldn't neglect your other customers while you hover over your big brother, who is a perfectly capable adult, and his new mate, driving them both to distraction? Because that doesn't sound like something you'd do, at all…”

Jo grumbled, then smiled when they took a booth in her section anyway. Cas dropped a kiss on Dean's forehead as he sat, then excused himself to the washroom.

“Just a black coffee for me, please Jo?” he asked, meeting her gaze steadily. She nodded and he gave her a smile. “Thanks!”

When he returned a few minutes later, a slender man with a dirty blond mullet was leaning against their booth, chatting with Dean. Cas could smell that the man was a Beta and he stood far enough from Dean not to trip his protective instincts. Jo hadn't been a problem, both as a woman and as his sister, even though her Alpha scent had wafted over them angrily at first. Cas knew all about
protective Alpha instincts.

“Cas, c'mere and meet my cousin, Ash!” Dean called when Cas was halfway to the table. Ash turned and Cas cocked his head to one side.

“I've seen you, but I don't know where. You had blockers on…” Cas examined the man in puzzlement, then snapped his fingers. “Dr. Bad-Ass Security Systems, right? Love the work you did at Milton's. Even the threat of the cameras you installed helped me ban a major problem assbutt last night.”

Ash gave a sideways smile and shook his hand.

“Always happy to help, duderino,” Ash told him with a quick two-fingered salute at his temple. “And douchebags always deserve what's coming to them.” Ash glanced at his watch, and gave a sniff, then a nod. “Break time's over, back to the grind. See ya later, compadres.”

Cas sat down across from Dean, giving him a wry smile. “He's interesting, but the work he did for us is amazing.”

Jo arrived with their coffees and Cas thanked her quietly.

“Jo,” he waited until she met his stare, “in answer to your question from earlier, I don't think I am, but I'll try every day for the rest of my life to be.”

Jo considered him for a moment, then gave him a cheeky grin. “Good answer. Now what can I get you lovebirds? I know Dean's having a bacon cheeseburger and fries, but for you?”

“Same for me, please,” he replied, “and could I get extra pickles?”

“Sure thing, hon.” She scooped up their menus and turned to Dean for a second before leaving their table. “He's alright.”

Dean stared at Cas in confusion. “Ellen has been a surrogate mom to me ever since mine died, so I’ve known Jo since she was in diapers. I have never in my life seen her warm up to someone that
quickly, especially if she was feeling all Alpha-y because it was me or Sam involved. And what question? I missed that.”

Cas grinned at him and took his hand, kissing his knuckles to watch him blush.

“When we walked in the door, she asked what made me think I deserved you,” Cas explained softly, then chuckled as Dean's blush deepened. “Anyway, I take it the burgers here are good?”

“Cas, they're like an orgasm for your mouth.”

Cas sputtered on his coffee and rolled his eyes.

“Nothing tastes that good,” he countered, and watched as a sly, wicked smile crossed Dean’s lips.

“You do,” Dean murmured, tapping lightly at his own mating bite, his green eyes flashing golden as Cas felt his Alpha surging to the surface.

“Behave, Omega,” Cas growled, knowing his own eyes were ringed with red.

Dean's purred ‘yes, Alpha’ was not a reassuring reply.

When the burgers arrived, Dean munched on a few fries, waiting for Cas's reaction. The nearly pornographic moan he let out upon taking his first bite was worth the wait, and Dean chuckled at his mate's slightly sheepish smile.

“These make me very happy,” Cas told him, and Dean felt a bubbling warmth in his chest at providing food for his Alpha. Genetics could be a pain in the ass, but a happy feeling was a happy feeling, and he figured he'd just roll with it.

Still leaning against the side of the booth, waiting for the boys’ first bites, Jo grinned at Cas' antics. She shook her head, still smiling, and asked where they'd met.

“Milton's, last night,” Dean told her, swiping a fry through ketchup. “I stayed on the bull!”
“That doesn't surprise me, I hear you've had practice.” Jo smirked, refilling their coffees as Dean choked on his burger.

“C'mon, Jo, I don't comment on your sex life!” Dean whined, as only an older brother could when teased by his younger sister about such a thing.

“That's because you refuse to admit I have one,” she retorted, and turned on her heel to help the next table.

Dean turned back to Cas, looking for sympathy, and grumbled to find the crystal blue eyes filled with tears of mirth as his mate laughed behind his palm. Dean chucked a fry at him with a pout. Cas simply caught it and popped it into his mouth with a grin.

Ellen stopped by shortly thereafter, and she and Bobby sat down with a coffee each.

“You takin' a day off, Bobby?” Dean asked around a mouthful of food.

Ellen rolled her eyes next to him, and looked across to Cas.

“I'm sorry, I tried instilling manners into him, but that boy never picked 'em up. Least not how to behave around civilized folk.”

Cas winked at her, raising his coffee in salute.

“Civilized? Now that's a cruel thing to say about me, and we were getting along so well!” he teased. Dean grinned at his mate, only to have Cas scold him gently. “Dean, please swallow your food.”

“What, I'm hungry!” he pouted, his eyes wide. Sammy was the true king of the kicked puppy look, but Dean could hold his own. Cas simply rolled his eyes to the ceiling, and was suddenly staring at him with luminous blue eyes, wide and nearly glistening. Cas wet his lips lightly, and said one word.

“Dean…”
Dean knew he was being played. He'd watched the transformation from teasing mate to seeing his Alpha looking like his heart had been torn out. He dropped his burger onto his plate and pointed a finger at Cas accusingly.

“That is not fair,” he complained, dipping some fries in ketchup and gesturing with them. “How could you possibly be so good at that?”

“I'm a younger brother, remember?” Cas smirked, as Ellen and Bobby burst out laughing. “I'm guessing Sam can still pull it on you.”

“NO! Maybe... shaddup!”

Ellen was wiping her eyes next to him, her light Omega scent growing sweeter with her amusement, and he gave her a dirty look.

“Thanks for the support, Ma,” he grumbled.

“Quit your moaning, you had it coming. Now, since you were here for dinner last night, and boasting about how you'd be lasting the eight seconds on that mechanical bull over at Milton's, and since you said his name is Milton, I'm guessing that's where you two met.”

“Yup. He bought me a beer when I beat the timer,” Dean grinned across the table at Cas, and his mate flushed slightly.

“It worked,” Cas retorted, a little gruffly, rubbing at the back of his neck.

“Well, if I'd had second thoughts before I scented you, the way you dealt with that drunk Alpha would have done it.”

“You have trouble with an Alpha, boy?” Bobby interjected, a scowl drawing down his brows.

“Nah, Bobby. It's okay,” Dean soothed. “I used that trick of popping the joint in my thumb to make
him think I broke his wrist, then Cas picked him up by the collar and banned his pasty, bald ass. Ash's cameras helped, too!

“Yup,” Cas confirmed, picking up the thread of the story as Dean took another bite of his burger. “We’d been desperate for proof to kick that asshole out. But we’re relatively new in town. Can't ban someone like that without reason.”

Ellen and Bobby shared a look.

“Son, you’d best be telling us who it was and what happened,” Bobby cautioned.

Dean hesitated, not wanting his family involved. But apparently, Cas had no such compunction, though at least he lowered his voice.

“Zachariah Adler, lackey and bootlicker to one Dick Roman who happens to be the property owner for the establishment my brothers and I own. We own the building, but he owns the land. It’s a complicated contract and we're trying to figure out how to buy him out, so rocking the boat sucks. But there it is.”

“Cas, you didn't tell me any of that, and now Alder's gonna--”

“Going to what? Tell Roman he was caught on camera sexually harassing an Omega who had made it clear his attentions were unwelcome? In front of an owner of the bar? That he started spouting homophobic language in front of said flamingly gay owner? If anything comes down from Roman about Adler, I'll point out the laws protecting True Mates from being charged if they injure someone while protecting their mate, within twenty-four hours of finding their mate.”

“Cas, we didn't even know yet,” Dean argued.

“Which is not how the law is phrased,” Cas replied with a wink.

Ellen chuckled and Bobby patted Cas on the back.

“You'll do, son. You'll do,” the gruff old man told Cas, and Dean watched as a flush crossed his
“So, Sam sounded almost panicked when he ordered food earlier, but he said everything was okay. He said to ask you. What is up with that brother of yours?” Ellen asked and Dean choked.

“He didn't tell you? He knew we were coming back and he left it to me to tell? Sonofabitch… Um, he called this morning. He met his True Mate last night, too.” He held up his hands against the onslaught of questions, the shouting bringing Jo over to see what the commotion was about. “Cas’ older brother Gabriel is Sam's True Mate. Tripped a heat for Gabe, but apparently he's on a better brand of birth control that I am.”

“Either than or Sam is on suppressants, which I am not,” Cas interjected, and Dean shrugged.

“That could be it. Sam's taking care of him, but he's not in a rut.”

Dean's phone started ringing I Kissed a Girl and he blanched. “I haven't told Charlie,” he said calmly. He certainly didn't whimper.

“And yet, she's calling, rather than texting,” Jo remarked, with a gleeful look. “I'd answer that, her Majesty is not patient.”

“‘Her Majesty’?” Dean heard Cas ask as he fumbled his phone out of his pocket.

“Charlie, hey, how's it go-- Roadhouse for lunch, why? Yes… but… can I just --” Dean stared at his phone. “She hung up.”

He glanced up and caught Jo looking out the window. She had her hand up, silently counting down from five.

"Oh, shit. Cas, angel, brace yourself. Ma, Bobby, where are you going?!” he demanded in horror as Ellen and Bobby got up.

"Back to work. I ain't leavin’ Garth and Rufus alone in my shop, Rufus'll kill him for bein’ too happy, even with Victor there. What, you need a bodyguard?"
“I have no shame. Yes!” Dean winced as his name was shouted from the doorway behind him. Jo walked off with her parents, all three laughing.

“Dean Winchester, how dare you not tell me?!”

“Hey Charles, who is minding the store if you're here?” he demanded, trying to distract her, which she waved away dismissively.

“Let's see, Kevin’s there, Aaron, though he's a bit wiped from working late at that second job he’s got. Bess is working the register so she can sit and not strain herself. And Andrea's in to cover Sam.”

“Wait, Victor? Tall, good-looking guy?” Cas asked, going back to the name Bobby had mentioned, earning a glare from his mate. “Dean, objectively good-looking, not sexually-appealing good-looking. You know when someone is attractive, whether you want to have sex with them or not.”

Charlie was nodding furiously. “Totally true. Like this table? Absolutely full to the brim with male gorgeousness. Completely wasted on me, the giant lesbian, but there it is.”

Cas chuckled and raised his coffee to her. “As half of the male gorgeousness, and one hundred percent flaming homo, thanks for the compliment. Your hair is amazing, by the way. My brother would love to get his hands on it. He studied, briefly, as a stylist.”

“Let me guess. Balthazar?” Dean asked.

“You bet. Now, Charlie, it's nice to put a face to the name, as well as the lovely woman who assisted me when I booked an appointment for tomorrow.”

“Wait, is that how you knew?!” Dean demanded, staring at Charlie.

“Dean, I love you like the brother I never knew I wanted. You and Sam both. But I swear, you're an idiot.” Cas bristled at the insult to his Omega, but Dean took his hand, soothing his thumb over his knuckles. “Of course that's how I knew. You changed the appointment for tomorrow from C. Milton to My Alpha, and tagged the address as ‘home’. You even made a memo on the appointment to talk to me about giving him a family discount.”
Dean felt his face flame as she spoke, having had no intention of letting Cas know he'd made changes to the appointment details. He glanced up at his Alpha through his lashes and was met with a look of such tenderness that he nearly melted on the spot.

“Home? I like the sound of that,” Cas told him, his voice low and caressing.

“Awwww… Anyway. You wouldn't answer my texts,” Charlie continued, “so I texted Jo to see if she knew where you were.”

“And my little sister ratted me out.” Dean knew he was being unreasonable, but there it was.

“You don't give her sex. I do.” Charlie smirked.

“Dammit Charlie, I don't need to know that!”

“Dean,” Jo had re-appeared with a slice of apple pie, and said his name like he was an idiot, which he didn't think was exactly fair, “Charlie and I have been together since my senior year of high school. That was six years ago. What are you, twelve?”

“He most definitely is not twelve,” Cas commented, slowly glancing up and down Dean's body that set his blood humming.

“Whew!” Charlie exclaimed, wrinkling her nose at the sudden scent of arousal clouding the table. “Okay, I'm outta here, but my handmaiden owes me ice cream and a Mario-Kart marathon to earn my forgiveness!”

“As you command, your Majesty,” Dean replied, managing a courtly bow despite his seated position and a mouthful of pie.

A second slice was deposited in front of Cas and Dean gestured at it.

“I don't know if I can, that burger was huge!” Cas protested, drawing a gasp from Dean and a giggle
from Charlie as she stood.


“Angel, try a bite? You can get the rest packed up. But have a bite so you can tell Ma how amazing she is. For me?” Dean all but pleaded. Cas gave him a shy smile and picked up his fork.

“Alright, baby. For you.”

Dean ignored the “awwws” and rolled eyes from Jo and Charlie, focusing instead on the way Cas' lips wrapped around the tines of the fork. But even Cas’ reaction to the burgers hadn't prepared Dean for the low moan he let out upon tasting the pie. Dean felt his pulse skyrocket and a tiny trickle of slick escaped him.

“Jo?” he said softly, his voice rough. He cleared his throat and tried again. “Can we get the bill and a coupla to-go boxes?”

Jo burst out laughing, even as she sprayed a bit of neutralizing air freshener from a mini aerosol she pulled from her apron.

“Dean not finishing pie? I never thought I'd see the day.” Charlie elbowed Jo, and quietly said, “Wanna bet on if they get outta the parking lot?”

“Considering the way Dad found them when he got here? Hell no, I am not taking that bet!”

“Ooh, tell me later! Meanwhile, put the lovebirds on my tab, would ya hon? Congrats you two! Later, bitches!” Charlie waved a Vulcan salute and gave a kiss to Jo, then wandered out the door.

Jo handed them a large to-go box. “Here, it'll hold both, and it's not like you're not going to the same place. Welcome to the family, Cas.” Jo patted him on the shoulder and he smiled up at her shyly.

“Thanks, Jo.”
The two men stood and strode from the restaurant. Dean walked quickly to Baby, knowing Cas would be close behind. But being pinned to the driver's door wasn't quite what he'd expected. Nor was having his mating bite nipped, which nearly took his legs out from under him as his knees buckled.

“Alpha… can we go home first?” he pleaded. “I want our nest.”

Cas growled against his throat, the scent of his arousal spiking around them, and the firm length of his cock apparent against Dean's ass.

“Alpha!” Dean whined, feeling himself going slick.

Cas stepped back abruptly and shook his head roughly. “This drive is going to suck,” Cas declared in a low growl, and when Dean turned to face him, he saw pure Alpha in the red eyes watching his every move.

“Alpha, can I ask you to fetch the folded blanket from the trunk? I don't want to ruin the leather.”

Cas eyed him for a moment and held out his hands for the keys. Dean carefully handed them over, making no move to step away from the driver's door. Cas walked backward to the end of the car, keeping Dean in sight until opening the trunk blocked his line of vision.

“So,” Dean asked breathlessly, “who else do I need to meet? Your brother, Jimmy, your sister, Anna… you haven't mentioned your parents much…”

“My mother started to beat me once she found out I was gay. My parents divorced when I was seventeen and she disowned me. Then a few years later, Balth announced he was bi, but later declared he's actually pan, he just didn't know the term, and Gabe came out as bi as well. She disowned all three of us. Meanwhile, my dad, Chuck, had documented spousal abuse, and with myself and Jimmy as Alphas willing to attest to his character, he got the house and custody. He's a bit of a recluse these days, but he's our dad.”

“He… he stayed through your abuse, but finally left her when she disowned the three of you?” Dean closed his eyes as he asked, his heart hurting for his Alpha. He knew his scent had gone musty with sadness and anger, and felt Cas wrap his arms around him. He leaned into his Alpha, burying his nose against his scent gland, seeking comfort and comforting in return. When they parted, Cas pulled open the door and carefully placed the folded blanket on the driver's seat, then turned to kiss Dean gently.
“I always knew who my mother was and I don't miss her. I wish Dad would’ve left her sooner, but that wasn't my call to make. It wasn’t any of ours. He didn't know she was hitting me, her brothers helped hide it from him, and they'd hit me too. We can't change the past, so we look forward. Now. Shall we go home?”

“Absolutely. I still want our nest. Our nap was interrupted.”

Chapter End Notes

On tumblr as Imbiowaresbitch.
They curled up in the bed, their nest, with Dean laying his head on Cas’ chest. He slowly traced his fingers over Cas’ pecs, down over his stomach, around to his back.

“What does your dad do, Cas? You said he's nearly a recluse, but does he work from home or anything?”

Dean felt Cas' affirmative murmur against his hair and glanced up at him.

“He's a paranormal fiction writer. Writes this series called Myths and Monsters. It seems to be pretty popular, but I never got into it.”

“Wait, the brothers who are hunters and chase monsters and shit across the country? Oh man, my brother is a huge nerd for those. He even goes to the conventions! I hope Gabe is prepared for that level of fangasm when he tells him about your dad.”

Cas chuckled softly and stroked his fingers slowly down Dean's spine. Dean shivered under his touch and squirmed closer, cuddling against Cas’ throat. He kissed him gently, just below his scent gland, and Cas tightened his arms around him.

“Dean…” Cas murmured, a breathy sound, “what are you thinking?”

“Hmmm? Oh, nothing. Just last night, you threatened me.” Dean leaned on one elbow so Cas could
see his face and his trouble-making grin.

“I usually remember when I do that. Mustn't have been much of a threat. What did I say?”

“You threatened to put me facedown on the mattress and fuck the shit out of me. I'm paraphrasing, the finer details got lost in riding you, but I think--” He broke off with a yelp as Cas rolled them swiftly and loomed over Dean.

“That wasn't a threat, it was a promise. But if that's what's on your mind, I think I can accommodate you.”

“Accommodate me?!” Dean parroted, incredulous. “I'm sorry, who had who pinned to the door of the Impala not so long ago?”

Cas dropped his weight against Dean and rolled his hips, his cock a solid bar against Dean's hip. Cas grinned down at him, looking far too smug as Dean moaned and rutted back against him.

“I need to ask, Dean. We don't know for certain if you’re pregnant, so decision time. Until we have confirmation, condoms or no?”

Dean bit his lip and smiled when the movement drew Cas’ eyes down to his mouth.

“I know what I want, but this isn't only about me. Let me ask you this... How do you feel, thinking I might be carrying your pup? Not just the virile Alpha filling me up, but you, Cas.”

Cas ducked his head, looking almost shy. When he looked up again, his blue eyes were luminous, shining with tears that trembled on his lashes, a tender smile on his lips.

“I've been wondering if we'll have a little boy or girl. Will our pup have blond hair like yours, or dark like mine? Maybe they’ll be a redhead like their Auntie Anna... They could end up tall like their Uncle Sammy, or shorter like Uncle Gabriel. Will they love flowers the way you do? Will they love yoga and running like me?” Cas gave a small laugh, nuzzling against Dean’s throat for a moment before pulling back and continuing. “Will they have a sweet tooth like their Uncle Gabe? Will they love school, or hate it? Will they be like us and love classic rock, or prefer their Uncle Balthy’s techno and dance?”
Cas stroked a gentle hand over Dean's cheek and Dean realised he was crying. He sniffed and buried his face against Cas' neck, but Cas inhaled his scent. The happiness he found there was so intense it was almost a drug.

“Dean… if you want me to use condoms, I will. But on the off chance your heat and my rut stopping cold this morning was random chance, I really would rather not use the condoms. I want to feel you, entirely. And I want to fill our home with children. I didn't mate you because you were pregnant, that was caused by our mating. But the thought of having a pup, a child with you… words cannot describe how happy that thought makes me.”

Dean was still crying, but laughing too. “As happy as those burgers?” he teased, scenting his mate, and knowing exactly how happy the idea of pups made him.

Cas chuckled, blinking rapidly to try to chase his tears away. “Happier, Omega-mine. That's how I feel. How do you feel about having pups so soon? We did only meet yesterday.”

“I don't know that that matters, Alpha. We're True Mates. I'm not saying we won't have to work at it, that we won't argue or get angry at one another. I'm not naive about what this means. It means we have the best chance at a relationship, if we both work at it. So the fact that we met yesterday isn't a concern for me. We're already mated and we would've mated last night if we had had that shower! You have this gorgeous home, with room for us to have a family, and a yard that is already a wet dream, it's just missing a few details. We're almost crazily in sync.

“And that includes on the topic of pups. So while I know what I said, and I know what you said, I don’t want you to pound me into the mattress right now. I want you to make love to me, angel, because I'm already in love with you.”

Cas' arms tightened around him suddenly, and it was Cas who buried his face against Dean's neck this time. Cas trembled and wept against his Omega's shoulder, who held him as though afraid he'd vanish while murmuring over and over that he loved him too.

Cas eventually lifted his tear-streaked face, and Dean carefully wiped away his tears, then leaned in for a gentle, tender kiss. “I love you, Dean. I am so in love with you,” he breathed against his lips, one kiss sliding slowly into the next.

Dean smiled against his Alpha's lips and Cas pulled back to meet his eyes, trailing a gentle hand down Dean's jaw. The tenderness Dean saw in Cas' gaze lit a warmth within him, and he leaned into
his Alpha's touch, purring softly. Cas bent slowly to kiss him again, his chapped lips catching lightly against Dean's, his tongue teasing gently against Dean's mouth until he opened for him. Dean sighed happily into the slow thrust of Cas' tongue, his fingers sliding lightly down his spine, pulling him closer.

They traded kisses lazily, unhurried in their desire. Dean teased his nails gently up Cas’ back and Cas moaned into the kiss, his hips shifting restlessly against Dean’s. Dean pulled back, giving his Alpha a smouldering look from under his lashes, and Cas’ eyes glinted red in the afternoon light.

“Something you wanted, Alpha?” Dean teased, his voice husky and low, his hips rolling in a gentle thrust.

Cas propped himself up on one elbow and trailed his fingers slowly down Dean’s body, brushing lightly over a nipple, teasing it to a taut nub before moving lower. He grazed his blunt nails over Dean’s hipbone, pulling a soft gasp from the Omega. As Dean started to squirm underneath him, Cas nipped gently at his jaw, then laid a kiss at the hollow of his throat and another against his breastbone. The next few skittered over his ribs and down, and Cas gently nudged his legs apart to settle comfortably between them. He took Dean’s thighs in his large, strong hands, and lifted them over his shoulders, pulling a whimper from Dean. Then Cas stroked his cheek lightly against his inner thigh, and Dean moaned at the delicious burn. His cock was slowly chubbing up at the gentle caresses, and he could feel himself getting slick in anticipation.

Cas let out a low growl and Dean shivered at the sound. He unconsciously spread his legs wider and Cas leaned in, licking a slow stripe over his slit, humming in approval even as Dean whined and squirmed. Cas spread his broad hands over Dean’s hips and nuzzled at the soft skin of his inner thigh, Dean clenched his hands in the sheets. When Cas’ tongue lapped over his slit again, he rolled his hips to meet his touch, falling into a slow, rocking rhythm as his Alpha used his lips and tongue to pull him apart at the seams.

When Dean was a shaking, trembling mess, Cas crawled up to kiss him tenderly, soothing him with his touch. His cock was leaking against Dean’s thigh and the Omega moaned, urging him to join him in Cas in a quiet plea. The Alpha chuckled softly and shifted to line up with his Omega’s entrance.

“Are you ready, Omega-mine?” he rasped, holding himself carefully still, waiting for Dean to give his permission to continue.

“Angel, please,” Dean whispered, nuzzling at his mate’s scent gland before trailing butterfly-light kisses over it and down to his collarbone. Cas pressed a kiss to his jaw and achingly, slowly slid home. Dean buried his face against Cas’ throat, whimpering at the full feeling. Cas gave a low groan, then dragged his hips back, rocking back into Dean in a slow, unrelenting glide. Dean met his thrust with a slow roll of his own hips, taking him deeper.
They fell into a slow rhythm accompanied by gentle kisses, their tongues twining around each other, their hands laced together. They moved together, the quiet sounds of lovemaking filling the room; Cas murmured gentle words of praise and love against Dean’s throat until Dean turned to search out his lips, capturing Cas’ with his own. Dean nipped at his lower lip and Cas groaned into his mouth, freeing his hands to grasp Dean’s thighs, pulling his hips up to change the angle. He rocked slowly into Dean again, pulling a gasp from his lips as his cock slid over his prostate. Dean whined and rolled his hips, a slow heat building with each thrust, his hands clutching at Cas’ shoulders, their bodies slick with sweat.

Cas kissed him again, hard, leaving him breathless, and Dean bit his lip to keep from crying out at the pleasure surging through him with each thrust.

“Let me hear you, Dean,” Cas pleaded, kissing and nipping his way down Dean's jaw to nibble on his earlobe. ”I want to hear every perfect sound.”

He moved down Dean's throat, mouthing at his mating mark, and Dean moaned at the onslaught. He rolled his hips to meet his lover's and felt his rim starting to catch against Cas’ slowly filling knot.

“Mmmm… Cas,” he purred, “gonna fill me with your knot, mark me up inside?”

Cas groaned against his throat, snapping his hips sharply into Dean and pulling a sound from Dean that was definitely not a squeak. Cas drew back to grin smugly down at Dean, his hair sticking to his forehead in sweaty curls. Cas slid a gentle hand down his ribs, over his stomach as Dean squirmed, resting it low over his pelvis.

“Being pregnant isn't marked enough for you?” Cas asked, his teeth flashing white against the dark background of several days worth of beard. Dean surged up to capture his mouth, nibbling on Cas’ lip before arching back with a cry of his lover's name as the next thrust nailed his prostate. Cas buried his face against Dean's throat, scenting him as he rocked into him, the heat in his core building relentlessly as Cas’ knot caught and slipped past his rim again.

“Cas, angel, knot me! I need you!” Dean gasped, balancing on the cusp, aching for the release that was just out of reach.

Cas pulled him in for another kiss, slanting his lips over Dean's, kissing him passionately until Dean was moaning under him. He leaned back to meet Dean's eyes, the blue almost swallowed by pupil, a hint of red bleeding in around the rim, turning his eyes nearly purple.
“Dean…. Dean…” Cas whispered, his voice low and coaxing. “That's it, Omega-mine, that's it. Come for me, want to feel you.”

“Cas, I'm so close, I'm--” He groaned, his eyes sliding shut, the first waves of his release shuddering through him.

“Look at me, Dean!” Cas ordered and his eyes snapped open even as Cas’ knot locked into him, the hot rush flooding into Dean. Dean cried out as his body was wracked with pleasure, the intimacy of Cas’ gaze lock nearly overwhelming. He spilled over their stomachs with a groan.

“I love you,” he murmured, his voice broken and hoarse, tears filling his eyes unheeded as Cas bent to press their lips together tenderly.

“I love you, Dean.”

They lay together in the aftermath, cradling each other close as their heartbeats slowed and sweat cooled on their bodies. Cas traced his fingers over Dean’s stomach, his head pillowed on Dean’s chest.

“Hello, little one. We love you,” he whispered.

**

They cuddled for over an hour, just speaking softly of their hopes and dreams, their plans for the future. Then, Cas’ brow furrowed. “Which details are missing?” he asked suddenly, catching Dean completely off guard.

“What?” Dean replied, wondering what that had to do with their discussion of Cas’ sister looking for an apprenticeship as a mechanic. That’s what he'd been thinking about, but his train of thought was derailed completely.

“Sorry, Omega-mine. You said there were a few details missing from the yard. Which details?”

“Three things. Maybe four, but that's up for discussion. A barbecue…”
“It’s a built-in, outside the side door from the basement,” Cas said, shaking his head as he explained. “There’s granite counters with a sink, ranges on either side for a pot for boiling corn or whatever, an interchangeable griddle, and a spit-roast set-up.” Cas smirked at Dean’s expression. “What, you haven’t even seen the garage, the other bedrooms on this floor, or the office. Much less the basement with the walkout to the wraparound patio, complete with barbecue and hot tub.”

“You have a hot tub?” Dean moaned in bliss at the thought. “That was item number two. The maybe detail, one day, if we agree, is a pool.”

Cas chuckled and Dean eyed him suspiciously, but Cas simply gestured for him to continue.

“And fourth, and most important, a play area. We’re gonna need it for next summer. It can be simple, just a shady, grassy area where we can lay our pup on the grass and find shapes in clouds, a place we can just be. But eventually some swings and a slide, maybe a tower with a climbing wall up one side.” Dean was gesturing in his excitement, unconsciously rubbing his hand over his stomach.

“Wait... five items. I understand and respect your point about not having a fence, but I think circumstances are different now.”

Cas grinned and nuzzled at his mate's neck, laying kisses from the base of his spine up into his hair.

“Absolutely. Now, are you willing to get out of bed?”

Dean shifted around to he was facing Cas and gave him a dirty look.

“I’m comfortable and our nest is just starting to smell right. Convince me to move.”

“Groceries, homemade lasagna, caesar salad, and garlic bread.”

“I love you.” Dean was rolling out of bed before he finished speaking and Cas simply grinned at him from the middle of their nest.
“I know.”

“Did you just Han Solo me?!”

Cas crawled out of bed and wrapped his arms around Dean, kissing him lightly before grinning at him mischievously.

“No, I Princess Leia'd you. Her delivery of that line in Return was exquisite payback for Han's shit over the last two movies.”

“Oh, come on! Han was the best character and… wait, that makes me Han. I'm okay with that.” Dean grinned, tossing his duffel onto the bed to rummage through the clothes Sam had packed. He pulled out a new pair of jeans, the previous ones needed washing desperately. He reached in and grinned at the AC/DC concert t-shirt he found and waved it at Cas.

“You're shitting me!” Cas laughed. “How do we have the same t-shirt from one random concert that occurred before either of us was alive? I got mine in a thrift shop, what about you?”

“Mom and Dad were at the concert.” Dean gave a small smile, a little bittersweet. He hauled the shirt on over his head and smoothed it down his chest.

He dug into the bag, laughing suddenly. Cas came over to investigate what was so funny, wearing a pair of neon orange boxer briefs and pulling on a pair of dark wash jeans that did positively sinful things for his thighs.

There was a note in the duffel on top of Dean's panties from Sam and Gabe. Sam's handwriting said, “I didn't ever need to know this.”

Gabe's said simply, “Lucky Cassie!”

Dean picked a pair of panties at random, picking a pair of royal purple faux velvet cupping the front with a teasing peekaboo burnout rose pattern on the back. He pulled them on happily and Cas oh so helpfully helped tuck him into place, his hand lingering just a moment.
“Dean, much as I may regret it at times, my Alpha side does occasionally come roaring to the forefront. Your panty collection could very well be a challenge,” Cas growled against his neck, pulling him back against his chest, his hands roaming up to toy with Dean's nipples.

“Alpha,” Dean scolded, only whimpering a little. “You promised your Omega food. If you wanted to play, we could’ve stayed in our nest.”

“Dean, if we acted on when I want you, we would never leave that bed. But you're right. I do need to feed you.”

Cas’ hand slid gently over Dean's lower abdomen, his broad palm sitting possessively over his flat stomach. Dean chuckled softly at the gesture, melting back against the other man.

“We're going to go crazy until we know, aren't we?” he asked, resting his head back on Cas’ shoulder.

Cas turned Dean in his arms and kissed him gently.

“Dean, my sweet Omega, you and me? We're going off the rails on this crazy train.” Cas ducked from his arms even as Dean sputtered with laughter, and grabbed a shirt from his wardrobe. It was a blue plaid button down and the sleeves were already rolled up. Cas pulled it on and quickly buttoned the front, the fit showing off his torso and forearms to an unfair degree, in Dean's mind.

He didn't like the shirt. It brought out Cas’ eyes beautifully. It was flattering. He hated it. It had a collar.

Dean reached over and adjusted the collar until his mark was visible. His claim on his Alpha should not be hidden. Cas was looking at him far too knowingly, and Dean rolled his eyes at him.

“Shaddup. Or will you be fine with me putting on my flannel when we leave and buttoning it so your mating mark is hidden?”

The room resounded with Cas’ growl, who immediately took a step back from Dean and had the grace to look both sheepish and apologetic. “That was uncalled for. You're not a possession and don't deserve to be treated as one. I'm sorry.”
Dean grinned at him and pulled him out of their bedroom.

“Does that mean you won't walk around the grocers with your hand on my ass, just knowing what I'm wearing underneath my jeans? You know I'm constantly turned on around you. Are you *not* going to be protective and just a little jealous of your mate?”

Dean stroked his hand down his chest as he spoke, coming to a rest with his hand splayed over his pelvis, where they thought -- hoped -- their pup was growing.

“You're horrible, you know that, right? Do you really want me to defend your honour as though you couldn't kick the ass of most of the knotheads around?”

Dean grinned at Cas’ glare and blew him a kiss as he tugged on his boots.

“We're taking my car. Oh right, yours is in the shop anyway! Seriously, we need to talk about that thing. I get sentimental value, I do, but it has some issues that are going to keep costing you money. Want to come with me in the morning when I work on it? That way we're not separated so soon after bonding…” Dean's voice trailed off, the cocky banter fading into a tentativeness that Cas didn't like. Apparently his Omega wasn't as secure as he acted.

“I'd love that. Now, the grocers… any other stops?”

“One. I need some supplies. Sam missed a few things.”

Chapter End Notes

Many thanks to my beta, Dani, as always. ☹️ I don't know what she'd do if I stopped with the extraneous commas. Probably wonder what was wrong with me. 🐾

Next chapter is Sabriel, fyi.

Come visit on tumblr, @Imbiowaresbitch.
Saturday Night's Alright

Chapter Summary

Sam and Gabriel are dealing with Gabe's heat.

Chapter Notes

Gratuitous smut.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Gabe blinked carefully, everything still tinged with heat-lust as he looked over his Alpha. Sam's chiseled torso was gleaming with sweat, and with Gabe's come from more orgasms than he could count. His wolf was sated for the moment, but he knew it would be after him soon. Sam had knotted him four times through the night, and they'd slept in between, after Sam had fetched them water and snacks, keeping their energy up.

It was approaching ten in the morning, and he knew he needed to tell his brothers. He typed out a long text to Jimmy and Balth, knowing Cassie was either still busy or running through his woods after a disappointing encounter.

Sam glanced over at him and leaned in for a gentle kiss. “I'm going to go dig through the cupboards, see if we even have something for lunch in a bit. We might have to order food.”

A few minutes later, he could hear Sam on the phone, talking to Dean. Sam sounded irritated, then there was a shocked exclamation from the hall that had Gabe staggering out of their makeshift nest to investigate.

“WHAT?!” Sam was in the kitchen, pouring himself a glass of orange juice, and Gabe snickered as the glass overflowed slightly. “Shit. No, not you, Dean. Look, I can't talk long, Gabe's heat got triggered. Uh huh. Ahem, well, as it turns out... no, my suppressants probably blocked it. Why? … you're shitting me! Alright, alright. Jerk. Bye.”
Sam stood staring at his phone and Gabe nudged his elbow, prompting Sam to immediately wrap an arm around his shoulders, pulling him close.

“Um, that was Dean. Obviously. Your brother is apparently his True Mate. And they think Dean is pregnant.”

“Way to go Cassie!” Gabe burst out laughing, quickly firing off a text to his favourite brother. He snorted at the reply, rolling his eyes, but a huge smile was on his face. He tapped out a quick question, drumming his fingers on the counter as he waited for the reply. Sam offered him a glass of orange juice, and he took it with a grin.

“Trying to keep my strength up, Samalam?” he teased, taking a sip. Seconds later his phone pinged, and he choked on a laugh. He cleared his throat and reread the message, a grin on his face as he turned to his Alpha. “Your brother has certainly pulled mine out of his shell! Not that he was all that closed off, but I would never have gotten a message like this before!” He passed his phone to Sam, who scanned it and grimaced.

“Gabe, sugar, I do not need to know about my brother's sex life. But pregnant already? I dunno, Dean's suppressants were pretty strong, and he definitely shouldn't have had a heat yet.” Sam frowned, realizing Gabe shouldn't have gone into heat either. “Dean's always wanted pups. I'm just worried for him, that he's so caught up in having found his True Mate that he's imagining all of his other dreams coming true.” He sighed, heavily. “Listen, Gabe, is Cas a good guy? I mean, if he's Dean's True Mate, he'll treat him right, but… will he take care of him?”

Gabe looked at him intently for a moment. “Does Deano need to be taken care of?” he asked, curiously. “He seems like the epitome of liberated Omega, though the fact that he looks like an Alpha likely doesn't hurt.”

Sam must have noticed the tiniest hint of self-consciousness on Gabe's face at that, and he scooped the other man into his arms, Gabe's legs wrapping instinctively around his waist.

“And you?” Sam asked, a husky whisper against Gabe's throat, his lips just brushing his scent gland. Gabe's head went back on a purr, but he grinned cheekily.

“Me? Fun-sized.” And he ground against Sam, the scent of slick overwhelming them. Sam gave a feral smile, his eyes dark and lust-blown.
The Alpha growled at his mate, his eyes tinged red when his hands supporting Gabe's body were suddenly soaked.

“Hold on, my Omega,” Sam ordered in a low growl. He widened his stance, and carefully guided his cock to Gabe's entrance, still loose from the previous flash of his heat. He slipped in, and rocked Gabe in slow, shallow thrusts, deliberately avoiding sinking deep enough to reach Gabe's prostate. He grinned at the small whines and pleas from Gabe's mouth, but when his Omega started squirming and panting in his arms, he quickly thrust deeply into him, knowing he couldn't take much teasing. Sam captured Gabe's lips, sucking on his lower lip.

“Mmph, Alpha, please, Sam, need your knot. Want it hard!”

Sam spun and walked them into the dining room and laid Gabe down on the table, and taking his hands, stretched them up over his head to catch the edge of the table.

“Hang on, little ‘Mega,” he murmured, smirking as his lover shivered at his tone. And Sam let his wolf loose, and with a snarl he started rutting into Gabe with sharp snaps of his hips. Gabe wailed, his arms and shoulders bunching as he fought against being driven across the table. Sam took hold of his hips and pulled him into each thrust, the wet smack of skin against skin echoing through the house, his grunts as he fucked into his Omega a counterpoint to Gabe's cries.

“Feels so good, Sam, come on Alpha, knot me, ppleaseeeease!” Gabe pleaded, his cock throbbing between them as his walls started to clench around Sam's cock.

Sam howled as his knot locked into place, and the lovers cried out their release together.

**

Gabe had his face buried against Sam’s throat, and purred at their combined scent. Sam had gotten his caramel, and he had Sam's cinnamon. He thought they were delicious together.

Sam had moved them to the couch in the living room, waiting for his knot to go down. Gabe's stomach growled, and Sam's eyes widened.
“You're hungry. Shit, we need to get food. Do you like bacon cheeseburgers? I know the best place for them.”

“Sure do, Samalam. You're taking such good care of me, Alpha,” he purred against Sam’s throat, “so good for me, so strong, my mate!”

“I can go get the burgers in a little bit, just as soon as my knot goes down,” Sam told him, nuzzling at his neck, then pulling back as Gabe let out a small whine.

“Don't want you to leave, Alpha. Not my space, it's yours. Need you here. I'll call my sister Anna, she can deliver. I just need my phone...” He glanced about, and of course their phones were on the counter in the kitchen. He met Sam's eyes, and smirked, cocking his head in challenge.

“I can easily carry you there. But really, you're going to call your sister while I'm knotted inside you?”

Gabe ground against him, watching in smug satisfaction as Sam’s eyes rolled back and he moaned, his cock pulsing again.

“When we decide it's time, if we decide to, you are gonna fill me with so many pups, aren't you Samsquatch?” Gabe purred. “But for now, I wanna be filled with burgers. What's the name of this place?”

“Damnit, Gabe, you're driving me crazy,” Sam breathed. “Um, yeah... it's called the Roadhouse. Call Anna and order then.” And Sam heaved himself to his feet, his knot tugging slightly at Gabe's rim, making him whimper at the sharp pleasure flooding his senses again. Gabe clenched unconsciously, and Sam nearly stumbled, groaning softly. “Gabe...”

Gabe scooped his phone from the counter as Sam set him down, keeping their bodies close together. He called his sister, and after four rings, got her voicemail.

“You’ve reached Anna, I'm unavailable due to personal reasons, try back on Monday. Thank you.”

Gabe hung up with a grumble. “Damnit. She's in rut. Balth and Jimmy are manning the bar for
Castiel and I. Wait. They said their rut and heat ended. So, they might be available. Cassie'll do it for me."

He dialed quickly and after three rings, a breathless Cassie answered the phone.

“Hello, Gabriel.”

“Whoa, didn't mean to interrupt, baby bro!” Gabe teased, a shit-eating grin on his face. His wolf yipped, its tongue lolling out in a wolfish grin at the prospect of playing with his den sib.

“Why are you calling, Gabriel?” Cassie sighed, and Gabe could hear him moving about.

“I can't just call my favourite brother?” Gabriel asked indignantly.

“What do you want, Gabriel?” He could practically hear Cassie rolling his eyes, and bit back a snicker.

“I can't believe you would suggest that I would only call--”

“I'm hanging up now,” Cassie interrupted.

“Cheeseburgers! Bacon cheeseburgers from some place called the Roadhouse! My heat tripped, Sam can't leave me, Balth and Jimmy are covering at work for us. Please, Cassie?”

“Fine, but you owe me. You're making me wake up my pregnant mate, you realise.”

“Cassie, he's what, ten hours pregnant at most? He's fine,” Gabe soothed, but allowed himself an eyeroll.

“Two, actually. Condom broke this morning. Alright, it's lunch time anyway, but we're not stopping to visit while you two go at it. Like you would want another Alpha around anyway. And Sam definitely wouldn't want another Alpha around. It won't matter that I'm your brother. I'll call ahead to place an order. What does Sam want? You know what, get Sam to call and place the order, and
add two bacon cheeseburgers and fries to that. That'll take care of lunch for Dean and me. I don't know why you couldn't call Anna; our sister is perfectly capable of fetching burgers for you.”

“I did. She's in rut. So that's no bueno.” There was a pause, and when Cassie spoke again, Gabe could hear the smile in his voice.

“Do you need anything else, Gabriel?”

“Candy!” Gabriel demanded.

“Of course. Chocolate or gummy worms?” Cassie knew his heat preferences well.

“Both?” he grinned, knowing his favourite brother would know which brand of chocolate he wanted.

“Sure, Gabriel. We'll be along in about…” The line went muffled, but he could still make out the conversation between his brother and Dean. “Hmm. Dean, from here to a store, to the Roadhouse, to drop some lunch for Sam and Gabe. Sam's calling in the order, so we won't have to wait.”

Dean's low voice was fainter, but Gabe caught it anyway. “Half an hour, if we leave now. Tell Sammy to forget about ordering ours, we gotta go in and sit. You have to try Ellen's pie. And we can get a couple of beers.”

“Got it, Cassie, I heard him. I want a piece of pie, too. Have they got sugar pie?”

“See you in half an hour, Gabriel. Goodbye.”

“Wait, Cassie!” Gabe stared at the phone. “He hung up. Sammy, does the Roadhouse have sugar pie?”

“Not usually, but we can find out.” Sam nuzzled at his scent gland and Gabe found himself purring softly, then whimpering as Sam’s knot finally released him. “What's wrong, baby?”
“Want you inside me all the time. Feels so good, so full.” Gabe whispered against his neck, before pulling back with a teasing grin. “Might make going to work difficult though.”

Sam snorted, shaking his head, his eyes dancing with amusement. “I can at least sit at my desk and do paperwork. You, however, would have trouble serving drinks. Let me call the Roadhouse and see what kind of pie Ellen has on the menu today.”

Sam scooped up his phone, and seemingly used a one touch call number.

“You have a bar and grill on speed dial, Samalam? How often do you guys order from there?” Gabe teased, but he was curious.

“Nah, I told you about our mom dying when I was four, right? And Ellen kinda--Oh, hey Ash, Sam here. Can I get an order for pickup? Dean'll be there in thirty to get it. Uh huh. Nah, I'll have a bacon cheese today too, need some energy. Yeah, side salad though. Oh, and what kinda pie you got, any sugar pie? Uh huh. Yeah. One sec.” He turned to Gabe, his expression like a puppy seeking approval. “No sugar pie, babe, but they have pecan, and it's Dean's favourite, other than Ellen's apple pie.”

“Pecan it is then, Samsquatch.”

“Alright, Ash? Oh! Um, hey Ellen, Ash had to go? Yeah. No, no. Um...” Gabe grinned as his Alpha stammered like a pup caught in a lie, and decided to help.

“Samalam, I'm gonna go jump into the shower. Join me when you're off the phone?” he said loudly as he hopped off the counter, swinging his hips as he sauntered out of the kitchen towards the stairs.

“Thanks Gabe…” came the resigned call from behind him, and he chuckled as he glanced back to see his Alpha scrubbing his hand over his face. “Yeah, Ellen, I'm here. No, we can't visit today. Yeah, sure. Oh, he wants a slice of your pecan pie, please. Dean'll be by in thirty or so, you should ask him about his news. And he can fill you in about mine.”

Sam looked up then, and Gabe gave him a teasing wink, then deliberately tossed his head and ran for the stairs. A terrifying (thrilling?) growl sounded behind him, and he laughed as he sprinted for their room.
Sam caught him just as he crossed the doorway. He scooped Gabe up around the waist and deposited him in the middle of the bed on his hands and knees, and without warning, drove into him hard. Gabe was reduced to desperate mewls, and instinctively dropped down onto his forearms, until his face was pressed to the mattress, their combined scents filling his senses as Sam pounded into him. When one large hand wrapped around his cock, Gabe nearly collapsed.

Sam hunched over him, his long torso allowing him to easily reach Gabe's throat, and he sucked a dark bruise over Gabe's scent gland. His free hand palmed Gabe's cheek to turn his face, Sam's lips landing hungrily on his. Sam shifted his hips, and began a long, deep roll, and Gabe whined against his lips, unable to do much more than take it as his Alpha claimed him, asserting his dominance.

And damn if that wasn't hotter than hell.

Within bare minutes, Gabe could feel the low buzz building in his gut. Sam pulled his hand away from his cock and Gabe whimpered, even as his lover reared back to grab his hips and thrust desperately, his knot already swelling, catching and slipping past his rim with every thrust. Suddenly they locked together, and Sam started a filthy grind of his hips, his enormous knot pulsing, rubbing against Gabe's prostate in a continuous way that quickly pushed him over the edge in a shockwave of pleasure that had him coming untouched.

"Alpha!" he cried out. He would have collapsed if Sam hadn't wrapped his arms around him, pulling him upright to rest back against his chest, even as Sam throbbed and continued to fill him. "Claim me! Want your mark!"

Sam groaned against his throat, finding his scent gland with his eyes closed, and clamped his fangs into his mate with a snarl. Gabe moaned, his body wracked by another orgasm, pinpricks of pain on his torso and hip where Sam held him. As Sam drew back and lapped over the bite, Gabe grabbed his forearm and turned to his mate's neck, claiming him in return. Their bond snapped into place, and Gabe's wolf howled within him. His fingers tingled oddly, and he sagged back against Sam's chest. Sam cradled him for several minutes as they caught their breath.

"My Omega," Sam said quietly, but in an iron tone. "You shouldn't have run. I could have hurt you."

"You're my Alpha, and my True Mate. You would never really hurt me," Gabe sighed happily, nuzzling at his neck. "But you need to trim your nails, Samsquatch. How long until Cassie is here? Hmm, good thing Dean has a key, I don't think ten minutes will be enough for your knot to go down."
“You’re one to talk, you clawed up my arm when you bit me. Anyway, Dean'll need to pack a bag too, since I'm kicking him out for the duration of your heat. I don't want anyone in and out while you're in heat.”

Gabe reached up to cup Sam's cheek and both men tensed.

“What the fuck… Sam?” Gabe breathed, staring in shock at his hand, the nails turned to claws. Sam reached for Gabe's hand carefully and swore.

“Holy shit. Is this for real?” He linked his clawed fingers with Gabe's, and Gabe's wolf gave a happy little huff, basking in the warmth of mate.

“Sam, what is your wolf telling you?” Gabe asked softly.

“That I'm home.”

**

Fifteen minutes later Sam's knot had let them loose, and their hands had returned to normal.

They had racked their brains, but the only useful suggestion either had, was Gabe's thought to talk to his dad after his heat was over. His books were full of old legends. Sam nearly had a fit when he realised Gabe's dad was Chuck Shurley, to Gabe's great amusement.

With a quick kiss, Sam went to Dean's room to pack a bag. Gabe lay sprawled on the bed in a drowsy haze until he heard an exclamation from his Alpha, and he dragged himself to the door to Dean's room to investigate. After the claws, he wasn't leaving anything to chance.

Sam was busily scribbling a note, which when Gabe wandered over to read, said that Sam didn't need to know that. Glancing in the open drawer, he spotted nothing but panties, all in men’s size. He burst out laughing and stole the note from Sam, scrawling a quick “Lucky Cassie” underneath Sam's note.

Sam grabbed a handful of underwear blindly and shoved them into the bottom of the bag with the
He tossed as many pairs of jeans as he could into the bag, a stack of t-shirts, socks, and a few flannels and Henleys. He strode into the en suite bathroom and scooped up Dean's toiletry bag, tossed his toothbrush and blockers in, along with a stick of deodorant. Gabe left him to it.

He decided to have that shower he'd teased Sam about, figuring it might be his only chance before they ate and then his heat would strike again. He didn't particularly want to wash Sam's scent off his skin though, so it was a cursory wash of the essentials, then he was toweling himself dry. He could feel his blood starting a low hum, and knew he had maybe half an hour before his next heat struck. The pleasant ache of being knotted was still sending twinges of pleasure through him. Teasing Sam into two knots in a row when his heat wasn't demanding them might not have been the best idea, but his wolf had been howling for it. And the claiming. He shivered, half in pleasure, and half in fear.

The claws, what the fuck was that?

He wrapped a towel about his waist and wandered towards the stairs, just in time to hear Sam answer the door with a growl.

“Bitch, relax, I know I smell different, that's Cas’ scent. I won't even come in. Here's the food.”

Sam's growl ebbed away, and there was a silence that managed to be sheepish.

“Thanks for the food. Jerk. Packed you a bag, here. And I don't want to talk about that.”

“Dude, why are you blushing?!” Gabe heard Dean asking, then the Omega at the door burst out laughing. “Right. Don't want to talk about it. Call if you need anything else. See ya!”

The door closed, and Gabe sauntered down the stairs. Sam's eyes flashed red, his nostrils flaring. Within half a second Gabe was in his arms, and Sam was scenting at his throat, running his hands over his bare chest, then picked him up and rubbed his stubbled jaw against Gabe's.

“Mine,” the Alpha growled, and Gabe felt himself slicking slightly at his mate's possessiveness. Sam's nostrils flared as he stared down at him, and Gabe whined softly, tilting his head back to expose his throat, his wolf doing the same.

“Alpha…” he sighed quietly, purring when Sam licked over the mating bite in a broad stroke of his tongue.
“Food, then nest,” Sam ordered, carrying him to the dining room along with the bag of food. Sam dropped the basketball shorts he'd slid into before heading down to answer the door, then dropped into a chair, holding Gabe in his lap, and set his food before them. Popping the top off the takeout container, he fed Gabe a fry, still hot despite the delivery time. When Gabe reached for a fry for himself, Sam grumbled, but pulled his own food from the bag. When Gabe moaned around his first mouthful of the burger, Sam ground up against him, his cock heavy and full against Gabe's cleft. Gabe squirmed, whining as his heat ran through his blood in a burning wave, and Sam took pity on him.

Picking Gabe up by the waist, he lined him up and slid into the Omega, both men groaning at the feeling of being joined again. Rather than immediately beginning to thrust, Sam reached for another of Gabe's fries and held it to his lips, and when he opened for the food, Sam started to rock in the chair, the tiniest movement, a bare reminder of what was to come.

“Eat, Gabe,” Sam instructed gruffly, caressing his hands down Gabe's sides. Gabe whined at him, trying to shift his hips, but Sam clamped his large hands around his waist, and held him still. “Eat first.”

Gabe sighed and took another bite of his burger, and was rewarded with another slow rock of Sam's hips. He moaned softly, and clenched around Sam's cock deliberately, pulling a moan from his mate. But then Sam's hips stilled.

“Gabriel. Eat, Omega,” Sam growled, and Gabe's wolf rolled onto its back and whined, presenting its stomach.

Gabe moaned softly, leaking more slick at the orders from his Alpha, and he felt Sam twitch within him. He scooped up the burger again, taking a large bite, and purred as Sam rocked his hips lightly again. They fell into a pattern. Gabe would take a bite, and Sam would rock them together until Gabe was done that mouthful, then he would stop. Sam ate his own food in methodical bites, finishing long before Gabe, but showed no sign of impatience as his Omega slowly worked through the burger and pile of fries. When he finished the last bite, Sam move his palm to Gabe's stomach, and he gave a low, pleased rumble.

“Happy to have fed your Omega, Samalam?” Gabe chuckled.

“Absolutely. Now, I'm going to take you upstairs to our nest, and I want you to ride me, just like this.”
“Our nest, is it?” Gabe teased, then yelped as Sam lifted him as he stood, his hands wrapped under his thighs and behind his knees, and the larger man effortlessly carried him upstairs. He took the stairs easily, each step pushing and pulling his cock in and out of Gabe's wet heat until he was whimpering and squirming.

“Ours. Until Dean moves out, then we'll take that room. It's bigger so we can get a proper nesting bed, and the en suite is there.”

Gabe found himself melting against the Alpha, which was interesting considering he was still balls deep in Gabe at that moment. They reached their room, and Sam simply stepped onto the bed, and walked to the head of the bed, where he turned and carefully lowered them until his back was against the headboard.

“Sam, wait,” Gabe spoke softly. “I want to see your face. I want to ride you, but I want to face you, and to kiss you.”

Sam gave a low chuckle, and again lifted Gabe effortlessly. Gabe had never considered being manhandled one of his kinks. Most Alphas and Betas were larger than him, so they just wanted to rub in their strength.

Sam though, used his strength to bring Gabe unimaginable pleasure, and Gabe found himself reacting with a fresh gush of slick each time his Alpha demonstrated his strength.

Gabe turned to face his mate, and the tenderness in his eyes caught him off guard. He reached a hand to Sam's cheek, and ran his thumb lightly down his jaw. Sam leaned into his touch, and Gabe leaned down to kiss him slowly, the urgency of his heat banked under the desire to care for his Alpha. Their lips met in a gentle touch, a slow brush against each other. They parted a moment, and Gabe rested his forehead against Sam's.

“Sam…” he breathed, “my Alpha. My mate.”

“Yours, Gabriel. All yours.”

Gabe melted against his lover, kissing him sweetly, the fire of his heat no longer a burning pain, but the warmth of a fireplace, welcoming and bringing the scent of home. Gabe shifted over Sam, and slowly, achingly slowly, took Sam into himself. They breathed into each other a moment, each kiss an affirmation, their bodies barely moving. Gabe drew back slightly, staring at Sam with whiskey
eyes blown nearly black with lust, but with adoration shining through clearly. He rolled his hips slightly, letting that slow rocking motion move them both, before twisting in a slow figure eight with each pass, feeling Sam's cock filling him completely, brushing against every inch in exquisite friction. Sam watched him intently, his powerful hands resting lightly on Gabe's hips, both of them knowing he could take over at any moment, overpowering the Omega riding him to take control. He kept his hands relaxed, but the flash of Alpha red in his eyes made Gabe smirk.

“Problem, Alpha? Don't like me on top, controlling the pace? Want to flip me onto my back and show me who's in charge?”

“My beautiful Omega, I'm not interested in dominating you at every turn. I want your happiness. And if that means you ride me to completion as slowly as you can to torment me? Well, I can pay you back next time you run from me, little Omega,” Sam's voice dropped to a husky growl, and Gabe shuddered over him, his eyes sliding shut at the dark promise in his Alpha's words. “But for now, Gabe, take what you need, what your heat demands.”

Gabe swiftly bent and captured his mate's lips, and rocked his hips faster, burying his face against Sam's throat with a growl, the scent of mate and home driving him as he slid over him, Sam's cock filling him deliciously, a constant pressure against his prostate. Gabe was leaking precome steadily, and his cock slid against Sam's abs in a wet glide with each movement of his hips. Already Gabe could feel his body tightening, the electric buzz of his impending orgasm sending little sparks down his limbs as the pooling heat in his gut wound tighter and tighter.

“Close, Sam,” he whispered, his voice catching as he rode his lover in a slow, sensual wave of his body, whimpering with each pass. “Need you, Alpha, need…”

“Anything. Tell me what you need, Gabe. Come on, this is all for you, baby, tell me what you need.”

Gabe moaned against his throat and shifted from his knees to sitting in Sam's lap, wrapping his legs around his waist.

“Put your arms around me, and move, please, Sam. Slow,” he instructed, and a whine escaped his throat as Sam wrapped his arms around him and gently began to thrust up into him.

Gabe's head fell back in a moan, each movement Sam made an exquisite torment, the buzzing heat at his core coiling into a molten ball, every thrust threatening to tip him over the edge. Wordless pleas fell from his lips, and Sam nuzzled at his throat, one hand tangling in Gabe's sweat-darkened blond hair.
Sam licked over the mating mark suddenly, and Gabe cried out, his cock throbbing, his sac tightening against his body. His Alpha groaned as Gabe's walls tightened about him, but he never increased the pace, just kept to the slow, gentle movements Gabe had requested.

Sam bent to whisper in his mate's ear, an endless litany of praise and demands. “Come for me, my Omega, my mate. Want to feel you milking me, take what you need, baby, take my knot, that's it, you feel so incredible, take me so well, Gabe. Like I was made just for you, to bring you pleasure, to fill you. All for you. Oh gods, Gabe!”

Sam's arms clamped around him suddenly, his knot locking him into place as Gabe came with a cry, and Sam pulled him closer to plunder his mouth as his cock pumped his seed deep into his Omega.

“Sam…” Gabe breathed when their kiss finally ended, resting his head against Sam's throat, dropping slow and gentle kisses against the tanned column, tasting of mate, sweat, and…

“Love you, Samalam.”

“Love you too, Gabe.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to MalMuses for betaing this chapter for me!

Come bug me on tumblr at Imbiowaresbitch.
Dean had wondered, slightly nervous, how Cas would react to going into an Omega store for supplies. But he was absolutely fine. Dean smiled at him once before wandering over to the section with pads to protect against slick. Cas followed after him, but something caught his eye.

Panties.

They were lined at the back, absorbent and yet still very attractive. They were made with lace or mesh peekaboo panels over the hips and options for satin or velvet over the front. He picked up a green pair, thinking how they matched Dean's eyes, and eyed the size. He turned to check out his mate who was distracted browsing the shelves. Dean had worn his jeans that morning and they'd been only a little big, just requiring a belt.

As clerks always seem to do, a young woman appeared at his elbow. Cas identified her as either a Beta or wearing very effective blockers, and held up the panties in question.

"Those are a new product, sir, but very popular. Do you have a question?"

"I'm wondering about the sizing. I've never purchased this style, and I've no wish to buy something unusable if I get the wrong size."

The woman looked him up and down with an assessing gaze and Cas realized she thought he was buying the panties for himself.
“My mate is the tall gentleman checking out the pads. He's perhaps an inch or two smaller than I in the waist.”

“Then you've the correct size. The label here shows the sizing, simply go by the waist on proper fitting pants. These run very true to size.”

“Perfect. You've been very helpful.” Castiel smiled at her and glanced back at Dean, still focusing on browsing. “May I check out? I'd like to surprise him, if I could.”

“Absolutely. Looks like he's speaking to Hannah, my coworker, so he'll likely be a few minutes. Just this way please. Was there anything else?”

Cas thought about it for a moment, then nodded. “Pregnancy tests. How early would they work?”

“That can vary, but generally by six to eight days after a heat ends. How long has it been, if you don't mind me asking?”

Cas blushed slightly. “Four hours? It was a spontaneous heat, and it ended… um… precipitously.”

The clerk looked startled, and her voice dropped. “True Mates?” Cas nodded, and she beamed at him. “You'll have to be patient, but let me offer my congratulations and a free test. Six days ought to do it, but his scent would change by about day three or four, generally.”

Cas paid for the panties and the clerk provided a bag, which was luckily discreetly opaque. He wandered back to Dean's side and slid an arm about his waist.

“What are you up to?” Dean asked, eyeing the bag.

“A surprise, so you'll have to be patient, love.” Dean's eyes flew to his and he blushed a little. Cas gave him a brief hug and eyed the shelf. “If you need to send me, which of these would you prefer?”

“Wait, what?”
“I'm assuming you have a preference in terms of size, thickness, brand... Gabriel does, and I was always the one getting his supplies if he ran out unexpectedly.”

“No one has ever asked me that. Sam used to get supplies for me, but he didn't ask, I had to tell him. Hell, even when I dated another Omega, he didn't care about my preference, he just brought me some of what he used.” Dean paused, a slow and easy grin sliding over his face as he leaned over and kissed Cas’ cheek. “You're awesome.”

Dean handed over a package, leaning into Cas’ space to point out the specifics on the bag. “These are the ones I like, but I usually try to get a bigger package. The clerk is checking when the stock is supposed to come in.”

Hannah returned a moment later and told them they'd be in Tuesday morning.

“And I open Tuesday. Figures. I can get them after work which will be close to nine PM, because I'm working a shift at Bobby's. Are you still open that late?”

Before she could answer, Cas placed a hand on his lower back and said, “Dean, I can get them. Tuesday is going to suck anyway, because I work five til close that night. Let me do something for you that day?”

“Alright, angel. Let me just jot down the details…”

“Nevermind that.” Cas pulled out his cell and snapped a photo. “What quantity is the larger package?”

“It's one hundred twenty-eight,” Hannah replied. “We can have them behind the counter so you don't have to search for them.”

Cas chuckled, shaking his head. “Don't worry about that, I'm not embarrassed to be in here or anything. Need anything else, Omega-mine? We should get going so I can make that lasagna for you and get it into the oven at a reasonable time. Normally I wouldn't mind a later dinner, but we've had a long day and tomorrow's likely to be as bad.”
He caught movement from the corner of his eye and saw Hannah trying to catch the attention of the blonde clerk who'd helped him.

“Nah, angel, I've got everything I need,” Dean replied.

Cas bit his lip to keep from grinning as he caught Hannah's silent comment of, “Is he for real?”, and saw the blonde's returned, “I know!”

He silently thanked his friend Eileen for teaching him to lip read.

**

Dean checked out his items and they thanked the two clerks for their assistance. The grocers was only a block away, so after depositing their purchases in the Impala, they strolled down the street, hand in hand, enjoying the afternoon sunshine.

“Are Alphas that bad?” Cas mused softly, then shook his head. “Ugh, I own a bar. I know they are. Still, it's disturbing to see basic courtesy and affection for my mate be treated as such a rarity. I worry for my friends, I worry for what our pups may face one day.”

“Pups?” Dean grinned. He wrapped an arm around his Alpha's shoulders, pulling him close. From a distance, most would assume he was the Alpha and Cas a tall Beta, perhaps, if they looked only at their builds. Dean was considered a freak of an Omega by the knotheads he'd encountered for his unnatural height and strength, and he knew that the two women at the store had seen their share of that type.

“Angel, the trouble is the worst ones are the loudest. They make the good ones look bad by proxy. It's like people everywhere. One sleazy lawyer and they all get a bad rep. You know, my brother originally wanted to be a lawyer. And he would have been a great one. One dirty cop, they all look bad. One knothead and everyone eyes the closest Alpha. It sucks. And it's not you. But unfortunately, you have to be the one to prove that you're safe, over and over.”

Cas mulled that over for a while, and when they reached the grocers parking lot, he sighed heavily.

“You're right. And yes, pups. As many as you want to have.” Cas grabbed a cart sitting in the middle of the lot and headed for the door. As they passed more cars, Cas tucked them in line and pushed the
lot of them. When they got to the doors, a surprised store employee was just coming out.

“Sir, you didn't need to do that, but thank you!”

“It was no trouble.” Cas smiled politely. “Besides, was I supposed to just walk past them when they needed to come here anyway?”

“Most do,” the employee remarked. “Thanks again!”

Cas just shook his head and caught the grin on Dean's face. “What?” he asked shyly, easily able to scent content Omega wafting from his mate.

“I love you, Alpha.” Dean was practically vibrating with contentment, and Cas trailed his fingertips lightly over the mating bite on his neck. Dean's eyes slid shut for a moment and he started to purr lightly, leaning against Cas.

“Love you too, Omega-mine. Now let's go, I promised you and our pup lasagna!”

Dean chuckled softly, knowing it was mostly wishful thinking at this point, but that it was certainly a possibility. He would have to make a call on Monday.

“Care to divide and conquer?” Cas suggested with a boyish grin. “You take this half of the list, I'll get these?”

“Absolutely, angel. This shouldn't take more than ten minutes. Meet you at the checkouts!”

Dean threw his mate a wink and sauntered off, just a touch of a swagger in his walk. The low growl he heard behind him, quickly stifled, had him throwing his head back in laughter.

He checked his list and went to collect the parmesan, mozzarella, and ricotta, then grabbed a bit of asiago for the salad. He made his way through the aisles, collecting ingredients as he went, and found himself in the dairy department, eyeing a quart of chocolate ice cream. He shrugged and tossed it into his basket. A moment later his nose twitched as he smelled spoiled milk. He grimaced at the rancid smell and grabbed the eggs Cas wanted. He rounded a corner and found a young Omega,
certainly no more than eighteen, if that, with her belly round with pup and shying back from a vaguely familiar figure.

He hadn't realised he was growling and giving off protective mama pheromones until the girl turned and ran for him. She was ten years or so younger than he, but with no mating mark on her neck, she was incredibly vulnerable. The man turned with a smirk and Dean recognized Adler from the night before. He scowled when he saw Dean.

“If it isn't the Omega slut. You're still walking, looks like that bitch of an Alpha you went home with couldn't get it right. ‘Course I'd probably have to have the lights off to get it up to do you, you giant, unnatural freak. Now kindly fuck off, my housekeeper and I were having a discussion.”

Dean grimaced. He had a hold over her. An idea struck him.

“Sweetheart, do you know anything about flowers? I'm hiring, and I know a couple who just had their girls move out on their own and are looking for a tenant. You do not have to stay with him.”

She glanced up at him, lovely with her dark hair and eyes, but fearful and wary as well. He had to bite back a snarl that would only frighten her when he spotted the bruise on her cheek. He carefully controlled his reaction and only projected comfort, safety, and protective mama to the girl.

“What's your name, sweetheart?” he asked gently, quickly texting Cas an S-O-S with his hand out of sight behind the girl.

“Alex. Alexandra Jones.”

Dean dropped his voice. No need to humiliate her. “Is your pup his, Alex?” he asked carefully, knowing this question could set her off.

“No!” she answered immediately, but her scent was off, sour. “But please. Help me.” She stared up at him with frightened eyes but determination, too.

Adler reached for her then, and Dean carefully stepped between them, blocking his grab simply by being in the way. Adler's eyes flashed red and he struck far faster than Dean would have thought possible. Once to his lower ribs, making him curl over in shocked horror, trying to protect his stomach, and then once to his jaw. Dean hit the ground harshly, dazed.
A sudden snarl rang out and Dean started to chuckle, despite his pain and fear for the girl with him and for the pup he hoped he carried.

“Are you okay? What's so funny?” came Alex's urgent voice and he realised that she'd crouched next to him, no mean feat with her belly swollen with pup.

There was a crash, followed by heated snarls from two Alphas behind him, and he pushed himself upright enough to shield the teen from the fight.

“I'm okay. I shoulda actually broken his wrist last night when he groped me, but I'm fine. He hit me high enough…” Dean's hand was protectively low over his belly, ignoring the ache of the punch to his lower ribs. “As for what's so funny, that's my Alpha. My True Mate. Our bond is about four hours old, so he's a bit protective.”

Dean watched as his Alpha tore into the other man, his eyes solidly red, his fangs descended in full display. He couldn't help it, his body reacted, slick escaping him at the sight of his mate in full protector mode. Then he winced as Adler's nose crunched under Cas’ fist. A couple grocery employees stood by, but didn't dare intervene. Dean knew the sheriff had to have been called by now. He could only hope it would be Donna or Jody answering the call.

“Cas,” Dean called his mate, but Cas raised his fist again. Putting everything he felt into his voice, he stepped closer and called again. “Angel!”

Cas’ head whipped up, his fist still cocked back, the other hand tangled in Adler's collar much like it had been the night before. Slowly he opened his fist.

**

Cas heard his mate cry out in pain, then a grunt as the Alpha over him struck him in the face and he fell to the floor. He was just barely aware of Dean moving to protect the very pregnant girl cowering from the violence before her, his rage rising and heating his blood.

A vicious snarl such he didn't know he was capable of escaped Cas and he leapt for the other Alpha, tackling him against a freezer door, the glass shattering as their combined weight hit it. The other Alpha, Adler!, snarled at him in return, but Cas was too far gone to care about such a pathetic attempt at intimidation. He caught a glimpse of himself in a security mirror at the corner of the aisle and his
eyes were blood red, his fangs fully dropped. He reared back and slammed his fist into Adler, hitting his ribs, his stomach, and when his hands dropped to protect himself, he broke the bastard's nose with a sickening crunch.

He vaguely heard his name being called and ignored it, pulling back for another blow, holding his dazed enemy upright by his collar, the man's extra four inches on him immaterial in the face of his instinct to protect the Omegas.

“Angel!”

He froze. One person called him that. The voice, so full of love, and Cas lifted his head to scent the air.

Mate! Omega! Dean…

He dropped Adler without a thought and turned to his lover, enfolding him in his arms, taking deep breaths with his face pressed against his neck. Dean's scent was rich and full of love, emitting protective mama to such a degree that Cas knew if he hadn't arrived when he did, Dean would have attacked the Alpha despite the lingering pain from his injuries.

“Cas, angel, you're bleeding! Your hands!” Dean exclaimed before ordering a store employee to fetch a first aid kit. Cas shook his head, dismissing the stinging of his palms.

Wait, why would my palms be stinging … he glanced down, and discovered to his dismay that his fingernails had shifted to claws. And punching Adler had driven his claws into his own palms.

“Cas…” Dean whispered in amazement, staring at his hands. “How…?”

“Easy answer. Sometimes… well, rarely, but it happens with True Mates.” A calm, controlled voice answered his fumbled question. “Usually only if one is in danger, and only very soon after the bond is formed. Hey Dean, you alright?”

Sheriff Jody Mills was a welcome sight for Dean, but he figured they'd best keep everything by the book til Adler was dealt with.
“I’m mostly okay, thanks, Sheriff Mills.”

“Why the fuck are you asking about that slut?” Adler demanded, his voice muffled behind his hand as he attempted to staunch the flow of blood from his broken nose. “I was attacked, and I will be pressing charges!”

“Mr. Adler, I would advise you to keep your mouth shut while I ask some questions. But first, I need the manager and surveillance.”

“Sheriff Mills, really, you know we need a warrant to give you the surveillance,” the manager announced in a stern voice as she stepped forward.

“I know that you can give them to me if you choose to. I also know that this is a case involving True Mates, and the only thing more volatile would be if Dean were pregnant. So if there was provocation for the attack on Mr. Adler, I need to know. And considering Federal law protecting True Mates, it’s in Mr. Adler’s best interest that I get that footage if he was attacked unprovoked as he claims. The law states an act of violence causing injury, but not death, is forgiven if the True Mates have bonded within twenty-four hours of the incident. Now, we're getting out of here and going back to the station so we can get these details cleared up. If need be, I suppose I will be submitting that request for a warrant to Judge Deacon Kaylor.”

“Sheriff, I saw everything, and Dean was protecting me. I’d like to give my statement.”

“Alright, Alex, but you have that housekeeping job, right?” Jody’s tone was soothing towards the young Omega. “Do you need to call for time off?”

“No, that's okay. Because as of right now, I quit. Mr. Adler, you can forward my last pay cheque to…” And here she faltered, not knowing where she would be staying.

“I’ll swing by to get it.” Sheriff Mills stared at the older Alpha, her expression unwavering. “And I’m certain there won’t be any confusion about the amount.”

Adler grumbled at her, then nodded sharply.

“Now, I know where everyone lives. I'm assuming we can all be civil and get to the station, by 7 p.m.?” Jody said, her expression making it clear it was not a question.
“We’ll be there by four. Give me a minute?” Dean asked. He turned to a grocery employee and pointed out the two baskets of food. “Just a heads up, I doubt we’re taking these now, that basket is full of ice cream, eggs, and cheese.”

“Dean, want to hang back, maybe have Sammy meet you to get the groceries home?” Jody suggested, then cocked an eyebrow at him curiously when he chuckled.

“Sam's a little busy. His True Mate is in heat.”

“Well I’ll be. Both of you? Congrats! C’mon then, I want that warrant from Judge Kaylor before the store closes at eight.”

Dean introduced Cas to Alex, but she hung back somewhat, clearly nervous around him. Either because of his display or simply for being an Alpha, Dean wasn’t sure. He did notice, however, that Cas was unusually quiet, his scent was muted somewhat, like he was suppressing his emotions. He led them outside, then flagged Jody as she got into her cruiser.

“Can you drive Alex? We parked over by the Omega Shoppe, and I don't want her walking that far. I doubt she's been getting enough rest. That okay with you, Alex?”

“That's fine. I appreciate it.” Alex slid into the passenger side without hesitation and Dean met Jody's eyes. He tapped his own cheek and nodded toward the cruiser. Jody nodded. She'd spotted the bruise and was planning on dealing with it.

Cas stepped forward slightly and addressed the Sheriff for the first time. “Sheriff Mills, I've a question. What about charges pressed against Mr. Adler? If we are able to prove he struck first, and with malicious intent due to an encounter at Milton's last night, would we be able to press charges? And what time frame would be reasonable for those charges to be laid?”

“Mr. Milton, are you a lawyer?” Jody grinned. “What extenuating circumstances are we talking about?”

“Technically yes, though I don't practice in Kansas. And we truly believe Dean may be pregnant.
But a test wouldn't work for another four days. Would that be too late to press charges?"

“Certainly not. It's simply a matter of waiting for all the evidence. See you boys at the station.”

Chapter End Notes

Chapter warning for chapter 9. Underage pregnancy by implied rape. No details given, but a warning that we've got some angst and a rough go coming.

Please take care of yourselves.
Dean and Cas head to the sheriff's office to make their statements, and they find out the truth about Alex.

Chapter Notes

CONTENT WARNING:

Mention of rape/non-con, underage pregnancy as a result, abuse causing an earlier miscarriage. No details given of the rape.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Dean turned to Cas as they walked quickly back to the other shop to get the Impala.

“Since when are you a lawyer?” Dean asked, bemused.

“Like I told Sheriff Mills, I'm not. I used to be, but one too many cases of bullshit deals by a corrupt D.A., and I just couldn't fucking take it. I went back to school to study entomology, with a focus on apiology. I'm sure the D.A. was thrilled, but I wasn't going to kill myself fighting him.”

Dean took his hand, and Cas winced. “Shit, sorry, angel. We didn't get your hands patched up.”

“It's okay, Dean. I think they're not as bad as they looked. I'm just glad my fingertips changed back! The claws were a little conspicuous!” Cas commented drily.

“I was just thinking, I like some pain, but the claws were not going anywhere near my ass, not matter not hot you make me.”

Cas snorted, then his face fell. He stood patiently while Dean unlocked the Impala and opened the door for him, sparing his hands. Dean slid into the car, and they headed for the station.
“Talk to me, angel. What's goin’ on in that head of yours?”

Cas looked out the window, and Dean sneezed suddenly at the stench of… shame?

“Cas, angel, you did nothing wrong. He hit me twice, you hit him three times. Other than making his nose a bit crooked, nothing permanent. And that asshole can afford a plastic surgeon.”

“I wasn't going to stop, though. You saw how everyone looked at me, how Alex looked at me. I was going to keep beating him, and…” Dean reached over and put his hand on Cas’ shoulder, the ocean scent of tears nearly overwhelming. “How am I any different than those knotheads people hate? I would've killed him. I felt feral, more like… like a wolf than a man. It wasn't even just the anger. Not really. It was eliminating a threat.”

Dean pulled over, and Cas blinked rapidly, fighting to control his tears. Dean slid across to wrap his Alpha in his arms.

“Cas, I was about to charge him. I was getting to my feet under me, and I was going to kill him. Not for you. Not for me. Not even for our pup. But for a teenage girl I'd never met before. When she hid behind me, I could smell her so clearly.” Dean paused, running his fingers through Cas’ thick hair, soothing them both with a touch. “She hates him. She fears him. There was a heavy scent of shame around her. And worst of all, I could smell him on her. I'm not talking about sharing a house kind of scent. I mean I could smell his spunk on her. And I'm certain it wasn't willingly on her part.

“Now, last time I checked, I'm no Alpha, so I can't be a knothead. And you, my angel, you are the furthest thing from one. You are my guardian angel, and maybe you were going to beat him to death. But you stopped when I called you. No knothead would have.”

Cas shook his head, but he was breathing in Dean's scent, and it was helping him calm down.

“But--”

“Let me ask you something,” Dean interrupted. “What were you feeling?”

“Rage. He'd hit you. You were on the ground. It was like I snapped.”
“We’ll have to ask Alex what she could smell from you. Know what I could smell? Yeah, anger. But love, fear, and over it all, you were desperate to protect. You’re patient and kind, and so fucking smart it makes my head spin. You're a lawyer, yeah, not practicing here, I know. You own a business with your brothers. You went back to school to study bugs because you couldn't stand the bullshit politics around being a lawyer. Come on, this is all awesome stuff.”

“Dean, I'm not… this stuff isn't that out there. It doesn't change that maybe people are right to be afraid of me. Because I'm an Alpha.”

“Is Jimmy as patient and caring as you are? Is Anna? Or Victor? You deal with asshole Alphas all the time at work. How would they treat me, or Gabe, or your dad? How would most Alphas treat Charlie? Or Alex? I dunno if you saw. No mating bite.” Cas opened his mouth to reply, but Dean kept going. “You have four siblings. Why were you always the one to help Gabe with supply runs? You were the one who knew his preferred treats. You and Balth and Jimmy and Gabe lived together for how many years? And I'll bet if Gabe needed help you were the one who helped ninety percent of the time. And I'm betting if Jimmy had a rut and needed something, you were the one to go get it.”

“He's my twin! Of course! And Gabe and I have always been close.”

“Sure, me and Sammy too. But you're a caregiver. You're an Alpha, angel, but not a modern one. I'm talking about the old stories, when we all shifted, and the Alpha was the ultimate provider and protector, both. Maybe a bit closer to a wolf. A lot of those myths and stories were pretty incredible.”

Cas wrinkled his nose at that.

“Sure, back when Omegas were breeding stock,” he said in disgust.

“Cas, please don't take this the wrong way, but don't be an ass. Omegas are breeders, sure. But what happened in there? That was what Omegas did. Balance their Alphas, by calling them back from the edge. You didn't answer when I called your name. I tried again, but I didn't call to your Alpha.”

“Angel. You called me angel. No one else has called me that, ever. You pulled me back to humanity with that word.”

“And that, my Alpha, is the secret to Omega strength in a proper pack. I'm betting if you think about it, Gabe runs the show with you and your siblings. You didn't have a great example growing up but Gabe is good people. And so are you.”
Cas frowned a moment but Dean could tell he was at least thinking about it now, his scent had calmed. He nudged him gently.

“Let's get in there, Jody's gonna be wondering where we are.”

They slid out of the car, only to see Jody's cruiser pull into the lot. They could see her having a quiet word with Alex before she got out. She rounded the end of the vehicle, her face like a thunderhead, then she quickly schooled her features when she helped Alex out of the car.

“Let's get you inside, I want you to talk to my partner, Deputy Donna Hanscum about what happened in the grocery store, while I deal with these two, and your former employer. When he gets here.”

“Deal with them? Wait, they didn't do anything wrong! Dean offered me a job and said he could help me find a place to live, and he protected me when that… that bastard tried to grab me again. And when Zachariah hit him, his mate flew in to protect him, and me too. If he hadn't interfered, Zachariah would've badly hurt Dean, and I wouldn't have gotten away from him.”

Dean elbowed Cas gently, and gave him a wink, while Cas just looked dumbfounded that someone approved of his brutal actions. Jody just looked slightly amused.

“I just meant getting their statements, getting Mr. Milton's permission for the footage from his bar last night, see to, and document his and Dean's injuries, and get their statements. They're True Mates, and those bites are hours old. They're protected under the law.”

“Oh! Okay… okay.” She flushed but held her head high. “I'm sorry. It's just no one has looked out for me in a long time. I had to do the same for them.”

Jody nodded and gave the girl a smile.

“You keep that compassion, and you'll make an excellent mama. No matter who the sperm donor was.”

Dean tensed, and Cas carefully hooked his pinky with his Omega's. He couldn't hold his hand
properly until his wounds were cleaned and bandaged, but he pulled him closer so Dean could scent his neck. Dean inhaled slowly, then exhaled with his eyes closed, visibly forcing himself to relax.

They stepped into the old building, and Dean winced at the new lighting.

“Jodes, the lights? Whose idea was that? Seriously, the lights shoulda been last to be updated. Didn't Donna tell you that?”

“Of course I did,” came a cheerful voice from across the bullpen. “But the mayor was the one who got to choose, and he wanted the lighting to make the department ‘more welcoming’, or something like that.”

They turned to see a smiling blonde woman approaching. Deputy Donna Hanscum was a little shorter than Cas, and her dark eyes quickly assessed the two men, and her smile widened.

“Didn't think this one would ever settle down. You're one of the Miltons, but you're not Balth and not Gabe. Obviously not Anna either. So that leaves the twins, Jimmy or Cassie.”

“Castiel Milton, but please, call me Cas. If you've heard the name Cassie, you've a passing acquaintance with either Gabriel or Balthazar. Do I want to know what they did?”

Donna laughed, long and loud, and had to wipe her eyes before continuing answering.

“I'm not surprised those two are troublemakers, but they were looking for advice on making the bar safer for all customers, except the ones nobody wants there. Life got harder for the real troublemakers when I recommended Ash to them.”

“Dr. Bad-Ass, absolutely.” Cas chuckled, then shook his head. “Reminds me, I need to call Jimmy and Balth, and get them to pull the footage from last night. Is it alright if I just make a quick call?”

“Absolutely,” Jody replied. “I'll be honest with you. We've got to verify everything, but with being True Mates, you're not in any trouble.”

Alex raised her hand, bringing a soft chuckle from the others.
“How can you tell they're True Mates though?”

“How does he smell like,” Donna asked, pointing at Dean.

“Um… cedarwood, lemon, something flowery, and vanilla.”

Dean blinked in surprise, not having noticed the addition to his own scent.

“And him?” Donna continued.

“Kinda smokey, then, ummm...is that bourbon? Vanilla, and lemon. How can they have so many scents? Most people have two that others can scent. Why can I smell four? And how often do people share two scents?”

“Very rarely.” Donna nodded, treating the questions seriously as they walked into Jody's office. “For instance, I'm mated, but not to my True Mate. But she makes me happy, and I love her. But even having exchanged bites, our scents won't change to the extent a True Mate pairing would. I'm betting before they bonded, no one else could catch the lemon scent on one, or the vanilla on the other.”

“Between that and Cas’ partial shift, and his mate pulling him back from a full Alpha rage…”

“And scenting each other triggered my heat, and the mating bite triggered his rut…” Dean added, and the two older women were suddenly focused sharply on him.

“And how long did your heat last, Dean?” Jody asked pointedly.

Dean blushed scarlet and dropped his face against Cas’ shoulder. His Alpha took pity and answered for him.

“It was our first time after scenting each other this morning. It was… more intense,” he said delicately, watching Alex from the corner of his eye. “But his heat vanished, and so did my rut, when the condom broke. Now if you'll excuse me, I do need to make that call.”
Cas dropped a gentle, chaste kiss against Dean's lips, and stepped out of the office again.

“Dean, I want you to let us know when you've tested,” Jody instructed. “It will result in very specific charges against Mr. Adler. I'm afraid it's only a fine, but it does carry a minimum amount.”

Dean sighed, thinking of the mess this would involve, the fact that Adler was a lackey of that damned developer Dick Roman who owned the land Cas’ bar was built on.

“And so you know, because of the type of law, it's a case of the people versus. You wouldn't have to even be there. So stop worrying about blowback. Now, Miss Jones said you offered her a job and had a suggestion for a place to live? First though, Alex, when are you due?”

“About six weeks from now, August 13th, why?” Alex asked cautiously.

“Dean would need to review the chemicals at the greenhouse and store. Some are dangerous for a developing pup. Dean, you're going to be in trouble, you won't be able to work at Bobby's either.”

“Sonofabitch,” he muttered, shaking his head. “And I was thinking Bobby and Ellen's place, since Jo and Charlie moved out. Their place is at the scrap yard though, so probably not safe either. Shit!”

“Alex,” Jody asked, “not that I have any concerns for your safety, but from a legal standpoint, where you live could get complicated. How old are you?”

“I'm sixteen,” she murmured, her arms wrapped around her distended stomach. “As of last month.”

Dean couldn't help it, he growled, putting an arm around the pup protectively. She startled for a moment, then leaned into his side. Dean knew he was throwing off protective mama pheromones again, but he could still smell Adler on her skin. And worse, there was a sense of his cold rain smell about her. Not as though they were mated, but…

“Alex, I know I asked you before. And I know what you told me. But I'm going to ask again. Is your pup his?”
She flinched back from him, and she stood frantically. “You can't... he said... he said that he's the Alpha, they'll give my pup to him, that I'm just an Omega slut and it was my fault...”

Donna took the traumatized girl in her arms gently. “How old were you? The first time. Because no matter what he has told you, the age of consent is sixteen. But you still couldn't have consented to your boss. Position of power, he held all the cards. Did he tell you he'd fire you?”

Alex nodded. She looked at them, confused. “Can't he fire me for any reason?”

“Not for refusing to let him rape you. How old were you?” Donna pressed gently, while Dean stroked his fingers through the girl's dark hair, purring comfortingly.

“Fourteen,” she whispered. “I got pregnant, and my parents kicked me out. He took me in, but he hit me. I lost the pup. And when I went to the hospital I told them it was a boy from school who had gotten me with pup, but that he wasn't in the picture. They didn't look into why I lost the pup, they just figured I was too young.”

Chapter End Notes

Much love to Cassie for her help betaing this chapter!
Cas came back into the room to find a horrible tension; his mate's arm was wrapped protectively around the young Omega and Dean's eyes shot gold and hard. Cas took a cautious sniff to see his mate was feeling outraged. Cas met Jody's eyes and she jerked her chin towards the door. He gave a small nod and backed out, waiting only a few seconds before she followed him.

“Thanks, Castiel,” Jody said with a sigh as she shut the door behind herself. “She won't be responding well to a male Alpha right now. If she ever does.”

Cas unconsciously clenched his hands into fists at the implication for the poor girl and winced at the pain in his palms.

“Let’s get those tended.” Jody looked down at his hands, then asked, “You spoke to one of your brothers?”

“Two, actually. I got Balth first, but Jimmy was there, and when he realised what had happened, I had to talk him down. I can bring you the footage first thing tomorrow, Jimmy is pulling it.”

Jody collected a first aid kit and had Cas sit across from her in an interrogation room, though she left the door open as he was there as a courtesy. She quickly and carefully took photos of his knuckles and palms before starting to dab at the wounds with rubbing alcohol and a cotton ball.

“Do we really need evidence of my claws?” Cas asked nervously, wincing slightly at a particularly sharp sting. “It doesn't happen that often does it?”
“It can be used as evidence that you could’ve used deadly force, would have been within your rights, and chose not to. That'll counter most arguments about this being a deliberate attack against Adler.”

“Hadn’t thought of that…”

“So, wanna tell me what altercation happened last night?” Jody asked.

Cas explained about seeing the gorgeous Omega come in with a taller man, whom he now knew was Sam. He told her how he watched Dean head for the mechanical bull, clapping him on the shoulder as he went by. The crowd loved Dean and when Cas bought him a beer, they’d felt a connection instantly. It was when they decided to leave together that Zachariah had made an advance on Dean.

Cas resisted the urge to clench his newly cleaned and dressed hands as he told Jody about Zachariah’s crude invitation. He admitted he’d had a desire to pummel the man then and there, had felt his Alpha coming forward, but he’d managed to push it back down. He smiled as he recalled Dean's sharp retort and rejection and how Adler had responded by grabbing Dean. Dean had been too quick, tricking Adler into thinking his wrist was broken, though Cas was moments from breaking something of Adler’s, and he told Jody of the threat to press charges spewing from the angry man.

“I… may have assaulted Adler, technically,” Cas said with a small sigh. “My concern had been Dean’s safety and I was pissed this man had taken it upon himself to threaten anyone in my bar, nevermind Dean. I grabbed him by the collar and told him about the cameras and how I could just as easily press charges of my own. We banned him from the bar for life. And then… Well, I took Dean home and I suppose the rest of that is history.”

Jody took a deep breath. “Alright, Cas. Sounds like you and Dean were already partially bonded, even then.”

“We were both wearing blockers, good ones. They lasted most of the way through this morning and even then, we had to use rubbing alcohol to remove. How is that even possible?”

“True Mates, hell if I know.” She shrugged. “But don't worry about Adler. He isn't getting out of any of this.”

“Dean was right, wasn't he? Shit... I was afraid of that.” Cas wiped a hand over his face, wincing at the scrape of his stubble against his injured palm. “I don't want to make Alex uncomfortable, but … I
need to hold my mate. It's like my Alpha isn't convinced the danger has passed.”

Jody added a final piece of tape to the edge of one of the dressings on Cas’ hands and stood, patting his shoulder lightly.

“I'll get him for you, hang tight. He'll have finished telling Donna what happened by now anyway. Not hard to guess.” She looked at her watch and grimaced. “I don't think I'm getting that warrant tonight. It's nearly 6:30 now.”

“Jody… where will Alex stay? We have room, and she is more than welcome, but I don't think she'd would want to stay in my home.”

“She might surprise you,” Jody said after a moment. “Despite her reluctance around a male Alpha, she still sees you as a protector. She will have as much of a choice in the matter as we can give her, but as a pregnant minor, we need to get her checked out at the hospital. Dean suggested Bobby and Ellen's, but with the chemicals at the shop, it may not be safe for the pup. I have an idea, but we'll talk to her first.”

Jody ducked out of the interrogation room and returned a few minutes later with Dean in tow, who all but leapt at Cas. They wrapped their arms around each other, faces buried against their scent glands, as they searched for comfort. They calmed as they breathed each other in and Jody shook her head, reaching behind her body to close the door for privacy.

“I've never seen anything like what you two have,” she commented with a slight smile.

Cas looked up at her from Dean's throat and gave her a serious look. “Dean and I do share a more profound bond,” he remarked, causing Dean to look at him oddly. “I wasn't going to say anything.”

Dean just smiled. “You mean the way we partially bonded before we could even scent each other? The way my Omega reacts to your Alpha? Or the way your Alpha reacts to my Omega, in all sorts of ways?”

Cas gave a rueful smile. “As glad as I am to have intervened today, I truly hope the usual twenty-four hour rule is accurate. If I'm this protective all the time, it could be awkward.”

“Cas, did you notice the couple in the Omega store, doing their shopping?”
Cas frowned, thinking back. He had a vague recollection, but had been focused on his gift for Dean.

“I… perhaps? Why?”

“Because they were both Alphas and buying something for their daughter, an Omega. *Two* Alphas and you didn't twitch. You suggested we separate at the store, you didn'thover all over me, or piss on me to mark your territory. You just showed up when I sent you the text, remem—”

Jody interrupted quickly, “You sent him a text?” she asked, frowning. “What did it say?”

Dean and Cas both pulled their phones out and showed her matching messages.

RainbowThumb: *ice cream aisle, SOS*

BeeBarkeep: *Dean?!*

Jody nodded and gave a relieved sigh. “I'm glad no names were mentioned. The law is clear but that doesn't mean some lawyer with more greed than sense wouldn't try to claim premeditation if Cas knew who was there, given Adler’s assault on Dean the night before.”

Cas nodded. “I understand completely. I heard Dean cry out in pain just as I rounded the end of the aisle. He was holding his stomach and hunched over. Adler struck him in the jaw, and he went down. The next minute or two is a little blurry.”

“Makes sense. My Alpha has come out a time or two. It's usually pretty intense and I've never had a True Mate involved.”

Dean related his side of things, explaining how he'd scented Alex’s fear before he rounded the corner and how he’d reacted when he saw her being threatened. Only after Alex had come to his side and Dean felt she was minutely safer, had he recognized the Alpha she’d been with as the Alpha from the bar.
“He struck first, too,” Dean added, glancing between Jody and Cas. “I wasn’t going to go after him, but once he came after us, I had to protect Alex and block him from getting to her.”

Dean reached over and stroked over Cas’s mating bite gently, calming his Alpha with a touch when he sensed he was fighting his anger again. Cas reached over and picked Dean up, placing him on his own lap so he could bury his face against Dean’s throat, his hand protectively over his stomach.

Dean squawked as Cas hoisted him from his chair, then simply snuggled against his Alpha, purring contentedly as Cas scented him deeply. Then Cas suddenly froze.

“Sheriff... which of your officers has the best ability with scents?”

“Deputy Hanscum, why?” Jody replied, her eyebrows raised at Cas’ sudden formality.

“Could you swap with her? I need a favour from her. Please.”

Jody shrugged and stood. “Can do. We should be done soon, so you guys can get out of here shortly.”

As she stepped out of the room, Dean shifted to look down at his mate. “What’s up, Cas?” he asked, curiously.

“Just, give me a minute, please, Dean?” Cas asked in return, snuggling and nuzzling at Dean’s throat. When he glanced up at Dean, half drunk on his mate’s scent, Dean was looking at him in near concern.

“What is it, angel? Your eyes have gone Alpha.”

There was a knock on the door and Donna stuck her head in. “Everything okay, guys? Jody said you asked for me, Cas, and seemed a little off.”

“My apologies, I think my Alpha was reacting to hers. But I do need something. She said you have the best nose in the business. Would you…” he glanced at Dean, who was watching him with a small frown, “would you be willing to scent Dean?”
Dean startled and glanced over at the deputy before he shrugged. “It's fine with me. I have no idea what he thinks you'll find though.”

“Will wrist work or does it need to be throat? I certainly don't want to rile up protective instincts in either of you, you've a new bond and enough stress already today.”

Cas considered it and turned to Dean. “Are you alright with her scenting your throat? Please, it's important.”

Dean eyed him a moment and shrugged. “Sure, Cas. Then you'll explain?”

“I promise,” Cas said softly, tenderly stroking his hand down Dean's jaw.

Donna stepped closer and sat in Dean's abandoned chair to put her head lower than either of theirs. Cas smiled at the careful, respectful handling they were receiving; she had a very reassuring presence. She made eye contact with Dean, who leaned closer, tilting his neck slightly. Cas set his hand on the back of Dean's neck, both steadying and claiming.

Donna stopped an inch from Dean's scent gland and carefully scented him. Her eyes flew wide and she took another deep breath before leaning back to stare at them, dumbfounded.

Cas grinned, then laughed, a low, gravelly sound full of joy, while Dean elbowed him none-too-gently. “My mate is confused. Tell him what you scented, please, Donna?”

“Berries. Blueberries and raspberries.”

“I have never smelled like berries in my life. Unless I had Ma's pie. But today was apple…”

“Dean,” Cas grinned, his deep voice bubbling with laughter. “You've picked up not one, but two new scents.”

“Wait, no… that's not possible, it's way too soon to be able to tell! There shouldn't be a change to my
scent for another few days, then a couple more for the test.”

Cas cupped Dean's cheek and turned him to look him in the eyes. “Twins run in families, remember? That much more to scent.” Cas was choosing his words carefully, as Dean's scent was closed off, he was stomping down on his emotions.

“Twins? Two pups?” His hand dropped to caress low over his stomach and suddenly the cedar scent was everywhere in the room, his joy overwhelming him with a spate of tears. “Cas, angel... You're going to be a daddy!”

Cas pulled Dean down to capture his lips in a passionate kiss, the scent of pleased Alpha and ecstatic Omega blending in a heady mix.

Donna ducked out of the room with a smile, closing the door behind her. Cas wrapped his arms tightly around Dean, caressing down his spine, before breaking the kiss with a low growl.

“Dean, let me take you home. I need... I need us in our nest, my little Omega.”

Dean chuckled softly. “You do know that it's a little ridiculous to call me ‘little Omega’. I'm taller than you.”

“Would you like me to stop?” Cas asked, his eyes serious and intent on Dean.

“Absolutely not. I love it. Now let's talk to Jody and Donna so we can go home. To our home.”

Cas’ eyes flashed red and Dean moaned at the sudden scent of Alpha arousal in the air.

“Please, Alpha. Take me home!”

**

They swiftly said their goodbyes to Donna and Jody, and Dean checked on Alex briefly before the mates all but ran to the Impala.
“You ready to be a daddy, Cas?”

“Acholutely. You? Are you ready for this?”

“I dunno,” Dean teased gently, “I’ve got six months to get used to the idea.”

“Not funny. So, should we tell your family?”

“Can we throw a barbecue to tell them? With that yard and the setup we’ve got… Oh! And that hot tub!”

“No hot tub for you, baby,” Cas scolded as Dean pouted, started the car with a roar of the engine. “I know that’s a rule about pregnancy. Unless we just don’t make it quite so hot… If it’s closer to bath temperature it should be fine, I think. I will do some research on it. Do you have an obstetrician you want to see? Is there anyone you’d like to avoid?”

Dean thought about it for a moment and smiled. “For one, I’m glad my old OBGYN retired. He wasn’t ever creepy or anything, but ugh, Marv just had the worst bedside manner. I’d like to call a family friend. Missouri is a midwife and I would trust her ahead of any doctor I know.”

Cas looked hesitant and Dean waited patiently for his Alpha to express his concerns.

“Would a midwife be okay with twins? What about pain relief if you need it? Or if there’s an emergency? Would you have to have a home birth, or could you be admitted if there was an emergency?”

Dean smiled. His Alpha was cautious but asking questions and willing to look into it.

“Tell you what, I’ll call Missouri on Monday, and we can talk it over. She’ll have the answers you need.”

Cas thought for a second and nodded and Dean bit back a smile. Cas had no idea how many answers
the midwife was likely to have, to questions he didn't know he had.

Chapter End Notes

Come tell at me on Tumblr, imbiowaresbitch
Chase

Chapter Summary

Dean gives into his instincts and leads Cas on a chase, resulting in a surprising turn of events. Returning to the house they find Balthazar and Jimmy are visiting.

Chapter Notes

Love as always for my beta, Dani!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

They arrived home, and much like the previous night, stumbled through the door tangled with each other. Unlike the night before, tonight each kiss was languorous and slow. They fell onto the couch closest to the door, making out like teenagers as they ground against each other. Then, Dean sat up quickly, straddling Cas’ hips, and hauled off his t-shirt before diving back for another kiss, his hands fistng in Cas’ hair.

“Up. Sit up…” Dean mumbled against Cas’ lips, tugging him upward even as he continued to kiss him. He undid a couple buttons from the top of Cas’ plaid shirt, then pulled it off over his head as soon as he could manage. Cas wrapped his arms around Dean, their chests colliding as their movements became more frantic. Dean whined low in his throat as Cas broke the kiss and worked his way down to tug and suck at Dean’s nipples, drawing them into stiff peaks one after the other.

“Can’t wait, Dean,” Cas growled, his voice low and teasing at Dean's instincts. “Can't wait to see you swollen with my pups, riding my cock while I tongue at you just like this. Going to fill you with pups over and over, mark you up with my come. Everyone will know you're mine, Dean. You're already gorgeous, my little Omega. I’m so hot for you, need your slick hole. Tell me I can, Dean,” he pleaded, tenderly kissing over Dean's jaw where a dark bruise was already developing.

Dean's voice was a bare whisper as he answered, “Cas, please.”

“Tell me I can knot you, baby. Want to slide into you and fuck you, nothing between us, just skin and slick and come dripping from us both. Do you want that too, Dean? Do you want me to knot you til you're bulging with my come, til you're aching with the stretch around my cock? Do you need me, Dean?”
Dean was whimpering, squirming as slick drenched his jeans, and he pulled away suddenly, breathing harshly. He stood quickly and Cas followed, waiting for a sign from his Omega.

“Alpha…” Dean purred, his green eyes heavy lidded and dark with arousal. “Do you want me, Alpha?” Dean's hands were roaming over his own chest and throat, stroking over his mating bite, sending a shiver down his spine even as he pinched at his own nipples.

Cas’ eyes flashed red and he gave a long, low growl. A warning. A dare.

Dean smirked, then without a word vaulted over the couch, running through the dining room and out the sliding door in seconds. Cas strangled down his Alpha, giving Dean a few seconds headstart, then let his inner wolf loose with a snarl.

Cas flew out of the house and down the stairs to the backyard, seeing Dean disappearing into the trees in the distance. His Omega was faster than he thought, but these woods were his and he would catch him. Claim him.

He sped forward, dropping his belt near the garden shed. When he reached the woods, he paused to let his eyes adjust. It was an hour or so until dusk, but under the canopy of trees it was already considerably darker. He closed his eyes for a moment, listening past the thundering beat of his own heart and let his nose tell him where to turn. He opened his eyes and his gaze fell on movement some distance ahead. He sprang forward only to find Dean's discarded jeans, and a low growl left him at the knowledge his mate was now running in a pair of panties. His cock gave a painful throb and he quickly shucked his own pants.

He listened again, scenting the air, and was running west in an instant.

Perfect, Dean was headed for the clearing and the lake.

**

Dean tore through the woods, his desire to run, to lead his mate on a chase, to be caught and claimed, all thudding through his blood. He knew his Alpha had given him a head start and made the most of it. When he kicked off his jeans and slung them over a tree branch shortly after reaching the woods, he gave a low chuckle, knowing it would drive his Alpha wild. The thought sent slick dripping from his hole and he shuddered briefly in the early evening air. He gave a wicked smile and reached back to coat his fingers. Then he ran.
He could smell water and his inner Omega, his wolf, the one ruling his path, urged him forward. Here and there he deliberately reached out and slid his fingers over leaves on the way, marking them with his slick to give his Alpha an enticing trail to follow. He ran until his lungs burned and his legs ached; still the wild joy pushed him onward.

He burst through a break in the trees and froze, absorbing the sight before him. The sun was low above the treeline and the fading light reflected on the lake before him. It was in that moment of stunned appreciation, he was caught.

Cas barreled into him, his strong arms and powerful thighs bearing him down to the ground. Dean gave a submissive little purr, his hips canting back unconsciously, even as he bared his throat to his Alpha. Cas hooked his fingers in Dean's panties and with a sudden pull, tore them at the seams.

“Hey, I liked those!” Dean complained half-heartedly, but the rush of slick belied his protest.

“I'll buy you more.” Cas retorted, his hands clenching on Dean's hips as he bent and ran his tongue from his balls up over his perineum to his hole, lapping at the slick dripping from him. “So wet for me, my Omega! All for me, full of my pups. Going to knot you, pump you full of my come. All mine!”

With those words, Cas lined up and thrust sharply into Dean's hole, pulling a cry from the man beneath him. Cas froze for a moment in bliss, scenting at Dean's throat. The sweet honeyed musk of aroused Omega nearly made him pop his knot then and there. He drew back and slammed forward, driving Dean from hands and knees to presenting, his ass high in the air, his face pillowed on his arms as his hands clutched at the grass for purchase. With each thrust, a low grunt escaped Dean as though he were suddenly incapable of further speech, and Cas was only slightly better, with guttural curses and repetitions of Dean's name that were barely comprehensible.

Cas shifted his hips, rounding his back and slamming in quick, rolling thrusts, and Dean howled in pleasure, each stroke of Cas' rock-hard cock sliding over his prostate.

“Bite me, Alpha. Claim me over and over, mark me inside and out. Bleed me, breed me, fuck me, claim me. Come in me, fill me so your come drips from me for days! Come on Alpha, give it to me, now-now-now- now!” He could feel the familiar buzz of his impending orgasm building and spreading through his body and snarled at his Alpha.

“You like that, little Omega?” Cas growled in his ear, sweat slicking their bodies as Cas thrust into
him wildly.

“Feel so good Alpha, want you always in me, love your big cock, need your knot. Give it to me, come on, Alpha! Give me your knot, your come, come in me, hot and hard, oh *fuck*, Alpha! Alpha, I'm gonna…” Dean's hole clenched around Cas’s swelling knot like a vise as he babbled and he moaned as his release neared. “Fuck, I'm gonna come, Alpha, gonna milk that fat cock and pull all the come outta you. It's all mine, fuck *fuck, angel*!”

He let out a howl of pleasure as he tore at the grass with his hands, bucking underneath Cas as he spilled his seed onto the ground beneath them. Cas roared as he came a moment later and bit sharply into Dean's neck, piercing his scent gland again. Dean found himself riding a second orgasm as his body flooded with pleasure. As he clenched around Cas, he could feel him spurting into Dean again; a hot, liquid rush that had his inner Omega purring in pure satisfaction even as he ground back against his Alpha. Cas gripped his hips tightly and gave a shallow thrust, his knot grinding against Dean’s prostate and tightening his body again with a cry as he felt Cas come for a third time. He moaned low and dirty as he felt it dripping down his legs, escaping by sheer volume.

**

Cas released Dean's throat, lapping at the fresh bite mark until it no longer bled, then reached down and linked their fingers together. They rolled onto their sides, carefully not to tug too harshly on Cas’ knot tying them together. He gave a low rumbling purr of satisfaction, then stilled when he heard Dean give a sound of discomfort.

“Dean?” he rasped, his voice husky and low from their cries. “What's wrong?”

“Just sore where you scratched me.”

Cas untangled their fingers and started to trace a fingertip over Dean's hips when he gave a gasp and froze. “Dean, I'm so sorry! I've… I never knew this was even possible!”

“Cas, calm down, what are you…?” Dean glanced over his shoulder and fell silent, his eyes wide as he took in the claws at the ends of Cas’ fingers. Dean could scent that Cas was on the verge of panicking over hurting his Omega and reached for his lover, only to let out an exclamation of his own.

“Well, holy shit! Hey Cas, check this out!”
In the last light of the sunset, Cas saw Dean wiggling his hand in the air -- a hand tipped in five deadly claws, with bits of grass and dirt still trapped underneath them, in the place where human fingernails ought to be.

“Dean, what's happening to us?” Cas asked, his voice soft.

Dean was quiet a long moment. “I don't know, Cas. I really don't.”

**

They lay together until Cas’ knot loosened and let them move apart, though Dean simply rolled, pushed Cas onto his back to straddle his Alpha. He bent and kissed his mate tenderly, his scent oozing calm and reassurance and love.

“Whatever this is, we'll figure it out. Together. You're stuck with me, Cas. You have to make an honest Omega of me now.”

Cas chuckled underneath him, returning his kisses, and carefully stroking his palms down Dean's back. “In that case we should get married. Eventually.” Cas grinned up at Dean, enjoying his expression of shock.

“Did you really just…” Dean sputtered, gaping at him as Cas started to laugh.

“Really, Dean? You're my Omega, I'm your Alpha. You've accepted my mark, more than once. We're having twins, talking about making changes to our home. You've been calling this home. You are my True Mate. If such a thing exists, then you are the mate of my soul.”

Dean gave a wry smile but Cas could scent the tears that trembled on his lashes.

“Who knew I'd be mated to such a romantic,” Dean told him softly, bending to kiss him gently. Cas groaned, and wrapped his arms around Dean, pulling him down to cradle him against his chest as they opened for each other, their mouths slanted together, fitting perfectly. They kissed for what felt like hours, breathing each other in, while the sky faded from reds and purples to indigo into the star-speckled blue-black of true night.
They lazily swam in the lake, trading teasing caresses and feather-light touches. They might have stayed all night, but Dean's stomach rumbled and Cas went from Alpha lover to frantic provider in the space of a heartbeat.

“Oh shit, you need food, I need to get something for you! Dean, I'm so sorry! We have to get back to the house so I can make something for you and the pups!”

Cas had leapt to his feet with Dean’s arms still wrapped around his shoulders and his legs about his waist, and began heading for the woods. Dean just held on for a moment, stunned yet again at the demonstration of Alpha strength, and rolled his eyes at himself as he felt himself going slick again.

Cas’ nostrils flared and he looked up at his lover's face in surprised amusement. Dean just shrugged, a cheeky grin on his face.

“What can I say? My big, strong Alpha is just irresistible,” Dean purred, nuzzling at Cas’ neck.

Cas nipped gently at Dean's earlobe as he set Dean onto his feet and they made their way to where their jeans had been abandoned. As they scooped them up, Dean grimaced.

“Three pairs of jeans in two days and I wasn't even at work. Ugh, I really hate slick pads. Bad enough during heats, much less all the time.”

“Should I apologize?” Cas asked, his tone smug. He watched as Dean turned and pointed at him.

“How would you feel if you had to change your jeans every time you thought of us together, which was constantly?”

“That would be inconvenient. I suppose you'll just have to stay naked when you're around me.” Cas gave a cheeky grin, his teeth flashing white in the darkness. “I'll join you in solidarity of course.”

Dean snorted and wrapped an arm around his Alpha's shoulders, leaning in as Cas slid an arm about his waist. They were approaching the path to the backyard, when Dean pulled Cas to a stop.
“So, I know the answer for me, and I'm trying to not freak here. Can you usually see well enough to get through these woods without a flashlight, in pitch black? There's no moon yet. But not only can I see, I can see well enough to know that your eyes flashed red when I mentioned how easily you make me wet. Aaaand there they go again.”

Cas shook his head to dispel the arousal he was feeling, Dean's question was far more important.

“I... no. I didn't even think about it. Our hands are back to normal, have been since before my knot went down, so I wasn't thinking about it. Just that I needed to get you home to feed you.”

“And I was busy enjoying my Alpha's strength. Sounds instinctive, doesn't it? Like, say, protecting your mate and another pregnant Omega?”

“You think giving into our instincts is why we've had partial shifts? During sex though?”

“That wasn't just sex. That was a chase and claiming. I presented for you, I've never even considered doing that before. I'd say it was very instinctive.”

“Dean, my love, my Omega. You are not just a pretty face,” Cas said admiringly and Dean huffed a laugh.

“Don't tell, it's easier to hustle pool if I come across as dumb as a post. Now, about food. Got anything we can make quickly, or should we order chinese?”

“Eh, local place is crap and the further one doesn't deliver this late.”

“Pizza it is then! I want meatlovers!”

Cas chuckled, and stopped to pick up his belt as they passed the shed. They got back to the house to discover lights on and Dean cast his Alpha a curious look.

“Who has keys?”
“My siblings, and my father.” Cas was eyeing his lover, but Dean simply gave a wicked grin.

“If they're going to let themselves into our home, they need to be prepared to see things. I plan on having you in every room and on or against every surface at some point, so I'm not pulling on slick-soaked jeans to make anyone comfortable. I'll head right for our room and get dressed though. No need to make anyone envious of the goods.”

Dean climbed the steps two at a time, deliberately flashing his hole at his mate each step. Cas growled at the display and Dean turned at the top of the stairs, throwing him a wink with one Omega gold eye.

They stepped into the dining room and found the lights on in the kitchen and voices and music coming from the living room. Dean cast a glance at Cas, who stepped ahead of him in case he was missing an unfamiliar scent in the mix of family.

He strode around the corner from the dining room to the entry and leaned casually against the corner, his arms folded, unashamedly nude. Balth and Jimmy looked up from their game of cards and Balth started to laugh while Jimmy simply rolled his eyes.

“So, little brother,” Balth stated with an arched eyebrow, “should we be expecting your mate in the same state of dezha… now what was that word?”

**

Dean sauntered around the corner and kissed Cas gently on the cheek.

“If you were aiming for French again,” he told Balth lightly, “then it's ‘deshabille’, or undress. Be right back. Cas? Meatlovers, please?”

“I'm betting he is,” he heard Balth comment in a low aside to Jimmy, who gagged.

“That's our brother's mate! Grow up!” Jimmy's voice was completely different from Cas’, a much lighter voice compared to the older twin's low gravel.
“He's right though!” Dean called back down the hall and grinned as he heard Balth laughing and Jimmy stammering. Perhaps it was odd, but Cas and Jimmy didn't seem all that similar to him -- from their voices, demeanor and their clothes. Jimmy's hair was tidy and he wore an ill-fitting dress shirt and slacks.

He heard Cas ordering a meat lovers pizza and then a deluxe supreme, and shrugged. At least there was no pineapple. He didn't really mind veggies on pizza, he was just in the habit of countering Sammy's salad disguised as a pizza whenever he ordered. Who even thought of making a crust out of cauliflower anyway?!

When he reached their bedroom, he dug into Cas’ wardrobe and pulled out two pairs of lounge pants, knowing they'd fit him well enough. He wandered into the bathroom and quickly swiped over the claw marks on his hips with some peroxide and eyed his throat with his second mating bite atop the first. A wave of smug pleasure rolled through him, the marks of his Alpha's desire for him clear for all to see. He gave himself a quick wash and moved back to the bedroom. He eyed their bed longingly, the urge to roll around in their combined scent nearly overwhelming, but instead he headed back to the living room to toss Cas the second pair of pants. After detouring to the kitchen for drinks for the four of them, he ended up on the second couch with Cas sitting on the floor in front of him, who was joining in for the next round of cards. He handed Balth and Jimmy their beers and offered one to Cas, who eyed it for a moment.

“Are you sure? I don't mind…”

“Angel, don't be an idiot. Just drink it. Who knows, I might end up hating the smell in a month, but for now, enjoy.”

Cas grinned up at him, stroking his jaw against the inside of Dean's knee. “Excellent point, Omegamine.”

“Cassie, what the devil happened today?” Balth asked eventually, smirking as he won the hand and led the next with three of a kind.

“What didn't happen today? Let's see, we had breakfast on the deck, I promised Dean a tour of the garden, it's a ‘hobby’ of his.” Dean snorted to see his Alpha using air quotes. “That never did happen though. We were about to when I realised I was starting to scent him through his blockers.”

“I'd been doing the same, but that french toast had me very confused,” Dean teased, stroking his Alpha’s tense shoulders. “I wondered why it was getting me so wound up. I mean, it was delicious, but I'd never had that kind of reaction to whiskey and vanilla before.”
He patted Cas lightly on the back as he choked on his beer, and Jimmy and Balth laughed at their brother even as Jimmy handed over a cocktail napkin from the side table.

“Anyway, we realised we needed to scent each other properly, so cleaned off the blockers. That went… predictably. Neither of us was anticipating having a cycle triggered, but it got both of us. And then it very abruptly stopped.”

“Are you sure it really was a true heat and rut?” Balth asked, and Jimmy reached over and cuffed him on the head.

“Listen, you may not get either, but when they happen, they’re unmistakable. Didn't you two use protection? This is a little sudden, after all.” Jimmy's tone was cautious, but his scent was pure protective Alpha.

“Jimmy, I told you this morning. Dean's on suppressants, birth control, and we used a condom. It broke and Dean's heat ended well before the time my knot went down.”

“Ugh, I don't need the details of your sex life, Cassie!” Jimmy protested. Balth snorted and stood when there was a knock at the door.

“Then you shouldn't ask leading and insulting questions, James.”

Dean grinned at that. “So he calls you Cassie, Gabe gets Gabby, but Jimmy gets James? What does he call Anna?”

“Pest, actually.” Balth grinned as he returned with the pizzas. “My treat, congratulations, etcetera, ad infinitum. Now Cassie, you were telling us how you think you got your True Mate up the spout within what … twenty minutes of scenting him?”

Dean smirked and trailed his fingers lightly over his mate's bite, pulling a muffled groan from the man at his feet. Cas cleared his throat and captured Dean's hand with his own, stilling it.

“Something like that, give or take. With our cycles synced? Finesse went out the window.” Dean watched as Cas’ ears turned pink and he leaned down to wrap his arms around his mate, surrounding
him with his scent.

“No complaints from me. More than a few demands, if I recall correctly. Let me get some plates and some napkins, and deal me in.”

Balth grinned at him. “Certainly, little brother.”

Dean felt a jolt of surprise go through him, then a flush of warmth for the eldest of the Milton brothers. He wandered into the kitchen and snooped for plates and decided to just grab the roll of paper towel from the counter. As he got back into the living room, he was struck again by how gorgeous his Alpha was, and he sat on the floor next to him, their thighs brushing. He knew he was giving off contented Omega pheromones and picked up a slice of pizza with a happy sigh.

“Mmmf… Angel, tell me you have this place on speed dial, this is amazing pizza!” Dean announced around a mouthful, happily stuffing his face.

“Angel, is it then?” Balth asked wryly while Jimmy guffawed, both grinning at Cas as he blushed. “Where are your fluffy wings? Your harp?”

Dean snorted, sorting his cards. “He's got the legs for the robe, but have either of you seen Cas go Alpha? Full rage, red eyes, fangs, growling, claws?”

“Claws? Really, Dean, I know Cassie got into tussle today defending you and another Omega, but Cassie is also the epitome of control. Even angry, he barely lets out a growl.”

Dean chuckled, shaking his head. “I'll take that as a ‘no’, then.” He smirked. “You're his brothers. I get it, if someone told me Sammy had gone feral I'd tell them to get their head checked. But I've seen Cas in the middle of it, and I used the wrong word. It wasn't rage. He was protecting. Like an avenging angel against that douche Adler--” and he laid a hand on Cas' knee to calm him as he snarled “--after he hit me in the stomach.”

He glanced at Cas who had wrapped an arm around him, and settled his other hand on Dean's stomach. Dean grinned at his mate, teasing in his voice, “That's pizza, you won't feel them for a while.”

“Them?! You said on the phone you thought he was pregnant, and I believe you about the rut and
heat, but what's this ‘them’ business?” Jimmy demanded.

“They won't believe us until we have an ultrasound. But still.” Dean held out his wrist to Jimmy. He was an Alpha, but he was also Cas’ twin. “You should be able to scent three or four scents on me, right? Some of my own, one of Cas’. Go ahead.”

Jimmy looked at Cas for permission, who smiled lazily, taking another pull from his beer. Dean decided not to point out to his Alpha that his fangs were out, so that smile likely wasn't as reassuring as he'd likely hoped.

Jimmy blinked and cast a quick glance at Balth, who was lounging nonchalantly on the couch across from Dean and Cas, but there was a certain tension now. Jimmy put his hands flat on the coffee table, making no effort to touch Dean and Dean felt Cas relax further beside him.

“Cedar, lavender… something citrusy.” Jimmy closed his eyes as he concentrated, taking another breath. “Vanilla, that's from Cas…”

He opened his eyes, and grinned.

“That answers the True Mate question. Not that it was a question, of course. That's all I can scent. Why?”

“Because I can scent more and so can Deputy Hanscum. I know the phrase is a bun in the oven, but seems more like a couple of berry pies,” Cas grinned as Jimmy choked on his beer and Balth bolted upright. “Remember how Dad said could scent us so early, Jimmy? The others were more like the usual time frame, but with us…”

“You're having twins?!”

“Congratulations, that's amazing!”

“Have you told Gabby?”

Cas chuckled, and wrapped his arms around Dean, purring as they basked in the scents of family and
“He's still dealing with his heat, so far as I know. We haven't heard from either him or Sam since we dropped off lunch.”

“We should swing by tomorrow after I get that part installed in your car, even if all we do is drop off groceries. We’d do them Saturdays, so they’ve gotta be low.”

“Dean, what do you do? So far I know that you apparently work on cars, gardening is a hobby of yours, and you're my brother’s True Mate. Oh, and thanks to you, that wanker Adler is out of our bar for good!” Balth gave a wicked grin at that, but sobered as Cas growled at the man's name.

“Cas, he's going to jail. Judge Deacon Kaylor will nail him to the wall and hang him out to dry,” Dean reassured him.

Cas explained the law that protected True Mates, as well as the clause for expecting mates. When he mentioned the Omega girl, his eyes started to bleed red.

“Angel, go out on the deck, you don't want to stink up our home. I've got this.” Dean caught the look between Balth and Jimmy when he called it their home and smiled. “I'm home, Alpha. I'm safe.”

Dean smiled as Cas stood, exhaling noisily as he tried to shake off his anger, and strode out of the room. He turned to his mate's brothers, and sighed. “He's never let his anger out, has he?” Dean asked quietly, focusing on Jimmy.

Balth snorted, but Jimmy gave him a look and he quieted with an eye roll.

“No. He truly went Alpha today? Was anyone hurt?”

“Adler has a broken nose and the grocers’ needs to replace a freezer door--”

“What?” Balth interjected, sitting up in startlement.
“When Adler hit me a second time,” and Dean gestured to his jaw, where he knew the bruise was showing a spectacular purple, “Cas tackled him into a freezer to get him away from me and Alex, the other Omega. Just happened to be the angle that broke the door. He got in three hits before I got him to stop, and he'd managed to puncture his palms with his claws. Why do you think they're bandaged? A couple punches wouldn't bust up his knuckles, he's not made of glass.”

He could see they were both skeptical still, and he rolled his eyes. He stood and pushed his sleep pants low enough to expose his hips and the small punctures from Cas’ unexpected claws earlier that night. Which was when, of course, Cas returned, giving a low growl at seeing his mate displaying himself. Dean walked to him with a deliberate swagger and pulled him in for a kiss.

“I was just showing them your second mating marks on me, angel. I think they believe us about your claws now.”

Cas glanced down Dean's bare torso, until his gaze fell upon the scratches. He gave another low growl, this time full of smug satisfaction.

“Careful there, Alpha, or next time it'll be your back or chest, rather than the grass, that I claw up.” He turned to their guests, no, family, and smiled. “I have an early and very full day tomorrow, so I'm heading to bed. To sleep, angel, stay and talk to your brothers!”

Cas grinned and pulled him close for a slow, tender kiss, then buried his face against his throat, scenting him deeply. A contented purr rumbled through the living room and Dean saw Balth and Jimmy looking anywhere but at the two of them.

“Go on, Alpha. Spend time with your pack.” He extricated himself from Cas’ arms and waving to the other two, disappeared down the hall. As he rounded the corner, he heard Balth speak to Cas softly, “Did he say pack?”

“His family, his pack, is very traditional in many ways. His adopted father has a favourite saying. ‘Family don't end in blood, boy’.” He imitated Bobby almost perfectly and Dean snorted in amusement as he closed the door to their room.

He slipped into the bathroom and dabbed a bit of antibacterial cream on the marks on his neck and hips, to be on the safe side. Rolling around in the grass and dirt wasn't the best way to treat open wounds after all. After brushing his teeth and relieving himself, he turned on the bedside lamp on Cas’ side of the bed, the one closer to the door, and snuggled into their nest. He pulled Cas’ pillow to
himself and buried his nose in the scent of his True Mate and drifted off to sleep, purring.

Chapter End Notes

Come yell at me on tumblr, imbiowaresbitch
Sunday Morning After

Chapter Summary

Cas gives his brothers more details of their day before curling up with his Omega.

Morning sex.

Chapter Notes

Cw: please note Alex's story is condensed and retold here, so brief mention of rape, underage pregnancy, and domestic violence leading to miscarriage.

As always, take care of yourselves, my lovelies.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Cas stared after his Omega for a moment with a giddy smile on his face. When he turned back to his brothers, Jimmy was grinning at him and Balth had an obnoxiously knowing look on his face.

“You have it bad, Cassie!” Balth declared, snagging another slice of pizza.

“Of course I do, he's my True Mate,” he retorted, proudly. “Just wait! Gabriel will be just as bad. So will you two, when you find yours, and Anna. Don't growl, Jimmy, she'd kick your ass for it.” Cas smiled knowingly at his brother. “She may be the youngest, but she's as tough as any of us. Tougher than some!” he teased, winking at Balth.

“Anyway, the best part of this whole fiasco today is despite everything, we likely won't even have to go to court against that rapist bastard.”

“Rapist? What the fuck did we miss?!” Jimmy demanded, the scent of Alpha rage spreading through the room.

“Dammit Jimmy, open that window!” Cas ordered. “Balth, get the front door, would you? Last thing I want is Dean to be woken by Alpha anger, he's dealt with enough today.”
As the room was airing out, Cas led his brothers to the deck. He stopped in the kitchen as they went outside to grab them each a second beer and pour himself a scotch. Jimmy tried waving him off, muttering about needing to drive home, but Cas rolled his eyes and told them to crash in the guest rooms.

He took a mouthful of his scotch, letting the flavour roll across his palate as he walked to the railing. He stared out over the yard, finding that despite having been inside for nearly an hour, his night vision was still perfect. Better than perfect. He could see far more than he’d been able to before his run through the woods with Dean. He was dragged from his thoughts by his brothers joining him at the railing.

“Care to share now?” Balth said lightly, but there was a tension in his tone that spoke of the Beta’s anger.

Cas sighed and told them about getting the text from Dean, the fight, or rather the beating he'd given Adler, and the revelations at the police station that his live-in housekeeper was no more than a child herself, and was pregnant by him, and had been at fourteen as well before he’d beaten that first pregnancy out of her.

“Dean and I will receive money from the fine he’ll be required to pay for attacking a newly mated True Mate, and there is jail time once we can provide the test showing Dean was pregnant at the time. But what he's done to that girl…” Cas shook his head, looking down at his hands. “This is a time where the law doesn't cut it, and that we were unable to even kick him out of our own bar until he was dumb enough to molest someone in front of me. It pisses me off.”

He tossed back the rest of his scotch and turned to set his empty glass on the table. He stood with his fists clenched, pressed to the glass top with his shoulders shaking in residual rage and fear.

“I would’ve killed him if Dean hadn't called me back from the edge. Dad couldn't have reached me... not you, Balth, not Gabriel, or even you, Jimmy. He was a threat and needed to be eliminated. I've never felt such ruthless calculation in my life and it scares me. I can only hope that I can control it. That law about True Mates and not being culpable within twenty-four hours of mating… I don't know if it's going to fade, this desperation I have to protect him. It has to,” he whispered, “How would we function, work, do anything?”

“You weren't right there when Adler attacked him today?” Balth asked carefully.

“No, we'd split up in the store to get the ingredients faster.”
“Seems to me that you have your answer them, love,” his older brother told him, draping an arm around his shoulders. “You're feeling it tonight because of all the what ifs. You’ve gone from single to having a pregnant True Mate within the last… what, twenty-four hours? That was roughly when you left the bar, it wasn’t even midnight. And you said you mated this morning? So say within the last eighteen hours. You're protective and should be. He is too. Don't think I couldn't smell those protective Omega pheromones he was throwing off in there.”

Cas gave a wry smile, his shoulders loosening a little.

“Balth, you have no idea. At the store, when he was protecting that girl, he was giving off angry and protective mama scents like I've only encountered once before -- when Dad finally divorced Naomi over her treatment of me. Dean was that angry today.”

Jimmy blanched a little, remembering far too well the damage their Alpha mother had done to the family before she was finally out of their lives for good.

“That's… I don't know whether to say impressive or scary. Might be both, Cassie.”

Cas gave his twin a wry smile. “My mate is… formidable. And alone. You guys know where the towels and such are. You guys can fight over who gets the basement bedroom with the ensuite and who is stuck upstairs near us. First one up makes coffee.”

Jimmy nodded and Balth gave Cas a squeeze on his shoulder. “Go curl up with your Omega, you'll feel better in the morning knowing he's there and safe beside you.”

Cas scooped up his empty glass on his way into the house and dropped it onto the counter next to the plates from their pizza. Everything could go into the dishwasher in the morning; he was suddenly far too drained for even such a simple task. He made his way to his -- their! -- bedroom and found Dean had closed the door to block out noise.

As he opened the door another reason struck him, the scent of happy, sleeping Omega flooding his senses. He quickly closed it behind him, not wanting to let even the tiniest bit of that heavenly aroma escape. He ducked into the bathroom and quickly got ready for bed.

When he came back into the room and smiled at the bed, where only the top of Dean's head was peeking above the mound of blankets and pillows. He turned off his bedside lamp, and crawled in,
keeping a small space between them until the blankets warmed his skin. It was summer, certainly, but the nights had been unseasonably cool the last week and he didn’t want to wake his mate up.

Apparently his mate was having none of that, however, and worked his way closer without waking up, wrapping his arms around Cas and pulling him close to bury his face against his Alpha's throat. Despite the stresses and uncertainties of the day, the low rumble of his Omega's purr lulled Cas to sleep, gentle and soothing.

**

Dean woke early, feeling a steady, solid warmth at his back, and blinked for a moment. He'd expected to be disturbed when Cas came to bed, but apparently his Alpha was stealthy enough to avoid waking him. Cas’ arms were around his waist and his Alpha's nose was tucked in against his neck. The early morning light peeked from behind the heavy curtains, but the stillness of anything other than a few birds let him know it was still too early to be up for the day, at least by any sane measure. He wriggled about and managed to turn in Cas’ arms, tucking himself under his Alpha’s chin and throwing one leg over his hips as he relaxed into his mate's warmth. He had just closed his eyes again when he felt Cas’ lips press lightly to the top of his head. He glanced up and met those brilliantly blue eyes.

“Hello, Dean,” Cas murmured and Dean smiled, his heart skipping slightly at the unfairly deep voice that Cas apparently woke with.

“Hey Cas.” He smiled up at his mate and leaned in for a quick kiss. He pulled back with a sigh and saw that Cas had immediately sensed that there was something troubling him.

“Let me start by saying I am thrilled to be having your pups, and absolutely don’t regret it. It's just the idea of leaving Bobby in the lurch for upwards of six months sucks... I'll be able to do some of the work, but I'll really have to watch it around any detailing, fluid changes, and later, the heavy lifting.” Dean worried at his bottom lip, smiling slightly as he felt Cas' hand moving comfortingly over his back. “Hell, with twins, it may not be so much later. At least I can still help with the books and ordering... but I’ve been working for him either part or full time since I was fourteen. I'm the one who deals with any car older than 1980.”

“Can he hire someone on temporarily? Maybe a student?” Cas suggested. “That way he could deal with the older cars if someone else could pick up the oil changes and brake jobs and such.”

“Yeah, I suppose. Wait, holy shit! You said your sister was looking for an apprenticeship as a mechanic! I'll call Bobby in the morning and set up an interview, if you think she'd be interested?”
“Don’t bother today, she's in rut.”

“Oh, fine. But do you really think she'd be interested in an apprenticeship with the grouchy old coot I call my uncle?”

“No, I think she will be thrilled. You know... that's a little odd. He's married to Ellen, who you refer to as Ma. So your mom is married to your uncle?”

“Ugh, don't make it weird,” Dean complained, making a face.

Cas chuckled into his hair and leaned in for a slow kiss. Dean smiled against his lover's lips and pulled him closer. It seemed like he was constantly hungry for Cas’ touch and his Alpha responded with a low growl that set Dean's heart racing and had slick trickling from his hole. Cas’ nostrils flared even as his hands tightened on Dean’s hips, suddenly flipping them and pinning Dean while his Alpha licked his way over his mate’s scent gland. Dean moaned softly at the touch and whimpered as he felt Cas’ cock start to thicken against his thigh.

“I always want you, Dean. At any point, I'm a glance, a touch, a scent away from losing myself to this mad arousal where I can't think of anything but the taste of your skin. I don't think this desire is ever going to fade.”

Dean flicked his tongue lightly over one of Cas’ earrings and purred. “Good, because I feel the same, my Alpha. Your Omega needs you, angel. I need you, want you inside me so badly. I feel like I'm burning up. Come on, Cas, I'm ready, and I can tell you are too.”

Cas groaned as Dean ground up against his hips and quickly pulled back to shed his pyjama pants, then to remove Dean's. The delicious scent of Dean's slick filled his nostrils and Cas dove down and buried his face between his mate's legs, licking and sucking at his slick-coated slit until Dean was a quivering, sobbing mess. When his tongue breached his hole, Dean howled, and Cas canted his hips up to repeat the motion again and again. Dean writhed underneath him, his hands fisted in Cas’ hair as he thrust against the tongue penetrating him, his hips rocking against Cas as he called out his name.

Cas lapped up over his perineum and over his sac, gently taking the seam into his mouth and sucking lightly, then suddenly engulfing one testicle in the wet heat of his mouth. He tugged oh so gently and Dean's brain nearly misfired at the overwhelming pleasure. Cas let go with a pop, then treated the other to the same maneuver. Even as he was sucking on Dean's balls, he pressed two fingers into the
soaked, clenching hole below, aiming for his prostate, and Dean screamed his name as he saw stars.

“Cas, I need you in me, I'm not gonna last. I wanna come on your cock, please angel!”

Cas crouched over him with a smirk and obscenely licked his hand clean, starting with his tongue at the base of two fingers spread in a vee. Dean dropped his head back on his pillow, his arm draped over his eyes as he concentrated on not blowing his load then and there.

He felt when Cas moved up to crawl over him, his mate leaning down to kiss him tenderly and nip at his lip.

“How do you want it, Omega-mine?” Cas asked in a husky tone.

Dean peeked from behind his arm and saw the lazy smirk on Cas’ lips.

Yeah, that's not happening.

With a quick move from his high school wrestling days, Dean flipped them, sending Cas tumbling onto his back and landed straddling his hips. His Alpha grinned up at him and the musk of his arousal strengthened.

“You like it when I ride you, don't you, angel? I'll get to that…”

Dean slid down, disappearing under the blankets, his body brushing against the swollen head of Cas’ cock the whole way down. He flicked his tongue over the tip and grinned as Cas moaned, jerking beneath him. He moved lower and sucked a bruise at the crease of his hip and groin, which pulled a cry of his name and a harsh buck of his hips from his lover. Dean scraped his stubble over the mark he’d left, then licked suddenly at the looser skin at the base of Cas’ shaft where his knot would swell.

“Oh, FUCK, Dean…” Cas swore, trying to reach down to grab his Omega.

Dean slid out of reach though and pushed at Cas’ thighs until he was spread open for him. He bent and licked over Cas’ pucker and Cas cried out for him. Dean scrambled out of their nest suddenly and was digging in the bedside table. He pulled out a couple condoms and jumped back onto the
“Do you trust me, angel?” he asked softly and Cas nodded immediately.

“Completely,” he breathed.

Dean gave a huge grin and dove under the blankets again. He quickly unwrapped one of the condoms and slid it over two fingers, keeping one bent. He smeared the condom with his own slick and started circling Cas' tight pucker. He flicked his tongue over Cas’ balls, and felt as his Alpha melted into the mattress with a whimper.

**Perfect**, Dean smirked to himself. Dean slowly pressed one finger into Cas’ hole, the tight clench sparking all sorts of thoughts of having that grasping around his cock.

“So good for me Alpha, that's it, take it all,” he coaxed, sliding his finger in further, then twisting it back and forth to loosen his Alpha. Cas was moaning for him with every thrust of his fingers and Dean could see his knot was starting to chub as well.

“You ready for another, Cas? Do you want me to keep going?”

“Fuck, Dean, don't you dare stop!” his Alpha ordered, **pleaded.**

Dean grinned and nipped at his mate's thigh before carefully straightening his second finger inside the condom. He pressed them slowly into Cas’ tight heat and slowly worked in and out until he felt Cas loosening around him.

Then he crooked his fingers and his lover bowed off the bed, howling his name. Dean gave a low, throaty chuckle, and licked his lips. He crawled up the bed slightly and slowly licked his way up Cas’ swollen cock as his fingers unerringly found his prostate.

Cas was squirming underneath him, Dean's name a low mantra that was growled one moment and whimpered the next. Dean watched as Cas’ knot swelled a bit further, and knew he'd have to stop soon.
He reached down with his free hand and started stroking his own cock, the precome easing the way, letting his palm glide up and over the head before twisting and sliding back down. He moved his hand faster, bringing himself closer to the edge as he continued to tease and rub over Cas’ prostate.

When he saw Cas dribbling precome in a large spurt, he knew his time was up. He withdrew his fingers and rolled the condom off, turning it inside-out before tossing it to the floor and straddling his Alpha.

“You asked me how I wanted it. I want you writhing underneath me and losing all control.” Dean lined up and sank down to the hilt on Cas’ throbbing shaft.

Cas grabbed hold of his hips, his thumbs tracing over the scratches from the night before, and he lifted Dean to brace him above himself. Then Cas planted his feet and began to thrust up into him frantically, their bodies connecting with a meaty slap, their breathing harsh and desperate.

“Oh, fuck, Cas. That's it, give it to me! C'mon, I want it, need your knot, come on Alpha! So fucking big, want you to stretch me open, that's it. I can feel you catching, angel, I need you... fuck , fill me up, so ready for it, please!”

Cas was watching Dean with red eyes, his fangs descended, a low growl building in his chest as he thrust up. Suddenly his knot popped into place, and Dean swore as he felt the scalding rush of come filling him, Cas’ knot stretching him to the brink. Cas roared with his release and thrust up again and again, grinding his knot into Dean who came with a shout before collapsing over his Alpha's chest.

As they lay together, basking in their combined scents, Cas groaned suddenly and smiled sheepishly before he kissed Dean's throat.

“My brothers kinda crashed here last night... so we may get some teasing about the volume of our ‘activities’ .”

Dean grinned at the air quotes, deciding then and there they would never not be adorable. “Hey, they invited themselves into our home within twenty-four hours of us mating, they can suck it up.” Dean kissed his Alpha softly, then his smile turned wicked. “Besides, now that I know you like it when I finger you, and damn, the noises you make for me, Alpha... let's just be glad the neighbors aren't close by or we'd be on a first name basis with bylaw officers for noise complaints.”

And since the moan Cas let out when Dean ground down on his knot again was likely loud enough
to be heard in the kitchen, Cas had to concede the point. Dean carefully slid his leg down alongside Cas’, and his Alpha slowly rolled them onto their sides, Dean's other leg still wrapped around his hip.

“Dean, that was amazing, by the way. I knew it could feel good, but I'd never been with anyone who would even consider doing that to me.”

Dean smiled softly at his confident Alpha who suddenly seemed unable to speak certain words. He leaned in for a slow, tender kiss. “Trust me, angel. Seeing you like that? Absolutely my pleasure. I was leaking all over the place while I was sucking on your balls and fingering you.”

Cas gave a low groan at his lewd words and Dean felt another rush of liquid heat filling him. He smirked and nibbled on his Alpha's ear, teasing over the earrings and sucking on the lobe.

Cas gave Dean a teasing slap to his ass, pulling a startled whine from the Omega, even as his body clenched around Cas again. “Dean, unless you want me to roll you onto your back and grind my knot into you until we're both ready for another round, then fuck you senseless? I suggest you stop that.”

Dean pulled back and gave his mate a grin, flashing his fangs and his suddenly golden eyes.

“What a fantastic suggestion, angel,” he murmured against Cas’ ear, then proceeded to run his tongue from the lobe up to the top of his ear. As Cas snarled and rolled him onto his back, Dean gave a low, pleased chuckle, and wrapped his arms and legs around his mate again. When Cas rocked them both through another release, Dean bit his scent gland, claiming his Alpha again.

Chapter End Notes

Love as always to my beta, Dani!
The Heat is On

Chapter Summary

Sam continues to care for Gabriel through his heat, they get a visit from their brothers.

Chapter Notes

Thank you to my wonderful readers, and to my amazing beta, Dani.

Have a chapter half a day early.

“Oh, Sam!” Gabe cried his release, shuddering underneath his Alpha who carefully rolled them over so Gabe could rest on his chest until his knot went down. It was approaching midnight and Gabe's heat had him in a nearly crazed state, each flare taking more from him until he collapsed in an exhausted doze between each surge. Sam had poured him a bath when he'd awakened after the last heat, but the next arrived out of nowhere before they'd had a chance to take advantage of it. Sam was exhausted and a little worried.

“Gabe... sugar? Is this typical for your heats? How did you manage them alone?”

“Cuddle pile with my sibs between bursts,” Gabe answered around a yawn. “Three of ’em are Alphas, so the scent and feeling of family always helped. Dad said it was a wolf holdover, the support of the pack.”

Sam kissed his forehead softly, brushing his hair back from his eyes. “Makes sense. Dean never cuddled with me during his heats, but we’d sit on the couch watching movies and did the same during my ruts. Pack is important.”

Gabe smiled softly and snuggled closer. “Most of my sibs would roll their eyes over the idea of pack these days. Modern, sophisticated creatures don't need a pack. Cassie would agree though. He's different.

“You asked me if he would take care of Dean. He wouldn't know how to do anything but. Our dad always told me to look out for Castiel when we were younger, and I won't ever tell my other sibs, but Dad says he's the best Alpha he's ever known. Cas takes care of all of us, always has. He's a protector and I've seen him defending someone who was helpless. He will never pick a fight, but he
finishes them if they come his way. You saw him at the bar last night with that pervert. He is so controlled. That guy was lucky he didn't push him too far, and that he and Deano hadn't realized they were True Mates yet. Cassie would’ve had his head.”

Gabe yawned again, and Sam pulled a blanket over them both. The bath could wait til morning.

**

Gabe woke to the delicious smell of coffee, bacon, and pancakes. He stretched slowly, luxuriating in the temporary absence of his heat. He crawled out of the makeshift nest he and Sam had created, and staggered towards the stairs, following his nose. Sam met him on the way down, naked, with a tray full of food and two oversized mugs of coffee.

“You, back upstairs. I've got a fresh bath poured, and you're getting into it now.”

“Saaaaamm,” Gabe whined, eyeing back and forth between the plate and his lover. “I'm hungry and it'll get cold!”

“Who said we were waiting to eat?” Sam grinned, flashing his dimples. He herded Gabriel into the bathroom, where the closed door had helped contain the steam from the bath. He checked the temperature and turned to Gabe with a smug look.

“I filled it with only hot water right before I made the pancakes. It's cooled just enough.” He set the tray on the tiled edge of the tub and turned to Gabe, closing the distance between them. He gave an impish smile, then scooped Gabe into his arms, laughing at the surprised squeak the smaller man let out. Sam climbed the step up to the tub and stepped in, cradling Gabe against his chest as he sank to into the water, then hit the button to start the jets.

Gabe let out a pleased purr and melted back against Sam's chest, the air swirling with the scents of mate, home, and contentment. And bacon. Gabe cracked an eye open and found Sam waving a piece under his nose. When he reached for it, Sam tsked and held it at arms’ length.

“Open, Omega,” he instructed in a low rumble, sending shivers down Gabe's spine. He obediently opened his mouth and took a dainty bite, a decadent moan escaping him.

“What did you do to the bacon, Sam? It's like candy!” Gabe opened for another, larger, bite.
“Mmm… maple-candied bacon. It’s really easy, actually, and I figured it would go well with the pancakes.”

“Oh my gods, Samalam. I think I’ll keep you,” Gabe teased, snuggling back against his mate.

Sam offered a bite of pancake next, fluffy and dripping with syrup. Gabe took the offering and moaned softly.

“These are delicious, Sam,” Gabe complimented, and smiled as he felt Sam pressing a gentle kiss just behind his ear.

Bite by bite, Sam fed him his breakfast, only letting him hold his coffee mug. Once the food was gone, Sam scooped up a cloth and the lightly scented soap to start washing Gabe's back, drawing a pleased purr from him. His strong hands stroked over muscles that Gabe hadn't realised were aching, slowly soothing away the tension.

“Tilt your head back, babe,” Sam told him softly, his voice a husky rumble at his ear, and Gabe leaned back, his eyes closed. A low, pleased sound escaped him as Sam wet his hair and started running his fingers through it, gently working shampoo against his scalp. Gabe recognized the shampoo as part of the scent that perfumed the air around Sam, and he smiled, liking the idea of having an even deeper shared scent.

Once Sam was finished, he carefully rinsed Gabe’s hair clean, the Omega melting against him once more. Sam let his fingers trail down the side of Gabe’s throat then down his chest lightly. He spent several long minutes gently caressing him, until Gabe felt like he was floating in sensuous pleasure.

Eventually, Gabe could feel the familiar signs of his heat returning and turned in Sam's arms, straddling his legs. He gave a slow, intimate smile, and leaned in for a kiss.

Sam slid his hands up Gabe's spine and into his hair, gently directing the kiss, keeping it soft and sweet. Then his hands slowly traveled back down, giving Gabe’s ass a gentle squeeze as one large finger teased lightly over his hole. Gabe buried his face against Sam's neck, his breath catching as Sam toyed with him carefully. He whimpered when Sam slipped his finger inside, the water washing away just enough slick to tighten his body again, making the perfect amount of friction when a second finger pressed inside. Sam slowly stroked in and out of him, circling his prostate, never more than grazing it. Gabe was starting to rock his hips, searching for the friction he craved, whimpering as Sam shushed him softly.
“I’ve got you, sugar. I’ll take good care of you, Gabe. My Omega, my mate. Going to make you feel so good, going to fill you up so right. Come on baby, take another finger, that’s it, love, you’re so good for me…”

Sam’s ongoing litany of praise was slowly driving Gabe crazy, and he writhed on his mate’s fingers, now three pressing deep within him and teasing his sweet spot just a little more. Sam scissored his fingers and Gabe winced slightly, even in his heat. Sam wrapped his arms underneath Gabe's rear and stood. Gabe exclaimed at the sudden chill against his skin, but then Sam laid a kiss over his mating mark, sucking on it sharply until Gabe felt himself release a flood of slick. He cried out as Sam lined up and sank home, the extra lubrication easing the way. Gabe clenched tightly around his cock like a vise and Sam groaned, carefully lowering them back into the water. He rocked in and out of Gabe's hole, the constant rub against his prostate creating a beautiful flood of slick.

Sam quickened his pace, then suddenly turned and put Gabe on the seat, where one of the jets was pointed directly where they were joined. Gabe cried out at the sensation even as Sam kept thrusting, his hair a curtain around their faces as they panted together, Gabe's nails leaving red welts down Sam's back. Sam's only reaction to the twinge of pain he must have felt was to gasp and start thrusting harder. Their lips met again, open-mouthed and gasping for air as Gabe reached behind his head to brace against the edge of the tub, using his upper body strength to thrust down onto Sam's cock faster and faster. Sam was letting out a quiet keen with each thrust, his movements beginning to stutter, but trying to keep steady.

Gabe moaned at the brutal pace, trying to retain some semblance of coherence as he pleaded with his mate, “Sam, Sam, that's it, want your knot! I need it, want you to fill me up with your come… Come on baby, breed me up, fill me with your pups!”

Gabe knew their combined birth control and suppressants made it unlikely, but his wolf was in control right now. It wanted that sign of virility from its Alpha and that proof of fertility to make the pack stronger.

“Come on, Alpha,” he cried, his cock pulsing as he released into the tub, his hole clenching around Sam's cock. The Alpha’s knot popped and locked them together as Sam tumbled over the edge with his Omega.

For several minutes they just breathed together, then Gabriel started to chuckle. “You know, as soon as your knot goes down, we're going to have a real mess in here. We'll need a shower in the worst way. Sure we didn't use all the hot water on the tub?”

“Nah, Dean installed a tankless water system as soon as we bought the place. Though, you have a
Gabriel hummed, leaning his head against Sam’s shoulder. They cuddled together for a few moments until Gabe broke the silence. “So, Samalam, what did you want to do today?”

“Well, I was thinking I’d set you up on the couch with a movie and the candy your brother brought for you yesterday while I take care of some laundry. Then I want to give you a massage til you fall asleep. You still need rest, my Omega.”

“Bossy Alpha,” Gabe teased, nuzzling at Sam's mating mark. Then he yelped as Sam scooped him up again and turned to sit, settling Gabe on his lap, with only the barest tug against his rim.

“Then I need to figure out what to do about food. The cupboard is bare… Usually Dean and I would shop on Saturdays. I'm kinda surprised he didn't stop by with a load of groceries, honestly.”

“Well he just met his True Mate, bonded with him, and apparently got knocked up. I can text Cassie later, see if they're willing to shop for us.”

“We can get groceries delivered,” Sam answered, shaking his head. “Dean won't remember to get the veggies I like,” Sam grumbled. Gabe raised his eyebrows.

“You've said he's a total caretaker, but he doesn't remember? You shop together, so you're both there. Any chance he knows exactly what you like, but he's pulling your chain?” Gabe grinned at the dawning realization on Sam's face along with an absolutely epic bitch face. “Older brother stunt. Just sayin’.”

“He… but… What a jerk!” Sam groused but Gabe saw the little smile playing about his lips.

“Don’t knock it, Sammikins. He found an excuse to spend time with you.”

“We live together, what are you talking about?” Sam asked, even as he cuddled the smaller man closer.

“Sam, you told me Deano practically raised you from the time you were four and without a doubt
after your dad died when you were fourteen. Yeah, friends of the family helped out, but it was the two of you. Don't ever doubt the strength of an older brother's love for his brat little brother.”

Gabe gave his best shit-disturbing grin, but he meant every word. Cassie had always been his favourite; Jimmy was just a little too serious, Castiel knew how to party. Not to mention he was the first of them to come out, which started the painful process of cutting their mother out of all their lives permanently.

When Cassie came out, and their mother had disowned him in all but name, Gabe couldn't stand by and watch. Despite being able to hide from his mother’s hate by having a girlfriend, he announced that he was bisexual. Kali had been excited until she realised that bisexual didn't mean open to a threesome with any other guy she fancied.

Gabe sighed and he felt Sam's knot loosen. The powerful Alpha immediately killed the jets and stood. Gabe felt Sam slip free and he whimpered at the loss of the deliciously full feeling. He was aching from repeated knottings, but there was a low buzz to his senses when he was held in Sam's arms and he couldn't wait for the next time.

Sam pulled the plug with his toes and gently set Gabe on his feet when the water had drained away.

“Come on, sugar. Time for a quick shower, just to rinse off,” Sam coaxed, pulling him toward the shower. It really wasn't designed for two people, but would do in the short term. They quickly rinsed off, Sam kneeling to wash away the evidence of Gabe's heat, and Gabe tangling his fingers in Sam's hair.

“Mmmm, Samalam, that is quite the view,” he teased, drawing a snort of laughter and a look of amusement from his lover. Sam raised an eyebrow and deliberately eyed him.

“Doesn't seem like you're interested in anything at the moment,” he commented thoughtfully, “and kneeling on tiles sucks. So let's get out of here, and if you convince me you're interested, we can see if I'll kneel somewhere else.”

Gabe practically leapt out of the shower, wrapping himself in an enormous bath sheet. Sam followed with a chuckle, pausing to pour fresh water into the tub.

“Another bath, Sammy?” Gabe asked, raising an eyebrow as Sam returned to him and started to dry his body.
“No, just cleaning the jets. Courtesy thing.”

Sam dried himself and then enfolded Gabe in his arms, wrapping his towel around both of them. Gabe rested his head on Sam's chest and smiled softly at the strong heartbeat as they waited for the tub to fill enough.

When the water was high enough, Sam dropped in a cleaning tablet and hit the jets. As it was cleaning, Sam led Gabe back to their room before quickly stripping the sheets and remaking the bed. Gabe tossed him the towel, and with a come hither glance, climbed onto the bed, settling himself against the headboard.

“C'mere, Samsquatch, we need to fix this. It doesn't smell like us. I want your scent over every inch of me, baby, til it's all I breathe.”

Sam carefully hung up their towels, joined Gabe on the bed and pulled him down to lay next to him. After a few moments cuddled together, Sam rolled the smaller man beneath him and rubbed his jaw against Gabe's throat, drawing back to kiss him softly. When the kiss ended, they stayed pressed together, Sam's hair shielding them from even the room around them.

“Mmmm, Sam. Just what I want, your scent all around me,” Gabe purred, his eyes drifting closed. Sam let out a low rumble in response, and lowered himself to press against Gabe. Gabe's Omega melted, the sheltering warmth and scent of his Alpha, his mate, surrounding him. He drifted to sleep, their mingled purrs of contentment filling the room.

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Sam waited until Gabe had slept half an hour, then carefully extricated himself from his lover's arms, which was easier said than done. Eventually, he managed to get Gabe's arms around his pillow instead and he quietly got up. He slipped into a pair of lounge pants, and checking the jacuzzi, he turned off the jets, draining the water. He wandered downstairs with their empty food tray and his nostrils flared as he scented a familiar Omega. When he got into the kitchen, Charlie was dancing about the room to her headphones, red hair flying about with her movements.

Well used to her antics, and to finding her in their home at odd times, he simply sidestepped her and poured himself a glass of juice, settling himself against the counter.
“So, you’ve been as busy as Dean! Busier, with a heat involved!” She grinned up at him, and he smirked, shrugging his shoulders. He hissed at the sudden sting of the scratches down his back. Charlie grabbed his elbow and turned him, her eyes widening at the scratches. “A couple of those need something on them. Want help, or you going to get your mate to do it? Oh! And can I meet him?”

“I'll wait for him, it's just the one spot that feels like he broke the skin. And he's sleeping right now. He definitely needs the rest.”

“And you don't? Samuel Winchester, I'm here right now, I'll get the rest of these dishes done and let myself out. You go rest with your mate. You idiot, you need his scent to bond and he needs yours! And what the hell happened to your arm?” She grabbed his forearm and inspected the small punctures.

“Um, Gabe,” Sam told her sheepishly. “Listen, Charlie, I need a favour. I need to know everything about True Mates and partial shifts. Something weird happened yesterday, to both of us.”

“Seriously, Sam? You want me to believe you went Wolfman?”

“Not exactly... Fingertips only, same for Gabe. We're going to talk to his Dad, who, holy shit Charlie! His dad is Chuck Shurley!”

“Wait, the author Chuck Shurley? Myths and Monsters, Chuck Shurley?!” she demanded, disbelief written across her elfin features.

Sam nodded, feeling a huge grin stretching his lips. Charlie was as much a fan as he was. He saw her eyes widen and he clapped on huge hand over her mouth before her shriek could escape. She quickly swallowed it down, her expression sheepish.

“You have to introduce me, I may even replace your brother as my BFF!” she exclaimed.

“I haven't even met him yet! Anyway, I'm going to take your advice and crash. I'll text you when you can visit with Gabe.”

Charlie nodded, still brimming with excitement, and told him not to worry. Sam wandered upstairs, knowing she would lock up, and crawled into bed with his mate, wrapping his arms around the
smaller man. He pulled him close and scented his neck, letting out a pleased rumble at the soothing aroma of content, mated Omega. He drifted off to sleep with their combined scents surrounding them.

**

Gabe woke feeling like his blood was on fire and reached for his Alpha, whimpering for his touch. Sam rolled onto his back and pulled Gabe over him, his fingers sliding down his crease, finding him dripping and open.

“Come here, my little Omega, let me help you,” Sam told him softly, fatigue and arousal warring in his voice, lust winning as Gabe stroked him to readiness.

Gabe moaned softly at the press of Sam's fingers and he cried out as he engulfed his lover's cock, sinking down to the root and rocking his hips. Sam held his waist loosely, his eyes heavy-lidded with arousal as his Omega rode him with exquisite care.

Gabe canted his hips slightly, taking Sam deeper, and gave a pleased hum when it pulled a moan from his Alpha. Sam’s head threw back into the pillow and Gabe kept to a slow rocking grind, a tingling sensation building in his gut as each movement stroked his prostate perfectly.

“Gabe,” Sam gasped his name, his knot beginning to swell, catching on Gabe's rim with each slow thrust. “Sugar, tell me you're close, please, I need to feel you tighten around my cock, want you to milk me. Going to fill you up so nice, can't wait to breed you full of pups, Gabe, make you round with them.”

Gabe whimpered at Sam's words, his wolf practically in ecstasy over the idea. He lifted himself and dropped back down. The rough slam of contact had them both crying out, then suddenly Sam lifted him free. Gabe scrambled to all fours; he could only guess at the sight he made, his rim stretched and pink, slick dripping down his balls and his thighs, his cock weeping, and his hole clenching around nothing, desperate to be filled again. Sam was on him with a feral snarl, and Gabe dropped to rest his forehead on his arms.

Sam lined up and drove home and Gabe cried out again, rocking back against Sam to take him as deeply as he could. Sam pounded into him, his knot catching and slipping past Gabe's rim until finally it swelled to completion. Sam gave one final thrust to lock them together and Gabe felt his Alpha’s cock spurting liquid heat into him. He trembled on the edge of release and pleaded with Sam.
“Sam, please, mark me again!”

As Sam's teeth sank into him, Gabe came with a howl, his wolf singing through him as he trembled and shook, fighting to keep from collapsing. After several minutes, Sam gently rolled them to one side, wrapping his arms around Gabe again, cradling his mate against his chest as they waited for his knot to deflate.

Sam nuzzled at Gabe's throat, carefully running his tongue over the reopened mating bite, teasing a low purr out of him. Gabe shivered occasionally as each pass of Sam's tongue sent a fresh wave of pleasure through him. Sam pulled a light blanket over them, murmuring soft endearments against Gabe's skin as he peppered it with kisses. Gabe could feel himself melting into sensual warmth in his Alpha's arms.

Sam was nibbling on his ear, making Gabe squirm and giggle, when his phone buzzed. Sam ignored it, continuing to tease and kiss his Omega and Gabe was feeling that delicious hum of arousal flooding his veins again, unprompted by his heat, simply wanting the man who held him. He shifted carefully, as though just getting comfortable, but it tugged on Sam's knot. Sam growled and nipped at him again. Sam's knot slipped loose and he flipped Gabe into his back, kissing him fiercely, when his phone buzzed again.

“Ughhh... I should check that, just in case there's a work emergency.”

Sam reached for his phone and sighed at the message he found.

“Problem, Samalam?” Gabe asked, pouting as Sam pulled on a pair of plaid sleep pants.

“Nah, but Dean and Cas are on their way over with groceries and lunch. You take your time, I'll just head down and get the door. But we should eat something, it's almost one in the afternoon.”

“And we are burning our fair share of calories, huh Sammy?” Gabe replied with a lascivious stare up and down Sam's body and a wink.

Sam bent and kissed him, a passionate, dominating, throat-swabbing kiss that had Gabe whimpering and his toes curling. Sam pulled back with a smug grin and winked as he combed his fingers through his hair on the way out the door.
Gabe flopped back on the bed and thought about burrowing under the covers again. He heard Dean greeting Sam, teasing him about the powerful scents in the house, and then his mate reply in a joking tone. He sighed, content, and crawled out of bed. He went digging through Sam's drawers and found underwear, snagging a pair of bright green ones. As he hit the stairs, he could smell something wonderful, like a berry pie, a tang of sour lemon… but oddly… he sniffed again. No pastry. Hmm, what had they brought?

He arrived in the kitchen and Sam pulled him in for a kiss, as if it had been hours since he’d last seen him. He smiled and kissed the Omega’s cheek and then moved about, putting away the numerous bags of groceries.

“Why do I smell berry pie without a crust?” he asked, turning to face Dean as he noticed the grin on his face.

Gabe stood and listened in surprise as Dean explained that he was pregnant with twins. He felt his heart lurch a little, wondering how his brother had gotten so lucky, then mentally slapped himself. There was nothing saying he and Sam couldn’t have pups, they hadn’t even stopped suppressants and birth control yet. It was just luck on his brother and Dean's parts.

Gabe suddenly looked at Dean sharply, noting the bruise on his jaw. He opened his mouth with a frown, and Cas murmured a soft word.

“Later.”

“But--” Gabe tried again, but his brother looked at him with such pleading.

“Please Gabe, I'll explain everything. But not now,” he whispered, his scent was hinting at anger and distress.

“Okay, Cassie. Later then,” Gabe conceded and Cassie's scent became full of protective Alpha as he wrapped his arms around Dean from behind, burying his face against his neck. Dean and Sam were facing off, and Gabe startled when he heard Dean saying his name.

Dean was listing all the people who had recognized his scent had already changed, and Gabe watched as Sam's expression changed to one of contrite shock when Dean mentioned someone named Missouri. His face took on a wide-eyed, kicked puppy look as he apologized, but Dean
deflected it with a grin. Cas meanwhile tossed Gabe a wink as the teasing between their mates picked up again. A different style, but they recognized a brotherly bond when they saw one.

“Congrats, Castiel, you’re all grown up!” Gabe teased, then pleaded for help moving. Their other brothers would be a pain in the ass, both complaining about him leaving, and he wasn’t interested in hearing it. Anna was still in her rut, so he wasn’t going to consider asking her.

Suddenly, Dean was calling for Cassie to leave for their appointment, and Gabe had to chuckle. They'd have met anyway. No matter if the brothers had never come into the bar two nights ago, they’d have found each other when Dean got to Cassie's to help with the garden, and once they were settled, their families would meet as well. Something uncertain deep in Gabe's stomach stilled, a worry he hadn't realised existed vanishing. He and Sam were truly meant to be.

He waved as their brothers left, taking a bite of the sandwich provided. He smiled as the door closed behind them, then turned to Sam, all but leaping into his arms to kiss him senseless. Sam's arms wrapped around him instantly, lifting him off his feet, and Gabe gave a pleased sound at the show of strength.

“What's that for?” Sam grinned, wrapping his arms underneath Gabe and hitching him higher. Gabe wrapped his legs around his Alpha and cuddled against his throat.

“You're mine, Alpha. Do you realise that? We couldn't have not found each other. There's no way those two wouldn't have realised they're mates at this appointment today, so you and I would still have met, even if you hadn't come to the bar the other night.”

“You're right. Guess you're stuck with me then,” Sam teased, and set Gabe on the island next to their food. “C'mon, eat up. Your next heat’ll be here within about three hours, right? I want you to get more sleep while I start laundry, then I'll join you.”

Gabe rolled his eyes, but grinned. “Sam, you don't need to baby me, I've been dealing with my heats for long enough.”

“Yeah, but I'm your Alpha. You're my Omega. It feels wrong not to take care of you. Please, Gabe?” Sam asked softly, and turned a full-watt puppy look on him.

“I should be immune, I should! Cassie has been pulling that shit on me since he could make eye contact. Fine! Just quit it with the eyes already! That is not fair…” Gabe muttered, and sullenly
picked up his sandwich for another bite, then closed his eyes in bliss. “Mmmm, these are good! Did they stop at a deli or something, as well as the grocers?”

Sam chuckled, taking a large bite and assembling the ingredients for a smoothie in the blender.

“Nope, this was 100% Dean. Somewhere in these bags will be part of a loaf of bread, opened deli meat, a jar of mayo, and the red peppers.”

Gabe looked around at the number of bags left and grinned and pointed.

“That green leafy crap would be kale, right? Weren't you worried he wouldn't get the right veggies?” Gabe teased.

Sam blushed. “He bought the tofu I like. He bought Brussels sprouts, too. Oh, and there is a lot of fruit. A bag of oranges, we can make fresh juice, but berries, and cantaloupe, and peaches, too.”

“That'd be Cassie, he knows I tend to gorge on chocolate and gummies, so he makes sure there's fruit around so I can have something sweet and still moderately healthy.”

“So it sounds like our brothers are both the caregiver types, in their ways.”

“Sam… where could Dean have gotten that bruise on his jaw? There's absolutely no way it was Cassie, but he didn't want to tell me right now. Probably didn't want to stress Dean out, or me for that matter, but man was he pissed.”

Sam's features darkened. “What bruise? Which side was it on? I missed it! How did I miss it? What the fuck, Dean!” Sam's wonderful rich coffee scent was suddenly bitter and burnt.

“Samsquatch, calm down, please! You're smelling like Starbuck's and that's not a compliment, babe. Come on, come here,” Gabe cajoled, and pulled Sam close to let his Alpha scent him. Sam instinctively buried his face against Gabe's throat, breathing deeply. “Really didn't notice, huh? Well, I guess he was keeping his left side turned away from you a bit. We'll ask later. And trust me, Cassie might have puppy eyes that can rival yours, but I will get it out of him. Or the pranks that will befall him will be the stuff of legends.”
“Gabe, I may have mentioned this, but it bears repeating,” Sam told him solemnly. “I love you, and I am so fucking hot for you.”

Gabe burst out laughing, then let out a shriek as Sam scooped him over his shoulder and carried him upstairs.

He’d text Cassie later to find out what happened.
"C'mere Loverboy!"

Chapter Summary

After breakfast with Cas's brothers, Cas and Dean visit Ellen and Bobby, then Sam and Gabe.

Chapter Notes

many thanks to Dani, as always. :)

“Remind me to never crash here again.” Jimmy was in the kitchen, muttering to Balth as Cas emerged from the bedroom hallway, and he smirked. The furthest guest room had the door ajar, showing the rumpled bed.

“The basement suite is under Cas’, or rather, their room,” Balth grumbled. “If you didn't get the headboard banging against your wall, you missed the full effect.”

Cas chuckled as he rounded the corner and leaned against the cupboard. “You,” he declared, pointing at Balth, “I have three words for you. Menage à douze.”

“Since when do you speak French?!?” Balth demanded, even as he poured his brother a fresh mug of coffee.

“I don't,” Cas replied, nodding his thanks as he accepted the drink.

“Mon cher ,” Dean murmured, sliding his fingers lightly down Cas’ spine as he sauntered into the kitchen, his hair spiky and damp from his shower.

“You speak French?” Jimmy's eyebrows nearly reached his scalp, and for once, Dean thought he and Cas looked alike.

“Nah, not really. Can count to twenty, hello, goodbye, that kind of thing. Friend of mine has an eight
year old and he's learning that instead of Spanish at school. His mom is shit at languages, so I help him with his homework when I can. Which is pretty rare, I'll admit. Not like they teach Latin anymore. That I coulda done.”

“You speak Latin?” Balth asked, incredulous.

“You don’t?” Dean gave a cocky grin and sauntered over to claim his mug from the cupboard. After pouring himself a coffee, he started rummaging in the fridge. “Alright, anyone helping make breakfast stays, anyone not, get out of the way. Park it on the breakfast bar, but quit loitering by the counters. Cas, is there more bacon, or did we kill it yesterday morning?”

“Meat keeper, babe. I'll get it. What're you thinking?’”

“Frittata. I need spuds, an onion, some red peppers... shit, we got enough eggs? They were on the list yesterday... And I need sharp cheddar. Angel, I think I saw spinach out back, too,” Dean said from inside the fridge, pulling out some of the ingredients. When he straightened he said, “So really, I need eggs and cheese, the rest I can grab outside.”

“How fast do you need the eggs and cheese? Potatoes will take a bit first.”

“Say... twenty? Twenty-five since I have to get the ingredients first. Where did we drop our jeans last night, Cas? They've got my car keys... Think you can start chopping, cook the bacon and onions, and browning the potatoes, while I head to the store?”

Dean was back to digging in the fridge for the rest of what they would need when he heard it. A low, dangerous sounding growl from his Alpha. He turned and leveled a look at him with narrowed eyes.

“Start counting, Alpha. You've got--” he glanced at the microwave for the time. “--no more than three hours until we hit that twenty-four hour grace period. You have to get a handle on that protectiveness, ‘cause by the time we leave the garage, we're done. You have to, angel. Please, I can’t lose you if you go attacking someone.”

Jimmy coughed, breaking the tension in the room.

“Eggs and sharp cheddar, right?” Dean looked at him, surprised. “Hey, I don’t want to have to bail
him out again.”

Balth snorted and Cas smacked his twin in the back of his head. “I don’t care that we’re identical and you had my ID. You still owe me for that stunt!”

Dean snorted and shook his head as he headed for the backyard, his bare feet making little noise as he crossed the kitchen. He stopped to kiss Cas lightly, then stepped past and smacked him on the ass as he stepped into the dining room and out to the deck.

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Cas blushed as his brothers howled with laughter. Jimmy blew him a kiss as he left to run to the store.

“See you in a bit, loverboy! Oh, and don’t worry about the copies of the security feed for the cops, I’ve got them with me and I’ll drop them off with Deputy Hanscum this morning.”

Cas rolled his eyes and started chopping bacon into small pieces, then refilled coffees all around. “What are you even doing awake, Balth? Seven AM is not your usual hour.”

“Isn’t yours either, Cassie, but a couple someones were up bright and early, making it difficult to sleep any longer. I’m not certain I ever needed to know all that I’ve learned about you this morning.”

Cas thought about the things he’d shouted, then about the things Dean had. He felt a rush of possessive arousal and deliberately focused on finding his cast iron skillet. Dean returned a moment later, his arms loaded with veggies and greens, and Cas relieved him of them quickly.

Without more than a word or two, they started cooking breakfast, moving around each other but never in each other's way. Dean's head came up from roasting the red peppers on the stove and Cas wordlessly passed him his coffee, now refilled.

As Cas turned to put the skillet into the oven to brown, Balth spoke up. “Are you quite certain you met, what, a day and a half ago?” he drawled, sipping his coffee as he watched the two dance around each other.
“Apparently being True Mates means we're really in sync,” Dean joked, but he leaned over and Cas glanced up just in time to meet his lips in a tender kiss. Then they both went back to their tasks.

“You're going to be insufferable, aren't you? There has to be some redeeming aspect to this…” Balth said with a sigh, then snorted and asked, “Dean, darling. Tell me your opinion of Celine Dion.”

“Ugh, if I never hear that damn song from Titanic again, it'll be too soon.”

“Welcome to the family!” Balth announced jovially, toasting Dean with his coffee. “Cassie, you have my permission to keep him.”

“Oh, thank you, Balthazar, because I was going to kick him out if you didn't approve. I'm sure there's another True Mate out there for me,” Cas replied sarcastically, rolling his eyes dramatically.

A sour scent of distress came from Dean and Cas turned to him in an instant. “Shit. Balth, come stir. Dean, babe? Come here.” He enfolded Dean in his arms, then quickly led him back to their room, where their combined scent was strongest. He pulled Dean closer, and drew his Omega down to scent his throat. He stroked his hands down Dean's back, and nuzzled at the mating mark, kissing the bruised and bitten spot gently.

Dean turned his head suddenly and bit down on Cas' scent gland. Not hard enough to break the skin, but with two bites in less than a day, Cas winced at the ache. A bite cold, with no endorphins flooding his body, was very different than one in the middle of love-making. Cas purred however, knowing that his Omega was asserting his claim, forcefully. That bite was a promise and a statement, that no one but Dean would ever call Cas mate.

“Mine, Alpha. We don't have time for more, but I want you in me the first chance we get!” Dean ordered and Cas felt himself swelling against Dean's thigh. Cas growled but bared his throat for Dean again, this time receiving a gentle lick over his mating bites. He heard a car door then and sighed.

“Jimmy is back. Shall we?” Cas asked softly, holding Dean close, rumbling in satisfaction as he realised the scent of berries was stronger today.

They walked back out hand in hand and finished making breakfast for Cas’ brothers.
Dean and Cas made quick work of their breakfast, then told Balth and Jimmy to lock up. They drove to Bobby’s shop and Dean pulled Cas into the garage, pointing him at a chair and TV outside the office.

“This'll take a bit of time to do. Your year has two catalytic converters and I have to replace the exhaust tubing. Plus, there's some welding involved. When is the last time you replaced the brakes on this thing? Or even changed the oil?”

Cas stammered slightly, and his mate just shook his head. “I'll take a look. Family rate, you won't get gouged. But I have to know you're safe, angel.”

Cas simply smiled and nodded. “I can understand that. Is there somewhere closer I can sit? I'd rather stay with you. I'll keep out of the way, I promise.”

“Alright, there's a workbench in here you can sit on, but no bets on you not getting greasy, Cas.”

“Can't be worse than having a drunk puke on me at work.”

“Harder to wash out, smells better. It's a trade-off.”

Dean got to work and Cas watched in fascination as his Omega tore apart his car's exhaust and rebuilt it. He was careful but efficient in his motions, warning Cas to put on the spare welding helmet from the bench as a precaution, rather than simply telling him not to look.

It took a few hours and Cas found he had a difficult side effect to watching his mate work. Between the smear of dirt on his cheek, the sweat that dampened and darkened his hair, and the glimpses of his bowed legs flexing as he maneuvered the crawler under the car, Cas was far too aroused for a day as full as theirs.

When Dean slid out from under the car and stripped his overalls to his waist, tying the arms about his hips to hold them in place, Cas couldn't hold back the low growl he gave.
Dean sent him a wicked smile and deliberately bent over the hood to check the oil. Cas’ hands clenched on the edge of the workbench and he fought the urge to take his mate as his wolf demanded.

"Boy, if you're gonna keep stinkin’ up the place, I'll have to send you outside for a few," came a gruff voice, and Cas spun to see Bobby staring at him with a steady look but a glint of humour in his eyes. The grizzled man held out a cup of coffee to Cas and set another on the bench for Dean.

"Sorry, Bobby, but my mate seems determined to torment me today. By the way, we're having twins."

Bobby started and glanced back at the house. "That explains why Missouri is here. She said she needed to talk to you two."

"I'm sorry, who is Missouri?" Cas asked in some confusion.

"Midwife. She says that's all, but I swear that woman can read minds sometimes."

"Now Bobby, don't you be telling that boy stories, he's got enough on his plate without you scaring him!" The rich southern accent belonged to a handsome, middle-aged woman with a crown of thick brown curls. She walked up to Cas and looked up at him with dark, knowing eyes. "Oh, baby, don't you be thinking you got anything to be ashamed of, now. You acted as pack Alpha should and there's no shame in that."

Cas blanched and Dean turned at the scent his Alpha was giving off, strong enough to overpower the motor oil and hot metal of the car.

"Cas, you okay, angel?" He turned and looked about and seeing Missouri, started to speak to her.

"Your mate is fine, so don't you cuss at me boy!" she scolded, looking thoroughly unimpressed.

"I didn't say anything!" Dean protested, ignoring the smirk spreading across Cas’ face.

"You were thinkin’ it..." she retorted.
Bobby meanwhile was staring at Dean's bruised jaw and growled low, until Missouri smacked his arm.

“Now I told you Dean got hurt but that it wasn't Cas and they'd tell you later! You quit that posturing around me,” Missouri scolded the grizzled older man, then turned back to Dean. “Dean, about these pups,” she started, only to be interrupted.

“How could you know that?!?” Dean exclaimed. “I mean, there's no way you can scent them over the crap in here.”

“Boy, I don't know what is goin’ on in that handsome head of yours, but calm down. Last thing you need after the past few days is to get yourself all worked up. And I'm asking you to set aside your first impression when you come in on Thursday to get tested. Her bark is worse than her bite.”

“Missouri, I love you like family. You're pack. But you're not making sense.”

“'Course I am, you just don't know it yet. Four months, by the way, and light duties at the garden store at the same time.”

Cas was getting a headache trying to follow along, and gave a heavy sigh as he rubbed at his eyes. Missouri explained, “How long he can work in the garage before he has to stay away from the chemicals. I know you're worried about that. Oh, and Dean, it's okay, baby. Alex will have a different place to stay. She'll heal faster around women than around another male Alpha. Even one as much a pushover as Bobby here.

“Now leave off that car; you can't do anything without the new brake rotors anyway. Get some food and those groceries for your brothers, and go get started on that garden. And I'm not takin' more than two bushels of zucchini, so don't even ask.”

The strange woman turned on her heel and walked back to the house with Bobby at her side and Dean exhaled sharply, stripping off his gloves.

“Sorry, angel, looks like the brakes will have to wait til another day.”
Cas turned to Dean and gaped. “Because she said so?” he asked, wondering what happened to his stubborn and confident mate.

“Sure, I'll keep working. But you get to go up to the house and tell her yourself.”

Cas felt himself go pale and tried an ineffectual glare at his mate. “No thanks. Your car is just fine, Dean.”

Dean's grin lit up his face, and Cas thought to himself that sight was worth anything.

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After Dean had a quick shower at Bobby and Ellen's, they sat and had lunch with Dean's surrogate parents where Cas had the distinct pleasure of watching his mate being railroaded into eating vegetables despite his grimace. Less amusing was their outrage at his second encounter with Zachariah Adler and being scolded for not telling them about the twins as soon as they knew.

“It was a hectic afternoon and evening, Ma! It's not really my fault.”

“Dean Winchester, don’t you try to tell me Jody kept you there so late you couldn't call. Now, we need to set a time to have a little celebration.”

“Ellen, if it's convenient, next weekend we’re planning on hosting a barbecue at our place,” Cas told the Omega, who grinned at him cheerfully.

“Well, as long as Dean makes his burgers, I'll bring pie,” she promised, though Cas turned and looked at Dean in mild confusion.

“Your burgers, huh?”

“Yeah,” Dean smirked around a mouthful of his sandwich, “they're alright.”

They chatted for half an hour or so, during which Cas showed Ellen and Bobby a photo of himself
and his siblings, pointing out Gabriel as Sam’s True Mate.

“I dunno how those two are supposed to fit, but True Mates? They'll make it work,” Bobby muttered, only to be cuffed by Ellen.

“Robert Singer, you mind your tongue,” the Omega scolded and Cas watched in amused recognition as the Alpha muttered an apology to his wife.

Eventually the younger couple left to go get groceries for themselves and for Sam and Gabriel, and Ellen hugged Cas before they left. “He's happy. It's good to see,” she told him, patting him on the back lightly.

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They made their way back to the grocers, but this time stayed together while they shopped. They collected the ingredients for lasagna for that night, as well as food for Sam and Gabriel. Dean picked up his brother's favourites, though his nose wrinkled in distaste at the bunches of kale and the bag of Brussels sprouts. Dean wasn't a savage, but some things were a little too much. The tofu he added to the cart was another he eyed suspiciously, but he wasn't eating it, so it wasn't really his problem.

Cas picked out berries and melon for Gabriel, checking carefully that they were ripe enough to be sweet to entice his sugar-addicted brother.

“Dean, does Sam have a juicer? He seems like he would…” he asked, eyeing the bags of oranges.

“You met him for what, two minutes the other night? Yeah, he does.” Dean watched as Cas selected a bag and shook his head with a fond smile. “Alright, what's next?”

They made their way through the aisles undisturbed, though Dean had to stroke his fingers lightly over Cas’ neck when they passed the boarded freezer door. Cas focused on breathing calmly, not wanting to upset his mate or the other shoppers. They stopped at the deli for sliced meats and cheeses, then hit the bakery. Dean led them back down another aisle for a horseradish mayo he knew Sam liked, and they headed to the checkout.

“I figure we can make them some sandwiches before we swing by, so even if they're occupied, we can leave food for them,” Dean suggested, but Cas frowned slightly as he eyed the ingredients.
“But won't they get stale if we leave them out?” he asked, concerned about giving his brother inferior food during his heat. “Damn, meant to grab more chocolate...”

“Go on, angel, I'll be fine. Most cameras are on the cash area, though apparently the meat department is next. Anyway, you'll be less than a minute. Oh! Grab a jar of roasted red peppers please?”

Cas was clearly fighting with his protective instincts, but finally nodded and strode quickly away. Dean admired his ass for a moment, then turned back to continue unloading the cart. He turned to the cashier who was eyeing him in some concern. He met her gaze but found her eyes kept darting to his jaw, and her brow would furrow.

_Shit, the bruise_, he thought to himself. Dean stepped closer and kept his voice low, not wanting to embarrass or startle her.

“My Alpha didn't do this. You heard about the fight in aisle twenty-two yesterday?” She nodded and he gave her a charming smile. “Well, my Alpha broke that freezer door rescuing me and another Omega from an attack. The guy got a couple hits on me before my angel got there to stop him.”

“He was lucky he caught you off guard, my Omega,” Cas said behind him, making him jump and then turn to kiss Cas softly. “You would’ve taken him easily, otherwise.”

“That was you? And you stood up for Alex?” the cashier asked softly, her voice tentative.

“Absolutely. She's going to be okay,” Dean reassured her and wrapped an arm around Cas’ shoulders as she rang their purchases through.

“I knew her from school, before she changed to a new one. I'd see her in here with that creepy old guy, but she'd never speak to me. Could you tell her I said hi?”

Dean glanced at her nametag and nodded. “I will. I know who is looking out for her now. Anyway, how much do we owe, Amy?”

They paid for their groceries and headed out to the Impala. Dean used the trunk as a counter and waved a roll of wax paper at Cas.
“You were asking about how to keep them fresh. Easy!” He quickly assembled four sandwiches and wrapped them tightly, then dropped them into a bag after rearranging the groceries. Dean texted Sam, who quickly replied that they were welcome. They drove to Dean’s old place and pulled into the driveway.

“I hope Gabriel doesn't start up again while we're here. Your brother isn't likely to be happy having another Alpha around, even a mated one.”

“Sam's not like that, Cas, he'll be fine,” Dean told him, defending his little brother.

“So he didn't growl at you when you stopped by with the burgers yesterday, because you smelled like me?”

Dean rolled his eyes, but didn't deny it.

They headed to the door with the bags of food, and to be certain their timing wasn't off, Dean fired a quick text to Sam. Sure enough, the door opened after a few moments and the tall Alpha let them in with a tired smile.

“Dude, leave the door open!” Dean exclaimed, wrinkling his nose. “It smells like a candy factory and a coffee shop having been fucking for days!”

“Bet Cas’ place is no better,” Sam retorted, bitchface number thirteen firmly in place.

Dean smirked and let the other shoe drop. “Are you kidding? Our place smells awesome. You're gonna need a new roommate, by the way.”

Just then, Gabriel arrived wearing a pair of virulently green boxers, his hair a disaster, and a fresh bite on his neck. That Sam looked tidy, if worn down, spoke to the disgusting genes his brother had gotten that had bypassed Dean. Sam's hair looked like he'd spent three hours at a salon to get it to land so perfectly and he moved with energy about the kitchen, putting away the groceries after greeting his Omega with a kiss.

“Why do I smell berry pie without a crust?” Gabriel asked and Dean grinned.
“Raspberries, blueberries, a bit of lemon? The sugar is you, Gabe. The other three? Afraid those are from me an’ Cas. We both have lemon, but the pups are the berries. Appropriate, they aren't even as big as a berry yet.”

“They ?! You're sure?” Sam demanded, staring at his brother.

“As sure as we can be without taking a test yet. No good to try until a few more days have passed.”

Sam seemed to sigh, and a mildly pitying look crossed his face before he hid it under concern. But Dean had noticed and felt himself getting irritated. Distantly he was aware that something was bothering Cas, who was speaking quietly to Gabe, but he ignored it for the moment to deal with his own brother.

“Dean, I know how badly you want pups… but you can't know for sure. It could just be wishful thinking. Suppressants can mess with a cycle and could be why your heat was so short.”

“Wouldn't affect Cas’ rut though, or are you going to tell him he doesn't know when he's in rut?” Sam started to reply, but when Dean stepped toward him with a frown, Sam compressed his lips into a thin line. Cas stepped closer to Dean and wrapped his arms around him, protective Alpha scent oozing from every pore.

“Wanna know who can scent them? Cas, Gabe, Donna! Oh, and Missouri said pups, plural, before I could even open my mouth. Sammy, you don't know what you're talking about. Not this time.”

Sam gaped at him, then spoke quietly, “Missouri, too? Dean, I'm so--”

“Hey,” Dean interrupted with a wave of one hand, “No chick flick moments.”

Sam rolled his eyes and smirked. “So that wasn't your copy of Dirty Dancing in the console?”

“Shut up, Swayze gets a pass.” Cas snorted a laugh and Dean winked. “C’mere loverboy!”
Cas watched his Omega banter with his brother and smirked over at Gabriel, who winked at him slyly.

“Congrats, Castiel, you're all grown up! So, wanna help me move? Jimmy'll be pissed I'm abandoning him with no buffer against Balth's parties, and Balth will complain that there's no one to cook when Jimmy's in rut.”

“Balth should learn to cook then. Dad taught us all, not our fault he never listened.”

“You know he's going to live on take out,” Gabe snorted, cocking an eyebrow at his younger brother.

“Not if he wants to save for his own club,” Cas retorted. “He'll have to figure something out. Knowing him, he'll find someone willing to play house for a while.”

“Shit!” Dean exclaimed suddenly. “Hey angel, we've got an appointment in half an hour, we gotta run!”

“How could you possibly have an appointment on a Sunday?” Sam asked, pulling a chuckle from Cas.

“I made an appointment just last week to have someone come look at my yard to help with the gardens. Turns out he's living there now. I should’ve asked for references though,” Cas teased, pulling Dean close to nip at his mating mark, and the Omega melted against him.

“You can check out the backyard. I did the work for free, it was our place, but I paid full price for all the plants. And it's not that small a space since it's open to next door. Charlie and Jo live there. Speaking of, Charlie is off today, we should get outta here before she comes by or we'll never get started on our gardens.”

“Would she really stop by when Gabriel is in heat?” Cas asked curiously.
“Count on it. Always did for me, checking if I had enough water and food when Sam was at work. They've even got a key.”

“Already has, but Gabe was asleep and she told me to go snuggle with him.” Sam grinned.

Cas waved to Sam and Gabriel and they made their exit as the other couple dug into the sandwiches, shouting their thanks after them. Dean was just starting the car when a redheaded blur ran to Cas’ door and opened it, the scent of excited Omega swirling around them.

“Twins?! Are you kidding me?!” Charlie demanded, then dove across Cas’ lap through the open door and hauled Dean into a stranglehold of a hug. “How could you not tell me?!”

“Hey, Missouri only confirmed it this morning!” Dean protested. “How did you even find out? Let me guess, Jo. We didn't even see her.”

“Yeah, but you told Ellen and Bobby,” Charlie reasoned, rolling her eyes at his obtuseness.

“Yeah, yeah. Be nice to tell our own news.”

“We'd better call my dad then,” Cas commented, casually resting his elbow on Charlie's ass, with his chin on his palm. “And shit, we need to tell Anna. She'll kill me.”

“Gabe won't tell, he's still in heat, even if he's in a lull. Jimmy or Balth?”

“Jimmy. My twin thinks my news is his news.” Cas rolled his eyes fondly, thinking of his twin. He removed his elbow from Charlie's posterior and she crawled over the seat into the back.

“You coming with?” Dean asked, grinned at her in the rearview.

“You bet, I gotta check out this place and make sure Cas is good enough for my little big brother.”

“Shut up, Charles. Just because Sammy's taller than me...”
Cas wisely stayed quiet, recognizing siblings bickering when he heard it.
Dean pulled Baby into the driveway and smiled, glad to be home. They quickly unloaded the groceries and Dean left Cas to put them away and start dinner as he gave Charlie a tour. After the third time he exclaimed over something, Charlie turned to him in exasperation.

“Dean, you're acting like you haven't seen any of this! Seriously, have you even made it past the bedroom?”

“Of course I have! We had breakfast on the deck, I've been in the living room, the kitchen, and -- Holy shit, the shower in the master bedroom is to die for,” he gloated, showing off the basement bedroom suite.

“So why are we wandering around without Cas to show us the place?”

“We're giving him half an hour to get the lasagna assembled, then he'll throw it into the fridge until later. Alright, what's behind door number two… Holy shit, I've died and gone to home theater heaven! Charlie, do you see this?”

Charlie followed him into the large room and her eyes grew wide. “Star Wars marathon!” she squealed, looking over at her best friend. Her eyes narrowed as Dean's cheek hit the light. “What the fuck happened, Dean?” she demanded, her fingers digging into his chin slightly. He jerked loose and sighed.

“Alright, let's go back upstairs. I want my Alpha if we're going to do this now.”
Dean led the way up the stairs to the kitchen and poured himself a glass of juice, then handed Charlie a beer. He took a seat beside her and took a deep breath before launching into an explanation.

As he started the story, even with trying to skim over the more intimate details, Dean was shifting in his seat while Charlie was politely trying to hide her sneezing at their scent. Dean nodded at Cas to open the window over the sink and took Charlie out to the deck. He lounged against the railing where he could see Cas moving within the kitchen, and Cas met his gaze suddenly, blowing him a kiss.

“OMG. You two are completely adorbs! So, let me get this straight--”

“As if you could get anything straight …”

“Pot, kettle,” Charlie huffed with an eye roll. “Shut up before I hack into your porn selection and delete your faves again. Anyway, you meet the love of your life at a bar, only you don't know it, you just feel like you've been broadsided by how badly you want this guy. He is hot, understandable.”

“Thanks, Charlie!” Cas called from the kitchen with a laugh and she grinned.

“Any time, gorgeous!” she called back, finishing off her beer and placing the bottle down on the table. “So, on the way out you get groped by some sleaze, and it gets handled fairly calmly, all things considered. You have spectacular sex--”

“Please leave our sex life out of this…” Dean all but whined.

“Hey, I'm just guessing, not like you said. But you still didn't know you were mates? He makes an amazing breakfast, then wham! It hits both of you that you've just gotta scent each other. The inevitable happens, more spectacular sex--”

“The word you're looking for is mind-blowing!” Cas interrupted via the window, a smirk on his lips.

“Of course, I apologize. You both cycle up, but it stops almost before it starts, so you know you're pregnant. Eventually you get out of the house to get some supplies.” Dean heard a clatter from the kitchen and peered in, but Cas wasn't there. “You go to the grocers and encounter the same sleaze,
this time with his barely legal, definitely not legally pregnant Omega housekeeper, and when she hides behind you, the asshole decks you.”

“Pretty much.”

Dean continued the rest of the story, not skimping out on the details about how Cas had showed up like an avenging angel or how he’d responded to Dean, despite being in full rage. He altered some of the story to maintain Alex’s privacy, then took a deep breath. He clenched his fingers for a moment, then explained to her the changes that had been happening to them, how their fingers had shifted more than once, and Charlie’s eyes widened almost comically.

“Holy shit!” she exclaimed, reaching forward to grab Dean’s hands and turn them over in her hands. Cas chuckled slightly at her as he sauntered out with a lemonade for Dean and another beer for Charlie.

“I know it's hard to believe…” Dean began, but she shook her head urgently.

“Sam and Gabe too!” she blurted, then released his hands to take a long pull from her beer. “Sam asked me to check around online for stories or reports of partial shifts, because he and Gabe had that happen when they mated! What is with your pairings that caused this?”

“Sammy and Gabe too?! What the fuck!” Dean looked at his mate, alarmed. “Cas, we gotta figure this out. Especially…” Dean broke off, his hand curled protectively over his abdomen and Cas quickly folded his arms around him as the scent of frightened Omega soured the air around them.

“Shhh, it's okay. We'll figure it out. What do you say we call my dad tonight on Skype, get his take on things? Not how I wanted to introduce you, but I'd rather stay in tonight anyway… We've had enough stress.”

Dean nodded against Cas’ throat and Charlie watched as her best friend calmed in his Alpha’s arms. The click of a cell phone camera had Dean turning to glare at her, but her hands were empty, which was practically more suspicious than anything else.

“Alright, enough chick flick moments, let's get to work on that garden. Cas, any vegetables you hate? Time for us to see what's been planted and pull excess of anything you don't want.” He thought for a moment and his eyes widened. “Especially zucchini. I get the feeling there's going to be a lot if we're not careful.”
“Eggplant, I can't stand the texture,” Cas replied immediately.

“Oh, come on, it's delicious!” Charlie argued, her eyes twinkling.

Cas smirked and winked at her as he slid an arm around Dean's waist. “What can I say? I pay attention to how something feels in my mouth.”

“Ugh, you two are gross. Nearly as bad as your brothers, but at least I don't share a wall with you two! Dean, know any renovators who could put in soundproof walls? Because if I have to listen to those two every time a heat or rut happens, or hell, whenever, because there's no way Gabe's heat cycles that fast, I'll go insane!”

“I'll look into it,” Dean promised with a laugh. It was something they should consider doing themselves before the pups came.

“I think I've got pumpkins, if I remember correctly, there is way too many plants.. I don’t know why they planted so much… You can only carve so many for Halloween,” Cas commented, returning to the previous conversation.

“We'll take a look. Carving pumpkins and sugar pumpkins, or pie-pumpkins, are not the same thing at all. We'll have to see what we've got. What else?”

“We can pull the kale. Honestly, spinach is great, but I don't know what your brother likes about kale… It's vile stuff.” Cas’ expression was apologetic but Dean just grinned.

“It really is gross,” Dean agreed, winking at his mate. “Now, we've got peppers, onions, corn. There are carrots and parsnips, as well as radishes, cauliflower, and broccoli. And we've got enough tomatoes to last all year, if we freeze some of the Romas to use for sauce in the winter.”

“Means lots of fresh pasta, chili, things like that. Sounds good to me!” Cas smiled, laying a quick kiss on Dean's cheek. “I really want to go over the flower beds though. I plan on getting some beehives and I want the best mix of flowers to keep the bees healthy. That's more wildflowers, if I recall correctly.”
“It’s actually a blend, really. They love flowers like marigolds and calendula, but they love cucumber and chives too. Then wildflowers like False Queen Anne’s Lace, sunflowers, echinacea... We could plant buckwheat, but that changes the colour and flavour of honey drastically, so if you’re not a fan, I’d avoid it. Though the plants themselves are useful, we could make flour, or deadhead the plants and bury them and they’ll help reintroduce nutrients quickly.”

Dean was eyeing the garden from the vantage point of the deck as Charlie wandered down to investigate the garden beds from a closer vantage. “Cedar would do well along the property line, or another hedge type. Breaks up the monotony of a fence. Though since we talked about a pool, where were you thinking? I’m guessing the closer open space? The one beyond the gardens would be a bit inconvenient.”

Cas grinned and pulled Dean against his side, nuzzling at his throat. “I’ve got someone coming in from an installation company to consult about it on Thursday. It’s been scheduled for a few weeks already.”

“No wonder you were so smug about it when I mentioned a pool. Have you already got someone installing swings and play equipment too?” Dean teased, leaning in for a quick kiss.

“Hey! No nookie on the job! Mr. Bossman, get down here, we’ve got an aphid problem! They’re all over the roses, which is probably why they’re doing so poorly.”

Dean jogged down the stairs to join Charlie and inspected the roses. “Oh yeah. Let's move the chives closer and plant some more garlic. Even if we don't use them as more than aphid repellent, it won't really be a waste considering how easy they are to grow. We could put in some catnip too, around the roses, and leave the chives near the lettuce.”

Dean looked over the layout of the vegetables again and called Charlie over from her wanderings about the garden. “You got a grid drawn out yet?” he asked, then grinned as she handed over her tablet with a wink. “Thanks! Alright, I thought so. We’ve got veggies here that do well together, but we’ve also got some that shouldn’t be near each other. Broccoli and cabbage, for instance, they’ll steal nutrients from each other. Cucumbers too. No sense in trying to pull them this late in the season, any harvest we get will be lean on those veg, but better than nothing. Next year we’ll have to rearrange the plants though.”

Cas shrugged and gave a sheepish smile. “I can't even tell which plants are which, especially since some stopped producing or haven’t yet.”

“That's why you called us, right? To figure this stuff out. Some of them stopped producing because
of that placement issue I mentioned. And I can see the previous owner put in an irrigation system, which is awesome, but we've got plants that need different amounts of water next to each other.” He snapped his fingers and poked at Charlie's tablet until she swiped it back indignantly. “Some plants are toxic to bees, so let's make sure we don't have any. Don't care how pretty they are if they'll be a risk to your hives when you get those going next summer.”

“It'll be spring, that's the best time to start hives, but that's perfect, Dean, thank you.” Cas leaned and gave him a quick kiss, making him blush, while Charlie hid a chuckle behind her hand.

“Hey, what am I, chopped liver?” she demanded, then stammered when Cas kissed her on the cheek as well.

“Thank you, Charlie.”

“Hey Charles, could you make a note to dig out the eggplant? We're not going to eat it, and Sam has more than enough.”

“What about when we have Sam and Gabe over though? Shouldn't we be able to make something for him?”

“You're going to spoil my brother, Alpha. Alright, fine. We'll keep the eggplant for this year, but seriously, I'm not touching it. I'll make a sandwich instead.”

“What about the kale? I know he loves that…” Cas asked hesitantly, but Dean smiled.

“He's stuck with greenhouse variety for now, that doesn't get planted til August. Harvest isn't until October. Now, we can plant a few so he can have kale chips or whatever, but it won't be for pool season.”

“Nah, he can bring his own if that's the case. I thought we had some already. What's this then?” Cas asked, pointing.

“Chard. It's about done for the season, too.”
They moved about the garden, Dean pointing out plants that were thriving versus those which were suffering. *Too shady, the taller plants are blocking the sun.* Charlie moved behind them, sketching out the garden on her tablet and adjusting locations for the plants that needed to be moved, or where to seed the following year. Dean moved methodically through the garden and occasionally snapped off a bean or tomato to eat raw, licking his fingers and grinning. Cas shook his head at his mate, his smile affectionate.

Time passed quickly, and soon Cas jogged back to the house to get the lasagna cooking.

“You want to stay for dinner? Is Jo working tonight?” Dean asked and Charlie grinned.

“You’re making yourself right at home, inviting people over without even talking to your mate about it.”

“He’s my mate, not my parent,” Dean protested, but Charlie laughed at him.

“Of course not, but courtesy Dean. He made you this meal, check if he minds. Betcha he doesn’t, but this is a new relationship. Keep talking to each other! And besides, Jo’s off work at four, so she probably has something in mind for dinner.”

“Come on, Charlie, I’ll check with Cas, then you text Jo. Give her the address and tell her to be here for 5 or 5:30. Gives her enough time to get home and shower or change. I know she hates smelling like smoke and booze.” Dean hauled her back to the house, and she excused herself to use the washroom.

“Alpha, I have a question for you,” Dean said as he sauntered into the kitchen and wondered if something was wrong as Cas froze.

“Yes, Omega?” he asked, his voice neutral.

“Cas, what’s up?” Dean hesitated, uncertain at the odd greeting.

“You rarely call me Alpha when we aren’t intimate or already speaking of our secondary genders. I’m wondering why you are now,” Cas explained.
“Oh, I guess you're right. Charlie got me thinking about being respectful of our relationship, and--”

“Woah, woah. Slow down. What's this about, Dean? Charlie said you don't respect me?” Cas was getting upset and Dean hurried to reassure him.

“No! No, nothing like that. Ugh, I'm messing up this communication thing. I asked her to stay for dinner, she told me that the courteous thing would be to check with you, because of course this is your home too. And I guess she's right, but it didn't occur to me that you might be upset about it. Shit, I told her it'd be fine and to text Jo to come over too so she doesn't have to figure out dinner after working til four, I should tell her to--”

He was cut off by a kiss, a passionate, tender kiss that stole his breath, leaving him reeling when Cas pulled back, his eyes dancing with amusement.

“I would love to have them here for dinner. And there's more than enough for all. I've actually made a second pan, so we can send it with them for Gabe and Sam. If they don't want it tonight, they can stuff it in the fridge until tomorrow or freeze it. Wanna start washing the romaine for the salad? Oh! Wait!” Cas snapped his fingers, as though remembering something. “I bought you something, it's in the bag on the stool over there.”

Dean looked and saw an opaque bag from the Omega Shoppe. His curiosity piqued, he wandered over and looked inside. Emerald green fabric was folded inside with a sheen that could only be satin. He pulled them out and found himself looking at a lovely pair of boyshort panties with peekaboo panels at each hip. He ran his hands over the soft fabric and realised they were thicker than he was used to.

“They're lined with bamboo cotton, meant for an Omega's heats. But I didn't think you'd mind,” Cas explained, his expression a cross between flirtatious and sheepish. “Given the way you've complained about your jeans getting damp…”

Dean dropped them back into the bag and pulled Cas in for a toe-curling kiss. “I love you, Cas. Excuse me, I'm going to go see how they fit.”

“Wait, you're putting them on now while we have company?” Cas’ voice cracked slightly, like he didn't know whether to whimper or growl.

“Mmmm. Makes up for the pair you ripped off me last night.”
“Gah! I don't know what Cas ripped off you yesterday and I don't want to know!” Charlie shrieked as she crossed to the kitchen.

Dean all but ran from the room, prompting a growl from Cas that had Charlie freezing in place. He laughed as he darted into their room, hearing Cas stammering over an apology for his poor manners. He stripped off his jeans and panties and slid the new boyshorts up his legs, shivering in sensual pleasure at the soft fabric against his skin. He hauled on a new pair of jeans, ones that hugged his ass just right, and grabbed a new t-shirt, one of Cas’. He ducked into the bathroom to freshen up; the hours working on Cas’ car, plus the time in the garden in the sun had taken their toll.

When he wandered back into the kitchen, he saw Cas’ pupils widen in arousal at seeing his Omega in one of his shirts, and Charlie groaned.

“Guys, it's your place, but if you want Jo and I to stay for dinner? Ya gotta cut it out! I'm mincing garlic here and I can't smell it over you two!”

“Me?” Dean demanded, with an innocent smile that neither Cas nor Charlie bought for a heartbeat. “All I did was get changed and freshen up! I spent all morning under a car and the afternoon poking around in the dirt. You'd think you'd be grateful I tidied up a bit before making the garlic bread.”

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Cas felt a flash of irritated amusement for his Omega and flicked a tea towel at Dean's ass, grinning as he yelped. Dean turned to Charlie, his eyes wide and his lower lip sticking out in a pout. “See the abuse I'm suffering here?”

Charlie snorted, rolling her eyes. “Yeah, those doubled mating bites say you're hating every minute of it. That and the entire house smells so domestic it's crazy. I'm head over heels for Jo, but I'm sure our place doesn't have this kind of feel to it. Especially after, what, two days together?”

“Technically speaking, it would be a day and a half since we discovered we were True Mates,” Cas pointed out absently, tossing day old bread cubes in olive oil and herbs before laying them out on a tray and sliding them into the oven.

“Alright, croutons are in. It's 4:30 already? Dean, I was thinking we could eat on the deck. Jo is going to see that bruise, and if she hasn’t heard everything from her parents, she'll want to know
about it. Let's just beat it to the punch and eat outside so nobody chokes anyone else.”

Dean grabbed a cloth and wandered outside, and Charlie grinned to see him wiping off the table and checking the chairs.

“Cas,” she said softly, not wanting to alert her best friend, “can I just say thank you? He's my bestie, closest thing I have to a brother, and I have never seen him so content.”

“Charlie, you telling my mate lies about me?” Dean asked as he re-entered the kitchen.

“Hilarious, Dean,” Charlie commented without looking up from her cutting board. “Ooh, didja get berries while you were out there? I saw the raspberry bushes, but Cas has blueberries, too? They smell amazing!”

Dean met Cas’ eyes with an amazed grin and Cas scooped him up, twirling him around the kitchen. “Omega-mine, that's three Omegas and your mate! I'd say it's official!” Cas let Dean slide down to stand on his own, then captured his lips gently.

Dean grinned up at him, his eyes shining with tears, but his scent was ecstatic. “Four. Four Omegas, my Alpha. I can smell them too.”

“That's the pups I'm smelling?! OMG, that's amazing! And after two days?” Charlie was bouncing in place, her smile lighting up her face. “OMG, I wonder if a test would work yet? They're based on hormone levels, and those climb way faster with twins than with a single pup. Oooh, this is so exciting! I gotta go out and get a test for you… What are the odds it'll work so fast?”

“Charlie, slow down. It'll show positive when it does, but I'm not going to stress about it,” Dean told her, then grinned. “Besides, like Cas said, it’s been a day and a half. I think even this crazy situation would be pushing it if I tested this early and it showed positive!”

“Uh huh, if you say so,” she murmured, typing absently on her phone.

“What're you up to?” Dean demanded, trying to see her screen while she pulled it away and dodged.
“I'm flirting with my mate, do you mind? She'll be here in about twenty minutes, just so you know. She's stopping for a bottle of red wine so we can celebrate.”

“Oh, thanks!” Dean said sarcastically.

“Love, Missouri said one a week was fine. Want a glass of wine with us, or a good craft beer?” Cas asked with a smile, knowing he was tempting his mate.

“I'll have the wine, the beer can be at the BBQ next weekend. By the way, Charles, next weekend, bring your swimsuit for the hot tub. Cas, were we thinking Saturday or Sunday?”

“Sunday, bar is closed except for inventory and stock.”

“Is that why Jimmy isn't here? I thought he said he'd be around for the garden work,” Dean asked as he carefully sliced a large baguette in half lengthwise. He slathered each half with a mixture of butter, garlic, and parsley, and put them together to wrap them in foil. He tossed it into the second oven and pulled the croutons.

“Almost lost these, babe,” he said, dumping them from the baking sheet to a serving tray to keep them from cooking further.

A knock prevented Cas from answering, and he headed to the door. Opening it, he found the blonde tornado that was Jo, and she swept into the house and looked around curiously.

“Thanks for havin' us, now what's this 'bout news? Already know 'bout the twins, and if Missouri said so, it's fact,” she declared as she greeted her mate with a peck on the cheek. Charlie started bouncing again and told her mate that she could smell the pups, too. Jo grinned at her, flashing dimples.

“Well, that's great then! Be nice to have some littles runnin’ around. Now Dean--” She turned to face him, and Cas saw the moment she noticed the bruise on Dean’s jaw. He winced as her voice raised. “--fucking Winchester, who the fuck hit you?”

“Why couldn't Ma have told you about this and left me to share the news about the twins?” Dean whined, though Cas knew his mate would never admit to it. “Want a beer, Jo?”
“I feel like I’m gonna need one. Alright, let me see this yard I keep hearin’ about. And Charlie said we’re having a barbecue next Sunday?”

“Yep. Hot tub included! Come on. I wanna head ‘round the side and check out the set up. Haven’t had a look at that yet.”

“Dean Winchester hasn’t looked at the grill yet? You feelin’ alright?” Jo teased, and Dean grinned at Cas, his green eyes warm.

“Never ever better.”

“Ugh, I see whatcha mean, Red. They’re awful. Just glad they ain’t livin’ next door… The two we have are bad enough. All hours, too. Things I did not need to know about Sam, let me tell you.”

“Please don’t, I don’t wanna know!” Dean protested, leading Jo outside and leaving Charlie and Cas in the kitchen.

Cas was chuckling softly to himself as he pulled the lasagna from the oven and pulled the foil from the top. He sprinkled more cheese over it before putting it back in the oven to finish. He was washing his hands when Charlie hip-checked him lightly.

“What’s so funny?” she asked, though her eyes were dancing with amusement as well.

“Those two. Reminds me of my sister Anna, and well, any of us. We love her to pieces, but man, she needles all of us constantly. Always knows exactly how to get under our skin. So I’m laughing because Dean has said that Jo is like a little sister to him, and I just saw how true that is.”

Charlie laughed along with him and when the timer dinged, Cas pulled the lasagna and the garlic bread from the ovens. Charlie finished making the caesar salad while Cas sliced the garlic bread. He opened the wine to let it breathe a few minutes while the lasagna sat and set up just long enough to slice properly. Cas stuck his head out the window and shouted for Dean and Jo. “Omega! Get that cute ass in here, and bring your sister!”

**
Dean and Jo were drooling over the outdoor grill set-up when they heard Cas bellow.

“Is that how he talks to you?” Jo demanded, still on edge about the bruise, apparently. Dean rolled his eyes.

“I just so happen to have a great ass and sounds like food is ready. So unless you don't want the homemade lasagna he made…?”

“Shaddup. When are ya gonna tell me anyway?” she demanded, smacking him on one arm.

Apparently his pregnancy earned him a bit of leniency from his sister, normally when she was irritated with him she punched him instead of a mere backhand. The irony was not lost on him.

“After we have dinner. I don't wanna turn everyone's stomachs before we eat. We'll go for a walk to the lake.”

“There's a lake?” Jo asked as they reached the deck, turning to look out over the yard as though it would suddenly reveal the water.

Dean and Cas shared an intimate look, then Cas replied, his voice a bit lower than usual, “There is. The sunset is quite lovely over the water.”

“That's it, downwind you two. True Mates, I swear. Sure we have to keep them?” Charlie asked her mate, who grinned at her and shrugged as they sat.

“Mom'd get pissed,” she explained as she accepted a plate from Cas, eyeing the steaming lasagna with a covetous gleam.

“Not your dad though?” Cas asked with a grin.

Dean nudged him with an elbow and gave a dramatic shiver. “I know you met them both. More than once now. Of the two, who is scarier? Bobby or Ma?”
Cas opened his mouth to answer, then frowned slightly, his brow furrowing. “I get your point.”

“One of these days I'm gonna repeat all this to Mom,” Jo threatened.

Charlie snorted with laughter as she had some of her wine. “No you won't, babe. No tattling on your sibs. That's been the rule longer than I've known you, and that's more than ten years now.”

Dean had his first taste of the lasagna and his eyes nearly rolled back in his head. “Alpha, have I told you I love you? This is awesome!”

Cas grinned, but his cheekbones were tinted pink. Dean set his fork down and reached over to brush a calloused thumb down Cas’ jaw. The smile Cas sent him was almost shy, but his scent was full of pleased Alpha.

“We ain't gonna need dessert, given how sweet these two are,” Jo commented, but there was no bite to her tone. She smiled happily before taking a bite of her own. “Mmmm, gawddamn, Cas, this is amazing! You ever decide to leave Dean, Charlie and I will adopt ya, deal?”

“Traitor. No burgers for you,” Dean mumbled around a mouthful of food.

“Ooh, almost worth it,” Charlie teased. “Guess you two will have to stay blissfully happy so we can keep both of you around to cook.”

A contented quiet fell over the table, the only sounds that of forks scraping over plates, and chewing, along with the occasional happy sigh. Eventually the plates were empty, and though Cas offered more, they agreed to head for their walk first.

This time, the walk was leisurely, but Dean couldn't help but take Cas’ hand and stroke his thumb over his knuckles. Cas leaned in for a gentle kiss and Dean found himself purring softly, one hand resting on his stomach.

They practically sauntered through the woods, taking nearly twenty minutes to get to the lake. Cas carefully led them to a spot some distance from their encounter the night before, and Dean was glad. Somehow it felt private, despite it being outdoors for anyone in the area to see.
They sat on the grass and Dean pillowed his head on Cas’ legs, closing his eyes for a moment as his mate combed his fingers through his hair. His low purring intensified and he lost himself to the sensations.

**

Cas glanced down, realizing Dean was on the verge of sleep and smiled softly. He looked back to Jo and Charlie who were cuddled up just a couple feet away. He sighed and quietly told Jo about the encounter at the grocers, the police interviews, and the young Omega. Jo started to growl and Charlie pulled her close to scent her neck until she calmed. Dean had stirred briefly at the threatening sound, but Cas laid his wrist under Dean's nose and kept stroking his hair with the other hand, watching as he quickly settled back to his purring half-doze.

“Sorry,” Jo muttered, her expression livid but her scent under control. Cas quickly explained the charges that were coming to bear against Adler: the minimum fine, the jail time because Dean was pregnant, plus all the charges because of his rape of Alex.

“I have a feeling he's been preventing her from going to school, too, which is also illegal. Sheriff Mills and Deputy Hanscum seemed to have an idea how best to take care of her and were taking her to the hospital to get checked out when we left.”

A silence fell over the two couples, broken only by the contented purring of the sleeping Omega. Cas looked down at his mate and felt such a surge of love it nearly brought him to tears.

“You're going to keep him safe.” Cas met Jo's dark brown eyes and knew that was no request. He took Dean's hand in his own and kissed his knuckles as he looked over the beloved features, thinking about anyone, anyone laying a hand on Dean, and growled softly. When he looked back at Jo, he knew his fangs had dropped and his vision was tinged red with Alpha protectiveness. He felt that odd tingle in his hands and held one up to watch the transformation. It was eerie, but not uncomfortable; the nails thickened, darkened to opacity, and drew to sharp claws.

Jo and Charlie sat motionless, but he saw how Jo held her Omega a little tighter, fighting the urge to protect her but not wanting to draw a predator's gaze. Cas looked at them calmly, his wolf staring out of his eyes as he held up one clawed hand, the other still stroking over Dean's hair as gently as ever.

“No one will hurt him. Ever.”
It was Charlie who leaned forward, her eyes flashing, her scent full of a protective Omega's wrath. “Good. Anyone tries to hurt our brother, tear them limb from limb with no mercy,” she ordered him, glancing at Dean's peacefully sleeping form.

Cas looked at the feisty Omega before him and grinned, flashing his fangs.

“I promise.”

Chapter End Notes

much love to my beta, Dani, as always!
Dean wakes back at home in their nest, and discovers his mate, Charlie and Jo in the living room, chatting. Cas shows Dean his newfound control over changing his hands. Jo and Charlie leave, and things heat up between the Mates.

***Dean leads Cas on a chase into the woods, where both mates shift fully before mating and trading bites.

They return to the house and shift back to human, sending Dean into a panic. What about the pups?

Hey folks, sorry for the delay on this, had some difficulties today. All is well!

Please, note the new tags. We have shifting, we do NOT have bestiality, nor will we. Both partners as human, or both as wolves, never one of each.

Many thanks to my beta, Dani.

Dean stirred as Cas picked him up bridal style, but nestled against his mate's throat, the scent of fierce protectiveness and love surrounding him, he quickly slipped back to sleep. He heard his Alpha's voice speaking in a low rumble to someone, but he was safe, their pups were safe. He purred to them as his wolf insistently dragged him under and his mate tucked him into their nest.

He woke an hour later to the soft murmur of voices coming from the living room. He got up and stretched before wandering out barefoot. Cas patted the couch next to him, then stood and disappeared into the kitchen, returning with a glass of lemonade with berries floating in it. Dean grinned and raised his glass to his mate, then clinked glasses with Charlie and Jo.

Cas had set out cheese and crackers, and the four sat and munched while they talked, keeping the conversation light. Once Dean started to mention his bruise, not really remembering if it had been fully explained yet thanks to his impromptu nap, Charlie cut him off and patted his hand, exuding protective Omega from every pore.

“Cas covered it all,” she soothed, giving him a wink. Beside her, Jo nodded, her face giving away just what she thought about the situation. Charlie threw an arm around Jo’s shoulders and looked up.
“Hey Cas, gonna show off your parlour trick?” she asked, her eyes full of delighted mischief.

“Cas,” Dean said cautiously, not really trusting Charlie when she was like this, “what is she talking about?”

Cas lifted a hand casually and focused on it, a small frown of concentration creasing his forehead. Dean's eyes widened as Cas' fingertips shifted slowly to claws.

“Sonofabitch…” he breathed softly and took Cas' hand in his. “How did you do that? So far, it’s only happened when I’ve been threatened, or when--” He broke off, blushing slightly as he remembered when both their hands shifted. He glanced at his mate and Cas simply winked at him.

“To be fair, we were discussing my desire to keep you and the pups safe when I realised I could change them at will.”

A growl escaped Dean and he tamped it down. “No one is touching our pups,” he said firmly. “Anyone even tries to hurt them, or you, and I'll kill them.”

“Don't look now Dean, but your wolf is showing.” Charlie's tone was teasing, but when Dean glanced at his hands, he found she was right. His fingers had shifted and he could feel his fangs had descended. He breathed deeply, deliberately seeking out the scent of his pups, and watched as his fingers returned to normal.

“Huh. Ya know, if we can figure this out? We’ll have amazing Halloween costumes, Cas.”

“Smartass. You know you'll be showing by then, right? Especially with twins. That's basically the halfway mark.”

“Speaking of…” Dean said, suddenly distracted, “we'll have to figure out where to put the cribs. Our bedroom is big enough, but do we want that? We could convert the office in the next room and get baby monitors.”

Charlie jumped up and ran to check out the spaces, barging into the office without a care. Dean simply rolled his eyes and shouted after her, “Look at the shower while you're in there! And take measurements of the master, wouldja?”
She reappeared a minute later with a sly grin, and Dean braced himself for whatever she’d come up with. “Oh, I can take measurements of the master, I just don't know which one of you that is.” She winked at Dean and he grinned, shrugging.

“Not me, and I have no trouble admitting it. I labelled him as bossy the first night!” Dean smirked over at his lover who was giving him a look, one eyebrow raised that sent shivers down his spine. “See what I mean?”

“Alright, too much testosterone in here. I gotta open tomorrow since Sam's off for Gabriel's heat, so I’ll see you tomorrow, Bossman,” Charlie said with an eyeroll, reaching down for Jo’s hand to pull her to her feet. “Cas, thanks for the amazing meal. And your place is amazing. We're invading for a movie night in that home theater, you know. Wasn't sure if Dean told you. And we're so having a game night on that screen. I hadn't told Dean that yet, but he's not an idiot.”

“I have Monopoly,” Cas asked seriously, his brow furrowed, “but why does that require a screen?”

Charlie stared at him a moment then shook her head in mock despair. “I'll let Dean explain that one. You said you had a second lasagna for us to take to Sam and Gabe?”

“Yes, of course. It's in the fridge. I'll get it.” Cas stood gracefully and strode into the kitchen, where Dean watched in appreciation as he bent to remove the second foil-wrapped pan from the refrigerator.

_Gods bless open concept living areas_, he thought to himself, admiring his Alpha's ass.

Jo gagged and he whipped his head around to face her. “Shut up. I've had to watch you and Charlie since _high school_. Besides, he's gorgeous. I'm allowed to gloat and ogle.”

Cas dropped a kiss on the top of his head gently and stroked his fingers through Dean's hair. “Thank you, and by all means, ogle away. But I get to do the same,” Cas murmured against his ear, and Dean shivered lightly at the promise in his mate's voice.

They saw Charlie and Jo to the door, waving as the two women piled into Jo's beat up old Jeep.
“You were just shitting with Charlie about Monopoly, right? Tell me you've played console games,” Dean asked as they stepped back and shut the front door.

“You obviously didn't open the cupboards down there.” Cas grinned with a wink. “I am the Rainbow Road champion.”

Dean threw his head back in laughter, and arm in arm, they walked back to the kitchen. Cas broke away from him for only a moment as they passed the living room, stopping to put a record on before returning to Dean's side. Dean grinned as an AC/DC guitar riff poured out of the speakers, and when the vocals started, he was singing along, using a serving spoon as a mic.

“She was a fast machine, she kept her motor clean…” he sang, bopping to the music. Cas grinned and pulled him close for a kiss, slotting one muscular thigh between Dean's legs, grinding against him in time to the music.

Dean grinned as he sang the next lines, his eyes twinkling with mischief as his hands roved over his lover. “Had the sightless eyes, tellin' me no lies, knockin' me out with those American thighs!”

Cas’ throaty chuckle went straight down his spine as he nibbled on Dean's earlobe, and murmured for him to continue, though he was somewhat more breathless than before.

“... had me fighting for air, you told me to come but I was already there. The walls were shaking, the earth was quaking, my mind was aching, and we were making it, and you…”

Dean didn't get a chance to sing the next lines, as Cas lifted him into his arms. He wrapped his legs around Cas’ waist in response, their lips locked together as Cas carried him to their bedroom, setting him on the bed and crawling over him.

“The leftovers…” Dean protested.

“Later!” Cas growled, then invaded his mouth again, drawing a whimper and a gush of slick from him. Dean could tell the moment the scent reached Cas’ nostrils; he froze for a moment, then groaned before tearing his own shirt from his body and reaching for the hem of Dean’s. Dean's hands were just as busy at Cas’ belt, quickly undoing his fly and slipping his hand inside to find his lover already hard.
“Dean, what you do to me. Wearing my shirt like that, knowing you're in the panties I bought for you that match your eyes... you've been driving me crazy all evening. You think I couldn't feel your eyes on me when I was in the kitchen?” He thrust lightly against Dean's palm, and then was pulling back to slide down the bed, undoing his Omega's jeans and pulling them down his legs. The emerald boyshorts were straining over Dean's cock, the lace panels hinting at his hip bones and the satin cupping him perfectly, showing the thick vein up the underside of his cock, the ridge of the head. Cas licked his lips and his eyes met Dean's.

“I can't figure out how to fuck you while you’re still wearing these, but damn I want to...” He growled and the scent of slick strengthened.

“Fuck, Cas, I want you in me, Alpha. I have an idea for another time, but for now... Please, Alpha, fuck me, take me, come on!”

**

Cas needed no further encouragement. He pulled the satin and lace panties down Dean's legs, nearly overwhelmed by the scent of his Omega's slick. Cas didn't hesitate; he dove between Dean's legs, lapping and sucking at his hole, drinking in the slick the poured from him as he cried out at the feeling of his Alpha's tongue against him, inside him.

“Oh, fuck, Cas, what are you -- oh fuck!” Dean babbled, his body quickly overloaded with stimulation as Cas thrust his tongue into his hole over and over. The Alpha shifted and pressed a finger in alongside his tongue, unerringly finding his mate’s prostate. Dean cried out above him and ground down against his hand. Cas quickly slid a second finger into him, moving up to lick gently at his sac. He buried his face against the base of Dean's cock, mouthing at the thick shaft, the wiry hair brushing his nose. His fingers were sliding easily now, and he added a third, crooking them and teasing over that bundle of nerves that would drive his Omega crazy.

Dean whimpered and thrashed on the bed above him, his cock twitching and dripping precome as Cas ramped him higher and higher. When Dean reached for his own cock, though, Cas captured his hand, pressing it to the mattress.

“No, my Omega. Not yet.”

“Alphaaaaa,” Dean pleaded for contact, for more pressure, for something. Cas removed his fingers and Dean whined, his hole clenching on nothing as he leaked slick in a flood.
Cas dropped to tease at his hole again, lapping over his balls on the way down, circling his hole and then spearing his tongue into it. He tongue-fucked him mercilessly, until Dean was wailing, then withdrew to suck at his hole, flicking his tongue over the overstimulated rim in feather-light passes. He glanced up at Dean and smirked when he saw his lover watching him, absolutely wrecked. Cas cocked an eyebrow at him imperiously and Dean shuddered hard enough that Cas clamped a hand around the base of his cock, just to be on the safe side. The wild-eyed stare Dean gave him, his throat working as he struggled for words, hinted that his timing was impeccable. He waited a minute, then slowly released Dean's cock, and gave gentle licks to his rim before turning his head to suck at his inner thigh.

Dean bucked hard, but Cas had anticipated it and simply rode him back down to the mattress. He clamped his hands down on Dean's hips, pinning him in place. Dean gasped his name, murmuring pleas as he hid his face behind one arm thrown over his eyes.

“Let me see you, Dean. I want to see your expression as I take you apart.”

Dean's arm fell away to the side and he stared wide-eyed at Cas, his green eyes nearly swallowed by black pupil and a gold Omega rim. Cas growled against his hip, then stalked his way up Dean's body, his heavy cock brushing against Dean's thigh, his hip, then settling hot against Dean's. He claimed his mate's lips and Dean wrapped his arms and legs desperately around his Alpha, moaning into the kiss. His fingers were tugging at Cas’ hair, and he was rutting against Cas frantically, dripping precome steadily, creating a slick glide, the head of his cock catching against Cas’.

“Easy, lover. Slow down, my Omega. I'll take care of you. Now tell me, tell me what you want, Dean.”

“Alpha, please!” he begged, but Cas raised his hips out of range and Dean whimpered at the loss of contact.

“Tell me, Omega,” Cas ordered, a bit of his wolf coming through in a growl, his eyes flashing red.

Dean shuddered, his wolf whining and presenting to his Alpha. Dean was pinned, he couldn't follow suit, but he bared his throat and still under the dominant Alpha.

Cas groaned, fighting the instinct to mark his lover. If he tasted him that way now, he would lose control and pop his knot. And that wasn't happening until he was inside his mate again. Instead, he licked a stripe from Dean's collarbone, up his neck, to the sensitive spot just behind his ear. Dean whined again, but stayed still underneath him, pliant and submissive. Cas’ inner Alpha was urging him to take his mate, but Cas wanted his answer.
“Tell me, my love.”

“Angel, I want you,” Dean murmured, meeting his gaze, his eyes fully gold ringing the black. “I
want you inside me, I want you to mark me with your teeth, and I want you to mount me. I want to
present for you, then I want you to fill me with your cock, with your come. I want to come on your
cock, screaming your name. And I want you to shift, I want those claws against my hips again. I
want you to lose control, to fuck me hard and long, and I want you howling so loudly people across
town can hear you. I want you to bite me, bleed me, claim me every way you can.”

Cas stilled over his Omega, his fangs fully descended, and he struggled with himself and with his
wolf.

For the first time in his life, he deliberately reached for his wolf, and the Alpha responded. This was
their mate, Omega, mother to their pups. They would never allow harm to come to them.

And Cas let go.

**

Dean saw the moment it happened and it sent a thrill down his spine. His Omega let out a howl of
triumph, surging forward in his mind, intent on leading his Alpha on a chase. For the first time, Dean
could see Cas’ wolf in his mind’s eye, an enormous black-furred beast, with cerulean eyes that were
both familiar and utterly alien.

Dean hadn't merged with his wolf fully since he was a teen, one of the few things his father had
managed to teach them well before he died. But he realized now that his wolf had always held
something back.

Not this time. It swept forward like a tsunami, wiping away his humanity, leaving only instinct. He
flung his Alpha away and bolted for the door, running through the house and then out into the woods
for the second night in a row. This time, his Alpha was hot on his heels, herding him, chasing and
leading him where he wanted him to go with snarled commands. Dean knew Cas was as far gone as
he was, but he felt no fear, only exultation. This is how they were meant to be, Alpha and Omega,
and this was their time.

At first he thought they were headed to the lake again, but instead, Cas chased him to a creek leading
away. They followed it, teasing each other with puppyish energy, until they reached an ancient willow, its boughs heavy over the water. It had shaded the ground underneath enough that little grew below it, just grass and moss.

And there Dean allowed his Alpha to catch him. He dropped to a crouch, his hands, his claws, digging into the loam, a liquid pain running down his spine like a lightning bolt, there and gone again. When he turned his head, panting for breath, he saw. He'd shifted, Cas had shifted.

The giant black wolf with the intense blue eyes stared at him, and Dean whined at him, pleading. Cas, because it was still Cas, stalked forward and nuzzled at him, his tongue curling around Dean’s muzzle instinctively. The Omega submitted again to the Alpha.

His Alpha nudged him with his muzzle and Dean sank to his haunches with a bark, his tail wagging briefly before curling to the side. He felt his Alpha's tongue lap over his hole for the first time and whined again, shifting his stance to raise his hindquarters. His Alpha had buried his snout against his hole, lapping at the slick still pouring from him, and the Omega was quickly reduced to whines and quiet yips.

All too soon, not soon enough, the Alpha barked another command and the Omega shifted slightly. His Alpha climbed over him, licking at his ear, nuzzling at his scent gland. The Omega shivered in anticipation, wanting, waiting to be claimed by his mate. His Alpha didn't keep him waiting long.

Despite the prep earlier and his mate's tongue lapping over him since they shifted, the Omega felt impossibly tight as his Alpha slid into him. The Alpha's knot swelled almost instantly, locking them together, and his Alpha thrust into him in quick, hard movements. Soon the Omega was whining as his release approached, his claws flexing and digging at the earth as he fought to keep from being pushed forward. His mate curled further over him, and suddenly the Omega was howling, his release spilling onto the ground. There was a flash of pain as his mate bit down on his scent gland, but it was quickly swept away in a euphoric wave. His Alpha stretched his neck forward, and gave him access to his scent gland in return. The Omega waited as his Alpha continued to thrust, until he felt that hesitation, followed by a rumbling growl and the snap of his hips flying forward. His Alpha came with a glorious howl, his cock swelling and spurting into him, and the Omega -- Dean, my name is Dean -- bit into his Alpha's -- Cas' -- scent gland.

Awareness flooded Dean as they carefully settled to the ground and Cas gently lapped at his newest bite mark. They made themselves as comfortable as possible while knotted and in unfamiliar forms, but as Cas wrapped his tail around Dean for warmth, he found himself letting loose a low rumble, as close to his contented purr as a wolf could manage.

He could sense Cas’ turmoil and he flicked an ear at him instinctively.
Relax, angel. It's still us.

He yelped as Cas startled, tugging on the knot slightly, then his Alpha was sniffing at his neck and Dean knew what he was trying to convey.

 Omega-mine, are you hurt?

No, Alpha, I'm more than happy, he replied the same way. He gave a huge yawn and flicked his own tail over his nose, his head resting on his paws. They dozed together until Cas' knot deflated and he slipped loose. Dean whined at the loss, then yipped as his Alpha's tongue lapped over his hole, cleaning away the evidence of their mating.

Safer, my mate.

I doubt there are many predators here, Dean conveyed with amusement.

I will accept no risk to you or our pups. His Alpha was adorable when he was so earnest, and Dean spun around and knocked into him. He sent the Alpha tumbling, instigating a wrestling match that turned into another chase, this one full of nips and playful dodges as they made their way back toward the house. They stopped at the edge of the woods and Dean quirked an ear at Cas.

Hmmm. Do you understand? Do you know how to reclaim your humanity?

Cas was motionless for a long while, then turned to Dean with his tongue hanging out in a lolling wolffish smile. He darted for the house and went rolling on the plush lawn, scratching his back playfully. He turned back to face Dean who was following a bit more sedately.

Did you close the door? You won't manage it without hands, angel, Dean teased and turned his focus inward. He greeted his wolf, who was tired and ecstatic, and saw the bite in his mind's eye that hadn't marred the wolf's throat previously. His inner Omega nodded, content to rest.

Dean felt that zing of pain again, but it happened so quickly it barely registered. As he stood, he unconsciously stroked his hand over his stomach, and then he froze.
He felt Cas’ hand on his shoulder, but scarcely noticed in his panic. “Dean. Dean! I'm certain they’re fine. Calm down and let's get inside. Just as well we’re in the middle of nowhere here, we would have a lot of trouble if there were close neighbours. Dean? Sweetheart?”

Dean heard Cas distantly, but in his panicked state, all he could think was he had harmed their pups by shifting.

Chapter End Notes

Yell at me in the comments, or come yell at me on tumblr, imbiwaresbitch.

Song is Shook Me All Night Long by AC/DC. Credit where it's due.
A car door slammed and Cas moved between Dean and the paved stones leading to the steps up the hill beside the house. He was fearsome in the light from the deck, his eyes red, a snarl curling his lips, and his hands were once again weapons, claws glinting dangerously. That he was naked detracted from the threat he made not at all. A familiar voice chimed out, scolding and calming at the same time.

“You just put those away and get your mate inside, child! I know it's summer and on another day I might just let you stand there showing off everything the gods blessed you with. But now we need to take care of Dean.”

“Missouri?” Cas asked, his voice deeper, gruffer than usual.

“Put your voice back where it belongs, boy, and get those claws put away before you hurt yourself again. Now I know what brought me here at this hour, so let's get a move on. Dean's terrified, you need to reach him. But first he needs to be warm.”

Cas let his hands reemerge. He scooped Dean into his arms, rumbling safety and home to his mate, and pressed Dean's face to his throat as he carried him to the house. He took the stairs up to the deck two at a time and managed to get Dean inside and bundled into their nest by the time Missouri appeared with a mug of lemon tea. Cas sniffed and could smell his favourite lavender honey, as well as brandy. His eyebrows flew up, and Missouri just shook her head.

“Shifting burned off the glass of wine, this is still just one for today. Besides, haven't you ever heard
“Missouri, not that I'm not grateful, but how did you know to come here?” Cas asked hesitantly, rubbing Dean’s hands between his own, then simply picking his Omega up and depositing him in his lap, wrapping his arms around the larger man to share body heat.

“Now Dean, you're in your nest, you're safe, and the pups are fine. Your mate is here, come on out now,” Missouri cajoled, and gestured to Cas to speak.

“Dean, I'm here, Omega-mine. I swore to Charlie and Jo that I wouldn't let anything hurt you or the pups, don't be making a liar of me. I'm not sure which of the two is scarier. Jo comes across as more prone to violence, maybe it's the Alpha in her. But Charlie? Her love for you makes her terrifying.” He pulled a blanket up around his Mate and tucked it close even as he continued to speak. “Missouri is here. And she says everything is fine, that our pups are safe. If you want to argue with her, you'll have to do it yourself, I don't know her well enough yet to try. Come on. I need you to let me know you can hear me, Dean. Dean, I need you, please Omega-mine. Come back to me.”

“Cas?” Dean's voice was full of gravel, and he was incredibly pale, making his freckles stand out, but his eyes were focused on Cas’ face. Cas thought those green eyes were the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen.

“Hello, Dean. You had me worried,” Cas told him softly.

“Hey Cas. So you called Missouri?” Dean asked, self-consciously pulling a blanket tighter around his nudity.

“Of course not, child, you needed me so I'm here. And don't be body shy now, you and your mate gave a beautiful show when I got here. Besides, I'm your midwife, I'll be seeing your bits and bobs more often than you might like.” Dean felt his cheeks flush as she pointedly glanced at him, then handed him his mug, the one with the zombie, he noticed in bemusement. "Now you drink this up, child, just a little pick me up and soothe you down to help you get some real rest tonight. And that Alpha of yours is keeping his hands to himself tonight, so don't you try to start something before sunrise or I will whack you with a spoon. Dean, no work tomorrow, you take another day off." She waved a stern finger at him as she continued, "and when your mate wants to stay, don't argue that you're fine. He needs to be here with you. Yes, you can shift whenever you like, up until the fifth month. You call if you need anything, and I'll see you on Thursday at the clinic, third floor of the hospital.”

“Thursday’s no good, we get our shipment in that day,” Dean argued, bemused.
“The delivery will be Friday this week, Charlie will let you know tomorrow. Now, remember for Thursday, her bark is worse than her bite. Call your brother, Dean Winchester, he's left you a voicemail three hours ago! And Castiel, baby, it'll be hard, but try to forgive him. It'll work out.”

Missouri turned to go, then turned back with a smile. She kissed each of them gently on the forehead, and her eyes flashed gold. “Welcome to the pack.”

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Dean stared after her from the comfort of Cas’ arms, then turned to look at his mate.

“Did that really happen?” he asked softly, questing inward for his wolf. The sandy-furred Omega was sleeping soundly, only an ear twitch acknowledging his attention. Clearly his wolf had no concerns. He could also see the mating bite, fresh where the wolf’s shoulder and throat met. Looking outward again he smiled up at his mate, and he felt more than heard him let out a sigh of relief.

“Considering you have a new scar, right here…” and Dean shivered as Cas traced a gentle finger over a spot on his throat opposite his scent gland. He thought back to earlier that night, and yes, he’d bitten Cas on the opposite side as well, as a wolf. He glanced down at Cas’ throat, and sure enough, a silvery scar was there, larger than the one on the other side. Cas tilted his chin up, and his eyes widened.

“Did Sheriff Mills take pictures of your bruises when we were at the station? Because they're almost gone. Not completely. But yellowed, not purple anymore.”

“Angel, give me your hands,” Dean asked softly, hesitant. He turned his hands over to see the palms, and found only new, pale pink scars, where earlier that day he’d had punctures. “Cas, you healed faster too.”

“I need a drink. I'll be right back, baby, I need to grab my laptop. It's late, but my dad may still be awake. He's in Oregon, so it's not unbearably late.”

“Why not just call him?” Dean asked, following Cas with a blanket around his shoulders and his mug in his hands.
“He's a writer, remember? He'll be on his computer, which means Skype is fine.”

“Um, angel. You might want pants then, if we're Skyping with your dad. I know I want pants. Bad enough to be meeting him the first time, announcing we're mated, I'm pregnant, and having to talk about all this crazy shit without also being naked.”

Dean dropped the blanket on the couch, turned and walked back to the bedroom, and scooped up two pairs of sleep pants from the wardrobe. He grabbed his phone and texted Charlie quickly, advising he was taking a holiday on Monday, per Missouri. That'd stop any questions. No one argued with Missouri.

He hauled on the first pair of pants and took the second back out for Cas. Cas had plugged in his laptop and set it on the coffee table, and was sitting on the floor in front of the couch with a scotch. Dean tossed him his pants and Cas wormed into them, then hit the button to Skype his dad.

Dean settled on the couch behind him, wrapped in the blanket and his feet on either side of Cas’ hips.

“Hi, Castiel, look, I've got this really tough chapter going, these characters are being a pain in the ass, so can I call you back?”

Chuck Shurley had a curly, sandy beard going grey, but still didn't look old enough to have fathered Cas and his older brothers. He wasn't making eye contact through the screen either — his focus was clearly on his writing, and a familiar frown creased his forehead. Dean chuckled, and Chuck looked up at the unfamiliar voice.

“Hey Dad, meet Dean Winchester, my True Mate; he's pregnant, and tonight we both turned into wolves. How're you?” Cas greeted blandly, and Dean nearly choked on his hot toddy. Cas turned his head far enough to wink up at him, and then turned back to the screen. Apparently if you wanted Chuck's undivided attention, you had to shock him into it.

“Nice to meet you, Dean. Winchester, you said? Kansas, right? Of course, that's where you and your brothers opened that bar, and where Anna is going to school. How about that — your father contributed to one of my earlier novels, Dean. He refused to be attributed, of course. Didn't want his name tied to it, and people coming around. Of course, with such a sensitive topic I don't blame him.”

“Dad, what are you talking about?” Cas demanded, no doubt sensing the tension radiating from
“Oh, my novel about packs and broken life bonds. I know enough about the latter, but never had a true pack myself.”

“Life bond? Dad, there's no way you were True Mates with Naomi. That bitch never wanted anything good for you.”

“No, of course not. I was talking about your real mother. Becky Rosen.”

“I'm sorry, what?” Cas blurted, and Dean dropped to sit next to him, taking his hand.

“Naomi couldn't have children. I met my True Mate, and we made a deal with Naomi. She would turn a blind eye, and any children would be hers in name. She needed the social status of heirs. What good that's done her, with every one of you emancipated or disowned. Why do you think I never left her? Other than being sold to her by my parents, with no rights of my own,” Chuck muttered bitterly. “When you were about four or so, I had a feeling about your sexuality. But Naomi nearly lost her mind at the very suggestion. Bad enough not to have any Alphas, she thought, but gay as well? That was when she lost it. I threatened to leave, and she turned around and threatened to have the lot of you taken from me, on grounds that I'd been unfaithful. Ruthless bitch. I was pregnant with Anael at the time. We needed the security of Naomi's income.” He sighed, and a shadow of grief crossed his face. “Then Becky died just a few months before Anael was born, mugged on her way home.”

“I… what?!” Cas practically shouted. Dean quickly pulled Cas to his throat, letting him scent deeply.

“What the hell, man! You think that was the way to tell your son something like that?” Dean snarled, fury pumping through him. He could feel his fangs descending, and saw his eyes flashing gold in the reflection of the screen. He held Cas gently, but his fingertips tingled, and he quickly moved his hand to avoid injuring his mate. Which left it dangling in clear view of the camera, giving Chuck a front row seat to the show as his nails thickened, sharpened.

“Listen, asshole. We called you for some advice, and you drop that kind of bomb? I don't know who you think you are, but that is not how you treat family!”

“Dean, Omega-mine. It's alright.” Cas was trying to placate him, but Dean could feel his pain through their newly strengthened bond. What had Cas called it? Their profound bond. Now more than ever.
“Like hell it is,” Dean growled. “Unless he has a damn good reason for telling you like that? Fuck him, we can figure this out another way. Missouri for starters, because she sure as hell wasn't thrown by anything tonight.”

“Missouri Moseley?” Chuck asked, running his fingers through his hair. “She's a good one to ask about a lot of things.”

“Dean, Missouri told me to try to forgive him. You don't know what Naomi is like. And Dad... Dad lost his mate. I think that losing you would be the death of me, so how could I blame him for never speaking of her?”

“Still not right,” Dean muttered, glaring at the laptop's camera directly, knowing the eye contact would show Omega gold bleeding through his iris with his anger. His clawed hand flexed as though fighting not to shred the furniture. He could smell his own anger. Knowing that it would only distress his Alpha further, he reined it back.

“Cas, will you be alright? I need to go out for a run.”

Protective Alpha bloomed in Cas's’ scent, and he sat upright from his slump. “Dean, the pups...” he started, worry clear in his voice.

“Will be fine, Angel. I'm staying on the property, and going to the lake and back. I promise I'll be careful. But I need fresh air, and you need me not stinking up the place. And I'm too angry to behave while you hash things out with your dad.” He stood and laid a gentle kiss on Cas's ’ forehead, and Cas pulled him suddenly into his lap, kissing him slowly, and at length.

“I meant it. I need you, Dean. You. Be careful. I'll see you shortly.”

“Wanna let me out?” Dean winked, and casually dropped his sleep pants, flashing Chuck his ass as he crouched and shifted, faster than before. The large tawny wolf watched his mate, but the glance he sent the computer was dismissive and uncaring. The man on the screen staring at him with a tiny smile was unimportant, and the wolf hadn't even scented him, thus he barely registered.

Cas wrapped his arms around Dean's neck, and buried his face against his throat. Dean huffed at him, and when he pulled back he licked him sloppily from his chin to his hairline. Cas grumbled and shoved his muzzle away, but he was laughing as he did so. He raked his nails along the nape of
Dean's neck, then found the mating bite on his throat.

“Wow. It's fully healed. Dad, I'll be right back,” Cas said without looking at the screen, and stood to walk Dean to the sliding door. He trailed his fingers over Dean's back as they walked through the house, man and wolf bumping each other with each step.

“I love you, Dean. Please don't be too long. My Alpha is already restless.”

Dean reared up and planted his paws on Cas’ shoulders, snapping his jaws once, then licking him again as he wagged his tail.

“Alright, alright, I'm being overprotective. I get it.” Cas chuckled softly, and dropped a kiss against Dean's forehead. Dean dropped to the floor again, and gave his Alpha a cocky, amused grin, one ear flopped over, and his tongue lolling.

Cas rolled his eyes and swatted his flank lightly.

“I'll join you next time, Omega-mine,” Cas told him, opening the door.

Dean was off like a shot, baying as he ran, crossing the yard in moments, then disappearing into the shadows.
Fur and Feathers

Chapter Summary

While Dean goes for a run to blow off steam, Chuck tells Cas a bit of his mother, Becky Rosen, and of the abuse he faced at Naomi’s hands. Their conversation is cut short however when Chuck mentions a frightening prospect, and Cas runs out into the night to find his lover.

Reunited, the lovers return to their home and Dean sets his mind to easing Cas' worries.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much to malmuses for her suggestions and help as my beta, and to my readers new and old! See you next week!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Cas turned back once Dean left his sight, and ran a tired hand over his face. He scooped up the bottle of scotch from the kitchen and took it back to the living room. He poured a couple of fingers and threw them back, savouring the smoky burn. He poured another, and dropped to sit cross-legged before his laptop, surprised to find his father waiting and looking at the camera patiently. He'd expected him to have returned to his writing, but he sat back in his chair, swirling a glass of his own.

“Tell me about her,” Cas ordered.

“Cassie…” his father started with a sigh, but was interrupted.

“I prefer Cas. Now tell me about my mother. And then you’d better start calling my brothers and sister. We all deserve to know, and I don't know whether we'll all forgive you for lying. I'll try.” Cas folded his legs more comfortably into a lotus position, years of yoga making it habitual. He took a sip of his scotch before continuing. “But if you lie to me about my mother now, about Becky, I won't be able to.”

Chuck sighed, and nodded, pouring his own drink. He took a drink, and leaned forward. “Becky and I met at a social gathering. Naomi had me there as a status symbol, showing off her submissive little Omega. My mating bite was barely scabbed over, and Becky was there with her father. As soon as I scented her, I knew. I nearly fainted from the shock.” He gave a little half smile, snorting in laughter at the memory. “There I was, claimed, and I'd found my True Mate. No court in the country would
side with us, I was bought and paid for, and bearing a mark. What we didn't know was that Naomi's mark wouldn't scar, no matter how viciously she bit me. The first time she hit me was after the third time she tried to mark me. But my Omega rejected her, time and again, and was constantly howling for Becky."

Chuck smiled softly, an expression Cas had never seen on his meek and somewhat distant Omega parent. "She was very… different, for an Alpha. Others called her flighty, or naive." His father took another sip, and shook his head, his gaze far away. "To me she was perfect. When I finally told Naomi that I'd met my True Mate, I begged her to let me go, to be with my Mate. She refused to annul the contract, said she'd get her money's worth. But she couldn't get me pregnant. She tried... I really don't want to recount that year," Chuck said firmly, but Cas doubted his shudder was from the drink he threw back. "She couldn't take me out anywhere, it would mean explaining why I didn't bear her mark."

He poured another drink, shaking slightly, but Cas could see the pain in his eyes, and knew the tremble to be from his memories, not the amber liquid in his glass. Cas matched him, his heart clenching at the very thought of knowing Dean, but being unable to claim him.

“I managed to publish my first book, though why Naomi even let me have that much freedom I don't know.”

“Probably because she knew she had to leave you something to keep you from doing something drastic,” Cas mused, finally understanding his father's long-standing depression and agoraphobia.

“It wasn't enough, but that may have been her thinking. I tried to overdose. She managed to bribe the doctors to keep quiet, but one warned her that the lack of mating mark would go on a coroner's report if I succeeded. She gave in, at least a little, and we made our deal. She spoke to Becky privately, and neither ever told me what they talked about. But Becky was shaken, and Naomi was pleased, in her ruthless way. But we were allowed to mate, privately. Naomi had the guest house emptied. We spent a blissful week together, then I was torn away. But when my mark scarred, I was allowed out of the house again. And when I turned up pregnant, well, Naomi was both bitter, and thrilled. After Balthazar was born, she forbid me from seeing Becky again. She kept Balthazar from me as well. When he was almost two, she was hosting an event, and Becky was there. She’d invited the CEO of a law firm, but he sent Becky in his place, as their latest up and comer. We found a moment to speak, and just that proximity after so long apart tripped our cycles. I'll never forget the look on Naomi's face when she found us in bed together in one of the guest rooms. Becky nearly went Alpha on her, but I talked her down. I was pregnant again, I knew immediately. My heat had vanished—"

“And so had her rut, right?” Cas cut in, thinking of Saturday morning.
Chuck nodded thoughtfully, eyeing his son. “You would know, wouldn't you? I saw those mating marks. They look nicely healed, but you've got a second one on the side opposite the gland. Except according to my research, that's where it is for our wolf forms, when we had them. And I haven't had so much to drink that I missed Dean's performance—I'd say you've done something miraculous. Be careful though. I know too many people who would want to study the two of you like rats in a lab.”

Cas froze, turning his gaze to the door. He leapt up, shouting back over his shoulder to his Dad. “I’ll call you back! Call Gabe, keep calling til he picks up!”

He ran out the door, shifting as he went. The moment his feet hit the grass, he was scenting for his mate, and sent out a ringing howl, beckoning him back to their den. He followed his scent, and nearly lost his stride with relief when he found his mate returning to their home. Dean’s expression was questioning, his scent quickly shifting to worry when he caught his Alpha’s anxiety.

Alpha? Dean asked, his hackles raising in concern, but when Cas sniffed him over, reassuring himself he was alright, his scent calmed, and his Omega responded.

*Omega-mine, I needed to see you,* Cas replied, somewhat embarrassed now. Of course nothing had randomly come for Dean. No one knew about their shifting.

*Except Missouri. And Charlie and Jo knew about the partial shifting. And all the people from the store who had seen his claws go when Dean had been attacked,* he thought to himself. Cas was starting to work himself up again, when Dean nudged him sharply.

*Why does it matter who knows about us shifting?* Dean asked, catching the gist of his concerns.

*Dad... he mentioned that in his research he'd never heard of anyone shifting completely, not in recent years. But the words “rats in a lab” came through quite clearly.*

Cas watched as Dean tensed, his lip curling from his fangs in a silent, frightened snarl. He quickly curled around his Omega, nuzzling at his mating bite, and together they headed back to the house.

*All that panic and you left the door open, Alpha?* Dean teased, but they both slowed, sniffing carefully for unfamiliar scents. Finding nothing unusual, they entered their home, both shifting quickly. Cas closed and locked the door, and Dean went and collected his sleep pants from the living room floor. On the way he found Cas’ and tossed them to his mate.
“So, eventful chat with your dad, I take it?” Dean asked, pulling his pants up over bowed legs.

“We didn't even really get to details about my mom. We talked about Naomi mostly, but as soon as he mentioned how impossible what we'd done would seem, how some would want to study us, I panicked. I had to see you, know you were alright.”

Cas wrapped his arms around his mate, and Dean chuckled softly, understanding and warmth filling his scent.

“I suppose if our roles were reversed, and you were carrying our pups, I'd have panicked too.”

Cas shook his head.

“I'd have panicked if you weren't pregnant too, Dean. The thought of you being taken from me? Held and tortured in experiments? It terrifies me.” Cas shook his head, breathing in the scent of mate, home, and pups. He kissed Dean softly, tenderly, and Dean melted against him.

“Let's go to bed, angel,” Dean cajoled, tugging on Cas' arm.

“I need to get the leftovers away, and I need to at least message my dad.” He winced. “And I sicced him on Gabe. I need to text him.”

Dean looked at him for a moment then burst out laughing. “I'll text Sammy that we're at code yellow, not orange or red, and I'll get the food put away while you talk to your brother and your dad.”

Cas nodded and jogged to the bedroom to fetch their phones. When he came back Dean was clattering about, looking for something. He was about to ask when Dean gave a victory shout and pulled a roll of foil from a drawer. Cas set Dean's phone on the counter, and went back to the living room. He tapped on his laptop to wake it up, and found his dad pacing before his desk. Chuck's eyes snapped to his, and he gave his son a smile, but his hand was shaking slightly as he lifted his drink.

“Gabriel and Sam will need somewhere safe to run, from the sounds of it. Eventually, they'll shift, they just need to figure out how. Hopefully under control, because so far they haven't been. Yours is under complete control, Cassie? Sorry. Cas.”
“Did you want a demonstration?” Cas asked sarcastically, then shook his head. “Of course you do. Well, not tonight. I’m tired, I’ve shifted twice in the last few hours, it’s enough.”

He typed a quick text to Gabriel as he spoke, not looking at his father.

BeeBarkeep: Sorry for the alarm, I'll explain tomorrow. Dad dropped a shitload of drama on me tonight, and I freaked. Just don't blab about the new skills we've picked up, okay?

Trckstr420: nxt time save the drama til morning!

BeeBarkeep: Sorry for having Dad wake you.

Trckstr420: who says we were sleeping?! :)

“Ugh, thanks Gabriel,” Cas muttered, rolling his eyes with a faint smile.

BeeBarkeep: Didn't need to know. Good night Gabriel.

Cas set his phone aside and studiously ignored the ping from his brother as he looked back to their father on Skype.

“Yes, I would love to see you shift, but you have a pregnant mate to take care of. Can I try tomorrow sometime? We can talk more and I can actually tell you about Becky? And that'll give me a chance to pull out some photos. I've had them put away for a long time. It hurt too much.”

Chuck was running his fingers through his hair, a familiar move from Cas’ youth. His father was frazzled.

“Yeah, Dad, we'll be home tomorrow, I'll fire you a message when I've got my computer up and running. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to take care of my mate. We've had a rough two days.”

Chuck looked sheepish, and waved goodbye before disconnecting.
Cas let his head fall back against the seat of the couch.

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Dean took one look, and knew he needed to snap his Alpha out of this mood somehow. Missouri had taken sex off the table… or had she? All she’d said was Cas had to keep his hands to himself tonight. But first thing in the morning, after they’d slept? Oh, yes… that would work just fine.

“Cas, angel. Come to bed. It's late,” he coaxed, beckoning his lover, sending out waves of comfort, and home, and need. “Let's go curl up in our nest. I need your arms around me, making me feel safe.” Cas opened his eyes then, and Dean walked over and took his hand, pulling him to his feet. “Come on, Alpha. The pups are sleepy, and their mama wants their daddy close.”

Cas chuckled softly, his eyes crinkling with amusement. “The pups are sleepy, are they?” he teased, wrapping his arms around Dean's waist. Dean grinned at him, knowing exactly how to use his dimples to his advantage.

“They are. Just as well, given Missouri vetoed their mama's other plans for tonight.” He sent Cas a steamy come-hither look from beneath lowered lashes, and his mate gave a throaty chuckle that threatened to light a fire in his belly if he let it.

“Well then. Anything for my pups, and my mate,” Cas promised, and scooped Dean into his arms bridal-style.

Dean gave a surprised gasp, and threw his arms around Cas' neck. No matter how often he did it, Cas always seemed to catch him off guard with his strength. Dean's mind wandered to images of Cas holding him up against a wall and fucking him long and hard, and he dropped his face against Cas' throat, trying to bite back a whimper.

When the warm musk of his mate's arousal hit his nostrils, he knew he hadn't entirely succeeded in hiding his thoughts. Unable to resist, his lips locked over Cas' scent gland, and Cas shivered in response before giving a low growl.

“I'm not going to be the one to cross Missouri. Behave, Omega-mine,” he instructed firmly, but his tone didn't have the effect he'd likely hoped.
The stern tone travelled down Dean's spine to send warmth coursing through him. He glanced up at his Alpha’s face as Cas set him gently on the bed, and went for it.

“Yes, sir,” he murmured demurely, and had to bite back a grin as Cas’ nostrils flared and his scent thickened in the air. Dean bit his lip for good measure. “I'll be good for you, Alpha.”

Cas’ eyes were bleeding to red and he growled a low warning. Dean shuddered at the sound, his eyes falling shut for a moment before locking on Cas’ again.

“You're treading on thin ice, my little Omega,” Cas warned, standing over Dean with his fists clenched.

“Missouri said you had to keep your hands to yourself, sir. She didn't say anything about mine. As long as we both understand I'm not trying to get you to use your hands on me.”

Dean met his Alpha's gaze steadily, a small smile upon his lips, and the heat in his eyes a taunting invitation. He slid further back onto their nest, and making himself comfortable, he slowly slid a hand down the front of his sleep pants. He gave a soft grunt as he grasped himself.

“Going to join me, angel? You seem to have an issue of your own going on there. Or are you afraid you won't be able to keep your hands off me once you're in our nest with me?” Dean taunted, a little breathless as he stroked his cock slowly.

“Dean, you need your rest! Missouri said—”

“Missouri didn't count on you showing off your strength and making me think of you pinning me to a wall to fuck me, holding me immobile and helpless. So while she's a wonderful person, and she scares me a little, she has no say on whether I jack off. Now are you just going to stand there, or are you coming to bed?” he challenged, sliding his pants down and kicking them away, then returning to palm his cock slowly, but his other hand teasing underneath him.

Cas groaned and lost his own pants at record speed, then nearly dove onto the bed. He leaned over and kissed Dean, carefully keeping the only contact between their lips. He pulled away with a thoughtful frown, and rummaged in the drawer. He pulled out a condom, and at Dean's curious look, he shrugged as he rolled it on.
“Makes clean-up a hell of a lot easier when I'm coming for fifteen minutes.”

Dean chuckled, then bit his lip, moaning softly. “Damnit. I should have raided my toys when we were there today. I can't quite reach…” he squirmed on his own fingers, but he didn't have the angle he needed.

Cas watched him for a moment, his pupils blown wide, then reached for the drawer again. Pulling out a curved vibrator, he passed it to Dean, who eyed it in surprise, then grinned.

“That'll do it. Unless… you sure you don't want to lend me a hand?”

Cas grinned, and rolled to pin him, keeping his hands carefully on either side of him. He kissed Dean breathless, then pulled back, and started sliding down his body.

“Cas, what're you doing?” Dean asked softly, his breath catching as Cas nibbled and sucked his way down his torso.

“I'm keeping my hands to myself,” he murmured against Dean's hip, then squirmed lower, and wrapping his lips around Dean's throbbing cock, sank down to the hilt in one go.

“Holy fucking hell, Cas! Oh shit, oh my gods…” Dean babbled as Cas swallowed around him, and taking the vibrator from his suddenly nerveless fingers, he teased it against Dean's slit, clicking it on with ease.

Dean bucked his hips up to him, and Cas simply rode his body back down, slowly grinding his hips against the bed. Dean shifted his leg suddenly, and Cas found himself grinding against Dean's foot. The pressure increased, and Cas moaned, sliding the toy into Dean's slick hole, even as he bobbed his head back up and down, his tongue twirling around the head of Dean's cock. Dean's own hands were grasping at his pillow, his eyes wild as he watched his mate work over his cock. Cas drew completely back for a moment, a string of precome trailing from his lips to the tip of Dean's cock. Then Cas found his prostate with the toy.

“Oh shit, fuck, Cas!” Dean cried out, his hips bucking wildly.
Cas pulled back with a pop, and ran his tongue up the length of Dean's cock, flicking his tongue over the slit.

“You thought you could torment me with no repercussions, didn't you,” Cas commented, his voice husky and low. “Well, what if I stopped right now? Left you hanging on the edge. Sure, you could finish yourself, but would it feel like this?”

Cas dove back down on his cock, his nose pressing again the wiry curls at the base, and he swallowed, his throat clenching tightly around Dean. Then he pulled back again.

“Cas, angel, Alpha, love, please don't stop,” he pleaded, whimpering at the loss of the wet heat of Cas’ mouth.

Cas held up one finger to Dean, and then used it to press on the vibrator, sending it pulsing against his prostate. Dean wailed under the pressure, his cock bobbing and aching, the head nearly purple with arousal as he chased his release. He nearly wept when Cas moved his hand away, letting the vibrator shift just enough that it no longer pushed against his sweet spot.

“Please, Alpha, please, I'll be good, please, let me come!” Dean begged, though nothing was stopping him from grabbing his own cock and stroking himself to completion. This had become a power game, and he wanted Cas to win.

“You'll be sweet for me, my little Omega?” Cas asked, his voice deepened to a husky growl, and Dean glanced down to see his eyes gone red, and a flash of a smile revealed his fangs.

“Yes,” Dean whispered, frozen, not in fear, but anticipation.

“You'll behave, be my good little Omega?” Cas rumbled, nipping lightly at his thigh, making him jump.

“Yes, Alpha. Please…”

Cas smirked, then licked his lips, flashing teeth that he'd forced back to human, and swallowed Dean down again. As his throat tightened around the head of Dean's cock, he nudged the vibrator again, and clicked the speed up a notch as he pressed it firmly against Dean's prostate.
Dean howled, squirming and wrapping one leg around Cas’ back, the other held still as Cas rutted against it, his cock a heavy, scalding weight against his skin, even with the condom.

“Oh fuck, Cas, please, don't stop, tell me I can come, please angel, my Alpha, please!” Dean moaned, nearly incoherent as he chased his release even as he fought it back, waiting for his Alpha's permission.

Cas hummed his approval, and Dean gasped in pleasure as he met Cas’ eyes. Once he had Dean's attention, he nodded slightly, and sucked harder. Dean wailed as his release swept over him, spilling down Cas’ throat. Cas groaned in approval. He slowly pulled back, first sliding the toy from Dean to keep him from overstimulating, then sliding his tongue over the tip of his cock, catching the last few drops of come before laying a gentle kiss on the end.

“Good boy,” Cas murmured, and Dean moaned softly, a shiver running over him. “Now let me move a bit.”

Dean's leg fell to one side, and Cas rolled onto his back.

“I don't know whether I want you to ride my face or suck my cock,” Cas mused, trailing his eyes from Dean's lips down his body.

“Or I could return the favour. Just remember, no hands.” Dean slid down Cas’ body, nibbling, kissing, teasing his way toward his goal. He felt a gentle touch against his hair, and scolded softly. “Ah, ah—no hands.”

He stripped the condom from Cas, then slowly engulfed Cas’ cock, his tongue swirling around the head, sucking lightly on the tip. His own hands roamed freely, and he tucked his fingers into the condom. Coating it with his own slick, he circled Cas’ rim gently, teasing with the pad of his finger. He flashed his mate a grin, and as Cas made to reply to his sass, pressed one finger slowly past the tight heat of his pucker. Cas groaned and clenched, and Dean chuckled softly.

“C’mon Cas, relax, easy. You've got that toy, you've done this, right? Relax, Alpha. Let me take care of you,” Dean murmured softly, then ran his tongue in a long slow lick down his cock. He sucked slowly on Cas’ balls, and Cas melted into the mattress, moaning Dean's name.

“Mmmmm, Dean, that feels amazing, Omega-mine,” Cas whispered, his eyes fluttering shut. Dean
felt him relax, and slowly pressed a finger in, crooking it to rub over his prostate. Case eyes flew open with a gasp, and his hands fisted in the sheets.

“Found it, did I? That's it, angel. Go on, take another. Fuck, just taking it right in, aren't you? Now who's my good boy, hmm?”

Dean smirked, sliding lower on the bed to watch his fingers disappearing into Cas, his rim clenching around them. He bent his fingers again, and pressed against Cas’ prostate again, sending him writhing and begging.

“Oh fuck, Cas, you're gorgeous like this, angel. Gods, I just wanna see you spread out like this, look at that hole, stretching so beautifully for me. Damn, I want to feel that clench on my cock!” Dean whispered, then froze.

Alphas did not bottom, as a general rule. Before he could backtrack, he was hit with a wave of Cas’ whiskey scent, intoxicating in its strength.

“Angel?” he asked softly, glancing up at Cas. His Alpha was watching him with lust-blown eyes, his chest heaving. Dean took in the flush down his chest, his hair sweat-damp and wild, the way his knot was swollen and throbbing. “Oh fuck. You want that, angel? You want my cock in you, while I wrap my lips around that cock of yours, and use my hands to milk your knot?”

Cas whined, deep in his throat and there was a sound of shredding fabric as his pillow tore in an explosion of down. Dean growled as a spurt of precome landed on Cas’ tanned skin, and licked his lips as he slowly, carefully added a third finger.

“Fuck, you're so tight, Alpha. You're gonna feel amazing around me. Not tonight, because when I fuck you properly, you won't be able to keep your hands off me,” Dean promised.

Cas was twisting under his hands, one firmly holding onto the blade of his hip, the other buried in him, running relentlessly over his prostate. Dean watched as his knot swelled even further, and he gave a satisfied purr, locking his lips against Cas' inner thigh, sucking a dark bruise as Cas came with a shout. His cock spurted come high onto his chest, his knot throbbing, and he whined a high note. Dean clamped one hand around the base of his cock, helping milk his knot, and Cas arched off the bed with a cry, ropes of come painting his stomach and chest. As he collapsed back onto the bed, the impact with the mattress sent the down feathers swirling around them again. When Dean glanced up again, he started giggling, and buried his face against Cas' hip.
Feathers were stuck to Cas’ chest, they were in his hair, and his Alpha was spitting them from his mouth in irritation.

Dean gently pulled his fingers from his lover and slid the condom off them, turning it inside out. He rolled off the bed, feeling the feathers sticking to his back, and grabbed a new condom from the drawer. He rolled it onto Cas’ dripping cock, knowing his Alpha would be coming for a while. He headed for the bathroom, and grabbed a washcloth, quickly cleaning himself of sweat and feathers, then scrubbed his hands thoroughly.

Tossing the cloth into the hamper, he grabbed another, and wet it quickly. He rejoined his Alpha, who was still sprawled on their bed, one hand clamped around his knot, the other idly stroking his cock. As their eyes met, Cas stiffened again, biting his lip as he came yet again.

“Fucking hell, Cas, you are so hot.” Dean let his eyes travel over his lover, but then he realized the down from the pillow was quickly becoming glued to his stomach and chest, and broke out laughing.

“We're gonna need to figure something out, Alpha-mine. I mean, we've got a ton of pillows, but the feathers are going to be a pain in the ass if you can't keep your claws to yourself.”

Cas smiled lazily at him, and Dean stroked his fingers through his hair, combing loose the fluff. He picked up the waste basket and brought it to the edge of the bed, and started sweeping loose feathers into it.

“Better the pillow than the mattress, or either of us,” Cas pointed out, his voice raw and deeper than usual.

Dean carefully cleaned his stomach and chest, and shook the cloth lightly over the basket. Cas lay watching him with hooded eyes, and Dean could feel the familiar heat of arousal low in his gut. He turned away to toss the cloth in the hamper, and Cas caught at his wrist.

“We'll figure out how to prep me properly, and then I want it, baby.” Dean froze, then turned back, his pulse thudding as his blood headed south, despite how recently he'd come.

“Cas?” he asked, his voice somewhat strangled.

“I want you to fuck me, Dean.” Cas pulled him down for a passionate kiss, and Dean moaned
against his mouth.

“Oh, fuck, angel,” Dean whimpered against his lips, quickly straddling his lover and grinding his cock against Cas’.

**

Cas’ brain was still firing explosions behind his eyelids as his knot throbbed again. Feeling Dean’s cock against his, hard for him so quickly, Cas made a decision.

_Fuck it._

“Dean, condom, lube. Fuck, I need you, Omega. Fuck me. Please, I want your cock in me, I need you so badly. I want you to come in me while I'm still coming. I'm stretched enough, baby, _please!_”

Dean dropped his face against his throat, pressing kisses and dragging his tongue over Cas’ mating bite, then practically leapt from the bed. He rummaged quickly through the drawer, then pulled lube and a second box of condoms from the back. He paused, and eyed them for a second, and Cas answered the unspoken question.

“Faster to throw one of those onto a toy. Makes cleanup easier and quicker.”

Dean gave him a dazzling smile. “So, no one else has done this?” Dean asked, almost shyly.

“Just you, baby. My mate, my love. You're the only one who has ever been inside me, and it'll only ever be you.”

Dean bent and kissed him tenderly, and rolled the condom on one-handed. He slicked himself with lube, and climbed onto the bed, and watched in amazement as Cas hooked both knees over his own elbows without hesitation.

“Holy shit, you're flexible, angel,” Dean murmured. He spread some lube over Cas’ hole, and lined himself up. “Are you ready, Cas?”
“Dean, please, just fuck me!” he pleaded, then gave a sharp cry, his voice cracking as Dean slowly pressed past his clenching rim.

_So full, so good, oh fuck!_ Cas’ eyes rolled back as he absorbed the sensations, the delicious burn of his hole stretching around Dean’s cock feeling like heaven.

Dean pulled back slightly, adjusted his hips, and drove back in, the head of his cock sliding over Cas’ prostate, and Cas came again with a whimpered gasp.

“Cas, you feel so good, Alpha. So hot, so tight, oh fuck, the way you keep clenching around me, I’m not gonna last, angel.” Dean’s voice was deeper than usual, a sheen of sweat breaking out over his features and down his chest. He was thrusting hard and fast over Cas’ prostate, and Cas could feel another orgasm building in his gut, a low buzz spreading through his extremities. He heard a high pitched whine, a gasping moan, and realized it was coming from his own throat.

“Dean, please, baby! Ah ah ah there! Oh fuck, fuck, fuck, I’m... hnnnfffffuck, Dean!!” Cas shouted as his orgasm swept over him like nothing he’d experienced before, his cock and knot pulsing hard as he spurted into the condom again and again.

His limbs went loose, and he wrapped his arms around Dean, pulling him down for a kiss as Dean continued to thrust into him. Cas swept his tongue into his mate’s mouth, and kissed him desperately. Dean moaned against him, his hips stuttering, then thrusting into him twice more, a drawn-out groan of Cas’ name spoken against his lips. Cas could swear he could feel Dean’s cock throbbing inside him, and he came again, his balls aching and tight against his body.

“Holy fuck, angel... that was amazing,” Dean gasped against his throat, their hearts thudding in their chests. “I think I’m gonna sleep for a week though.”

Cas started to smile, then his shoulders started shaking as he giggled. “We both get to deal with Missourri, but I am _not_ letting you miss that appointment on Thursday, so you can sleep for four nights.”

“Spoilsport.” Dean snuggled against him, and Cas wrapped his arms around his mate. He winced slightly as Dean pulled back, and Dean murmured a quiet apology.

“Just as well we're taking tomorrow.... Ugh, today, don't look at the clock. Anyway, good thing
we're taking the day off. I don't think I can move,” Cas told him with a wry smile.

Dean carefully tied a knot into his condom, and tossed it into the nearly overflowing wastebasket of down feathers. He slid to one side, and laid his head on Cas' upper chest.

Cas wrapped an arm around Dean's shoulders, pulling him against his side. He shifted slightly, and winced. “I'm going to be feeling that, aren't I?”

Dean chuckled wryly, and shrugged. “I wouldn't exactly know. Biological differences and all that; I'm designed for it.”

Cas grinned at his mate, and laid a gentle hand low on his abdomen. “And hallelujah for biology,” he teased. “’Scuse me, I need to deal with this…”

He carefully pulled his arm from under Dean's head, and rolled to sit up. A short of laughter from his Omega had him glancing over his shoulder, which of course showed him all the down stuck there. He could only guess how his tattoo looked covered in feathers. He stood carefully, holding the base of the condom, and felt a last throb from his knot, nearly buckling his knees.

“Holy shit, Dean…” he muttered, catching his balance.

He stumbled his way to the bathroom, the throaty chuckle from his mate following him. He pulled the condom from his softened cock, and tied it off before dropping it into the wastebasket. He turned and faced away from the mirror, and glanced over his shoulder at his tattoo. A snort of laughter left him, and he shook his head, knocking a few feathers loose. He was rummaging in the cupboard for a cloth when strong arms wrapped around his waist, plush lips pressing gently at the nape of his neck. He tilted his head back and rested his head against Dean's shoulder.

The advantage of being mated to a tall Omega, Cas had found he loved being held by someone bigger. Dean took the cloth from him, and carefully brushed the feathers away.

“C'mon, angel, I've got the worst of the feathers off the bed, and it is a disgusting hour. We need sleep.”

Cas looked at his mate, and saw the dark circles under his eyes in the brighter light of the bathroom. His Alpha came grumbling to the surface, and Cas felt a rush of guilt. This was his pregnant mate, he
needed to take care of his pups and their mother. Before he had a chance to even think about it, he'd
turned and wrapped his arms around Dean, and lifted him off his feet. He carried him back to their
nest, and laid him gently on the mattress.

“Yes, we do need sleep, my Omega.” He bent and kissed Dean's forehead, then went back to the
bathroom to finish cleaning up. He thought about a quick shower, but without changing the sheets it
was a bit of a wasted effort. He scrubbed himself down quickly and went back to their room, turning
off the bathroom light as he went.

When he crawled into their nest, he found Dean asleep, Cas’ torn pillow folded in half and held
tightly in his arms, his face buried against it. Cas felt a smile cross his face, and snuggled against
Dean’s back, he fell asleep to the scent of home.

Chapter End Notes

Yell at me here, or on tumblr at Imbiowaresbitch.
I Wanna Wake Up Where You Are...

Chapter Summary

A lazy Monday morning, and the wolves try to make an appearance at an inopportune time. Gabriel and Sam stop by, shenanigans ensue.

Chapter Notes

Many thanks to my beta, Malmuses!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Dean woke slowly, the scent of his mate and pups surrounding him. He rolled and reached for Cas, only to find the bed empty beside him. He started to sit up, when Cas appeared at the door with a tray of food and, more importantly, two mugs of coffee. Cas had a mug with a bee with rainbow stripes and the advice “Bee Yourself”, and handed Dean the second one, which read “I can't even think straight” on one side, and had a rainbow heart on the other.

Chuckling softly, Dean sipped his coffee, smiling at the perfect blend of sugar and milk. He used to drink it black, but realized as often as he drank it, he preferred the flavour sweetened and with just a splash of milk.

“Mornin’, angel. What did you make for us?” Dean asked, eyeing the tray which was still out of reach.

Cas presented it with a flourish, and Dean found himself having an enormous breakfast wrap, stuffed with sauteed veggies, scrambled eggs, and some spicy sausage. He moaned as he bit into it, an explosion of flavours on his tongue, melted cheese nearly scalding him.

“Oh my gods, Cas, this is awesome. Tell me what's in here so I can make sure to keep the plants alive in the greenhouse over the winter.”

“I can do that,” Cas flashed him a gummy grin, sipping his own coffee, “or I can just have you help me make a batch for the freezer. The salsa is homemade anyway, I've got jars of it downstairs.”
“Awesome. Bet I could make some amazing burgers with a bit of that,” Dean mused around a mouthful of food. He took another sip of coffee, and grinned at the mug. “Are they all like this?”

Cas looked at him with one eyebrow raised in confusion for a moment, then his gaze dropped to the mug in Dean's hand and he smiled.

“Gabe is responsible for a lot of them. Which is only fair, he manages to break something about once a month. Maybe warn Sam to buy some plastic plates or something,” he teased, and Dean grinned.

“That won't happen. He's more likely to get stainless steel ones.”

Dean finished his burrito and sighed contentedly. He drained the last of his coffee, and seeing Cas' cup was low, he picked it up and headed for the kitchen.

Refilling both mugs, he glanced around and grinned. He grabbed a knife from the chopping block, and casually spinning it in his palm, sectioned a couple of oranges, trimmed some strawberries, and scooped out and sliced a small cantaloupe. He hadn't noticed any vines, but he loved cantaloupe, and he knew if they didn't have any this year, they would next.

Next summer. Their pups would be six months old, growing like weeds. He glanced out the window and lost himself for a moment in the vision he created for himself. Shaking his head, he smiled. He didn't need to pretend. It was all happening.

Cas’ whiskey and smoke suddenly enveloped him, and he turned with a smile, presenting the plate of fruit.

“Back to bed, or to the deck?” he asked, indicating the full mugs with his chin.

Cas smiled, and leaned in for a kiss. “Bed. I still owe you a massage.”

“You do have good hands, I'll give you that,” Dean teased, grinning as Cas’ blue eyes twinkled at him.

“That's very generous of you, Mr. Winchester.”
“Why thank you, Mr. Milton.” Dean cocked his head and eyed his mate for a minute. “Why is it that the name Milton doesn't suit you?”

“Ugh. It's Naomi's name. You know something, I've been thinking about changing my last name to Shurley for years, but knowing she isn't my mother? No fucking way I'm keeping Milton.”

Cas stared out the window, his eyebrows drawn down as though in unpleasant thought, and Dean's words escaped him before he could censor them.

“Well, when we get married, you could always take the name Winchester,” Dean told him.

His eyes widened as he realised what he'd said.

Cas turned to him in surprise, then his eyes softened, and he gazed at Dean with a look full of love.

“I'd like that. Castiel Winchester has a certain ring to it, doesn't it?” Cas asked softly, and stepped closer to wrap his arms around Dean's waist. Dean set the fruit on the counter and pulled Cas close.

“It does. Now that I've put my foot in it… I've mentioned marriage, and you've mentioned marriage. So…”

“Am I allowed to presume you'll be putting my name on their birth certificates?” Cas interjected.

“Of course, you're their daddy and my True Mate. I would never deny you our pups,” Dean reassured him.

“Then… a fall wedding? That way I have time to change all my documents before they arrive in December, so we don't have to update their birth certificates. Shit. Are we going to be able to find a judge who is willing to marry us? Sure, it's legal here now, but that doesn't mean it'll be easy.”

“Sammy and Jo and me grew up here, and Charlie has been here since the last year of grade school. Judge Kaylor knows us all, and told Jo and Charlie if they ever want to get married, fuck the law,
he’d sign the papers anyway.”

“Why haven't they gotten married? You said they've been together how long? Six years?”

“More or less. They're mated, but they aren’t True Mates. They love each other though. And almost worse yet, they both want kids, but are terrified that they'll have kids and then meet their True Mates, and feel obligated to stay.”

“Damn, that's… a nightmare. How're they so strong together?”

Dean shrugged. “According to Charlie, it's a lot of work.”

“Come on, Omega-mine. I want to give you that massage. So let's get the fruit and coffees, and tuck you into our nest.”

“You just want to get your hands on me again,” Dean teased.

“Absolutely,” Cas smirked. “Preferably naked.”

“You're insatiable…” Dean noted.

“Was that a complaint?” Cas wrapped his arms around Dean's waist, pulling him close.

“Mmm, no.” Dean nuzzled at his mate's scent gland, sliding his hands over Cas' bare chest.

“Are you trying to seduce me, Dean?” Cas asked in amusement, but with a hitch to his breath.

“I'm sorry, says the guy who just said he wanted his hands on me while I'm naked.”

“Dean, did it escape your notice that you're already naked?”
“Nope.” He grinned, pulling free and collecting the plate of fruit. “Just wondering when you were going to do something about that. Don't spill the coffees, by the way.” Dean winked, then turned with the plate of fruit and all but ran from the kitchen, across the living room and down the hall. He heard Cas swear behind him, and he barely had time to set the plate down on the bedside table before the solid weight of his mate hit him, bearing him down onto the mattress, pinning him.

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“Easiest way to not spill the coffee was to leave it there,” he growled against Dean's ear, then bit at the nape of his neck, hard enough to leave a mark, but not break the skin. Dean moaned underneath him, squirming, and Cas laced their fingers together, pinning his hands, and using his legs to spread Dean's. The scent of Omega arousal was heavy in the air, but this was their bedroom, where they had had an incredible night just ten hours earlier. And Dean had instigated yet another chase. He was really going to have to speak to his mate about that.

“Cas,” Dean breathed, and he growled, low and deep. Dean whimpered, the scent of slick filling the room. “Alpha!”

“My Omega, do you want this? Please, I need you to tell me yes or no, Omega-mine. This can't just be hormones driving us in a chase, I want you to tell me.”

“Alpha, give me your fucking cock and knot me. NOW!” Dean ordered, and Cas drove into him with a snarl.

Cas nearly lost himself in the tight heat, the slick and the sweat. But he listened to his mate, hearing his breathy gasps turn to pleas, his Omega begging for more as Cas fucked him into the mattress.

“I told you Friday night I was going to do this if you teased me too much. Didn't I, Omega-mine?” Cas growled, his voice guttural with lust as he pounded into the slick hole beneath him. “And you keep running from me, driving me to catch you, to claim you, over and over. Mine, Omega, you're mine!”

Cas’ words were scarcely more than grunts by this point, and Dean was squirming and whimpering beneath him, trying to push his hips back to take Cas deeper.

“Yours, Alpha. Fuck, fuck me harder, stop holding back, Alpha, I want you to take me! Fuck, fuck,
fuck! Angel, please, I'm so close, harder!"

Cas felt his wolf fighting to come out, but that was definitely not happening. He snarled viciously at his Alpha, keeping even his hands from shifting this time, but for the first time he unleashed his Alpha strength. And Dean cried out beneath him, wailing encouragement as his body tightened and seized, his hole clenching around Cas as he came. Cas thrust through it, pushing Dean past and climbing towards another orgasm relentlessly. Cas could feel Dean's fingers shifting where they were tangled together, and a harsh tearing sounded through the room. Dean had shredded the mattress, and still he shouted for Cas to fuck him harder.

Cas pulled his hands free, and moving back, hauled Dean's hips into the air. Dean whined, rocking his hips back as much as he could, wordlessly pleading for more. Cas lined up and plunged in again, his knot starting to catch as he gripped Dean's hips harshly, his fingers leaving red marks that would surely bruise.

And still Dean begged for more, his cries echoing through the room as he came again with a shattered cry.

Cas felt him tightening around him again, and it was over. With a sharp thrust his knot popped into place. He spilled into Dean, his cock pulsing as he filled his Omega.

Cas' Alpha surged forward and howled through him, a sound rarely made by a human throat. Dean froze underneath him, then a second voice joined Cas'. Satisfied, Cas' Alpha retreated, and in his mind's eye he saw their wolves curl up together, a vague impression of sun and water and shade, and he felt his wolf drop off to sleep.

Seemed like a good idea, so he carefully rolled them to their sides. Nuzzling at Dean's scent gland, he kissed it tenderly, hesitant.

“Dean?” he asked softly.

“Holy hell, Cas,” his voice was soft, his words slurring. “I need to get you to chase me like that more often,” Dean purred as his breathing evened out.

Cas chuckled softly and wrapped his arms around his mate, and they dropped off to sleep together.

**
When Cas woke some time later he was still wrapped around Dean, but his knot had gone down, which meant a substantial mess. Remembering the tearing sound, he peered over Dean's shoulder and found five great rents through the sheet, with the plush material of the mattress exposed.

He started laughing softly, and carefully disentangled himself. He scooped up a strawberry from the plate on the bedside table and moved to the bathroom. He eyed the shower, but changed his direction and started pouring water into the tub. He added bath salts scented with cedar and lavender, and chuckled to think that his favourite scents matched Dean's.

When the steam had filled the bathroom, he went to wake Dean. He knelt next to the bed, Dean's sleeping face inches from the edge, his lips looking soft and tempting. Instead Cas trailed his hand along Dean's jaw and laid a gentle kiss on his forehead.

“Come on, Omega-mine. Time to wake up, or you won't sleep tonight. I've poured a bath, and I'll get a fresh cup of coffee for you.”

“Mmm…” Dean grumbled a little, and opened bleary eyes. “Cas.”

“Expecting someone else?” Cas teased, and held up a strawberry close to Dean's lips. Dean moved forward to take it, and Cas held his breath as those plump lips wrapped around the strawberry. *Fuck…*

Dean's green eyes met his, and he smirked, the little shit. Cas rolled his eyes and hauled Dean up and over his shoulder, ignoring the indignant yelp and the smack on the ass he received for his trouble. He walked to the bathroom, set Dean down on the counter, and turned off the water filling the tub.

“You hop in there, I'll grab the fruit and the coffees, if you still want one.”

Dean started to nod, then seemed to catch himself. “Nah, I'll pass on the coffee. Some of that lemonade though, please, if we have any left?”

“Anything for you, Omega-mine.” Cas bent slowly, and smiled as Dean leaned closer to return the kiss, a slow, nearly chaste meeting of their lips.
Cas straightened from the kiss and gave Dean a smile that felt almost shy as he caressed his cheek gently.

Thinking back to their encounter, he felt a rush of satisfaction, but he was still coming to grips with his Alpha trying to shift while he and Dean were together. Despite Dean’s enthusiasm at the time, he was afraid he might have gone too far.

He left quickly, knowing his scent was turning a bit sour with his worry, and he opened a window in the bedroom to let in a breeze. He headed back to the kitchen and dumped the coffee, and poured two tall glasses of lemonade instead. He sliced a couple strawberries into each glass, and headed back to the bathroom.

He opened the door, and found Dean hesitantly lowering himself into the steaming water.

“Did I make it too hot, Dean?” he asked, frowning a little.

“Nah, I'm just a bit tender from before…” Dean winced slightly as he sank into the water, and Cas felt a rush of guilt.

_I was too rough, I should never have… it doesn't matter that he asked, he didn't know my strength, shit, I HURT him!_

“Cas. Angel! Hey! We're okay, aren't we? Listen, I enjoyed the way you fucked me. I want you to do that again. Maybe not for a few days, because yeah, I'm feelin’ it, but fuck that was amazing. Sorry about the mattress though.”

Cas chuckled softly and handed over one of the glasses. He set his own on the tiles at the other end of the tub and went to get the fruit, setting it midway between them, and climbed into the water at the end opposite Dean.

Dean slid across to straddle his lap, and kissed him slowly, but deeply. He rested his forehead against Cas’, holding his gaze.

“What's going on in there, angel?” he asked softly, tapping Cas on the temple.
“I was afraid I hurt you. That letting out my Alpha strength was too much. My Alpha tried to shift. Not talking about claws or fangs. My wolf wanted out. That scared me a little, but I held it back. What if I can't, next time?”

Cas found himself clutching Dean's arms by the time he reached the end of his confession, and he met Dean's eyes reluctantly, afraid of what he might see.

“Um, that's... huh. You weren't the only one, but all I could think was how freaked you'd be to find yourself suddenly fucking a wolf. Hence the mattress, had to let some of it out. Same for you and the intensity, I guess. And don't you dare say sorry for that part again, that was fuckin’ awesome. You got me off twice, and the second one I wasn't even humping the mattress.”

"Dean, how can you take this so lightly? I love you, you're my Omega, and everything to me. But I've no interest in sharing you with my wolf."

"Dude, I'm not one to kink-shame, but I'm not a furry, and neither are you. And I'm okay with that." Dean gave him a saucy grin and Cas had to roll his eyes.

“Alright, so we're both a bit weirded out, but we'll figure it out. Now, get back over there and give me your foot. I promised you a massage, least I can do is start giving you one.”

Dean chuckled and moved back to the other end, grabbing some fruit along the way. “Seriously, you're gonna rub my feet, that's a little... holy shit, that feels amazing, angel!”

Cas smirked, and continued to rub his thumbs along the arch of Dean's foot. He worked his way up to Dean's calf, and soon enough Dean's head had fallen back against the edge of the tub. His moans were distracting enough that Cas had to shift a few times to keep Dean’s foot from his cock, which was at half-mast listening to his lover. He glanced at Dean, and found his mate watching him through heavily-lidded green eyes, a smile playing about his lips.

“Tease.” Cas growled, dropped Dean's foot, and surged across the distance between them, sending water over the edge in a wave. He captured Dean's lips with his own, plundering his mouth until Dean was gasping, his pupils blown wide.

“And that's s'posed to convince me not to tease you?” he asked breathlessly.
Cas growled again, and pinned Dean to his seat, and thrust against him sharply.

“Damn, Cas, already?” Dean grinned, his green eyes shot through with gold.

“You hoping the honeymoon stage would be over so soon?” Cas demanded, and slid a hand down Dean’s chest and pinched a nipple lightly, causing Dean to whine and writhe underneath him. “Mmm, feels like maybe you want this to keep going… or am I misunderstanding something?”

Dean’s lips parted, though whether to confirm or deny Cas didn’t know, because suddenly the door burst open. A water balloon was tossed into the tub, soaking them when it didn’t break but impacted like a meteor instead. There was an exclaimed oh shit!, then a short blond streak was cackling back down the hall, and Cas was tearing after Gabriel. That he was naked didn’t figure; it wouldn’t have been the first time he and Gabriel tussled. But this time his pregnant Omega was involved, and Cas’ Alpha was on the hunt for his erring pack mate.

Wolves loved to play, but there was a line. Gabriel had run out of the door to the yard, and gone for a hose thinking that the game was on. Sam watched from the deck in amusement, until Cas shifted halfway across the lawn and bowled over his brother. Cas sensed his brother’s surprise and shock, and yes, fear. He growled once in Gabriel’s face and backed off, meanwhile Dean had caught up to Sam on the lawn and was holding Sam’s arm, and Sam looked ready to knock his brother flying with a right hook. Dean backed off when Cas did, his hands raised.

Then Dean shifted, and Cas heard Sam’s surprised shout as Dean knocked Sam on his ass and licked his face thoroughly. What he didn't expect was the vicious snarl from behind him, and a small blond wolf to go flying past him towards his mate, teeth bared.

And one thing Cas knew, Gabriel was never caught unless he wanted to be. He howled a warning to his Omega.

Chapter End Notes

Yell at me here or on tumblr, imbiowaresbitch.
Back in Time

Chapter Summary

Sunday night for Gabriel and Sam, Gabriel's heat makes one last appearance. This is the night before the last chapter, sorry for the confused timeline.

Chapter Notes

Please mind the tags, revisiting Alex's trauma slightly here, so mention of rape of a minor. As always, take care of yourselves.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Gabe hung up the phone with Balth and went to find his mate. Sam was typing away on his laptop in the living room, dealing with payroll for Winchester Gardens. Gabe dropped onto the couch and reached for Sam's hands.

“Hey, Alpha?” he called softly, his tone serious. “I found out where Dean got that bruise. I need you to bear with me while I tell you. Can you do that for me, Samalam?”

Sam had gone stiff next to him as he spoke, and carefully set his laptop aside, and turned to face his mate. “Tell me.”

“According to Balth they went grocery shopping yesterday and Dean intervened for a pregnant Omega with an abusive Alpha. The Alpha got a couple hits in, Cas got there and got a few hits in, and while the asshole is threatening charges against Cas, he doesn't have a leg to stand on.”

“True Mate law, of course. I never thought I'd see a case where that applied, when it was passed ten years ago. Who would even try to get between True Mates anyway?”

“Anyway, Dean probably didn't want to worry you, but between the footage at the store, the sixteen-year-old Omega's testimony, and the footage from the bar, Adler is going away for a long time.”

“Wait, Adler?! Zachariah Adler, the asshole who grabbed him on Friday! For fuck’s sake, Dean!”
Sam got up and started to pace. “Did Dean provoke him, swing first?”

“Dean didn’t swing at all, Sam,” Gabe told him, his scent calming. "He saw Adler threatening a very pregnant Omega, barely more than a pup herself, and apparently went protective mama. The girl ran to him, and when Dean got in the way of Adler grabbing her, Adler hit him in the stomach, then the jaw. Cas put him through a freezer door, broke his nose, and Dean had to call him off." Sam started to speak, but Gabe held up a hand, telling his Alpha he wasn’t done.

“They reported everything to the sheriff’s department and Jimmy took the footage from the bar over this morning.” Gabe let out a sigh and continued, his scent souring as his distress at the topic came through. "Now it's just a matter of waiting for the footage from the grocers, getting a lawyer who is in child advocacy for the charges because the Omega was fourteen when he raped her the first time, and even now, she's only just sixteen and is due in August." The Omega shuddered, and Sam pulled him close to rubbed his cheek over Gabe's hair soothingly. "That and once your brother has a positive pregnancy test…”

“Automatic fine, something in the realm of $50,000,” Sam murmured almost absently.

“Holy shit! Well, with twins, they'll need it. So now that you know your brother is okay and saved a pregnant pup—” Gabe shuddered at those words together “—and wasn't being reckless or anything, how about you call him and see if we can stop by tomorrow night. My heat'll be over, and we can think of some prank to play on those two yahoos for not keeping us in the loop.”

“Water balloons made of condoms, since they're experts at having them break?” Sam grinned, and Gabe threw his head back in laughter.

“Should we though? I mean, they made this awesome lasagna for us, and did the groceries... Ah, fuck it. I can talk Cassie around if he gets really pissed.”

“Or we just target Dean, since he is the reason for the lack of info…” Sam commented.

Gabe wiggled a hand back and forth. “Maybe, maybe not. Besides, Cassie said he was going to tell me later, and hasn't. So really, it's their fault. And I have a key.”

“I'll give Dean a call and see when we can swing by tomorrow.”
Gabe leaned in for a quick kiss, but his heat decided it was time for one last hurrah and spiked suddenly. Sam's nostrils flared, and he growled, his eyes flashing Alpha red for a moment.

“Upstairs, sugar,” Sam growled, a predatory smile curving his lips. Gabe whined a little, feeling his heart starting to pound, and crawled immediately into Sam's lap.

“Or you could fuck me right here, right now. Are you worried Charlie will come over and see, or our brothers?”

“Maybe I want to enjoy you spread out on my bed one last time during your heat, before we go buy a proper nesting bed. We can have Dean's room neutralized professionally once he's moved out, then set up in there, where there's actually room for a nesting bed. I expect Dean'll be along any day to take his memory foam mattress. But I don't want to talk about my brother and his sex life... I want to experience ours. Now, are you going up those stairs on your own, or do I have to carry you?”

“Mmmm, let me think, Samalam.” Gabe teasingly rolled his hips, then stood, and stepped back a pace, then another. “What if I wanted you to chase me instead?”

Gabe bolted for the stairs, then scrambled up them two at a time. There was a snarl behind him as Sam sped after him, and a thud that was his Alpha vaulting the railing to land on the stairs directly behind him. Still Gabe managed to dodge the grasping hands reaching for him, only to be pinned to the wall on the landing.

“Feisty Omega,” Sam growled. “But I want our bed. So, again, up the stairs, sugar.”

Gabe made to respond and got a swat to his ass that made him yelp, even as it sent a rush of slick trickling down his bare thighs. Sam's nostrils flared, and his eyes flashed red briefly.

“You liked that, little Omega?” Sam growled, his voice husky and thick with lust, still crowding Gabe against the wall, his arousal heavy against the smaller man's lower back.

“Alpha,” Gabe moaned softly, breathless. “You said you wanted our bed. Our nest. That means you have to let me get there. Or were you planning on taking me right here, claiming me in full view of the front door?”
Sam growled again, and spun Gabe about, lifting him so he could wrap his legs around his Alpha's waist, which he did with a whimper as Sam's thick cock pressed against him.

“Don't tempt me, little Omega. I'm more than comfortable with claiming you whenever and wherever I can. Out in the yard, under the stars?”

“Samalam, fuck, take me to our nest. I need you; I'm burning up!” Gabe moaned, his heat gripping him hard, and he twisted in his Alpha's arms until Sam clamped them around him tightly.

“Hush, sweet Omega. I've got you.” Sam quickly climbed the rest of the stairs, taking them three at a time effortlessly, and strode down the hall to his room. As he entered their combined scents hit Gabe hard and he whimpered, squirming against Sam's cock. Both gasped as Gabe's twisting ran Sam's cock over his rim, puffy and red from several days of near constant knotting, but gushing slick as Sam rolled his hips up against his lover. Sam carefully crawled onto the bed, still holding Gabe in his arms. He set Gabe amid the nest of pillows and blankets, and Gabe smiled up at him, his whiskey-gold eyes luminous.

“Alpha… Sam. I love you.”

“I love you, too, Gabe.”

Gabe dropped his legs from about his Alpha's waist, spreading his legs wide for his lover, who lined up and sank into him, both gasping sharply at the joining, and Gabe suddenly found tears at the corners of his eyes. Sam froze over him, his scent charged with concern, and Gabe pulled him down for a slow, tender kiss.

“It feels so good, Sam. You feel… you feel like home.”

Sam buried his face against Gabe's throat, scenting him carefully. His usual, comforting smell grew stronger when he found nothing in Gabe's scent but overwhelming love and affection, and he slowly rolled his hips. Gabe gasped, and pulled Sam to him. He kissed him deeply, surrounding himself with the scent and taste of his mate, and a shiver went through him as Sam rocked into him again, their hips moving together in a slow rhythm.

Lifting himself onto his elbows and gazing down at Gabe with a rapt expression, Sam ran his fingers tenderly through his hair. Gabe stroked his way from his waist, slowly up over his back, to hold onto his broad shoulders.
“Sam,” Gabe breathed, twining his fingers into his shoulder-length hair. He tilted his face up to meet his Alpha's lips, and they shared a gentle kiss, breath mingling as their tongues met in a slow glide. Gabe nipped lightly at Sam's lower lip, and Sam groaned softly, his hips bucking slightly. “Damnit. I want slow, Alpha. But…” Gabe squirmed, a flush of his heat bowing his spine.

Sam kissed him passionately, caressing his side with gentle fingers.

“Gabe, sugar, my Omega. When your heat has passed, I'm going to take my time, take you apart, and make love to you for hours. No rushing to knot you to relieve the heat, just my hands, my mouth, my body, worshipping yours.” Sam paused, nuzzling behind his ear, and Gabe melted, purring for his Alpha. “But for now? Now I'm going to take good care of you, fill you with my knot, make you come on my cock. Fuck, Gabe. I wanna fill you with pups. Tell me you want that. Tell me you want me to make that belly swell with pups with your beautiful gold eyes.”

Whimpering softly, Gabe rolled his hips up to meet his lover's thrust. Sam pinned his hips with one hand, the other still supporting his weight. Sam slowly pulled out, until the head was catching lightly on Gabe's rim, then started to thrust into him with quick, shallow movements, teasing at his prostate, just barely brushing it. Gabe squirmed underneath him, trying to thrust up to meet his Alpha, but held nearly immobile by Sam's large hand at his hip.

“Sam, Alpha, please, let me move, let me hnnng, fuck… baby please, I need more, I'm burning up! Give me your pups, Sam, I want them, I need you to fill me up, only you, baby.”

Sam growled low in his throat, and deepened his thrusts, his knot starting to swell, stretching Gabe's rim, catching slightly with each stroke.

Gabe let out a whine as Sam hit his prostate, and shivered as his lover gave a feral grin, his fangs descending slightly as he picked up the pace. Sam thrust into him, and Gabe was reduced to a high-pitched exhalation, each thrust driving a gasp from him. The room filled with the sounds of their passion; the meaty slap of Sam's body pounding into Gabe's, Sam's breath coming in quick pants, Gabe's voice climbing higher as he neared his release.

“Sam, please, Alpha, ah ah ah nng, please! Oh fuck, Sam, please, knot me, oh, oh! OH FUCK!” Gabe cried out as his body tightened, his thighs locking around Sam's waist, the warmth building in his gut exploding through his body, escaping as a hoarse, wordless cry, his nails raking down Sam's already scored back.
Sam's body locked against him, tense as he tried to hold out as Gabe's hole clenched around him. Then Gabe was sucking on his scent gland, and Sam's knot locked into the smaller man, and he was coming with a groan.

“Fuck, Gabe, I wanted to pull another one from you,” Sam groused, but he grinned down at his lover and kissed him desperately. Gabe opened for him, their tongues tangling as Sam slowly rocked his hips, his knot stroking over Gabe's prostate.

“Damn, Samsquatch, feels so damn good.” He paused for a moment, then glanced up at his Alpha through his lashes. “Did you mean it, Sam? About pups?”

“I… yes. I want them. Don't you?”

Gabe hurried to reassure his mate; his scent rich with joy as he grinned at his Alpha. “Absolutely. So… if we stop taking our birth control…”

"Gabe, we could end up with my rut in a week or less, it'll throw us both out of whack. Are you ready for that possibility?" Sam asked gently.

"Are you ready for my heat to be retriggered if your rut comes, Alpha?" he asked, rolling his hips to milk Sam's knot again, pulling a groan from his Alpha.

"To see you swollen with our pup? To hold our pup in my arms?" Sam bent and kissed him tenderly. "Anything."

**

Sam rolled them carefully, so that the smaller man was resting on his chest. Gabe snuggled against his chest, as always, a cuddler in their post-sex haze. Sam loved it. Alphas were supposed to be strong, dominant, and indifferent, according to society. He didn't care. He loved to cuddle. He wanted Gabe's arms around him as much as he wanted his own around Gabe. The sweet smell of his mate, the honey of arousal, and his own coffee scent were strong, mingling into a tantalizing blend. He breathed a laugh, thinking he was going to have to start sweetening his coffee, just a little. Gabe eyed him curiously, his brows arched high.

“Just thinking that we smell delicious,” Sam explained, running his nose up Gabe's throat lightly.
Gabe chuckled softly, lifting his head to give his Alpha better access to his scent gland, and moaned softly when Sam responded by sucking on it gently. A rolling shiver travelled down his spine, and Sam felt his Omega tighten around him again, pulling a moan from his lips, and milking his knot. Sam thrust into his lover again, his face buried against his throat, and Gabe whined at the movement, his body clenching yet again.

“Saaaaammmmm,” Gabe whimpered his name, and Sam's laugh was a husky rumble.

“What do you need, sugar?” Sam asked softly, nipping at Gabe's mating mark lightly.

With a curse Gabe pushed himself upright to straddle Sam's hips, taking his still throbbing cock deeper, and deliberately rolled his hips. Sam groaned as Gabe rode him, his knot pulsing even as Gabe panted above him.

“Oh, baby, fuck, feels so good. Please Alpha, I need, oh, gods, so fucking perfect!”

Sam grabbed his hips and tilted them, and started to roll his hips, grinding into his Omega, his knot pressing firmly against Gabe's prostate. Gabe whimpered as heat built in his gut, his cock trying valiantly to swell, but it was too soon, even in the last gasp of his heat. The ball of warmth grew hotter and tighter as Sam rocked within him, coiling ever tighter at the persistent grind against his prostate. The mounting pleasure suddenly shattered, bursting through him like a supernova, and Gabe howled Sam's name as he came, his vision whiting out as he clenched around his Alpha.

He passed out.

When Gabe came to, Sam was cradling him in his arms, murmuring softly to him about how beautiful he was when he came, how precious he was, how much Sam loved him. Gabe's Omega immediately began to purr, and Sam glanced down into his eyes, smiling gently, though with an edge of smug satisfaction as well. It was then Gabe realized they were no longer tied together; he'd been out long enough for Sam's knot to deflate and release them.

Gabe stretched slowly, luxuriating in the delicious ache that he could feel in nearly every part of his body. Sam chuckled softly, bending to kiss him tenderly. “You look like a cat in front of a fireplace, all warm, soft, and very pleased with yourself.”

Gabe gave him a teasing grin, and nuzzled at his mate's throat, their combined scent bringing a purr
to the surface. Sam's Alpha responded automatically with a deep purr of his own, and Gabe laughed, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

“Yeah, yeah, laugh it up, little Omega.”

“You love me. Just as well, I'm not letting you get away.”

“Good. I've no intention of going anywhere. Except the bathroom. Be right back.” Sam returned a minute or two later with a warm cloth, which he wiped gently over Gabe's chest and stomach. His eyes dropped lower, and Gabe smirked, teasingly spreading his legs for his Alpha, who gave a low growl of approval at the seed trickling from him.

“On your stomach, my Omega,” he ordered, and Gabe shivered at the dark promise in his voice. He turned into his stomach carefully and pillowed his head on his arms. Waiting in tense anticipation, he whimpered when Sam's large hands gently cupped his thighs, spreading his legs. Gabe squirmed a bit, feeling a little exposed, a little vulnerable, and yet he found himself melting into the mattress, surrendering completely to his Alpha.

“Gabe?” Sam called his name softly, and Gabe slipped his Omega loose, responding with a contented purr. Sam chuckled softly and leaned over to kiss his way down his Omega's spine. Pausing at the swell of Gabe's ass, he stroked warm hands up over Gabe's hips to knead at his lower back. Gabe relaxed further, and when Sam nuzzled gently at his inner thigh, it pulled a low whimper from him. Sam began slowly stroking his tongue up Gabe's thigh, lapping up both slick and seed. He nudged Gabe's thighs further apart, and Gabe whined deep in his chest as Sam's tongue ran over his slit, achingly slowly. Gabe was amazed to find it sensual, rather than sexual, each pass of his Alpha's tongue a loving caress meant to soothe, rather than seduce.

He was boneless when Sam finally crawled up the bed to wrap his long limbs around him. Gabe curled toward his chest, and dropped into a blissful, sated sleep, his heat finally quiet.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks and appreciation to Malmuses for her wonderful help and comments on this chapter!
New Sensation

Chapter Summary

Monday morning for Sam and Gabe, then they head to Cas and Dean's to pull their prank, with unexpected consequences.

Chapter Notes

Another chapter of Sam and Gabe, but we have a touch of Dean and Cas as well.
Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sam woke up slowly, the scent of his Omega tickling his nostrils, and he tightened his arms around the smaller man, running his fingers through golden hair. Gabe was breathing deeply, evenly, but a low purr started as Sam held him closer. Sam carefully untangled his legs, and rolled onto his back, one arm still around Gabe, holding him against his side. Gabe murmured sleepily against his shoulder, and tangled his legs with Sam's. Sam chuckled softly, and ran his fingers delicately along Gabe's side until the smaller man squirmed away, rolling onto his other side and releasing Sam in the process.

Sam snuck out of their bed and down the hall to the bathroom, running a steaming bath. He loaded it with bath salts and soothing oils, and quickly went downstairs to make a pot of coffee. Returning with two large mugs, one sweetened and light for Gabe, one black, he set them in the bathroom and went down the hall to wake his Omega.

“Come on, sugar. Time to wake up.” He bent and pressed a gentle kiss to Gabe's forehead, his lips stretching in a smile when his brow furrowed under his mouth.

“My lips are down here,” Gabe pointed out with a pout. “You missed.”

“So I did. Let me fix that.” Sam pressed his lips to Gabe's in a gentle, close-mouthed kiss. “So, what're we going to do about that call from your dad last night, not to mention the text from Dean?”

“Let’s get cleaned up and some breakfast, and then I’ll call Cassie, find out what the hell happened last night to get him so freaked out he sicced our dad on me. And whatever it was, it’s serious enough that Dad cooperated.”
“A hot bath and hot coffees are waiting for us in the bathroom, and we can brush our teeth. Mine feel gross, I dunno about you.”

Gabe ran his tongue over his teeth and grimaced. “Ugh, don't ask. Something crawled into my mouth, took a shit, and then died.”

“Mmm, I love your skill at a delicate turn of phrase, my Omega,” Sam teased.

“Suck it, Samalam. It's early, I'm starving, I need coffee desperately, and I can smell myself.”

Sam threw his head back and laughed, then reach down and pulled his Omega to his feet. Gabe grumbled and pouted, and Sam rolled his eyes.

Leaning down, Sam scooped Gabe into his arms and marched him down the hall. Without a moment's hesitation, Sam stepped into the tub and dropped into the water, pulling a startled shout from his mate. The water sloshed over the edge, soaking the bathmat on the floor.

“You're such a dick,” Gabe complained, wincing slightly at the heat against tender parts.

Sam smirked at him, wiggling his eyebrows. “You haven't been complaining about that part of my anatomy the last few days. Changing your tune now that you've gotten what you want out of me?”

Gabe squirmed around in the water, straddling his Alpha, and leaned in for a kiss. “You mean your mark on me? That's really what I wanted, and I got it. You're mine, Alpha.”

Sam felt his heart beat faster, and kissed his Omega passionately. Gabe melted against him, much as he had the previous night, and Sam stroked his hands tenderly down his sides. This wasn't about seducing his Omega, this was caring for him. Sam grabbed a sponge and poured bath gel over it, squeezing it several times to build up the lather. He slid it gently up Gabe's chest, the smaller man sighing in contentment as he tilted his head back, exposing his throat. Sam nuzzled at his mating bite gently, then washed him carefully, moving the sponge slowly around to the other side, then over his shoulders and down his back. He smiled softly, and pulled Gabe in for a chaste kiss, then returned to his self-appointed task. Within a few minutes Gabe was purring softly, and Sam let his own rumble of affection and approval vibrate through them both.
When he'd carefully washed Gabe from head to toe, he had him dunk himself, and Gabe came upslicking his hair hair back from his forehead. Same gave him a dry washcloth and he wiped his face,then accepted the still-warm coffee with a smile.

“Mmm. I could get used to this, Samalam,” he told him as he took a drink.

“Please do. I plan on pampering you whenever possible for the rest of our lives.”

Gabe sighed happily, and turned to lay back against Sam's chest. Sam wrapped his arms around hisOmega, stroking his fingers up and down his arm contentedly.

“So, water balloons made of condoms? That is what we agreed on, right? What if they're in bedwhen we get there? Is that still a go?”

“Absolutely, but I'd better do it, being both Cas’ brother and an Omega. You disturb their nest, and itcould get ugly. Just think how you'd react if an Alpha busted in on us and pulled—” he wasinterrupted by Sam's ferocious growl, and Gabe grinned. “Now imagine Dean did it.” Samgrumbled, but nodded.

“I'd kick his ass, but yeah, I wouldn't try to kill him.”

“Exactly. So, what should we do today?”

“You, my little Omega, are going to laze on the couch with some food, while I get the laundry done so our nest is livable.”

“Sam, don't be silly, you don't need to wait on me hand and foot,” Gabe protested, then whimperedas Sam's teeth found the tendon in his throat, not biting down, but holding him for a moment. Hereleased him, and ran his tongue up Gabe's throat, and his Omega wriggled around in his lap untilthey were face to face.

Glancing about, Gabe reached for the bath oils, and finding one he liked, poured it generously intohis palm. He bent and nibbled at Sam's throat, toying with his Alpha until Sam bucked slightlyunderneath him. Gabe slid his oiled hand down Sam's chest, and grasped his half-hard cock gently.He stroked him slowly, gently, teasing him to fullness.
“This one's about you, my Alpha, taking such good care of me.” Gabe reached down with his other hand, rolling Sam's balls lightly, then reaching further and caressing his perineum. Sam jolted, and Gabe grinned, licking his lips.

“Oh, Alpha. Have I got a surprise for you… lean back for me, Sam? Trust me…”

Sam did as he was asked, his eyes wide and his chest heaving, and Gabe reached back to pull the plug until the water dropped below the jets. Replacing the plug, he knelt and reached for the neutral oil they'd tossed in amongst the bath things sometime Saturday. Slicking his fingers, he teased over Sam's hole, and Sam jumped in surprise again. Gabe drew back.

“I want this ‘cause I know it'll make you feel amazing. If you don't want me to, say the word and I'll stop right now.”

“It's not that,” he stammered, “it's just a new sensation.”

Gabe purred sensuously, and Sam felt his heart rate nearly double at the promise in that sound.

“I want you to keep going, my Omega. Show me.”

Gabe's whiskey-gold eyes flashed true Omega gold for a moment, and Sam wet his lips. Pulling the smaller man in for a kiss, Sam rocked his hips, exposing himself further, and he shuddered as he felt Gabe's searching fingers teasing again at his rim. Gabe thrust his tongue into Sam's waiting mouth, and as Sam tangled his tongue with Gabe's in return, he felt the unfamiliar burn of penetration. He moaned against Gabe's soft lips, and felt his lover smile. His body slowly adjusted to the intrusion, and he felt Gabe withdraw his finger slightly, only to push back in deeper with two.

It wasn't entirely unpleasant, but unfamiliar. He was about to say so when a pleasant tingle spread through his pelvis. He let out a quiet sound of surprise, and Gabe smiled. Gabe leaned in and kissed him once more, even as his clever fingers carefully brushed over that spot again, teasing a whimper out of him as the tingling in his gut grew. Sam felt his thighs beginning to tremble, the pleasure growing, until with a flex of Gabe's fingers a flash of white hot pleasure flooded his veins. He cried out in surprise, and Gabe chuckled.

“Jackpot!” he declared, and slowly, carefully focused his strokes over Sam's prostate. Sam felt a trembling set into his arms, and he fought to hold himself still. A low whine escaped him however,
and Gabe grinned. “That's it Samalam. Let me hear all those beautiful noises.”

“Gabe!” Sam breathed, then gasped as his mate pressed more firmly over it, teasing him first with feather-light touches, then with stronger strokes. “Gabe, please!”

Sam found himself letting out a series of high pitched whines, and Gabe murmured soft words of encouragement. “That's it Sam, just relax my Alpha, let me take care of you. You feel that? Is it good?”

“Oh gods, Gabe, feels so good! Don't stop, sugar.”

He could feel a coiling ball of arousal building in his gut, and it sent sparks through his limbs, growing hotter and tighter even as the feeling expanded. Suddenly Gabe bit down gently on his mating mark, and with one last thrust of his talented fingers, Sam was roaring, coming in a steady stream, his balls and knot pulsing and throbbing as he whimpered and drifted in a haze of pleasure, his ears ringing as he tried to focus on his lover.

“Earth to Sam, come in Sam,” Gabe teased, a knowing smirk playing about his lips. He ran a fingertip lightly down Sam's cock to trace over his knot, and Sam heard a strange animalistic whine. It took him a moment to recognize it had come from him.

Finally, his breathing approached normal, and his heart rate slowed. He grasped Gabe by the waist, and pulled him in. Gabe smirked and kissed him, the gleam in his eyes definitely smug. That smugness faded away as Sam reached down and gently grasped Gabe's cock, having slicked his hand with oil at some point, and Gabe's head went back on a moan.

“Mmmm… oh, Sam, like that. Just that, your hand on my cock, so perfect!”

“Mmmm, too bad, I had another idea.” Sam scooped his lover out of the water and set him on the tile surrounding the bath. Even as Gabe was still gasping in surprise, Sam sank to his knees and took his cock in his mouth down to the root. His hands held Gabe's thighs, even as his own still trembled with the strength of his release. Gabe moaned and sighed above him, squirming on the cool tiles, his hands fisted in Sam's hair. Sam pulled back to tease at the head, and moaned at the precome dripping from the slit. He could scent Gabe's slick, and he groaned as his gut tightened, his cock just pouring come into the tub. He swept his tongue down Gabe's cock once more, then back up the shaft to swallow around the head again. He took Gabe down his throat and swallowed, feeling smug as Gabe cried out above him.
“Oh Sam, feels so good, fuck, yes, suck me. Oh, oh, oh!”

Sam drew back long enough to draw a breath and sank down again, one hand playing with Gabe's balls, the other stroking lightly up and down his thigh.

Gabe was trembling above him, his head thrown back, his hands locked in Sam's hair as he ground his hips forward, incoherent whimpers escaping his gorgeous throat. Sam's eyes caught on his mating bite and a guttural growl escaped him. Gabe looked down at him with Omega-gold eyes, and Sam felt his cock twitching between his lips. Sam swept a hand down to tease at his entrance, and Gabe shouted as he came down Sam's throat.

Slowly easing back, Sam gently kissed his way down to run his tongue over Gabe's slicked hole.

“Oh gods, Sam, I'm so sensitive, it feels so good but it's almost too much. Gentle, please.” Gabe was squirming, his body chasing his Alpha's tongue one moment then shying away the next.

Sam coaxed him slowly back into the tub, and gently rinsed the sweat from his skin. He pulled Gabe into his arms, and held him closely as he shuddered slightly.

“Are you alright, little ‘Mega? Come on, let's get new sheets on the bed, then I'm giving you a massage.”

“You promised me TV and candy,” Gabe pouted, and Sam chuckled.

“So I did. I still want to get new sheets on the bed, but we can go downstairs and watch a movie and I'll give you a back rub. By the way, Charlie still wants to meet you. We should probably set that up or you will find a random redhead in our home. I mean, that'll happen eventually anyway, but intros should happen first.”

“Is she home, do you know?”

“Normally she has Mondays off but with both Dean and I both out, she's at work today. She's off about three though, and then Andrea will take over.”
“We should have her and Jo over. Make them something nice to make up for the show they’ve had this weekend. But in the meantime, let’s go invade Cassie’s place. I’ve got to get out of the house, even just for a little bit. And we need to find out what those two yahoos were panicking about last night.”

**

Gabe tossed the water filled condom at his brother and his mate, and watched as rather than popping, it impacted the water and, sending the water up in a sudden geyser, soaked them both.

“Oh shit!” he burst out, and turned, laughing as he ran for the backyard. He knew that Cassie was planning on having a pool installed, which would have been perfect, but for now the hose would have to do. He could hear Cas behind him, and he tried to dodge the anticipated lunge. Since when could Cassie catch him? Gabe had always been the fastest of them.

A snarl sounded on his heels and he cast a glance over his shoulder, only to find an enormous black wolf mid-leap. The giant beast bore him down to the ground, and eerily familiar blue eyes glared at him as it snapped and snarled in his face before backing off and letting him up. Gabe trembled, unable to quite grasp what was going on, when he saw Dean holding onto Sam’s arm on the deck. He felt a protective urge run through him, but he could see Dean was simply trying to keep Sam from getting involved with Gabe and... Cassie? Gabe was turning back to look at the large black wolf when he saw a flash of movement on the deck. Where his mate’s brother had stood was now a huge tawny wolf, which leapt at Sam and knocked him on his ass.

A blinding pain surged through Gabe in a heartbeat, and he found himself running faster than he ever had before, a snarl curling his lip back from his fangs. There was a howl behind him, but he knew there was no way for his pack brother to catch him, not when his mate was in danger ahead. He took the stairs to the deck with a vicious snarl, and was about to leap at the wolf threatening his mate, when Sam stepped between them, holding his hand out to each.

“Enough!” Sam shouted, a hint of a snarl in the Alpha’s voice. “Gabe, it’s our brothers. Calm down. I’m fine, I’m not hurt.”

“Dean,” Cassie called from the lawn. “Come on, change back. They’re no threat to us or our pups. It’s alright Omega-mine. Come back to me, Dean.”

Dean stepped back from Sam, shook his head with a dismayed snort, and suddenly he stood as a person again, running his hands through his hair. His expression was sheepish, and he shrugged at Sam.
“Maybe that wasn’t the best way to show you we could shift? But hey, Gabe can too, check that out!”

Sam snapped a photo of Gabe, who grumbled a yawn, and made to lift his leg over Dean’s foot.

“Gabriel!” Cas warned, and Gabe wandered down to the grass to roll, ignoring the three men on the deck for a moment.

A step sounded behind him, and he turned to watch his pack sibling approach. Castiel stood there, nude and unashamed, his hands on his hips. Gabe leveled a stare at the Alpha, but those blue eyes never wavered, and a stern expression crossed his features.

Gabe found himself fighting to keep from squirming, his ears flattening as he crouched to the ground. He let out a low whine, and Cas nodded. Gabe realized something then that his wolf already knew. Sam was his True Mate, Alpha to his Omega.

But his younger brother was pack Alpha.

“Go for a run, burn off some energy. I’ll have burritos waiting when you two get back. If Sam is joining you?”

The wolf and the man looked as one back at the deck, and found Dean was once again a wolf, this time sitting on his haunches and lolling his tongue, his entire demeanor taunting as Sam crouched and tried to shift. The tall Alpha was apparently having trouble, and Cas gave a low snort.

“You know what would work? Going for a run. ”

Gabe whipped his head around to stare at his brother, who simply winked, and started to stroll back towards the house.

“See you in a couple hours, we do need to talk. And stay on the property.”
Gabe let out a joyous, taunting howl, and Sam’s head snapped up, his eyes glowing red even in the morning sunlight. The tall Alpha vaulted over the railing and hit the ground in a tucked roll, coming to his feet in a charge at Gabe. Gabe yipped and bounced in place, then turned and bolted. A howl came from behind him, a voice he’d never heard, and yet completely familiar. He threw a quick glance over his shoulder and called to his mate, now an enormous russet wolf.

Gabe turned back towards the woods, and ran beneath the trees, his mate on his heels.

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Dean wrapped his arms around his mate, and nuzzled at his neck. “Did you really have to tell Gabe to tease him into a chase? I was right next to Sammy, and I’m never gonna get the smell out of my nose.”

“Sorry,” Cas laughed, not sorry at all. “Let’s get a new pot of coffee on, and you can help me make some fresh burritos. They’ll be back. Eventually.”

“Angel, I want to stop thinking about that. Let’s get that coffee, and it’s almost noon. We’re gonna call your dad back when?”

“Let’s give it a few hours, I want to update Gabriel first. If Jimmy and Balth weren’t taking care of the bar I’d want them here too. Anna’s probably still out of commission til tomorrow with her rut. I can’t even believe Dad waited so long to tell us the truth. What the hell was he thinking?”

“Cas, who knows. All we can do is ask him that. Anna’s still in school. Is her tuition being paid for by Naomi? Was that part of the divorce settlement?”

“You know, I have no idea. But it’s entirely possible. We’ll have to find out. Anna’s in her last year of Business Administration, then she needs to find an apprenticeship, which I’m guessing you were going to talk to Bobby about?”

“You bet. That’s what you do for pack,” Dean asserted proudly, and Cas pulled him in for a gentle kiss.

“You’re something else, you know that, Dean?”

“Dean,” Cas growled suddenly, sending a shiver down the Omega’s spine, and he stared at his Alpha’s stormy blue eyes. “Don’t ever denigrate yourself again. You are special, and not just because you’re my mate. Most people wouldn’t have stepped in with an Alpha and their Omega like you did for Alex. Keep that in mind, love.”

“You would have,” Dean pointed out.

“I would have. I guess that means we’re well suited.”

Dean leaned in for another kiss, and teased at his Alpha’s lip until he opened, then swept his tongue in to tangle with Cas’. “I’d have to agree. How much time do you think we have until they’re back?”

“What did you have in mind?”

“That we crank on the hot tub, and break it in.”

“That would be highly unsanitary,” Cas pointed out.

“Don’t worry, Alpha, I promise I’ll be a good boy,” Dean offered, his eyes hooded. Cas gave a low growl in return and nipped at Dean’s throat lightly.

“You couldn’t behave last night despite threats from Missouri. I’m supposed to believe you’ll be good now?”

“Angel, trust me. I’ll be very good for you.” Dean turned and sauntered back into the house, and Cas was rather urgently reminded that both he and his mate were naked.

The next two hours flew by, though they never did get to the hot tub.
Thanks to malmuses for her awesome work as my beta, as always! 😊
A Family Dispute

Chapter Summary

Sam and Dean are introduced to Anna, the youngest Milton sibling, over the phone, and her brothers let her know some of the things they've learnt in the past few days. Cas tells of his childhood trauma at Naomi and her brothers hands.

Charlie and Jo meet Gabe.

Chapter Notes

This is a rough chapter, in that it details some of the abuse Cas suffered growing up, both mental and physical. As always, please take care of yourselves.

This was written long enough ago that Anna and Anael were still the same person in canon. Just go with it, picture as Anna. 😊

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Gabe sat on the couch in a t-shirt and a pair of basketball shorts borrowed from Cas, his clothes having torn when he shifted precipitously. Sam had collected his clothes from the deck, eyeing them suspiciously at first until Dean swore there was no itching powder or any other surprises.

Cas chuckled softly at their antics, and offered up a platter of breakfast burritos. Gabe and Sam inhaled two each, while Cas and Dean each had one. As they ate, Cas asked what their dad had told them the night before.

“I didn’t actually talk to him, but he left a voicemail. Said not to let anyone know about any new abilities until we’d had a chance to talk. What the hell happened last night, Cassie?”

“Dean and I shifted, Dean panicked that he might have hurt the pups. Missouri showed up—by the way, that woman scares me a little—and helped me get Dean calmed down, and we decided to Skype Dad to find out what he knew about people shifting. Turns out he had a whole different set of info for us. Starting with Naomi isn’t our mother. Not for any of us.” Cas bit off his words, and Dean reached over and linked their fingers, grounding him. Cas took a deep breath and continued, calmer. “And they never mated. Our mother was an Alpha named Becky Rosen, and she was killed by a mugger while Dad was pregnant with Anna. Dad carried all of us because Naomi would never have let him impregnate her, and she couldn’t get him pregnant.” He swallowed a mouthful of coffee and
snorted derisively. "No wonder she never had any compunctions about beating on me, I was never hers in the first place. We were all just status symbols for her.”

Dean let out a vicious growl at the reminder that Cas had been abused, and Cas soothed him by pulling him close and nuzzling at his throat, while Gabe stiffened next to Sam. They had all known Naomi was awful to Cas, but to be reminded of it, to hear it stated so boldly was jarring. Gabe found himself pulled into Sam’s lap, and he leaned back against his Alpha’s shoulder, seeking comfort. Naomi had been cold and distant with Balth and Gabe, but when Balth had turned out to be a Beta, and then Gabe presented as an Omega a couple years later, she’d written them off completely. That one of her two remaining sons was gay, even presenting as an Alpha couldn’t save Cas from her unreasoning wrath.

That she might alienate her remaining children never seemed to occur to her. That her Omega might finally divorce her, now that there were finally Omega rights enacted into law, unthinkable.

“Speaking of Anna, have you spoken to her this weekend?” Gabe asked nervously.

“No, it’s been crazy. Oh… oh shit.”

“Any chance Jimmy hasn’t blabbed yet?”

Cas groaned, covering his eyes.

“We’re so dead. Dean, it’s been great, tell the pups about me,” he asked, somewhat melodramatically.

“She can’t be that bad,” Dean protested.

“Imagine Jo and Charlie if you hadn’t told them right away. Then imagine it’s been two or three days.”

Sam and Dean both blanched.

“Gabe, you’ve been in heat until this morning, and she was in rut, she couldn’t hold it against you,
could she?” Sam piped up.

Gabe’s phone rang, and the image of a petite redhead flashed on the screen, causing him to wince. Gabe dropped his phone on the coffee table and picked up the call on speaker.

“Hey Anna, we were just talking about you! So, Jimmy or Balth?”

“Dad, actually. You told him before me?!” she demanded angrily.

“Wait, Dad told you? What the hell? He only found out last night! What else did he tell you?”

“Isn’t that enough? You met your True Mates, what the hell else is there?” she snarled, and Dean found his hackles rising at this angry Alpha.

Cas reacted instantly, soothing him with a touch, and turned to the phone to answer their sister as Gabe listened with some trepidation.

“Why, what else is there?” she repeated.

“Well, you’re going to be an auntie, because my mate Dean, here, is pregnant with twins. Gabe’s heat was triggered when he and Sam scented each other, so he’s been out of commission until today. And oh, Dad has been hiding the fact that Naomi isn’t our mother our entire lives, for our own good.”

“What?!“ Anna exclaimed, but Cas kept speaking right over top of her.

“Quick question, has she been paying your schooling? It’s the only reason I could think of for Dad to hide this so long.”

“Yeah, and she was going to line up an apprenticeship for me, which I have got to have. Wait. Who the hell was our mother if not Naomi?’”

Cas explained about Becky Rosen, their dad’s True Mate, and Gabe burrowed further into Sam’s
embrace, noticing Dean was stroking his thumb over Cas’ knuckles. The mated pairs were seeking comfort in the face of a loss of a True Mate, even a loss more than two decades old. Anna listened carefully as Cas finished explaining, and sighed.

“Is this what I have to look forward to if I meet my True Mate? I can hear the purring even over the speaker. You guys are cloyingly sweet.”

“I know you’re always cranky after your rut, but there’s no need to be rude,” Gabe admonished, then turned to Sam and grumbled. “You’ll have to excuse my sister, she seems to think all Omegas are like our dad, meek and, frankly, easily manipulated. Apparently she’s never met me.”

“Cas, we should make sure to invite Charlie for the barbecue next weekend. And Ellen will be here, right?” Dean gave a grin that Gabe would have mistrusted if it had been directed at him, but as it was, his inner prankster was intrigued, particularly when Cassie added another name.

“We have to make sure to have Missouri along too. She’s a family friend first, your midwife second.”

Dean chortled, and Sam’s smile was positively wicked.

“By the way, Anna, Dean works at Singer’s Salvage and Repairs, and has an idea about an apprenticeship for you.”

“How do you feel about classic cars? I can email you a shot of the Impala after it was t-boned, did the restoration and rebuild myself. I can take you on as an apprentice for four months, then Bobby can take over. Victor is good too, though he’s newer at it.”

“You’ve got that much pull with the owner?” Anna asked, hesitantly.

Sam chuckled, and cuddled Gabe closer unconsciously.

“Uncle Bobby? You could say that.” Dean grinned. “And if he wanted to give me grief about it, Ma would kick his ass anyway.”
“Look Anna, I’m sorry I didn’t call you,” Cassie apologized, trying to placate their fiery youngest sibling. “Things have been more than a little crazy the last few days. Nothing I want to get into over the phone. Hell, haven’t even told Jimmy and Balth half of it yet. You know the address, Dean and I are having a barbecue on Sunday, bring your swimsuit for the hot tub. You’re more than welcome to bring a date or a friend if you want.”

“Alright, fine. My friend Gilda could use time away from her books. Castiel, when is the pool happening anyway?”

“Appointment on Thursday for the company to inspect the backyard,” he told her, and Gabe watched as Dean straightened abruptly.

“Babe, my midwife appointment is Thursday, I need you there, just to really make sure everything is okay.”

Anna’s voice registered some concern. “Cassie? Why do you need to make sure everything is okay? What’s going on?”

“Crap, sorry. Some of the chaos we can’t get into over the phone. But Dean was punched in the stomach—” Cas had to pause as a chorus of snarls from his siblings and Sam “—but it was high enough that I doubt it could have done any damage to his womb. His scent changed after the fact. As for the other… our midwife has said it’s not a problem, so we’ll try not to worry about it.”

“Castiel, you’re being especially cryptic. Will you explain on Sunday at the barbecue?” Anna asked, her tone resigned.

“Sure, Anna. We’ll go for a walk for some privacy though. I don’t want it to be common knowledge.”
Dean cut in. “Who are we inviting? Family and pack, right? If Missouri knows, I bet Ellen and Bobby do, too. Charlie’s already investigating, and you know she’ll tell Jo. No way I think we’re keeping this from Jimmy or Balth. So, we get them there early, have a chat, and tell friends to show up half an hour or an hour later. Should give us plenty of time to at least have an idea what the hell is going on.”

“That’s great,” Anna commented scathingly, “but you just told me I could bring a friend, but now you don’t want any non-family around to hear your big news. Which is it?”

Dean scowled, but Sam cut in. “Gabe and I can tell Jo and Charlie ourselves, then they can entertain… Gilda, was it? That way no one misses the details.”

“Alright, whatever. Now you’re just spitting out names. What about our uncles, either of them invited?”

“You mean Naomi’s brothers?” Cas asked, incredulous. “Uriel and Michael? Hell no. I don’t trust either of them, never have. Now that I know we’re not related to any of them? Fuck that. If I never have to deal with those abusive, bigoted, self-righteous, smug assholes again it’ll be too soon.”

“Cassie, they weren’t that bad…”

“Anna, that’s bullshit and you know it. They always figured you’d be an Alpha, so you were the favourite. You and Jimmy. Now, I don’t resent either of you, it’s hardly your faults. But that doesn’t change the way Uriel would smack me around whenever Dad wasn’t there. And Michael knew and never lifted a hand to stop it, when he wasn’t taking a swing himself.”

“Uncle Mike wouldn’t just—”

Gabe cut in, seeing the pained expression on his little brother. Pack Alpha or not, this was his favourite brother. “Yes, he would, Anael.”

There was a long silence on the line, and finally she spoke again. “Cassie, I’m sorry. I guess they always made sure to hide it from me.”
Cassie stood, scooping up Gabe’s phone, and turned off speaker. He strode out to the deck, leaving Dean clearly debating following, and Gabe and Sam sitting in an awkward silence. Finally, Gabe sighed.

“That’s been a long time coming. She’s so much younger than the rest of us, and she was sheltered from a lot of Naomi’s bullshit. This has to have been a shock for her today, all of it. At least the part about our True Mates was a pleasant surprise.”

Dean gave a half smile, but his eyes were still on Cas through the sliding doors to the deck. “That and being an auntie was hopefully good news. And the apprenticeship offer. She can handle cars, right?” Dean asked Gabe hopefully.

Gabe gave a wry smile. “Oh yeah. She has many talents, that one. Cars is one of them. I don’t know how many older cars she’s worked on in her classes, but she’s smart as hell. She’ll pick it up fast.”

Cassie returned a few minutes later, and handed Gabe his phone, his face pensive. Dean stood and pulled him close, and Cas buried his hands in his mate’s hair, his face against his throat. When they parted, Cassie’s eyes were dull, and he gave his mate a wan smile.

“Cassie?” Gabe asked, concerned.

“Gabriel, do me a favour, could you call me Cas, please? I’ve gotten used to it over the last few days.” Cas pressed a gentle kiss to Dean’s temple, and Dean gave him a shy smile.

Gabe smiled, nodding. “As long as you call me Gabe. I’ve found I like the way it sounds. And it’s definitely better than Balth calling me Gabby!”

That pulled a real smile from Cassie—Cas, at last.

“Wanna talk about it?” Dean asked softly.

“Not… not right now, Omega-mine. But I will talk to you about it later. Gabe, maybe you should tell Sam about it later… I’ll text you. In the meantime, I’m feeling pretty tired. I need some rest.”

He disappeared down the hall towards the bedrooms, and Dean nearly started after him without a
word, then turned back to Gabe and Sam.

“Even if he won’t talk to me right now, he needs me. Gabe, you’ve got a key, right? Hang out if you like, but I’m checking on him. Oh, shit. I need my mattress. Um… I’m gonna have to rent a pickup, or see if I can steal one from Bobby for an hour or so.”

“Do I even want to know?” Sam asked, his expression a mix of horror and amusement.

Dean simply held up one hand and let his fingers flow into claws, seemingly hardly needing to think about it.

Sam gave him a bitch-face and rolled his eyes. “I’m just going to assume you had a nightmare. I don’t want to be told otherwise, Dean.”

Dean snorted, and his gaze flicked between Gabe and Sam.

“Right, because those aren’t fresh mating bites on your necks, opposite your scent glands. I know exactly what you were doing running in our woods, so don’t go getting all high and mighty. We could hear you both howling and, newsflash, could understand what your wolves were saying.”

Sam went beet-red and clapped a hand to his throat, while Gabe simply wiggled his eyebrows at Dean and laughed.

“You’ve got it too, Dean. Wonder how we’ll explain those to people.”

Dean shrugged. “Any bite with my True Mate during our first mating sticks, is all I’ll say. They’ll just think Cas was very enthusiastic.” He cut his eyes slyly towards Sam and continued. “Which he was.”

Sam rolled his eyes again, and Gabe chuckled, pulling his mate to his feet. “Come on, Samalam. Let’s leave the love-birds alone, we should get home and see if Jo and Charlie want some leftover lasagna for dinner.”

**
Gabe and Sam waved to Dean and let themselves out, hopping into Sam’s Dodge Charger. When they got home, Gabe went into the house to pull the lasagna from the fridge, and Sam knocked on Charlie and Jo’s door. Charlie answered it after a pause and grinned up at Sam for a moment, but her smile faded a bit as she saw his expression. Sam knew his smile wasn’t that convincing, but with so much on their plates, he couldn’t help it.

“What’s up, Sammy?” Her nostrils flared suddenly, and her scent spiked with anxiety. “Is Dean okay? Is Gabe? What’s going on?” she demanded, her tone getting more urgent as she spoke.

Sam shook his head, trying to calm her down before she panicked. “Charlie, we’re all okay. But Gabe and I do need to talk to you and Jo. Are you guys interested in leftover lasagna for dinner?”

“Awww, crap. I am, for sure, but Jo had to work late tonight, Ash is sick. What’s going on, Sam?” she asked for the second time.

“Come on over. We’ll play Mario-Kart while we reheat the food and Gabe and I can explain.”

“Wanting to have your ass kicked, huh Sam? You’re so good to me,” she teased, closing the door behind her and crossing the lawn to Sam’s door with him.

“Let’s just say keeping my dignity against the queen of video games isn’t really at the forefront of my mind,” Sam told her wryly.

She shook her head, then gasped, running past him. She threw her arms around Gabe who reacted immediately, picking her up and spinning her around the kitchen.

Charlie whooped as they twirled, and both Omegas were laughing as they finally came to a stop in the middle of the room, while Sam smiled indulgently.

“GABE!” Charlie exclaimed, hugging him again. “It’s so great to finally meet you! I gotta say, I almost feel like I already know you, even if it’s from knowing far too much about your preferences in the bedroom, bathroom, dining room…”

Gabe laughed, and wiggled his eyebrows at her. “You trying to tell me you and Jo didn’t christen
“every room in your place?” he teased while Sam groaned, trying to cut in.

“Gabe…”

Charlie ran right over top of him. “Gabe, I have a very important question.”

Gabe met her gaze and put on a serious expression, only the twinkle in his eyes belying him.

“Star Wars or Star Trek?” Charlie asked, as though it were the most vital question in the world, which it was for her, Sam knew.

“Han shot first,” Gabe told her solemnly, then winked at Sam when Charlie shrieked while throwing her arms around him in another enthusiastic hug.

“Bonus points for that answer!” she declared, then sobered again.

“How many Star Wars movies are there?”

“Do I have to include the prequels?” Gabe winced. “And I’m not counting the Christmas special, ever!”

“Perfect score, welcome to the family.”

Sam chuckled, and grabbed a few beers from the fridge, passing them around. “So, Charlie, have you had a chance to do any research for us?”

“Some. Turns out appendages shifting happens exclusively with True Mates, which we kinda figured, but now I’ve looked. I can’t find any mention of shifting outside those parameters. By the way, I’m glad you guys asked me, I can cover my tracks, and even if someone pegs on something I’ve created a paranoid fangirl persona, making it look like I’m taking novels on the subject as gospel.” She glanced at Gabe, and tilted her bottle toward him. “Your dad is just one author on the subject, so I won’t be making people especially curious about his work either.”
Gabe seemed surprised for a moment, then grateful, and Sam wrapped an arm around his shoulders to offer comfort. Gabe leaned into him with a smile, and Sam dropped a kiss on his forehead before looking back to Charlie.

“What else did you find out?”

“Not a lot. There are some wilder stories, though the sources seem credible enough, given how hard they tried to bury the info, rather than sell it to the highest bidding tabloid. I know this is hard to believe, but there are some rumours of true mates being able to shift into wolves, like the oldest stories. It seems unlikely, I mean, how would you hide that in a modern world. Other than telling as few people as possible. But seriously, way too many governments would want to abuse that ability, or at the very least study it. And we all know not all studies are done carefully or with consent, if it’s for ‘the good of the people’. Man, I hate politicians sometimes.”

Gabe met Sam’s eyes, and nodded slowly as Charlie bent to check the lasagna.

“So get this, Charlie,” Sam started, then cleared his throat. “Turns out True Mates, some True Mates, can shift.”

She whipped around, nearly toppling over as she straightened, and stared at them.

“Holy Hermione, are you fucking kidding me?” she demanded, and Gabe grinned at her even as he shook his head.

“Not even a little, Charlie. Us, and Dean and Cas,” Sam told her.

“Sam and I shifted this afternoon,” Gabe told her, his amazement at the memory shining through. She stared at them in disbelief, and Sam pulled them both back to the den, out of sight of the windows at the front of the house. The curtains were drawn over the deck door for privacy from their neighbour, but Sam peeked out anyway. Nodding to them both, he started to crouch.

“Samalam, you’ll rip your clothes.” Gabe hauled off his shirt, and winked at Charlie. “Might wanna turn around, it’s gonna be a sausagefest for a minute.”

Sam grumbled, but Gabe grinned at him. “Relax, just us Omegas and my Alpha.” Charlie spun around to give Gabe a moment, and he dropped his borrowed shorts as he crouched. A moment later,
Sam tapped Charlie on the shoulder, and she jumped slightly. She turned slowly, but when she spotted the blond wolf lounging on the couch she gasped in delight. Gabe hopped down, and immediately rolled onto his back, squirming around like a pet dog scratching an itch. Charlie snorted, and gave Sam a wry smile.

“Does he really think he’s going to get me to scratch him? I still know it’s you, Gabe,” she scolded the wolf, who rolled onto his stomach and dropped his jaw in a canine grin. Sam rolled his eyes, and dropped onto the couch, waving at Charlie to join him. Sam tossed Gabe’s clothes into the kitchen and Gabe bounded around the corner, claws scrabbling on the tiles. A moment later he’d rejoined them, and took a long drink from his beer. Charlie stared for a moment, then shook her head.

“Wow. That was amazing. Does… does it hurt? Is it instant?”

“Oh it hurts,” Gabe asserted, glancing at Sam as though for confirmation, “but it’s like a very quick flash of pain, there and gone again. And it’s really fast. Fluid, almost. Fast enough that it’s hard to follow with the eye when someone else is shifting.”

Sam nodded. “It was faster this time than when you changed back at Cas and Dean’s place, too,” Sam commented, tucking Gabe under his arm and pulling him close.

“Huh.” Gabe seemed briefly surprised, then he shrugged. “Practice makes perfect, I guess. Anyway, we wanted to tell you for a couple reasons. One, you’re researching for us, so you should know when we’ve found out something. We’re planning on telling our sibs and Bobby and Ellen on Sunday at the barbecue, but my sister Anna is bringing a friend. Would you and Jo be willing to distract Gilda so Anna can hear with the rest of the family?”

“I can definitely be a distraction! Ooh, we are so setting up a Mario-kart tournament in their media room! Gabe, what is with your brother?! I mentioned a game tournament on that entertainment system and he mentioned Monopoly!”

Sam watched as an expression of amusement flickered across Gabe’s face, almost too fast to see. Charlie had been reaching for her beer, and he knew she’d missed it entirely.

“That’s just the way Cassie is,” Gabe told her, then made a face. “Sorry, Cas. That’ll take some getting used to, but I’m not surprised. Balth has been lording it over the rest of us with nicknames for our entire lives, and mostly they’ve stuck. And really, what could we call him that’s worse than ‘Balthazar’?”
Charlie snickered and wandered to the kitchen for another round. As she came back, she paused, eyeing both Sam and Gabe. Her eyes widened. “You guys have additional mating marks. Holy shit.”

They glanced at each other, and Sam knew that others would notice too. “We’ll have to figure out a story for that. Cas and Dean have ‘em too. I should check on Cassie. Question is do I call Anna first to see what he told her, so I know what he might be feeling raw about, or do I go to him so I’m not asking her to share details…”

Sam shook his head. “Fire him a text, he said he’d message you,” Sam reasoned. “And really, he implied you’d know what he was telling her…” Sam paused, taking a breath, then turned to meet Gabe’s eyes. “How bad was it?”

Gabe sighed, shaking his head as he took a long pull of his beer. “Bad. So, Mario-Kart, am I right?” he asked, clearly hoping to change the subject. Sam glanced at Charlie and caught her understanding look, and she nodded.

“Let me just check on the lasagna first and go to the bathroom,” she offered, quietly leaving the mates along for a moment.

Gabe turned to Sam immediately, and buried his face against Sam’s throat, breathing deeply.

“That bad, sugar?” Sam murmured gently.

Gabe looked up at his Alpha, his eyes wet. “Broken bones explained away as clumsiness,” Gabe said softly, glancing towards the door to the kitchen. “Or they’d tried teaching him sports. Or he’d picked a fight and gotten a black eye. None of us knew what to make of it, because he never picked fights at school when he was home, it only happened during summers when he was staying with our uncles. And he always agreed with their stories, until he was sixteen, and presented. It was a shock to everyone. Cassie was always so… mild, so controlled. No one expected him to present as anything other than an Omega.”

“Meanwhile Dean was always assumed to be an Alpha. Funny how it turns out. And given what happened at the grocery store, I’d say Cas has the protective Alpha trait in spades.”

Gabe snorted. “You got that right.”
“You okay?” Sam asked softly, and Gabe shrugged, giving him a wan smile.

“He’s my baby brother. I was supposed to look out for him. It still hurts that I couldn’t protect him, but what could I do when he wouldn’t admit anything was going on?”

“Would your uncles have threatened the safety of the rest of you to get him to keep his mouth shut?” Sam guessed shrewdly, and watched as Gabe’s eyes widened, then suddenly burned Omega gold, and his fangs descended partway.

“Those bastards. That bitch! I bet that’s exactly what happened. I could kill them for using us against him.”

Charlie coughed awkwardly from the door, then stepped in. “I can create alibis online. Where do you want to be, Vegas?” she offered, then came to sit next to Gabe, offering the closeness Omegas often preferred for comfort. Gabe leaned further against Sam’s side, but stretched his legs over Charlie’s lap. Charlie smiled at him and reached over to ruffle his hair, while he batted at her hands irritably.

“Crap, we need the controllers from the cabinet,” Sam exclaimed, worming out from under Gabe, “and to get the game started.”

He crouched in front of the TV cabinet and got the game started, then handed controllers around. The three quickly lost themselves in the game, pausing only to eat.

**

When Jo let herself in around nine, Gabe was pleasantly buzzed and Charlie had her head on his shoulder. They were watching Empire Strikes Back, and Charlie was muttering about how often the key line from Vader was misquoted.

Sam offered Jo the last piece of lasagna, which she took gratefully before grabbing a beer from the fridge and piling onto the couch next to Charlie.

“So what’s goin’ on tonight, why are we having a bender?” she asked.

“No one is having a bender. By the way, meet my Omega, Gabe Milton,” Sam introduced,
prompting a wave from Gabe.

Gabe opened his mouth to speak, but his phone chimed. His eyes flew to Sam’s, and his Alpha nodded, tossing Jo a controller to distract her as Gabe crawled out of the cuddle pile and collected his phone, moving to the kitchen for privacy.

BeeBarkeep: Anna did not take that well, but we’re okay. She was only 3 when they started on me. Can’t expect her to remember details of my injuries when there were treats and special trips to enjoy.

Trckstr420: cuz that’s not bitter or anything

BeeBarkeep: bite me. Not like I wanted her to get beat on the way I was, just wish she’d believed me a little easier.

Trckstr420: on that topic, u getting beat on… that y u lied and said nothin was happening? did they threaten the rest of us?

Gabe watched as his phone told him BeeBarkeep typing, then blanked, then that Cas was typing again. After over a minute of this, a new message arrived.

BeeBarkeep: no.

Gabe snorted and quickly replied.

Trckstr420: ur so fucking full of shit. Charlie n Jo R here, showed Charlie the goods. she’ll distract Gilda at the bbq

BeeBarkeep: how’d she take it?

Trckstr420: not bad, surprised. then kicked my ass at Mariokart. monopoly? really?

BeeBarkeep: *lol* It was too easy to pass up.
Trckstr420: *should hide your consoles and games then*

BeeBarkeep: *Good plan. Gonna go cuddle with Dean, mind if I stop by tomorrow to get his mattress? the feathers are bad enough without the mattress shredded.*

Gabe snorted with laughter and quickly typed out a response as he grabbed a bowl and a bag of M&M’s from the cupboard.

Trckstr420: *I dont need 2 know u guys R that kinky*

BeeBarkeep: *Just remember, feathers are kinky, using the whole chicken is perverted.*

Gabe laughed so hard Sam came out to the kitchen to check on him.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks Mal! 😊
A Family Portrait

Chapter Summary

Under Dean's gentle prompting and care, the story of Cas’ childhood comes out. The mates fall asleep in each other's arms.

Chapter Notes

****Please take care with this chapter, it details growing up with homophobia and child abuse, all from Cas' past.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Cas?” Dean stepped into their room tentatively. Spotting his Alpha sitting on the edge of their bed with his head in his hands, Dean’s heart nearly broke. There was a strange, acrid scent to the air that somehow managed to numb Dean’s senses. “Angel, please don’t shut me out. The pups and I need you, so let me be there for you.”

A strange sound came from his mate, and his shoulders began to shake. Dean crossed the space between them in a heartbeat and, pulling Cas to him, held his lover as he cried. Disregarding the torn mattress, the stray feathers still among the sheets, Dean curled around his Alpha and hummed a soft lullaby, stroking his fingers through his hair as he let out his grief and anger.

When Cas finally quieted, Dean slipped into the bathroom and poured a bath, eyeing the scented oils and bath salts. Finding lavender and cedar, he gave a wistful smile, and added a little of each to the running water. He moved back to the bedroom and got Cas upright, gently undressing him and pulling him into the bathroom. Speaking softly, he coaxed his Alpha into the tub. He knelt at its side, slowly and gently washing him, then massaging shampoo through his hair. Cas sat silently under his ministrations, but gradually his scent softened, becoming familiar once again. Dean leaned over and laid a gentle kiss on his forehead, purring softly to his mate. When he pulled back, Cas’ eyes were on him; shadowed still, but aware, and grateful.

“I’m going to go throw together something for dinner, angel. It’ll be awkward for tonight, but new sheets on the bed? Or do we sleep in the guest room so at least we’re on a whole mattress?”

Cas tilted his head like a curious bird, thinking about it for a moment, and Dean gave him a fond smile.
“I want our room. The guest room wouldn’t smell like our nest. I’ll flip the mattress. It’s not a pillowtop, so it’ll work for tonight. If you find us dinner, I’ll get the mattress flipped and the bed made. Our pillows and the blankets smell right at least.”

“How does florentine omelettes sound?”

“Fancy. Isn’t that just spinach and cheese?” Cas teased lightly.

“Well sure, but my way sounds classy,” Dean grinned, and leaned in to peck Cas on the lips.

Cas gave him a wan smile as Dean stood, and sighed.

“Once we’ve eaten, I want our nest ASAP. I’ve got some background to tell you that I didn’t really want to share... well, ever. But it’s part of my childhood, and you deserve to know about it, Omega-mine. Though it won’t be easy to listen to, either.”

“I gathered from what you said earlier. If you can’t talk about it tonight, we can absolutely hold off 'til another time.”

“I love you, Dean. Might as well tell you about it, I’ve already got it all on my mind, and years of therapy taught me not to let things fester.”

“If you’re sure. And you can change your mind on that any time you like, angel. On anything.”

Cas captured Dean’s hand and pulled him down for a tender kiss. “I’ll be out soon, the water won’t stay hot forever. And Dean,” he squeezed Dean’s hand gently. “Thanks.”

“Anything for you, Cas,” Dean told him, even if it felt sappy to say. He meant every word.

Dean headed out to the garden to pick some spinach for the omelettes, and collected a few small peppers and an onion as well. He stood in the early evening sunlight in their backyard and breathed deeply, enjoying the peace and solitude. He’d gone from being an unmated bachelor, without even
someone courting or being courted by him, to meeting his True Mate, his Alpha, mating and breeding with him. He took a moment to think about that. The odds were he’d never be alone again, between his mate and his pups.

He stroked a gentle hand over his stomach, and smiled. “Welcome to the pack, little ones. I think you’ll like it.”

Twenty minutes later he and Cas were having a quick meal at the breakfast bar, their knees bumping under the counter. Cas was quiet, and Dean kept a careful eye on his Alpha, surreptitiously scenting him now and again to make sure that foreign, acrid scent hadn’t returned. Cas sent him an amused glance the third time he did it, but Dean simply shrugged, and reached over to squeeze Cas’ knee gently.

“Can’t help it, angel. You take care of me, I take care of you. Means I’ll worry sometimes. You still hungry?”

“No, thank you, Dean. How about we get ready for bed? You have an early shift tomorrow, don’t you?”

“Ugh, don’t remind me. Yeah. And then I’m going from the garden centre to Bobby’s. I’m going to be going crazy by the time you get home.”

“Well, let’s not waste tonight. I want to hold you as long as I can. Especially since we’re going to talk about my uncles.”

They tidied the kitchen quickly and Cas programmed the coffee machine for the following morning, setting it for six when Dean grumbled that he started at seven. Dean quickly made himself a lunch while Cas checked the freezer.

“Two breakfast burritos in there if you like, they just need to be nuked a couple minutes.”

“Awesome, thanks, Cas. C’mon Alpha, let’s go snuggle. And you did tell Gabe you’d text him. I saw his face. He’s worried about you.”

Cas sighed, but his lips turned up. “Always a big brother. Even if he is three inches shorter than I am.”
Dean grinned and took Cas’ hand, tugging him down the hall to their bedroom.

“Your rub that in, don’t you?”

“Doesn’t Sam?” Cas asked, a playful smile teasing across his lips.

“Only when I call him Sammy one too many times in public. Then he puts shit I need for inventory on the top shelves so I have to get a ladder.” Dean shook his head at the thought, and muttered a quiet bitch at his brother, as though he could hear from across town.

Cas chuckled softly and pulled him into their room. They got ready for bed quickly, brushing their teeth, and Dean set an alarm for six. He selected clothes for the next day and took them into the bathroom, setting them on the edge of the tub so he wouldn’t have to rummage and disturb Cas in the morning.

He returned to their room and crawled into bed with his mate, lacing their fingers together as he waited for Cas to be ready to talk.

They sat in silence for a few minutes, then Cas began to speak. He told of his first crush, on another boy in his school when he was eight. How Jimmy had teased him, just as he’d teased Jimmy when he first liked a girl in their class. How Balth and Gabe had teased them both relentlessly, but never cruelly. And never in front of their parents.

Cas told of the day when he was nine years old, and he kissed a friend on the cheek. And his mother saw. How that night some childish infraction hadn’t earned him a scolding and being sent to his room, but a slap across the face. How she’d seized his arm, and twisting it harshly, told him he’d best behave, and keep quiet, or he’d be sent away from Jimmy.

That summer rather than playing with his brothers and sister, who was barely three, Cas was sent to visit family. His behaviour at school had suffered recently, according to Naomi, and perhaps her brothers could help him focus, by introducing him to different challenges. A tutor was hired to coach him without his brothers around to distract him, a cold, cruel man named Raphael. Cas’ voice trembled slightly as he talked about his tutor, how he had learned to fear those lessons, as Raphael had been given license to discipline him as he wished. That cultured, cruel voice became the stuff of Cas’ nightmares for years to come, and Dean watched in dismay as his Alpha rubbed unconsciously at his wrist as he spoke.
A broken arm was all he suffered physically from Raphael, but the emotional and psychological torment went deep. The man had Cas convinced that should he mention another boy romantically, he'd be taken from his family as a deviant, so he couldn't corrupt his siblings. When that failed to quell him, his uncle Uriel beat him, while Michael would calmly lie to his father over the phone, speaking of sports injuries and picking fights with other kids in the neighbourhood. Then Michael would casually backhand him across the face when he got off the phone, for ‘being a nuisance’. More like because he could.

Naomi always managed to enforce leaving Cas with her brothers for the summer, and Cas withdrew into a shell of himself. Any spark of rebellion was then met with threats of sending Gabriel away from the family, as perhaps the mischievous older brother had led the younger astray.

Dean listened, his stomach twisting as Cas spoke. Each summer from age nine to fifteen he spent with his uncles.

Then, the year he turned sixteen, he had a school project where he had to do community service. He decided to volunteer at the library, and there he met an middle-aged pastor named Jim. Somehow Jim prised everything out of him, and talked him into setting up a meeting with an in-school therapist. Cas wasn’t able to tell the therapist everything, the silence too ingrained. But she encouraged him to find his own path, and that summer Cas found himself a job and, since one of Naomi’s constant complaints was his supposed irresponsibility, he was able to avoid his uncles. He kept his head down, still fearful of the consequences should he act out.

Cas’ voice was a hoarse rasp, and Dean squeezed his hand for a moment, getting his attention.

“I’ll be right back, angel, I promise.” Dean slipped out to the kitchen to make a mug of lemon tea, heavy on the honey. He rummaged through the liquor cabinet and pulled a bottle of brandy. Taking the tea and the bottle back to the bedroom, he carefully handed the steaming mug to his mate. “None of this in there, but in case you wanted some,” he said, waving the bottle.

When Cas shook his head, he set it on his bedside table, and crawled back into their nest, worming his way behind Cas to pull him back against his chest. Cas sighed softly, and nuzzled against his throat for a moment before sipping cautiously at the tea. Dean waited patiently for a few minutes, then gently pushed Cas upright again.

“You holding your tea? Or do you want to put it down?” he asked softly, running his hands over Cas’s shoulders and down his back.
“Hang on a sec,” Cas rasped, taking another large drink of his tea, then setting his half-full mug aside. He settled himself in front of Dean again, and Dean started a gentle massage over his tense muscles. Cas sighed as he leaned into the pressure, slowly relaxing.

“When I was sixteen Naomi made the mistake of backhanding me in front of Balthazar. He was nineteen by that point, and visiting from school. She didn’t know he'd walked in behind her. He lost it. He pulled her away and took me straight to our dad. Then he called Gabriel. We sat there, and the two of them tried to get me to talk. When Gabe got there and I saw he was safe, that she hadn’t managed to do something to him despite her threats, it was like a dam breaking.

“About five minutes in Jimmy and Anna got home. Anna was barely ten, so Dad sent her to her room to play. Gabe was the one who started shouting at Dad that Naomi had to go, that she couldn’t ever be allowed near me again. Jimmy was in shock, and I think hurt that I hadn’t told him.”

Cas winced under Dean’s hands, rubbing at his wrist again, and Dean leaned over for the tea, handing it to his Alpha for the warmth. He tucked a blanket around Cas’ shoulders, and moved to sit facing him. After Cas had finished his tea, Dean took his left arm in his hands, and carefully began massaging his forearm and wrist.

Cas pulled his hand up and kissed Dean’s palm gently, then let him continue his massage. “Dad was horrified. I mean, now I know why it hit him so hard, he went through all that to have us, lost his mate, and the deal he made didn’t keep me safe. He filed for divorce the next month. Even with the Omega Rights Laws nearly in place, it dragged on. But when Jimmy and I turned seventeen and presented as Alphas, we were able to testify. An idiotic failure in the system, only Alpha minors are able to testify to the character of an Omega parent. So Balth and Gabe couldn’t say anything. Anna was still unpresented of course, but it didn’t matter. Dad had enough photos and evidence of his own injuries to grant him the divorce, custody of us, and the house. Once we all hit twenty-one and were living on our own, or in Anna’s case, was in housing for school, he sold the house to a friend, and moved into the guest house. Guess now I know why.”

“My dad got me into therapy, and she helped me work through a lot of issues. Unfortunately we couldn’t do anything about my uncles. Lack of evidence. I never saw Raphael again, and Uriel stays away. Michael kept in touch with Anna though, as you may have guessed. I know she wondered why our parents were divorced, though I don’t know what Dad told her.” Cas took another gulp of his tea, wincing slightly.

“Too much honey, angel?” Dean asked, worried he’d overdone it.

“No, it’s just about perfect, but my throat hurts when I swallow,” Cas explained, a twinkle in his eyes as he looked at Dean showing the double entendre of his words hadn’t been accidental.
Dean smirked, and dropped a kiss onto Cas’ fingertips. “Maybe later, if you’re good.”

Cas gave a low chuckle, trailing his fingers down Dean’s jaw. “And if I’m bad?” he breathed.

“If you’re bad I won’t show you the panties I’ve ordered, and you’ll have to wait ’til they get here.”

“I can be patient,” Cas promised. “Anyway... About the only thing left to say is that thanks to Naomi and her brothers, and that sadistic tutor, I ended up in therapy for years. Even with years of therapy I still let that woman get into my head. I became a lawyer because she expected it. She managed to ingrain her wishes so strongly, and...” Cas swallowed and winced, then drank the last of his tea. “I guess the therapy is part of the reason I was able to walk away so easily. Being a lawyer was never my dream. When I walked away from that and applied for school again, I got my tattoo. I haven’t spoken to Naomi in a decade, and I’m far happier that way.”

Dean stroked a hand gently down Cas’ jaw, several days growth rough on his palm. Cas nuzzled against his hand, kissing his palm lightly.

“Come here, Omega-mine,” Cas said, his voice husky with emotion. “Let me hold you?”

Dean practically dove into his arms, the impact pulling an oof from Cas as Dean bore him down on the mattress, his arms full of purring Omega. Dean buried his face against his Alpha’s throat, breathing deeply, reassuring himself that his mate’s scent was back to normal. He squirmed around until he was holding Cas, cuddling his Alpha against his throat, letting him breathe in the scent of his mate and pups. Dean felt a dampness against his throat, and inhaled carefully. Cas’ scent surrounded him, with a strong overtone of relief sweetening it. Dean stroked a gentle hand through Cas’ thick hair, down his neck and back up. Cas melted into him, and if his shoulders shook a little, and the dampness against Dean’s throat increased, neither felt the need to mention it.

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Cas woke suddenly, his eyes gritty, but his heart lighter than it had been since Anna’s call. He blinked in the fading light, and realized he needed to let Gabe know how it had gone. Slipping from their nest, he tucked his pillow against Dean’s back. Dean stirred slightly, then settled into deeper sleep. He had a long day tomorrow, so it was just as well.

Cas grabbed his mug and the bottle of brandy, and crept from the room. When he got to the living
room, he checked the time, and decided to go for a run before messaging Gabe, before he lost the light.

He scribbled a quick note for Dean. He moved quietly, left it on Dean’s bedside table, and grabbed a pair of running shorts and a t-shirt. Quickly pulling them on, he scooped up his runners from the front entry and ducked out the back door. Jogging down the steps to the lawn, he moved quickly to the end of the yard, and took a familiar path to the lake.

He emerged from the woods fifteen minutes later, not far from the spot where he and Dean had made love by the water. He could see the torn earth where Dean’s claws had emerged the first time, and a rush of heat went through him. Checking the time, he saw it was just a few minutes to nine, and decided to head back. The shadows were deep under the trees, but he focused for a moment and his eyes adjusted. Thinking carefully about it, he listened cautiously. Last thing he needed to do was encounter someone on the path and scare the shit out of them with glowing wolf eyes. His senses reached out. He could easily pick up Sam and Gabe’s scents from their run earlier that day. Fainter, far fainter, were Charlie and Jo from their walk. He caught a whiff of his neighbours, distant and calm. Abandoning the trail, he broke into a run, dodging through the trees, leaping fallen trees and brush, at one point startling a deer. He broke through to his yard from the northwest back corner, rather than the southwest. Taking a deep breath, he walked slowly back across his lawn, and let himself back into the house.

He typed out a text to Gabe with one hand while getting a glass of water with the other. He chugged it down as he waited for Gabe to reply, pouring a second after emptying the first in one go. His cell chimed, and glancing at the message from Gabe, he snorted.

“Like I’m not entitled to a little bitterness, even if it shouldn’t be directed at Anna…” he muttered, typing a response. When Gabe’s answer arrived a minute later, Cas felt it like a physical blow. He never wanted Gabe or Jimmy to find out that they’d been used against him. He started and erased half a dozen denials and excuses, until finally he sent a simple no as his answer. He knew it wasn’t terribly believable, but he hoped Gabe would leave it alone. Gabe’s response arrived far too quickly, and Cas scowled at his brother’s comment, even though it was accurate. Luckily Gabe also changed the subject. So they both knew he was full of shit, but it was allowed to stand. Given that Charlie had seen him deliberately shift his hands, the full transformation from Gabe had gone smoother than he’d anticipated. Then his brother asked about Monopoly and he had to take a second to remember what that was about. Grinning, he fired back that it had been too easy to pass up. A few more messages back and forth, and then he wandered down the hall to join his mate.

He ducked into the bathroom and debated having a shower. His run hadn’t been that long though, and he figured he’d shower before his shift at the bar. He gave himself a quick scrub, and turning out the bathroom light, he slid back into bed with his Omega. Dean turned immediately and cuddled into his side, nuzzling at his neck and starting a low, rumbling purr. Cas smiled softly. He let his Alpha loose and closed his eyes, his deep purr twining around Dean’s, lulling him to sleep.
Chapter End Notes

Thanks to Malmuses for her wonderful help as my beta, as always!
Workin Man

Chapter Summary

Dean at Winchester Gardens

Chapter Notes

My darling readers, I lost track and missed posting yesterday, mea culpa! I'm so sorry.

Here's this week's, mostly flush, a little hint of smuttiness, and some good natured teasing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dean’s alarm went off at stupid o’clock, as he’d programmed it, and he grumbled as he shut it off, the temptation to curl back against his mate and go back to sleep nearly overwhelming. It wasn’t that he needed more rest, but Cas was deliciously warm at his back, breathing slow and even against the nape of his neck. Dean carefully turned to snuggle against his lover for a moment, but when his eyes threatened to slide shut, he laid a gentle kiss on Cas’ forehead and slipped from the bed. He quickly washed up and got dressed in the bathroom, then wandered to the kitchen to pour himself a coffee. He claimed the zombie mug again, grinning at the silly cartoonish image, and added milk and sugar. He whipped up a quick omelette and rummaged through the cupboard, hoping to find a travel mug. No such luck. Just one more thing he’d have to collect from Sammy’s another day. His next day off was Sunday, but with the barbecue that wouldn’t really be the best time to pack up his stuff.

He quickly pulled out his cell and fired a text to Sam, asking him to bring his travel mug when he came in at noon. He chugged the last of his coffee, put his dishes in the dishwasher and quickly washed the pan, and turned, only to crash into Cas. Cas wrapped his arms around him, catching him before he could stumble, and Dean could feel his heart pounding against his Alpha’s chest.

“Cas, you scared the shit out of me!” Dean gasped, then hummed happily when Cas quickly captured his lips.

“You think I’d let you leave without a kiss?” Cas asked softly a minute later, his forehead against Dean’s. “Besides, I hadn’t given you a key, you’d have had a hard time once you were done at Bobby’s. I highly doubt you wanted to wait until I got home around two.”

“So late? Ugh, Tuesdays are gonna suck if that’s your regular shift,” Dean commented, thinking he
might move his afternoon at Bobby’s to another day so he could see his mate between their shifts. His attention snapped back to Cas as he realized he was asking about lunch. “Um, I made a lunch, but if you care to join me, it’ll be about 11:30.”

Cas grinned, and leaned in for another kiss. “Have a good day, Omega-mine.”

“You too, babe. See you in a few hours for lunch then?”

“I’ll be there,” Cas asserted.

Dean let himself out into garage, and hit the button for the door opener. He reminded himself to get the code from Cas. He rolled down the windows and started Baby up, a smile crossing his lips at the soothing rumble of her engine. Pulling out of the garage, he popped in a mix tape of his favourite Metallica songs. He drove through the quiet residential streets with the volume low until he reached the busier roads. Once surrounded by more traffic, he turned up the volume a bit, drumming the beat away on Baby’s steering wheel at the stoplight. He pulled in to the garden centre about five minutes before seven, easily spotting Bess’ car next to the store’s delivery van. Every time he saw it, he grinned at the wonderful job Adam had done on the paint. The side of the van was an expansive mural of a greenhouse, showcasing many of the flowers and plants they sold. He let himself into the store, and made for the lunch room, making a cup of coffee and quickly checking his schedule. No pressing appointments, so he did a quick rundown of inventory, then made his way to the front to check on Bess.

She sat at the cash register, quickly setting up her till for the start of the day, cracking open a roll of change as he approached. The roll split as he watched, and quarters went flying.

“Darn it!” she muttered, and Dean smiled, then stepped forward.

“I got ‘em Bess, you are not going crawling around on the floor for coins. How’re you feeling this morning?” Bess was well past the usual morning sickness stage, but he knew she was getting tired as her due date approached.

“I’m okay, the pup is getting more active though.” She smiled as she spoke, absently running her hand over her stomach.

“Bess, I’ve been thinking over the weekend. You’re on cash from now til you’re off. I don’t want you near the fertilizers or anything, they’re not good for you.”
Bess smiled down at him from her stool in front of the register, rubbing at her back as she settled in her seat. “I’ve been wanting to ask you about that, but wasn’t sure how it’d go.”

Her eyes widened suddenly, and she gasped, throwing her hand over her lips in shock. He quickly realized she was eyeing his throat, and he smiled shyly. He scooped up the last of the coins on the ground, and handed them to her while rubbing at the back of his neck with the other hand. She gave him a grin, brushing her hair back from her face.

“That explains your long weekend,” she teased, winking as she closed and locked the till.

Dean laughed as he unlocked the front doors, and took the chalkboard she’d prepared out to the sidewalk. He took a photo of the chalkboard, planning on doing a quick bit of research on the sale items. He’d always been aware of the plants he sold as helpful or harmful to the local environment. Some plants and flowers couldn’t be sold in Kansas, as they were considered invasive species and would take over. But the question of which plants would harm bees, the main pollinators, hadn’t necessarily crossed his mind until he’d spoken with Cas. They avoided harmful pesticides, but that the plants themselves could be the issue hadn’t particularly occurred to him. He checked the yard and found Kevin and Adam hard at work with the plants, and gave them a wave.

“I’ll be in the office looking up some things. Come get me if I’m needed,” he ordered, then walked back to the front of the store again and telling Bess the same. He headed for the office and started doing research on bees and harmful plants.

An hour later he’d discovered that there were many plants that could harm bees and butterflies, but that there were also many plants that would directly benefit them. He was just about to click on a link about the yucca plant and its moth in a research spiral when there was a knock on the doorframe. Kevin stuck his head in and gave an apologetic smile.

“Hey Dean, Bess has a carryout and Adam and I are both tied up.”

“You got it.” Dean grabbed a company apron from the back of the door to help spare his clothes, and headed to the front of the store.

Bess was chatting with a young woman with a full cart, and smiled as she spotted Dean.

“Here’s our store owner, Dean Winchester. He’ll be able to help you with loading your car, Lydia.”
The brunette gave him an appraising glance, and her smile turned predatory. Dean slipped into professional mode, his smile polite, but not too warm. He knew his mating marks were visible, and hoped this wouldn’t turn into another incident. He could tell the woman was an Alpha, and her scent was heated and pungent, and he fought off a sneeze. She was about to go into rut, and he wondered what the hell she was doing out of the house. He carefully picked up the raspberry canes, one in each arm, avoiding the thorns. Uncomfortable or not with the Alpha, he would do his job.

“You were told that you won’t get a yield this year, correct?” he asked as he followed her to her SUV. If not, he had some training to do with his staff, but both Kevin and Bess were old hands, and while Adam was young and new this summer, he’d make sure to ask if he wasn’t sure about a planting time.

“Yes, that young Alpha in the yard told me. Could I just confirm where I should plant them?”

“They need shade, and drained soil. Your best bet is a sloped surface.”

“Hmmm,” she gave a little pout as she thought, and Dean braced himself. “I’m not sure I’ve got those two together. Do you do house calls? I’m thinking I may need a hand to help get the seeds planted.”

Her gaze flicked over him as he lifted the plants into her SUV, and he gave an internal sigh at the transparency of her solicitation. He gave her a cool smile, and gestured at the bags he was loading next to the canes.

“Most of the instructions are very clear, but if you do need assistance, feel free to call or check the website. We have a very knowledgeable employee who runs a live Q&A chat between ten and seven.”

“I was hoping to get some planting done today,” she purred as she stepped closer. I’ll bet, he thought to himself as he shifted his weight casually, moving back half a step as he pivoted with the last bag, setting it in the SUV and grabbing the cart.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled a business card folder, and carefully selected a generic one for the store, not one of his personal ones. No way he was giving her even his work cell number. He gave her a direct look and shrugged.
“My only suggestion for that matter is to make sure the ground isn’t already planted. You have a nice day, Lydia.”

She eyed the card with a frown, but took it anyway, her disappointment palpable. She turned and got into her car without another word, and Dean quickly wheeled the cart back to the entrance to the yard. He stepped through and was instantly met by Adam, who was fidgeting and overflowing with nerves.

“Dean, are you okay? Shit, I couldn’t get away from my next customer, but I could smell how close she is to going into rut—Holy shit! You’re mated?!” the young Alpha exclaimed, inhaling sharply as he eyed both sides of Dean’s throat.

Dean chuckled, nodding, and wondered if he ought to grab some neutralizing cologne from his desk. He reassured Adam that he hadn’t had any trouble with the Alpha, though he hoped she wouldn’t make any more stops on her way home. She needed to be out of the public when her rut hit. He wandered to the front of the store to chat with Bess. He found her chatting with Andrea, who had just arrived for her shift, and Andrea’s mate. He’d only met the man once, but suddenly he realized he recognised him from Milton’s. It was the burly server who had dealt with Zachariah as he and Cas left the bar.

“Hey there, Andrea,” Dean greeted his employee, and nodded to the large Alpha. “It’s Benny, right? So, Adler left the bar easily on Friday?”

Benny seemed surprised for a moment, then a grin creased his bearded features.

“Sure did, cher, though I hear someone had an encounter with him at the grocery store Saturday. Jimmy and Balth were right upset about somethin’ that afternoon, and Jimmy was pullin’ the video feed from the night before. Somethin’ about Cas moppin’ the floor with someone who attacked his mate. How you doin’, brotha?” Benny asked, extending his hand.

Dean shook his hand with a grin. “I’m good, man. Good to see you again.”

They chatted a few minutes before Andrea’s shift started, then Benny bent to kiss his mate, pulling her into his arms to scent her briefly before leaving. Dean thought of Cas, and smiled.
The morning flew by, and Dean spent it in a blur of one customer after the other, with a tablet in hand helping make plans for late summer and fall harvests. Many people thought they could only plant in the spring, and he was happy to disabuse them of that notion. He spent an hour with a lovely Beta couple giving them a tour of the centre, telling them about his mom, and giving them brochures Charlie had made about which common vegetables should not be planted together, and which ones should. He threw in some of his own new-found knowledge about plants that were beneficial for bees, which would help their gardens produce. He talked about the soil in Kansas, which tended toward rocky or hard clay, and could be difficult to dig. The older gentleman smiled, and simply commented that it would be good exercise now that he was retired. The younger man smiled at his mate, and winked at Dean.

“Like he needs to worry about his physique,” the Beta commented, grinning as Dean chuckled and his mate blushed and stammered at the compliment. Dean grinned and made to return to his suggestions for their property, but a sudden scent pulled his head around. Cas was leaning against the outdoor sales counter, chatting with Sam, who must have just arrived. While he spoke with him though, his eyes flicked towards Dean repeatedly, and he broke into a smile when he saw Dean looking at him. A quiet chuckle came from behind him, and Dean turned back with a fierce blush.

“Sorry ‘bout that, guys. So, um, did you need help with anything else today?” He didn’t think he could blush more, but when his customers shared a knowing glance and the older one murmured softly about newlyweds, he felt the back of his neck burn. He could scent their amusement, and gave a shy smile, trying to control his blush as Cas approached. He could feel his Alpha getting closer, and steeled himself so as not to embarrass himself further.

The older Beta grinned and shook his head, thanking Dean for his time. “I think the cashier can help us going forward, we’ve more than enough information now.”

Dean glanced over his shoulder and saw Charlie at the sales counter next to Sam, and grinned. He gave the couple one of his personal business cards, and with a wink at his mate, walked them over to Charlie. He introduced her as their web expert and Q&A chat master, and handed them off. As he turned back to Cas, he heard the older couple mention bee-friendly plants to Charlie, and the beaming smile on Cas’s face made him blush again. Cas handed him his travel mug, which he must have claimed from Sam. Taking a long pull, Dean sighed in appreciation.

“How has your morning been, angel?” Dean asked, and Cas gave him a smile that warmed him down to his toes.

“Better now. Sam said we could have the office to eat if we wanted, but I do like that picnic table you’ve got around the side.”

“That’s where I usually eat when the weather’s nice. What did you bring?”
Cas gave a sheepish smile, and shrugged. “I peeked at what you made, and tried to duplicate the sandwich, but then I made a nice potato salad. Rather than mayo for the dressing it’s just oil and vinegar, and the salad itself is just potatoes, onions, salt and pepper.”

“Onions? Trying to drive my customers away?” Dean teased. “Sounds delicious.”

“Actually, the red onions are pickled, so they’re far less potent. I also brought those pieces of pie from the Roadhouse, since we never finished them. The crust is probably a little soggy by now, but I bet still delicious.”

“Cas, have I told you today I love you?” Dean murmured, pulling him to the picnic table and sitting.

Cas grinned and took Dean’s hand. “You know, it might have come up. But you can always tell me again.”

They ate in companionable silence and were soon joined by Bess, who approached at a slow waddle, rubbing at her back.

“Bess, I’d like you to meet Cas. Cas, this is Bess. Her mate, Garth, works at Bobby’s.”

“I think he was in the office with Bobby when I dropped off my car. Slim, very friendly Beta?” he asked, and Bess beamed at him.

“That’s my Garth. The sweetest man you ever met,” she told him. They chatted and offered her some of the potato salad, and she helped herself to a small helping of it, but refused seconds. “I couldn’t. I’m round enough as it is! Just you wait, Dean, one day you’ll have pups and you’ll see what it’s like.”

Dean grinned at her as Cas laughed, and leaned happily into his Alpha’s side.

“Sooner rather than later, actually,” he told her, and watched her face light up as she took in Cas’ hand wrapped protectively over Dean’s stomach. She squealed with delight and threw herself into Dean’s arms, hugging him tightly.
“Gods bless you both, what wonderful news!” she exclaimed, and they spent the rest of their lunch chatting about midwives and baby gear.

Dean walked Cas out to the lot, then looked around suddenly. “How did you get here? Your car is in the shop, and there’s no way you ran here.”

“Oh no, you think I couldn’t do it?” Cas teased, and Dean smirked, glancing around before wrapping his arms around his mate.”

“Oh, I know all about your stamina, I’m sure you could. But your scent would be far stronger and I wouldn’t have been able to resist jumping you when you got there. Going for a run last night was enough of a tease, thank you, but I was too tired to stay awake.”

Cas chuckled, pulling him close to scent his throat lightly. “Maybe next time I will run here.”

Dean gave a low whimper as the scent of his Alpha strengthened, and he found himself pinned to the side of a familiar pickup truck. He glanced around, not wanting to be caught making out with his mate by his uncle again, but there was no sign of Bobby. He leaned into the kiss Cas pressed to his throat, and captured his lips in a slow, gentle kiss.

“I should let you get back to work,” Cas said in a low, husky voice. “And I have some errands to run.” Cas stepped back, releasing him, and pulled the keys for Bobby’s pickup from his pocket.

“Why have you got Bobby’s truck, angel?” Dean asked, curiously.

“Did you want your mattress? Besides, I promised I’d get you those pads, and you’re going to need them, Omega-mine.” Cas’ voice was full of dark promise, and Dean felt himself slick a little and growled at his mate.

“Don’t make me pay you back for this, I will find a way,” Dean warned.

Cas chuckled softly, and nipped at his mating mark, and Dean swore to himself as he slicked again.
“You ass, I didn’t bring a change of clothes!” Dean growled, shoving Cas away a little.

“Mmm. I did.” He jerked his chin at the truck and Dean spotted his duffel. He turned back to his Alpha with a mock glare, but shifted his hips against him all the same.

Cas’ eyes darkened, a flash of Alpha red flickering even in the bright light, and Dean had to fight to keep from closing the distance between them again. An idea glimmered in his mind, and he bit back a snort of amusement. Cas eyed him for a moment, his scent wary, and Dean gave him a huge shit-eating grin.

“Dean, what’re you up to?” Cas demanded, but Dean simply winked at him, and pulled open the driver’s door. To get his duffel he had to bend over and reach to the passenger side, and Cas growled behind him as he wiggled his ass for good measure. He turned back to his riled mate and threw him a saucy grin, and then sauntered back towards the garden centre yard. He concentrated on his little idea, and paused halfway to glance over his shoulder, deliberately licking his lips so Cas could see his fangs had partly descended. This time Cas’ growl rang through the lot, and a couple coming out of the store froze, eyeing him cautiously. Dean started laughing, and tossed his Alpha a cheeky grin as he disappeared into the store.

His phone buzzed a minute later.

BeeBarkeep: You’re going to pay for that.

RainbowThumb: Promise?

He pocketed his phone and made for the employee change room, and quickly opened the duffel.

“Sonofabitch!” he swore, blushing again. Apparently Cas had already been back to the Omega store, and while there had picked up another pair of the padded panties. These ones were a delicate pink, with a tiny bow at the front that would sit just above his cock, with peekaboo lace over the hips.

He stepped into one of the changerooms and got into them, and muttered as he adjusted himself, his cock half hard. He pulled on the clean jeans, and a mischievous impulse hit him. He pulled out his phone and took a picture of himself in the mirror, his new underwear showing clearly at the open fly of the jeans, the swell of his cock pushing lightly at the fabric. He quickly checked the image, and satisfied, he pulled up his contacts and typed a quick note to Cas.
RainbowThumb: *I see you went shopping again.*

He buttoned his fly and switched his shirt, and for good measure grabbed his neutralizing cologne and spritzed himself.

He tossed his duffel into his locker, and headed back to the office. He stuck his head in and seeing Sam was on the phone, waved his travel mug at him, wordlessly thanking him for bringing it. Sam nodded, then his eyes narrowed as he glanced over his brother, and he gave Dean bitchface number forty-two as he hit the mute button on the phone.

“Really, at work?” Sam complained, pointedly looking at Dean’s different jeans.

Dean gave him an insulted look, since he knew he never looked innocent. “Hey, Cas brought me lunch, and I got something on them. Just glad I had a change with me.”

Sam eyed him for a moment then went back to his call, and Dean sat at his own laptop, biting back a grin. He went through their inventory again and went out to talk to Charlie.

“Charles, I need your computer genius and design skills. Adam!” he hollered, summoning the young man from across the yard, then started to outline his idea when he joined them. “Okay, I want to put together a pamphlet and some signs around bee-friendly plants, as well as info on dangerous ones. I’m going to start slowing our stock on the flowers and plants that are harmful or downright toxic for bees, and I know there are a bunch of look-alike plants or counter suggestions for the effect people may want. If people want something we don’t carry any more, if they’re adamant, we can place a special order, or even recommend they try Crowley’s if it’s a rush. But for the serious gardeners who want their yards to flourish, this shouldn’t be an issue.”

His phone chimed and he pulled it to grin at Cas’ reply.

BeeBarkeep: *You should see the ones I didn’t put in the bag for you.*

Dean glanced around, and seeing Charlie and Adam were pouring over the tablet Dean had brought out with the info he’d collected on bees, he quickly typed a note and fired it off, attaching the photo he’d taken.

RainbowThumb: *Well, Alpha, you’ll be pleased to know these ones fit like a glove.*
His phone pinged almost instantly, and Charlie sent him a curious glance. He grinned at her gleefully, but most of his focus was on his phone. He glanced about for customers, but they were having a lull, and he opened his new message from his mate.

BeeBarkeep: *Have a nap tonight, Omega-mine. You won’t be sleeping once I’m home.*

Dean was grateful for his neutralizers as he felt his heart-rate increase, and he jumped as Charlie touched his elbow. Startled, he dropped his phone, but luckily it landed on his foot before hitting the ground and only picked up a scratch on one corner of the plastic. Charlie meanwhile was watching him in amusement, and he pocketed his phone without answering Cas, rather than give her any more fodder than she already had for her teasing. The joy of working with family.

While he’d been distracted, Charlie and Adam had started a layout for the pamphlet, and were filling in some of the info about varying bee-friendly plants. Charlie quickly whipped up a small design they could get printed on cardboard as little signs that could go straight into the soil of potted plants. Dean eyed the small, cartoonish bees with the elongated stingers as the point to dig into the soil, and chuckled.

“Don’t exaggerate the stingers too much, last thing we need is people thinking bumblebees are vicious insects ready to disembowel someone and start buying toxic plants to get rid of them.”

Adam looked at him in surprise. “C’mon, Dean, people aren’t that dumb,” he argued, while Charlie and Dean gave him a tired, pitying glance.

“Adam, who is President?” Dean asked.

Adam opened his mouth, then closed it again, a sour look crossing his face. “I take your point.”

Charlie quickly revamped the cartoon to a large bee on a flower, and the stems were the signposts instead.

“Much better.” Dean nodded, signing off on the design, and asked them to have the pamphlets done by the end of the week. Charlie emailed him the design, and he took his tablet back to the office to go over his idea with Sam.
Sammy was typing away in their office when Dean got there, his previous call done. Dean scooped up his travel mug and took a long drink, grimacing slightly at the lukewarm coffee. “Sammy, I’ve got an advertising idea for you. Already got Charlie and Adam on it, and I don’t think you’ll have any trouble with it.”

He laid out his ideas about promoting bee and butterfly-friendly plants, and cutting out promotions on plants that are known to be toxic for them.

“It ties in with our list of invasive species. We already won’t sell butterfly bushes, even though people think they’re great for all butterflies, because they’re invasive, and actually harm our butterfly population,” Dean pointed out.

“Well yeah, but that one is regulated, because it’s an invasive species from Asia.”

“Yeah, but we can tie it in. Butterflies help pollinate gardens, both flowers and vegetables, and getting people to think about planting those can be a gateway to planting plants that are better for bees.”

“This is about Cas, isn’t it?” Sam grinned.

“Shaddup. Yeah. But it makes sense. Half the time someone complains about something not doing well in their yard, or we find the flowers aren’t blooming, or aren’t seeding properly, it’s a pollination issue, or they’ve gone and bought pesticide somewhere that hurts the bees too. And with that moron in office cutting all the conservation laws and everything, we gotta take over.”

“I agree. Good plan, and I’ll work on some of the research tonight if it quiets down.”

Dean forwarded the links he’d already reviewed and watched as Sam’s eyes widened. “Way ahead of ya, Sammy.”

He sat at his desk and pulled his phone, realizing he hadn’t answered Cas.

RainbowThumb: Oh, what’re you planning, angel?
He dropped his phone on the desk and went over applications. Their business had been picking up and with Bess leaving soon because of the pup, they’d need to hire at least two or three people.

“Sammy, it might be awkward, but I wanna see if we can hire a couple Alphas, if we can find any who’re qualified in the latest batch of applicants. We had an Alpha almost go into rut in the parking lot this morning, and having another Alpha or two on staff might help dissuade them from hitting on staff. Adam is great, but he’s a kid.”

“Shit, who was being harassed this morning?” Sam asked, and Dean shrugged.

“She wasn’t handsy or anything, she took the no. But she musta been nose-blind, ‘cause I know I smell mated, even if the average Alpha can’t smell the pups yet. And seriously, it’s not like I’m hiding the marks. I am so claimed,” he added smugly, thinking of his Alpha.

Sam frowned at him, then his glance turned quizzical. “Is that why you put on neutralizers?” he asked, his tone showing his irritation at the poor manners of the Alpha in question.

“Figured it couldn’t hurt. But I knew Cas’d be stopping by for lunch, and I don’t wanna wear ‘em around him.”

“You’re so gone on him.”

“Shaddup, bitch. Not like you’d wanna wear blockers around Gabe.”

“Jerk. And no, you’re right.” Sam gave a goofy grin, flashing his dimples, and Dean chuckled. ”And, ah, so you know, we've both stopped taking our birth control. We don't wanna wait."

"That's awesome Sammy!" An idea struck him suddenly, and he turned to Sam again.

“Hey, is Gabe working tonight?”

“Yeah, Jimmy and Balth have the night off for covering the Saturday shift, inventory, and yesterday.” Sam paused in his typing, and looked over at Dean, suspicion oozing from every pore. “Why?”
“Because I want his help to prank Cas. My Alpha has it coming, trust me,” Dean told him.

“Ugh, do I even wanna know?” Sam asked, his mouth pursed.

Dean smirked as he leaned back in his chair. “Absolutely not.”

“Gross, Dean. Just don’t start something that’ll negatively affect work, alright?” Sam admonished, rubbing his hand over his eyes.

“We’ll keep it under control. But I betcha the sex’d be mind-blowing if you sent Gabe a nudie while he was at work.”

“Ugh, Dean! Could you please not talk about my sex life?!” Sam complained.

Dean’s phone pinged and he scooped it up from the desk, but he noticed Sam’s expression turned thoughtful.

BeeBarkeep: Bottom left drawer of the wardrobe. Take your pick.

Dean thought about the layout of their bedroom, and realized he definitely had not seen the contents of all of Cas’ drawers. What was he up to?

“Sammy, can I get Gabe’s number? I gotta ask him something.”

“Deeeean,” Sam’s tone warned that he wouldn’t put up with any trouble, and Dean rolled his eyes.

“I can just talk to him in person when I go to the bar tonight, if you won’t. Or I can just get it from Cas, and tell him I’m trying to get Gabe’s help setting something up for you.”

Sam gave a faked gasp, his hand over his heart. “You’d lie to your mate?!”
“In these circumstances? Absolutely.” Dean grinned, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

Bess stuck her head in the doorway, and waved.

“Have a good day, I’m heading home,” she said.

Dean glanced at the clock and jumped up, as it was his turn on the register until he left. “You should have paged me, sorry about that, Bess!” he apologized, grabbing his phone and sliding it into his pocket.

He headed to the front of the store, collecting a handbasket along the way and adding it to the pile next to the door. He waved at Aaron, who manned another till, and the Beta smiled and waved back before turning back to his customer. Aaron had flirted when he'd first been hired, not realizing that Dean who wore jeans and watered flowers was the Dean Winchester who owned the place with his brother. After an introduction and reminder that Dean signed his paycheques, Aaron had nearly quit in embarrassment. Dean had managed to convince him to stay, no harm no foul, and he was a great employee.

Dean punched in his code to activate the register and quickly called the next customer in line. Andrea returned from her break a few minutes later, and the three of them were kept busy ringing customers out and answering questions.

An hour later Adam and Kevin left, and Sam came out to take over Dean’s register while Dean went out to the yard to help Charlie. His phone pinged. He saw that Sam had sent him Gabe’s contact, and grinned.

RainbowThumb: Hey Gabe, it’s Dean. Your brother is evil and I want to torture the shit out of him at work tonight. Can I recruit you?

Trckstr420: Deets, Dean. I won’t do anything 2 hurt him.

RainbowThumb: no shit. I’m just going to rile him up and then have you interrupt us. nothing worse than a case of blue balls. don’t worry, definitely won’t be permanent. but I’m riding the bull again afterwards, then leaving.
Trckstr420: And u say HE’S evil? I like it. I’m in.

RainbowThumb: You’re awesome. Be there around 10.

Trckstr420: Perfect. I’ll make sure he can’t go 4 break til then

Dean let out a laugh, and Charlie eyed him.

“What’re you up to, Dean?” she demanded.

“You really wanna know?” he asked, smirking, and she grinned, hopping up on the counter and swinging her legs.

“Cas showed up for lunch and decided to torment me,” he started.

“No shit. Line of sight to the truck, hello,” she told him, rolling her eyes. “Saw you shaking your ass at him too.”

“Yup. He deserved it. Anyway, I’m stopping by Milton’s tonight and Gabe is gonna help me get him back.”

“Seriously, you’re gonna bang him at his workplace?! Ballsy, Dean.”

“Nah, I’ll just make him think I’m going to, then Gabe’s gonna interrupt.”

“Oh, you’re evil. Are you gonna be able to walk tomorrow?” she teased.

Dean smirked. “Don’t care, it’ll be worth it. By the way, the Omega shop has some new stuff, you should check it out.”

Charlie eyed him for a second, clearly debating asking, and just as clearly decided against it.
Chapter End Notes

Love to Malmuses for beta-ing!
Cowboy

Chapter Summary

Dean goes to his second job and has a long talking with Ellen and Bobby, revealing some truths that Dean had suspected. He then heads to Milton's to torment his Alpha.

Chapter Notes

Thanks as always to Malmuses for betaing! Sorry this one is a little late, life was being pesky.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The last half hour of his shift went smoothly, and Dean stuck his head into the store to wave goodbye to Sam on his way through. He drove to Bobby’s and found him in the back office, rummaging through paperwork.

“Hey Bobby, how’s it goin’?” he asked, pulling a set of overalls from his locker. “Whatcha got for me?”

“Nothin’ up yer alley, but the parts for Castiel’s car oughta be here tomorrow. Who’s the idjit who looked it over, figured out it needed the catalytic converter, but didn’t notice the brakes?”

Dean winced, glad once again he was wearing blockers, but Bobby caught his expression.

“Uh huh. I oughta take the time oughta yer pay, boy. But I s’pose lendin’ him the pickup at no charge evens it out. Now git yer butt to work, we got a couple oil changes backed up, Garth left early.”

“Everything okay with Bess? She was alright when she left work,” Dean asked, concerned.

“Some contractions, but that’s normal. The boy just panicked,” Bobby explained.
Dean rubbed his hand over his stomach absently, and Bobby’s gruff expression softened, just a touch.

“Be dealin’ with yer Alpha panicking soon enough, I guess.”

Dean grinned, then shrugged. “I dunno, Cas seems pretty together.”

“Well, that may be, but dealin’ with a pregnant mate can scramble anyone’s brain.”

Dean headed out to the garage, waving to Rufus and Gordon. Dean checked the computer, printed the paperwork for the next car, and grabbed it from the printer. He quickly located the keys and pulled the car forward into the garage.

It was an older model Camry, and Dean could manage the oil change in his sleep. The air filter was awful, and he made a note to ask if the customer wanted it replaced, as Singer’s had a policy to always check before doing the work. He hummed or sang along with the radio, and finished the car quickly. He asked the customer if he were okay with him switching out the air filter and wasn’t terribly surprised when the Alpha refused. The man paid and left, and Dean turned to find Gordon inches from him, eyeing his new mating marks.

“Got yourself caught, huh Dean? Gotta say, I never saw you as the type to be tied down,” Gordon told him. “That brother of yours seems more the domestic type, didn’t see you settling down.”

Dean stepped around the Alpha, heading to the counter to get the keys for the next car. “Guess you don’t know me as well as you think, Gordon.”

He and Gordon had had a beer once or twice, but there was a certain something about him, a coldness that Dean didn’t trust. Moving to the next car, he pulled it into the garage. He double-checked the paperwork and found this one needed a brake job, just an easy pad replacement.

His evening passed quickly, and at eight he turned over the keys to the last car to the customer, and headed for the office. He stripped out of the coveralls, and tucked them into his locker, and turned to find Gordon entering. The Alpha paused in the doorway, his cold stare making Dean want to squirm. There was something almost reptilian in his gaze, and Dean’s wolf paced with hackles raised. Something wasn’t right about Gordon Walker, and Dean had no idea what it was. He’d worked with him before, and Dean had always felt there was something twisted in him.
Just as he was wondering if he’d have to push past Gordon to leave, Rufus came up behind him. The Beta muttered at him to quit standing in the doorway. Gordon shifted out of the way, his eyes still on Dean, who shut his locker and headed up to the house. He let himself in and headed for the living room, planting a kiss on Ellen’s cheek.

“Hey Ma, where’s Bobby? I need to talk to him about switching from Tuesdays to another day if I can. And I got someone I want him to consider for an apprenticeship, under me.”

Bobby appeared in the doorway, carrying two open beers by the necks. He passed one to Ellen, and when Dean pouted, Ellen smacked him up the back of his head.

“Get used to it, kiddo. You’ve got six months of this to look forward to. No drinking—”

“Hey now, Missouri said—” he interrupted, only to have Bobby whack him with his ballcap.

“Don’t interrupt yer ma, idjit,” Bobby admonished, and Dean winced.

“Sorry, Ma.”

“No drinking more than one time a week, and we’ve got that barbecue on Sunday. So pick, now or later.”

“Later. Just been a long day. Speakin’ of, Bobby, I wanted to talk to you about switching my Tuesday shift for another day if I can. With opening the garden centre and workin’ here ‘til eight, I don’t get to spend any time with Cas, and he closes on Tuesdays, so won’t be home til two. I ..” He hesitated, feeling his cheeks warming as Ellen simply gave him a smile. “I don’t like bein’ ‘way from him so long.”

Ellen nodded. “He’s probably feeling the same way, Dean. Especially with everything so new, and you being pregnant. I remember what Bobby was like,” she commented, the fond smile lightening her stern features, as it always did.

Bobby blustered at his mate, but Dean could see his cheeks turning pink despite the beard. “Alright, what’s this about an apprentice? I don’t need another hand around right now.”
“But I’m not gonna be able to work on the cars in four months, just be stuck with paperwork. Cas’ youngest sister has finished her business administration at KU, but needs an apprenticeship. She had something lined up through…” he hesitated, not sure what to call Naomi, since he didn’t feel like getting into all the drama at the moment. Couldn’t even really call her the woman who raised them. “Anyway, there’s been a falling out, not her fault, and she’s looking for a new arrangement. From what Cas tells me, she’s great with cars, passionate about it, and a quick study. And once I’m outta the shop, Victor can take over.”

“Alright, I can at least meet her. But it’ll be to work under Victor if he’s willing, or Rufus. You’re only in once a week, maybe twice if there’s a project for ya. Not enough time for an apprentice to learn anythin’.”

“She’ll be at the barbecue on the weekend, you’ll meet her then for sure.” Dean hesitated, trying to decide how to approach the topic of shifting. Finally he plunged right in. “Look. I gotta ask. You know all those myths about being able to shift? The really old stories?” Bobby nodded, his face impassive, but Ellen’s eyes glinted oddly, and Dean focused on her. “Ma? Anything you wanna tell me?” he asked.

She shook her head, her glance suddenly ancient and knowing. “Should ask you that, Dean. You’ve met your True Mate. You have something to tell us?”

“Holy shit, you know. How has this been kept a secret?” he breathed.

“Because only a few packs still can. We don’t know why. And even then, no one without their True Mate can. What were we supposed to tell you pups? Your dad didn’t explain, and he couldn’t prove it anyway after Mary died.” Ellen shook her head as she spoke, and Bobby laid a roughened hand on her shoulder. Dean stared at them in disbelief, and without thinking about it, his gaze fell to Ellen’s neck. Her mating mark was faded to near invisibility after so many years, but sure enough, there it was. He thought back to muddled memories of his parents. His mother had two. His father though, had worn a thick, unkempt beard for most of Dean’s life, from the time Mary died until his death.

Dean sat in stunned amazement, rethinking misunderstood moments and conversations.

“But why is it a secret?”

“Because politicians can’t be trusted. Even when someone from a pack that still can shift ends up in politics, they know not to expose us all, and work towards conservation of our territories. Would you trust that idiot in power with this? Especially since he doesn’t have his True Mate? He’s a
megalomaniac, and a moron, and he’d get us all killed.”

Dean thought about it, and sighed. “I can’t really argue. Wait, you said it’s by packs — Cas and Gabe both could, and their dad used to be able to, before his Alpha died in a mugging gone bad. That means his brothers and sister should be able to, if they find their Mates? Is it Alphas and Omegas only, or Betas too? Can’t imagine that’d go well for Balth, being the only one who couldn’t.”

“Nah, that hogwash about Betas bein’ lesser is just a buncha bullshit. Just different. They’re still pack.”

Dean sighed. “So Jo and Charlie, they don’t know…”

“Jo knows. She used to run in the woods out back with us when she was little. When she fell in love with Charlie though… they’re mated, but they’re not Mates. And nothing’ll change that.”

“Remind me never to play poker with Jo again. She hasn’t told Charlie though, has she?”

Ellen shook her head sadly. “She thinks Charlie would leave her. Jo is pack. Charlie might not be able to shift, even with her True Mate, we just don’t know. But Charlie would leave to give Jo the chance to find her True Mate, fool girl.”

Dean couldn’t argue. And he didn’t want to lose his little sister. The clock in the hall chimed half past, and Dean glanced at his watch.

“Holy shit, it’s 9:30, I gotta run. I hafta be at the bar in thirty minutes, and I need a shower.”

“Use the one here, ya idjit,” Bobby rolled his eyes, and Dean gave a grateful smile, eager to see his mate shortly, and more than willing to set the mind-boggling discussion aside for the time being.

**

Dean got to the bar at two minutes to ten, and paused to run his fingers through his still damp hair. He sauntered in, waving to Victor, who was collecting empties from an abandoned table.
The tall Alpha grinned at him, giving him a brief salute. They’d worked together for years at Bobby’s, and while they’d butted heads more than once, they’d settled their differences long since, and Dean considered him a good friend. Dean strolled up to the bar, winking at Gabe, and ordering a Coke. An Alpha tried sidling up to him, but Dean met the woman’s eyes and shook his head, tilting his chin to display his mating mark. She shrugged and grinned, before ordering a refill from Gabe and wandering off.


“Keep flirting with my mate, Gabriel, and I’ll tell your Alpha.” Cas’ deep, gravelly voice came from Dean’s left, and Dean shivered slightly. Hmm, maybe he wouldn’t signal Gabe to interrupt them, he thought to himself, feeling a slow heat building. He turned towards Cas, and the sight of his Alpha was like a punch to the gut, leaving him breathless and dazed. Cas was wearing a pair of sinfully tight black jeans, and a blue plaid that made his gorgeous eyes pop. The sleeves were rolled up nearly to his elbows, showing off those strong forearms, and his hair was an artfully disheveled mess. Best of all, he had the collar of his shirt unbuttoned enough that it gaped, clearly showing off his mating marks.

“Hey Cas,” Dean greeted him, his voice husky with hunger, and Cas’ eyes flashed red for a moment as he stopped to lean on the bar across from him.

“Hello, Dean,” Cas rasped.

Dean felt himself slicking slightly in response to his Alpha’s proximity, and he saw the moment Cas scented it. His nostrils flared, and he jerked his head towards the back hall.

“Gabe, I’m going for my break!” He grabbed Dean’s wrist and tugged him along, and Dean let out a barely audible whimper at being manhandled by his Alpha, who cast a dark look over his shoulder. The moment they disappeared from public eye, Cas pressed Dean to the wall, scenting his neck and pinning his hips with his own, pushing against him in a slow, dirty grind. Dean’s breathing hitched and he whined, and Cas nipped at his throat lightly.

“Baby, you shouldn’t have come. I was going to wait til I was home, but now? Now I need to have you, Dean.” Cas was nuzzling at his throat as he growled his words into Dean’s ear.

“Alpha…” Dean breathed. “I want you angel, but not in the hall, huh?”
Cas steered him down the hall, his lips never leaving Dean, travelling from his throat to his ear to his mouth. Cas used his swipe card to get them into the office, and quickly shoved Dean down on the couch, his fingers working quickly to undo his fly, his breath leaving him in a rush as Dean’s pink panties were exposed. Cas groaned, dropping to his knees on the floor, and carelessly hauled Dean’s jeans down to his knees, before flipping him onto his stomach and shoving him none-too-gently to lean over the back of the couch. He grabbed Dean’s new panties and unceremoniously hauled them down to mid-thigh, and dove between his cheeks to lap at his slick hole. Dean bit back a whimper, and Cas growled his approval.

“Stay quiet now, Omega-mine. I’d hate to be interrupted before I can finish you off.” Cas’ words tweaked Dean’s memory, this was supposed to be a tease, but his Alpha’s tongue delving into his body had him shuddering and thrusting back, begging and pleading under his breath.

“Alpha, Cas, please… Oh fuck, you feel so good, open me up on your tongue, want you in me, any part of me you can give me, angel. Please please please ,” he whimpered, and Cas listened. He lapped and sucked, thrusting his tongue one moment, then swirling it over his entrance the next. Minutes passed and Dean was finding it harder to keep quiet, until finally a loud moan escaped him and Cas pulled back to hush him.

“Dean, you either stay quiet, or we stop now, which is it?” Cas growled, his voice low and stern, demanding obedience, and Dean felt a gush of slick escape him at the commanding tone.

“I’ll be good Alpha, please don’t stop, let me be good for you,” he found himself babbling, pleas falling from his lips.

“If you can’t be good, I’ll have to punish you, Omega-mine. Is that what you want?” Cas asked, then slapped Dean’s ass once, growling again as Dean whimpered loudly at his words. Dean’s cock jumped at the sound, and he bit down on his own forearm to try to keep quiet, the flannel of his shirt muffling his whines as Cas put his mouth back to use. He shook as he tried to control himself, but each swipe of Cas’ tongue across his most sensitive parts was quickly driving him crazy, his beard rubbing against delicate skin and making it burn.

“Oh Cas,” he whined softly, only to jump as Cas slid a finger into him with no resistance. His Alpha aimed unerringly for his prostate, and Dean bit his lip so hard it bled to keep from wailing as the pleasure in his pelvis grew.

“You gonna come like this, my Omega? Gonna spurt all over those pretty panties, and leave here smelling like slick and spunk?”
“Oh fuck, Alpha, I want you to fuck me, want your knot,” Dean begged, practically incoherent with pleasure, completely forgetting—

The door opened with a crash, and Gabe stood there, staring at them in shocked amusement for a moment, then playing the part of indignant older brother to perfection.

“You are not fucking in the office where I work! Castiel Milton, get your ass back to the customers, Dean, get your ass put away and outta here and quit distracting him at work!”

Gabe was met by two sets of fangs snarling in his direction, and he hauled the door shut and bolted, the sound of his feet retreating back to the customer area of the bar.

“I’m going to kill him,” Cas growled, his eyes red and his voice a guttural wreck of his normal tones.

“Shhh… angel, angel, he’s your brother. He’s an ass, but you won’t kill him. He’s pack. We can pick this up when you get home, love.” Dean promised, feeling a little guilty at getting Gabe in such trouble with his Alpha. Then he remembered the rest of his plan, and he coaxed softly. “I haven’t been home yet, Alpha, I was visiting with Bobby and Ellen. Can you give me a hint about the drawer?”

Cas’ scent slowly calmed as he spoke, and he gently pulled Dean’s panties back into place, running a caressing hand down his thighs to tug his jeans up over his ass. Sitting on the couch, he pulled Dean into his lap, and Dean moaned softly at the feel of his Alpha’s swollen cock pressing against his ass.

“Alphaaa,” he whined, fighting not to squirm. “Fuck, I wanna ride you, Cas.”

“No riding tonight, baby. Go home, check the drawer, pick something. And I’ll see you when I get home.”

Dean sighed, and stood carefully, his legs wobbling slightly. Cas steadied him carefully, his eyes dark and heavy-lidded with arousal as he looked up from where he sat on the couch.

“Cas, you can’t look at me like that, angel,” Dean whispered, shivering slightly.
“Like what?” Cas asked, his voice low and intimate.

“Like you want to chase me and eat me alive.”

Cas growled, and Dean felt another gush of slick escape him. “Dean, I think it’s time for me to leave this room. Give me about five minutes to get out there and calm down, or I may take you over the bar.”

Dean whined, baring his throat, and Cas closed his eyes, visibly steeling himself.

All Dean could think was he was going to have so much fun, and couldn’t wait until his Alpha got home. Cas’ nostrils flared, and Dean knew his anticipation was bleeding through heavily, but he could tell the truth. He wanted his Alpha home and in their nest.

Cas stood, dragging his body against Dean’s, and spun them, pressing Dean down onto the couch again. Looming over him for a moment, he leaned in for a surprisingly gentle kiss, and Dean melted, purring.

Cas pulled back with a smug smile, and straightened his shirt. Dean didn’t bother hiding his arousal as he swept his gaze over his Alpha, licking his lips and flashing his fangs in a grin.

Cas growled, and took half a step forward before catching himself. “Be good, little Omega.”

Dean gave him a lazy smile, stretching out on the couch and adjusting himself in his jeans, drawing Cas’ hungry gaze. “I’ll be very good, my Alpha.”

Cas’ eyes flashed red, but he turned and left the office, and Dean had to mentally congratulate his mate on his iron resolve.

Dean gave it ten minutes, if only because every time he thought of his plan and Cas’ possible reactions, his cock swelled again. He sauntered out of the office, taking care to pull the door shut again and trying the handle to make sure it was secured. He was definitely planning on fucking with Cas, that didn’t mean fucking up their business.
The first person he saw when he ducked out of the back hallway was Gabe, who eyed him for a moment and started to laugh, and Dean knew he must be a sight. Next he saw Victor, whose eyes widened and his nostrils flared as they passed, and rolled his eyes when Dean threw him a wink and a cocky smile.

He spotted Cas at the bar, who was busily serving drinks to a group of three women, all of whom were eyeing his mate like a piece of meat. Dean took a step in that direction, then stopped, hearing his name called for his turn on Larry, the mechanical bull. He watched as Cas’ head whipped up, and they made eye contact across the bar. Cas’ eyes flashed red, and Dean smirked and blew his Alpha a kiss.

_I am so going to get it_, he thought to himself. _And I can’t wait._

Dean climbed on the bull, and met Gabe’s gleeful grin with a cocky one of his own as he settled himself in place. He closed his eyes for a moment, and blew out a slow breath, Go!” Gabe shouted, and the bull started to buck.

Dean used every bit of strength, every trick of balance and dexterity he’d learn while stripping, not just to stay on the bull, but to turn it into a show for an audience of one. The crowd was howling around him, but his ears listened for a single voice, one he didn’t hear. When Larry spun towards the bar again, he caught a glimpse of Cas standing at the end of it, his hands clenched into fists as he watch Dean, his eyes dark under a lowered brow.

_Oh fuck, I am so getting laid tonight_, he gloated, riding the high of emotion and adrenaline as Larry bucked and spun, trying in vain to make him lose his seat. Finally the bull slowed and stopped, and Dean slowly collapsed backwards with his arms wide, stretching out over the mechanical beast like an offering to a pagan god.

He lay there for a minute, catching his breath as he tried to slow his pounding heart, even as the stench of arousal seemed to squeeze out all the air. He could detect the spicier musk of Alphas, the honeyed sweetness of Omegas, and even the fainter tang of Betas.

_Holy shit, I still got it. Shoulda put out a tip jar._

He slid from the bull and met Gabe’s gaze, who was staring at him in opened-mouthed shock. His brother’s Omega shook himself and made his way to his side, and muttered under his breath even as he grinned.
“Where the fuck did you learn to do that?!” he demanded, and Dean barked out a laugh.

“I used to strip, helped pay the bills after Dad died.”

“Well, way to go, I don’t think Cassie is going to sit for a week, his balls are gonna be so blue. Speaking of which…” The shorter Omega glanced around at the crowd, many of whom were eyeing Dean hungrily. He lifted the mic and mouthed you owe me at Dean, then announced “Drinks are half price, limit one each!”

Most of the crowd dispersed, and Victor crossed to meet him as he left the cordoned off area around Larry.

“Winchester, I didn’t know you had it in you,” Victor greeted him with a laugh, clapping him on the shoulder. A low growl sounded, and Dean turned from his friend to meet his Alpha’s red gaze.

Oops.

“A misspent youth. Anyway, it’s been a long day, I need to get some rest. I’ll see you at the shop, huh?”

Dean strode through the bar, and checked the parking lot. Just because he had the height and build of most Alphas, didn’t mean he couldn’t be overwhelmed by surprise or numbers, and his encounter in the grocery store with Adler had been a firm reminder of that.

A few people were out having a smoke and one eyed him hungrily as he passed, but he made no move to come after Dean. He reached Baby and was unlocking the driver’s door when a solid weight hit his back, pinning him against the car.

An intoxicating scent surrounded him, and his head fell back against his mate’s shoulder.

“Backseat, now, Omega,” Cas growled, and Dean whimpered. He met the startled gaze of the Alpha who had been eyeing him, and the man took a step towards them, perhaps thinking Dean needed a rescue. Dean spun in his mate’s arms and kissed him passionately, fisting his hands in his hair as he dragged his teeth over his Alpha’s lip. Pitching his voice to carry, he challenged his mate.
“Let’s see what you got, Alpha-mine.”

Chapter End Notes

Have you seen the episode with Dean riding the mechanical bull? The gifs of that scene are what prompted this fic, back when it was supposed to be a smutty 2 chapter thing. Needless to say it didn't stay that way for long, but go revisit those gifs on Google or rewatch the episode. Have a reminder if how singularly hit Dean is on that bull.

Then imagine how blue Cas' balls must be.

End Notes

Come and yell at me, Imbiowaresbitch on tumblr.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!