Winchesters' World

by deanandsam

Summary

Dean and Sam have come to an arrangement which may seem outlandish to some, but for them it appears to work perfectly.
Chapter 1

Sam waited docilely at the table while Dean went to the counter to fill their order; hamburgers and pie with a side of salad for his rabbit-food-loving little brother.

“Dean,” Sam whispered when his brother came strolling back. “I gotta go.”

Dean grunted, waited for Sam to get up, then accompanied him to the toilets.
He led Sam into one of the stalls, undid his belt, opened his zip, pushed down his boxers, took Sam's cock in his hand and pointed it in the direction of the bowl. He held on until Sam’s jet of piss had dribbled to nothing, then gave his little brother’s cock a gentle shake, tucked it back into his boxers and zipped him up.
“You good, now, dude?” he smirked patting Sam on the shoulder. “Come on, I'm starving!”

Sam followed him out, wondering how they had come to this, how HE had come to this!

It had started one day with Sam brooding heavily over all the crap he blamed himself for, all the people that had died because of him, of Jessica, Ruby, the demon blood addiction, releasing Lucifer; eventually ending up with Dean comforting him and telling him to leave everything to him from now on, to let big brother look after it all; and that's exactly what had happened.

Little by little Dean had taken control of him and their lives, allowing Sam less and less autonomy, making all the decisions and beginning to treat Sam as if he was a kid again, needing guidance and attention, until ultimately Dean controlled everything about his little brother, even taking him to the bathroom.

Yet Sam who had been the independent, argumentative one of the two, had adapted amazingly well to this new relationship, even finding it a comfort that he no longer had to decide, because it meant making no more mistakes and Sam didn't want any more guilt on his shoulders.

Dean handled all that for him and more, much more! Their relationship had undergone earth-shattering changes, from the loving brothers they had been to something more; something indefinable.

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The elder Winchester filled the tank with gas and went to pay, then slipped into the Impala brandishing an enormous bag of M&Ms and four one-liter bottles of water.
“There you go, Sammy. These are for you.”

Sam hummed, took the bottles and threw three of them on the back seat, keeping one beside him. He’d have to start drinking soon.

They were about an hour out from the bunker when Dean drew onto the grassy edge. Hardly anyone used the little country road and Dean liked to call a stop here before getting home when they had been away on a hunt.

Sam got out without being told and circled the car, grabbing an old blanket from the trunk and waiting by the open driving-door until Dean had turned sideways and lowered his feet to the ground.

Sam placed the folded blanket on the grassy turf and knelt on it, undoing Dean's jeans, pushing aside his boxers and letting his cock jump free.

Sam knew exactly how Dean liked it.
He bent forward, his tongue licking at the slit on the tip of his brother's cock, gently teasing it open, causing Dean to groan in pleasure, Sam worked his way down to Dean's groin, sucking and stroking before taking its entire length in his mouth and working his cock to orgasm, swallowing
down the cum while his big brother trembled and shook in pleasure.

“Wow, Sammy, there's no-one can give head like you,” he complimented, pulling Sam up to kiss his mouth, enjoying the taste of himself that lingered on Sam's tongue and lips. He passed a hand down over Sam's crotch where he could feel Sam's straining erection.

“Sorry, baby. Rules are rules. Today is Monday and you know how that goes,” Dean continued to fondle Sam’s cock through his jeans and was delighted to feel it swell even more. Monday night was one of Sam's favorites, Dean's too, though Sam was the one to get the most pleasure from it.

Dean handed Sam the box of wipes they kept in the car and he dutifully cleaned Dean up, tucking his softened cock back into his pants and zipping up his jeans.

“Get in Sammy. It's time to start drinking,” he ordered, and even though he'd just orgasmed Dean felt his cock twitch again. He loved Monday nights too.

TBC
Dean pottered about the kitchen, cleaning up after the meal he'd prepared. He'd come to enjoy cooking, it brought out the mothering part of his character which had always been pushed to the side, but was undoubtedly present, especially where taking care of Sammy was concerned.

His brother was in the library updating his on-line journal with details of their latest hunt. It wasn’t as hands-on as John's leather-bound one had been, nor as saturated with emotion, but it was efficient and Sam could call up any details of past hunts with accuracy and velocity.

Sam was hunched over the table in the library when Dean entered. What he felt for his little brother was beyond his understanding, he loved him like no other, and mixed into that all-encompassing love was sex, possession and desire. He wondered again if it was because of the way they’d been brought up, almost exclusively in each other's company; laughing, crying, being scared and only having each other to find comfort in when they were kids, left on their own for long periods of time while their father was off doing his own thing.

Whatever the cause, Dean was well aware that the relationship he and Sam now had was not 'normal', not by conventional thinking anyway. Incest was considered a sin against God and the law, not to mention all the rest, but then both he and Sam had already been to Hell, tortured and scarred by their time there. They had already paid in advance for whatever they were doing now and if they ended up back in Hell, well they'd deal, as they did with everything else.

When Dean had suggested to Sam months ago that he let big brother take control of everything, he had been the first to be surprised by Sam’s acquiescence and growing acceptance of their new way of life, especially when it had moved on to them having sex, and all the quirks it had brought with it, yet Sam had; and strangely enough his little brother seemed happier than Dean ever remembered.

Tonight he would have his baby brother back, it was Monday night after all and Dean's cock twitched in anticipation. He padded over to his brother and pushed aside the long hair on the nape of his neck, planting a kiss on the sensitive skin. He had mapped every inch of Sam’s body and his long elegant neck was one of his most erogenous zones. Sam remained still, while Dean nuzzled him, but he knew his little brother was as filled with anticipation as he was.

“Come on baby, it's time for your bath,” Dean mouthed into his neck. Sam pushed back his chair and followed Dean to one of the bathrooms which held a sizeable bathtub. Dean slotted in the bath-plug and ran the hot water, then turned to Sam. “Sit down, Sammy,” he ordered and when Sam had complied, Dean began to slowly undress his
brother, beginning with his plaid, and then pulling off his tee. He moved down to his jeans unzipping them. “Lift your ass, dude,” he said and in one practiced move he pulled off Sam’s jeans and boxers, leaving him naked.

He tilted up Sam’s head and kissed him gently, lingering for a moment. “You're so beautiful Sammy,” he said in awe, and he watched as his brother’s cock twitched in answer.

Dean tested the temperature of the water then told Sam to get in. “Now then, we'll start with your hair, baby, I know how much you love it.” And Sam did. He relaxed into the hot water while Dean lathered up his hair with the herbal shampoo, massaging his scalp and making him feel so good.

Dean moved down Sam’s body soaping him up, passing the sponge over his chest, pausing to titillate first one nipple then the other, gratified by the contented huffs coming from his baby brother. He moved down his flat belly then onto his groin, soaping around his soft cock and balls which were as relaxed as Sam was.

He chuckled; when he bathed Sam, his brother unwound completely becoming putty in Dean’s hands and he loved it; he loved taking care of Sammy.

He left Sam to luxuriate a few minutes longer in the warm water, while he went to prepare his stuff in the bedroom.

Then he rinsed his brother off, waited for him to get out, wrapped the soft bath-robe around his body and a warm towel around his dripping hair. He wanted Sam to feel good tonight.

Sam had, in turn, discovered how much he enjoyed having Dean take care of him when once he would have shrugged off his brother’s hands, reveling in his independence; funny how things change.

He let Dean gently rub his hair until the strands were almost dry, then followed him to the bedroom, his cock which had been so relaxed in the water, beginning to take an interest in the proceedings.

Months ago, Dean had dragged two beds into one of the larger rooms, where he had fixed the frames together forming an extra-wide king-size in which the brothers slept when they were home. “Get on the bed Sam,” Dean ordered waiting until Sam had laid himself out belly-up on the bed.

“That's my baby,” Dean purred, untying the cord of the robe and pushing the flaps back, leaving Sam’s long body nude. He took the baby ointment, squeezed a generous dollop onto his hand and began massaging the area around Sam’s groin passing the dense liquid over and under his balls and around his ass-hole, tickling the tight little opening with a slippery finger, teasing and pushing in slightly, enjoying the sound of Sam’s little sighs and the sight of his hardening cock.

“You like that don't you, huh?” Dean grinned, as Sam looked up at him, eyes hazy with enjoyment. “You know I do, Dean. You drive me mad when you touch me,” Sam whispered. “The feeling's mutual, Sammy, as you well know,” Dean breathed back.

Sam nodded. He knew how fucked up they were!

“Lift your ass, baby,” Dean said, whipping the diaper under Sam's butt, then pushing his legs apart, comfortably settling in his half-hard cock, pulling up the front and expertly closing it off with the sticky tabs on the side. He looked down at his handiwork. Sam looked like an oversized baby, but on Monday nights, that’s exactly what he was.
He grabbed the old purple tee-shirt Sam still had, with the dog on the front, and eased it over his head. "Arms up, Sammy," he ordered, dressing his brother in it. "That's my boy," Dean praised him.

He heaped up the pillows at the bed-head and pulled Sam up against them, covering him with a cozy blanket. Then he switched on the TV player with the DVD of My Little Pony, one of Sam's favorite shows when he was little, and left his brother snuggled up to watch while he made his way to the kitchen.

When he returned Sam was half-asleep, looking child-like and absolutely adorable. "Scoot down, Sammy," Dean said, moving behind his brother on the bed, and pulling Sam up between his legs to let him lean back on his chest. "Look what Dean's got for you," he teased, holding up the bottle filled with warm milk, watching satisfied when Sam's eyes lit up.

"There you go, kiddo," he murmured, as Sam's mouth turned towards it like a flower towards the sun. He tipped Sam's head back onto his shoulder and put the nipple to his lips, feeling the blood engorging his cock as Sam accepted it eagerly and began sucking as enthusiastically as he'd done when he was a baby. Dean couldn't begin to quantify the pleasure he got from feeding a bottle to his brother. It was fucked up as hell but, neither of them cared anymore. They didn't have to answer to anyone except each other.

Sam sucked in complete abandon, warm and safe in Dean's arms, the milk sweet and comforting, the sounds of the TV bringing him back to a childhood when monsters were no part of his reality.

Dean turned the volume down a little to better enjoy the delightful suckling noises Sam was making while he held the bottle to his mouth. He kissed his little brother's soft clean hair, nuzzling it, the perfume of herbs... so... Sammy. Sam was warm against him and he wondered if heaven could be any better than this.

He checked the bottle, chuckling. It was nearly empty, Sammy was a thirsty drinker and he loved his milk. He had another one ready in the kitchen but that was for later, before bed-time.

When the last drop had been sucked dry, Dean gently pulled the nipple from Sam's mouth, but Sam was loath to let it go, keeping his lips stubbornly around it. "Come on, Sammy. The milk's finished, you'll only get air in your tummy if you keep on sucking. Listen if you let go, I'll give you something nice in its place," Dean coaxed, rolling his eyes as Sam reluctantly spat it out.

He put the empty bottle on the side-table and dipped the pacifier in the jar of peanut butter before holding it over Sam's mouth. "You want this, Sammy? What do you say first?"

"Please Dean," Sam answered, impatient for the treat. Dean pressed it to Sam's mouth where he latched on to it happily, sucking with gusto.

They lay there ensconced in their own little world, Dean cuddling his brother to him while Sam sucked placidly on the pacifier, his head cushioned on his brother's shoulder, both contentedly watching the antics of the multi-colored ponies on the screen.

After an hour or so, Dean felt Sam beginning to squirm, and Dean smiled to himself. His brother had drunk four liters of water and he'd been forbidden to use the bathroom, so he must be ready to go.

"Dean," Sam mumbled around the pacifier, as the squirming got heavier. "I need to go."

"Just let it all out, baby; that's what the diaper is for," Dean replied encouragingly.
After all the times they'd played this game, his little brother was still reluctant to pee in it.

He pulled up Sam's tee and passed a hand over his belly, gently massaging it, then moving lower until he pushed his hand into the diaper, tickling Sam's cock.

"Dean," Sam whispered, the pacifier falling nervelessly from his mouth.

"Let go, Sammy. It's all right."

Sam wriggled beneath him, as his cock was torn between two sensations, the need to pee and the increasing sexual tension caused by Dean's touch on it.

"Come on Sam, it's now or never, pissssss." Dean hissed while Sam finally let go and inundated the diaper with a potent stream of urine, wetting Dean's hand which was gently gripped around the tip of his cock.

The diaper filled up with the liquid, as heavy now as it had been light before.

Dean removed his hand, drying it on the towel he kept nearby and kissed the side of his brother's head.

"See, that wasn't so bad now was it?" he declared, while Sam pouted in disagreement.

"I don't like it, Dean. I hate feeling all wet."

"Well, Monday night is baby night and babies pee in their diapers, Sammy," Dean chided, "But don't worry, big brother will make everything better. Here," he added recuperating the pacifier and dipping it once more into the peanut butter. "This is because you've been good."

He popped it into Sam's mouth, who took it happily, sucking contentedly while Dean went to get a clean diaper and some hot water to wash off his brother.

He pulled off the tags and opened the diaper. It was practically overflowing; well four bottles of water can do that!

"Lift, Sam," Dean ordered. He slipped the diaper out and a rubber sheet in. He didn't want to dampen the bed.

He set about cleaning up his brother, soaping him carefully, washing away all traces of urine, drying him off accurately and massaging the area with soft baby cream, causing Sam to moan in pleasure at his ministrations.

He slipped a dry diaper under him and closed it up. He would probably have to change him again before morning; between the milk and the rest of the water there was surely more to come.

Dean smiled, his brother had been fed and changed, now Sammy had to give him something back in exchange.

He cleared everything away, washed his hands and came back to stand beside the bed.

Sam had his eyes closed and was sucking at intermittence on the pacifier.

Dean undid his jeans, pushed down his boxers, got on the bed and straddled his brother, pulling out the pacifier to Sam's disappointed whine and putting his straining cock in its place.

"Here's something really big to suck, baby bro. Let's see how you do with that."

Sam rose to the occasion taking in his brother's cock and using it as a pacifier, suckling it as if it were a nipple, his swirling tongue doing delightful things and causing Dean to groan in ecstasy, an ecstasy which didn't hesitate to arrive.

Sam swallowed down his brother's cum as he had the milk, and held on to his brother's softening cock until Dean himself pulled out, collapsing on top of his brother.

"God, Sammy. You give a divine blow-job. It must be all that sucking. I'm gonna keep feeding you bottles until you're ninety!"

Sam just chuckled underneath him and rolled his brother to the side.

Dean's hand crept into the diaper, where Sam was sporting a huge erection. He passed his hand
over the baby oil and used it to moisten his hand as he brought Sam to an overwhelming orgasm, covering the tip of his cock to keep any cum from exiting the diaper.

"Dean," Sam exhaled, caught between satisfaction and annoyance. “Now I'm wet again.”
“That doesn't count,” Dean retorted, as he claimed Sam’s mouth to quiet him.
“Yes it does, Dean!” Sam pouted. “I want to go to sleep dry.”
Dean rolled his eyes.
“Would you rather I’d left you with your cock about to explode?” he bitched.
“No,” Sam grinned. “But I'm the baby, and it's your job to keep me comfy!”

Dean knew when he’d lost the argument and so he changed Sam once again, settling him back down underneath the blanket and going to heat the last bottle of milk. He sat in behind like before.
His little brother moved in eagerly for his second round, a hand creeping up under Dean's tee-shirt and playing with his nipples while he leaned back on Dean's arm and suckled lustily. Dean could feel himself coming hard again, but he ignored it. After this bottle, it was Sammy's bed-time and they would snuggle up together, one spooned around the other.

Sam left off playing with Dean's chest and cheekily brought his hand to Dean's lips tracing them and pushing in a finger hoping his big brother would suck on it.
“Stop it, Sammy,” Dean growled. “After you're finished it's bed-time, so don't tempt me or you'll regret it.”

Dean pulled the wayward finger from his mouth and pushed Sam's arm away.
“Now finish up your milk like a good boy.”
Sam smiled up at him, causing the milk to pool at the sides of his mouth.
“Sammy,” Dean warned.”Suck properly!”

Sam obediently closed his lips around the nipple, though Dean couldn't resist bending down and licking up the spilled milk at the corners of his baby's mouth, finding Sam's eyes on him. He pulled his brother in tightly. He loved Sam so damned much.

“Good, baby! Let's get you settled for sleep;“ Dean said, putting the empty bottle on the table and giving Sam his pacifier.
He stripped off his tee and slipped naked under the blanket beside his brother, spooning himself around him, listening to Sam's quiet sucking. Before long his brother would fall into a deep satisfying sleep and the pacifier would roll onto the bed. Dean closed his eyes. He better get in some shut-eye before he was called to change Sammy again. His baby brother did so hate to get his diaper wet!

TBC
Tuesday

Chapter Summary

It's Tuesday and Dean has everything planned out for his brother, including a butt-plug!

Tuesday.

Dean passed a hand over Sam's belly, his nose buried in his neck. He'd changed Sammy again that night, the squirming of his brother awakening Dean and tipping him off that he'd wet his diaper. He'd slipped out of bed and turned his sleeping brother onto his back.

Sam rarely woke up when he changed his diaper during the night hours. He instinctively knew it was his big brother that was touching him and he took comfort in knowing he was being cared for, stretching luxuriously while Dean lovingly washed his genitals and passed the sponge under his ass, to get every drop of urine off his skin.

Sam sighed sleepily as Dean spread and massaged the baby paste all around his cock and ass, closing him up in a dry diaper.

When Dean slipped back into bed, he fished around for the pacifier that had fallen from Sam's open mouth, gave it a quick lick then put it to Sam's lips which opened reflexively and took it in, sucking contentedly.

“That's my baby," Dean whispered, spooning his brother and wiggling a hand into Sam's diaper cupping his cock.

Sam emitted a satisfied mewl and fell back into a deep sleep, followed by his big brother curled in comfortably at Sam's back.

The bed was empty when Sam awoke, but the fact that there was no natural light in the bunker, due to the lack of windows made it difficult to separate night from day, and Dean had fixed a large clock to the opposite wall to give them a quick reference.

It was nine o'clock, he'd slept for almost nine hours. Sam stretched voluptuously, feeling so good.

“Yeah, mornin', Dean,” Sam answered.

“Come on then, get your ass out of bed. Breakfast's nearly ready You need to go, Sam?" "Uh-huh,” Sam replied.

He threw back the covers and padded into the bathroom where Dean was waiting to take his diaper off, leaving Sam nude from the waist down.

He took Sam's cock in his hand and pointed it at the bowl, waiting for Sam to piss.

Sam’s jet was never-ending and Dean considered that the four bottles of water had been well and truly expelled.

“Right let's get you showered and into your sweat pants,” he said

Sam took his place in the shower, while Dean washed him, concentrating on his groin to make sure he got any old paste and piss off.

He patted him dry and got him dressed in a clean tee and sweat pants then led the way to the
kitchen.
While Dean loved looking after Sam and doing everything for him, he knew that if ever Sam wanted to change the parameters of their relationship, he would consent to his wishes, but for now, Sam seemed to enjoy being cared for as much as Dean enjoyed dominating and mothering him. Win-win!

Dean placed the plate with the cut-up food in front of Sam
“Hungry Sammy? “ he smiled.
“Yeah, I could eat a horse,” Sam smiled sheepishly back up at him.
“Good, now finish up everything or I'll be forced to spoon-feed you,” he warned. But there was no need as Sam cleaned his plate greedily.
“Good boy,” Dean complimented, slipping him a cup of hot coffee.

“Did you find info about that hunt yesterday?” he added.
“Yeah, it's probably a poltergeist. We'll find out more when we interview the owners,” Sam elaborated, sipping his coffee.
“I guess,” Dean nodded. ”Finish up and I'll get you ready.”
Sam’s cock twitched under the table .

Today was Tuesday.

When Dean had overseen to all Sam’s morning ablutions, he led him back into the bedroom and made him kneel on the bed, ass up, pulling down his sweat pants.
His cock took great interest in the sight of his baby brother's firm ass with the tight pink hole nestled between the smooth cheeks.
He pulled Sam's pants right off and passed a hand underneath him, caressing his cock and playing with his balls, chuckling as they tightened at his touch. Dean bent down and kissed the adorable butt, sucking his way across the cheeks leaving rosy hickeys in his wake.
He smirked as Sam's cock grew to full size in his hand. His little brother was so receptive and sensual.
He kept a possessive hold on Sam’s cock as he knelt behind him and licked the inviting ass-hole, pushing in the tip of his tongue, causing his little brother to groan helplessly as Dean breached his sphincter with the exploring tongue.
“Dean, “ Sam breathed in a strangled voice.

Dean pulled back satisfied, and proceeded to lap at his brother's crack from behind his balls to his lower back, his hand still on his little brother's cock, driving Sam mad with desire.

Dean reckoned he'd aroused Sam sufficiently, not to mention himself, and he grabbed the lube, palmed a generous amount and teased Sam's hole, pushing in a finger and opening him up gradually, eventually pushing in a second lubed finger, causing his baby brother to wriggle deliciously at Dean's stimulation.
He caressed and scissored his hole, then inserted a third finger.

Satisfied he pulled out, causing Sam’s ass to emit an enticing plop.
He quickly lifted the black butt-plug he'd prepared, putting the tip to the quivering hole, lubing it lavishly before pushing it in carefully, centimeter by centimeter; Dean's cock straining painfully against his jeans at the awesome sight.
The plug wasn't particularly big, just enough to keep Sam open as he would be using that delicious hole later.
He gave Sam's ass one last lascivious look, the black extremity of the plug so sexy against the tanned skin dotted with the dark hickeys he'd just put there.
“Turn around and sit on your ass, Sammy,” Dean hissed.
Sam obeyed, giving Dean free access to his cock. Dean nibbled gently at Sam’s huge erection, taking it in his mouth.
Sam moaned and whined in pleasure, over-stimulated by the plug in his ass and his brother's talented mouth warm on his cock. He came in a burst of ecstasy, his hole pulsing around the plug, in resonance with his cock.
Dean removed his mouth with a noisy suck and climbed his way up Sam's body putting his own cock to Sam's mouth.

He'd become so excited playing with Sam’s ass that he shot his load into Sam's mouth almost instantly.
“God, Sammy. You're so hot, you drive me crazy!” he growled huskily, collapsing bonelessly onto his brother.
Sam smiled at him. “And you don't, Dean?” he answered.
“Yeah, we just can't keep our hands or our cocks off each other. It seems,” Dean sighed.

“Come on Sammy. We've got work to do!” he grunted slipping off his brother.

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TBC
Sam's having trouble keeping his mind on the job, but Dean is there for him. Anything to help his little brother!

Dean cleaned them up, then dressed his brother, smiling to himself as the plug currently lodged in Sam's ass caused him to walk very carefully, though the baggy jeans Dean had chosen for him effectively hid everything. Only Dean would know that his little brother was plugged up. His ever twitching cock reminded him that he would have the sublime pleasure of exploring that ass later in the day!

Sam lowered himself gingerly onto the Impala's seat, very aware of the object in his ass. He hoped he could hold out, for Dean didn't want him to come until he was given permission and Sam knew just how difficult that was. He'd come to realize what a very sensitive ass he had. However, Sam felt a thrill race through him at the thought of being at his brother's mercy.

Dean grinned mischievously as he slipped in behind the wheel. Sam was already sporting an erection. Dean could see the baggy jeans tenting.

“How're you doing Sammy. Don't tell me you're begging for it already.”

Sam gritted his teeth.

He imagined hideous clowns coming at him and his erection deflated a little, but Dean glanced over evilly at him and passed a hand over his jeans, rubbing at Sam’s cock, causing it to swell again.

“Dean,” Sam whined. “If you carry on like that I won't be able to resist.”

Dean chuckled, put the Impala into drive and basked in the sound of Sam moaning as the movement of the car on the bumpy black-top caused the plug to stimulate his ass making him throw his head back on the seat in complete abandon, his legs apart, trying to quash his erection. By the time they arrived at the destination, Sam was wrung out.

He shakily exited the car, his long legs wobbly like those of a new-born giraffe.

“Careful, there, Sammy,” Dean smirked. He loved seeing his rational logical little brother all hot, bothered and worked up. “Remember you gotta talk to these people, so try and keep yourself under control,” he added.

“That's all very well for you to say, Dean. You don't have a plug up your ass.”

“That's why I'm the big brother and not you!” Dean bantered. “Come on, baby, as soon as we're done here, I'll take care of you.”

“You'd better,” Sam bitched back, jumping as he received a resounding slap on his ass for his trouble.

Sam had no idea how he managed to get through the interviews, but somehow he did and he lowered himself thankfully if carefully, onto the Impala's leather seat.

“Dean, “ he pleaded. “Come on man, you can't leave me like this.”

Dean hummed and drove on, pulling in at the first motel he encountered.

“I'll go get a room,” he said and Sam nodded gratefully.
“Not too bad,” Dean approved. It was, in fact, a nice homely room with thick curtains which Dean went to pull.
“No, Dean,” Sam stopped him. "In the bunker, I miss the windows."
“Whatever turns you on, baby,” Dean shrugged.
He threw their duffels onto one of the beds and turned to Sam.

“Unzip your jeans, Sammy. Show me what that plug does to you.” He watched with bated breath as Sam slowly unzipped his jeans, swinging his hips as he did so.
“Fuck,” Dean thought. His little brother was sluttier than any stripper he’d ever encountered.

“Touch yourself. Take your cock in your hand and pump it ever so slowly.”
“That's enough,” he ordered, Sam's expression telling him his brother was too near to coming and Dean didn't want that just yet.
He had to have control over everything Sam did, including when he got to orgasm.
“Turn around, and push down your jeans and present me with your ass.”

Sam wiggled out of his jeans pushing them down to his ankles, giving Dean a view of his quivering ass cheeks though the plug was hidden from view.
“Bend over on the bed,” Dean commanded, his voice raspy.
Sam did as he was told, exposing the black-ended plug which was holding his back passage open for Dean's cock to fill.

“Oh, Sammy. You have no idea how much of a whore you look with your ass in the air like that.”

Dean walked over to him and rubbed his jeans against Sam’s bare ass, the zip pushing against the plug causing Sam to mewl like a cat in heat.
Hunting had trained Dean to have patience but it had run out.
He pulled down his jeans and let his cock bob free while he gently pulled on the plug, turning and teasing the overly sensitized hole.
“Dean,” Sam begged. “Please!”

Dean pulled it out and pushed it back in, effectively fucking his brother with the plug, the lube he'd covered it in, glistening around Sam’s hole.
He gave it one last twist and pulled it out, putting his turgid cock to the entrance and lining it up.
“I'm gonna fuck you, Sammy as you've never been fucked before,” and he proceeded to do just that!

The warm tightness of Sam’s ass accommodated him as if it had been designed solely for that use.
Usually, he was careful never to hurt his baby brother, but he was so aroused that he pounded into him, relishing this carnal union which made them one; and he came with an animalistic growl, so strong was his orgasm.
Sam trembled under his assault but Dean remained inside the velvety hotness of his brother as long as he could, pulling out only when his cock was soft, and quickly plugging Sam back up, trapping his milky cum inside his ass.
“Get on the bed, Sam.” Dean intimidated.
Sam did as he was told. His cock was red and swollen, in need of release.
Dean ran his tongue around the swollen tip making Sam groan. His brother had always been a noisy wriggly lover, Dean chuckled, and he loved being the one to cause it.

Dean held his legs down and attacked his cock, licking, slurping and sucking until Sam exploded in a strangled screech, spurting his cum down Dean's throat, almost choking him.
Dean collapsed on top of him, covering his little brother's open mouth with his own.
He loved kissing Sammy and he realized he'd neglected that part of their relationship recently.
Tonight he would make up for that by making out with Sam’s desirable mouth until it was swollen and used with his kisses.
Sam moaned into him, still coming down from his orgasm, panting like the puppy he at times resembled.

Dean was proud that he'd made Sam orgasm so strongly and he wondered jealously if Sam had enjoyed better sex with his past partners.
He was envious of anyone who had laid a hand on his brother. Sam was his, only his.
He'd been thinking of marking his ownership in some way though he'd always put it off but now was the time.
He'd get Sam tattooed with the initials DW, so he'd know he belonged to Dean and to no other.

They lay on the motel bed half undressed, long limbs entwined together, arms around each other, soft cocks touching, like two babes in the woods.
The motel had been paid for until the next morning and the brothers fell asleep.
There was nowhere else they'd rather be.

TBC
Wednesday is Monday Too.

Chapter Summary

Sam is adorable in baby mode, at least Dean thinks so, but sometimes he doesn't do as he's told. Age Play.

Sam lay back on the couch his long bare legs overshooting the edge, his head cushioned on Dean’s lap. He was staring up adoringly at his big brother while sucking contentedly at the bottle Dean was feeding him. Dean smiled down at him, lowering his head and peppering Sam's eyes and nose with light butterfly kisses. Sam sighed happily. He adored being babied by Dean and he relished the fact that Dean loved it as much as he did. He lifted a languid hand and insinuated it under Dean's shirt, needing to feel the contact of his brother's warm flesh. He played with Dean's nipples as he sucked, causing them to harden; the warm milk and the feel of Dean's skin under his hand soothing him and making feel the most loved person on the face of the earth. “Well you finished that off in record time, Sammy,” Dean said indicating the empty bottle and smiling down at him. “Good job I prepared more than one for my greedy little brother.”

Sam let out an annoyed pout when Dean removed the bottle from his mouth, and he turned his head towards Dean's chest pushing up his tee and licking at the nearest nipple, sending a thrill down Dean's spine. Sam tightened his lips around the little nub, tugging at it as if it could magically emit the warm milk he loved to suck. “Don't, Sammy. You know there's nothing there. I wish there was but it's just not possible, kiddo,” Dean said, laughingly brushing him off.

Sam mewedled in disappointment but lay his head back on Dean's pillowed knees. “There you go, baby,” Dean grinned as Sam eagerly grasped the nipple of the second bottle and began to suck energetically. He knew Dean loved to hear him make happy satisfied noises.

It was all part of their game, though at times Sam wondered if it was still a game or a new way of life. Dean used his left hand to hold the bottle while with his right he pushed up Sam's tee and tickled his belly, causing Sam to smile around the teat, making him look more adorable than ever, as a few drops of milk pooled at his mouth. Dean couldn't resist and he gently pulled out the bottle with a plop, bending down to kiss Sam's delectably pink lips, shivering as Sam searched out his tongue and sucked at it as if it were a nipple, sharing with him the taste of the warm milk. “God, Sammy!” he whispered into Sam's mouth. “You're so damn hot.”

He pulled back and put the bottle to Sam's lips, his cock rock-hard as he watched Sam draw in the rubber tip and begin sucking again. He remained amazed at how well Sam had taken to being nursed like an infant. Dean knew his
brother truly loved it. The duality between the dangerous hunter that Sam was when they were following a case, and the pliant man-child he held in his arms at this moment, was astounding and extremely arousing, but who was Dean to look a gift-horse in the mouth.

He had the best of three worlds, an expert hunting partner, the sexiest and most arousing of lovers, and this unexpected gift of being allowed to take complete care of the little brother he loved, in every way imaginable. He picked up the remote, switched on the TV, and surfed the channels but there was nothing worth watching so he left it on the news channel, muting the sound.

Sam was making cute little humming noises, and Dean smiled down at him. He knew Sam would allow him to do anything he wanted, but feeding his baby brother was one of the top three in his Sammy hit parade. He glanced down at Sam's groin. He'd diapered him earlier and he could see his brother's cock twitching at intervals under the plastic sheath. Sammy was really enjoying this.

But Dean loved to tease his baby brother and so he playfully pulled the bottle out of Sam's mouth, holding it over him like a carrot, grinning at Sam's disappointed frown.


“You looked far too comfortable there, kiddo. I'm getting jealous. I'm beginning to think you love that bottle of milk more than you do me.”

Sam stretched up his arms and pulled Dean's face down to his, claiming his mouth, kissing, nuzzling and biting at his luscious lips, leaving his big brother in no doubt about how much he loved him. Dean swallowed.

“Well, I think you proved your case there, dude, “ Dean said his cock about to explode at Sam's expert, heart-felt kissing.

“Here, you little bitch,” he grunted, putting the nipple back to Sam's lips and laughing at Sam's exaggeratedly happy gurgle.

For another few minutes, nothing could be heard in the room other than the soft noises coming from Sam as he nursed happily.

Dean knew Sam would be pouty when the bottle was empty but he never gave him more than two at a time, even if he knew Sam loved nothing else than cuddling up against him feeding, and so he was ready when Sam huffed his displeasure.

“No more for you, Sammy.” Dean cautioned.

“If you're good you can have another one tonight before bed.”

“I'll be good Dean,” Sam answered keeping in line with his baby persona, flashing the puppy eyes full force.

“Well, huh. We'll see,” Dean answered, placing the empty bottle on the low table.

“You wet?”

Sam shook his head.

“Sammy! Stop holding back! I know you'd prefer to burst rather than piss in your diaper.”

“No, Dean,” Sam denied, his face innocent. “I don't need to go.”

“We'll see,” Dean said, sliding out from under his brother.

He went into the bedroom and came back with the plasticized sheet he used to change Sam, laying it down next to the couch. “Get your ass down here,” Dean said using his 'obey me right now' voice. Sam scooted off the couch and lay on his back on the sheet.
“Let me have a look, “Dean grunted, opening the diaper. Sam's cock was half-hard but the diaper was completely dry.
“You are holding back,” Dean declared, massaging Sam's lower belly and pressing gently.
“Dean, no!” Sam moaned, squirming at the pressure.
Dean recognized the warning signs and quickly closed the diaper as the loud hiss of Sam's release filled it with warm piss.
Sam bit his lower lip, glancing up worriedly at Dean's vexed face.

“Sam, when you're wearing a diaper, you have to use it. I don't care if you don't like to. Holding back isn't good for you. I'm going to have to take steps about this,” Dean warned.
“No, Dean,” Sam pleaded. ”I promise I'll be good. I'll always pee when you diaper me.”
“Hm, I think you need a little reminder, Sammy, just so you won't forget.”

Dean pulled the diaper open and slipped it out from under Sam, taking it into the kitchen and depositing in the trash. He gathered all he needed to clean him up and made his way back to the living area.
He knelt down between Sam's legs and washed him thoroughly, drying him off but leaving him naked.
He scooted back on the floor, leaning on the base of the couch.

“Come here Sam! “ he ordered. “Lie down on top of me with your ass in the air.”
“Dean, I promise I'll pee the next time,” Sam murmured.
“You always say that, but I always have to intervene,” Dean said strictly

Sam came and lay face down over his brother's legs.
Dean shuffled around until Sam's cock was positioned between his jeans-covered legs, with Sam's ass in the air.
“Now then Sammy, what happens to those who don't listen to their elders?” Dean asked.
“They get whupped, “ Sam answered unhappily.
“That's right,” Dean nodded, giving his little brother's ass-cheeks a resounding slap, causing Sam to whimper.
Dean knew he wasn't really hurting his brother. This was a caress compared to what they had both been through, but it was a lesson in power which Dean liked to occasionally enforce.
Dean adored his little brother but HE was in command.

He let fall another slap, and even if Sam yelped, the cock positioned between his legs grew ever larger.
Dean let fall another eight snappy smacks to Sam's ass, enjoying Sam's squirming and his whimpers; then turned him over and took his brother's cock in his mouth causing Sam's whines of pain to become gurgles of pleasure.
He sucked and licked his little brother to orgasm, swallowing down his cum and pulling back to better enjoy Sam's afterglow.

“Dean,” Sam murmured, wrung out. “That was……”
“Quiet Sammy. Just because I sucked you off doesn't mean I've forgiven you. Now I'm going to diaper you again for punishment until you fill it up with a healthy dose of piss, and just so you won't forget, I'll add a little reminder. Get down on the sheet with your ass in the air.”

Sam scooted over to the sheet, positioning himself as ordered.
Dean took the baby cream and began to finger Sam's ass-hole, gratified to see the red color of Sam's butt where his hand had smacked him.
He played with Sam's hole, breaching the sphincter and opening him up.
Sam had such a tight little hole and it took a while to get him ready, but Dean wasn't complaining,
nor was his cock.
When he had him loosened enough, he pressed the plug to the opening and eased it in.
“Dean,” Sam gulped. “You've never used a plug when I've worn a diaper.”
“There's always a first time,” Dean smirked, slapping the taut cheeks and enjoying the beguiling
sight of the black plug in his little brother's ass.

“Now get on your back,” Dean said, expertly diapering his brother and pulling on his sweat-pants.
“Go to the kitchen and don't come back until you've drunk at least four glasses of water.”
Sam got up slowly, the plug heavy in his ass and limped off to the kitchen.

Dean smiled in satisfaction.
He'd enjoyed himself feeding, smacking and plugging Sam.
Tonight his brother would be open and ready to take his cock and he'd have the pleasure later of
changing what he was sure would be a very wet Sam.

His little brother came back into the room looking like a kicked puppy. Between the plug in his ass
and the command to pee in his diaper he wasn't too happy

Dean took pity on him, he'd already made his point.
He sat down on the couch and called him over
“Come here, you big baby.”
Sam brightened and padded over.

“Get on the couch. We've got Godzilla 2 to finish watching.”
Sam lay down on the couch, his head in Dean's lap, eyes on the screen.
Dean grabbed Sam's pacifier, dipped it in the peanut butter he kept on the table and put it to Sam's
mouth.
Sam looked up at him gratefully, took it between his lips and began sucking. The peanut butter was
sweet in his mouth and sweeter still, he knew Dean had forgiven him.
He sucked happily, held in Dean's arms which was the place he loved to be most of all.

TBC
By the time the film ended Sam was heavy in his arms, the soft snores coming from his dozing little brother causing the strands of hair that had fallen over his face to flutter gently in rhythm with his breath.

Dean pushed them aside and studied his brother's face. He loved everything about it, from the cut hazel eyes to the pert nose and the enticing pink lips, not to mention each and every one of the moles he'd kissed a thousand times now.

Dean couldn't quite understand why he who loved only women could have come to love Sam in such a fulfilling sexual way; leaving apart the not insignificant detail of them being brothers, yet it had happened. Then on top of everything else they'd found this unorthodox way of relating to one other, each finding their niche, Dean as the care-taker and mother figure and Sam as one to be taken care of and pampered.

But Dean no longer cared. They were both adults, hurting no-one by their behavior and best of all, receiving great pleasure and reaching sexual heights neither had experienced with their past lovers.

It was something he had still to ask Sam outright though, he mused. If his little brother had enjoyed better sex with anyone before Dean. He would ask him tonight.

He lowered his mouth to kiss Sam's lax lips, causing Sam to open sleepy eyes, and take a second to focus.

"Dean.." he murmured into his mouth causing Dean to deepen the kiss and slowly but authoritatively explore the softness of that tongue and those lips.

"Hey," Dean whispered as he pulled back. "You looked so much like the sleeping beauty that I had to do my prince act."

A rosy flush tinted Sam’s cheeks and Dean snorted. "You're embarrassed 'cos I called you Sleeping Beauty yet here you are cuddled up in my arms with a pacifier, wearing a diaper."

"Dude!" Dean teased.

"That's different," Sam mumbled and Dean kissed him again. His little brother was just too adorable, especially when he was at a loss for a rational explanation!

"Did you see anything of the film at all?" Dean asked

"Yeah, " Sam replied. "Most of it but my eyes got so heavy, I had to close them."

"Good job you got some shut-eye then, Sam cos you might have to stay awake for a while," Dean grinned.

Sam wiggled a hand down between them and ran it over Dean's crotch. His big brother's cock was beginning to strain against his jeans.

Sam smiled. He might be the one that was babied but he was quite aware of the power he wielded over Dean. His big brother would do anything for him and Sam loved him so much he doubted words could even express it.

He powered up his eyes to full soulful earnestness and stared up at his big brother. "I wonder if you know just how much I love you, Dean," he said before pulling his brother down to kiss him hard and possessively.

Dean gulped. Sam had just emotionally steam-rollered right over him.

The little bitch knew exactly how to punch all his buttons and Dean adored him for it.

"I hope you're not trying to get around me ordering you to pee in your diaper earlier," Dean
warned, but Sam held his face down and gazed up fixedly into his sibling's eyes while he squirmed; then a potent hiss was clearly heard as Sam filled his diaper.

He smirked up at Dean. “Time to clean me up, big brother!”

Dean thought his cock was going to explode there and then but Sam had taunted him and he was gonna get what was coming.

“Get to the bed-room,” he growled, dumping Sam onto the floor in a heap and going off to get his stuff.

Sam jumped as he landed on his ass, he still had a plug in it, though he was sure it wouldn't be there for long. He enjoyed baiting Dean, for the rewards were always worth it!

He made his way to the bedroom and waited. It wasn't long before Dean arrived and spread out the sheet he changed him on.

Sam lay down on it, his legs open wide to give Dean full access to his diaper.

His brother ripped off the tabs to expose Sam's wet groin; the diaper was inundated with piss and Dean slipped it out from beneath Sam's ass.

"Well I think I'm gonna smack that butt of yours every day if this is the result, “ he snorted taking the used diaper into the kitchen and disposing of it in the trash.

Sam remained where Dean had left him, his cock half-hard, waiting for Dean to clean him up.

For some reason, Dean loved him to pee in the diaper as much as Sam loathed it. He hated to feel the dampness on his skin, but if it pleased his big brother to play mom, Sam would do it just for him.

His cock twitched in greeting as Dean returned. This was the part Sam enjoyed. When Dean washed him, he did it with such attention that Sam felt so cared for.

Dean soaped his groin with the soft sponge concentrating on his cock, lovingly washing the tip and teasing the little slit on the top, making Sam whimper in pleasure.

Dean snorted. His brother was such a sensuous little bitch.

“Turn over, so I can better wash your ass,” Dean ordered. “Now open your legs.”

Dean was treated to the arousing sight of the black plug holding Sam's ass open. He would be filling it with his cock shortly and what a pleasure that would be!

He soaped his brother's ass-cheeks and the crack between the taut globes, rimming his hole and the plug-end with the soap and warm water. Then he expertly dried off his brother.

Sam was stretched out on the bed, his for the taking.

“Stand up Sam. Undress me.”

Sam obediently got off the bed and began unbuttoning Dean's shirt, pushing it off, then his tee. He began to unbuckle Dean's belt when Dean caught his arms.

He pulled Sam to him rubbing their bare chests together, their nipples hardening in unison at the stimulation of each other's skin.

“Lick my nipples, “ Dean commanded and Sam bent down to tease and tongue the little nubs while Dean burrowed his hands in Sam's hair.

“Now kneel and undo my belt and jeans.” Sam obeyed and before long Dean's cock bobbed free.

“Time to do your magic, Sammy, “ Dean whispered as Sam eagerly caught it in his mouth and began kissing its length, driving Dean to a frenzy.

“Get on the bed, ass in the air,” he growled.

Sam positioned himself as Dean asked and he felt his brother's hands caress his butt-cheeks as he took up a stance behind him.
“You're so fucking sexy, it's unbelievable, little brother. I have a hard-on for you twenty-four-seven,” he cursed.
Sam's ass quivered under his brother's touch.

Dean lowered his head and licked from behind Sam's balls up to the top of his crack, teasing and rimming around the plugged hole until Sam was sure he'd collapse from the stimulation.
Dean's fingers gripped the plug, turning and pulling gently. His cock groaned in silence as he surveyed the sight before him; his little brother spread out and open for him like this; his to do with as he wished.
With a wolfish growl, he yanked the plug out, threw it to the side and lined up his cock. Sam was his and he was about to reassert his claim.

He pushed in, melting at the feel of his brother's tightness all around his cock. He was a part of his brother, inside his body and there was nothing that felt more wonderful.
Lost in the red haze of possession and lust he pounded into his brother, coming in a spurt of ecstasy, firing his seed into the one person he loved above all others, that love making his orgasm so special that he knew no other being could ever provoke it.
He stayed inside Sam as long as he could savoring their union, then he pulled out and turned Sam over.

Sam's eyes met his, whatever it was they shared passed between them, shared bonds, shared souls, destiny; but that didn't matter now, all that mattered was that Sam had to be sucked and brought to orgasm and Dean put all his expertise into worshipping his little brother's cock until Sam came shouting his name.
Dean licked Sam's cock clean. He loved swallowing down his brother's cum. It was a part of Sam and he had it in his body.
“Dean, “ Sam breathed, as Dean crawled up the bed into his little brother's arms. “That was awes...”
“Shut up Sam,” Dean chided. “You've always had this annoying need to talk at every opportunity!” And he covered his brother's mouth to quiet him, their breaths mingling together.

“Dean,” Sam ventured later.
“I know, Sammy. You hate being wet!” Dean sighed as he got up to take care of his brother.
“It's okay,” Sam volunteered. “I can go clean myself up if you want to relax...”
“Na, I like doing it. Then I promised you a bottle, Dude and after that mind-blowing sex, you deserve it.”
Sam sighed happily. He loved being fed a bottle by his big brother.
“No diaper though!” Sam added scrunching up his nose.
“No diaper, Dude. “ Dean grinned.” Tonight you gotta get your ass outta bed and go!”
“S'good, Dean. “ Sam said, turning onto his stomach and stretching out octopus style on the bed, causing Dean to chuckle.

When he came in with the bottle, Sam was half asleep. He slipped onto the bed and gave him a nudge.
“Sammy? You want me to let you sleep?”
Dean rolled his eyes and pulled his brother onto his chest, his head on his shoulder.

“You realize just what a spoiled brat you are, don't you, Sammy? “ he declared as he held the nipple to Sam's lips.
His baby brother took it in thirstily, latching on to it and beginning to suck noisily, while Dean watched with almost motherly pride.
He got to feed his little brother, to look after him, to tend to his every need. The sex was awesome
but this was nearly as good. His cock thought so too as it stirred lazily.

He caught Sam’s eyes as he looked up at him. There was no embarrassment in them just trust. Dean bent and kissed Sam’s forehead, nuzzling him as he sucked the sweet milk... Sam was warm in his arms and when he’d finished his bottle they’d curl up together in sleep. Suddenly he remembered the question he’d meant to ask Sam earlier and he pulled the nipple gently from Sam’s mouth, smiling at the pout he received in return.

“Dean....”

“I’ll put it back in a minute, I just wanted to ask you something. I know I’ve never had better sex with anyone before you, I just wondered....,” Dean felt himself blushing, marveling at how it was even possible after all the stuff he and Sam got up to with one another, but he was still wary of chick-flick moments. “If it was the same for you?” he finished off.

Sam stared up at him as if he was an alien.” Dean, “ he answered earnestly, his eyes puppying. “No-one has ever, and I mean EVER, not even Jess, has made me feel like you do. Is that enough or do I have to spout a thesis on the matter?”

Dean pushed the nipple back into Sam’s mouth rolling his eyes. “I’ve had my answer, the thesis can wait for another time, Dude!”

Sam suckled happily and when Dean pulled the finished bottle from his mouth, he substituted it with a peanut butter covered pacifier, which Sam sucked on delightfully, burrowing himself into his big brother's arms.

TBC
Chapter 7

Breakfast was already on the table when Sam stumbled into the kitchen to be greeted by a welcoming smile from his big brother.
“Hey,” Sam smiled back.
“Hey, yourself,” Dean answered spooning pancakes onto Sam's plate.
Sam had presented himself naked, and in true big brother mode, Dean slipped a flat cushion onto the kitchen chair before Sam sat down.

“Don't want that bare ass of yours to chill on that metal chair, do we?” Dean grinned as Sam rolled his eyes.
“There you go, Sammy. I want to see that plate cleared. You got that?”

Sam nodded. Since Dean had been overseeing his eating habits, his food intake was higher and he effectively felt better, not as tired as he used to when he would pick at his food unhappily, leaving it on the plate.
“I found us a case.” Dean turned the lap-top towards Sam. “In ..uh ….Rock Springs, Wyoming.
About twelve hours from here. From the report, I'm thinking vampire or any other blood-sucking fugly that leaves their victims without a drop of the red stuff in their veins. We'll get more details when we get there and see the bodies.”
“Bodies?”
Dean closed the lap-top. “Yeah, two so far.”

“Okay, give me time to shower and dress and we can be on the road,” Sam nodded, finishing off his food.
“About that. “ Dean said coming round behind Sam, pushing his hair to the side and nuzzling the nape of his little brother's neck, making said little brother shiver.
“You wouldn't do me a favor would you?” Dean purred.

Sam gulped, his neck was one of his most erogenous zones and his attention was more concentrated on the sensations Dean's lips on the sensitive skin was sending to his cock than his words
“You know I'd do anything for you, Dean, “ Sam mouthed hoarsely.
“Will you let me diaper you for the journey?”
Dean worked his way over Sam's skin kissing and sucking.
“This isn't fair, Dean, “ Sam complained arching back into Dean's touch. “Asking me like this.”
“You know life is never fair, Sammy. So will you?”
“Dean, I don't mind wearing a diaper here where no-one can see me but I'm not wearing one outside.”
“Come on, Sam. You said you'd do anything for me. If you wear your baggiest jeans, no-one will even notice,” Dean coaxed.
“I'll know,” Sam answered miffed.

“I’ll bring along some milk. Just think how good it would be to be fed a bottle in the Impala. I used to give you one when you were little in the back seat. You know you'd love it.”
Sam swallowed. It was true that he loved sucking on a bottle but if anyone saw....
“I'll stop in a secluded spot. No-one will see us.” Dean whispered, anticipating Sam's objections, moving his hand down Sam's body to his cock, caressing it lightly, titillating Sam's senses even more.

“Just this once, though, “ Sam agreed eventually, opening his legs under the table to better allow
Dean's hand access to his groin but Dean drew back. He'd won his battle. There would be time for that later!
“Then it's settled. Go shower and come to the bedroom.”
Sam threw him a bitch-face. He'd given in far too easily but Dean was in control and other than the occasional grumble, Sam did as he was told.

Dean was waiting and he quickly diapered his little brother, ignoring the pleading glances Sam was throwing at him.
“Stop that Sam. It's not that bad. Just think when I take it off, how you're going to enjoy it,” he smirked, helping Sam into his jeans and zipping him up.
Dean felt his cock twitch at the thought of his little brother going out with him in the Impala, his cock and balls tight in the confines of a diaper that he'd fastened around him. Sam was his, every single cell of his body.
Now he had to get him to drink plenty of water!

Sam got into the car with a frown, sitting awkwardly on the seat, the extra bulk in his jeans so unnatural.
Dean, on the other hand, was cocky as hell, smiling engagingly at his morose little brother.
“C'mere,” he said pulling Sam to him and thoroughly kissing him. “You won't regret this,” he growled, sending a thrill down Sam's spine, straight to his cock.
“Here.” Dean passed him a bottle of water. “Start drinking.”

Six hours later Sam was squirming piteously on the seat. Dean had diapered him against his will and he didn't want to give his big brother the satisfaction of peeing in it.
Dean pulled the Impala to the side of the road. The wooded copse was completely deserted.
He turned to his brother.
“Sammy?”

Sam had his most stubborn expression on his face and Dean chuckled; the harder the victory the sweeter it was!
He slid over to his brother, tipped up his head and took his mouth, kissing him languorously. He snaked a hand down, to Sam’s crotch, passing it over his jeans, unbuckling his belt and lowering his zip. He slipped his hand into the diaper, playing with Sam's cock and pressing gently on his lower belly.
“Come on, Sam. You know you want to,” he coaxed, moving away from his lips to nibble at his little brother's neck.
Sam writhed under Dean's touch and with a whine, he surrendered and Dean felt the warm jet of piss hit his hand and going to fill up the diaper.
“Good boy,” Dean whispered, his cock hard at his brother's complete abandon in his arms.

“Dean...”
“Shhh, baby. Now you're going to get your reward.”
Dean took Sam's wet cock in his hand, caressed and worked it with long tantalizing strokes until his brother trembled in orgasm against him, his cum adding even more weight to the diaper.
“Did you enjoy that baby,” Dean crooned, fondling Sam's balls as he came down from his orgasm, before drawing out his wet hand.
“Phew, Dean, “ Sam said, scrunching up his nose as Dean dried it off on a towel.
“This was a bad idea, Dean. Now I'm going to have to keep this sodding wet diaper until we get to a motel,” Sam griped.

Dean didn't answer but went to the trunk and yanked out a bottle of soapy water, tipping it over his hand until everything was washed off. Then he took one of the bottles of milk he'd prepared back at the bunker.
He got back behind the wheel and slid over to his brother, pulled his head back onto his shoulder and put the nipple to Sam's mouth. “Here, you big baby,” Dean grinned, as Sam gripped it between his lips and began sucking.

“You've been tortured by the devil himself yet you're complaining about a little water in your pants, bro!”

Sam glanced up at him with hooded eyes but then gave himself over to the pleasure of feeding from the bottle Dean was holding lovingly. He so enjoyed the sight of his little brother suckling, brought back to the days when he had done this for a small squirming Sam, who only settled when it was Dean who fed him, their father not having the same patience with the baby as Dean had.

“Sam, you've always been mine, “ Dean whispered into his hair, his brother's weight warm against him as he sucked contentedly.

At that moment their entire world was contained in the steel confines of the Impala, and Dean had never felt so satisfied.
And from the happy little murmurs coming from Sam, he was too, well except for the wet diaper but Dean had chosen this spot with care and knew that a little motel lay less than a mile down the road. Sam wouldn't be wet for long and Dean's rock-hard cock would get relief too!

TBC
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

This chapter continues right on from the last.
Sam needs some babying and Dean can't wait too supply it.

“Come on, Dean. You can't leave me like this!”
The words had barely left Sam's lips when the welcome sight of a motel came into view.

“Still don't trust me, to look out for you, huh Sammy? You won't have to keep your ass wet for long,” his brother replied.
Sam heaved a sigh of relief.
“You go and check us in. There's no way I'm getting out of the car with this......this.. thing in my pants.”
“Lucky for you I'm feeling charitable today, or I'd make you go in there, waddling like a duck,” Dean grinned.

Sam stared at him, horrified.
“Don't worry princess, you can stay hidden away in the Impala. Your wet ass is for my eyes only!”

Dean stalked into the reception and secured a room at the furthest end of the building, then retrieved the Impala and his grumpy brother, parking as close as possible to the room door.
“This near enough or do I have to take her in?”
Sam looked daggers at him and eased himself out of the Impala, the wet diaper making him thoroughly miserable.

“Oh, get inside, Sam!” Dean commented as his little brother's frown seemed ready to take over his entire face. “And we'll get rid of the diaper!”
Sam made a run for the door hoping no-one was around to see; he didn't mind playing when they were in the bunker away from prying eyes, but this was the first and last time he would give in to Dean about this; no diapers outside their safe-zone!

“Okay, let's get you cleaned up, little brother.”
Dean eased Sam out of his jacket and shirt, then slid down his jeans, leaving Sam naked except for the wet diaper.
“A hot shower will make a new man of you!”
He herded Sam into the bathroom, which was clean and homely just like the rest of the motel.
Dean regulated the water temperature then undid the tags of the diaper and dropped the heavy package onto the floor.
“Get in.”

He began washing his little brother, passing the scented motel soap all over his body, concentrating on his groin, gently lifting and fondling his cock and balls as he removed any residual pee that might have remained on his skin, chuckling at Sam's contented hums as he felt his body freshen up under his touch.
“Turn around!”
Sam obeyed and Dean deftly soaped his back and rinsed him off.
“There you go, princess, squeaky clean again!
He passed the motel towel over him, rubbing him dry, never tiring of admiring the sight of his little brother's long, lean, sexy body, a sight which appealed just as much to little Dean who was straining in his jeans asking for attention!

Sam rolled his eyes as Dean stared at him. “Stop looking at me like that, dude!”

“And just how am I looking at you?” Dean smirked.

“As if you want to eat me!”

“Well, maybe I do,” Dean grinned, pulling his nude brother to him and kissing the soft pink lips with slow languid pleasure, gratified as he felt Sam's cock hardening against him.

“Dean,” Sam sighed in an eye-rolling manner. “We've got a hunt to deal with. This isn’t the best time for sex.”

“Yeah, I suppose,” Dean had to agree, backing off.

“But when we get back to the bunker, I'm gonna fill you so full of milk that you'll turn into a cow!” And against all rational thought, Sam felt arousal course through his body. He was truly fucked up.

When they arrived home two days later after having destroyed what turned out to be a nest of vampires; blood-sucking fuglies which Dean dispatched to Purgatory with no more hassle than if he'd been swatting a fly, given his year of practice in that very place.

Now he was ready for some Sammy and Dean time.

They had been all business on the hunt and unfortunately, sex had been placed on the back-burner, but now that they were back...

“God, Dean, I'm exhausted,” Sam croaked collapsing on the couch, causing Dean to study him. His brother did indeed look tired. He needed some babying, Dean surmised, and he was more than eager to supply it.

He clapped a hand on Sam's shoulder.

“Don’t worry dude, I'll take care of you.” And Dean was true to his word.

He settled Sam in the bath-tub filled to the brim with hot water and proceeded to wash him, massaging every part of his tired body reducing Sam to a melting mass of goo.

“That good, Sammy?” he asked, as he had to practically carry him out of the bath and onto the bed.

“Mm, so good, Dean. You know just how I like it,” Sam purred languorously.

“Uh-huh,” Dean murmured passing the baby oil over his little brother's ass, caressing his hole and inserting a teasing finger, relishing Sam's little hums as he opened him up as wide as he could inserting one finger after the other until....., he could no longer resist, unzipping his jeans and pushing his cock into his brother's deliciously tight opening, the rough cloth scraping against the skin of his ass.

He savored the feeling of control, of himself being fully dressed while Sam was laid out open and naked below him, all his for the taking.

He took no notice of Sam's cock which was begging to be touched. This was his moment, he'd pamper Sammy later but now he just wanted to fuck him through the mattress.

He loved his brother more than any other; past, present or future but when he was as turned on as this, all he wanted from Sam was pleasure and as his cum spurted powerfully into his brother's hole, that pleasure rolled over him in waves.

He had to hold onto his brother's bent legs as the orgasm roared through him. He looked down at his cock in Sam's ass and thought he'd never seen or felt anything so mind-blowing.

He drew out carefully, grasped the plug he'd brought and closed his cum up inside his brother.

“Dean...,” Sam croaked, all tiredness gone after watching and feeling his brother inside him. Dean didn't speak, just lowered his head and swallowed Sam’s rigid cock as far into his mouth as
He could.
His brother provided him with enormous pleasure, it was only right to give it back.
Sam came with an incoherent moan like some porn star in Casa Erotica and Dean pulled back
satisfied. Sam was putty in his hands and that's how Dean wanted it to be.
He cleaned him up again, admiring the black plug in his ass, knowing it was holding in his cum
and closed up the diaper.

Sam's eyes were heavy-lidded, the afterglow and his previous exhaustion, causing him to look like
a sleepy child.
Dean went to get a bottle.
He'd promised Sam, he'd fill him up with milk and that's what he intended to do.

“Come on princess, you've got a bottle to take before you drop off for the night.”
He pulled Sam to him and tilted his head back onto his shoulder teasing his lips with the nipple of
the bottle of warm milk.
Sam looked up at him with sleepy eyes, but his lips drew the rubber nipple in and he began to suck
with little mewling noises that were going straight to Dean's libido.
His free hand went to Sam’s chest, tracing his muscles and playing with his brown nipples,
caressing and fondling until Sam felt as if he was floating on air.

He looked up at Dean who was holding the bottle to his mouth.
His brother's eyes were glazed in pleasure. Sam knew Dean loved feeding and nursing him as much
as he loved being the recipient, and he pouted when Dean drew the nipple away.
“It's finished Baby, You're such a greedy drinker. You want another?”
Sam nodded, kissing Dean eagerly when he bent to lick the drops of milk from his lips.
“Don't move, I'll be right back and this time with a little extra.”

Sam lay back on the pillow and wriggled, his ass heavy; this was the second time Dean had
diapered him with a butt-plug inserted. He felt his cock hardening at the thought that it was
keeping Dean's cum imprisoned there.

His brother came back with the second bottle. Dean had added something to the milk.
“I mixed in some whiskey,” he chuckled. “That should make you sleep even better.”
Sam had always been a light-weight when it came to drink and though he'd become more resistant
over the years, he still tended to get high quickly.
Mixed with the milk, however, it tasted really good and he suckled rapturously at the liquid.

Dean looked pleased and pulled him in, cuddling him as if he was three instead of thirty, dropping
kisses all over his face as he nursed.

When Dean pulled the bottle away, Sam whined unhappily. Between the milk and Dean's
snuggling, he'd felt so good. He turned pleading puppy eyes on his brother.
Dean caressed his face, aware of what he was silently asking.
“You know I've got a two-bottle rule, bitch.”
“I know Dean, but maybe just this once,” he begged prettily.
Dean caved, though he told himself it was because he wanted to, not because Sam puppy-eyed him.
He prepared a third bottle and fed it to him.

Sam's hand came up to cover the one Dean was holding the bottle with and he kept it there until
the milk was finished.
“I'm expecting a wet diaper tonight, Sammy, and no griping,” Dean warned, a twinkle in his eye.
Sam pulled him down and shared the last mouthful of the whiskey and milk with him, and they
lapped at each other's mouths until the lingering taste had gone.
Dean let his brother slide down onto the bed and put the pacifier to his lips. Sam's eyes had closed instantly, the milk sending him off but he took it and sucked. Dean lay down at his back, spooned around him and listened contentedly to the soft slurpings of his brother.

TBC
In the darkness of the bedroom, illuminated only by the almost imperceptible glow of mysterious night-lights that were dotted throughout the corridors of the bunker, Sam turned towards his brother who was lying on his back snoring softly in sleep.

He slowly pulled back the covers and studied him. There was nothing he wouldn't do for Dean. He had said those words years ago after the closing of the Devil's Gate in Wyoming and though many things had happened since, they were as true now as they'd been then, perhaps even more as they had come to this; brothers yes, but sexual partners too.

No, Sam mused, that was too cold a description for what they shared, they were 'lovers' in that they loved each other more than life itself.

Sam didn't regret a thing. What he and Dean had, whatever form it took, was all that mattered. He pulled himself up and lay down over his brother, tracing his half-open lips with the tip of his tongue.

"Sam," Dean murmured, still drowsy. "Shhh, don't move," Sam mouthed before moving on to nuzzle Dean's jaw-line. Dean complied and lay still beneath him as Sam worked his way down his body, lapping first at one then the other of his dusky nipples, teasing with his teeth until they stood to attention asking for more. Sam obliged by sucking noisily on them and circling each one with his insistent tongue.

Dean's body quivered responsively under Sam's loving attentions and so he continued down his big brother's body until he reached his thighs where his cock and balls were in impatient trepidation to feel Sam's hands on them.

Sam pulled himself up onto his knees and cupped his brother's genitals in his giant hand, passing an inquiring finger over the tip, exploring the slit at its crown, waiting for the half-hard cock to swell to full length.

He moved his finger down to the area behind the tightening sacs, trailing a fingernail along it to Dean's ass-hole, circling it, satisfied when the muscles contracted at his enquiring touch.

Dean hadn't said a word while his little brother wantonly explored his body, holding his breath as a series of sensations washed over him at the touch of the big hands, exciting and arousing him as no-one else could.

"You know what I'm going to do, Dean?" Sam purred. "It's Saturday. Little brother gets to fuck big brother today and big brother shuts his cake-hole."

"Yeah." Dean's gulp was loud in the quietness of the room.

Sam nodded and lowered his body over Dean, his big brother seeming somehow small and defenseless underneath. When Dean sloughed his bad-ass persona, he regressed to a child-like innocence that was highly arousing.

Sam kissed him, Dean's luscious lips opening eagerly to let him in, allowing Sam's tongue to explore every centimeter of his mouth. Sam could feel his own rock-hard cock lined up side-by-side with Dean's, prisoners between their bellies, the shafts rubbing against each other, sending identical sensations to the pleasure centers of the two brothers.

Sam drew back when he had thoroughly taken his fill of the cock-sucking lips and he breathed into Dean's ear. "I want to hear you howl when I fuck you, Dean," he hissed. "I want you to squirm like a fish on a
hook when I impale you with my cock, to beg for my cum to fill you up.”
“Sam...”
“And don't speak,” Sam warned in the voice he used to instill fear into his enemies. ”All I want to hear is how loud you yell. Is that clear? Now, turn over and present your ass to me.”

Dean obeyed and Sam was treated to the sight of his big brother's ass offered to him on a plate. It seemed as if his cock was about to explode at the sight.
While at Dean's hands Sam was treated with utmost care and consideration, Sam only wanted to penetrate the enticing hole and join carnally with his big brother.

He was so aroused that he was tempted to breach the tight sphincter without any preparation, but he drew the line at hurting Dean so with trembling hands he grabbed the lube and used his fingers to widen the waiting hole while Dean writhed enticingly under the intimate attack of his long fingers.
Satisfied, he pushed his brother's thighs further apart and pushed in the tip of his cock, his hands gripping the muscled flesh of his brother's thighs as inch by inch he forcefully invaded the hot tightness of Dean's ass with the non-indifferent length of his cock.

“Who's in command now?” Sam taunted panting, caught up in his mind-blowing arousal. He pulled Dean's ass up as if he weighed nothing, to better penetrate his passage, then pounded into him.
Before it was too late, with a superhuman effort he pulled back and passed a hand under Dean to grasp his cock.
He wanted Dean to orgasm along with him, making his own even sweeter as his brother's ass would contract deliciously around his cock.
He stroked the hard shaft until Dean was on the point of coming, then resumed his pounding until they both orgasmed together in an explosion of ecstasy, Sam's cum shooting into Dean ass, Dean's pooling on the sheets.
Just as Sam had ordered, Dean's howl of pleasure filled the quiet serenity of the bunker causing Sam to snarl in triumph at his domination of his brother.
He drew gently out of Dean's ass and collapsed alongside him, having reveled in every moment of his Saturday treat.

He was well aware that when Dean came down from his after-glow he'd be back to little brother status and inevitably Dean would be even more insistent on treating him as a baby after what had just taken place.

“Did I scream loud enough for you, Sammy?” Dean whispered in his ear.
“Yeah, you did,” Sam replied satisfied. Fucking his big brother once a week was mind-blowing.
Dean passed a possessive hand over Sam's body down to his cock, still sticky with cum.

“You belong to me Sammy, as do your cock and ass. I'm gonna clean you up, then diaper them and spoon-feed you breakfast as if you were a two-year-old. Afterward, I'm gonna baby you until tonight and beyond.
Sam shivered in anticipation. Dean was always so inventive.
TBC
Chapter 10

Dean left his brother on the bed while he went to clean himself up under the shower. Sam didn't like to be wet but Dean was equally prissy about sleeping with dried cum all over him! He toweled himself off then filled the tub and went to get Sam whom he dragged half-asleep to the bathroom and manhandled into the water, leaving him to soak while he went back and stripped off the sticky sheets, replacing them with fresh ones.
The bunker had a store-room filled with bed-linen. The place had been used as a dormitory in the past which accounted for the numerous bedrooms and stack of sheets and pillows. He grunted in satisfaction as he made up the bed, amazed at how the bunker had brought out the home-maker in him.

By the time he got back to the bathroom, Sam's head was lolling on the side of the tub, eyes closed, lips apart, his long neck bared and vulnerable. Dean couldn't resist covering those inviting lips with his own, causing Sam to awaken startled.

“So, did you enjoy your Saturday treat, Sam?” Dean asked as he quickly washed his brother.
“Uh-huh,” Sam murmured drowsily; languid and lax under his brother's firm hands. Dean tended to him better than any mother ever could, not that Sam had any first-hand experience since Mary had been killed before he had any memory of her.
“Out you come, onto the bed,” Dean was saying, patting him dry and setting him down on the changing sheet.

Sam was too groggy to offer any resistance. Dean was going to diaper him, he didn't much care for that but big brother was back in command now, and all in all, it was nice to be pampered. Dean passed the baby cream over his genital area and ass-crack, admiring as he always did the perfection of Sam's cock and balls, heavy as they nestled between his thighs, before closing the diaper.
“Come on princess, get back under the covers. It's only five am. and you need your beauty sleep.”

He cleared away the baby paraphernalia and slipped in naked behind his baby brother, taking the pacifier from the glass he kept it in and putting it to Sam's mouth.
Sam whined and pursed his lips, not wanting to take it, but Dean insisted.
“Open up, Sam. It's baby time and you don't get to say no otherwise you'll get spanked!”
Sam hummed a little but obeyed, opening his mouth and accepting the rubber nipple. He began to suck placidly while Dean sneaked an arm possessively around him and pulled him close.

Sam stretched luxuriously in the comfortable bed, scowling as he heard the rustling of the diaper. He was back to baby brother mode but he smiled at the memory of having been on top and fucking his big brother during the night. His cock remembered too as it strained against its thick padded prison. Dean's ass had been so hot and tight around it!

He was alone in the bed, Dean was up already but Sam knew he'd soon be in to check if he was awake; his brother had the uncanny instinct of knowing exactly when that was. In fact, footsteps could be heard coming towards the door.
“You awake finally, sleepy-head?”
“Yeah, though I can't understand how you always get here just after I am.”
“That's my little secret, Sammy,” Dean grinned.
“Whatever,” Sam huffed.
“Hey, none of that. Today I want you sweet and smiling. No groans or grumpiness, bitch! I want those dimples working overtime.”
“Breakfast. “ Dean dangled the milk-filled bottle in front of Sam. He settled Sam back on the pillows, then pulled up a chair and sat at the side of the bed. He put the milk to Sam's lips which opened like a flower to take in the nipple and begin to suck. “Close your eyes baby, “ Dean coaxed, holding the bottle at the exact angle to encourage the flow of milk. Sam obeyed, closing his eyes and swallowing the warm milk, the darkness augmenting the sensations of comfort and fulfillment he was experiencing at being cared for by his big brother. “I love seeing you like this,” Dean was whispering. “You've no idea how it makes me feel. I want to take care of you forever, baby.”

He slipped a hand under the sheet and tickled Sam's belly, causing him to wiggle. He knew all of Sam's sensitive spots. “You wet your diaper yet?” Sam shook his head imperceptibly. He desperately needed to go but he always tried to hold out as long as possible when he was diapered.

“Huh, you never learn, do you Sam? Last night you had your little treat, now you gotta do everything to make me happy, including filling your diaper with pee.” Sam opened his eyes to roll them at his brother and Dean thought he'd never seen anything so cute as his little brother sucking while giving him an eye-roll. It deserved a photo. Dean had never immortalized any of their games but he decided he would have to put that right.

He pulled the half-finished bottle from Sam's lips and passed a hand over the cover of his diaper, scrunching the plastic. “Come on, baby boy. Let it all out before you finish your milk!” Sam's groin squirmed under the pressure of Dean's hand pushing down on him and he couldn't hold back any longer, letting loose an interminable stream of piss, causing Dean to pat him satisfied, unable to hide a smile at Sam's petulant expression. “Well done, Sammy. That is one soggy diaper,” he teased, giving Sam back his bottle and beaming proudly at his obedient little brother.

“I'll be back to change you soon. I just gotta get your second bottle ready.” “Dean!” Sam whined. “Change me first. Come on, you know how I hate being wet.” “Uh, uh. No complaining. I call the shots here.”

Ten minutes later he came strolling back with the milk and placed it on the bedside table. He pulled back the sheet and slipped the changing mat under Sam's ass. There was nothing Dean loved more than feeding and changing his brother. It nearly gave him as much pleasure as sex! He undid the tags and reveled in the sight of Sam's genitals, wet and glistening with his pee. “Up, Sammy!” Sam lifted his butt and Dean pulled the wet diaper away. “We'll soon have you nice and dry again, baby.”

He washed his brother carefully, resisting the temptation of taking his soft cock in his mouth and sucking on it, making Sam beg and writhe under his attack but it would keep till later. Sam still had to finish his breakfast. This time he got on the bed and drew Sam to him, pushing the nipple into his mouth and lying back just enjoying the sound of his little brother nursing.

When Sam had finished, Dean dressed him in a tee-shirt and led him to the kitchen. He'd prepared some yogurt and banana, Sam's favorite.
He fed it to him spoon by spoon making sure Sam finished it all. He wasn't allowed to pick at his food like he used to. He had to eat healthily. Dean made sure of that!

Sam's lips were stained with dabs of yogurt and Dean bent down to lick them from his lips. “Hmm, not bad!”
Sam held his head down and kissed him, his tongue exploring his big brother's mouth, leaving Dean breathless when he drew back.

“We're going out today, baby,” he announced. “The weather's beautiful, perfect for a picnic.”
“Dean, no! I don't ever want to go out again wearing a diaper,” Sam protested.
“Sorry, baby but you do as I say!”
“Dean,” Sam tried again. “Please.” But not even the puppy eyes moved Dean this time.

“I'll put on your sweat pants. They're baggy, no one will notice. Anyway, we're going for a picnic, not for a walk around the town. Now, take your diapered ass to the couch and wait there until I get everything ready.”
Sam made his way despondently to the couch, the diaper bulky between his legs. He planked himself down, legs apart to better accommodate it and pouted. If anyone saw him like this, he be so embarrassed!
An hour later, Dean had dressed his brother in grey sweat pants and a hoodie, then filled the Impala's trunk with everything he deemed necessary for their trip.
He closed up the bunker and herded Sam to the Impala where his little brother went to open the passenger door.

“Oh, Oh,” Dean said. “You go in the back this time,” causing Sam to stare at him in confusion.
Dean opened the rear door where a blanket had been laid out across the seat.
“Get down on that, Sammy,” he ordered.
“What on earth for?” Sam objected.
“Because I say so,” Dean replied.

Sam got in and stretched his body out on the seat. “Bend your legs,” Dean said as he wrapped the blanket all around him like a cocoon, leaving only his head free.
“What the hell, Dean,” Sam grumbled but Dean took no notice.
He whisked out the pacifier and pushed it into Sam's mouth.
“You suck on that. Babies go in the back seat. It's much safer. And don't spit out the pacifier for any reason. No-one's gonna see you all wrapped up like that, so don't worry.”

Sam looked up at him with pleading eyes but Dean thought his brother looked just fine all swaddled up and sucking on his pacifier.
He closed the doors and slipped into the driving seat.
He knew a nice quiet spot in the woods where they could have their picnic 'with benefits'. His cock was in complete agreement with his idea.
TBC
Sam stared up at the back of his brother’s head. Dean was humming along happily to ‘Highway to Hell’ which Sam thought oddly relevant given the fact that he was lying wrapped tight in a blanket sucking on a pacifier and wearing a diaper under his sweat-pants. He should be feeling indignation at being treated like a baby by his older brother and he knew that in the past he would never have consented to this, but now it was beginning to feel ‘ordinary’ as if he was destined to be this eternal child and Dean his care-taker. He snuffled sleepily into the blanket, pulling lazily on the pacifier curling his tongue around it, the smoothness tranquilizing him and lulling him into sleep along with the familiar sounds of the Impala and Dean’s humming. Just before he succumbed, he wondered absently if in the bottles Dean fed him, there might be a sedative added to the milk, but last night when he’d thoroughly fucked his big brother his senses had been as vivid as they could ever be. No, he decided, Dean liked to see him drowsy and helpless but he’d never do that.

Sam never noticed the glances Dean gave him through the rear-view mirror, remembering how a much tinier Sammy had curled up in sleep so many times on the back-seat. Dean was well aware that this situation was completely different. There was a huge sexual aspect to this strange relationship that had evolved between them. Sam was no longer a child but an adult, an intelligent, independent, feisty human who had been through hell literally, and Dean knew exactly how that felt! Perhaps they were the only two people on Earth who could relate to having been to Hell and come back to tell the tale. Maybe this thing between them was their way of coping with the horrors of their life, just the two of them doing whatever made them feel good, and everything else be damned!

He wondered at his two-fold attraction for Sam, the overwhelming sexual arousal he provoked in him, yet the tenderness he felt when he treated his little brother like a child. The combination of the two was like mixing gun-powder with dynamite and the fuse that caused the explosion was the love he felt for Sam, a love indefinable in its all-encompassing manifestations, which had spoiled him for anyone else.

They had almost arrived. Dean gave one last glance back at Sam. He seemed to have fallen asleep, the pacifier half-out of his mouth. Wrapped in the blanket like that, Dean felt a burst of affection wash over him, but his cock didn’t seem to share the same sensation; instead, all it wanted to do was bury itself in the enticing man who was lying on the back seat. Dean passed a hand over his groin, his cock was straining but, he mused, that now seemed to be its natural state whenever his baby brother was nearby!

He parked as close as possible to the trees. He knew that there was a little copse hidden there with a stream flowing through it. Sammy wasn’t the only researcher in the family! When Dean was suitably motivated he could work miracles too! He opened the back door where Sam’s head was lying, removing the pacifier and putting his lips to his, in an upside-down kiss.
Sam’s eyelashes fluttered open as Dean drew back.
“Hey there, baby. Did you enjoy your little trip all bundled up?”
Sam huffed. “I shouldn't have but I suppose I did. Where are we anyway? How long have we been on the road?”
“You’re too curious, sasquatch. You shouldn’t have fallen asleep if you wanted to keep tabs on the journey.”
Sam bitch-faced him, though it looked ridiculous all swaddled up as he was!
“I’m beginning to wonder if you’re spiking my milk with sedatives. I’m falling asleep all over the place,” he complained.
“Hmm, that’s a good idea,” Dean smirked. “I could add something to make you pee more too!”
“Dean! “ Sam squeaked. “I hope you’re joking!”
Dean chuckled. “There’s no need, Sam. With all the milk and water I feed you, your diaper never stays dry for very long anyway!”
“You gonna let me out of this strait-jacket?” Sam whined.
Dean circled the car and unwrapped his brother, yanking him out.
“There you go, princess.”
Sam looked around. The little grove was surrounded by vibrant greenery and a little stream flowed merrily though it. It was beautiful.
“Where did you find this place?” Sam asked.
Dean spread the blanket under a tree.
“Yo’ re not the only researcher around Sammy, even if you like to think you are!” he teased.
Dean sat himself down, his back positioned against a tree.
“C’mere, my cock needs you.”
Sam gulped, his own cock now wide awake in its padded prison, and he went to his brother.
“Kneel between my legs, unbuckle my belt and open the zip.”
Sam did as he was told and Dean’s rigid cock burst free.
“Lie down on your stomach and swallow my cock,“ Dean whispered with a thread of a voice.
Sam stretched his body flat out on the ground between his brother’s legs, giving Dean’s cock a tentative lick, while Dean observed with bated breath as Sam lathered the tip with saliva before taking its entire length in his mouth and leaving Dean trembling all the way to his explosive orgasm.
He placed a hand on Sam’s head holding him down as his cum spurted forcefully into his mouth, continuing to hold him steady until his brother began to splutter.
“Sorry Sammy,” he apologized, pulling Sam up and kissing the sticky lips. “But you’ve no idea what your mouth on my cock does to me!”
“I think I do,” Sam mumbled into his big brother’s mouth. “Going by the amount of cum I just swallowed.”
Dean licked the remnants of his cum from Sam's lips before letting him go.
“You’re temptation personified, Sammy. I can’t get enough of you.” He admitted candidly.
Sam felt a rush of satisfaction.
He was aware of what he did to Dean and it felt good to have that power over his big brother.

The elder Winchester got up and walked over to the Impala, his cock soft, framed in the openness of his jeans.
He yanked out his stuff from the trunk, grasped some baby wipes, cleaned himself off and zipped
up, then took a bottle of water over to Sam.

“Here, cock sucker,” he teased. “Wash out your mouth. Milk may be the same color as cum, but I doubt the flavors mix!”

Sam washed out his mouth, spitting out on the grass.

“Now drink the rest,” Dean ordered.

Sam complied, leaning back against the tree and gulping down the water under Dean’s approving gaze.

He needed to piss. The bottles of milk Dean had fed him that morning were making themselves felt. He didn’t know how far Dean had driven but it had to have been a few hours at least.

“How’re you holding out?” Dean asked, reading his tells.

Sam flushed.

“Sammy!” Dean threw himself down at Sam’s side. “Lift your ass.”

Dean pulled Sam’s sweat pants down around his knees leaving his diaper exposed, passing his hand over it.

“Come on, baby,” Dean wheedled. “You know you want to”

“No really, Dean,” Sam denied. “Though I DO need to pee.”

“I’ll give you a hand,” Dean smirked.

And he did, slipping it under Sam’s tight diaper, his fingers tickling the sensitive skin beneath Sam’s balls, moving up to slowly to pet his cock thumbing the little slit, watching mischievously as Sam paled, trying to keep from flooding the diaper, but knowing it was a losing battle. Dean’s stimulation was the last straw.

Sam’s piss swooshed out in a powerful stream as Dean’s hand continued to fondle his little brother’s genitals. He licked at Sam’s neck, sending a shiver down Sam’s spine.

“So good, princess. I love it when you let go under my hand. It’s so wanton and it turns me on even more because I know you only do this because I ask you to. I love you so much, little brother. There’s nothing I wouldn’t do for you.”

“Dean…. “ Sam whispered, moved.

Dean slid his wet hand out from the now sodden diaper.

He went to the stream and washed his hands in the running water, then knelt between Sam’s legs and removed the diaper, leaving his wet genitals exposed to the warm summer air.

He got his baby stuff from the car and cleaned up his brother.

“Let’s give your jewels an airing,” Dean grinned, coming over with a bottle. “While I give you your milk.”

Dean laid Sam over him sideways, his head on his lap.

Sam found himself eager to drink, the sight of the bottle provoking a sense of comfort in him. Talk about Pavlov’s dog, he mused!

Dean curved Sam’s head to his chest and put the nipple to his lips, happy when he took it quickly and began to suck enthusiastically.

He glanced down at Sam’s cock and saw it twitch as he nursed. He chuckled, his brother’s cock enjoyed this too!

He brought his attention back to Sam and found his eyes looking up at him with complete trust. He kissed and nuzzled at the beloved face as Sam suckled contentedly, held close against his heart.
Halfway through he pulled back the bottle. “You need me to burp you, Sammy?” he teased. Sam rolled his eyes and grasped Dean's arm, pulling the nipple back to his lips and continuing to nurse, causing his big brother to purr in satisfaction.

When Sam had finished, Dean re-filled the bottle with apple juice which had been Sam’s favorite when he was little, surprising him. “Apple juice, Dean? “ he gurgled pushing the bottle aside. “We’re having a picnic, baby, so you have to have some juice.”

Sam shrugged and settled back with his head on Dean’s chest, sucking at the sweet liquid, his cheeks dimpling adorably as he drank.

Dean passed his hand down his brother’s body, petting his belly and moving down to play with his soft cock, cupping his balls and tickling him gently as he caressed the expanse of tanned skin. Sam squirmed delightfully beneath his wandering hand and Dean felt completely fulfilled.

TBC
The brothers lay in their own little Eden; the lush vegetation, the rustling brook, and the sun-dappled trees framing their two-person world. When had they ever needed anyone else?

Dean held his half-naked brother snuggled in against him; Sam had his hand fisted in his big brother’s shirt, the steady beat of Dean’s heart thumping comfortably under his cheek. He sighed contentedly causing Dean to wrap a finger around a strand of his little brother’s unruly hair, tugging gently.

“It’s about time to give this mop a trim,” he teased. “I’ve always wondered why the fuglies don’t pull on your hair to immobilize you instead of always going for your throat. It would be a lot easier for them!”

“Shut up!” was the curt reply.

Dean chuckled.

Since he was a kid, Sam had always reacted badly when anyone touched on his hair. He’d never said, but Dean believed his brother had fought to keep it longer to distance himself from the rigid rules set by their dad who had insisted he should cut it; that it wasn’t suitable to the dangers of the hunting world.

Dean tilted up Sam’s face and kissed him gently, before guiding his head back down onto his chest. The warm sun lulled them both to sleep, safe in each other’s arms.

: Sam stirred first, pulling quietly away from his brother but Dean snaked out an arm and stopped him.

“Where are you off to, princess?” he asked, opening his eyes.

“Dean…! Uh, I was feeling kinda hungry. I thought I’d get the food from the car.”

“Gotta get you dressed first. Get down on the sheet,” Dean said pulling himself up.

“You were so worried about being seen with a diaper and here you are roaming around with your cock blowing in the wind. Not that I’m complaining,” Dean smirked winking.

“Or is it that your hate diapers so much that you prefer gong around naked?”

Sam gifted him with an epic bitch-face but he lay down obediently and opened his legs.

Dean’s cock jumped to attention at the sight, but the confines of his jeans contained its eagerness.

“Good boy,” Dean praised. Sam had gotten so used to being diapered that he took up position automatically.

: He rummaged in the Impala’s trunk and returned to his waiting brother. Though he’d cleaned the pee off Sam earlier, there was no harm in freshening him up as he had bits of grass dotted all over his naked nether regions.

Dean used the bottled water and baby soap to wash him.

“Right, now turn over. Butt in the air!”

“What for?”

“Your ass is in for a little surprise.”

“Dean, no!” Sam squawked as Dean waved the black plug in the air.

His big brother ignored him and once he’d gotten Sam down on all fours, Dean gave him a healthy smack on the taut butt-cheeks.

“Ow! What was that for?”
“No reason. I did it because I could,” Dean admitted candidly. “Because you belong to me Sammy and I get to do what I want with what’s mine. You got any objections, little brother?”
Sam had many but he kept his mouth closed.
Let Dean have his power play but when Saturday came round, Sam would get his turn!
“Now hold still.”

He rested his head on his forearms, surrendering to the touch of Dean’s fingers tickling his asshole and then to the cool sensation of the baby oil as he worked gently to open him up, widening and stretching until eventually, he pushed in the plug up to its hilt.
Sam could feel his dangling cock growing exponentially at the stimulation, providing Dean with the enticing sight of the black plug lording it over the hanging sacs and the strutting cock of his little brother.

He heard Dean’s breath hitch. “I swear if you weren’t mine, I’d set you up in the porn world. You’d be number one on Casa Erotica!”
Sam just huffed.
“Are you finished yet. I’m hungry,” he complained.
“Yeah, just about,” Dean replied, covertly whipping out his phone and immortalizing his sexy brother’s doggy pose.

“Turn over and I’ll put your diaper on, then we’ll eat.”
Five minutes later, Sam was seated beside his brother as Dean fed him the sandwiches he’d prepared.
“I can feed myself, Dean,” he huffed.
“I know you can,” Dean answered. “But I said you were going to be babied for twenty-four hours and I always keep my word.”

Sam rolled his eyes but secretly he enjoyed being taken care of by his big brother. It was one of Dean’s many ways of demonstrating his love, far less traumatic than having to sell his soul to save him; he’d take being treated like a baby over that any day!

Dean cut the pie, which they finished off between them, then opened one of the beers stashed in the cooler and brought it to his lips.
Sam frowned.
“You gonna drink that without offering me any?” he grumbled as Dean drank noisily.
“You’re on baby duty, remember,” was the reply. “Only juice and milk for you!”
“Well, it’s not fair,” Sam growled. “I’m the one in diapers with a plug up my ass being fed like a baby and I don’t even get to have a cool beer!”
“Yup!” Dean replied unrepentantly, continuing to guzzle the beer, ignoring his pissed brother.

“Now get over here. It’s time for your afternoon bottle and you might feel less grumpy knowing I spiced it with whiskey as a picnic treat.”
“Right, whiskey’s good but beer isn’t?” Sam bitched.
“Correct.”

Dean manhandled his brother into position and put the nipple to his mouth but Sam refused to open, turning his head away.
“Open up, Sammy or I’ll diaper you for the rest of your life. I don’t think refusing your bottle is worth that.”
Sam sent him a baleful stare but obeyed, and began to suck.
The milk seemed to have a generous quantity of whiskey in it, but it tasted good and Sam closed his eyes giving himself over to the moment.
Dean slipped a hand inside the leg of his diaper and pushed gently on the plug, almost causing Sam to choke at the sensation. Then he passed to fondling his cock and Sam was overwhelmed by having his butt and his mouth both filled at the same time while his brother did delightful things to him.

As always, Dean got off on seeing his brother laid out wantonly in his arms, his lips pulling on the nipple and his mouth filled with the milk.

This time he had liberally spiced it with whiskey and though it wouldn’t cause Sam to get drunk, two bottles would certainly make him more malleable, he chuckled.

He had closed the diaper as tightly as he could around Sam’s narrow hips so his hand was held firmly against Sam’s skin as he caressed his genitals and played with the plug.

The next time Sam peed, Dean was going to bury himself in the ass being held conveniently open for him, compliments of the black toy!

Sam finished his milk with a gurgle.

Dean stretched out a hand to the near-by cooler for the second one and fed it to his brother who had one hand fist in his shirt and the other lazily tracing his lips.

Sam pushed a finger between them and Dean took it in sucking, causing Sam to be assailed by so many sensations that he felt he was drowning in them.

The brothers’ eyes met in an unblinking stare, each aware of what they gave and received from the other.

Sam polished off the second bottle and his head lolled back blissfully on Dean's arm, Dean’s hand was still insinuated in the diaper, cupped around his cock, with one long finger circling his hole.

“Dean,” Sam whispered. “I don’t know what you added to the milk but it’s making me feel really good.”

Dean bent and kissed him languorously, taking his time, exploring every inch of his mouth, fencing with the whiskey and milk flavored tongue, reveling in the body of his brother.

He nuzzled Sam’s earlobe and bit it gently, continuing to keep him in excited arousal.

“I’m gonna fuck that ass of yours,“ he promised. “I’m gonna do it doggy-style while you kneel below me and take it all in. So tell me, Sammy. Just who does that ass belong to, huh?”

Sam gulped. “It belongs to you, Dean.”

“You better believe it, princess. Mine and no-one else's!”

Dean was undecided whether they should go for a walk but he was so damn comfortable with Sam draped over him that he couldn’t be bothered.

His brother's light breathing told him he’d fallen asleep and Dean kept watch over them both.

Sam awoke, wondering where he was before he remembered. Picnic!

He turned onto his back and the jolt in his ass told him he had a long black visitor thrust up it. He sighed and looked around for Dean. His brother was leaning against the hood of the Impala watching him.

“I gotta say, man, when you take a nap, you don’t play around!”

“Why didn’t you wake me?”

“Na! You’ve got a back-load of sleep to make up for. Just that year after Cas broke your wall will take ages to recuperate.”

Sam balked at the memory. Those hallucinations had been almost as bad as the Cage itself.

Dean came over and took him in his arms.
“The bitch has still to pay for what he did to you Sam, and don’t doubt that one day he will!”
“Dean…!”
“Shh! Now my cock is sorta upset here. He’s been waiting too long for a piece of your ass. So.. you peed yet?”
“Uh-no,” Sam replied.
“Well, there’s no time like the present,” Dean whispered, nibbling at his lips.

He pressed down on the diaper. “Pissy, pissy, Sammy.”
Sam groaned at his brother’s ridiculous words but they seemed to work and to Dean’s satisfaction the diaper trembled under the assault of Sam’s vigorous stream of piss.
“Oh, baby,” Dean said, “I just love feeling you fill it up, knowing everything inside that diaper belongs to me.”

Dean was so aroused by the wait and his brother pissing that he yanked the diaper off and turned Sam onto his belly. “Get onto your hands and knees, bitch.”
Sam did as he was told, kneeling and resting his head on his arms, offering Dean the sight of his plugged ass.
“God Sam. You’re so beautiful.”
He took the plug between his fingers and twisted it around, pulling it out bit by bit until the sight of the loose hole nestled in the middle of Sam’s glistening wet ass, made him line up his cock and sink it into his brother, pounding into him in the throes of an oncoming mega-orgasm.
When it took him he let out a choked scream, so strong was the ecstasy that burned through him.

He felt his cum filling his brother. How he would have loved to linger inside Sam, to possess him like this eternally, but the softening of his cock told him otherwise and he unwillingly pulled out of Sam’s warmth.

He turned his little brother over and lay down on top of him, Sam’s arms came up to wrap themselves around him.
They said nothing. There was nothing to say. No words could express this combination of sex and love they shared. It was too big, too much.
Dean rolled off him, took Sam’s cock in his fist and brought him to orgasm, holding him as he came trembling.

Sam was again tucked into the blanket on the back seat, chugging on the pacifier.
Dean had cleaned them both up and diapered his brother.
Tomorrow morning the twenty-four hours would be up but Dean resolved to make picnicking a recurring event!
“Sammy,” Dean yelled from the kitchen, his voice echoing loudly through the empty corridors of the bunker. “Breakfast's ready.”

A few minutes later the younger Winchester came stumbling drowsily into the kitchen, naked except for the diaper hanging heavily around his slim hips.

“Dean,” he yawned, passing a hand through his bed-hair, but only causing the chestnut mop to become more tangled. “I need changing. This thing is heavier than an anvil around me.”

“Good morning to you too, Sunshine,” Dean grinned, amused.

He loved all versions of his brother, but a whiny, sleep-tousled Sam was one of his favorites.

“Breakfast first, dude,” he said. “This morning you're gonna be treated to the best pancakes this side of the Atlantic.

“Dean,” Sam huffed. “The diaper's full. All that milk you keep feeding me at night's gotta come out somewhere.”

“Well, that's what diapers are for!” Dean replied pulling out a chair.

“Nothing's gonna happen to your delicate ass if it stays humid for another fifteen minutes, Sam. The pancakes taste better when they're warm. I got your favorite banana-flavored syrup to pour over them.”

Sam rolled his eyes but he sat gingerly down, the wet diaper bulky around his hips.

“Good boy,” Dean praised, cutting the stack of pancakes into fork-sized bites and feeding them to his baby brother.

“Open up,”

“Dean...”

“Shh! Just do it.”

Sam sighed but did as Dean asked, accepting the food.

“Good, huh?”

“Delicious,” Sam replied sincerely around a mouthful of banana-flavored heaven.

“So what do I get for my awesomeness?” Dean teased.

Sam looked up, pulled his big brother's head down and laid a sticky kiss on his lips.

“Huh, not bad,” Dean said, licking at the drops of syrup he'd received along with the kiss.

“Here's your coffee.” Dean placed a mug down on the table. “I'll go and run a bath before your princessy ass gets a rash!”

Dean undid the soaked diaper, wrinkling his nose at it, and dropped it in the trash bag he kept in the bathroom, leaving Sam stark naked.

“Get in the water, dude. When you pee in your diaper, you don't hold back, do you?”

“That has got to be the stupidest comment you could come up with, man,” Sam bitched. “After all, you're the one who gets his rocks off feeding me liquids last thing at night for that very reason. I'm forced to piss into the damned diaper. So you don't get to complain, Dean!”

“Oh, shut up, smart-ass. You love it when I baby you, bitch!”
Sam didn't volunteer an answer and in Dean's book, silence meant acceptance.

He waited until Sam had settled his six-foot-plus into the bathroom's large tub, then he soaped up the sponge and began to wash his little brother, or his baby, as he'd begun to regard him. Sam lounged back beatifically in the hot water, letting himself be pampered.

When Dean had attended to the externals, he moved on to Sam's ass, soaping his fingers, and rimming the taut ass-hole with his fingers, smiling when Sam hitched. He pushed in a finger breaches the sphincter, tickling Sammy from the inside.

Sam's cock began to harden, his little brother's body trembling around his fingers. Dean opened him gently making room for a second finger, then a third. Pulling out and pushing in, he slowly and skillfully finger-fucked his brother.

By this time Sam was letting out little moans of appreciation, causing Dean's cock to come out to play, but this wasn't the moment for his own satisfaction.

"Take your cock in your hand, Sam. Let big brother see how you pleasure yourself. You're gonna come so hard for me, aren't you?"

"Yeah," Sam whispered, his head lolling back on the edge of the tub. He wrapped his hand around his cock and began to pump. Dean adjusted his finger-fucking to mirror Sam's strokes.

Sam opened his legs as wide as he could to allow the elder Winchester better access to his ass, and Dean felt the thrills of arousal run up and down his spine at the sight of his wanton baby brother, jerking off while Dean fingered his ass.

Soon Sam's come was spurting out to mix with the bath-water, his body shuddering in orgasm. Dean kept his fingers inside Sam's ass through it all, relishing the spasms that gripped them as his brother orgasmed.

"Dean," Sam huffed weakly. "That was......"

"What," Dean smirked, slipping his fingers regretfully from Sam's body.

"That was awesome."

Dean shuffled up to kiss his brother's half-opened lips. "When are you gonna realize I get off as much from giving you pleasure as when I come myself."

"Lucky me then," Sam joked. He passed a wet arm around Dean's neck and deposited a series of sloppy kisses all over his face until Dean held him still and proceeded to take his pleasure from Sam's mouth, his tongue exploring every nook and cranny of its softness, just as his fingers had done in his little brother's ass minutes before.

There was nothing to add. Sam drove him stir-crazy. Always had, always would.

He dried Sam off and packed him off to the bedroom then set about emptying the bath and cleaning up. When he was satisfied, he snagged a clean diaper and his 'baby bag' plus a little article he'd invested in.

Sam was stretched out on the bed, his cock soft between his legs, waiting for Dean. They'd been playing around like this for months now and strange as it might seem, each had grown into their parts in this charade. Sam was the baby and Dean the mom.
Oh, Sam would bitch now and then, especially about the diapers, but Dean just ignored him and continued, feeding him, changing him, pushing a pacifier to his lips when they settled down to watch TV or sleep; doing mostly what he wanted with his baby brother. For all his huffing Sam seemed happier now than Dean could remember, so maybe he was doing something right for Sam at last.

When they had a case things went back to normal, more or less, but here in the privacy of the bunker this suited them both fine.

“Got a little surprise for you Sammy,” Dean grinned, causing Sam to look up suspiciously at him. “Dean...” he said waringly.

Dean opened the baby bag and pulled out what seemed like a string of beads which Sam quickly got the gist of.

“You are NOT shoving those things in my ass!”

“Oh, but yes I am and you're going to love it, “ Dean said firmly.

“No way!”

“It's gonna happen, Sammy. Now you can collaborate or I can tie you down.”

“You wouldn't dare,” Sam challenged but before he could put up any resistance, he found his wrists handcuffed to the bed-head, leaving Dean all the lee-way he needed.

Sam writhed on the bed trying to get free. “Dean. No!”

“Stay still, Sam. Or I'll handcuff your feet too.”

“You son of a bitch,” Sam yelled.

Dean ignored him and placed a hand on each thigh, pushing Sam's legs apart, bending his head and licking at Sam's dick.

He'd found out the best way to calm his little brother down was to arouse him, and even though he'd just orgasmed a while ago in the bath, Sam was far more lustful than what he seemed. He had the 'innocent' vibe down to a tee, but he was more 'soulless Sam' than 'baby Sammy' when it came right down to it, as far as sex was concerned.

As Dean's mouth did pleasurable things to Sam's cock, his little brother's anger defused. “That's better Sammy,” Dean said. “You're going to love having these beads inside you. I bought the best on the market. Only the top of the line for my baby.”

“Dean,” Sam sighed. “You could have asked me beforehand and I might even have agreed, but I hate it when you go all terminator on me.”

“I don't know about that, dude, Little Sammy seems to like it fine.”

The little fellow in question was bobbing happily between Sam's legs.

Dean passed a ton of lube over the first bead.

“You ready, Sam,” he asked. “Relax. Let me do all the work!”

“Untie me,” was all Sam said.

“Not until I've filled you up and diapered you.”
Dean fingered Sam's ass with a lubed digit, opening it just enough to push the first bead in without stretching Sam too much. His ass drew it in with a cute little pop.

"There," Dean said. "That wasn't so bad, was it?"
Sam only grunted.

Dean pushed in a second bead, then a third and a fourth, continuing until the entire string was packed inside Sam's ass. leaving a rubber latch with a large soft black bubble thingy hanging out of the closed sphincter. Dean looked down at his handiwork, aroused at the sight. Anyone would be. His brother was six-feet four of sex-on-legs!

"You okay up there, Sasquatch?"
"You're gonna pay for this Dean," Sam hissed, pulling at the handcuffs.

"Aww, see, you're threatening me when I just want to give you pleasure."
He sucked the tip of Sam's cock, giving his baby brother his most talented blow-job, knowing how the beads stuffed into Sam's ass would triple his pleasure, pressing as they were against his prostrate.
Sam cried his way through the powerful orgasm, pumping his come into Dean's mouth, his entire body shaking with the overwhelming high.

Dean quickly lay down on the bed beside him, taking Sam in his arms and holding him tight. "There, little brother, that wasn't so bad was it?" he soothed, kissing Sam's forehead, just holding him gently.

Sam's eyes met his. "It was fucking awesome, but you should still have asked me first!"
Dean threw back his head and laughed. He'd expected Sam to hold a grudge, or be uber-pissed at him, but Sam could still surprise him.

He gave him one last lingering kiss on the mouth and went to clean him up. He passed a generous dollop of baby paste over Sam's genitals, the tail end of the anal beads black against the white of the diaper, and taped it up.

Sam's eyes were closed. Two orgasms in a short time had knocked him out.

Dean smiled down at his baby brother, still handcuffed to the bed, diapered, and altogether beautiful. He picked the pacifier up from the side-table and put it to Sam's mouth, gratified when he took it and began sucking lazily.

Dean turned away and went back to the kitchen. He'd clean up and come back and free Sam. He didn't know whether to expect a kiss or a punch when Sam awoke, but either was fine.

TBC.

Hope you enjoy. :)
Doggie Style

It was after two o'clock before Sam finally stirred from his morning nap. He felt utterly blissfully relaxed, the soft blanket Dean had thrown over him so warm and comforting that he didn't want to move from the bed.

His bladder was calling to him though, and it took his drowsy senses a moment to remember that he didn't have to leave his cozy nest to visit the head, but just let go in the diaper. There were undeniable perks to being treated like a baby by his big brother.

He might have given up a part of his independence, but in return, he was cared for, loved and protected from everyone and everything by his ever-vigilant elder sibling. Not to mention the best sex ever!

He gave a satisfied little hitch, before letting go and filling the pristine fluff of the diaper with pee, but at the same time his ass made itself felt, and his memories of what had happened earlier came rolling back. Dean had tied him down and pushed a string of not indifferent-sized beads inside him! He was no longer handcuffed though, his brother must have freed him while he was sleeping. He rolled onto his back and he could feel the beads jostling awkwardly in his ass. God, he was so gonna kill Dean for this!

Before he had a chance to pull himself up, he heard Dean's approaching footsteps. It was uncanny how his brother seemed to know exactly when Sam woke up. He must have had a baby scanner installed in his head, Sam huffed to himself.

“Thought you were never gonna wake up, princess,” the familiar deep voice chuckled.

“Dean!” Sam said, glaring up at him. “You've had your fun, now take those things out of my ass.”

“All in good time, Sammy.”

“What's that supposed to mean?” Sam pouted.

Dean pulled down the covers and bent forward to pass his hand over Sam's taut belly. “You don't know how pretty you are, baby brother,” he said. “Lying there all diapered up with your ass stuffed full like a thanksgiving turkey. If I wasn't so damned jealous of anyone else looking at you, I'd parade you on the internet to let them all see what a sexy little brother I have!”

Despite his annoyance with having his ass invaded by a string of beads, or maybe because, Sam felt the traitorous spike of arousal. What the fuck, he was nothing but a whore in his brother's hands, always willing, always ready!

Dean caressed his little brother's chest, tweaking his nipples and running a hand down his body to his diaper. It made a squelchy sound when he pressed his palm down on the plastic covering. “Got here just in time, huh,” Dean said slipping his open palm down inside the tight diaper, cupping Sam's wet cock. “You seriously need a change, Aquaman,”

“Dean..!” Sam huffed, though he couldn't deny enjoying the feel of his big brother's cool hand around his dick.

Dean grinned. He knew how to play Sam like a fine instrument, and he loved the sensation of
being in charge of his little brother.
Sam had called him bossy once, way back when they were both younger and relatively innocent as to what Fate had in store for them, and maybe it was true.

He loved being in control, bending Sam lovingly to his will, and well, the sex with his brother was something else, just so damn mind-blowing.
Then this whole babying side-line added spice to an already hot relationship.

“Wait right here,” Dean said, sliding his hand back out. “I'll be back to pretty you up.”
“'Okay,” Sam answered. Dean's fondling had made those beads in his ass do 'interesting' things to his libido.
Before long his big brother was back with the thick towel he used when he changed him. Sam dutifully lifted his ass to let Dean slip it under.

Dean quickly ripped the diaper open and trashed it, leaving Sam butt-naked, long legs akimbo.
“Holy hell,” he thought as he ogled the black rubber bubble flush with Sam's ass-hole. Just when he believed his baby brother couldn't look any hotter!
He gave it a tentative tug and Sam hissed.
"Dean..!"

Dean lay down fully clothed on the bed next to his naked brother and pulled him in.
“This is how it's gonna be, Sammy,” he whispered nuzzling Sam's sensitive neck.
“Each time I change your diaper, I'm gonna pull out one of those beads, so the more you pee the quicker you'll be rid of them.”

Sam swallowed, aroused by Dean's words and the memory of how awesome his orgasm had been earlier that morning thanks to the beads.

“How many did you put in?” he asked.
“Six medium-sized balls, baby, and when I pull the first one out, I wanna get a grandstand view, so I'm gonna wash your ass, then you're gonna put your cute little butt in the air, doggie style, legs wide, and I'm gonna pull it out, nice and slow, and leave it trailing like a tail, so that Sammy's a cute little doggie.
Then you're gonna treat me to one of your best blow jobs, little brother.”

A few minutes later, Dean had the pleasurable panorama of Sam's ass up in the air, flaunting the black stopper between his ass-cheeks.

He could feel his cock straining at his jeans but he'd leave Sam to attend to it. For now, he wanted to watch Sam's asshole open to release the first bead.
He passed his hands over the taut globes, then took the rubber bubble in his hand and began to pull.

Sam was eerily quiet, not moving a muscle.
Dean tugged and widened his eyes as the black bead began to emerge from between Sam's cheeks.
He stopped when the bead was at its widest point and stared.
It was a mesmerizing sight, the black orb dark against the glow of Sam's skin, his ass-hole open to accommodate its passage.
“Oh, Sammy,” he croaked. “Too bad you don't get to see this. But it's for big brother's eyes only.”

When Sam's legs began to tremble Dean pulled the rest of the bead out and let it hang.
“Turn around Sam,” he ordered. “Get your face over here!”

Sam turned crab-style on the bed and nuzzled Dean's jeans, taking the zip between his teeth and
pulling it down.
He waited until Dean undid the button at the top and let them drop.
Then always with his mouth, he pulled down the front of Dean's boxers, letting his cock bob free.

The bed was just at the right level to allow Sam to take his big brother's cock easily in his mouth.
Dean's hand came up to hold down his sibling's head.
“Come on, Sammy,” he urged. “I've never had a blow job from a dude with a tail hanging from his ass.”
He'd never had a blow job from any dude before Sam, but that was irrelevant, he grinned as Sam's warm wet mouth took hold of his dick and his entire world reduced itself to the sensations that radiated from his cock.

In the end, Sam didn't have to try very hard, for Dean spurted into his mouth with a loud cry after a few wet sucks, holding Sam's head firmly against his groin until he emptied his entire load down his little brother's throat.

Only then did Dean let him go, bending down to deliver a kiss, tasting his own come on Sam's lips.
“Sammy, I always said you were a little bitch and now you've even got a tail to prove it!” he crowed.

Sam collapsed on the bed, his head tumbling over the edge, long hair hanging down.
He was plenty aroused himself, his cock hard below him.
Dean's slow pull of the bead through his sphincter had sent his nerve endings in tilt, but this was Dean's moment.

Dean tucked his cock back into his boxers and zipped up. He'd be going for a shower soon anyway, but now he needed to diaper Sam.

There was one black ball hanging from his brother's ass. Another five to come, Dean anticipated with glee. But for now it was way past lunchtime and he had a giant baby to feed.

He settled himself on the couch, Sam stretched out against him with his head in Dean's lap, gazing up happily.
Dean put the bottle filled with tomato soup to Sam's lips and his little brother began to pull eagerly.

Sammy loved tomato soup and Dean had bought a new-fangled teat that allowed thicker liquids to be administered via a feeding bottle.
He might never have a child of his own, but he was surely learning all about bringing one up!

TBC
Two Black Beads

The soft hum of the computer was the only noise to be heard in the monastic silence of the bunker, the younger Winchester's fingers gliding over the keys as he brought his virtual journal up to date.

He had files on every case they'd been involved in since he and Dean and begun hunting together after Jessica's death. It was a wealth of lore that would prove invaluable to future hunters. He'd eventually make copies of all his information and add them to the paper files stored in the Men of Letter's bunker.

He'd moved from a chair in the library onto the bed; sitting on his butt with the rubber bead dangling from his ass wasn't the most comfortable of situations, so he'd flopped face-down on the bed with the computer spread out before him.

Dean had gone off in the Impala, muttering that they were out of beer and coffee, two things his brother could not envisage being without, leaving Sam alone and horny, the beads in his ass causing his cock to twitch every time he moved. Yeah, lying on his stomach was the only way to keep everything in check for the time being!

Dean had sentenced that each time Sam peed in his diaper, his big brother would pull out one of the beads. Well Sam was pretty close to filling it. He used to really hate the feeling of letting loose in its tight confines, but with the passing of the weeks, he'd gotten used to it.

He stopped his typing for the time it took to relieve himself, the cotton padding absorbing the warm liquid. With a sigh he rolled onto his back. He hoped Dean would be back soon to change him.

The eerie silence of the bunker made him uneasy. He'd never warmed to the place like Dean had. His big brother had come to look on it as home but to Sam it never would be. It was a work-place, nothing else. Of course Sam had never actually had a home with which to compare it, at least not one he'd been happy in.

Not even the months he'd spent with Amelia had felt right, but then none of that story had.

He'd abandoned Dean in purgatory, something he knew he'd never have done had he been in his right mind!

Maybe one day that entire mess would be explained. He was convinced something must have happened to him, but for the e life of him, he couldn't remember what!

The slamming of the garage door announced the arrival of his big brother. “About time,” Sam murmured, the diaper heavy and damp around him now.

At the thought of his brother, his cock jerked traitorously in its humid prison. It wasn't just his stuffed ass that kept him throbbing with arousal; the memory of Dean's hands on his body, doing such pleasurable things to him, was stimulus enough on its own.

“Hey,” Dean's husky voice called out. “You in the bed-room, Sammy?”

“Hey, Yeah.” Sam replied, looking up as his big brother strolled into the room.
"I can't leave you alone for a minute but you stick your face back into that computer," Dean joked. "I'm beginning to get jealous!"

Sam rolled his eyes.

"So, how's that sweet ass of yours getting along, huh?"

Dean passed a caressing hand over Sam's back, trailing it down to the diaper and pressing on it. He chuckled as he felt Sam wriggle. "I love that sensitive ass of yours, baby. Turn around. Let me see if you're wet."

"I am, Dean. You don't need to check it out."

"Oh, but I want to," Dean smirked getting a patented bitch-face in reply.

He waited until Sam turned over, then slipped his hand into the diaper.

"Yup, you need changing dude. Dean to the rescue."

"Yeah, whatever," Sam muttered, though in truth, he was already anticipating being man-handled by his big brother.

Before long Dean had liberated him from the diaper, leaving his cock glistening with the drops of pee.

Dean looked avidly down at him.

"Open you legs, dude. Let me see that sweet stuffed ass of yours."

Sam obeyed, giving Dean full view of his genitals. The black bead dangled lasciviously from his ass-hole.

Dean took in a breath. His baby brother's sexiness never failed to amaze him.

"Oh, Sammy," he whispered. "You are the hottest shit on two legs. I just can't get enough of you. Lie still, big brother will clean you up, then I'll give that hole of yours a thrill."

Sam looked up at him, his eyes bright, part love and part arousal.

Dean washed his little brother's cock with long languorous strokes of the soft sponge, then made Sam lift his legs to tend to his ass.

All the while Dean's eyes were magnetically drawn to the black bead nestling between Sam's taut cheeks.

"There you go, baby," Dean sentenced, satisfied with his handiwork. "Squeaky clean again."

"Mm," Sam hummed languorously, stretching his long limbs. He loved being taken care of by his big brother.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" Dean crowed. "And I remember how you used to bitch about wearing a diaper."

No one was more amazed than Dean when Sam stuck out his tongue at him, something he hadn't done since he was a kid.

"Ah, it's like that is it, dude? You stopped doing that when you were five!"

"So!" Sam said, sticking it out again.

"So, you know it's not polite to stick your tongue out, Sammy. I'm gonna have to cuff your ass for that. Turn over."

"You wouldn't!" Sam challenged.

"Oh, yes I would! Now we can do this the good way or the bad. You choose."

Sam hesitated. Dean would have no compunction in tying him down like he did the other night;
better to comply, so he offered no resistance when Dean sat down on the bed and pulled him across his cotton-covered legs.
Sam's delectably bare ass was curved up waiting, and Dean brought his hand down, causing Sam to let out a yelp, the bead dancing in time with the slap.
“Dean...!”

He spanked Sam another five times until his brother's ass was pale red, and his own cock straining at his jeans.
“Now, go kneel between my legs and give my cock one of your best blow jobs, ” he told his little brother.

Sam ignored his tingling butt, knelt between Dean's legs, pulled down his zip and freed the engorged cock.
Dean was already highly aroused and it only took a few sucks and licks of Sam's mouth and tongue before he spurted his come down his baby brother's throat, lolling back on the pillows as he arched through his orgasm.

A moment later, two muscular arms reached down to pull Sam up.
Dean pressed his mouth hard against Sam's, tasting himself on his baby brother's lips, then he cupped his sibling's neck and pulled the tousled head down onto his shoulder.

“You'll never know how much I love you, Sammy. Sometimes, it's like my body's not big enough to hold it all.”
Sam sighed into his shoulder. He knew all right. It was the same for him.

A few minutes later Dean slid out from under him.
“Turn over, little brother.”

Dean put his tongue to the little slit on the tip of Sam's turgid erection. His mouth and tongue knew exactly where to linger to give him most satisfaction.
When he sensed Sam was on the edge of orgasm, Dean's hand went to the bead dangling from Sam's ass and he pulled on it gently, wanting to give his little brother maximum pleasure.

Sure enough, just as the bead breached his hole at its widest, Sam came with a wanton moan that would have put a porn star to shame, giving Dean enormous gratification.
Fifteen minutes later, Dean had his brother cleaned up and diapered, his ass decorated with two black beads.

Sam lounged back on the bed, worn out.
Between the spanking and the bead being pulled out of his ass, he'd experienced a tremendous orgasm, and when Dean appeared with his bottle, Sam couldn't wait to feed and swallow down the warm soothing milk.
“Lift your head, dude,” Dean said, scooting onto the bed behind him, waiting for Sam to settle between his legs.

“I gotta say your ass looks real cute with its black little tail hanging down,” he teased.
“You're diabolical, You know that don't you?” Sam huffed. “You treat me like an infant, but I'm a grown man.”

“Well, dude, “ Dean said, holding the bottle up out of reach. “We can always stop and go back to being regular brothers again; no more diapers; nor bottles of milk; nor me smacking your ass when you act like a brat; nor beads up your ass; nor blow-———!”
“Shut up and give me the bottle, Dean,” Sam sighed. He lowered his eyes so as not to see the smirk of triumph on his big brother's face.

It wasn't normal submitting himself to his brother's whims, but Sam couldn't deny he enjoyed being taken care of and loved by Dean, and when the teat touched his lips he drew it in and suckled on it like a young calf.

Lying in the arms of his big brother and being fed by him calmed him. Dean got just as much satisfaction at being the care-taker, Sam knew that. If both were happy what harm could it do?

When the bottle had been drained, Dean slipped the pacifier into Sam's mouth and man-handled his sibling under the covers; Sam's eyes round and childish as they stared up at his big brother.

Dean chuckled and shrugged off his clothes. He slipped under the covers and took his baby in his arms. Sam sucked happily on the pacifier as he curled into his big brother embrace.

For now they would sleep but before too long he'd need to pee again....!

TBC
In the windowless bunker, the only way to know if it was morning was by glancing at the old-fashioned clock Sam had found in one of the rooms and positioned beside their bed. He still wasn't used to the lack of natural light; that was probably one of the reasons he'd never managed to warm to this place as a home. It had its positives of course, if one considered the endless knowledge of the supernatural contained within the books and store rooms, and the safety its wards provided, but still.

He stretched his long limbs, smiling as he felt his brother's body stir. Dean's arms and legs were curled around him, making Sam feel loved and protected. He made to get up but before he could do more than think it, Dean's arm tightened, holding him steady.

"Where are you goin', princess?" the slurred, sleep-filled voice murmured. "Uh, I thought I'd get up and make some coffee. It's past eight."

Dean's hand moved up to the back of Sam's head. He pushed the tousled hair to the side and nuzzled the soft skin at the nape of his little brother's neck. "Good idea, Sammy. Bring me a cup when it's ready. I'm gonna hog the covers for a while more."

Sam disentangled himself from his human blanket, shrugged on a tee-shirt and lopped off to the kitchen. Before long the aroma of freshly-made coffee spread through the bunker's living quarters, causing Dean to roll over in the bed, his nose tuned in to the provenance of the exquisite scent. Sam made his entrance with a large mug in each hand, set one on the side-table and palming the other, perched gingerly on the edge of the bed. The two beads hanging from his ass made sitting down an art of its own!

"Coffee is served," Sam announced, though he needn't have bothered. Dean had sprung up like a jack-in-the-box at the sight of the steaming mug of black liquid.

"Umm. I gotta say you brew delicious coffee, Sam. Makes up for your utter disaster as a cook!" Sam huffed, a teasing glint in his eye. "I'm tall, well-built, intelligent, handsome and sexy, " he grinned. "If I could cook too, I'd be impossibly perfect."

Dean gazed up at him, surprised. Sam never usually said anything good about himself, not even in a playful way. "I can see I'm gonna have to put stuff up your ass more often if it makes you so bouncy," Dean smirked. "By the way, you filled your diaper yet?"

"Na. Still gotta do it."

"Come on then," Dean encouraged. He placed his free hand on his little brother's crotch, waiting for Sam to pee, and he was soon rewarded by a potent hiss from under the plastic covering as Sam let go.

Through the diaper, Dean could feel the liquid being absorbed into the cotton padding. It seemed to go on for minutes before it finally trickled to nothing. "Thought you were gonna flood the room there, Sammy! I'm gonna have to write an e-mail to the
company that make these diapers and congratulate them on their excellent product.”

Sam rolled his eyes and went back to sipping his sweet milky coffee.
Sometimes Dean would substitute the vanilla flavoured coffee for the milk he usually filled the feeding bottle with, and Sam had come to like it that way too.

When Dean had downed his first caffeine dose of the day, he pushed back the covers.
“I'm gonna go run a bath for you, Sammy,” he said. “Finish your coffee then come on over.”
Sam's cock gave a little jerk and as he shifted slightly on the bed, the beads in his ass made themselves felt too.

Fifteen minutes later he was lounging in the hot water waiting for Dean to wash him.
He looked down at his groin through the transparent liquid and he could just make out the tail end of the first bead peeking out from under his testicles.
Well, it's not as if he'd needed proof to know his ass was still stuffed.

Dean knelt at the side of the tub and plied Sam's mouth with soft kisses, then he dedicated himself to bathing his baby brother.
Sam could feel Dean's hands soaping his body and he luxuriated in the sensations. But then Dean placed a hand between his legs and played with the two beads that floated outside his ass.

“Suck on my fingers, Sammy,” Dean murmured, putting two digits into his little brother's mouth and waiting until Sam pulled on them as if they were the teat of his feeding bottle, then Dean took hold of the thick thread holding the string of beads together and tugged until the third one began to breach Sam's hole.
Sam stopped sucking, his entire body stilling in anticipation.

“Keep going little brother. Wrap that tongue of yours around my fingers.”
Sam swallowed but began pulling on Dean's fingers again.
Dean continued to tug at the bead and when it had opened Sam's hole to its widest, he halted for a moment and ran his finger around the stretched rim, gratified by Sam's little hitches.

He finished pulling the third bead out then continued on with the fourth, the string of black beads floating up from Sam's ass.
Dean gazed at Sam's face.
His brother's eyes were languid. Sammy had been enjoying his bath. But this was enough for now.

The last two beads would be taken from Sam's ass in another setting, then Dean would get to fill the empty space with his cock.
He had loved the idea of stuffing the beads into his little brother, but that meant he couldn't fuck him and that was a serious downside!

With Sam splayed out naked on the bed, Dean studied with hungry appreciation the string of black beads dangling from Sam's ass before pulling up the front of the diaper and closing beads and cock inside the soft prison.
The sight had aroused him to almost unbearable heights, his cock thick and pulsing inside his boxers, but while he couldn't wait to get his rocks off when he'd been picking girls up in bars, with Sam he'd found that the longer he made himself wait, the greater his release and pleasure when he orgasmed.

“Get dressed, dude,” Dean said “We're taking a little trip.”
“What, no.....Dean! I'm not going out with a diaper.”

“We've had this argument before, Sammy and you've already been out diapered up, so stop bitching and obey.”
Sam hesitated. He HAD been out before but that didn't mean he wanted to do it again.

“Come on Sam. No-one's going to see you except me, and even if they did, they're not gonna notice.”
“Yes they are,“ Sam complained. “You can see the bulkiness under my jeans.”
“Then put on a loose pair. You've got plenty of those!”

Before long the two brothers strolled out of the bunker towards the Impala. Well one strolled, the other moved less elegantly thanks to the circular intruders in his ass, even though there were only two left inside.

Sam made his way to the passenger side and when Dean called to him, he stopped surprised.
“You drive, Sammy,”

“What, why?”

“You're always complaining I never let you drive. Well take the wheel, bitch!”

“Jerk!” Sam replied but he circled the Impala and slid delicately into the driver's seat. The four beads in the diaper dimpling his ass as he sat on the leather.
“Where to? “ he asked.

Dean gave him directions and before long the Impala was purring along a deserted country road. That was when Dean snaked a hand between Sam's legs and caressed his groin. Sam was so attuned to Dean's touch that even through his jeans and the diaper, his cock responded to the familiar pressure.

“Dean, don't forget I'm driving. This might not be the best time to do that, unless you want your Baby to finish up in a ditch!” Sam warned archly.
“No way, Sam. You're gonna concentrate on keeping my Baby on the straight and narrow, while I do what I want with you.”

“Dean... Don't be a jerk. Let me pull into the side first.”

“Keep driving, little brother!”
Sam threw him a bitch-face but didn't stop.

Dean passed his hand over Sam's crotch, pulling down his zip, continuing to caress and press down on the diaper. When he slipped a hand down the front, Sam jumped.
“Come on, man. You're not gonna made me come when I'm driving. It's stupid and dangerous!”

“I said drive and keep quiet.”
Dean pulled Sam's pacifier from his pocket and pushed it into his brother's mouth. “Suck on that and keep going. And don't spit it out or I'll whup your ass!”

Sam squirmed as Dean cupped his cock and balls then began to palm his cock, the diaper widening to accommodate Dean's movements.
He played with his brother, pushing at his ass-hole, tickling his balls and grinning with triumph when Sam's not indifferent cock grew to full size, its tip peeking out from the top of the diaper.
Dean lowered his head and slurped at the tip, almost making Sam swerve off to the side. Sam sucked ever more frenziedly on the pacifier, trying to hold his concentration.

When Dean's hand and expert tongue brought him to a shuddering orgasm, Sam had no idea how he'd managed to keep the heavy car on the road.
Dean looked over at him in triumph.
“See, little brother. You managed to drive through it all. A couple of miles up ahead, there's a side-road. Turn in there.”

Sam was bent over the hood of the Impala; the string of beads hanging down from his bare ass.
Dean had seen to his baby brother in the car, now it was his turn.

He took a quick photo of the taut ass with his cell.
He already had a discrete album of photos of his sexy little brother, and one day he would share with Sam but for now they were available only to himself.

All Sam was wearing was his grey tee, the diaper had been thrown to the side, torn off none too gently by an aroused big brother.
Dean took one last look at his sibling’s delightful butt, then began to pull out the last two beads, the skin of his cock stretching to its limit as it hardened thick and proud.

Sam hardly squirmed as Dean tugged on the one remaining bead, his brother's hole opening around it for the last time.
Dean let the black string drop to the ground. He contemplated Sam's lax ass-hole which he was about to fill with his cock.
He lined it up and pushed in.

He was too aroused to be gentle but Sam was already opened by the presence of the beads and took in his cock without much resistance.
Dean pushed in as far as he could, his balls heavy against his brother.

He let the realization of being inside Sam wash over him.
It amazed him every time, joined to his little brother by a bridge of pulsing flesh.

Dean began to pump; he couldn't have described how he felt, but if he was forced to put it into words, then he was a king; a king who had conquered the world. But Dean's world was Sam, only Sam, forever Sam.

His reality shrank to the two of them. The entire universe could disappear, leaving only a bubble containing him and his baby brother.
Sam was all he'd ever wanted and now he had him, for the rest of his life on Earth and beyond, if what Ash had told them was true.

His orgasm washed over him, his seed spurting deep inside the other half of his soul, and as Dean Winchester soared high on the wings of indefinable ecstasy, he thanked the absent God for the gift of his little brother.

With Sam draped comfortably over him as he leaned back against the side of the Impala, Dean felt in harmony with the universe.
He grabbed the feeding bottle from the cooler and brought it to Sam's lips.
Sam began to nurse, a hand tugging gently at his big brother's shirt, while Dean contemplated the tall man he held in his arms as if he was a child.

But then Sam was everything to Dean, brother, child, partner, lover. His entire world.

If you'd like, let me know if you're enjoying the story. Thanks to everyone who has read and given kudos. :)

When Dean saw who was standing at the entrance to the bunker, he feared his and Sam's idyllic life-style might be coming to an end.

“Dean,” the smug voice simpered. “It's not very hospitable of you to keep a visitor waiting.”

“Fuck you, Crowley! What do you want?”

“I see your manners haven't improved, Dean. Ever with the elegant turn of phrase!”

“Well now that we've exchanged pleasantries,” Dean said sarcastically. “Get the hell off my doorstep. There's nothing I gotta say to you.”

Crowley shrugged.

“There's been rumours going round that you and Moose have pulled out of hunting. Retired are you?”

There was an authentic hint of curiosity in his voice.

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“Why should you care? Since when has what me and Sam do become any of your business?”

“Maybe not. But I've always had a soft spot for your two mutton-heads ever since I first got a glimpse of your sorry asses when you and that pretty lady friend of yours came bumbling into my house looking for the Colt,” Crowley said.

“Jo and her mom got blasted to kingdom come because you forgot to mention that the Colt couldn't kill Lucifer. So yeah, thanks for that!”

“Well, “ Crowley replied. “You'll be glad to know neither her nor her mother are currently among my hell-inmates.”

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Dean's heart clenched. The memory of the Harvelles' sacrifice re-flowering in his mind as if it had been only yesterday.

Damn Crowley, Lucifer, the angels and all the rest of the supernatural douche-bags that preyed on the unwary humans. They could all wallow in their own shit. He and Sam were out!

“Well, now that you've seen we're alive and kicking, 'mom'; there's nothing else to keep you here!” Dean growled.

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Crowley tutted. “You should show me more respect, Dean. I could have killed you and your brother a hundred times over but I've always spared your lives, even protected you.

I could end you right now and leave poor Moosie to wonder what happened to his big brother who stepped out for cigarettes and never came back!”

“What's your problem, Crowley? Haven't you got any souls to torture today?” Dean sneered exasperated, annoyed that he couldn't fathom why Crowley was here in the first place. “And if you ever helped me and Sam out, it was to cover your own ass in some way.”

Undaunted, Crowley took a step forward into Dean's personal space.

“Where is Sam anyway? Just because that bunker's warded doesn't meant tit-bits of gossip can't get out. I've been hearing juicy little rumours about you and your 'baby' brother.”
Dean plastered on his most nonchalant expression.
"Whatever! If your demons got nothing better to do than cook up tall tales about me and Sam, well I have to say they're even more stupid than I thought, and you too for listening to them.”

He pushed past Crowley, entered the bunker and closed the heavy door behind him.

Sam paced the library, his head jerking up when his brother pushed open the door. “Thought you were never coming back,” he said worriedly. “It's been hours.”

“Sorry Sammy, the town had some kind of Fair going on and the place was crawling with tourists and traffic. Why didn't you call?”

“I did but all I got was voice mail”
Dean pulled out his phone and frowned. “Yeah, battery's down. Sorry dude.”

He looked back at the door and wondered about Crowley. He opened his mouth to tell Sam about the demon's visit, but changed his mind. There had been no point to it, so he cancelled it from his thoughts.

He looked down at his baby brother. Sam was all he cared about, and he certainly didn't give a fuck about any gossip.
He made his way down the steps and cupped Sam's face between his hands. “You miss me, huh?” he grinned, pulling Sam's face down to his and raining little comforting kisses on his baby brother's soft eager lips.

The next morning Dean decided he'd had enough of being shut up in the bunker, with the spectre of Crowley stalking them.

He and Sam needed a change of scenery. On the road it was far harder to be spotted. They'd load up the Impala and go wherever the urge took them. The idea of having sex with Sam in a chain of motel rooms was more than enticing.

“We're going on a road-trip.” Dean's face was animated by a gleeful grin. Sam was still bleary-eyed from the relaxing sleep he'd enjoyed after his big brother's 'ministrations' the night before, and the sparkle in Dean's green eyes was almost too blinding.

“What's with all the enthusiasm, dude?” Sam muttered. “It's not as if we've never driven around in the Impala before!”

“Yeah! But I've never road tripped with a 'Baby' brother before.”

Sam rolled his eyes, unaware that despite the fact that he was a six-foot four adult, with his hair mussed up from sleep and the diaper around his ass, he looked exactly like the giant baby brother Dean loved to mollycoddle so much!

“We can go wherever we want, do whatever we like. What do you say, Sam?”
Sam's brow furrowed. “I've been thinking Dean.......”

“Never a good thing, Sammy!”

“.......since all this began,” Sam continued, pointing to the diaper. “We've kept to ourselves, we're hunting a lot less too. Are you sure you're okay with this Dean? 'Saving people, hunting things' has always been your mantra.”
Dean pulled his brother to him.
“When we were 'saving people, hunting things' I didn't have this.” He passed a hand down Sam's body to the diaper he was wearing and gave it a squeeze.

“Right, but....”
“No buts,” Dean declared firmly. ”There's nothing I want more than to look after my baby brother. I get such a rush feeding you, changing you, fucking you! Have I been clear enough?”

“Pretty much,” Sam answered, a smile quirking at his lips.
“Fine breakfast's ready. Then I'll get you cleaned up and we'll be on the road!”

As Sam lay back on the bed while Dean busied himself spreading the baby paste over his ass and around his cock and balls, he cleared his mind from the doubts that always pervaded him about their relationship, and gave himself over to the animalistic enjoyment of being caressed, fondled and stroked by his big brother's calloused hands as they spread the sweet-smelling cream over his genitals.
Dean hummed as he worked and Sam could do nothing else but believe Dean was sincere when he said he was happy with their life now.

“Lift your ass, Sammy!”
Sam obliged and Dean slipped a clean diaper under him, closing his genitals in the now familiar and even welcoming tightness of the diaper.

Sam let Dean finish dressing him in his jeans and plaid shirt.
“There we go, Sam.” Get your stuff together while I fill some bottles with your feed and grab the baby bag.”

Dean closed the door and turned the key in the lock, glad to see Crowley was nowhere around. It would do them both good to pass some time together outside the bunker. Sam was always bitching about the lack of windows anyway.

When he slipped into the Impala, Sam had his lap-top open.
"Where to?"
“No itinerary, Sam,” Dean grinned. “We'll just keep going down the road until we need to stop for food and rest.”

He moved along the bench seat towards Sam and found his lips with his own, his tongue demanding entry into his baby brother's delectable mouth, exploring every inch with the mastery that was his; given freely to him by his little brother.
Sam's mouth opened in welcome, letting Dean in.

The arousal began singing through their veins, gathering and flooding their cocks, Dean's straining at the cotton of his jeans while Sam's pushed ineffectively against the soft but firm hold of his diaper.

Dean got an ulterior thrill as he palmed Sam's groin, knowing his baby brother's sizeable cock could do little more than twitch feebly in its prison.

“Don't worry, Sammy. I'll make it up to your cock later. I'll let it loose, and watch as it thickens and lengthens, while I stretch your tight little ass with this.”
He took Sam's hand and placed it on his own cock, which jerked happily at Sam's touch.

Sam gulped.
The sexual heat that blazed between them at the slightest touch was incredible. Despite the tight diaper, or maybe because of it, Sam felt so horny that if Dean stripped him down right now and fucked him savagely over the Impala's hood, he wouldn't have squeaked out the minimum objection, but Dean didn't.

His smile was similar to that of a cat that had spotted the cream as he moved back behind the wheel and put the Impala in drive.

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In the shadows, Crowley felt his own cock lengthen as he watched the brothers kissing in what they thought was the privacy of the Impala. TBC
The Impala roared off down the country road away from the bunker, leaving a concealed Crowley to stare after it, his features set in a calculating frown.

He'd told Dean a half-truth earlier. He HAD heard rumours about the Winchesters' new relationship though it hadn't leaked from the impenetrable bunker, but from the possessed check-out girl at the local store where Dean stocked up with groceries. Among other supplies, it seemed he purchased packs of adult diapers and baby stuff, a tit-bit Crowley hadn't known what to make of at first, but like a dog with a bone, he'd gnawed at it until he'd had a partial epiphany.

If Dean was shopping for such articles, it meant they were needed for a reason and as the Winchesters lived in cosy seclusion in the bunker and both seemed in perfect health; why the diapers?

His spies had informed him of how the brothers had kept to themselves for months now, only going out on selected hunts, mostly in the surrounding areas. That meant they were more than happy to stay cooped up together away from the world.

Crowley was a centuries-old demon; he'd seen and experienced every kind of human sexual deviance during that time, thoroughly enjoying each and every one of them!

Sam and Dean were brothers, true, but in all those centuries he'd never seen two siblings so wrapped up in each other, with such an intense exclusive love and care for their sibling's well-being.

Dean was the big brother, Sammy the baby brother. What if that concept had been taken to extremes?

At the idea, Crowley's cock had immediately demonstrated its overwhelming interest. The demon, even against his better judgement and the negative observations of his closest advisers, (many of whom he'd obliterated for their insolence) had always had a soft spot for the Winchesters. He knew it, as did the Winchesters.

He wasn't sure exactly why, but nonetheless it existed and the images that flitted through his mind of the two lean handsome men being more than brothers, and kinking their way through packs of diapers caused his dick to engorge to the enviable length he'd added to his meat-suit's original average inches.

His hand had gone automatically to his cock.

What wouldn't he give to see the Winchesters fuck each other! The added kink of diapers being thrown into the mix gave his hand very little pumping to do before his meat-suit's come spurted out in a shuddering orgasm, dribbling copiously down his hand.

Somehow he had to get eyes on the Winchesters.

He'd been a fool to speak to Dean, to throw in that little comment about 'baby' brothers; now the elder Winchester would be even more careful and suspicious than the son of a bitch usually was!

But Crowley hadn't crawled from the gutters of Hell to Kingship without being one cunning dude!

Dean felt an intense anger boil up inside him.

Just what right did Crowley think he had to come snooping around the bunker!
Dean couldn't help but wonder about him. Dude was the king of hell, he should be gunning for
hunters, yet so far he'd been like a pussy-cat around him and Sam. They'd stopped being afraid of Crowley long, long ago.
If he'd wanted to kill the Winchesters, he'd had ample opportunity as he himself admitted. Yet here
they were, still alive and kicking.
Dean would have understood it better if Crowley had followed in the footsteps of Azazel or
Alastair, two truly evil monsters who'd wanted nothing more than to torture and kill the
Winchesters while savouring their pain.
Crowley was definitely kinda creepy!

But what the hell was he complaining about anyway? if Crowley was a wimp and had a thing for
him and Sam, he should be grateful that they had one less enemy to worry about.

He was uncomfortable though with Crowley's unexpected appearance outside the building, and if
he hadn't been the one to pitch this 'on the road trip' to Sam, he'd turn the Impala around and take
them both back to the safety of bunker, but then he'd have to come up with a watertight reason.

“Dean!” Sam's voice interrupted his thoughts.
“You okay?”

“Yeah, Sam. Why wouldn't I be?”

“You've got your 'there's a problem' look on your face.” Sam said. “You wanna share with the
class?”
Dean drew his eyes away from the road and glanced over at his brother, uncertain whether to
mention Crowley's visit, but he decided against it.
He'd keep his worries to himself for now, no point in ruining their trip with a vague suspicion about
the demon's words.

Instead, he smiled wolfishly.
“The only problem I have is keeping my hands off you, bro. But then I don't need to, do I?”
He stretched out a hand and pulled Sam to him.
His brother offered no resistance, burrowing his head under Dean's right arm and settling himself
on his big brother's shoulder.
Dean ran his cheek along Sam's soft hair, breathing in the scent of his baby brother. No expensive
perfume could ever come close to it.
Sam slipped a hand under Dean's jacket and fumbled with the buttons of his plaid, slowly tugging
up the tee-shirt until he could lay his hand on his big brother's bare chest. He placed his hand over
Dean's heart relishing the strong steady throb, revelling in the knowledge that said heart belonged
to him, just as Sam's belonged to Dean.

That night they pulled into a classier motel than they were once used to. Money was no problem
now, not with the treasures in the Bunker.,
“I'll get us registered,” Dean said, exiting the car.

Sam nodded in agreement. The less he was seen walking around with a diaper under his jeans, the
better he felt.
They parked outside the furthest room from the check-in and unpacked their stuff, Dean hefting the
baby bag which had gotten steadily heavier as the items increased.
As soon as the door closed behind them, Dean pushed Sam against the wall, his mouth that of a man who hadn't sipped water in days.

Sam was like a well from which Dean drank to overflowing but it was never enough to quench his thirst.

“Sammy, “ he whispered when he took his mouth from his brother's, both sets of lips red and bruised.” I can never get enough of you, baby. You know that, don't you?”

“Yeah, “Sam answered hoarsely. “Please Dean. I need you. I need to feel you inside me, making me whole.”

Dean swallowed, but took a step back.

“All in good time, Sammy. Is that diaper of yours wet, Huh?”

“Yeah.”

“Into the bathroom then, dude.”

Dean stripped Sam of his jacket, shirt and tee, then undid his belt and got him to step out of his jeans until the only covering left was a lax diaper, heavy with pee.

Dean undid the tags and let the diaper drop to the floor, his eyes fixed on Sam's cock, glistening wet, nestling half-hard and so inviting above the heavy testicles.

“You're so damn gorgeous, Sammy. Sometimes I think it's a crime more people can't enjoy seeing you like this. Naked and needy, yet such an cute baby.”

“No-one else needs to,” Sam murmured. “I only belong to you Dean.”

Choked up by Sam's words, Dean turned his brother towards the shower. “Get in. I'm gonna wash you then sink my cock into your ass.”

The hot water poured over them as Dean's earlier announcement of washing Sam turned into a kissing session that left them both breathless, their cocks turgid and rock-hard between their bellies as their mouths moaned into each other.

Dean could wait no longer to have his brother.

He bent Sam over, his hands caressing the taut globes of his sibling's ass. He'd left the lube back in the room, fully intending to fuck Sam on the bed, so he made do with what was available and lathered his fingers with the motel's soap, then began to open Sam's hole, working in one digit after the other.

When he could no longer resist the beautiful ass bent over for his pleasure, and reckoning he'd opened Sam as much as he could, he removed his fingers and inserted the tip of his cock, relishing the warmth that greeted it.

He pushed in slowly, giving Sam's ass time to stretch and accommodate him, but when he was fully surrounded by his younger sibling's flesh, he gave into the primordial need to thrust, driving his cock into the tight passage until the ecstasy of his orgasm rushed through him and he spurted his come into his brother.

“Sorry Sammy.” he whispered, curling over his brother's back. “I just couldn't hold back but I'll make it up to you.”

Sam lay trembling on the bed, his body vibrating on the edge of orgasm at the delicious things Dean's mouth was doing to him; teasing, promising, skimming his teeth as gently as a summer wind over the delicate tip of his cock, pulling back then re-applying his talented mouth to Sam's skin. When he finally came it was in a burst of pleasure so intense it brought tears to his eyes.

Dean swallowed down every drop of Sam's come, then slithered his body like a snake up Sam's sweaty one to kiss him, sharing his brother's come and pulling Sam into his arms, kissing away the wetness from his eyes and holding on impossibly tight.
They revelled in the depth of their closeness, until Dean unwillingly pulled away.

“Time to get you fixed up for the night, Sammy.”
Sam let out a satisfied sigh, knowing Dean would pamper and fondle while he diapered him
And Dean did, first washing, then patting Sam dry.
With gobs of baby cream, he made sure Sam's groin was protected from any discomfort the wet
diaper might cause to his skin. He stopped to tickle his baby brother as he worked, petting his cock
and caressing the sensitive skin around his ass-hole,
Sam was humming happily when Dean finally closed up the diaper, collected his baby stuff and
went off to wash-up.

He came back through, opened the cooler where he'd prepared a few bottles with milk and put one
to heat.
He threw a glance at Sam. His brother's eyes were half-closed and Dean chuckled. A drowsy
Sammy was so much fun to feed. He acted exactly like a baby when he was in that state.

“Come on princess,” Dean said pushing up his relaxed brother and slipping in behind him on the
bed.
Sam face turned automatically towards his sibling, his lips opening to receive the feeding bottle.
“That's my baby.“ Dean remarked when Sam began to pull, looking up at him with sleep-slitted
eyes.
Dean blew kisses on Sam's forehead as he suckled. He loved feeding his baby brother; being his
carer. It aroused him no end too, but this wasn't the time!

Dean watched satisfied as Sam pulled enthusiastically at the rubber teat. When the bottle was half
empty Dean pulled it out, receiving an annoyed grunt from Sam.
“Hey, I just want one of your milky kisses, baby. Then I'll give it back.”
Sam's arm scooted up to pull Dean's head down and he pressed a sloppy milky kiss on his big
brother's lips.

“What? You know I love your pouty lip. If you don't want me to chew on it, don't pout!” Dean
joked, getting a bitch face in return.

He grabbed the pacifier from the table and put it to Sam's mouth. “Here, suck on that until
tomorrow morning.”
Sam huffed but willingly opened his lips, his mouth making sloppy noises around the baby-
comforter..
Dean settled himself on the bed, an arm thrown over his baby brother, listenening to Sam's soft
little wet slurps until sleep claimed the younger man, and the pacifier fell half-way out of his
Satisfied, Dean entwined himself around his sibling, his cock flush against the diaper that Sammy wore for him, because Dean had asked him to, and in which both brothers found their own pleasure.
TBC
Pit-Stop

Dean rolled onto his back. He uncurled his arm, careful not to joggle Sam who was snoring softly into the pillow. The early morning sun filtering through the curtains tinged the room yellow and Dean could sympathise with Sam's dislike of the windowless bunker. The sun definitely made everything better.

He glanced at his brother. Just the sight of Sam was enough to warm his heart, far more than the rays of the sun ever could. Perhaps that's why he'd never had particular problems with the bunker. Sam's smile was his sunshine.

When had Sam become his entire world?
Absurd question. Sam always had been, though when Dad was alive and dragged them around the country on his crusade to find their mom's killer, other things had taken up their attention; the fear and adrenaline of the hunt occupying most of their days and nights.

Now that everything else had been purged, all that remained were he and Sam and their obsession for one another. Dean would never say it out loud; would deny it if asked; but that's what it amounted to, an undeniable obsessive love.

At times he felt guilty. Sam deserved much more than this. He deserved a home, a wife, kids, but just the thought of someone else holding Sam, kissing Sam, loving Sam, made him grind his teeth in jealousy. Yet there had been a time when he would have let him go.

Hell, he'd even encouraged his little brother to date Sarah, and if Sam had decided she was the one, he'd have been glad for him. But that was in another life, before Azazel, before Ruby, Lucifer, Hell and the Cage, before Purgatory.

Dean knew that Purgatory had affected him in some way. He couldn't put a finger on what exactly, but he was convinced his time there had stimulated the dormant part of him which had wanted to put his hands on Sam in an un-brotherly manner.

Did living in a world of monsters for an entire year turn you into one? Perhaps not, but it had to have some effect, even on one such as himself who had been raised in the knowledge of what was really out there. "Staring into the abyss...."

He sighed as he pulled on his jeans and top. What was done was done. Sam was his and no-one had better try to change that. Sam had consented to everything Dean had asked of him and he knew his little brother was completely on-board with Dean's need to baby him, but he wondered what would happen if one day Sam decided he no longer wanted this? Dean put the thought from his mind. He didn't want to go there, because if that happened, he wasn't sure he'd allow Sam to leave. He shivered, afraid of his own dark thoughts.
When he came back with the coffee and food, Sam had rolled onto his stomach, still fast asleep, his diapered ass in the air.

Dean couldn't help but chuckle. When Sam was truly out of it he ended up belly-down. If there was one good thing about this relationship it had to be that Sam slept like the proverbial 'baby' now, no nightmares, no nothing!

Dean put the food on the table and gave the inviting ass a smack.

“Dude. You gonna open your baby blues or are you gonna let this girlie coffee go cold?”

“Mmm,” Sam murmured. “Don't wanna get up. Put it in a bottle.”

“Dude, You are getting so spoiled! You only gonna drink from a bottle from now on, or what!”

Sam turned his head to look sleepily up at him.

“No, but I really want you to feed me this morning. We're on vacation. remember”

Dean rolled his eyes.

Sam was really into his baby role but Dean wasn't about to complain.

He poured the vanilla latte into an empty feeding bottle and setting his own his own coffee on the side-table, perched himself on the bed next to his brother.

“Come on then, princess. Here you go.”

Sam turned onto his side, head on the pillow. He took the proffered teat into his mouth and with a sigh of satisfaction began to suck eagerly at the coffee.

“Good huh?”

Sam nodded and Dean let him drink for a few minutes then pulled the teat out, enjoying the cute pout Sam always gave him.

“Dean!”

“Move over, you hedonistic little doufus,” Dean said, climbing onto the bed next to Sam. “You've gotten all 'touch me', 'feed me', fuck me', recently!”

“You complaining?” Sam shot back grinning as he pulled Dean's hand towards him and latched onto the teat again.

“No.” Dean replied, caressing Sam's hair, pushing it out of his eyes. “I'm not complaining. You want some more. I brought double coffees just in case.”

“Uh-huh,” Sam nodded, rolling back onto his stomach again.

When Sam had wolfed down the second coffee and the bites of pancake Dean fed to him with his fingers, he left Sam to snuggle happily into the covers while he rinsed out the feeding bottle and grabbed the baby bag.

“How come you're not complaining about your wet diaper? I assume it's wet anyway,” Dean asked.

“Mm. I feel so good this morning that not even a wet diaper can spoil it.”

“Man, if this is what you're like when we're back on the road, I'm all for abandoning the bunker for good.”

“Maybe we could think about it,” Sam answered thoughtfully. “It's never felt like home to me anyway.”

“Yeah well. Lift your ass. Let's get this off.”
Dean slipped the changing sheet under Sam's buttocks and undid the tags that held the diaper tight around Sam's slim hips.

"Yup. That's one wet diaper, Sammy," Dean observed before dropping it in the plastic trash bag he kept on hand. 
He busied himself washing off the residual pee, smirking as Sam's cock hardened at his touch. 
"Your cock's more awake than you this morning, dude!"

"After being imprisoned in a diaper all night it likes to come out to play!" Sam grinned. 
"Very funny," Dean replied. "Get your ass off the bed and take a visit to the head before I get you washed and diapered up again."

Sam reluctantly got off the bed and with his bare ass wiggling enticingly, he shuffled into the bathroom.

Dean quickly took care of Sam, washing him thoroughly, passing the baby crème accurately around his cock and balls and closing him up tightly in a dry diaper.

He quelled the ever-present urge to fuck his baby brother. They didn't have time now, they had to check out and get back on the road again, but there would be plenty of opportunities along the way to their next stop.

Dean was in a hurry to get to the Grand Canyon. He and Sam had been all round the US yet they'd missed out on that. This time they'd finally make it. 
"Get in the car Sam. I'll check us out."

Sam rolled his eyes, though he was flattered in a way at Dean's jealousy, for even if his brother denied it, Sam knew it for what it was. It was the reason Dean was forever pushing him to get into the car.
Dean didn't want anyone else looking at him and Sam's cock twitched in its padded prison at the thought of his brother's possessiveness.

It was well into late afternoon when Dean drew the car into a wooded parking area. They were in the middle of nowhere and not a car had passed them on the narrow country road.

Without saying a word, he cupped Sam's neck and pulled his little brother to him, his lips taking control of Sam's mouth and demanding to be let in.
Sam opened up willingly, letting Dean's tongue explore his mouth with long slow kisses until they broke apart panting.

"God, Sam. You don't realise what you do to me. "
"You need to stop saying that, Dean! I know exactly how you feel!" Sam replied lifting his face to his brother. "Now kiss me again. "

And Dean did, running his hand down Sam's cotton-covered chest to his groin.
"You peed yet, Sammy?" Dean asked breathlessly.

"Uh, nah."

Dean unzipped Sam's jeans and inserted his hand down the front of the diaper.
"Do it now when I'm kissing you, baby, " he whispered, his mouth coming down hard again on
The fingers splayed along his cock squeezed gently, and Sam let go, his warm piss bubbling over Dean's hand, while his big brother's lips and tongue, made his nerve endings sing in arousal. The satisfaction of emptying his bladder while Dean held his cock and drove him mad with his kisses, was one of the most erotic things Sam had ever experienced.

“God, Sammy. You are such a cock-tease. You drive me fucking mad. Get out of the car, I'm gonna bury myself in your ass, right here, right now!”

Sam wanted that more than anything and he got out and waited for Dean to tell him what to do. But Dean wasn't in the mood to be inventive.

He pulled Sam's jeans down around his feet and bent him over the hood of the Impala. He slipped his hand around the diaper and ripped it off leaving Sam's bare ass peeking out from under his shirt.

Dean took a moment to admire his baby brother's perfection, before undoing his own jeans and letting his cock bob free. He reached for the lube and worked Sam's ass-hole open, swallowing in panting anticipation as he twisted and turned his fingers.

When his cock entered Sam's hole, it felt like coming home. Like this was why he lived and breathed, and when he thrust ever harder, his orgasm lifted him to the dizzy heights being inside Sam always brought him to.

When his pleasure filtered down, he drew out his cock and replaced it with a small butt-plug, just to keep in his come. He needed to leave his mark on Sam, and the black hub of the plug between Sam's cheeks was such a pretty sight for his eyes.

He turned Sam over on the hood and palmed his brother's velvet-hard cock. His little brother was trembling on the edge of orgasm from the sensations Dean's cock, and now the butt plug in his ass were delivering. Dean leaned over to kiss him, covering his body with his own, stroking Sam's cock until Sam gasped against his mouth and his come spurted into Dean's hand.

“Sorry Sammy,” Dean whispered into his hair “But I'll take my time and make you moan like a whore tonight.”

“Promises, promises,” Sam breathed into his mouth. Dean grinned and cleaned himself up as best he could, then made Sam stretch out on the changing sheet and tended to him before wrapping his plugged ass up in a dry diaper.

The Impala hadn't been more than ten minutes on the road when Sam's head slid onto Dean's shoulder causing him to glance down affectionately at the tousled head. He dropped a kiss there, before concentrating all his attention on the road, his brother a comforting weight against his side.

TBC
A Second Dose

Dean studied his sleeping brother's face, tenderness and lust alternating themselves in his green eyes. Even in his own mind that seemed a odd mix, but one that Sam embodied perfectly. Part of Dean wanted to eternally baby him, while another eternally fuck him. Whichever way he looked at it, he finally concluded, Sam was a living breathing aphrodisiac.

As he stared, Sam's eyes blinked open.
“Hey,” he whispered.
“Sorry, dude. Did I wake you?” Dean asked guiltily.

“Na, I always wake up when I need to go.”
“Well, then, don't let me stop you.” the elder Winchester smirked.

Sam rolled his eyes, well aware of how filling his diaper turned Dean on.

His big brother inched forward to capture Sam's lips with his own, at first lightly brushing them, before deepening the kiss and causing Sam's pulse to flutter erratically. When he pulled back, Dean's eyes had taken on a darker hue. “Let it all out, baby, You know how much I like it,” his big brother coaxed, leaning in again to kiss Sam.

His little brother's lips opened welcomingly to let Dean's tongue in, entwining it with his own, sending a peak of desire down his spine, straight to his cock.

And when Sam felt Dean's hand come down to cup the diaper between his legs, he surrendered to the twin stimuli of Dean's kiss and the need to pee, the hand on his groin adding to the languorous relaxation of his body as the stream of piss filled his diaper.

It was a sensation he couldn't have described, a sensation that was reserved solely for him, that only Dean could give him.
As his bladder emptied and Sam's desire augmented, the plug in his ass came into play and by the time the last drops of liquid were absorbed by the padded confines of the diaper, the arousal in his body had grown to boiling point.
“Dean,” he gasped into his big brother's mouth. “I need........”

“It's okay, Sammy. I've gotcha.”
Dean moved away, leaving Sam oddly bereft of his brother's closeness.

“Dean...” Sam repeated.

Dean moved down the bed and undid the tags holding the sodden diaper, allowing Sam's engorged cock to bob free.
The glimpse of the black plug peeking out from between Sam's buttocks caused his own cock to mirror his younger brother's.
But Sam needed him, his baby came first.

He quickly procured a wet towel from the bathroom and cleaned Sam off.
Without offering a word he took Sam's cock in his mouth, gratified when his little brother let out a low urgent moan.
Dean held the cock still, neither sucking nor pumping, just warming it in his mouth until Sam cried out. "Dean, please. I need you to make me come.”
Only then did Dean make full use of all his talent, his lush lips and stroking tongue combining to
give Sam a mind-fucking blow-job.

He lifted his head from Sam's cock for a moment to delay orgasm and get his brother to draw his legs up, legs which he pushed apart to get a better view of the butt-plug. As his mouth dropped back around his baby brother's cock, his hand caressed and tickled the sensitive rim of his sibling's ass-hole, going on to twist the tail-end of the plug, stimulating Sam's back passage without pulling the plug out completely, not wanting the imprisoned come from yesterday to spill out.

Dean had every intention of adding to the amount of milky liquid in Sam's ass as soon as Sam orgasmed, which he soon did; his long lean body trembling as Dean's mouth delivered him to the momentary heaven that came with it.

Dean revelled in the rush he received every time he gave his brother this. However he'd waited long enough. Sam was still working down from his after-glow, his cock softening, when Dean slipped the plug from Sam's temporary loose ass and replaced it with his weeping cock.

He was oblivious to Sam's gasp; aware only of the sensation of 'home' his cock transmitted when he entered his brother's body; aware only of the raging desire that swept through him; of the primeval need to pound into Sam; to dominate him; to make sure Sam belonged only to him, now and forever, and as the crescendo of need hit its apex, he delivered another dose of come to Sam's ass.

A deep growl left his throat as pleasure overwhelmed him, his pulsing cock inside his baby brother making him feel invincible, untouchable! That was the effect Sam had on him.

He savoured the moment before reluctantly pulling out and replacing the plug in his sibling's ass.

He glanced up at Sam who was watching him, eyes glazed. “I orgasm and you get all emo. That's weird even for you Sam.”

Sam shrugged, “We are so fucked up, Dean. Nothing makes sense any more.” “Hey!” Dean scowled laying his body over Sam's. “Does it matter? As long as we're okay with it, that's all that's important.”

He kissed Sam's eyes, the salty taste of tears bitter on his tongue. “What brought on the water-works anyway? You know we can stop at any time. Go back to being regular brothers again. Scrap the sex.”

“No, it's not that,” Sam replied. “It's just that I like all this TOO much and maybe....” Dean didn't let him finish. “Shh..! We can go into the ethics of it later. Right now I want to get you cleaned up and diapered. Then I'll feed you a bottle. You'll feel better after.”:

Before long Sam was cuddled in Dean's strong arms, a fresh diaper imprisoning his cock and balls and the teat of a feeding bottle in his mouth. He nursed contented, the warm milk comforting him.

Here he was safe. His big brother loved and cared for him down to feeding him as a mother would, not that he had any memory of his own except for a brief conversation with her ghost and a quick visit to the past.
where he'd died once again, that time at Anna's hand.

He emptied his mind of all the pain and sorrow he'd endured and gave himself over to the here and now.

Dean levelled a fond kiss to his forehead, going on to nuzzle his hair and Sam felt utterly at peace. When Dean pulled the teat from his mouth, Sam whined in disappointment.

“Stop it, “ he heard Dean chuckle.”There's more where this came from.”

Sam smiled up at him.

“Here suck on this until I bring back a refill for my greedy little bro.”

Sam huffed but latched on to the proffered pacifier that Dean waggled over his face. He sucked absent-mindedly, wet little noises coming from his mouth as his cheeks hollowed and filled in rhythm.

Before long Dean reappeared, a full bottle in hand.

“Here you are, princess,“ he teased waving the bottle mischievously. “But don't ask for more 'cos it's the middle of the night and a guy as pretty as me needs his beauty sleep.”

Sam snorted through his feeding, almost choking on the milk, but he couldn't deny that Dean was as pretty as they make them, though he'd never admit THAT to his already vain big brother.

The warm milk was making him drowsy and he snuggled in even closer to Dean, wondering what it would have felt like had Dean been able to nourish him as a real mother could. And on that note he fell asleep, a thin stream of milk bubbling around his lips as Dean pulled out the teat and placed the bottle on the side-table.

The elder Winchester slipped out from behind Sam and accompanied his brother's tousled head onto the pillow, staring down at him before bending over to lick the excess milk from Sam's lips with the tip of his tongue.

His brother was naked except for the diaper circling his hips. Like Sam, Dean wasn't quite sure how it had gotten to this, yet he was thankful that it had.

He loved to baby Sam, feed him, change him, fuck him.

Tomorrow they would move on, the Grand Canyon was still a couple of days away. The Impala could have gotten them there more rapidly, but they had all the time in the world; he'd take it slow, enjoy the journey without having to worry about a hunt at the end of it.

He hadn't mentioned seeing Crowley outside the bunker, but as long as the douche-bag kept out of their way, there was no need to worry Sam.

He curled his body around his baby brother and let the oblivion of sleep overcome him.

TBC
“Come on, Sam. Let me do it,” Dean wheedled.
“I don’t need bangs. I’m not a kid any more, Dean,” Sam bitched, his cute pout not doing much to give credence to his words.
“You’re wearing a diaper and you feed from a bottle. That kinda shouts out KID.” Dean shrugged.

Sam’s cheeks flushed fetchingly but his voice was anything but childish when he answered.
“That’s different and you know it.”

“Don’t quite see how, but I can’t tie you down, dude. Though the idea’s pretty hot,” Dean winked.

“It wouldn’t be the first time,” Sam murmured.

“I heard that! And don’t play the bashful maiden, ‘cos you loved every minute.”
“Whatever, Dean. Just so long as you shut up.”

This was the brothers’ last stop over. Tomorrow they would get to admire the breathtaking view of the Grand Canyon, and after the days cooped up in the Impala, Dean had every intention of enjoying it to the full. Sam had been working out itineraries and Dean had no doubts his baby brother would be as precise about that as he was with digging out lore for hunts.

“Gonna go and grab some food from that place we passed as we came into the parking lot. If I don’t put something in my stomach soon, I’m gonna collapse. You want anything special, dude,” Dean asked, opening the door.

Sam huffed. “If you don’t know what I like by now, Dean….” he replied without taking his eyes from the screen of the lap-top.

“Well, double burger with double cheese and extra onions it is then!”
Sam rolled his eyes, ignoring him.

Dean’s lips twitched in a smile. Baiting his brother had to be the one of the best things ever, well next to the kinky sex they had going, to which just about everything took second place. He was so wrapped up in his pleasurable thoughts he almost didn’t notice the familiar black-coated figure staring at him from the far side of the Impala. Almost!

“What the fuck do you want, Crowley? Why is it I’m seeing your ugly mug around all the time?”

“Dean, Dean. Ever the gentleman! It’s a free world. I can go wherever I want. And if I want to keep an eye out for your perky ass, I will.”

“Listen, Crowley. I don’t know what your little game is but the next time I see you I’m gonna enjoy filleting you with my kn……”

He didn’t manage to get the all words out before Crowley clicked his fingers and Dean found
himself flattened against the Impala.

“Just who do you think you’re dealing with, Squirrel? You and Moose are still alive simply because I don’t want you dead yet, but even my patience has a limit!” the king of hell snarled.

“Now here’s the thing. I know what you two are up to and I want in on it, the whole works, little Sammy, the diapers, the lot.”

Dean’s face took on a horrified expression.

“Don’t look so virginal, Dean. You’re fucking your brother and kinky with it. I just want to watch now and then. That’s not too much to ask, is it? In return I’ll get all my demons to leave you alone, even give you the heads up if there’s something you’ve got problems with. There’s an extensive library down in hell. I’m sure Sam would frolic in delight if he saw it. What do you say, Dean? Is it a deal?”

The crushing weight that held him against his Baby was lifted from his chest and he took a step forward only to be stopped in his tracks again by Crowley’s power.

“No way!” Dean hissed. “If you think I’d let you anywhere near my brother, you’re friggin’ crazy. Go find yourself something else to get your rocks off on.”

“I’ll give you time to think it over,” Crowley declared calmly. “But if you refuse, I can make life very painful for you and Sam. And as I’ve got a soft spot for you Winchesters, I’d be really sorry to have to do it.”

The time to blink and Crowley was gone.

Dean collapsed against the Impala, whatever he’d been expecting from the demon, it hadn’t been anything like this.

He could hardly get his mind around it.

Crowley seriously thought he’d let him watch while he and Sam had sex. The very idea made him want to puke. What he and Sam had was theirs and no-one else's!!

He’d have to tell Sam. There was no way he could avoid it, but not tonight. Tomorrow would be time enough to ruin his baby brother’s day.

The table was strewn with empty food cartons and coffee cups.

Dean’s stomach was full, and even Sam had downed his rabbit food with enthusiasm.

He circled the back of his brother’s chair and wrapped his arms around him, burying his face in Sam’s hair. He pushed Crowley’s threat to the back of his mind. He had more pleasurable things to do, like caring for his baby brother.

“You ready to for your bottle, Sammy? I’ve been waiting all day to get my hands on you,” Dean whispered in his ear.

“Dean,” Sam huffed. “No-one’s been stopping you.”

“I know, but sometimes you gotta stop and smell the roses.”

“That’s ridiculous, dude,” Sam replied. “Since when have you been shy about making a move on me?”

“I was just waiting until you filled that diaper to the brim.”

“Well, you’ve had your wish. If you don’t change me pronto, I’m gonna flood the room.”
“Hnnm. Get on the bed then. Let me take a look,” Dean hummed in his best bedroom voice. Sam’s cock twitched to life in its damp prison. Dean hadn’t changed him since this morning when they’d gotten into the Impala.

He was more than overdue, but that was Dean’s call. Sam would just lie back and let his big brother do his thing, enjoying every moment as Dean’s hands played with his body.

With practised efficiency Dean spread the changing sheet under Sam’s ass and began to peel back the sticky tags that held the diaper around Sam’s narrow hips, grinning as Sam’s cock bobbed free.

“Little Sammy was sure happy to get out of there.”

“Well, he was swimming in pee,” Sam grunted, “You’d be happy too!”

“Come on, bitch at me a little more, Sammy. You know I love it.”

“Shut up, you moron!”

“You really need a shower to get back to squeaky cleanliness,” Dean observed dropping the heavy diaper in the trash. “But there’s no harm in a little fore-play!”

He stripped off and lay down next to his brother on the bed. Their faces turned towards each other, lips trembling in anticipation of their touch. No matter how often they kissed or had sex, the thrill when skin brushed skin was always the same.

Dean pushed back Sam’s floppy hair, his mouth on his brother’s, the heat building like a furnace, arousal spreading like a dull roar through their bellies. In a mirror dance, two hands went to search out the other’s cock.

With a low growl Dean abandoned Sam’s lips to dip his head under his sibling’s long neck. He sucked noisily, wanting to leave his mark, and his baby brother’s moans as he stimulated the nerve endings of the soft skin with his moist lips, flamed the red-hot fire in his loins.

Caught up in the overwhelming need to orgasm, hands pumped rock-hard cocks. With a whimper, Sam peaked, followed quickly by his brother, their milky come spurting over fingers and palms.

Indifferent to his splattered hand, Dean crushed his brother to his chest.

“Sammy,” he croaked. “What you do to me is out of this world.”

Sam could do no more than huff contentedly into his big brother’s neck, so tight was Dean’s hold on him. “Don’t think it isn’t as good for me, dude.”

“Yeah, I know,” Dean murmured.

“You really need that shower, princess.” Dean wrinkled his nose. “We both do.”

His hands soaped their way over Sam’s lean body, his eyes admiring the flat planes and hard muscles.

San rested his head against the tiled wall of the cubicle, happy to let his big brother cosset him. If they hadn’t just jerked off on the bed, he’d have pushed Dean’s hands away, knelt and taken his
big brother’s cock in his mouth, but he was drowsy and he wanted his feed.

"There we go, Sammy,” Dean announced turning the water off. "Shiny as a new pin again.” Dean dried his sibling then wrapped the towel around his own waist. "Let’s get you diapered and fed.”

Sam sank back on the bed and opened his legs, waiting for Dean to massage the baby cream into the tender skin of his groin. He adored the feel of Dean’s calloused hands on him, spreading the cool paste over the sensitive areas, and if at times a coo of satisfaction emanated from lips, Dean never let on.

The elder Winchester loved this moment too. Sam spread out in anticipation of his touch was highly erotic and Dean eked the changing ritual out as long as he could, tickling his brother’s ass-hole and rimming it with dollops of cream. The sight was so inviting that Dean had to school himself not to take advantage of the well lubed little hole, but he’d learned how to wait for his fix.

“Lift your ass, Sammy,” he said when he was satisfied, slipping a fresh diaper under his brother and tapering it closed. “You just relax while I get your feed.”

Sam grunted, he had no intention of moving. He stretched luxuriously on the bed, eyes closed in satisfaction, waiting on his brother.

“Scoot over, dude,” Dean urged. Instead of taking up his usual position of sitting with his back to the bed-head, he tucked an arm under Sam’s head and put the teat to his baby’s lips.

“That’s it Sammy,” Dean encouraged as Sam eagerly accepted the bottle, his mossy eyes meeting his big brother’s green ones, soliciting a smile and a warm kiss to his fore-head. For a while, the only sound in the room was the quiet glugging as Sam sucked down the milk.

"Want more?” At Sam’s nod, Dean rolled off the bed to go for a re-fill, only to be held back by Sam’s big hand on his arm.

“I love you, Dean.” “You better, bitch,” Dean smirked. “It’s not everyone who gets to be babied by the awesome Dean Winchester!” Sam stuck out his tongue and Dean chuckled.

By the time Sam had polished off the second serving, his eyes were sleep-heavy.

Dean grabbed the pacifier and put it to Sam’s lips which opened to accept it. He burrowed into his big brother’s arms like a small child and Dean swallowed down the lump that formed in his throat. Sam was his all; child, partner, lover.

Dean thought back to what Crowley had said. Tomorrow, he’d have to tell Sam, then they’d need to come up with an idea to kick the demon in
the ass.
As he glanced at his sleeping brother, he vowed nothing or nobody would ever come between them.
While Sam slept the sleep of the just in his arms, the silence of the room interrupted only by the whiffles of his little brother's occasional pulls on the pacifier, Dean lay awake.

Although he'd hidden it behind his best 'fuck off' expression while confronting Crowley, Dean had been devastated by the idea of the demon knowing anything about his and Sam's sexual relationship, and the image of Crowley being an onlooker to their effusions was revolting to say the least.

But the truth was, it'd be almost impossible for them to avoid Crowley. The king of Hell was street-wise, astute and crafty, as well as being a powerful demon. It would be difficult to keep him from carrying out his threats. Even barricading themselves in the bunker couldn't guarantee their safety. Then they couldn't stay locked in for eternity.

He found himself considering his options. If he did let Crowley sit in as a one-off, maybe the demon would be happy with that and fuck off to annoy some other poor schmuck.

Sam stirred in his hold. His baby brother would never be on board with this, Dean was aware. But maybe he could come up with some way of getting around that if the worst came to the worst.

Closing his eyes, he let sleep overcome him. Tomorrow he'd deal with this latest problem. He'd fix it, like he always did.

“Morning sunshine,” he offered, lifting heavy eyelids to find Sam gazing at him, the pacifier hanging loosely from his mouth like some half-smoked cigarette. With a smile, Dean pulled it away and pressed his lips to his baby's. “Sleep well?” he asked.

“Uh-huh. Always do when you hold me close,” Sam yawned, looking totally adorable in Dean's eyes.

Sliding a hand down inside Sam's diaper, Dean hummed. “Seem's dry.”

“You could just have asked me if I pissed during the night,” Sam pouted.

“It's my job to look after you Sammy, and that means hands-on.” Dean waggled a cautionary finger at him.


The older man huffed. “Yeah, there's still one made up. Only needs heated.” He shrugged out of
bed and popped the bottle in the microwave.

Sam enjoyed the sight of his brother's naked butt as Dean waited for the oven to do its work.
“Have I ever told you how superb your ass is?” Sam said.

“Many times, baby bro. Many times.”

The ping sounded and Dean settled himself back on the bed, Sam's lips grasped the rubber teat, while his hand sought out his big brother's cock, jiggling with its softness while he guzzled down the white liquid.

Dean laid his head back on the pillow, enjoying Sam's light touches to his genitals. His baby brother liked to play with his cock and balls as if they were toys, at least while Sam was nursing.

But Dean's thoughts went back to his conversation with Crowley. He had no doubts that the demon would be back. He sighed. Maybe today he'd be lucky and Crowley would be overthrown by some aspiring pretender to his demonic throne.

Sam however was instinctively attuned to Dean's moods, and liberating his mouth from the sweet liquid he asked. “Something bothering you, Dean?”

“Na. Nothing for you to worry your pretty little head about, Sammy,” his older brother replied reassuringly, though he was anything but reassured himself.

“Come on, cupcake,” Dean grinned when his brother had gulped down his milk. “Today you get to piss in the head, like the big boys.”

Sam gave a mouthy pout.

“What? You've done nothing but complain about how much you hate a wet diaper and now you don't want to big-boy pee. All these times I've been letting you use the bathroom since we left the bunker should be making you happy,” Dean said, pretending surprise.

“I've kinda got used to it now,” Sam mumbled, a flush tingeing his cheeks.

Dean rolled his eyes, but he couldn't deny that Sam had gotten used to so many kinky things since they'd first begun this strange relationship.

Rolling over to straddle his sibling, Dean ripped open the tabs holding the diaper, freeing his brother's groin.

“Off you go,” he said, laying a hefty slap on Sam's derrière as he lifted off the bed.

“Ow!” Sam whined.

“Then wait for me. I gotta give your butt plug a little attention.”

Dean had plugged Sam the other day, his come imprisoned inside the younger man's ass-hole.
He'd been intending to fill Sam's ass again today, but this affair with Crowley had upset all his plans. Better to take it out and get ready for whatever the day brought.

Sam wiggled his butt and Dean grinned. His brother was even beginning to act like a kid.

With Sam bent over in the shower, ass in the air, his hands holding him steady against the tiles, Dean splayed his little brother's ass-cheeks, feeling the heat rush through him as the erotic sight of a black toy protruding from Sam's hole made his cock stand to almost immediate attention. “Fuck, Sam. Too bad you can't see yourself, how fucking sexy you are.”

“I have,” Sam reminded him. “You've practically filled an album with pics of my ass.”

Dean huffed. “I took a couple. Don't exaggerate!”

His hand went to the plug, anticipating what would happen, his own come dribbling out as he extracted it, and he nearly orgasmed at the thought of what he was doing to Sam, to his brother, filling him with some of himself, blocking it in with a plug. A part of him resting within his brother, when, where, and for however long he, Dean Winchester, desired.

Immersed in a libidinous world of his own, Dean began to ease out the plug, watching entranced as yesterday's come dripped down the underside of Sam's balls to pool on the floor of the shower. Once removed, Sam's hole was lax, an open invitation to sink himself once more into his brother. As Dean had never been one to refuse such an explicit invitation, he lined up his rock-hard cock and pressed in the tip, waiting for the passage to accommodate the intrusion, intrusion made far easier now with the extraction of the plug.

Dean had never felt anything like it with the occasional fucks he'd had with women. This was... well......! Dean didn't have words. Just knowing it was Sam's body holding his cock so warm and tight, was mind-blowing.

He began to thrust, the plug falling from his nerveless fingers to the shower floor as he took his pleasure from his brother's ass-hole, cresting to a heart-stopping orgasm, during which he cried out his brother's name.

Washed and diapered, Dean left his brother to browse his lap-top, while he went off to get them some breakfast. Pulling the door closed behind him, he made his way to the Impala, hoping Crowley would have found something more interesting to occupy his time than wanting to play creepy voyeur to him and Sam.

Unfortunately, it seemed Crowley hadn't, as the black-coated figure appeared in front of him. “Dean.” “Fuck off, Crowley!”

“There's no need to use foul language, squirrel. So, have you given my proposal any thought?”
“Look, what exactly is it you want?” Dean bitched.

“I just want to sit in now and then, like a Winchester porn peep-show. You're both lookers, great bodies, plus the kinky-coo. All quite inviting, wouldn't you say, Deano? Then consider the perks. My demons will leave you alone, and I'll pass on any info I get from my spies. What I'm offering is well worth a front seat at the Winchester show, “ Crowley finished off.

“And don't get any ideas about trapping me or getting near enough to use a blade. I'm not stupid enough not to have taken precautions.”

Dean sent him a glare than could've killed outright.
“If I was to agree to a one-off. What guarantee do I have that you'll get off our backs.”

“You don't. But I'm a a demon of my word. When I make a deal I don't break it.”

“But what do you get out of this, “ Dean asked, confused. “You never seen two guys fucking before?”

“Plenty,” Crowley leered, “ but never two Winchesters. So is it a deal? I would say cross my heart and hope to die, but it seems kinda superfluous given my job. I'll even check you into a decent hotel, where we can be more comfortable.”

“Listen. If I say yes to this. You only watch, no speaking, no noise, and Sam doesn't get to know anything about it.”

“You gonna blindfold Moosie? I like how you think, Dean. Deal?”

Dean nodded. “But you try anything and I swear I'll kill you.”

Crowley looked offended. “I made a deal. I won't break it.
tbc

Chapter End Notes

Just to let you guys know I don't have a beta, so if you notice any glaring grammatical errors and such, don't be shy about letting me know. Thanks.
“Tomorrow night,” Dean hissed. “And not a sound. It's 'look but don't touch'. You got that?”

“Whatever, squirrel, though touching one's self is permitted, I hope,” Crowley declared testily.

The demon wondered why he was even having this conversation. If he wanted, he could force the Winchesters to his will, but having them fuck voluntarily for his enjoyment was far more libidinous.

“You can cut off your dick for all I care as long as you keep quiet. Be there at nine. You come, you watch, then you vanish, “ Dean said.

“I already told you I don't welch on my deals, but if you invite me to join in, I won't say no.”

“Never gonna happen, “ Dean growled.

With a cheeky grin, the demon vanished.

Dean sighed. Now to make sure Sam didn't have to find out creepy Crowley was gonna get his rocks off watching them.

It was a quarter to nine when Dean came up behind his seated brother and slipped the black sleep-mask over his tousled head.

“Dean. What the hell?” Sam exclaimed, surprised.

“Uh. I'm feeling kinda kinky tonight,” his sibling murmured, settling the soft pads gently over Sam's eyes. “I'm gonna feed, change and fuck you blindfolded, and with earplugs. Everything will feel much more intense.”

“But Dean....”

“Shh baby,” he replied, running his tongue along Sam's ear. “I want you to enjoy every second. Just let me do all the work

Sam turned his face up towards him, shaking his head a little. “Okay, I guess.”

Leaning in further Dean gave his blindfolded brother a kiss. “That's my boy. You're gonna really enjoy this, I swear.”
At five to nine, Sam was laid out flat on the bed, still fully dressed, but with his eyes bended and a pair of plugs blocking his hearing.

“You know, Dean. This is kinda nice; peaceful and quiet.”

There was no comment on Dean's part, Sam was deaf to the world, but he took the three steps to the bed and gave his brother a passionate kiss, just to let him know he was right there at his side.

Sam gave a satisfied huff and Dean went back to fixing the teat on Sam's bottle, consoled by the fact that his little brother would be spared any humiliation caused by the demon's presence.

At nine o'clock on the dot Crowley appeared in the motel room to be greeted by Dean's baleful glare. If looks could kill, the demon would be dust.

Dean nodded to the chair he'd placed in the corner furtherest from the bed, but with a twist of Crowley's fingers the chair was silently transported right to where Dean was standing, baby bottle in hand.

Well, what was done, was done, Dean grunted to himself. Might as well get it over with.

Turning away from the demon, the older Winchester pushed up on the bed, and settling Sam comfortably on his chest, he put the teat to his baby brother's lips.

Sam latched on eagerly, his cheeks hollowing as he drew in the sweet white liquid.

The feeding had become second nature, and it gave both the feeder and the fed a pleasure that bordered on erotic.

Though tempted to throw a glance at the demon, Dean held back. He wasn't going to give Crowley the satisfaction of acknowledging him at all.

If he had sneaked a peek though, Dean would have seen Crowley absolutely fascinated by the sight.

The demon hadn't known quite what to expect but judging by the start, it was going to be an eye-opening night.

He watched Sam suckle at the bottle as if he was a baby and not a seasoned hunted, and for the life of him Crowley couldn't understand why he found it so arousing. Clearly his cock did too, going by the expanding bulge in his made to measure pants.

If the Winchesters had been alone, there would have been more going on, but he understood Dean was going with the bare minimum, not that Crowley could blame him. He'd never really expected Dean to agree in the first place.
It didn't take long for Sam to empty the bottle, and with milky lips he stretched up an arm and pulled Dean's head down, the tip of his tongue tracing his brother's mouth before pressing against it in a hard kiss.

Crowley thought his cock was going to burst out of his pants. He'd pictured the brothers kissing and more, but the real thing was way beyond any imagination. They were both such hot guys.

“Gotta pee,” Sam was saying as Crowley's attention was drawn back to the two stretched out on the bed. “Hold my cock, Dean, you know how much it turns me on.”

Still ignoring the demon's presence entirely, Dean let Sam's head fall back on the pillow and bent forward to undo the waistband of his brother's jeans.

Crowley caught a glimpse of white, under which Dean slipped his hand. Sam mewed in pleasure as his big brother fisted his cock, covering the little opening at the crown with his thumb.

With a happy puff, Sam let loose, his pee inundating both his diaper and Dean's hand.

Crowley's hand went to his groin. There was nothing he hadn't indulged in, as far as sex was concerned, but there was something lustfully erotic about what he was watching here.

So far Dean hadn't said a word. Sam was doing all the talking, unaware that there was a third person in the room.

“Dean,” Sam called out. “Is something wrong? You always kiss me when I'm peeing.”

Dean bent forward and caught his brother's lips, Sam's arms coming up to hold him close and proceeding to ravish his mouth.

Dean didn't want to give Crowley any more than the basics, but at the same time, he couldn't let Sam think there was anything wrong.

He grabbed the pacifier from the side table and put it to Sam's mouth. At least this way, his little brother would be quiet.

Slipping off the bed, he pulled down Sam's pants, leaving the diaper in plain sight while he gathered up his baby stuff and set to cleaning up his brother.

When he stripped the wet diaper off, Sam's cock rose in all its magnificence, and a perverse part of Dean’s sexuality was proud that Crowley got to see just how well-hung his baby brother was.
Sam got with the routine, lifting his ass as Dean put a towel beneath it. Part of the deal was that he'd fuck his brother for Crowley's 'pleasure', then the demon would go.

After washing and patting Sam's genitals dry, Dean took a liberal amount of lube and began fingerling Sam's hole. His baby brother showed his appreciation by either chugging faster on his pacifier or slowing down until it was close to falling from his lips.

Now Dean's only aim was to get this over with and get rid of Crowley.

He unzipped his pants and freed his cock, his traitorous dick strangely unaffected by Crowley's presence, and lined it up to his brother's ass.

Taking hold of Sam's thighs, first caressing, then parting them wide, he began to push gently into the tight hole, the familiar arousal mixed to wonder bubbling through his body like a powerful torrent.

He pushed in slowly until his width was surrounded by his brother's flesh. They were one now, in body and in soul.

All thoughts of creepy Crowley watching disappeared when he began to pump.

The pacifier fell from Sam's lips as he hissed at the sensations, an arousing mix of discomfort and pleasure now that Dean was inside him.

With one hand on Sam's thigh for support, the other went to fist his sibling's engorged cock.

Dean timed the well-oiled sequence perfectly, coming inside his brother just as Sam peaked in orgasm, a moan of pleasure erupting from his throat.

Dean rode out his orgasm, but still no word passed his lips. He drew out carefully from Sam's ass, though he usually liked to linger, to enjoy their joining, but tonight was different.

When he stood back and gave a peek to where Crowley had been sitting, the chair was empty.

Thank god for small mercies, Dean thought to himself. Now all he had to hope for was that the demon would hold up his side of the deal.

tbc
No Deal

Sam was asleep. Fed and diapered, his baby brother had quickly surrendered to Dean’s insistence that he needed his rest.

Giving his sleeping brother one last satisfied glance, he pushed open the motel room door and stepped out into the cool evening air.

Breathing in a mouthful, he strolled over to the Impala and caressed her hood, gleaming black beneath the nearby street light. ‘Hey, Baby. Sammy’s fast asleep. Thought I’d come out and keep you company for a while.’

‘Crowley!’ Dean grunted as the demon appeared before him. ‘You just can’t keep away, can you? What do you want now? You’re not gonna weasel out of our deal?’

‘Nope. I just wanted to say I found the experience with you and Moose, seriously…entertaining, and I wouldn’t mind sitting in again sometime.’

‘Forget it, Crowley! Once was more than enough. Now if you wouldn’t mind, I’ve got better things to do than waste my time talking to you.’

The demon smirked. ‘Tell the truth, Dean. Didn’t me looking on increase your pleasure? Showing off your pretty little brother must have given your libido an extra boost.’

‘You’re wrong, Crowley. I get plenty satisfaction when it’s just me and Sam. I don’t need a third wheel to hold my hand.’

‘Ah, Dean, you don’t have vision! Just think how much more pleasurable it would be for little Sammy if while you fucked him, I gave him a blow job.’

‘And just think how much more pleasurable it would be for me to put an angel blade through your ugly hide!’

Dean’s features were dark and threatening, and Crowley backed away. ‘Can’t blame a demon for trying. I have a thing for kink and what you and Moose have going hits all the right spots.’

‘I’m sure you can manage to set up a nursery of your own down in hell,’ Dean drawled sarcastically. ‘There must be plenty of demons ready to satisfy all your urges in exchange for favours.’

With an offended grunt, Crowley teleported away, leaving Dean on his own.

He sighed. Letting Crowley sit in had been a mistake, but still, he trusted the demon enough to consider he’d keep his side of the deal.

Thing was, Dean didn’t have the same urge to hunt as he’d once had. Looking after this new clingy Sam filled his world now. He loved taking care of his little brother. Loved that Sam had gifted him
the opportunity to do so in this unique way.

Taking a last look around, he sauntered back to the room.

Opening the door, he found himself caught in a full body hug from a jittery little brother. ‘Dean. I woke up and you weren’t there. I had this nightmare where you’d disappeared and I couldn’t find you.’ Sam gasped.

‘Hey. It’s okay. I went out for a breath of fresh air. I was only away a few minutes. Come on, let’s get you back to bed, baby.’

‘Only if you come too,’ Sam replied.

‘Where else am I gonna go?’ Dean smiled pulling Sam’s head down for a gentle kiss. ‘I’m never gonna leave you, Sammy. You should know that by now.’

‘Maybe,’ Sam replied. ‘But that doesn’t mean someone else couldn’t spirit you away.’

Dean twirled his brother round and gave his diapered ass a playful slap. ‘Come on. Let’s go to bed.’

Sam obeyed, lying back on the sheets, watching his brother as he undressed.

‘Come here, Dean,’ he said, once his brother was naked.

Dean padded over to the bedside, just to have Sam twist around, palm his sibling’s cock and bring it to his lips, laying a wet trail along the tip.

‘Hey there, dude! I though you wanted me to get some sleep. That, little brother, is not the way to go.’

But Sam wasn’t listening. His talented mouth made love to his brother’s cock until Dean’s legs began to tremble from the heat in his loins.

‘You gonna let me get on the bed, little brother, before my legs give out.’

A slight shake of Sam’s head told Dean he wasn’t going to stop until his sibling filled his mouth with come.

At which, Dean threw his head back, the better to enjoy what Sam was doing to his cock.

Only when he came with a low drawn out moan, did Sam relinquish his hold, falling back onto the bed, a smile on his face.

‘What was that for?’ Dean asked, savouring the afterglow.

‘Just to remind you what you’d be giving up if you left me.’

Dean rolled his eyes. ‘You’re a tease, you know that don’t you, Sam?’

He climbed onto the bed and pulled his brother into his arms, burying his face in Sam’s herbal-perfumed hair. ‘You’re never gonna get rid of me, little brother. You don’t need to resort to sexual blackmail to keep me here. Though I must say, that was plenty hot.’

Sam snuggled in. ‘We going home tomorrow, Dean? I want to get back to the bunker. I feel safer there.’

‘Wherever you want, Sam. We’ll head back as soon as we’re packed up. And after you’ve had your bottle and been changed.’
‘I drank a lot of milk today, Dean. Guess I’m gonna have a pretty full diaper tomorrow morning.’

Sam’s groin gave a little twitch and a low hiss could be heard in the silence of the room. ‘That’s the first instalment,’ Sam hummed, a mischievous smile on his face.

Dean slipped a hand under his brother’s diaper. It was already pretty wet. He gave Sam’s cock a little caress, but then removed his hand when he saw his baby’s eyes blink closed.

There would be time to pleasure Sammy later. Now they needed to sleep.
Dean awoke to the tickle of his baby brother’s hair on his skin. Sam had in some way managed to snuggle his head beneath Dean’s chin, and the chestnut strands were brushing his face like little ghostly fingers.

He gave an amused chuckle. Back at the bunker, he’d tie his brother’s hair in little bunches. It had the twin advantages of making Sam look even cuter… and of keeping the mass of hair out of the way when they indulged in sex.

He reached out a hand to grab his phone. Six o’clock. There was plenty of time to check out of the motel room before midday. Replacing the phone, he ran his hand down his sibling’s back in a fond caress.

Dean couldn’t remember when he’d been so happy. This new way of life he and Sam had adopted was completely fucked up. Him playing father, mother and lover to a brother who’d allowed himself to take on the persona of a baby while in reality a tall, independent and fully capable adult, was as perverse as it came.

But the pleasure this relationship gave them both was undeniable. Then they didn’t have to answer to anyone except themselves, so fuck it!

At the thought of Sammy having filled his diaper with pee, Dean felt his cock harden. It wasn’t merely the action in itself, although it excited him erotically, but the demonstration of the fact that he had complete control over his baby. Sam was his to pamper and care for as he wished. The feeling of power and exclusiveness it gave the older Winchester was as good as an orgasm.

Right now, he could wake Sam up, and do as he wished with his brother. The beauty of it all was that Sam received as much pleasure being the object of his care as Dean did being the caretaker.

‘Dee,’ a sleepy voice mumbled. ‘I’m wet. You gotta change my diaper.’

Dean laid a kiss on his baby’s head. ‘You just lie back and sleep, kiddo. I’ll tend to you.’ ‘Kay,’ Sam answered sleepily, rolling onto his back and spreading his legs.

He’d done this so often now that allowing Dean full access to his nether regions was automatic.

Fuck, Dean grunted to himself, Sam hadn’t been joking last night, after his overdose of milk, when he prophesised that his diaper would be sodden. In fact, as he threw the offending object into one of the refuse bags he always carried with him, Dean had to confirm Sam’s words. The damn thing weighed a ton!

Expertly, he cleaned his brother up, then rubbed some baby crème into the soft skin of his groin and under his buttocks. Sam, even in sleep, got with the programme, lifting his ass up enough for Dean to pass the sweet-smelling goo there too.

As he looked down at his little brother, Dean couldn’t believe his luck in possessing all this. Sam was so freaking pretty, even in sleep, with the long smoky lashes covering the multi-coloured eyes he loved so much, and his tantalizing body in total abandon.
Finished his baby's ablutions, he ran his index finger around the rim of Sam’s asshole, before pushing it gently in, causing his brother to give a happy snuffle.

Now that Sam was so relaxed, Dean considered inserting the baby-blue anal beads he’d bought from an on-line site that catered for adult babies, into his brother’s hole. Sam preferred them to a butt plug, and especially when they had a car journey, his baby got maximum enjoyment from them thanks to the uneven road surfaces the Impala travelled.

He looked on fascinated as each bead he pushed in was sucked in and enveloped by Sam’s flesh.

When the last bead was safely ensconced between the tight buttocks, Dean threw a last look at the enticing view before slipping a fresh diaper beneath his brother’s ass and taping it up.

Gathering all the baby stuff, he replaced it in the apposite bag, then padded into the bath room and took a long hot shower. Tonight, they’d be back home in the Bunker, and Dean had no intention of leaving it for a long, long, time.

Soon he had everything ready for their departure. All he needed to do was wake Sam, give him his bottle and get him dressed.

He shook a few drops of the warm milk onto his forearm. The temperature was just right. Laying down on the bed next to a still sleeping Sammy, Dean dragged the rubber tip of the bottle over his sibling’s lips. Like a baby bird waiting for his mother to drop a morsel of food into its open beak, Sam parted his lips to suck in the nipple.

‘Hey there, honey,’ Dean whispered. ‘It’s time for you to join the land of the living.’ Sam’s eyes fluttered open, to meet his big brother’s. Around the rubber teat, his lips curved into a smile.

Dean plastered a kiss on his forehead as Sam enjoyed his warm milk.

‘You feel the little something I slipped into your asshole, baby?’ the older man asked. Sam nodded, and smiled again.

Dean grinned at his brother’s antics. When Sam was taking his bottle, only an earthquake would make him spit out the teat.

This was their life now and Dean couldn’t be happier. Just as he knew his big, beautiful, baby was.

The end

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