Light in the Dark

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Archive Warning: Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Rape/Non-Con
Fandom: Supernatural
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Light in the Dark

by Taybay14
Castiel Novak has been running the Novak Slave Trade for over a decade. He's powerful, respected, and ruthless. When training a slave, he's cold, detached, and uncaring. He's the best trainer there is - as he should be, considering his father started teaching Castiel the business as soon as Castiel could walk. In fact, Castiel quit training slaves years ago. It got dull. He'll never take a slave of his own. He's content where he is. His life has routine.

But what will happen when a new slave comes into Castiel's slave compound that's wild and sassy and impossible for any of Castiel's highly skilled trainers to break? Will Castiel be able to mold Dean Winchester into the perfect slave? Or will Dean Winchester finally be the one to teach Castiel what love is?

Who will break first?

THANK YOU to my lovely main beta reader Chelsy, as well as Maddy!

***Disclaimer: this is NOT a BDSM relationship, it is MASTER AND SLAVE from an illegal slave trading perspective. Don’t expect healthy things like aftercare/safe words (though they will come into play later). Castiel is not a complete sadist, but he’s not a very great guy, especially at the beginning. This story does have a happy ending!

Notes

First of all, thank you for giving my fic a chance! This is going to be a dark, wild ride but I'm glad you're on it with me. Every chapter will include specific tags/warnings, but please read at your own risk. The first half of this fic isn't the easiest to read.

As always, kudos/comments are appreciated. I welcome constructive criticism but please no bashing ESPECIALLY REGARDING CONTENT. If you don't like it, don't read it.

Chapter One Warnings: Kidnapping, Forced Slavery, Drugged/confusion, Non-consensual object insertion, Ball-gag, Flogging, Physical violence
Chapter 1

The place Dean wakes up in is freezing and dark. The kind of darkness that can swallow you whole if you’re not careful. He tries to fight through the fog of his mind, putting pieces together. He’s naked. His temple is throbbing and sticky with blood. The surface he’s sitting on is cold and hard, with little divots that dig into his hands and knees as he tries to stand up.

“Stay down!” someone orders. At the same time, a boot lands on the center of his back, forcing him back to the ground. The air in his lungs comes out in a gasp when his chest hits the floor.

“Wha-” Dean stumbles on his words.

Adrenaline thrums through his body. The realization that he can’t speak is what does it for him. They’ve drugged him. He’s been in too many fights to know that he wouldn’t be sluggish and confused like this from a simple knock out. This isn’t a bar brawl or hook up gone wrong. This isn’t getting wasted and passing out in an alley. This is wrong. Something is wrong.

Dean smacks his lips and tries to speak again. “Wha’s goin’ on?”

“Shut up. Slaves don’t speak unless spoken to.”

*Slaves?* His slight anxiety escalates into a full-blown panic, reaching a catastrophic crescendo when Dean is hauled to his feet by two men. He tries to fight them, but they’re too strong, dragging him along like a ragdoll, his toes barely touching what feels like a cement floor. As his brain focuses and the light around him illuminates things, he realizes he’s in some sort of prison or dungeon. Like a perfect mixture of the two.

He’s brought to a cement room with floors that slant toward drains in the center. Though slight, the incline is enough to make Dean’s heavy legs stumble. One of the men grabs the back of his neck like you would a kitten, shoving him toward the wall. He starts to shake as they grab his wrists and close metal restraints around them.

“Stop! Jus’ stop. Someone tell me wha’ the fucks happenin’?” Dean asks, the lingering effects of the drugs causing his tongue to feel heavy and awkward in his mouth.

The men ignore him. They attach his wrists to a metal hoop on the wall, giving him less than a foot
of slack. He starts tugging at the chain. There might be a weak spot. His dad taught him that metal chains like this sometimes have a weak spot.

“Shouldn’t have talked without permission, slave,” the same voice from earlier taunts. “Bad boys get the cold.”

He doesn’t have to wait to figure out what the man means. A second later, he’s being hosed down from different directions as the two men stand close by, spraying him with high powered hoses. The water is frigid. It feels as if they’re raining needles down on him. He falls to his knees, gritting his teeth to fight against making any noise. His hands are stuck, so his arms are raised above his head, and he regrets the new position because he’s more exposed now. They take advantage.

It lasts long enough for Dean to finally give in and scream. The men chuckle and stop the water, scrubbing him with soap on scratchy loofahs that he hopes are fucking clean. Especially since they start roughly moving them between his legs. The hands are quick and clinical, at least. Then the water returns to rinse him off. By the time they’re finished, he’s dangling by his hands, broken sobs falling uncontrollably from his mouth.

He’s relieved when the water stops but then the bone-aching chill sets in and he begins to violently shiver. His teeth clack together, and he caves in on himself, attempting to retain any sliver of body heat he has left. The two men remove his restraints and carry him down the hall like before, letting him drag between them, naked and dripping. They pass people, and he’s coming out of his drug-induced state enough to be embarrassed. He wants to call for help, but he’s not an idiot. He knows everyone here is either trapped like him, or in on the operation.

They pass a man in a sharp black suit. He’s running a hand through his hair, eyebrows pulled in as he frowns at a man standing in front of him. The men carrying Dean come to a stop and Dean holds his breath, wondering what happens now. The man flicks his eyes up to look at Dean and they’re so bright, especially in a place so dark, that his breath catches. Then he looks at the man to Dean’s left and says, “14.”

“Yes, sir.” Then they’re moving again, leaving the handsome man with the kind eyes behind. He makes a mental note that he must have a power position if they called him sir. That could come in handy at some point.

The next room they enter is painted a deep red and has what looks like some sort of modified dentist chair in the center of it. Dean’s stomach curls at the sight of the instruments and equipment that lay on the surgical steel table next to it. He’s thankful at least that it’s warm in here. He tries to let the small miracle soak in. He’ll have to hold on to them to survive this place.
“This is the testing room.”

“Testing?” Dean rasps, his voice embarrassingly raw.

A sharp pain flares across his backside as a man reminds him. “No. Talking.”

Dean bites his lip, biding his time. Now isn’t the time to push buttons. He needs to sit back. Relax. Learn everything he can. When the man decides he’s going to behave, he nods once and then explains. “We’ll test what kind of slave you will be. Strengths, weaknesses; likes and dislikes. So we can advertise you properly at the auction.”

Despite knowing he needs to stay quiet, he can’t help but explode at the words coming from the man. “This is wrong. You can’t fucking do this. This is illegal.”

No one says a word. The man that’s been talking smirks. Dean turns his head wildly, trying to find a way out. There’s a handful of men in here, one of them wearing a doctor’s coat. They’re either amused or unimpressed. None are sympathetic.

“Please,” Dean pleads, voice cracking. “Let me go, and I won’t tell anyone. I swear. I won’t say a word.”

“You sure about that, slave?” the man asks as he stalks toward Dean. He grabs his chin hard enough to bruise, his smirk grows. “Because it seems you can’t learn how to fucking shut your mouth, despite our instructions.”

Dean chokes on a sob, trying to pull away from the grip. The man is worse up close. Greasy and large and clearly turned on, since he’s pressing his dick into Dean’s thigh.

“P – p – please. Oh, god, please,” Dean whispers in between watery breaths. He closes his eyes, knowing his dad would be disappointed in him for not being strong. But this? This is worse than dad’s ever trained him for. Worse than his wildest nightmares.

Someone hands the man something. Dean has no idea what it is at first, but as it gets closer to his face, he recognizes it. A bright red ball gag. He’s only seen them used on pornstars before. He’s jacked off watching them.
He feels sick.

“Open.” Stubbornly resisting, Dean clenches his teeth and shakes his head. The man sneers. “Oh, you’re going to be a hard one to break. I like that.”

Dean stays quiet, glaring at the man. He won’t submit. Not ever. He may have cried, but he’s not weak. He knows what these men want. Submission. Useless little fucktoys. Someone to own.

Dean will not be owned. They’ll have to kill him first.

Something lashes at his back, white-hot and sharp. Dean’s body locks up, and he releases a surprised shriek of pain. The ball is stuffed into his mouth and hands are everywhere, holding him steady as the gag is secured. They do it so tight he can feel the leather digging into the skin of his face. Panic rises in his chest. No. No, he has to talk. He’s Dean Winchester. The infamous sweet talker. He needs his voice. If he’s going to get out of this, he has to be able to talk.

The doctor attaches a dildo to the strange looking device on the seat of the dentist chair. He starts to pour lube on it. Dean’s knees start to give out, the men the only thing holding him up. What if he never escapes? What if it’s just years and years of torture and rape? He won’t break. He won’t. He can’t. He –

His thoughts are muted when they drag him toward the chair. He takes one look at the too big dildo and starts up his struggle. He screams into the gag and kicks and scratches and swings his fists. All three men have to hold him from how hard he fights. If he weren’t so distracted, he’d think about how proud his dad would be at that.

Eventually, they win. The men secure him to the chair, wrists, and ankles. The restraint system is set up in a way where he can stay off his ass. For now.

“Sit,” the man that’s been speaking the whole time orders.

Dean continues to refuse, even though his thighs start to burn from holding himself up in the awkward position. His body starts to shake. He hasn’t eaten in who knows how long. The drugs are still lingering in his body. He’s drained and weak and terrified. His effort and discomfort grow.
Tears start to steadily fall down his face as he realizes he won’t be able to do this forever. No matter how hard he tries. As if his body agrees with him, his thighs cramp up, and he slips. He sobs into the ball gag as he’s impaled on the dildo, his ass screaming in protest. He’s dizzy with the pain, blinking hard and fast as he tries to adjust. Tries to breathe.

He focuses on the man talking, trying to concentrate on something other than pain. As the man speaks, wires are being stuck to different parts of Dean’s body. His chest. Stomach. Neck. Cock. Balls. Perineum.

“You will be shown a series of pictures and videos for the next day or so. The dildo in your ass can measure muscle contractions, and the electrodes can assess your heart rate, blood pressure, arousal, blood flow to your cock, the reactions in your balls. All of it. Your body will react to certain stimuli in a good way, and other stimuli in a bad way. Those results will help us know what kind of slave you’ll be. This will help you achieve your goal of being matched with the best master for you.” The man grins. “Any questions?”

Dean closes his eyes, not finding the joke funny since he obviously can’t talk. Seconds after the man is out of the room, he’s being slapped across the face by the doctor. “Eyes open. Pay attention.”

The large screen on the wall in front of him whirs to life. Speakers seem to surround him like he’s inside it. He watches as a man approaches a slave that’s secured to a large X, arms and legs spread. His nipples are clamped, and a blindfold is over his eyes. He’s gagged like Dean, and Dean feels himself clenching around the dildo without meaning to. Dean doesn’t want that. He knows he doesn’t. So why the fuck is he getting so hard so fast as he watches the slave’s master approach him?
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Short chapter, but will be updated soon! Next up is a closer look at Castiel's side of things.

*Warnings for this chapter include: violence (graphic), starvation, dehydration, bondage/restraints, electric torture, use of sex toys without consent

Chapter Notes

As always, comments/kudos much appreciated!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“I again!” his trainer, Crowley, barks at him. He kicks Dean hard in the ribs, making him cough and sputter as he tries to get back into the position. It’s day nine now, and none of his trainers find his defiance cute or amusing anymore. They’re pissed today. Impatient. They’re giving him the worst beating he’s gotten so far. They haven’t fed him in god knows how long. They’ve used his mouth so often he can’t remember what saliva tastes like anymore. All he can taste is cum.

When Dean finally manages to get into the right position, his knees slightly spread, ass on his feet, head tilted down, palms up against his thighs, Crowley says in a barely restrained voice. “For the final time. Present for your master, slave. Now.”

Dean grits his teeth and stays in place. They have yet to rape him. He doesn’t know why. They’ve used his mouth, they’ve toyed with his cock, they’ve shoved countless toys up his ass, but a person’s dick hasn’t been up there yet, and it certainly won’t be happening for the first time by Dean offering it up willingly. He will not get on his hands and knees for these sick fucks. They’ll have to hold him down when they do it. They can take whatever they want, but he’ll never give. He’ll never submit. He doesn’t care what those stupid tests said – or, at least, what these men claim his tests said.

“Fuck,” Michael, the other trainer, growls. He just heads to the door, shaking his head. “I’m fucking over him. We’ll try tomorrow.”

Crowley pauses, and Dean watches him from the corner of his eye. “He hasn’t eaten in four days.”
“I don’t care,” Michael says over his shoulder before disappearing. There’s a moment when Crowley and Dean make eye contact, something Dean isn’t supposed to be allowed to do. The man looks very unsure about this and Dean’s surprised they’ve never starved someone for four days. *Are the other slaves really that weak?* Then he realizes what the problem probably is. He hasn’t had water in almost two days. Food you can live without. Water? He won’t last much longer without water. “Fuck it.” Crowley leaves the room, slamming the door shut and locking it. Dean sits back on his haunches and tries to assess his injuries, gently prodding his ribs and stomach. Checking out his knee that’s starting to bruise and swell. He nearly jumps out of his skin when the door opens again. Crowley enters with a small cup of what Dean knows will be water. He takes it with shaking hands, thankful Crowley didn’t make him earn it. When the cup is empty, he’s yanked to the corner of his cell and hooked up to the restraint system, both wrists, and ankles attached to the metal rings. He can do nothing but lie there flat on the cold cement floor, barely able to wiggle.

Crowley glares down at him, all the anger back now that he’s not worried about Dean’s health. “You can piss and shit all over yourself while you starve. Stay in that position for days. See if I fucking care.”

Dean would say something sarcastic, but he’s been beaten enough for one day, so he bites his tongue. When the door closes again, the loneliness sinks in. It’s always harder to stay strong when he’s alone. He made a personal vow his first night, after being dragged and exhausted and broken from that testing room and into his new cell that’s number 14, the cell the blue-eyed boss man had picked for him. He promised himself he won’t cry in front of the men anymore. He’ll yell and scream and probably beg once or twice, but he won’t cry. He’s been able to stick to it so far, and he’s proud of that, but whenever he’s alone, all the emotions build and explode. The cool and collected Dean Winchester with the sarcastic comments and taunting grin slips away, and he’s left with Dean. 21 years old. Scared out of his mind. Lonely. Sad. Hurting.

He turns his face toward the cement wall, feeling better with something close to him, even if it’s not a person. Then he lets himself cry until he falls asleep.

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A new trainer named Gabriel appears on day twelve. He was the good cop at first. Cracking jokes. Laughing at Dean’s sarcastic remarks. Letting him get away with little misbehaviors. Then he flipped a switch when he realized it wasn’t working, and good cop became terrifyingly bad. Still cracking jokes. Still laughing. Smiling. But as he does all of it, he’s busy making Dean wish he were dead.
Dean is currently chained to the ceiling, hanging, so his shoulders feel ready to snap off his body. His tiptoes dance on an electric plate. Gabriel has been torturing him for what must be hours now. His hole is gaping and on fire. His cock is nearly raw, throbbing unpleasantly because of the vibrating ring closed around it. He doesn’t care if he’s hard, though. He won’t let his cock affect him.

Gabriel turns the electric plate on once again, watching with a smile as Dean screams and dances, his eyes rolling back in his head. He doesn’t know how long it is but when the plate is turned off, his head rolls to the side and he throws up. Gabriel looks at him in disgust. “You understand that you don’t have to do this, right? You aren’t a masochist – not to an extreme. Not like this. We’ll match you with an owner who will like what you like. Who will take care of you. Why not give into that? Why fight so hard?”

“Fuck. You.” Dean spits at his face, smiling when he realizes it probably has some bile mixed in it.


“No, I’m not!” Dean screams through the pain.

“God dammit, fucking do it!” Gabriel grabs his hips harshly and shoves a studded vibrator into his hole that’s too big, even with him gaping like he is. He turns the vibrator on, then the electric plate, and begins to whip Dean again. He keeps yelling and demanding things, but Dean just slips into his mind and escapes this godforsaken place. When he closes his eyes, he’s with Sammy. They’re watching the fireworks. Lying on a blanket in an open field. Laughing.

Sammy always loved the Fourth of July.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Finally, Castiel and Dean (sort of) meet.

This chapter doesn't have much for warnings. A lot of Dean's past abuse in the compound is discussed but nothing is shown/graphic.

Chapter Notes

Comments/kudos always appreciated <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Walk and talk with me,” Castiel orders his right-hand man, Gabriel, before he can even enter his office. He buttons his suit jacket and smooths the front down, starting to move through the halls of his compound. A scream followed by desperate pleas and sobs comes from a door they pass. Castiel glances at it, chuckling. Then he looks at Gabriel in expectation. “You said you wanted to talk?”

“Yes, Sir,” Gabriel puts a hand on Castiel’s shoulder and guides him closer to the wall as a naked slave is carried past them, unconscious in their trainer’s arms. “The showcase tonight. Have you decided if you’re coming?”

Once or twice a month, Castiel’s staff puts together a ‘sneak peek’ showcase for their close friends, associates, and regulars. Those attending can interact with the slaves that are going to be put up for auction. They can ask questions, and even start conversations on prices if a slave catches their eye. As the head of Novak Slave Trade, Castiel tries to attend each one. He’s missed the last two. He hasn’t mentioned why, and no one has dared to ask, even Gabriel. A man like Castiel Novak can do as he pleases. The world is literally in the palm of his hand. From politicians to presidents to mob bosses to gang leaders to cartel kingpins. They all go to Castiel. They all get their pleasure from NST. It’s power in its dirtiest form, and Castiel wears it well. In fact, he embodies it.

“Sir?”

“Huh?” Castiel looks back at Gabriel, tearing his attention away from a slave getting fucked hard over a spanking bench. He rolls his eyes when Gabriel smirks at him. “Shut up. It’s been a while. What was the question?”
“The showcase. Tonight. You coming?”

“Not sure,” Castiel says with a wave of his hand, his signal that he doesn’t want to discuss it at the moment. He’s meeting with a Russian KGB member in a half hour, and he needs to make sure the slaves needed are prepared.

Knowing Castiel well, Gabriel moves on. “We have an open spot for the showcase. What would you like to do with it?”

“Excuse me?” Castiel nearly stumbles from how quickly he stops short, making eye contact with Gabriel. “What the fuck do you mean, an open spot?”

“One of the new slaves. We’ve been – well – struggling.” Gabriel clears his throat, looking uncomfortable. “He’s not ready for tonight.”

Castiel tries to wave it off, “We’ve had slaves sob the entire time they’re on stage. I doubt anyone will pay him attention.”

This time, Gabriel doesn’t accept the brush off. “Sir, you don’t understand.”

His eyebrow shoots up. “Oh?”

“This one is,” Gabriel trails off. There isn’t a word for Dean Winchester. Other than, “Impossible.”

Castiel cocks his head at Gabriel, frowning. “You’ve worked this as long as me.”

“I know.”

“You’ve never had an issue with a slave before. Not once. Are you telling me this slave is something you can’t handle, Gabriel?”

Gabriel looks away in shame. They’re best friends, always have been since their fathers ran this organization together before them, but he’s always worked hard. Always tried to call Castiel ‘Sir’
and do his job well, wanting to prove himself. He has become the best trainer in the compound, the
go-to when things get tough. He hates the idea of disappointing Castiel. He has never done it before.

“Gabe?”

“I’m sorry, Sir.” He lifts his chin, looking his best friend in the eyes.

Castiel is stunned. “You’ve never had an issue with slaves before. Not once in all these years. Are
you telling me this slave is something you can’t handle?”

“I – yes.”

“I don’t train them anymore. You know that! I don’t have the fucking time, Gabe. Or the energy.”
He runs his hand through his hair, yanking when he reaches the ends. They both know what he
doesn’t say out loud. Castiel is bored with breaking slaves.

With a deep breath, Gabriel looks at him, a dead serious expression on his face. “I understand this. I
do. But… he might be a loss then.” He grimaces, then adds, “Sir.”

“A loss?” Castiel rears back, pissed now. “Fuck that! When have we ever had a fucking loss? Not
once. Not with my father, and certainly not with me. No. I will handle this.”

Shocking the hell out of him, Gabriel remains silent. It makes him laugh. He never thought a slave
would come along that would make the funny, outgoing, talented as hell Gabriel back down. But he
has. Now it’s on Castiel’s shoulders. He’s furious. Irritated. He was supposed to drink thousand-
dollar scotch tonight with a friend in the KGB to talk about how he’s going to make a shit ton of
money off of Russia’s need for sex slaves. No, instead he’s fucking spending his night dealing with a
bratty little slave no one can handle. A slave that has his staff, his right-hand man – his fucking best
friend – knotted up and distraught.

How is that even possible? Has he just not given his staff enough time off? Perhaps the young man
has someone on the inside helping him? Giving him intel? No. Castiel refuses to believe someone in
his compound would help a slave. They’d have to be idiotic to cross a man like Castiel.

Trying to keep a good attitude, Castiel waves a hand in the direction of the cells, trying to stay calm.
“Well fuck me sideways, Gabe. I have to see this magic slave for myself. Lead the way.”
Gabriel pauses. “What about your meeting?”

“Postpone it. Give him a free slave to play with while he waits.”

Nodding, Gabriel starts to walk, leading Castiel to the farthest cell of the compound, where the screams can’t be heard quite so well. He knows he won’t be punished, Gabriel knows Castiel will forgive him, but he still feels like such a fucking disappointment. He can’t comprehend how this slave is doing it. How he’s fighting so hard. He’s made it six days past any other slave in the history of the compound. That’s – it’s incredible. It’s fucking frustrating.

When the heavy metal door clinks open, Dean doesn’t even jump. Doesn’t even blink. He just continues to stare at the spot on the wall a few inches from his face. Castiel begins to assess immediately. He was raised by a slaver. His father taught him from a young age how to capture and conquer a human being. He’s highly skilled at it. So skilled, in fact, he stopped training years ago. He got bored with it. There was no challenge anymore. No unexpected moments. He was so good at breaking them. He could spend ten minutes with a man and be able to map out nearly the exact route they would take before reaching complete submission.

He thought about taking a slave for himself. Someone fascinating. Someone that he wouldn’t break, not completely. Someone that has a bit of attitude in them. A little fight.

Then he immediately shot it down. His dad is an example of why men like Castiel don’t get their own slave. He’ll never forget that lesson.

Castiel pauses, cocking his head as he continues to look over Dean’s body. He’s caught off guard, his stomach twisting. He can’t assess him. The boy clearly hasn’t left his cell in days, but he’s not covered in shit or piss either. Just daily grime. No puddles of vomit or cum. His body is riddled in bruises and lacerations, but he isn’t shaking or whimpering in pain. He’s chained to the wall, but there’s no sign of him trying to escape. Usually, there are chips in the wall from when slaves try to break the chains or claw their way out.

All of this would usually lead to a broken slave. An empty shell. But Dean isn’t empty or blank. When Castiel approaches him, Dean’s eyes lock with his. The slave observes him, assessing Castiel right back. It nearly makes Castiel smile. He probably would, if he wasn’t so fucking thrown off. How is it possible that he’s present, instead of escaping somewhere inside his mind, but he’s also not showing any signs of pain? How does he look perfectly fine, if not pissed off? How is he staying Dean and not breaking?
Gabriel begins to fill the silence, knowing that something’s wrong. He can see it all over Castiel’s face as his best friend stands above Dean’s body, hands shoved in the pockets of his suit pants as he studies the slave. “He hasn’t eaten in three days. We had to force feed him. He threw up most of it, but it seems like some stayed down. He wouldn’t drink water so we waterboarded him. Should have gotten enough from that. He’s barely excreting waste, for obvious reasons.”

The smile pulling at Castiel finally breaks through. It’s small, but it’s there. He looks at Gabriel in amusement. “You waterboarded him? To get him to drink water?”

“We’ve had to be very creative with him.”

“I can damn well see that.” Castiel looks down at Dean again, impressed but refusing to show it. This young man is something else, that’s for sure. He doesn’t look weak. Doesn’t look like the kind to give up. There’s too much fire in his eyes. He’s a survivor. Refusing food and water doesn’t make sense for a survivor. It may take Castiel some time to figure out the thought process behind the move, but he has no doubt there’s one there. This kid is smart.

The slave just stares back at him in boredom as Castiel searches his face for emotion.

“Does he cry?”

“No, Sir.”

Castiel nods. He should have expected that.

“Has he achieved orgasm?”

*There’s a reaction.* Castiel smirks at Dean, pleased at how flushed his face has gotten.

“No, Sir. No orgasms.”

Castiel looks at Gabriel in amazement. “Surely you’ve been able to force an orgasm from him?”
“We probably could if we tried hard enough, but we didn’t believe he had earned it. We kept offering it. Trying to make deals.”

“And he refuses?”

“Every time. Without hesitation.”

“Hmm.” Castiel rocks on his heels, calculating. A human reaches a point when they’ve experienced so much pain that they’d do absolutely anything for some pleasure. It’s a matter of sanity. It’s psychology. Human nature. Even Castiel would probably be desperate for pleasure after what he’s sure Dean has endured the past two weeks.

He looks back at Gabriel. “Have you been edging him?”

“Yes.”

“And still nothing?”

“No, Sir. He’s,” Gabriel stops before he says impossible again because he doesn’t want the slave to hear that.

Castiels grins down at the young man. “Well, aren’t you entertaining.”

Green eyes just glare at him. Castiel processes. Then he decides. He saw his father do this once, and it had worked beautifully. He can almost hear his voice in his mind. *It’s a game of patience, as much as strength, Castiel. Usually, strength will suffice but never forget your patience.* Castiel stands up and looks away from Dean as if the young man is nothing more than a spec of dirt he wants Gabriel to remove.

Without a word, he gestures for Gabriel to leave the room with him. Gabriel opens his mouth, but Castiel silences him with a jerk of his head, leading him down the hall far enough to be certain the slave can’t overhear them through the door.

“He isn’t locked up, Sir,” Gabriel says in a rush.
“I know. You’ll go back in a moment and lock him up. Just one ankle. Give him enough slack to pace. He’s going to need to pace,” Castiel says, not even fighting his smile. “You won’t say a word to him, Gabe. Don’t even look at him more than absolutely necessary. You secure his chain, you turn the light out, and you leave.”

“Turn the light out?” Gabriel asks in confusion. They almost always keep the lights on for the slaves. It’s just another tactic.

“Yes. And it will stay that way. Everyone needs to stay away from his door, too. You’ll tell everyone to do the same. We’ll shuffle some slaves around to seclude his cell. No one comes down this hall. And shut the hall light off.”

Gabriel looks at him in shock. “But – but, Sir. With all due respect, he’ll die.”

“No, he won’t. I’ll be handling him from now on. Me and only me. Understood?”

“Yes.”

“Alright.” Castiel winks at his friend, trying to get him to loosen up. He’s in a surprisingly good mood suddenly. This is going to be a challenge. It’s going to be fun. He has all sorts of ideas swarming in his mind already. “Do me a favor? Get Alek to a private room for our meeting. He can keep his slave with him if he’s enjoying the boy. And for that open spot, do a group expo. If my meeting wraps up, I’m sure Alek will want to come and watch.”

Nodding, Gabriel hurries off to do as told. Castiel stands a moment longer with his hands back in his pants pockets, staring at the door down the hall, already planning the next few days. He hasn’t been this excited about anything in years.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Warnings: mental torture/manipulation, sensory deprivation, begging, desperation, touch starvation, mention of Castiel with other

- As always, comments & kudos SUPER APPRECIATED.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Castiel watches the young man in his cell through the security camera’s night vision. He’s been in total darkness for sixteen hours now. Since they aren’t at full occupancy, Castiel managed to isolate his entire hall. There are no slaves near him to even provide some noises here and there. It’s all just silent black air.

He hasn’t been down to the cell yet. It’s been sixteen hours of pure nothing for Dean. He hasn’t offered him food or water. He hasn’t explained anything. He hasn’t even given him a chance to submit. He went to the meeting with Alek, secured a fantastic deal, watched the showcase a bit, then came up to his office to watch Dean pace nervously in the dark. After a nap, he had watched Dean curl up into a ball and sob himself to sleep. Once Dean finally passed out, Castiel had done some paperwork and gotten some food. When he returned, Dean was on hour fourteen and unmoving. Awake… but unmoving. Unnaturally still.

Now, on hour sixteen, Dean was curled into his ball again, rocking back and forth. Castiel can hear the crackling of his breath through the speakers as Dean tries desperately to suck in oxygen through his panic. The sound of his office door opening snags his attention for a second, and he nods at his best friend to acknowledge him.

“Hey, man,” Gabriel says with a yawn, too tired to try for the formalities. He’s not there on official business, anyway. He’s always given the day off after a showcase. He was worried about Castiel though, still unsure how his friend will handle his return to training. Sure, it’s nice to finally see his friend show an interest in a slave again. To be happy. Castiel even smiled and cracked jokes last night at the showcase. But Gabriel is worried about this slave. He’s fucking strong.

Dean Winchester will either be the best thing to happen to Castiel Novak… or the worst.
Gabriel sits down on the corner of Castiel’s unnecessarily large desk, turning so he can watch what Castiel is watching. He hands Castiel a travel coffee without looking away from the screen. “How’s he doing?”

“Freaking out,” Castiel says with a grin. He looks down at the coffee and chuckles to himself. He stays in the compound for weeks on end sometimes, not caring enough to leave since he has a huge suite upstairs. It makes it easy to forget the real world is out there. Then Gabriel brings him a coffee with a green logo, and he remembers that a Starbucks is only a few miles east of the slave compound. There’s something oddly satisfying about that.

“He needs to drink some water, soon,” Gabriel says as he glances at his watch. “He’s pushing it.”

“Yeah, I know. He knows too. He’s a smart one. A survivalist. He knows exactly how to push his body.” Castiel can’t help but smile fondly as he speaks of the young man. He’s impressed. Dean is strong and intelligent. Stubborn as all hell. He’s watched some of his old footage since he wasn’t on his radar before now so Castiel hadn’t been watching his live feed. He’s got a mouth on him. A sassy, sarcastic, very kissable mouth. If Castiel weren’t so determined to break him in order to sell him, Castiel wouldn’t want to break him at all. He’s like a fucking wet dream. He never understood why all the men in this business like their slaves to be a broken shell. He wants a Dean.

“Why would he starve himself on purpose? Is he trying to kill himself?”

“Not at all.” Castiel tilts his head, watching Dean as the boy gets to his feet and begins to pace. “This one’s a survivor. Kid’s been through a lot. He knows what his body can handle before it weakens. He wanted to trick you guys into thinking he’s weak, losing strength from not eating. Then, when his chance came, he would strike.”

Gabriel raises his eyebrows, clearly impressed. “Smart one. I told you, he’s somethin’ else. I’ve never seen someone like him.”

“Me either,” Castiel whispers, watching the man on the screen in amazement.

“Are you going to give him any water, then?”

“Obviously, Gabe,” Castiel says with a roll of his eyes. He gestures to the clock. “He has seven more minutes.”
Gabe cracks a smile. “Why?”

“Because I’ve been itching to go down there for hours now, so I set a time, and I’m making myself stick to it.”

This makes Gabriel laugh, the warm sound filling the room and making Castiel smile. “Someone’s missed training, huh?”

“Maybe a little.” Castiel shrugs. “Sue me.”

“Once you handle him, you should go home for a while. Get some real sleep.” By home, he knows Gabriel means the suite upstairs. Castiel is only at his penthouse apartment once or twice a month. He doesn’t even know why he keeps it.

He waves his friend off. “Yeah, yeah. Don’t you have something better to do with your day off?”

Rolling his eyes, Gabriel gets off the desk and heads toward the door. “Yeah, I do. I’m not a boring loser like you.”

“Fuck off, asshole.”

Castiel flips him off, and Gabriel grins. He won’t say so, because Castiel would probably punch him, but Castiel hasn’t been this happy in years, and Gabriel likes it.

“Have fun today, buddy.”

Castiel winks at him. “Oh, I will.”

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Dean starts to claw at the walls at some point. He’s desperate. There has to be a crack somewhere. Some way to get to the light. He needs light. Or sounds. Or something. Anything. There’s no light coming through the cracks of his door like there should be from the hallway. The room smells like shit, and no one has come to clean. There are no more sounds of slaves crying out in pain or pleasure or for help. There are no heavy footsteps as food and trainers travel up and down the hall. There’s just nothing, nothing at all.

It’s terrifying.

He’s so thirsty his throat is bleeding when he swallows, and Dean’s hungry to the point where he can’t stand on his feet any longer. All he can do is crawl on his hands and knees, all four of which are raw and bleeding.

He starts to worry that he’s in hell. That sometime during the night, he had died, and now he’s trapped in his own personal hell.

Crying softly, he continues to crawl the perimeter, looking for another possible spot for light to break through. A soft thud catches his ear, and he perks up, trying to listen better. His heart thunders in his chest. It echoes in his ears and makes it impossible to hear anything else. At least, until the noises come closer.

Yes. Yes. That’s definitely the distinct sound of shoes on the cement flooring.

“Please!” he tries to scream, crawling as fast as he can across the floor of his cell, only stopping when his ankle chain stops him. He tries reaching for the door. “Please!”

He can’t hear his own voice, it’s all just crackles and raspy breaths, so he’s sure whoever is in the hall can’t hear him either. The taste of blood fills his mouth, and he gags.

The heavy metal latch on his door creaks, and he sucks in a breath of relief. Someone orders, “Back against the opposite wall. Now!”

He scrambles in desperation to follow the order, wanting to behave. He shakes in anticipation. Maybe this person will have water. Food. Maybe this person will talk to him. Maybe they’ll turn the lights on. God, he’d do anything for someone to turn the lights on.
The footsteps from earlier are closer now, echoing inside the silent cell. A tray is set on the ground and slid into the middle of the floor, halfway between the man and Dean. The light from the hallway is off, so he can’t see a single thing. He only knows it’s a tray because he recognized the sound, and he knows it’s halfway because his dad trained him well, so he can figure out the distance from noise alone.

“P – please,” Dean rasps. Then the door is closing, and he’s sobbing at the loss of whoever it was. He can smell the person. The scent is lingering in the air. A warm, masculine smell that’s partially the heady musk of a clean man that’s been sweating, mixed with some sort of cologne or deodorant. Something smells homely. That’s the only way Dean can describe the scent. It smells like home. Comforting. Warm. Safe.

Fuck, he really needs someone to turn the lights on or talk to him, because this is worse than death. He can’t do this anymore. He’ll do anything.

Part of him thinks it’d be better to finish off the hunger and water strike, getting this over with, but any time he considers this he thinks of Sammy. There’s still hope he’ll get back to him somehow. He has to survive.

He crawls to the tray and feels around in the dark. He nearly spills the water cup, and his heart lurches until he has it clasped firmly between his shaking hands. Before he can risk it again, he chugs half of it down in one go. It’s warm and gritty, but it still tastes like heaven. He keeps the cup in one hand while continuing his search with the other. He finds something that feels spongy, like bread, maybe. He starts to shovel whatever it is into his mouth, washing it down with the water he has left. Once the cup is empty and he realizes his one slice of bread was all they gave him, he lays down on the cold floor and curls into a ball. He cries softly, waiting for sleep to claim him. He wraps his arms as tight as he can around himself and pretends someone is holding him. Anyone.

Maybe the man who brought him food. The man he can still smell in the air.

He’d even be willing to call him Master.
By hour fifty-nine, Castiel is ready to give in. He watches Dean in the room as the boy screams for someone, anyone, to come to him. Now that he’s been getting water three times a day and bread twice, he has enough energy to sob and beg. He pleads with the darkness around him. Promising to be a good boy. Promising to do whatever it takes. He doesn’t care if it’s sex or pain. He’ll do anything.

Castiel closes his eyes, his chest aching as he listens to Dean’s broken pleas filling his office. “I’m so lonely – p – please, I – I need someone!”

“Don’t give in.”

“Jesus Christ, Gabe.” Castiel nearly falls out of his chair from how hard he jumps, his eyes snapping open to glare at his friend as he walks into his office.

With a sly smile, Gabriel puts his hands up in surrender. “Sorry, sorry.”

“It’s fine. I’m just,” Castiel pauses and looks down at the screen where Dean is visibly falling apart. “On edge.”

“I can see that,” Gabriel says with a tilt of his head toward the monitor.

“He’s ready. He’s broken.”

Gabriel shakes his head, locking eyes with him. “No. We both know he isn’t. He needs the full seventy-two hours, Cas.”

“He’s clearly desperate.”

“Come on. What’d your dad teach us? Teach you?” Gabriel raises an eyebrow in accusation, not waiting for Castiel to answer. “Patience. It won’t matter if you’re back here in a week, right? Be patient.”
Sighing, Castiel scrubs a hand down his face. “I know.”

With a look of concern in the direction of the monitor showing Dean, Gabriel asks, “Have you slept?”

“Here and there.”

“Cas, I get that you’re having fun with the challenge and all, but he isn’t your slave. Don’t get so worked up over him.”

Castiel stays quiet. He knows this. He has been telling himself this on repeat. Yet, he can’t distance his brain like every other slave he’s trained. Instead of going in there and telling Dean in a cold, distant voice that he did well and will be rewarded for finally submitting, Castiel wants to scoop the young man up and rock him, whispering that he’s okay now, that he’s not alone.

Dramatically sighing, Gabriel flops on the couch and says, “If you’re struggling this much, give him something. One thing. To help get him through the last leg.”

“Like what?”

“I don’t know. Something revolved around you. You want him dependent on you.”

Castiel nods. He knew this. It’s why he’s been the only one going to Dean. Even though it was subconscious, Dean has only heard his voice and smelled his scent since this started. He will automatically feel inclined to trust Castiel. He will equate him with safety and care.

“Alright. I need to bring him some water, anyway.” Castiel pushes to his feet. If Gabriel knows this isn’t the time Castiel set for himself, he doesn’t say. He just nods and follows Castiel out of the office, saying he’s going to do rounds and check on all the slaves. They go their separate ways. Castiel spends every step promising himself he won’t give in to Dean. No matter how sad and needy the boy is. He will not give in.
As always, Dean keeps his back to the opposite wall while his man brings him his water. He calls him “his man” because that’s how it feels. The entire world has zeroed in on his man. The one person keeping Dean alive. The one person providing him with noise. The only warm presence. The only smell other than shit and piss and sweat.

Unlike every other time, though, the man doesn’t put the water cup on the floor and leave. He walks forward. Dean holds his breath as his man kneels in front of him, close enough for Dean to feel the heat coming off him in waves. Dean can’t fight his need for human contact anymore, even if it means getting punished. He leans forward, his forehead sliding along his man’s muscular bicep. Dean latches one of his hands onto the arm, keeping it in place so he can continue to burrow into it. He starts crying in relief.

His man doesn’t pull away, and he takes advantage. Dean drags the tip of his nose along the soft fabric covering his arm, shoulder, chest, stomach. He collapses and wraps his arms around his man’s waist, burying his face near his belly button, resting the upper half of his body in his man’s lap. His man’s cock is hard, and Dean smiles softly to himself. He’s making his man happy. He’d offer to service his cock in gratitude for this moment, but he’s too afraid if he moves, his man will stand up and leave.

Dean shudders, a tiny gasp escaping through his lips when his man touches him. The feel of his fingertips against Dean’s bare back is possibly the best sensation that’s ever existed. At least, until he feels the other hand cart through his hair. He melts completely, his eyes fluttering closed as he tries to soak every second in.

Dean has no idea how long they sit there like that, but he knows it’ll end soon. He needs to convince his man to turn the lights on again. To come visit him more. He needs to make his man believe he’s earned freedom from this hellhole.

“I’ll be good,” Dean finally manages to croak out, his voice broken and raw. “I’ll be so good now. I learned my lesson. I promise.”

“Hush now,” his man whispers as he takes his hands away from Dean’s body. Dean whines in the back of his throat and shivers. “Remove yourself from me and return to the wall. I’ll leave the water here on the floor.”
“No! Please. Please – don’t go!” Dean pleads, gripping his man tighter.

“Apparently you haven’t learned your lesson,” his man muses in disappointment.

Dean launches to his feet, scrambling away from the man in a hurry to obey. He panics and says, “No, no! Promise. ’M good. Promise. So good now. I promise.”

“Drink your water,” his man orders before closing the door and locking him inside again. Dean’s knees give out and he crumbles to the floor, groaning when his kneecaps hit the unforgiving concrete. The water cup spills, but he doesn’t care. He just grabs the plastic cup and holds it tight to his chest, still able to feel the warmth from his man’s hands.

That’s the position Castiel finds the young man in when he returns to his office. Naked and curled into the fetal position, clutching the water cup like a comfort item. He steadily whispers between breaths, just loud enough for the hidden microphones to pick up on it, “Good boy. Good boy. I can be a good boy. A good boy. Good boy. I swear. Master. I swear, I can be a good boy.”

The word Master sends all the blood in Castiel’s body to his cock and makes his chest constrict with a need to go back to Dean and comfort him. He can hear the desperation in the boy’s voice. He wants to be a good boy. He needs to be one.

Castiel wants to go back down there. Scoop him up. Shower him in praise. He wants to hold him tight and tell him how good he’s being.

Good? You call that good, boy? The voice of Castiel’s father scoffs in the back of his mind, disgusted. The slave touched you without permission then didn’t let go when told to the first time! You’ve gone soft. You’re a fucking disgrace. Good? He should have to start the seventy-two hours over. You know that, Castiel.

Slamming his hand against the monitor button to shut it off, Castiel releases a heavy sigh. He can’t think about this anymore. About Dean – no, the slave. He’s just a slave. Nothing more.

Launching to his feet, he goes on a hunt. He finds Gabriel around the corner, doing something on his phone. He grabs his best friend by the arm and drags him toward the main playroom. “I need a slave. A masochist. Now.”
Gabriel skids to a halt, looking at him in shock. “Cas – I – are you sure?”

Castiel knows what the problem is. The confusion. Castiel never asks for a masochist, because he’s not a sadist. But tonight? Tonight he needs to be one. He needs to dig inside and grab his most sadistic molecules, and fucking focus on them. Channel them.

“İ’m sure.”

“Cas-”

Castiel looks his friend dead in the eyes, hoping his need is evident in his expression as he growls, “Gabe, I need to fucking hurt and fuck someone. Get me a fucking masochist, so I don’t feel so fucking bad about it in the morning.”

Gabriel sighs, then nods. “I’ll have him in the black room in ten.”

“Thank you.”

His friend pauses a second longer, but then he walks away. Castiel takes a deep breath, heading back to his office where he keeps his personal supplies. This will fix everything. The problem is that he’s horny. Pent up. Frustrated. That’s all this is. Once it’s out of his system, he’ll have no problem focusing on the training of the slave again.

He’ll beat a slave. He’ll fuck a slave. He’ll start Dean’s – NO, the slave’s - time over. He’ll train him like his dad taught him to. He won’t make any more mistakes.

He has this all perfectly under control.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Castiel finally uses his slave

Warnings/Tags: Nothing in my opinion (but ALWAYS let me know so I can update if I'm wrong)

** sorry this chapter is short, but he next one is REALLY long <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When the door to his room opens, Dean scrambles to his knees, blinking away the sleep he had finally managed to achieve. His man walks in, the hall and his cell still too dark to see anything but his outline. It’s better than nothing, though. He’s thankful his eyes have adjusted now. Enough to appreciate the little things like outlines and movements in the dark.

Dean sits perfectly still, hands behind his back, and waits as his man closes the door and locks it. It feels like an eternity before he takes a step toward Dean. “Present for your master, slave.”

Remembering the position his earlier trainers tried to teach him, the one he refused to get into, Dean hurries to get into place. Pressing his hands, knees, and face to the floor, he puts his ass nice and high for his master, silently hoping he’ll touch him. Dean is desperate to feel warm skin against his. He doesn’t even care if the touch is laced with pain.

Liquid is poured over his hole and crack, then rough fingers are rubbing it in. Dean gasps, tensing as he tries to stay in place. He wants to beg for more. For hands all over his body. To be touched. Held. Kissed. Hugged. He grits his teeth and tells himself over and over to behave.

He nearly falls over when a finger is shoved inside him. Dean takes a deep breath, reminding himself that he needs to focus. He needs to take what he can get. He’s being touched. His man – his master – is touching him.

He smiles wide as a second finger enters him. A shiver runs up his spine, and he swallows a moan. It feels good. So fucking good.
A third is added, and fingertips are pressing right against his prostate. Dean chokes and arches his back, a whine escaping his lips. He hears his master softly chuckle. Then he removes the fingers, and Dean is left empty and aching. Tears start to rush to his eyes, and he bites his tongue to keep from speaking. From begging.

Before he can get too upset, something thick and wide is being pushed inside his stretched hole. It’s too big compared to the fingers, and it’s not his master’s cock, which is what he was hoping for, but it’ll do. His master slides it slowly inside him until Dean’s full. He moans as it settles, the heavy weight resting right against his prostate. He wants to come so bad.

“Kneel.”

Dean follows the order the best he can with shaking legs and arms. In the new position, the plug is pressed harder into him. He whimpers but otherwise stays quiet.

The sound of a zipper is Dean’s only warning. He can tell it’s right in front of him, feeling the heat coming off his master. Something wet touches his cheek, and he gasps, recognizing the feel and smell of a cock immediately. Without a word, his master slips a thumb between his lips and pulls down until his mouth is open wide. Then the heavy press of a cock is sliding against his tongue. Slow. Deliberate. Fucking amazing.

Dean closes his eyes, fighting back another moan. His master tastes damn good. He could do this all day if his master wanted him to. His entire life could boil down to this, and he’d be totally fine.

“That’s it, slave,” his master says, his rich, deep voice sending shivers through Dean. “Your mouth is mine. I decide when you put food in it. Water. Gags. Cocks. This sassy little mouth belongs to me. Doesn’t it, slave?”

Dean can’t speak around the cock working its way down his throat, so he just makes a noise of affirmation and nods vigorously. His master makes a pleased sound, his pace starting to pick up. “Yeah. Good boy, knowing who your mouth belongs to. Knowing who you belong to. You only exist for your master to use. Isn’t that right, slave?”

Humming in agreement again, Dean nods. He tries not to choke as his master speeds up, the head of his long and thick cock sliding down Dean’s throat. He gags and sputters, nearly throwing up. Two hands grab his hair, yanking until his eyes burn.
“If you throw up, I’m not stopping. You’ll have to suck my cock while it’s coated in your vomit.”

He fucks into Dean’s throat harder, faster. Dean’s body keeps heaving, wanting to throw up, but he’s fighting it with everything he has.

Just as he thinks he might break, his master is sliding out of his mouth. He can hear his hand moving against the cock slick with Dean’s spit. Dean nearly whines, wanting to be able to touch or taste, but he knows he’d get in trouble. He clenches his fists in his lap and waits for whatever Master wants to do next.

The first stream of cum hits his eye and cheek, warm and sticky. He flinches in surprise but then relaxes. As his master paints his face with cum, he says in a surprisingly steady voice for someone mid-orgasm, “There you go, slave. All marked up by your master. Now you won’t forget who you belong to, will you?”

“No, Master,” Dean croaks, his throat raw from being fucked.

“What do you say to Master for letting you wear his cum on your face?”

Old Dean would’ve made a comment, something along the lines of *isn’t it you that should be thanking me for letting you come on my face*, but new Dean thinks his master makes perfect sense. He was given something just now. Something like the small hug he got before. A gift from Master. And he didn’t even have to take it without permission this time.

“Thank you, Master.”

“Good slave. Don’t clean yourself. Go back to sleep.”

“Yes, Master,” Dean whispers, crawling on his hands and knees toward the spot he usually curls up in. He can feel the plug still inside his hole, and he almost asks if Master forgot about it. Then he shakes his head. Master is smart. Master takes care of him. Master knows what’s best. If Master left the plug in, it’s because he wants it left in.

Dean rests his head on his arms and balls his body up to try and keep warm. The cum feels wrong and gross as it cools on his face, but he refuses to wipe it off. That would make Master upset, and his master doesn’t deserve to be upset. Master is so nice to him. He brings food and water. He lets Dean hug him. He gives Dean his cock and his cum. Master deserves a good slave.
Dean is determined to be one.

Chapter End Notes

Follow me on tumblr @ destiel-love-forever. Always up for prompts, chatting, questions, just talking, whatever!
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Castiel finally takes Dean out of his cell, and Dean's more confused than ever.

Warnings/tags: humiliation/humiliation kink, triggered anxiety attack, Dean's afraid of the dark/blindfolds, bathroom control, forced compliments

Chapter Notes

I've been away for the last week due to a wedding/family time, so here is an extra long chapter for you lovely readers <3

Dean sits ramrod straight on the floor, his back to the wall, staring at where he knows the door must be. It’s been almost a week in darkness. He’s discovered a way to keep track. His master comes in smelling freshly showered with water and food, then smelling normal with water, then smelling like scotch with water and food again. Then the longest gap between the visits comes, presumably when his master is asleep. If his calculations are right, he’s been in this new hell for six days.

Breakfast should be coming soon. Breakfast and his master, who will smell like woodsy soap that Dean has decided has a hint of rum in it. By the end of the night, that smell with be faded beneath his master’s natural musk, and it’ll be the best smell he’s ever experienced. His favorite.

The door clicks open, and Dean sucks in a breath when light filters in. He turned the hall light on. Finally.

The excitement is short-lived when two men enter his cell. It’s hard to see their faces with them blocking the light, but he knows neither are his master. Dean can’t smell him, and they don’t look tall enough. He could sense his master was tall and wide. Strong. Sturdy.

Oh, no. What if his master only handled punishments? What if some other naughty slave gets him now? Dean had been fantasizing about his master truly being his master this entire week. He’s fantasized about him showing up at the end of all this and taking care of him. Holding him. Telling him he’s a good boy.

Like an answered prayer, a third man enters the room, and the dim, yellow light above Dean’s head
is turned on. Dean blinks rapidly to rid his eyes of the spots dancing in his vision, then gasps. It’s his master. He just knows. And Dean recognizes him. He was the man in the hallway on his first day, in the expensive suit, with the bright blue eyes. The man that said, “14.” The man who came in moments before Gabriel turned the lights off for good. The second to last person Dean saw before the darkness.

"Shit. This guy is the boss. He’s in charge. Dean’s not important enough to be his slave. There’s no way the boss would want someone like him."

The thoughts swirl him into a panic, but he tries his best to shove them down and focus on being good. All he wants to do is launch himself at his master and beg for forgiveness. Make promises. Offer himself up. He wants contact and warmth and affection.

He wants to be held.

God dammit, he just wants to be fucking held.

He tangles his fingers together in a desperate attempt to comfort himself. Dean isn’t sure if he’s allowed to look at his master, but he hasn’t been told he can’t, so he takes the opportunity to soak every detail in.

He’s gorgeous. Crazy slave trader thing aside – he’s beautiful. Probably the best-looking man Dean has ever seen, including from movies. His black hair is messy and curly, pushed off his forehead. His blue eyes are vibrant and probing like they want to see into Dean’s soul. His lips are pink and look soft, but Dean bets they’re demanding. He’s strong and powerful and carries himself with grace in his impeccable dark blue suit and silver tie. He screams dominance and control.

It shouldn’t make Dean hard. None of this should. But it does, and he can’t find it in himself to feel guilty about it. Not after the week he’s had.

His master nods at the two others, a silent order, and they disappear. They close and lock the door, leaving Dean in here with his master. All alone. With the lights on. The room fills with the sweet scent of his master now that the door is closed. The only noise is his master’s deep, steady breaths as he stares at Dean.

This is perhaps the best day in the history of days, if you ask Dean’s opinion.

“Kneel,” his master orders, pointing at the floor in front of his dress shoes. Dean practically launches
toward the spot, plopping himself down and swallowing a grunt when his knees scrape against the floor. He needs to be fast and quiet. He needs to be good for Master.

A soft chuckle has him peeking up at his master. He leans down and grabs Dean’s biceps, holding tight enough to bruise him as he heaves him up to his feet and back a few steps.

“Try that again, slave. Slow and graceful. Make it pretty for me.” He points to the spot and raises an eyebrow. “Kneel.”

This time, Dean forces himself to breathe. He takes careful steps and keeps his chin tucked. When he reaches his spot, he makes sure he’s balanced before slowly lowering himself onto his knees. Dean’s hands naturally go behind his back, and he clasps them together.

A heavy hand rests on his head and starts to pet his hair. “Good boy.”

Dean accidentally lets a tear slip, overwhelmed with happiness, and he hopes the man doesn’t notice. He doesn’t want to ruin this. He’s trying so hard to be good.

Still petting him, Dean’s master whispers, “I am to be your master now. You will obey me in every aspect of your life. You are my slave, and I own you. Mind, body, and soul. Understood?”

“Y-” Dean clamps down on his tongue, unsure if he can speak or not.

“You may say ‘Yes, Master’ or ‘No, Master’ when asked questions. You may also say ‘Please, Master’ and ‘Thank you, Master’ when necessary.”

“Yes, Master,” Dean whispers, eyes trained on his master’s shiny dress shoes. “Thank you, Master.”

“Very good.” His master removes his hand, and Dean takes a chance, tilting his chin so he can look up at him. His master is distracted, looking around the room. His nose wrinkles in disgust. “First order of business, you and this room need to be cleaned. Come.”

He puts a hand out for Dean to take. The young man carefully places his smaller hand in his master’s and stands on wobbly legs. The plug shifts inside him, and he groans softly. It’s been there for almost
a day now, and it’s driving him insane.

At the door, his master turns to him with a slight smile. Dean notices he’s holding something. A thick leather collar. After removing the steel one Dean’s been wearing, his master lifts the leather to Dean’s neck and secures it around his throat, tightening it just enough for it to catch every time Dean swallows, but not enough to choke him. The simple strip is interrupted in the center by a metal ring. His master clips a leash onto the ring, and Dean feels his cheeks heat up in humiliation. He stays quiet, though, reminding himself of the darkness and loneliness. Telling himself that this is his master and he will do anything for him.

He pads softly down the hall behind his master, staring at the leather leash between them. The plug makes him have to sort of waddle, and he’s distinctly aware of the fact that he still has dried cum all over his face. He keeps his hands cupped in front of his rock-hard cock, both because he’s embarrassed to be naked, and because he’s embarrassed that the embarrassment is turning him on so much.

A psychologist would have a damn field day with Dean.

His mind elsewhere, Dean nearly runs into his master when they stop. They’re in front of an elevator, and Dean looks at his master in slight confusion. His master turns to him with a strip of fabric in his hand, this time a black silk blindfold.

Dean’s knees start to give, and he has to hold onto the wall beside him to keep from crumbling. “Please. No. No more darkness. Please, not the dark.”

His master shakes his head, frowning. “That was an awful lot of speaking out of turn. You didn’t even address me properly while being naughty.”

“I’m sorry, Master! Just – please – please, don’t-” a hard slap lands on Dean’s cheek, shoving his head to the side and sending him reeling. If he hadn’t had his hand on the wall, he would have fallen over from the power behind it.

Hands grab Dean, holding him tight, and he realizes the men from his room earlier are restraining him. He’s cuffed with his hands behind his back while his master approaches with the blindfold. Dean stares at him in pure terror, his body trembling so hard his teeth clatter. Any chance of being turned on is now diminished.
“I thought you had learned your lesson. Apparently not. You can go hungry this morning, slave. And if you continue this behavior, you'll be back alone in the dark.”

The threat settles heavy in Dean’s gut, but he needs to ignore it. The problem right now needs to be dealt with. He can’t be in the dark. He just… he can’t. He can’t do it. Not again.

“Please, Master.” Dean tilts his head back as his master’s hands get closer, trying to buy as much time as possible. “Please. Anything – anything but the dark.”

“One. More. Word.” His master leans down to look at him, eyes narrowing to what can only be described as deadly. “I dare you.”

All Dean does is whimper. He shuts his eyes a second before the blindfold is secured around his head. It’s yanked tight, giving him an instant headache. His master needs to grab him by both biceps to keep him standing as the panic attack hits him.

“You’re not alone, Dean. You’re not alone. He’s here too. You’re not alone. Just breathe.”

“I can be kind, slave,” his master murmurs low in his ear as he presses Dean’s back to his chest. “Don’t you want me to be kind? You must be so tired. So lonely. Wouldn’t it be nice to be taken care of, instead of punished?”

Dean whimpers again, nodding his head since he’s not sure he’s allowed to speak. That would be nice. Kind would be nice. Being taken care of would be nice.

He just really wishes it didn’t mean he had to be in the dark.

“There you go, pet,” his master coos. Dean doesn’t understand why until he realizes his shaking is slowing, and his breathing is evening out.

Dean’s shorter than his master, and he smiles softly when he feels his head get tucked beneath his master’s chin. One arm wraps around him, holding him safe and steady, while the other reaches for a button. Then he’s being guided into the elevator. There’s a series of buttons and movements, followed by a soft hello and a rumbled hello back that Dean feels vibrating in his master’s chest. More buttons. A door shutting. More buttons. A beeping sound. Then the blindfold is removed.
Dean can’t stop the tiny gasp that escapes him when he looks at where he is. It’s gorgeous. He must have left the compound because there’s no possible way the two places can coexist.

He’s led past a sitting area with soft gray couches and chairs, the throw pillows yellow and gray. There’s a fireplace in the center of the main wall, a bookshelf beside it. His master brings him past a full-sized kitchen area and down a hall with closed doors. At the end is a door left slightly open. When Master pushes inside and guides Dean in, Dean pauses. It’s a bedroom. A homey, well-decorated bedroom. There’s a massive TV mounted on one wall, a bed that has to be at least king sized but probably even larger against the other. A piece of art hangs above the head, and it looks like an original, not a print. The sheets are satin and deep blue. The fluffy comforter on top is lighter blue, like the ocean on a sunny day. A tear slips down Dean’s cheek as he wonders if he’ll ever see the ocean again.

He’s still crying when his master leads him into the master bathroom of the suite. His master seats him on top of the closed toilet seat. He looks determined, about to reach for something, when he pauses and does a double take on Dean. His eyes flare in surprise before pinching in what seems to be sincere worry.

“What’s wrong, baby?”

Dean’s heart leaps at the pet name, but he shakes his head in confusion. Is he a slave or a loved one? He’s pretty sure they can’t coincide. Then again, he’s not very educated on either subject.

It could just be part of master being nice, and taking care of him, like he said he would if Dean was good. But the look in his eyes as he studies Dean… there’s something there that makes Dean wonder.

*God, this man has him so confused Dean no longer knows which way is up.*

“Tell me what is wrong,” his master orders. He doesn’t look angry, though. In fact, he almost looks desperate. Like he needs to know so he can fix it. So he can make Dean happy. That just confuses Dean more.

“The – the,” Dean squeezes his eyes shut, knowing this is ridiculous. After all the abuse and torture and mental manipulation, and he’s crying over the sight of the fucking bedding? “The ocean.”
His master cocks his head to the side. “The ocean?”

“Yeah. I like it. Love it, actually. The ocean, I mean.” Dean closes his eyes again, his face turning red. “My favorite memory of my mom is at the ocean. And I – I always bring,” he stops himself, not wanting to mention Sam. “I go to the ocean every summer.”

He realizes he’s panicking once again and jolts when he feels his master’s hands settle firmly on his shoulders. Their eyes lock and his master orders, “Breathe. Now.”

Nodding, Dean sucks in air. It’s waterlogged and makes him choke, but he keeps trying until he’s breathing again. Then his master wipes his face clean from tears and dried cum, smiling at him fondly. “I’m glad you like the ocean. Thank you for sharing that with me.”

Upset that his master isn’t understanding, Dean whispers, “I’ll miss it.”

Realization floods his master’s eyes, and for some crazy reason, Dean thinks it’s as if the man has never considered this. He’s never thought about these kinds of things that he takes away when he does this to people. It’s not just freedom and dignity they lose. It’s the possibility of new memories and traditions. It’s friends and family. It’s things like the ocean.

The thought clearly bothers his master because he straightens up and steps away from Dean, his voice cold as he orders, “Don’t speak out of turn again.”

Hurt beyond words, Dean just nods.

“Put your hands on the edge of the tub and bend over.”

Dean follows the instructions, a new wave of hope blooming as he waits to see if his plug will be removed. He sighs in relief as his master tugs at the toy. He takes his time, of course. He fucks it in and out of Dean, sometimes spinning it, so that it stretches the rim or presses harder into his prostate. He does this until Dean is trembling with need. Then he pulls it out entirely and tosses it in the sink to be cleaned later.

Dean is humping the air and panting, unable to stop himself despite the shame he feels. His master chuckles behind him, and he almost begs to be fucked. To come. Then he’s distracted by his master asking, “Do you need to use the toilet, slave?”
It takes Dean a surprising amount of time to get his arousal calm enough to figure out what else his body needs. Then he realizes he has to piss. And take a shit.

Keeping his position in case he doesn’t have permission to move, Dean says, “Yes, Master.”

“All right. Go ahead and sit then.” His master lifts the toilet lid and gestures for him to sit on the seat. Dean looks at his master, then the toilet, then his master. His master laughs. “You can go, or you can hold it. Running out of time to decide, though.”

On shaking legs, Dean walks to the toilet and sits down. His dick is still semi-hard but he’s able to push it down and pee. After that, though, he can’t do it. There’s no way. Not with his master leaning against the counter so casually, arms crossed on his chest as he smiles knowingly and watches.

“All done?” His tone is mocking, and Dean immediately knows his master is aware he needs to poop. His face gets hot, turning bright red.

Staring at the floor, he asks, “Can I please have privacy, Master?”

“Privacy? There is no privacy, slave. You belong to me, remember? Your holes belong to me. I decide when you eat, drink, fuck, piss, and shit. Go to the bathroom, slave. Now.”

Dean squeezes his eyes shut. The poop is right there. He can feel it, desperately trying to get out. His hole is too stretched from the plug, and he’s afraid it’s going to slide out without permission. A tear rolls down his cheek as he clenches down. “I’ll hold it, Master.”

His eyes snap open when a hand grabs his throat, squeezing until he can no longer breathe. The edges of his vision blur and his ears buzz. “I decide, not you. I control everything. Your life. Even your fucking air. You better learn that real fucking quick.”

Tears continue to flow from Dean’s eyes as he weakly nods, unable to speak to let his master know he understands now. The grip on his throat loosens, and he’s shoved hard, his back hitting the toilet behind him. His master stares, eyebrow raised in expectation.

Dean closes his eyes again, thankful that he doesn’t get yelled at for it. He focuses on breathing,
slowly forcing each muscle to relax. It takes a while for him to stop shaking, but he eventually calms down enough. When it starts to come out, he’s pretty sure he wants to die on the spot. It’s loud when it hits the water, and Dean’s so embarrassed he starts to cry, tears pouring over his bright red cheeks. He keeps his eyes closed because he can’t stand the thought of knowing what his master looks like watching him. He’s probably disgusted.

When Dean is done, he peeks through his lashes just enough to grab some toilet paper. He cleans himself and stands up on weak legs, hurrying to flush the toilet. When he reaches for the faucet to wash his hands, his eyes meet his master’s in the vast mirror on the wall. His master looks pleased. More pleased than Dean anticipated. It makes him relax instantly.

Master comes forward, pressing his front to Dean’s back as he washes up. He wraps an arm around Dean’s waist and just watches as he finishes rinsing, then drying his hands. Then they both stand there in silence, staring at each other in the mirror. The longer they do this, the redder Dean’s face gets until he can’t look at himself anymore and has to look down at the sink.

“Why are you embarrassed to look in the mirror, pet?” Master whispers in his ear.

Dean nibbles on his bottom lip and shrugs. “I dunno, Master.”

“Don’t you think you’re beautiful?”

Now Dean’s whole face and chest are a deep red. “No, Master. Especially compared to you.”

“Thank you for the compliment, pet.” His master rests his chin on Dean’s shoulder, and Dean looks up, feeling a little better when he sees the sleepy kind of smile on his master’s lips. “Master thinks you’re beautiful.”

“I’m not.”

His master raises an eyebrow. “Are you calling your master a liar?”

The look his master gives him in the mirror is surprisingly gentle, despite the clipped tone. Dean focuses on his face. His soft smile and kind eyes. “No, Master. I just – we just don’t see the same things, I think.”
“Hmmm.” His master starts to stroke Dean’s happy trail, smiling when the slave’s cock starts to fill from the slight attention nearby. “What do you see, pet?”

“Uh – I dunno. Us. You holding me. Touching my stomach.”

“No. What do you see when you look at yourself, pet. Just you. Describe it.”

Dean immediately looks away from his reflection and down at the sink. “Um, I dunno. Fit. Muscular. Well, I was. Not anymore.”

“Look at yourself, pet.”

After a slight hesitation that his master thankfully ignores, he tips his chin up to look at the mirror again. His eyes skate over his body. It’s the first time he’s seen his reflection since getting kidnapped. He’s definitely seen better days. He used to have cut muscles from working out with Sammy. Abs. Biceps. Broad shoulders. Large chest. Now he’s like a ghost of himself. He furrows his eyebrows and touches his sternum as if he’s not sure it’s really him.

Master watches him closely and he’s not sure what he’s supposed to do, so he just states the obvious. “I’m skinny.”

“You’re strong,” his master says as if to correct him.

“I’m not strong. If I was strong, I wouldn’t have ended up here.” Dean stares at his master’s hand on his stomach. “I wouldn’t be giving into this. I’d keep fighting.”

“And what would that accomplish? Do you think if you fought hard enough, resisted hard enough, we’d just give up and let you go home?”

The way his master looks at him makes him feel bad for even bringing it up. “No, Master. I – I know there’s no going home.” Without meaning to, his eyes burn, and his throat clogs at the admission.
“Don’t think about home, pet. Think about this. Right now. Right here.” The hand on his stomach tightens, and his other hand comes up to touch Dean’s cheek, catching the tears and wiping them away. “Describe yourself, pet. Five good things. They can be looks or talents or traits. Anything.”

“That’s too many, Master.”

“I disagree. You’re not going to argue with me, right slave?”

Dean doesn’t like being called slave. Pet was better. He knows pet is when his master is a little softer, a little kinder, and that’s where he wants to keep things. He tries to cooperate. “No, Master. I can do it.”

“Good boy.”

“Um,” Dean scans his body. There’s nothing there. “I’m good with cars.”

“Really?”

Master sounds genuinely interested, and Dean feels himself stepping onto solid ground. “Yeah. My uncle owns a shop. Been workin’ there since I was eight. I was over there a lot when dad would leave, and he just started teaching me. By the time I could legally work for him, I was a pro.”

His master chuckles softly, fingertips tickling his stomach with slow circles. Dean melts into the touch, hating himself. “I bet you’re excellent, pet. Where did your dad go?”

Dean bites his lip. “Benders, mostly.”

“And your mom?”

Dean looks away from the mirror, but his master grabs his chin and brings his attention back to his reflection. Dean focuses on Master’s hand on his stomach, watching it. “She died in a fire when I was little.”
“I’m sorry for your loss.” When Dean’s eyebrows pull in in confusion, his master asks, “What’s wrong?”

“Oh, nothing,” he says before quickly adding, “Master.”

“Slave.” It’s a cold warning, and Dean feels it all the way in his gut.

“I was just surprised, Master. I – you bein’ sorry about her, but not about – ya know, this.”

His master nods his understanding, and Dean thinks maybe he never considered that. He has the same face he did when he realized Dean would never see the ocean again. That had upset him, and Dean doesn’t want to upset him, so Dean hurries to list number two. “I’m also pretty funny. It’s usually sarcasm, but I’ve always got people laughing.”

His master blinks and comes back to him, a smile tugging at his lips. “I can believe that. I’ve heard you have quite a bit of bark to your bite.”

“Sorry, Master,” Dean whispers, knowing the other trainers must have told him how bad he was before.

“Hush now. No apologies. This isn’t supposed to be sad, pet.” He chuckles before prompting Dean to continue. “Number three?”

“Uh – I can sing? I’m actually pretty good. Never really told anyone or did anything about it, though. But I sing along with the radio when I’m working in the shop, and everyone’s always complimenting me.”

His master’s hand tightens on his stomach, pulling him in closer. Dean’s eyes catch his in the mirror. “Maybe I’ll get to hear you sing one day.”

Speechless, Dean can only nod.
“What kind of music do you like?” Master asks, keeping the conversation going.

“Rock. Classic and modern.”

Master’s smile grows. “Yeah, I can see that.”

“What about you, Master?” Dean asks softly.

His master looks startled, eyes widening. He opens his mouth but then closes it. He observes Dean like he’s assessing him, making a decision, and Dean wants to take the question back. It’s none of his business what music his master likes. He doesn’t get to know those things. He’s a fucking idiot. He’s going to get in trouble now. He- “I don’t listen that often, but when I do, usually it’s something mellow. Coffeehouse kind of music.”

Without meaning to, Dean laughs under his breath. When he sees his master’s questioning look, he blushes and admits, “Definitely didn’t see you as the type, Master.”

“No?” His master smirks. “Let me guess? Screamo or something violent like that?”

“Kinda, yeah.”

“I’m not a violent man, pet.” Dean bites his lips and his master grins. “You disagree, pet?”

Dean’s eyes widen. “No, Master. Not at all. You know best.”

Something shifts in his master’s expression. It’s almost as if a wall comes down. His eyes soften and his lips part, and he looks at Dean like he wants to worship him. His hand comes up to stroke Dean’s cheek, and Dean leans into the touch a little, making the man behind him smile a real, genuine smile. One that warms Dean’s entire body.

In a low, soft voice, Master whispers into his ear, “If you were really mine, you’d see. I’d take such good care of you.”
A shiver rushes through Dean. He opens his mouth, but when he realizes he’s about to beg this man – this man who fucking kidnapped him and held him in a cell and made him sit in the dark and is probably going to rape him and then sell him – to keep him for real, he snaps his mouth closed again. Dean must be sick. Something is wrong with him. How could his mind think that way, even for a second?

The wall comes back over his master’s face, and the man demands in a cold voice, “Number four.”

Dean gulps. “I’m a hard worker. Never do things half ass.”

“Yes. I’ve definitely seen that.” His master’s voice is warm again, and he presses a kiss to his shoulder. So much confusion starts to swirl in Dean that he barely hears his master say, “Make number five something about your body, pet.”

Fighting through thoughts of gentle Master compared to violent Master, thoughts of soft kisses compared to the brutal blowjob where he didn’t care if Dean choked or threw up, Dean tries to focus. It’s hard to calm himself enough, though. It’s like two people are inside this man holding him captive, and he’s terrified of both of them.

“Pet.” It’s not a sharp warning, just encouragement.

Dean nods to let him know he’s trying. He studies his body for a long time, his master waiting patiently. The patience and kindness just add to the confusion. He wants this to be over with. The whole damn thing. He wants to be sold already. “My eyes are nice.”

“Mmmm. Yes, they are.” His hands start to travel Dean’s body, touching nearly every inch he can without needing to bend or move at all. “And you’re gorgeous now, but you do need to eat more. Get those muscles back. I saw your intake video. Stop misbehaving so I can feed you properly.”

Dean blushes as he thinks of his intake. They videotaped it? What else have they taped? How much has his master seen?

“Are you going to behave, pet?”

“Yes, Master,” Dean whispers.
“Good boy.”

Dean looks back down at the sink, shivering under the praise. “Thank you, Master.”

“Mmmm. And these freckles, pet. You’re covered in them. Like a fucking galaxy on your skin. Beautiful.” Dean’s blush deepens and his master chuckles. “That, that right there. I love that too. This beautiful blush. That’s the first reaction I was able to get from you, and probably my favorite.”

“Thank you, Master.”

“And this ass.” He grips Dean’s ass and Dean gasps, but then accidently moans. “I can’t wait to fuck this ass.”

Dean clamps down on his lip so he doesn’t admit that he can’t wait either. Thankfully, his master decides that this portion of the night is over. He spins Dean around and gives him a reassuring smile. Then, taking him by surprise, he leans in and wraps his lips around Dean’s. It’s a slow kiss. Gentle. Warm. Soft. It makes Dean dizzy.

Master pulls away, and Dean can’t keep himself from staring up at the man in a wondered daze. “That was for going to the bathroom and listing five things. Such a good boy for me, pet. So good.”

Shivering from the praise, Dean whispers, “Thank you, Master.”

“Do you like Master’s kisses?”

Surprisingly, it doesn’t sound like he’s teasing Dean. It seems like he genuinely wants to know. No, it’s almost like he needs to know. He stares at Dean with a hint of desperation as he waits for the answer. Dean blushes and darts his eyes away, unable to look at him as he nods.

“Good.” Dean’s chin is turned, and he’s given another kiss. It’s quick, just a brush of lips, but Dean gasps anyway. When his master pulls back, he stays close enough for his breath to fall on Dean’s mouth. “Stay a good boy for me, and you’ll get many more.”
Before Dean can recover, he’s being guided to the toilet and pushed down to sit on the closed lid. His master reaches over and turns the large jacuzzi tub faucet on. He pours something from a crystal bottle that smells like heaven before leaving the room altogether.

Dean lets his eyes roam freely around the room. He registers a razor and a lighter for all the candles. Next to them is an air freshener can. Dean’s mind slips into the survival mode his dad created in him. He could use that razor and attack the man, cutting his carotid artery. Or he could take the aerosol can and lighter to make a flamethrower. He’s not sure if he’s just that broken, or if he’s just too exhausted, but his heartbeat doesn’t even pick up at the possibility of escape. He just drags his eyes elsewhere, examining the towel rack.

His master comes back without his suit jacket or tie, a few of the buttons on his white dress shirt undone to reveal silky skin, and the sleeves loosely rolled up to his elbows. Dean’s mouth goes dry as he watches him approach. From his master’s smirk, he knows exactly what Dean is thinking.

For the first time since the darkness, Dean finds it in himself to feel ashamed. This man is taking the ocean from him. Taking Sammy from him. Taking his entire life from him. It’s disgusting that he’s attracted to the monster. Dean’s fucked up.

To make himself feel better, Dean makes a silent vow to himself. One he will take to his grave.

*He will not fall in love with this man. This monster can take everything else, but he can’t have Dean’s heart.*
Unfortunately, the happy bubble of Castiel's suite needs to pop eventually, and Dean has to return to his cell.

Warnings/Tags: Confusing/unpredictable Cas, mild punishment, Dean’s confused/overwhelmed, pleasure from pain, Stockholm Syndrome

Castiel ends up emptying and refilling the tub twice before Dean is clean enough to soak in some fresh water. As he relaxes into the bubbles and closes his eyes, Castiel watches his body give into exhaustion. Not enough to fall asleep, the young man is far too guarded for that, but enough for Castiel to see him breathe easily for the first time since he met him.

It’s a welcome sight. Castiel is not like some of his friends and associates. He gets hard when a slave struggles or gets punished, of course, but these are the moments as a master he has always enjoyed. The moments of calm and safety. Of course, he never got these moments for real. Just illusions as he trained a slave to belong to someone else. Pretend peace. Nothing more.

*So why does it feel different right now? And why is it so fucking hard for Castiel to remember it’s nothing more with Dean? It can’t be more.*

After washing the young man, including a gentle scalp massage while shampooing his hair, Castiel wraps him in a fluffy blue towel and brings him into the bedroom. He dries him off and lays him down so he can smooth a cream over the few marks still healing on his otherwise perfect body.

Once he has Dean relaxed and sleepy, Castiel tucks him in and places a soft kiss on his forehead.

“Get some rest, pet.”

“But-” Dean stops himself, remembering the rules. He’s a slave. He has no right to ask his master to lay down with him. To sleep with him. He worries his bottom lip with his teeth and deflates into the mattress.
It’s not hard for Castiel to understand, though. Ever since Dean emerged from the darkness, Castiel’s been craving those things too. The things that are off limits. Bringing Dean up here was bad enough. He most definitely cannot lay beside him.

Remembering his father, remembering what loving a slave does to you, Castiel shoves his desires down as deep as he can and looks down at Dean with a straight face. “I will leave the lamp on, no darkness. Go to sleep.”

“Are – are you leaving?”

He forgot to call him Master, and Castiel should yell at him for that. He’s also told him twice now to go to sleep, and he hasn’t yet. Castiel should yell at him for that too. Hell, he should probably spank him.

But Dean looks so sad, small, and lonely. So, he meets him halfway. “There’s a desk here in the corner. I’ll be doing work there. You’re not alone.”

The relief on Dean’s face makes Castiel’s chest constrict. “Now, go to sleep, pet.”

*Shit. He had meant to call him slave.*

*Castiel’s fucking losing it.*

*He needs to get his shit together.*

Dean closes his eyes, and Castiel hurries over to his desk, slumping down in the chair and burying his face in his hands.
After his nap, Dean’s master clips the leash back on his collar and leads him out of the suite. He doesn’t speak to Dean, not once, but he doesn’t try to blindfold him again. He just covers Dean’s eyes with his hands while they travel with a series of beeping buttons and guided movements. It isn’t until he takes his hand away for Dean to see where they are that Dean begins to panic. His master brought him back to the dungeons. He’s leading him back down the hall, straight to his cell.

He starts to drag his feet, shaking his head since he can’t complain verbally. His master just yanks him, hard, sending him stumbling forward, nearly falling to his knees. Other slaves are around, and they all stare openly at him. This is something that none of them did before when he was led around by the other trainers. He wonders if the other slaves know who his master is. If they’re aware that Dean, the naughty slave everyone hates, is being led by one of the bosses.

Maybe he can try and talk to one of the slaves if he ever gets a chance. Maybe they can help him understand who and what he’s dealing with.

The cell is at least clean, no longer smelly or sticky, but Dean still can’t get himself to step foot in it. He stands at the barrier, shaking violently. His master stands a few feet inside the room with his hands casually in his pockets, one eyebrow raised in expectation.

“Please, Master,” Dean whispers, tucking his chin down to avoid having to look at the man.

“This is your place, slave. I have no use for you right now. None. If your master has no use for you, this is where you should be. Waiting eagerly to be used again.”

Dean interlocks his fingers, pretending it’s someone else’s hand holding his own. It’s not working very well. Even though his master is right there, he can still feel the loneliness seeping into him. Down to the bone. Down to his fucking soul.

He was willing to give in, he was prepared to do whatever it took, but he can’t do this. Dean can’t go back in this cell. Miserable. Cold. Lonely.

Afraid.

*What if they put him in the dark again?*
Panic presses down on his chest.

“Step in on your own, right now, or you’ll be punished.”

Dean tries. He really does. He orders his feet to move, but they don’t. Next thing he knows, he’s moving – but not on his own accord. His master has the hair at the nape of his neck in his fist, shoving him forward. He slams Dean’s front into the cold cement wall and grabs both his hands, opening them wide and flattening them against it. Dean stays in place, one hand on each side of his face, legs trembling so hard he’s worried he’ll fall.

The sharp sound of leather pulling through belt loops makes him jump. “I think ten lashes will suffice.”

Ten lashes? Oh, yeah, Dean can handle that. That’s nothing compared to what the other trainers did. They had used real whips and canes and hit him so many times he lost count. Ten lashes with a belt is like home. He can almost hear his dad droning on about respect and discipline.

Then the first one lands, right on the curve of his ass cheeks, and his breath is knocked from him. “That’s one. Count for me slave.”

“One.”

“One, Master,” his master corrects.

“One, Master.”

“Thank you, Master,” his master adds.

Dean whispers in a broken voice, “Thank you, Master.”

“Good.”

The second lash is even harder, right across the center of his thighs. It stings, then burns with
radiating heat. “Slave?”

Just before Dean can ask what his master wants, he remembers. “Two, Master.”

“And?”

“And?” Dean rests his forehead against the cool wall, uncertain. He’s too thrown off. This isn’t supposed to hurt so much. This isn’t supposed to make him want to cry and beg his master to hold him. “And – And I don’t know, Master.”

A third lash in the exact same spot comes. “Thank you, Master – that was the correct answer, slave.”

“Yes, Master. Sorry. Thank you, Master.” Dean is crying already, and he doesn’t understand why. He’s so overwhelmed. Confused. Afraid. There’s something about his master that seems to be inside him, breaking him apart from the inside out. He remembers something and quickly adds, “Three, Master. Thank you, Master.”

The low chuckle from his master makes his gut sink. “Not three. That was punishment for not answering correctly. This next one will be your third lash. Understood?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Good.”

The actual third lash comes, and he grits his teeth to keep from screaming as it hits across the center of his ass cheeks. “Three, Master. Thank you, Master.”

Another comes, and he responds like he’s supposed to. A fire is crawling up his spine now, even though the belt hasn’t gone near it, and he’s feeling lightheaded. He starts to think about all the nice things Master said in the bathroom. How gentle he was. Kind. He made Dean feel worthy and beautiful and safe. He stayed in the room. Kept the lights on.

And now he’s hurting Dean.
He’s mad at Dean.

He’s disappointed in Dean.

*Dean disappointed Master.*

Before the next hit comes, Dean whispers, “I’m so sorry, Master. I’m sorry. I didn’t – I didn’t want to disappoint you. I’m – I’m so – I’m so sorry.”

The silence that follows is long and terrifying. Dean has a hard time breathing. It stretches to the point where Dean wishes his master would just return to hurting him.

“Pet, do you know what punishments are for?”

Dean bites his lip. “To learn a lesson, Master?”

“Partially.” He feels warmth behind him like his master is walking closer to him. He’s not sure if it’s his imagination, but he thinks he can feel his breath on the back of his neck. “A slave gets punished so that, when the punishment is over, they can let go of the guilt and move on. They can focus on being good again. On pleasing their master.”

Dean feels his body relax. “Oh.”

“So, when these ten lashes are over, you will not be upset with yourself for disappointing me. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Master.”

“And you’re going to learn the lesson and listen to directions the first time. Is that understood?”
“Yes, Master.”

A kiss is pressed to the back of his neck. Quick. Soft. Possibly another thing from his imagination. Then his master steps back and hits him. Number five hits at an angle. He arches his back and keens, relieved that he’s another lash closer to being freed from his guilt and shame. For some reason, a wave of pleasure washes through him, surprisingly chasing away the pain.

“Five, Master. Thank you, Master.”

For the first time, he sounds thankful. He fucking feels thankful. He doesn’t understand why. Part of him is screaming for his master to stop before Dean breaks his promise to himself. The other part is cheering him on, curious where this will lead. Wanting Dean to chase the pleasure. Wanting to see how much pleasure he can wring out of all the pain. Wanting him to give in.

Another lash, and warmth begins to furl beneath his belly button. “Six, Master. Thank you, Master.”

Maybe his master will finally, after so long, let him come. Unlike the other times, Dean would not fight it. He’d beg for the opportunity to orgasm now. For his master.

He’d do anything for his master.

Another hit. Dean presses his legs together, trying to find relief from his rock-hard cock that’s dripping an embarrassing pool of precum onto the floor between his feet. “S – Seven, Master. Th – Thank you, Master.”

When he hears the hum of appreciation from his master, Dean smiles. He feels warm and content. Even as his skin burns. Even as he stands in a cold cell that is now his home. Even as his life is being ripped away. He feels safe. It’s the oddest sentiment in the world, and it catches him so off guard that he doesn’t even feel the eighth lash. The only reason he knows it came is because his brain registered the sound against his skin.

“Eight, Master. Th – Thank you, Master.”

Instead of another lash coming, the belt clinks to the floor and a warm body is pressed up behind him. Dean moans and presses back against his master, taking every single moment of comfort his master is willing to give him. He rests his head on his shoulder and looks up at him. His master is
smiling.

*Dean made his master smile.*

“You are so good for me, pet.” His master is panting. He moves in closer, an arm wrapping around Dean’s waist to pull him in. Dean shivers when he feels his master’s hard cock poking him through his dress pants. “Mmmm, my pet likes Master’s cock, doesn’t he?”

All self-respect flies out the window as Dean whimpers and nods. “Yes, Master.”

His master drags the tip of his nose up the side of Dean’s neck, inhaling. He hums in satisfaction, pressing himself against Dean, before whispering in his ear, “Do you want it?”

“Yes,” Dean’s panting so hard, his mind numbing. He forgets to call him master. If his master notices, he doesn’t point it out.

“Tell me, pet,” Master demands, pulling his hips away to break their contact. “Tell me what you want.”

Dean rocks back against him, loving the low moan it pulls from his master’s lips. “I want your cock, Master.”

“How do you want it?”

“Any – Any – oh, fuck,” he pauses, hanging his head and peering down at where his master is wrapping a large, warm hand around his leaking cock. He’s stroking him slowly, holding Dean’s hip tight to keep him from bucking into the touch.

A low chuckle makes his skin erupt in goosebumps. “Should Master just decide for you?”

“Jesus Christ.” He feels a forehead press against the back of his neck and, if he isn’t imagining it, his master’s breaths are coming in shaky shudders. Dean whimpers when his master places a kiss on the skin there.

The hand around his cock slips away, and his master steps back, leaving Dean cold and alone. Dean shivers at the loss. He waits for the belt to be picked up or for his master to say something, but he doesn’t. He just stands a few inches from Dean, one step away, and breathes heavily.

Then a hand is placed on the small of Dean’s back, pressing him firmly against the cool wall. His master starts to rub his abused ass. Slowly. Gently. “I need to finish your punishment, but then I think you’ve earned a reward for taking it so beautifully. Would you like that, pet?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Does my pet want to come, or does he want Master’s cock?”

Ice floods Dean’s veins, and he nearly collapses. “I – But – Wait.”

“Yes, pet. You’re assuming correctly. You’re only getting one.”

Closing his eyes, Dean starts crying again. His master continues to soothe his sore ass with a gentle hand. The other hand skims fingertips along the curve of his hip. Dean’s so torn up. He knows if he really had to choose, he’d pick getting to come. It’s been so long. And he’s so fucking hard it hurts. But he doesn’t want to disappoint Master again when he hasn’t even moved on from the last time he did that. And he’s positive his master would want him to choose his cock. His pleasure.

That’s when it hits Dean, and he remembers what he’s been taught. What his master told him before. Dean is only there for Master’s pleasure. “Your cock, Master.”

A sharp inhale comes from behind him, and the hands pause. They don’t go away, though, just hold him still. There’s a possibility his hands are trembling against Dean’s skin. “You won’t get to come then, pet.”

“I know, Master. But my pleasure isn’t important. I’m only here to please you.”
“God, you’re fucking perfect.” His master whispers it so quietly, Dean wonders if he thinks Dean couldn’t hear it. But he did. And his heart starts to pound at the validation and praise. His master steps closer to him, panting against Dean’s neck. “You have two more lashes. I’m going to spank you with my hand and then you are going to turn and get down on your knees. You don’t need to count for me. Just take them like a good boy.”

Dean nods frantically, ready for this to be over. Ready to be able to show his master how sorry he is. How good he can be. Dean didn’t think the swats would be too painful because of how close his master’s body is to him, but they’re fucking hard. So hard, he almost forgets the rest of the instructions. He remembers in time, though, and hurries to turn around and sink to his knees. He even manages to do it gracefully like he was taught.

His master’s crotch is right in front of his face, and he licks his lips, clenching his hands to keep from touching him. A warm hand gently grabs his chin, lifting it so Dean’s looking at his master’s face instead of his clothed boner. The smile on his master’s lips is beautiful. It takes Dean’s breath away.

“Hey there, green eyes.”

“Hi, Master.”

“Does my pet want my cock?”

Dean releases a needy sound and is too turned on and desperate to feel embarrassed about it. “Yes please, Master.”

Dean feels guilty for just a flash of a second. There’s a moment when it hits Dean that he’s begging his kidnapper, his torturer, his probably soon-to-be rapist, to feed him his cock.

But then he remembers the dark. And the fact that he hasn’t been hugged in weeks. This is the first man, first person, to touch him in days. The only one to touch him gently in this entire compound.

Of course Dean’s begging for him. Every part he can get. Dean will take anything this man is willing to offer. Anything. A cock. A kiss. A compliment.

Hell, a fucking blanket.
He refuses to be ashamed of that.

He shivers with anticipation when his master’s long, deft fingers start to open his dress pants. As he pulls out his cock for Dean, he rains praise onto him. “So beautiful. So good for me. Fucking perfect. Sweet. Your pale skin flushes so pretty for me. And your ass pinks up like a fucking dream.”

Tears leak from the corners of Dean’s eyes at how happy he is to hear all this. He gives him a wobbly smile and whispers, “Thank you, Master.”

“Mmmmm.” His master looks down at him, holding his cock in his hand. Dean’s eyes lock back onto it. Watching it gently pulse. Pre cum dripping onto one of his master’s fingers. It’s bright red and long and thick, and Dean wants it. He wants it bad. “Fuck. Look at you. Even now. Such a good boy for me. Waiting for permission. Waiting for Master to give you his cock.”

Dean moans and shifts, so his hand is on his own cock. He hears his master’s chuckle. “Hands behind your back, pet.”

Deflating, Dean does as told. His master pulls out the blindfold from earlier, and Dean’s heart catches in his throat. But then his master is kneeling and reaching behind him, using the fabric to tie Dean’s hands at the small of his back. When his master is back on his feet, cock once again in his hand, he simply tells Dean, “Go ahead pet.”

Dean doesn’t need to be told twice. He hurries forward, almost falling from being off balanced and restrained. He takes his master’s cock in his mouth and sucks gently. Then he pulls back and covers it in sweet kisses. Then dirty, sloppy kisses. Then he’s sucking it back into his mouth and trying to push him as deep as he can without gagging. His eyes burn, but it feels good. He feels safe.

This is where he belongs.

Dean is being rewarded for being a good boy. Dean is getting his master’s cock as a gift.

He has no idea how he got so lucky.

Master’s hands tangle in his hair and hold his head steady, starting to move his hips so he can pump
into Dean’s mouth himself. Dean works his tongue the best he can to help out and his master groans, his head falling back on his shoulders as his eyes slide closed. Dean takes that as a good sign and licks him faster. Sucks him harder.

Master speeds up, and the sound his cock makes as it fucks into Dean’s mouth is loud and obscene and has Dean melting. He starts to choke and gag, but his master doesn’t slow down. He doesn’t even bother to warn Dean about vomiting this time. Dean knows what will happen if he throws up, he doesn’t need to be told twice, so he breathes through his nose and blinks away tears while trying to keep his stomach under control.

With a grip that shoots pain down his spine, his master holds him still and bucks in deep one final time, releasing a shaky breath as he starts to spill down Dean’s throat. Dean sputters and chokes on the cum, a little dribbling down his chin, but he greedily swallows the rest. Master’s cock slips from his mouth, spent and glistening beautifully. “Clean my cock off, pet.”

“Yes, Master.” Dean leans forward and laps at his master’s cock, noticing how it starts to harden again already. When it’s clean, he sits back on his heels and looks up at his master for his next instructions. He can feel tears and snot drying on his face. He can feel his master’s cum still dripping from his chin into his lap.

His master looks at him like he might eat him alive.

“Does my pet want to come?” Dean’s entire body tenses in shock, and he opens his mouth without being able to say a word. His master brushes a hand through his hair, massaging his scalp. Petting him. It calms Dean, and he starts to close his eyes. Relax. “Just answer honestly, pet. Don’t over think it. Do you want to come?”

“Yes, Master.”

“How bad?”

“So bad, Master.” Dean nearly chokes on a sob at the end of the sentence, his need and desperation clawing its way back to the surface. “It’s been so long, Master. I – I want to come so bad.”

“Keep begging,” his master orders in a tone that borders on taunting.
Dean’s breath hitches and then he’s pouring out words. “Please. God, please, Master. Please let me come. Let me come. I’ll be so good. I’ll be the best pet for you. I’ll be a good boy and make you happy. Please. Master. Please. Let me – let me come. Let me come. Please. Master. Please. I’ll be good. So good. You can – fuck – oh, god – please!” Dean sobs, his entire body violently shaking.

His master gets on the ground in front of him, squatting instead of sitting. He cups Dean’s face and makes him look him in the eye. His cock is already put away, pants zipped back up. His hair is perfectly in place. His face calm and happy.

All Dean can think is: This man is magnificent.

“Keep. Going.”

Dean releases choked sobs. He can’t fight them anymore. They quake inside his chest, and he’s so desperate and – “Oh, please. Master. I – I need – I need so bad. I – please. Oh, please. Please. Please. I’ll be so good. So good for you. Your good boy.”

“Won’t you be that anyway, though?”

Dean cries harder, nodding. “Yes. Yes, Master. Always good. No matter what. Always be a good boy for you.”

“Mmmmm.” His master takes his face in his hands and lifts it so he can kiss him. Dean’s breathing stops altogether. He opens his mouth and accepts the kiss, moaning when his master’s tongue slides against his. When he finally takes a breath, it’s his master’s oxygen.

If he wasn’t so out of his mind, he’d see how symbolic that is.

Master doesn’t pull away. He kisses Dean for a long time until Dean’s body is relaxing, and Dean’s crying has stopped. Then his fingers wrap gently around Dean’s throbbing cock, and he swallows Dean’s gasps. Dean bucks into his touch, but Master uses his other hand to press down on his hip. Against Dean’s lips, he whispers, “Don’t take your pleasure, pet. Let your master give it to you.”

“Yes, Master. Sorry, M-” his apology is cut off by his master’s mouth again. The hand increases its pace, a warm and steady pressure wrapped around him. Every few strokes, a thumb is pressed hard against the sensitive spot on the underside of his cock. He whimpers and jolts every time. It’s not
long before he’s frantically whispering against his master’s lips, “Please – Gonna – So close – Mas – Fuck – Please – Can I – Can I–”

“Go ahead, pet.”

The words open a gate inside Dean, and he’s falling apart. He leans his face against his Master, tucking it into the spot between his shoulder and neck. His master rubs soft circles on his back to soothe him while his other hand continues to stroke him until he’s completely empty. He even holds Dean for a minute or two afterward, as Dean’s body comes down. As he comes back to himself.

With a soft sigh, his master gently places him on the floor and stands up again. There’s a spot of cum on his knee and another on the front of his dress shirt. Dean feels guilty about it, about to apologize, when his master interrupts his thoughts.

“You’re dirty,” his master says with a frown. “And your cell is dirty now too. You will make sure to clean everything including yourself before you go to sleep.”

“But-” Dean looks around the cell, searching for water or rags. “Master, I need – uh, I need supplies. Please.”

“For what?” his master asks, looking at him with amusement. He knows his master is aware of what he needs the supplies for. Judging by his smirk, though, Dean’s certain he won’t be getting them.

Dean’s heart races as he realizes what his master wants him to do. He can’t. Surely, he can’t do that. It’d be – no. No way. Not even for Master.

“Better hurry. Cold cum isn’t appetizing.”

Dean blushes fiercely, and it makes his master grin. He looks away, down at the mess on the floor and his thighs. Even after he hears the loud click of the door being locked, he just continues to stare.

He can’t do it. He can’t. He –

He will.
He will because his master wants him to.

Starting to cry, Dean leans down and begins.
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

And the roller-coaster goes down down down...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Castiel takes the quickest shower possible, pulling on a new suit and not even bothering with a tie, so he can get back to his desk and watch. He grins when he sees Dean in the middle of cleaning the cum. He’s sticking his tongue out like it’s stuck there. Gagging.

“What are we watching?” Gabriel asks in a sing-song voice as he walks in the door. He shuts and locks it, then comes around Castiel’s desk to see what’s on the monitor. Instead of answering, Castiel just lets his friend watch. He’s zoomed in now. A perfect, high-definition play by play of Dean sobbing as he forces himself to lick at the floor.

Gabriel chuckles at the spectacle before grabbing a seat on the edge of the desk. His legs dangle as he continues to watch the slave. Not taking his eyes off the show, he begins to speak. “Since the showcase, we’ve had five men commit to a purchase. Another two have shown strong interest. All but one will be attending the auction.”

“Good.” Castiel tilts his head and smiles as he watches Dean move on from the floor, now scooping cum off his own body and eating it. “We’ll need more slaves, though. That’s a large load we’ll be losing.”

“Yeah, I figured,” Gabriel says with a sigh. “Where do you want the next hunt to be?”

“The south. Southwest, if possible.” Castiel finally tears his eyes from the screen to look at Gabriel, giving this his full attention. He can’t be distracted when talking about hunts. Hunts are their number one risk. “I want Chuck to head this one. He did well with the previous two. Shoot for 10, no less than 8.”

Gabriel nods, writing all of this down on a large sticky note attached to the front of his file. As he writes, Castiel continues. “I need to take a trip in the next few weeks to check in on our other compound. Have you heard from my brother?”
The sour look on Gabriel’s face matches the way Castiel feels about the topic of his brother. He nearly laughs as he watches his friend try to hide it. “He checked in after their showcase last night.”

“Do you have his numbers?”

“Right here, Sir.”

Gabriel hands Castiel the packet of paper full of information regarding his brother’s compound out west. He flips through it, nodding to himself. “He can have the full brood from the hunt after next. He shouldn’t need to be supplemented right now unless his auction is an out of the blue success. Let him know.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Let me guess?” Castiel asks with a wry smile, seeing his answer already in his friend’s face. “He wants to do his own hunt.”

“As usual, yes.”

“And you told him no?”

“As usual, yes.”

Castiel chuckles. “Let him know I’ll be willing to negotiate when I come to visit. That should hold him over in the meantime. Don’t want him throwing any hissy fits.”

Smirking, Gabriel nods. “Will do.”

“And Gabe?”

“Yeah, boss?”
“Tell Jimmy to stop calling me. I’ll talk to him about personal matters when I’m ready to.”

From the way Gabriel hangs his head and how red his face gets, Castiel knows he may have been encouraging Jimmy. He knows the both of them think it’s time he gets himself a slave. They both know Castiel’s reasons why he won’t, though. He never will. Castiel wishes they’d respect that.

After a second, Castiel realizes Gabriel is watching Dean again. He takes a breath, preparing himself. Knowing what his friend is thinking. It’s written all over his face.

Sure enough, “He’s pretty fond of you, then?”

“Stop,” Castiel orders, his voice cold and authoritative.

Gabriel smirks. “I’m not doing anything.”

Wanting to change the subject, Castiel turns to business again. “While I’m gone on my visit, I’ll need you to run things back here for me. When I return, you can have a few days off. Take a break.”

“Like a vacation?” Gabriel asks, eyebrows raised in fake shock.

“Yeah. You can even bring a slave if ya want to keep yourself occupied.”

“Well, well,” Gabriel says on a breathy laugh. “Careful, Cassie. I might think you’re fond of the slave, too.”

Castiel levels a glare. “Don’t.”

“You’re just in a very good mood. Can’t help but notice it correlates with a certain green-eyed boy.”

“I am. I haven’t felt this good in years, Gabe. But it has nothing to do with him.” Castiel shakes his head, avoiding the screen showing Dean. “You were right. I have missed it.”
“So, it’s the training, not the slave?”

“Yes.”

“So, you’re going to keep training once this one is gone?”

Castiel locks his jaw. He can’t meet his best friend’s eyes. “No.”

“Oh, okay. Sure. So, you’re not fond of him, just happy to be training. But once he’s gone, you’ll magically no longer want to be training?”

“Stop.”

“I see the way you watch him on your monitor. The way you light up when you talk about him. You’re getting attached.”

“I’m not.”

“Cas,” Gabriel pauses, making sure his friend is looking him in the eye. “You brought him to your suite.”

Castiel looks at Dean. He can’t help it. That was too long to go without him. The slave is shivering violently, hugging his arms around himself, trying to warm up. “He needed a bath.”

“We have a community shower room, 3 private showers, and 1 tub in the compound.”

“I just felt like bringing him up there. It’s not newsworthy, Gabe.”

“Not newsworthy? Jesus, Cas, you haven’t trained in years. But you’re training him. You’ve been a crabbass, miserable bastard, now you’re a fucking ray of sunshine. And you brought a slave to your suite, Cas. Your fucking suite. The place you don’t let anyone but me into. You’ve never brought a
slave into your personal space. You’ve never even thought about it. All to give him a fucking bath?”

When Castiel says nothing, Gabriel pushes harder. “And, by the way, I know that’s not true for a fact. It wasn’t just for a bath. He slept in your bed.”

“Gabe,” Castiel warns, closing his eyes to calm himself down.

“Your bed, Cas. You’ve never had a man in your bed. Not once in your life.”

“It’s not like I slept with him.”

“But you wanted to.”

The words hang in the air, threatening to hang Castiel like a noose. He glares at Gabriel, pulling all his fury and fear and confusion and pushing it toward him. Gabriel immediately puts his hands up in surrender. The asshole is hiding a smirk, though. “I’m just saying, if you’re falling for him, keep him. He could be yours. But if that’s not your plan, then don’t get attached. It’ll just make a mess when it’s time to sell him.”

Castiel tries not to think about the reason why it makes his chest ache when thinking about selling Dean. “You and my fucking brother. Why can’t you leave it alone? You know why I can’t keep him, Gabe. You know.”

“Do I? Because you were already unhappy before him, so what’s there to lose?”

“Stop, Gabe. I’m warning you.”

“Would it be so bad, Cas? To open up? To let yourself be happy?”

“You don’t have a slave, and you’re the definition of happy, Gabe.”

His friend smiles, but it’s sad and distant. “I’m happy. You’re right. Single life works for me. You aren’t happy. Maybe the single life isn’t working for you.”
“Maybe my single life has absolutely nothing to do with my happiness!” Castiel stands up and starts to pace. He rarely loses his cool, especially with Gabriel. He’s rattled, and he fucking hates it, and it’s Dean’s fault.

“Cas-”

“Gabe.” He turns, drawing in breaths that shake his chest to the point of pain. “Please. Please. I need you to stop.”

That tells Gabriel all he needs to know, and Castiel knows that, and he hates himself. He hates Dean even more.

This is all Dean’s fault.

Gabriel leaves without a word, leaving the door cracked open behind him. Castiel walks over to it and slams it shut. It’s not satisfying in the least. He grits his teeth, clenches his fists, and starts to pace again. Gabriel is wrong. Jimmy is wrong. He isn’t falling for this kid. He isn’t.

He doesn’t fucking do that.

He can’t fucking do that.

He had a slight soft spot and made a mistake.

That’s it.

Just a mistake.

Mistakes can be fixed.

Easily corrected.
He stops pacing and turns to look at the monitor showing Dean. The slave is crying again. He’s always fucking crying.

Castiel will fucking show him something to cry about.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

WARNINGS/Tags: Non-con/rape (yes.. between dean/cas.. sorry), choking, bondage, gag, very unnecessary pain/torture

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dean’s door opens sooner than he expected it would. He prepares himself for water or food, probably from some other trainer now that he’s not in the darkness, but instead, his master storms in. The happiness he feels is short lived once he takes in the man’s features. He’s angry. Furious, actually. Dean doesn’t understand why.

Scrambling backward on shaky legs, he looks at the floor to make sure it’s clean. There’s nothing he missed. He looks at his body, and it’s the same.

A hand grabs his throat and yanks him up and forward until only his tiptoes touch the floor. His ears start to buzz, but he hears his master clearly when he says, “Time for another lesson, slut,” in a terrifying cold voice.

Dean’s eyes burn. From the pain, the insult, and his master’s anger. When his master left him earlier, he was happy and praising Dean. There’s nothing Dean could have done to ruin that. Unless it was the fact that he hesitated before cleaning up? But it was only for a moment, and his master hadn’t seemed upset. After cleaning, he curled up and sat still, thinking.

Can he get in trouble for thinking?

He can tell now is not time to ask questions, so he keeps his mouth clamped shut as he’s put down on his feet. The leash is attached to his collar, and his hands are tied behind his back, each one secured to the opposite arm’s elbow. His master leads him down the hall so fast Dean is panting by the time they reach the open area with the elevators. He finds himself hoping they’re headed back up to the suite, but then they turn a corner and Dean is shoved into the first room on their right. It’s nearly all black. The walls. The floor. The equipment. So. Much. Equipment. There’s a full wall dedicated to pain implementing instruments, all hanging ominously on hooks. There isn’t much in the room that looks dedicated to pleasure.
The second he processes his surroundings, he’s trying to back away. He just ends up bumping into his master, who forces him inside enough to lock the door.

“Do you know how many days you’ve been here, slave?”

“N-no, Master.”

His master scoffs as if being in the dark for days on end and in a place with no clocks or windows isn’t an excuse for losing track. “You’ve been here Eighteen days. Eighteen days. Most slaves are nearly trained by now. At least the basics. They’ve certainly been fucked. Have you been fucked yet, slave?”

“No, Master,” he whispers, looking at the floor as his cheeks turn red.

“No. Your mouth has been stuffed with cocks, but not that greedy little hole of yours. Now, tell me, slut, doesn’t that sound a bit backward to you? A sex slave who hasn’t had sex yet?”

Dean starts to tremble. The man in front of him is not the man he was with a few hours ago. “Y – yes, Master.”

“Stop. Stuttering. It’s fucking pissing me off!” His master backhands him, making his vision blur and his head swim. Dean stares at the wall to his left, since his head snapped in that direction from the force of the hit, and tells himself not to cry. Whoever he thought this man could be, he was wrong.

Part of him is devastated.

Part of him is relieved.

Dean swallows a whimper when iron-like hands grab his biceps and hall him toward a leather bench with stirrups. He’s picked up like he weighs nothing and pushed onto it, his stomach flat against the cushion, his knees settling in the crooks of the stirrups. He trembles but stays silent as his master secures him with six different leather straps, tightening them until he’s nearly losing circulation in all four limbs. If he fights the restraints at all, he’ll hurt himself. He has a feeling his master doesn’t care either way.
With his body like this, his ass is out and slightly raised upward. Vulnerable. He hangs his head in 
shame and closes his eyes as he waits for the man to do something other than just stand there, staring 
at him. A hand touches his back, and he flinches from the unexpected gentle contact. When he 
glances over his shoulder, his eyes lock with his masters, and he sees confusion in them. Like his 
master is fighting himself on something.

“You’re beautiful like this,” he finally whispers, still stroking Dean’s skin.

“Thank you, Master.”

The word master seems to snap the man out of wherever his mind had traveled to. He takes his hand 
off Dean like Dean had burned him and hurries off to one of the cabinets on the wall.

“I’m going to fuck you, slave. Then maybe you’ll stop crying all the fucking time. Maybe you’ll 
finally accept your new place in the world.”

Dean curls his hands on the edges of the bench, the movement making the leather around his wrists 
stretch the skin unbearably tight. He needs to hold something, though. It feels like he may float away 
otherwise. “How do you know I cry?”

“I’m your master. I know everything, slave.” A sharp thwack of a riding crop against his bare ass 
makes Dean yell out in surprise and pain, his feet trying to kick but unable to. “Don’t speak out of 
turn again, and remember how to address me.”

The apology hangs on the tip of Dean’s tongue, but he bites it off. There’s too much in his head to 
play the obedient slave right now. Especially since he’s not sure he’ll let himself slip into that mindset 
again. He allowed himself to be submissive out of survival. The guy wasn’t that bad. He even 
seemed to show moments where Dean believed maybe he genuinely cared. There was something 
soft beneath the surface of the man’s blue eyes. Something that made Dean trust him; as much as you 
can trust a slaver ruining your life.

And he had said all those things about Dean. Complimented him. Made him feel like he’s not 
useless. Dean believed him.

No more.
If he’s going to be treated like shit, treated like *this*, after doing everything the man asked – even eating cold cum off the fucking floor – then he’d prefer to fight again. He’ll take the dark if he has to.

“Has your hole ever been used, slave? By a man, not a toy?”

Dean glares at the empty wall in front of him, deciding he doesn’t want to talk to this man anymore. This man is not his master.

He never will be.

“I asked you a question, slut!”

Growling, Dean asks, “How can you call me a slut when you don’t even know if I’m a fucking virgin?”

A sharp intake of breath is his only warning before he has two hands grabbing his ass cheeks, fingernails digging into them so hard he knows he must be bleeding. He swallows the scream and thinks of Sammy. That’s how he survived all the other times. That’s how he’ll survive this rape.

He has to get back to Sammy.

He feels his entire body flush with embarrassment as the man spreads him open wide, exposing his hole to the air. He feels it pucker without his permission.

“You can answer my question now, properly, politely, or I’ll fuck you like this. Right here, right now. In this tight little unprepared hole. I won’t even spit on it.”

Tears leak out of the corners of Dean’s eyes. “No, I’m not a virgin.”

“Excuse me?”

“I. Am. Not. A. Virgin.” Dean looks over his shoulder as much as he possibly can with the restraints keeping him tightly in place. “Do you want me to say it in a different language? I know Spanish.”
A smirk tilts the man’s lips before he quickly schools his expression. Dean saw it, though. He saw the crack. Once again, he’s confused as all hell. How can the man find him amusing but still want to beat and rape him? How can he be gentle like earlier in the day, or let him crawl into his lap like that day in the dark when Dean was so terrified and lonely, and then get angry and hurt him for no reason?

“For answering the question, I won’t fuck you yet. For the attitude?” The man laughs under his breath, the sound so chilling and sinister that Dean’s blood runs cold. “For the attitude, my slave will be punished.”

“Fuck you and your fucking punishments!” Dean spits out. “And I’m not your fucking slave.”

The man doesn’t smirk this time. When he looks at Dean, his eyes are vacant of humanity. Cold. Deadly. Haunted.

The man takes a breath as if he’s trying to steady himself, to restrain his response, and Dean starts to mentally prepare. He isn’t great at tracking time, but he knows he spent at least a week if not two with all those trainers at first. He never broke for them. Not once. He can survive an hour or two of pain from this asshole.

Strolling to the cabinet again, his master stands with his back to Dean for a few minutes before coming back with a ball gag in his hand. “This is for that attitude of yours. I guarantee you that when I remove this later, I’ll have you back to the nice little obedient slave from earlier.”

“Doubtful.”

“Should we make a bet?” The man tilts his head with a playful smile.

“Fuck. You.”

The man laughs. “No, pet. It will be me, fucking you.”

Dean tries to fight the gag, but all the man needs to do is pinch his nose, and his survival instincts kick in. The gag is shoved in too hard, and his teeth zing from the pain. He desperately tries to push
it out with his tongue, but the man is too fast, securing it before Dean can fight it.

“There we go,” the man says with a patronizing pat on Dean’s ass. “Now, let’s get to the punishment part of the night, shall we?”

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This man on his spanking bench is fucking beautiful. There are no other words to describe him. He has Castiel mesmerized. It’s not just his physical beauty, either. Sure, his sandy blond hair soft as silk and pale skin covered in freckles and green eyes wide and bright all have their allure, but it’s his strength that really draws Castiel in. Even when he cries, which he started to do a few minutes ago after his ass and upper thighs had been caned, he does so in stubborn silence. It’s how Castiel knows he lost Dean’s trust. Before, when he cried with Castiel, he did so openly. He let himself be vulnerable in front of him; as a slave should with their master.

*He’s not really your slave, Castiel. You’re not really his master.*

Castiel already hates himself for breaking that bond between them. He wants to stop this right now and apologize, but that’s exactly what makes him continue. He needs to hurt Dean until he breaks his own bond that’s been forming. He needs to beat it into both of them that this is temporary and meaningless.

Castiel isn’t a huge fan of pointless pain. He’s a mild sadist, he enjoys hurting the slave when the slave has earned it or when it’s going to heighten the slave’s pleasure, but he doesn’t enjoy hurting the slave just for fun. That’s why he needs to do this. He needs to treat this young man like someone else’s slave because that’s what he will be soon. Someone else’s.

*God, he hates that idea so fucking much.*

He forces the thoughts out of his mind and focuses on Dean. He grabs a handful of black clothespins and starts to attach them to the soft sides of Dean’s torso. The young man grunts under his breath each time a new one is placed but other than that, he stays quiet and still. It’s impressive.

It won’t last.
Once five are on each side, he grabs the flogger. At first, he just drags the leather strands back and forth, making Dean twitch as they irritate his marks from the cane. When Castiel begins to hit him, he starts slowly, soft and teasing, before allowing the intensity to build. With each stroke comes increasing pain. Then he adjusts, making sure the tendrils of his weapon hit the sensitive skin from the pins, and he finally earns the howls of agony he was searching for. Dean shrieks so loud into his gag he starts to choke. His body can only move a matter of inches, so he’s staying in place, violently shaking instead. Castiel continues raining blows, but he’s distracted by something Dean’s doing with his hands that are resting against each side of the bench. He’s trying to tangle his fingers in on each other. Trying to weave them.

Castiel wants to ask why more than anything else.

Instead, he puts the flogger down and reaches over, dragging his fingers along the ends of the clothespins, making them wobble and bounce. Dean screams into the gag again and thrashes his head from side to side. He’s speaking words, but they’re garbled and unable to be understood. They don’t need to be. Castiel knows the gist from their tone. Dean isn’t pleading yet. He hasn’t been broken. He’s telling Castiel – in what he’s sure is very colorful language – to fuck off again.

“Does that feel good, slave?” He drags his fingers up each side again twice before leaving the clothespins. His hands itch to remove them already, he doesn’t want to do any real damage, he doesn’t even want to make Dean bleed. That’s why he keeps them where they are.

“You seem tired. Perhaps you need something to wake you up,” Castiel muses, reaching over to grab the electro wand. He starts on his ass cheeks, dragging along the curves, dipping between them to zap at his ball sack, smiling when Dean chokes on the pain. He drags it along his spine and watches the young man convulse beneath the wand. Once Dean is hyperventilating, he uses the wand on the bright red skin stretched by the clothespins. He can clearly hear the word please being sobbed, and he grits his teeth, continuing.

Dean turns desperate when Castiel rips the clothespins off. He ignores him, touching the tip of the wand to each deep red mark. It doesn’t matter that Dean’s attitude has changed. He hasn’t been pushed far enough. Even as the boy sobs and wails. Even as his entire body vibrates with pain and desperation. Even as he sobs the words please and master and be good through the gag. It’s not enough.

When the wand has touched every injured part of Dean, he switches back to the flogger.

Castiel is aware that he is no longer doing this for Dean. He’s doing it for himself. To hurt himself. To separate himself. To teach himself a lesson.
He brings down the flogger on Dean’s body, covering him with two harsh layers from neck to feet. The slave is limp by the time Castiel is finished. His breathing has slowed to normal, his eyes glazed over. His fingers are uncomfortably wound together.

He doesn’t make noise when Castiel slips two lubed fingers into his hole, but a single tear rolls down his cheek when he blinks. There’s a slight twitch when a third finger is added. When he skims across Dean’s prostate, the slave squeezes his eyes shut. Castiel doesn’t think he means to, but he’s gently shaking his head no.

Castiel has no idea how his cock is hard because the sight of Dean like this is fucking tearing him apart. Even though Dean’s not protesting, Castiel strokes his hip to soothe him with one hand while lubing his cock with the other. “Shhh, almost done. Master’s almost done.”

A tiny whimper escapes from Dean’s gagged mouth, and he watches as the boy unwinds his fingers, then rewinds them. It must be a comfort thing, because he starts doing it faster, gripping his own fingers harder, as Castiel slides into him. When he’s fully seated, he accidentally makes eye contact with Dean. The green there is dull. Lifeless. Broken.

He went too far.

Castiel closes his eyes and fucks into Dean hard, trying to get it over with. Needing to be done. He imagines himself kissing Dean. Whispering compliments to him. Making him smile and moan and beg for pleasure. He forgets about what he’s done to him in this room and thinks about what he wishes he’d done instead. That’s how he gets himself to finish, filling Dean’s hole with a few deep thrusts.

Out of breath, Castiel opens his eyes and slides out of Dean. When he looks at the slave’s face, he sees he’s crying again. Silent, slow tears rolling down his cheeks. Some tears are caught in his long lashes, and the light from above makes them shine.

The first thing Castiel removes is the gag. Dean’s with it enough to focus his eyes on Castiel, but there’s still no emotion. They don’t even show pain. “I’m going to take you off of here. Don’t try and move or help me. You’ll hurt yourself. Understood?”

In a crackling, broken-hearted whisper, Dean answers, “Yes, Master.”
“Good boy.” Castiel gives in on accident when he sees Dean’s eyebrows jump slightly at the praise. The slave needs it so much. That validation. That feeling of security. Especially now. Castiel can’t keep himself from providing it. He strokes Dean’s hair softly and whispers to him, “You did very good. Very good for me. You were brave and beautiful and strong.”

Any tension left in Dean’s body leaves it, and his eyes flutter shut. “Thank you, Master.”

Castiel smiles. Then he begins to free his bindings.

He tells himself that it’s okay he praised him. He always praised those that he trained. Always.

He should leave it at that, though. Dean is broken now. Possibly, hopefully, for good. Or maybe not hopefully, because Castiel loves the man’s personality. His sassy mouth. His strength and stubbornness. His beauty.

Those things he loves about the boy is why he wants to finish this session how he would if Dean was truly his slave. If he kept him. Something Castiel has never done before after training a slave in the compound. Not making him come. Not tossing him to the side. Not bringing him to the cell and leaving him behind. No.

Castiel wants to hold him. God, he wants more than anything to hold him.

He wants to take Dean up to his suite. He wants to wash him and tend to his wounds. He wants to hold him close for the night, keeping him safe and comforted as he sleeps.

 Fuck. This didn’t fix anything.

Castiel wants to keep him.

Before he can make any sort of decision, Dean is passed out cold.

Chapter End Notes
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Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Poor Dean...

Warnings: Threats, Suicidal thoughts/ideations, mental breakdown

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dean stirs awake and immediately winces. The pain comes from all directions, stealing his breath and immobilizing him. It takes an embarrassing amount of time before he can reach full consciousness. That’s when he realizes two things; he’s not restrained in any way, and he has a blanket over his body.

He sits up slowly, a stray tear slipping down his cheek when a new wave of pain hits. If he could crawl out of his skin to escape it, he’d do so gladly. Even the soft blanket hurts. Though, he’s not complaining. He thinks this blanket is perhaps the most amazing thing he’s ever been given. Not only is it incredibly soft and thick enough to keep him warm, but the color is beautiful. He can’t help but notice that the blue matches that of the man’s – his master’s – bedding. That of the ocean. It makes him smile.

Dean’s happiness is short-lived as he considers the whole “the man/his master” issue. What happened last night, or today, or whenever the hell that was, it wasn’t fair. He hadn’t done anything to earn punishment. He had been good. He had behaved. Sure, he cried, he cries often, but he has no idea how the man/his master even knows that. Even with that mystery put aside, he doesn’t understand how that can be something he’s punished for when he was never told it was against the rules.

He doesn’t know what to do. He’s damned either way. When he played the game before, things went well for a few hours. Then he was being beaten and tortured and raped until he passed out, all for no reason at all. But when he wouldn’t play the game, before the darkness, he was also beaten and tortured.

They didn’t rape him, though.

It wasn’t until he behaved, until he handed over his power to the man/his master, that he was raped.
The door to his cell opens, and the man/his master walks in. He’s in a different suit than last time, which leads Dean to believe that at least a day has passed.

“Good,” the man/his master says in a gruff voice, not looking at Dean. “You’re awake.”

Dean hasn’t made a decision on rebelling or not, so, for now, he stays quiet. He wraps the new blanket around himself like a shield and curls in on himself. The man/his master watches him with a sad smile before his face slips back to being distant and cold. He sets a tray down in front of Dean. Dean’s eyes nearly bug out of his head when he looks at it.

The tray has more than the usual gritty water cup and bread. It has a sandwich. A full sandwich. It looks like turkey and cheese and lettuce. Beside it is a banana. Then in a different section, baby carrots. A bottle of water is laying down on the edge. It’s cold. Dean can see the condensation.

There are four pills on the tray as well. The excitement ebbs at the pills, and Dean makes himself a promise. He will not take them. No matter what. He won’t take those pills.

“I need you to eat and drink as much of this as you can. Your body has been through a lot, pet.”

Oh, so he’s pet again? What bullshit.

Dean stays quiet so he doesn’t say anything stupid. With every passing moment, though, he leans further toward rebellion. He won’t admit to himself that part of the reason for this is because he’s already feeling his heart trying to fall back for this man/master, and rebellion is a great defense mechanism.

The man/his master kneels, surprising Dean when he actually rests the knee of what must be a very expensive suit on the dirty cement floor. “Can you acknowledge my words, pet?”

Dean nods. His eyes are still focused on the pills. His body is still torn between rebelling and giving in.

“With that pretty mouth of yours, please.” A thumb touches his bottom lip, and he rears back, staring at the man/his master in fear. If Dean’s reaction bothers him, he doesn’t show it.
That’s when Dean realizes his man/master said please. *He just said please. To Dean.* He stares at him in a near trance, his heartbeat slowing down as he starts to trust him again. The logical side of his brain rolls its eyes and sits back, huffing about how he’ll regret it.

“Pet?”

Dean blinks hard, remembering he was asked to do something. Asked with a please. “Yes, Master. I’ll try to eat all of it. Thank you, Master.”

The man/his master looks at him with searching blue eyes. “The pills too, pet.”

Knowing what will happen if he says no, but still refusing to say yes, Dean reverts to silence. After another moment, the man/his master releases a soft sigh. “The pills are necessary, pet. You will take them.”

“No thank you, Master.”

“Hmmm,” the man/his master lifts one corner of his mouth in a smile. “Well, at least we’re being polite now.”

Dean swallows a laugh. It’s the first time in weeks that he’s felt any sort of desire to laugh. Even smiling has always been an accident, something he catches and pushes away as quickly as possible.

The man/his master smiles fully, adjusting so he can continue to kneel in a more comfortable position. “One day maybe I’ll hear that laugh. I bet it’s beautiful.”

Dean just shrugs a shoulder, unable to look at him. He wants to tell him that maybe he’d hear his laugh if he didn’t beat and rape him. Maybe he’d hear his laugh if he wasn’t holding him fucking captive. Dean’s fingers curl into fists.

“The pills, pet. You will take them.”

“No, thank you, Master,” Dean repeats in a monotone voice, trying to stuff his anger down. As he does so, though, his fear and vulnerability bubble up to the surface. The sadness. The loneliness. He
wants a hug, and he wants to punch him in the fucking face, and he wants to cry because so many things are happening in his body and he can’t understand any of it.

He just wants to go home.

“Two of them are for the pain. The other two are vitamins. You haven’t eaten well in weeks, and, as I’ve said, your body has been through a lot recently. You need all four.”

Dean looks at the pills, eyes narrowing. What if they really are to help? He could use them. His body is screaming with the need for them. What if they are meant to drug him, though? To sedate him? Make things easier for these men to rape and beat him? Make things easier while selling him and transporting him? What if they are meant to kill him?

The man/his master says softly, “Something is on your mind, pet. Go ahead. Talk to me. Nothing you say will be punished as long as it’s said with respect.”

“I-” Dean pauses, rethinking. His heart is racing, and he’s confused, and he’s – “I’m scared, Master.”

“I would be worried if you weren’t.”

Tightening his grip on his blanket, Dean asks, “What did I do wrong?”

The man/his master’s face falls. “When?”

“Before. When you – when we – you brought me to that room.” Dean peeks up at him through his eyelashes. Don’t cry, Dean. Don’t cry. Don’t cry. “I know I had an attitude on the bench and that’s why I was punished, but what did I do before that? Why were you so mad at me?”

The man/his master closes his eyes for a moment, taking a breath to steady himself. “I was not angry with you, pet. I was angry with myself. I was having a bad day. I took it out on you.”

“You can’t do that!” Dean accidentally blurts. The man/his master looks unimpressed.
“Oh, but I can. I am your master.” The man/his master shakes his head. “Whoever purchases you, slave, will be able to do with you as they please. Perhaps you’ll be lucky and have a fair master. One with rules and punishments, and nothing unexpected. Perhaps you will not. You may have a master who wakes up in the morning and beats you bloody for no reason. You may have a master who enjoys passing you around like his favorite fuck toy he wants to share. You may have a master who loves you. You may have a master who kills you within a month. My only job is to prepare you for as much of that as possible.”

Bile rises up Dean’s throat. “And you’re – you’re just okay with that? With training me so some – some sick fuck can sell me off to the highest bidder, even if they kill me?”

The man/his master pushes to his feet and breaks eye contact, looking off to the side as he stuffs his hands in his dress pants. His jaw pops, and for a moment Dean isn’t sure if he’ll speak or just leave. He picks option number three. In a flash, he has Dean’s hair in his hand, using it to yank him to his feet. Dean’s body protests and begs him to sit back down, to take the pills, to let it recover. His body can’t handle more.

*His mind can’t.*

The man/his master doesn’t give a fuck. He pulls Dean forward before slamming him into the wall. The injuries on his back set fire. His head swims. He’d collapse if he weren’t being pinned by the man/his master’s hands.

In a low, icy voice, the man/his master informs him, “I am the sick fuck who will be selling you to the highest bidder.”

“What?” Dean’s voice breaks, but he can’t get himself to care. His entire world has already been shattered once. It can’t happen again. “Wait – you – you run this place?”

The man – no, the fucking monster – grins wide. His blue eyes are murky with lust and rage and something stained in death. “I own this place, slave. And others as well. A whole system. And I ran it all quite peacefully until they brought you here. Then I had to deal with the little slut who no one could handle.”

“What makes me a slut? Not wanting to be raped? Beaten? Sold for someone to use my body as their own sex toy?” He’s right on the edge of crying, and he refuses to cry in front of this man. Dean
reaches into himself and pulls forward as much rage and hatred as he can muster, focusing it all on this piece of shit pinning him to the wall. “Wow, yeah. You’re right boss. That totally makes me a slut. A total whore. How did I ever think I could be anything else, right?”

“You were a fucking borderline alcoholic, single, depressed, angry little boy before this. You spent your time fighting, fucking, or falling apart. You were worthless,” he growls into Dean’s ear. Then he pulls back, sneering at Dean. “You should be thanking me for giving you a purpose. For making you worth something.”

Dean’s body starts to tremble. “How do you know all that?”

“I already told you. I’m your master. I know everything.” His eyes narrow on Dean. “Enough questions, slave. In fact, don’t open your mouth again. I want to explain to you how powerless you truly are here. You will not be found here, this place will not be dismantled one day so you can be rescued. I’ve sold three of you little sluts to the President. He’s a valued customer. I’ve sold you to senators, congressmen, judges. I’ve sold to celebrities. Members of the biggest mob families in the country. Biker gangs. Bored lawyers and doctors who want a side piece. One of the members of the royal fucking family has one of you right now. Prime ministers. Special forces soldiers. Mafia. Terrorists. I don’t fucking discriminate, because the more I sell to, the more protection I have. And let me tell you, little slave, I am very fucking protected.”

Each word slices through Dean until he’s ready to crawl in a hole and die. Soft lips settle against the shell of his ear. “You’re even microchipped. You escape this place by some miracle? We’ll have you back within minutes.”

“You’re sick. All of you.” Dean’s voice is watery. He hears his father in his head. Get your shit together, boy. Chin up. Chest out. They can’t break you. You’re a fucking Winchester. Dean lifts his face and glares straight into this man’s eyes. “You’re a fucking piece of shit. And whoever you sell me to, I’m going to make them fucking miserable. I’m going to ruin your reputation. I’m going to destroy you. And when I do get free, which I will, I’m coming for you.”

The most unexpected thing happens.

The man laughs. Not breathy or soft. Not a chuckle. He’s belly laughing like this is the funniest thing he’s ever heard. When he settles his eyes back on Dean, wiping actual tears from his eyes from how hard he laughed, he gives him a sick kind of amused smile. “You want that, slut? You want to be bad? Perfect.”

Dean opens his mouth to speak, but his throat is closed by the man’s hand, cutting his oxygen off
completely. Through the dizzy vision, he sees the smile grow. Through buzzing ears, he hears, “There’s a man in New York. A CEO. Total psychopath. Sadist to the extreme. His slaves die within weeks because he doesn’t give two shits about pushing them over the edge. He can always buy more. I think you’ll be perfect for him. He’ll love your defiance. He’ll love watching you break. He’ll love fucking you bloody. And I know for a fact he’ll love killing you.”

All the anger seeps out of Dean, leaving him a broken shell of a man. The first sob is choked off from the grip on his throat, but then the man is letting go and stumbling back. Dean falls to his knees, sobbing. He places his forehead against the cold floor and just lets loose against the concrete. He wails and slams his fists and screams and sobs.

He’s tired.

So fucking tired.

He just wants it to be over.


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Castiel stands in shock, watching Dean fall apart at the seams. It was so unexpected, so sudden, that he’s having a hard time flipping the switch in his brain. Instinct tells Castiel to collect the boy and hold him close. Comfort him. Fix this. The master in Castiel tells him to leave Dean there. To just walk away and lock the door.

Torn between the two, all he can do is listen to the wrecked sobs and pleas that seem to echo every single word Castiel just said to the poor man. Every terrible, ruthless, monstrous word. Angry or not, he’d never let any of those things happen to Dean. Whoever gets Dean will be carefully picked. They will worship the beautiful slave. Praise him often. Reward him with sweet kisses.
“Just kill me, just kill me, just kill-”

“Shhh,” Castiel finds himself whispering. He continues making the noise as he kneels beside the boy. He grabs the blanket, the one he picked out himself. Way more expensive than the thin sheets they give the other slaves. And colored like the ocean. Pushing away the guilt and sadness, he wraps the blanket around the sobbing slave. Then he picks him up, making a mental note to definitely make him eat more because he’s far too thin, and starts to carry him.

Dean tucks his face into his neck and just cries harder. He grips his suit jacket in a shaking fist as he tries desperately to breathe. Castiel listens to him choke on each gasp. How could he have said those things? Jesus.

It’s not this boy’s fault that Castiel wants him in a way he shouldn’t. It’s not his fault Castiel is pissed that he’s getting attached to him. It’s not his fault that Castiel needed to push him away.

“Woah, what the fuck?” Gabriel whirls around when Castiel walks past him in the hall. He corners him, looking at the sobbing man in Castiel’s arms, then back up at his best friend. “What happened?”

“I-” Castiel swallows, looking at his friend, then looking down at Dean. He hurries to look away from them both. The boy is so broken. And he’s broken because of Castiel.

Please don’t be broken permanently.

Fuck, what did Castiel do?

“What. Happened?”
He looks at Gabriel. Part of him hopes Gabriel can see the fear in his eyes. Part of him prays he can’t. “I crossed a line.”

Gabriel shakes his head. “What line? You don’t have lines.”

“Is that how you see me?” Castiel peers down at Dean again, realizing that the man has quieted. He’s now heaving wet breaths into Castiel’s neck, the sobs giving way to soft whimpers and hiccups. He’s still clinging to Castiel’s jacket like he’s afraid he’ll leave him. Castiel’s heart tears open. When he looks back up at Gabriel, his eyes are burning. “Is that how I am?”

The look on Gabriel’s face is an answer in itself. “We’ve always known we’re fucked up, man. Are you really going to dwell on it now?”

Castiel looks at Dean again, softly gasping when their eyes meet. He feels Dean’s grip tighten on him. It’s incredible that this man is holding him close when they were just screaming at each other. Hell, Castiel just told him point blank he plans to give him away to a sadistic murderer.

Dean is so fucking strong.

And Castiel is fucking weak.

“Come on, man. We don’t touch minors. We don’t.”

“Stop,” Castiel says with a sharp jerk of his head. “Just – stop. Don’t try to justify any of this.”

Gabriel’s gaze shifts from Dean, then back to Castiel. He realizes how big this is. How dangerous. “Why don’t you let me take care of him for a few hours, hey? I think you should get some rest. Go sleep. When was the last time you slept?”

Castiel can’t answer, because he doesn’t know. He sat in Dean’s cell most of last night just watching him breathe. Part of him was terrified that if he looked away, if he left, he’d lose him. Even though Dean’s not his to lose.

When Gabriel steps forward to take Dean, Castiel steps back. “No.”
“Buddy, give me the slave. You need a break. Your head isn’t on right.”

“I’ll sleep, Gabe. I’ll – I’ll sleep. With him. He and I will sleep.”

He can see the conflict on his friend’s face, battling between wanting Castiel to give in to his feelings and keep the slave so he can finally be happy, and wanting Castiel to get as far away from the slave as possible so his head doesn’t get fucked up any more than it already is.

Unsure of what to do, Gabriel steps away from Castiel, so he doesn’t feel threatened by the possibility of Dean getting taken from him. “Just be careful.”

“Don’t worry, I’m under control. I won’t hurt him. I-” Castiel looks down at Dean, staring into those big green eyes as the boy blinks up at him. “I won’t hurt him.”

Gabriel frowns. “He’s not the only one I’m worried about getting hurt, bud.”

When Castiel can’t come up with something to say, Gabriel squeezes his shoulder and starts to walk away. “Just be careful,” is his final warning, the ghost of a smile on his lips.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Here's a nice long chapter for you lovely, supportive, kickass readers <3 It also happens to be one of my favorites (Cas haters won't agree... but oh well)

Enjoy <3

-- no warnings other than mentions/talking about the rape

Chapter Notes

For any and all sexual assault survivors that need to hear this: Even if they made it feel good, even if you had an orgasm or enjoyed certain parts of it, if you didn't or couldn't give full consent, it's still a sexual assault. You are still VALID. Don't you ever let someone convince you otherwise.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dean feels empty when he’s placed on the counter of the man’s bathroom. His feet dangle and he stares down at them, feeling like a child. It doesn’t help that his face is covered in tears and snot. It certainly doesn’t help that he’s suddenly gone mute like the trauma has finally stolen his tongue, as well as his will to live. If he could talk, he’d still be asking this man to just kill him.

He watches in a trance as the man fills the bathtub with salts and bubbles, then turns the knob for the water. The man’s hands shake as he performs the tasks, and Dean wonders why he’s shaking. What does this man have to be upset about? The man stands with his back to Dean and watches as the water rises. They both stay still and quiet until the bath is ready. When the water is turned off, the silence in the bathroom is enough to suffocate the both of them.

Slowly, the man turns back to Dean. His blue eyes search his face, concerned. Dean wonders what he’s looking for. He wants to know so he can offer it up. Anything to make this man bring him back to his cell and leave him alone. The sooner, the better.

“The man,” he pauses, looking pained. Dean wonders what he could possibly be in pain about. “The man I sell you to will not kill you. I promise.”

Dean just stares at him, trying to find the words to tell him that this isn’t comforting. Was he not listening earlier? Dean wants to die.
“Those things I said – they, well – they weren’t true.” He takes a deep breath, running a hand through his hair. “Well, some of them are true. But – I – I promise you’ll be safe when I sell you. You’ll be taken care of.”

Dean waits for that to piss him off. He waits for a sarcastic comment. He waits to fucking care.

Nothing.

The blank expression on Dean’s face doesn’t change. He doesn’t speak. His eyes drift toward the tub as if to ask if they can get the show on the road. The man sighs and places his hands on the counter either side of Dean. It makes Dean cower, squeezing his eyes shut. The man immediately backs away. Dean stays curled up.

“Do you need to use the toilet before your bath?” the man asks in a hoarse whisper.

Dean remembers the last time he used the bathroom with this man. He stares at the toilet in a trance. He feels one tear slip down his cheek but can’t find it in himself to care enough to wipe it away. The man wipes it for him, and Dean flinches.

“I’ll leave you. I’ll – I’ll give you privacy. To go to the bathroom. I – Uh – I’ll just stand in the other room.” He waits as if Dean’s going to talk. Dean doesn’t look at him, so he doesn’t know his expression when he finally leaves the room. For a long time, Dean just stares at the toilet. There’s a large gap between where he’s sitting and where the toilet is. Too far. Dean’s body is begging him not to do it, but he can feel that his bladder is full, and he knows he should take this opportunity of privacy because he doubts it’ll come again.

With small, careful movements, Dean gets himself off the counter. He stumbles, his legs giving out, and falls to his knees. He hears the man come in, but he leaves Dean alone, just hovering nearby in case he needs help. Dean starts to crawl, too empty to be embarrassed. When he gets to his feet again, he uses the wall for support. His legs eventually gain strength, and he’s able to place one hand on the wall above the toilet, using the other to direct his piss into the bowl.

The entire time he goes to the bathroom, he can see the man out of the corner of his eye. If he were the real Dean instead of this broken shell, he’d point out that the man promised him privacy. Then again, why did he believe that in the first place? He’s already learned he can’t trust this man.

When Dean is finished, he stares at the tub. He can feel the man coming up behind him, his warmth making Dean’s raw back hurt worse.
“I need you to take a bath. Do you need help, or can you get in yourself?”

Dean continues to look at the tub. It’s not that far away, but climbing sounds painful and exhausting. The man says something low under his breath, something that sounds angry but strangely not pointed at Dean. He wishes he could have made out the words.

The man gets closer, ignoring him when he starts to curl in on himself again. “I’m going to pick you up and help you into the tub. If you don’t want that, you better speak.”

Dean just closes his eyes. The man waits for another beat and then scoops him up like he weighs nothing at all. When the water touches his body, Dean hisses and tries to escape, clinging to the man so hard the man nearly falls in with him.

“Shhhh. It’s okay. Just relax. I know it hurts but just relax. The pain with subside.”

Shaking his head, Dean continues to cling to him. He’s not being removed from the water though, and the man is right, the pain is fading. Slowly, he sinks the rest of the way into the tub and releases the man’s coat. When he peeks through his lashes at the man, Dean sees he’s smiling even though his jacket is half soaked. Even though Dean is misbehaving. It’s too confusing for his brain to even process right now. He just turns his head to rest his cheek against the cool edge of the tub. The man slowly reaches over and starts petting his head. It feels good enough for Dean to let his eyes flutter closed.

For a while, they both just sit. Dean doesn’t know how long. It feels peaceful, though. Safe. He’s too exhausted to remind himself that the instinct is incorrect.

The man clears his throat, fingers still raking through Dean’s hair. “I called you worthless earlier. It was a lie.”

If he was talking, Dean would tell him it’s fine. He’s heard it from his father all his life. But he’s not talking, so he keeps his eyes closed. Maybe the man will think he fell asleep.

“You know, I think you might be the strongest man to ever go through this compound. Including trainers.”
That almost gets him. *Almost.*

“You have to stay strong. Please. You can’t—” the man stops, and it actually sounds like he could be at a loss for words. Dean cracks his eyes open, accidentally meeting his gaze. He looks wrecked. Almost as wrecked as Dean feels. *What does he have to be wrecked about?* “I don’t want to hear you ever say that again. Asking someone to kill you. Wanting to die. Don’t you ever. You can’t give up. You just – you can’t. *Please.*”

Dean looks away from him and down at the bubbles. The hand in his hair has stopped, but it’s still resting there. Like he’s reassuring Dean he’s still here. Or maybe reassuring himself that Dean’s still here.

Dean wants to ask him why the fuck he cares. Instead, he says very quietly, in a perfectly steady voice that shows no emotion, “I have survived much worse than you. I’ll be just fine.”

He can practically hear the man smile. “That’s my boy.”

Ignoring the comment, Dean rests his head back against the tub and sinks into the water again. He closes his eyes and pictures Sammy. Wondering what he’s doing. If he’s okay.

“What day is it?” Dean asks without meaning to. He tenses, keeping his eyes shut.

“It’s a Thursday.”

Surprised he got an answer, he pushes further. “What time?”

There’s a rustling noise, and Dean looks at him, seeing that he’s pulling a smartphone from his pants pocket to check the time. Now Dean is positive that he’s broken because he doesn’t even consider trying to steal that for an escape. “It’s 5:47 PM.”

Nodding, Dean lays back again and closes his eyes. Nearly six. Dinner time. Sam will be getting home from basketball practice. He’ll throw his bag on the floor and kick off his smelly shoes – and since Dean isn’t there, and John is usually working late, the little brat won’t get yelled at for doing so. He’ll shower. Eat something. Unless their dad is home, in which case they’ll eat first, then he’ll shower. Dean wonders if his dad would cook. It’s been years since he’s done more than hot dogs on the grill and mac n’ cheese. John can’t handle anything else. He always let Dean cook. He’s much
If Dean were home, he’d make his homemade spaghetti and meatballs – Sam’s favorite. He’d ask him about his day at school. About practice. About his girlfriend Jess.

“You’re smiling,” the man whispers, taking a seat across from Dean at the imaginary dinner table.

Frantic, Dean snaps his eyes open. The man can’t be there, at the dining table, near Sammy. The man has to stay in the bathroom. In Dean’s new prison. Where he belongs.

The man looks at him with a soft smile, his eyes narrowed in curiosity. “Why are you smiling?”

“I’m not,” Dean says.

“Okay. Well, why were you smiling?”

Dean starts pushing around the bubbles in the water, shifting them back and forth. Creating shapes with them. “Do I have to tell you?”

“I would like you to tell me.”

“Will I be punished if I don’t?”

The man clears his throat and sits fully down on the floor beside the bath, leaning against the side of the toilet for support. Then he meets Dean’s eye. “No, Dean. Right now, while you’re in this bath, you are not a slave with rules.”

Dean chokes on a breath. He hadn’t heard his name spoken out loud in weeks. Part of him started to worry it was something he made up. Increasing the emotions inside of him, the man leans over and removes Dean’s collar, setting it on the bathroom floor. Freeing him. Even if just for a few minutes.

Tears in his eyes, Dean whispers, “I don’t want to tell you then.”
“Okay.”

“Will you,” Dean stops himself, shaking his head. He releases a bubbly kind of laugh that’s full of self-hatred and embarrassment.

“Will I what?”

Dean peeks over at him, feeling his cheeks heat. He hates that it makes the man smile. “Will you say it again?”

The man tilts his head, squinting in confusion. “Say what again?”

“My name.”

“Oh.” The man’s features smooth out as he smiles in understanding. “Dean.”

“Again.”

The man laughs softly, looking at Dean with so much fondness in his eyes that Dean has to look away. “Dean. Dean. Dean. Dean. Dean. Dean. Dean-”

For the first time, Dean laughs for real. It’s loud and echoes off the walls, and when he meets the man’s eyes, the man is staring at him in wonder. “That was more beautiful than I imagined it to be.”

Blushing, Dean looks away and does a little shoulder shrug. “It’s not anythin’ special. I’m sure it’s just ‘cuz you don’t hear it from me ever.”

“No, Dean. That was – I have to hear that more often.”

This time, Dean’s laugh is an incredulous huff of anger. “Doubt you’ll hear it often with the way you treat me here.”
When he’s met with a heavy silence, his gut turns. He sits up in the bath, wincing, and looks at the man in fear. “I’m sorry, Mas-”

“Don’t.” The man tries to force a smile, but he can’t manage. “I told you to be Dean right now. I have a feeling, for Dean Winchester, that was pretty mild.”

“Yeah.” Dean smiles a little, feeling the weight start to lift off his chest. “Yeah, real Dean would have verbally kicked your ass. Maybe physically too.”

“Good thing he can’t leave the bathtub then, hey?” Dean laughs again, and the man perks up. “God, that’s – I’m in big trouble with that laugh.”

“Oh, really?”

“Definitely.”

“How’s that?”

The man’s eyes darken a little. “Because the little sounds you made when I whipped you with my belt and fucked your mouth and made you come? Those have nothing on your laugh.”

Dean opens his mouth, trying to think of something to say, but he’s speechless. Taking advantage of the stunned silence, the man shrugs out of his suit jacket and loosens his tie, then rolls his sleeves up and grabs a washrag from the shelf nearby. He leans over and dips it into the warm water, soaking it. Dean jumps when he starts to stroke the rag softly over his shoulder but seems to relax after a few seconds. He’s avoiding the spots that are the most injured, and everywhere else he’s still as gentle as possible.

In the middle of cleaning Dean’s neck, he begins to speak, “I will not do this to you anymore, Dean. I promise. I lied before. I am planning to sell you to someone fair, someone I trust. Not someone who will hurt you unnecessarily. Therefore, you don’t need to be trained for those kinds of men. I – I will be fair to you from now on.”

“Fair would be setting me free.”
“Yes, well,” the man dips the rag in the water again, then continues cleaning him. “That won’t be happening. So, take the compromise.”

Dean watches the man closely, amazed at how gentle and kind he is being once again. It’s like two people live inside him. Dean likes this side an awful lot. He despises the other.

He trusts neither.

Dean sinks down further in the water. The man dips his hand in, feeling that it’s cooling off, and starts to drain some. Then he turns the faucet on to add some hot water. As it mixes through the cooler water in the tub, Dean sighs in appreciation. Then the faucet is turned off, and the man is sighing, and before he can prepare himself, the man is saying, “You can’t hate this that much. I saw your test results. I saw how your cock leaked when I hit you with my belt. I saw how needy you got. I saw the way you looked at me. The way you panted and called me master. The way you begged for my cock in your mouth. You’re a slut for this shit, you’re just too proud to admit it. Too stubborn.”

Dean tries to get angry, but his body is draining. It feels like the man has sliced him open, letting whatever made him Dean Winchester pour out.

Since he’s broken, since he has nothing left to fucking lose, Dean admits to the man the one thing that terrifies him. “Those reactions. They – they only happen with you. Just you. So maybe I’m a slut, and maybe some fucked up part of me likes some of this shit you do to me, but only for you. It’s not gonna be like that with the guy who buys me. It’s only with you. And what you did to me in that room? I didn’t like that. I didn’t like that at all. I wasn’t a slut for that. I wasn’t needy. I don’t think I got hard once. You were sadistic. And then you – you –” Dean drops his chin, ordering himself not to cry. “You raped me.”

The silence that stretches between them is so long that Dean wonders if maybe the man will just leave. Or maybe he’ll hurry to get him out and bring him back to his cell. Or maybe he’ll punish Dean for saying those things.

What he doesn’t expect is the man gently grabbing his chin between his thumb and pointer finger, pulling until their eyes meet. They watch each other for a while. Dean starts to study his features. Maybe if he stares long enough, learns about the curve of his nose and the stubble on his chin and the bags beneath his eyes, he’ll understand him. He sees how bloodshot the whites of his eyes are, making the blue irises vibrant. He remembers what the man they passed in the hall on the way up there had said. About the man not sleeping much. Dean wonders why he wouldn’t sleep. He’s the ruler of this world. What is there to lose sleep over?
Eventually, the man drops his hand from Dean and runs it through his own hair. It’s wet, and it makes his hair stick up in all directions. He looks cute and ruffled. If this was any other situation, Dean would smile.

“What’s your name?” Dean finds himself asking, needing to gain some power here.

The man meets his eye, hand pausing with the rag he’s currently dragging across Dean chest. It rests right over Dean’s pounding heart. “You will not use my name. Ever. Not after this bath. Understood?”

“Yes.”

“Alright.” The man continues washing him, avoiding his eyes. “Castiel.”

Dean quirks a corner of his mouth up in a smile. “Nice to meet you, Castiel.”

“And you, Dean.”

“How did you get into this life?” Dean tries to make it funny by teasing, “Did you take an aptitude test in high school and it suggested Slave Trading?”

Instead of smiling like Dean hoped, Castiel’s expression becomes cold. Calculated. “No. My father owned this before me. The first time he brought me to the compound, I was four. The first time I watched a slave getting trained, I was six. The first time I touched a slave myself, in a non-sexual manner, I was seven. The first time I attended a slave auction, I was nine. The first time I fucked a slave, I was eleven. The first time I was given a slave of my own to train for an auction, I was thirteen. I was a born and raised slave trader.”

Dean closes his eyes, imagining a little Castiel walking around the same dungeons he walks now as the boss. A small boy learning about the world through the eyes of his father – the eyes of a monster. No wonder he’s become one himself.

“How old were you when you got your first slave?” Dean asks, hating the sick spark of jealousy he feels at the idea of Castiel owning his own slaves. Ones that get all of him. Maybe go to his home.
Get his kisses and compliments and maybe even get to sleep in his arms. A slave that Castiel picked out himself. A slave he wanted. Not a misbehaved slave he got burdened with.

“What do you mean?” Castiel asks after a moment.

Dean pushes away his jealousy for this imaginary slave and clarifies. “When you first got your own slave. Like one that was yours. Not for training purposes or anything, but to keep. For yourself.”

Dean starts when he feels skin against his all of a sudden. He looks down to find that Castiel has dropped the rag, now resting his hand on Dean’s chest instead. He keeps his eyes glued to the large hand as it strokes across his pecs and down his protruding rib cage. He really does need to eat.

“I have never owned my own slave, Dean.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

“But-” Dean pauses, his eyes fluttering shut as Castiel’s hand slips beneath the water and brushes against his quickly hardening cock. He has to bite back a whimper of disappointment when the hand continues moving, resting on his thigh and stroking the leg hair there instead. His cock jumps as if begging for attention.

“Dean?”

“Huh?”

Castiel smirks down at him. “You were saying something?”

“Oh. Yeah. I – uh – How do you – I mean, do – do you use the slaves being trained – or?”

The hand gets dangerously close to his cock again and Dean shifts beneath the bubbles to make them come in contact. He’d be yelled at if he was a slave right now, but he’s Dean, and Castiel just
chuckles and wraps his hand around him. Not stroking. Just holding it. Firm. Steady. Possessive. Dean’s not sure how he feels about Castiel possessing him. Dean has control here, he can say no, and he’s not.

*What does that make him?*

“Are you asking who I fuck, Dean?” Dean nibbles on his lip and nods, feeling his face grow hot. He swears he sees Castiel’s pupils dilate. “Are you jealous? Worried I fuck other boys? Want me all to yourself?”

“N – No. Not at all.”

“No? Hmmm.” Castiel starts to stroke him, but it’s agonizingly slow. Barely movement at all. “So, if I told you that after I’m finished with you, I go to a pretty slave down the hall and use him to satisfy myself, you wouldn’t feel jealous? Not even a little bit?”

Dean grits his teeth. “What’s his name?”

“Slaves don’t have names.”

*Push away his hand, Dean. Push it away. Tell him to fuck off. Stay in this tub as long as possible.*

“Dean? Would you be jealous?”

“Stop.”

“Stop what?” he asks in an innocent voice, speeding up his hand. Dean whimpers and sinks lower into the water. Castiel claimed he’s the strongest person he’s ever met, but Dean’s calling bullshit. He’s not strong. Not in the least.

Dean keeps his eyes closed. If he can’t see Castiel, maybe it’s not as bad. “Stop what, Dean?”

He means to say, ‘stop touching me’ but what comes out is, “Stop talking about other guys.”
The dark chuckle makes him want to cry. Then the hand slows down again, and he actually starts to, a single tear slipping down his cheek. He flinches when he feels something strange against his cheek, eyes snapping open in shock. Castiel is just inches from his face. He just kissed Dean’s tear, wiping it away with a sweet brush of his lips.

“Do you?” Dean whispers, breathing in the oxygen Castiel shares with him.

“No.” Castiel presses his lips against Dean’s. The kiss is harsh and dominating, full of biting teeth and violent tongues. Dean just opens and lets him do whatever he wants. He just said he doesn’t fuck anyone else, that Dean is his only one, and Dean is so relieved. So fucking relieved. Castiel is *his*. At least right now. Castiel pulls away when they’re both panting, looking down at Dean with vibrant blue eyes. “When I get too pent up, I’ll use a slave here. Rarely on my own, though. I’ll jump into a gangbang or use one hooked up to a breeding bench. It’s not often I do a one on one scene.”

“Do I what?”

“Fuck other guys here?”

“No.” Castiel presses his lips against Dean’s. The kiss is harsh and dominating, full of biting teeth and violent tongues. Dean just opens and lets him do whatever he wants. He just said he doesn’t fuck anyone else, that Dean is his only one, and Dean is so relieved. So fucking relieved. Castiel is *his*. At least right now. Castiel pulls away when they’re both panting, looking down at Dean with vibrant blue eyes. “When I get too pent up, I’ll use a slave here. Rarely on my own, though. I’ll jump into a gangbang or use one hooked up to a breeding bench. It’s not often I do a one on one scene.”

“When was the last time you did one?”

Guilt floods the man’s features, and Dean immediately hates himself for trusting him. He’s about to tell Dean that he does, in fact, fuck other guys. That Dean isn’t special after all. He can feel it.

“I fucked a slave the night you hugged me without permission.”

The words feel like a fucking punch to the gut. He broke the rules, and Castiel went and fucked another guy because of it. “Because I upset you.” Dean doesn’t ask it, he states it. Every syllable is soaked in self-hatred and jealousy.

Castiel closes his eyes, forehead wrinkling. “I was upset with myself.”

“Why?”
Castiel opens his eyes and looks at Dean. “I shouldn’t have let you touch me. I definitely should not have touched you. I – Dean, you break my rules. You get me to break all the rules. And I was angry with myself because that was the first time it happened. I thought if I fucked another boy, if I got it out of my system, I wouldn’t be so fascinated with you.”

“Oh.” Dean bites his lip, looking down at where Castiel’s hand is now rubbing light circles on his stomach. “Did it work?”

“No, Dean. It didn’t.”

“Oh.” Dean can’t fight the smile that brings to his face. He just lets it take over, butterflies in his stomach filling him with both happiness and guilt. “Are you training anyone else, then? Or just me?”

“Just you. You’re an exception. I haven’t trained anyone since I was seventeen.”

Dean’s eyes widen. “How old are you now?”

“Twenty-eight.”

“Old man,” Dean teases. Then words start to process, and he moves his face away from Castiel’s, staring at the wall. “Why me then?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, I get you had to train me because everyone else gave up, but why rape me? After eleven years of not needing to. After eleven years of not putting a slave on a bench and beating them bloody and taking what isn’t yours. Why me?”

Castiel stares at him, lips slightly parted, eyes hooded. If Dean’s not mistaken, he looks a little afraid. He sits back against the toilet, giving Dean more distance, and admits, “I was bored. Before you. I don’t enjoy broken things like the men I sell to. I enjoy a fighter. I enjoy sass. I enjoy a slave that gives me a reason to beat him, but then gives me a reason to worship him after. Then you showed up and flipped my entire fucking world, Dean. What I did to you? That was me trying to flip it back.”
“Did it work?”

Castiel huffs a laugh. “Not in the least. Now I just hate myself more.”

Unsure of how to feel about the fact that Castiel hates himself for what he’s done, since Dean’s been imagining that Castiel enjoyed it and will probably do it again, Dean just states simply, “You flipped my world too.”

“Well, good. Then we’re even.”

Dean’s smile slips. “Except you get to walk away.”

“No, Dean. That’s where you’re wrong.” The look Castiel gives him is impossible to interpret. Then he takes a deep breath, almost to steady himself, and leans forward. “No more talking. I want to fuck you.”

“You mean, rape me?”

“No. I don’t. Because I’m asking your consent while you’re still Dean.”

“But the minute I’m out of the tub, I’m a slave again, and you don’t have to listen to Dean’s consent.”

Castiel shakes his head. “Not tonight. Tonight, if you want me to, I’ll take you back to your cell and leave you alone.”

The breath in Dean’s lungs catches, and he wonders if words alone can make your lungs collapse. This is what he wanted earlier. All he wanted was to go to his cell and be left the fuck alone.

This man raped him.

He raped him.
Raped him.

*Jesus Christ, Dean, he raped you.*

*But he feels bad about it.*

*But he’s using Dean’s name.*

*But he was only six and he didn’t know any better.*

*Dean is the only one Castiel wants.*

*Dean is special.*

*Dean breaks Castiel’s rules.*

*Dean wants to see how many more he can break.*

“Yes.” Dean closes his eyes, hating himself so fucking much in this moment that he once again wishes to die. “Yes, please.”

“Please what, Dean?”

“Don’t make me say it.” He looks at Castiel, shaking his head a little in desperation. “Please. Please don’t make me say it.”

“Fine. Yes or no. Will you let me fuck you, Dean? In my bed? As my slave?”

Dean’s eyes snap up to look at him. “*Your* slave?”
Regret ripples through Castiel’s features. “No. Nothing has changed, Dean. I can’t keep you.”

“Why not?”

Castiel stares at him, looking both confused and afraid. “Dean, would you want me to keep you? If you had to choose. If you had the option of me or the auction. Would you truly want me to keep you?”

_Say no, Dean._

“Yes.”

With no warning, Castiel is on his feet and turning his back to Dean. Dean hears him whisper under his breath, “Fuck.” Then he’s walking out of the room.

Dean’s left in the bath, utterly perplexed. His heart is pounding. Before too many thoughts can flood his mind, Castiel is back with what looks like the softest, fluffiest towel. “Can I fuck you when I take you out of here, Dean? As a slave?”

Dean immediately registers the difference. No longer as _my_ slave, now as _a_ slave. The difference is slight, but it feels like his heart splits apart as wide as the Grand Canyon. His trust wanes.

“Will it – I mean, will you hurt me. Like before?”

Castiel’s face softens, and Dean can see every trace of that self-hatred and confusion that Castiel is claiming to feel etched into his features and gleaming in his eyes. “No, Dean. I will never hurt you like that again. I will have sex with you – it’s what I’m training you for – but it will never be like that again. I will never-“ Castiel stops, clearing his throat, and Dean figures that’s the end of it. Dean’s not an idiot. He’s noticed that Castiel hasn’t been able to use the word rape. Whenever Dean uses it, Castiel flinches, and whenever Castiel talks about what happened, he avoids the term like the plague.

But then Castiel locks eyes with Dean, and Dean is drowning. “I will never rape you again, Dean.”
Dean should point out that technically, every time they have sex will be rape. It’s not like Dean can exactly give or take away consent in this setting. Just because it feels good doesn’t mean it’s not rape. Just because Dean likes parts of it doesn’t mean it’s not rape.

But Dean – not the broken shell, or the desperate slave to please his master – but Dean, the real Dean, wants to have sex with Castiel. Genuine sex. And this is his only chance.

“Okay. Yeah.” Dean stands up and steps one foot out of the bath. Then, with a huge breath, the other. The towel is wrapped around him, and he looks up into the bluest eyes possible. The color of the bedding. The color of the special blanket. The color of the ocean.

He’s falling for this monster. He’s falling right now, in this moment, and he can’t get himself to stop. “Fuck me as your slave, then, Castiel. Master. Pretend tonight, I’m yours.”

Castiel’s lips part in awe. It almost looks like his knees go weak for a second. Then he takes Dean by the shoulders and starts walking backward, leading him into the bedroom. “Yeah, Dean. Pet. Let’s play pretend.”

Chapter End Notes

Follow me on tumblr @ destiel-love-forever to chat/rant/send prompts/whatever else (:
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Here's some nice/happy/sexy time for you all. Enjoy (: 

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Castiel lays Dean out on his bed, he very nearly falls to his knees at the sight of him. There are still parts of his skin damp and glistening. His hair is wet and wild. He smells of the honey bubble bath. His gorgeous cock is erect, curving ever so slightly to the right. His pink lips are parted and kissable. And those eyes. Those fucking green eyes.

Dean has no idea, but he has all the power right now. Every ounce. Castiel stands there at the end of the bed, his sleeve dripping with water, his cock straining hard against his pants. He’s nearly panting with lust and need. He wants to worship Dean all night. It doesn’t even matter if Castiel gets to come at the end. All that matters is Dean.

His father would fucking kill him.

_Jesus Christ, Castiel didn’t even put Dean’s fucking collar back on._

Dean looks up at him with those big, bright, beautiful green eyes. No idea he holds Castiel’s heart in his hands.

“You’re beautiful, my pet,” Castiel whispers, slipping his tie from his neck and running it through his hands, appreciating the silk fabric.

“Thank you, Master.”

“I’ve never seen such a beautiful slave. So strong. Intelligent. Sassy.” Castiel rests a knee on the mattress between Dean’s thighs and leans over to run the pad of his finger along Dean’s lips. “God, this sassy mouth of yours. The things I plan to do to this mouth. I love it so fucking much.”
Dean’s breathing picks up, eyes fluttering. “I thought you hated my attitude, Master.”

“I try. I try very hard to.” Castiel leans just slightly further and grabs Dean’s mouth with his own. He licks along the seam of his lips, swallowing the whimper that escapes them. “You’re addicting, pet.”

“So are you, Master.”

This catches Castiel by surprise, just like the comment about Dean wanting Castiel to keep him. He leans back to look at the man beneath him. He’s talented at telling when people lie, a skill his father made sure to teach him at a very young age. A skill necessary to succeed – hell, to survive – in this business. Castiel has Dean figured out when it comes to lying. Dean usually gives himself away quite easily. That blush of his is a dead giveaway most times. If it’s a small lie, his pupils flash.

Dean is not lying now. He’s addicted to Castiel, and Castiel can see he hates himself for it, but he’s also unable to stop it. The two of them are in the same exact boat, and it’s sinking fast.

Castiel, full of a newfound urge to take and keep, grabs Dean’s hands and places them over his head. He takes his tie and secures his wrists together. Tight. Then he pushes Dean up the mattress until his knuckles are brushing the headboard. He attaches the other end of the tie to the railing and tugs on it, grinning. It’s not as equipped as his playroom downstairs, but there’s something better about this. Dean being in his bed, in the place no slave has ever entered. In a place where Castiel has never had sex before.

It feels right.

Perfect.

Even if it’s just pretend.

With a final kiss to Dean’s mouth, Castiel grabs Dean’s hips and turns him over onto his stomach. The young man immediately spreads his legs for him and lifts his ass slightly off the mattress. Castiel chuckles and kisses from the bottom of his neck down his spine, avoiding the more injured parts of him. Dean’s skin from head to toe is covered in goosebumps by the time Castiel’s spreading his cheeks open and licking the tight pucker between them.

Dean garbles something into the pillow and spreads his legs further, the rest of his body melting.
“That’s it, pet. Let it feel good. Let Master take care of you.”

Dean doesn’t speak, Castiel’s not sure if he’s capable at the moment, but he releases a choked sob and nods frantically into the pillow. Castiel laps at his hole for a minute before finally poking the tip of his tongue in to fuck him. He smiles against the fluttering hole when Dean arches his back and keens.

Castiel’s too impatient, so he doesn’t last much longer just rimming him. It’s not long before he’s thrusting two spit-slick fingers into his hole to quickly prep him. He can tell it hurts Dean, but the young man adjusts quickly and is pushing back to fuck himself within seconds. Castiel skillfully avoids Dean’s prostate, chuckling when Dean figures out what he’s doing and growls at him in frustration.

“Come on,” he ends up spitting out after a close call, looking over his shoulder to glare at Castiel.

With an eyebrow raised, Castiel smacks Dean on the right ass cheek three times in a row, hard and fast. Dean’s breath leaves his lungs, and he looks over his shoulder at Castiel, eyes wide. “That was disrespectful, slave. Apologize.”

“S- sorry. Sorry, Master.”

“You should be punished, shouldn’t you slave?”

Dean starts to tremble and his eyes water. “Please, Master – I’m so – everything hurts.”

Licking his lips, Castiel scans his eyes over Dean’s body. The boy is right. His poor body is battered and worn down from yesterday, a beating they already agreed he didn’t earn. Castiel can’t let him off the hook, though. That’d be no fun at all.

In a cool voice, Castiel repeats himself. “You should be punished, shouldn’t you slave?”

Dean’s face turns red. “Yes, Master.”
“Ask me.” When Dean just stares at him, he clarifies. “Ask me to punish you. Ask your master to help teach you your lesson.”

“Please – please punish me, M – Master. Help me, Master.” Knowing that Dean’s willingly begging for punishment to please him, even though he just admitted to being in pain, does crazy things to Castiel. Especially when the boy whispers, “I wanna be good for you.”

Castiel could come from those words alone. He holds the base of his cock and squeezes, reminding it to behave. Then he reaches up and undoes the knot of his tie, releasing Dean. The boy’s body trembles with fear, but his eyes are full of trust as he looks up at Castiel for instruction. He has no idea what Castiel is going to do, he has no idea that Castiel doesn’t plan on causing him any pain during the punishment, yet Dean’s still looking at Castiel like he’s not a monster.

Castiel has to grab his cock a second time, worrying he won’t last long if Dean keeps acting so damn perfect. He thinks about roughly grabbing him and stuffing his cock in his mouth, but Dean’s being so fucking compliant, he wants to see how far he can push him. He wants to see how willing his boy is.

“Come here so your master can fuck your disrespectful mouth.”

There’s barely a breath between the order and the feeling of Dean’s pretty lips on his cock. He sucks like his life depends on it, and Castiel is left to just watch in amazement. At some point, he starts to gently pet his hair. Then Dean’s hand rolls Castiel’s balls, and he snaps. His hands tighten in his slave’s hair and he begins to fuck his throat.

After just a few thrusts, Dean starts to gag. Castiel yanks Dean’s head back, removing him from his cock. Tears run down his cheeks, and he looks up at Castiel in a panic. “I’m sorry, Master. I’ll be better, Master.”

The rough scolding he planned on saying evaporate as Dean’s words warm his chest. Castiel melts, removing one hand from Dean’s hair so he can cup the boy’s cheek. “Don’t worry, slave. We’ll practice. You got it wet enough anyway.”

Dean’s eyes widen, and he licks his lips. It makes Castiel chuckle, but then he forces himself to focus, turning serious as he orders, “Present for me.”

Like a switch flips, Dean is on his hands and knees, showing his ass to Castiel. Castiel dips his
fingers into him a few more times, stretching him while still avoiding his prostate. This time, Dean stays quiet. He barely even whimpers.

Castiel grabs one of his pillows and puts it beneath Dean’s hips. Then he presses him down so he’s lying on his stomach like before, this time his ass in the perfect position for Castiel. “Are you going to be a good boy, or should I tie you back up?”

“Good boy, Master. I’ll be so good. Promise.”

“Who owns your pleasure?”

“You do, Master.”

“And if Master decides not to let you come tonight, what will you do?”

Dean grips the pillow by his face tight. “I – I won’t complain, Master.”

“No, you won’t. You’ll thank me. You’ll thank me for letting you pleasure me. You’ll thank me for giving you every kiss, every touch. You’ll thank me for giving you my cock.” Punctuating that last word, Castiel snaps his hips forward and fucks into Dean. The hole tries to fight him, but Dean’s body relaxes when Castiel whispers in his ear, “Good boy,” and he’s let in immediately.

“Thank you, Master,” Dean pants. “Thank you for letting me pleasure you. Thank you for your cock.”

Castiel makes a satisfied noise in the back of his throat. His thrusts speed up, and he can feel the air being punched out of Dean. He works his slave into a frenzy, shifting so that every single stroke pounds his prostate. His boy is a mixture of broken words and noises and cries. Dean starts to tremble, and his words become coherent enough to beg, “Can I come, Master? Please. Please, let me come. Please – oh, Master – so – so close.”

Castiel stops.
Releasing a wrecked sob, Dean collapses against the mattress. His hands are still tied together, and he pounds his fists against the pillow so that he doesn’t say anything disrespectful. Castiel praises him for it. “Look at that. Such a good boy for your master. You asked so nicely. Wanted it so bad. But you accepted it when Master denied you.”

“Thank you,” Dean pants, as if he’s remembering what he was supposed to do. “Thank you, Master. For – for everything.”

“You’re welcome.” Castiel stares down at his boy’s back with pride. He hadn’t even thought about the thank you part. He had been happy enough when Dean hadn’t complained, but he even remembered to thank Castiel like he was instructed. “You’re perfect, pet.”

“Thank you, Master.”

He leans down and presses a soft kiss to the center of Dean’s back, on a spot mostly uninjured. Then he’s gripping his hips tight enough to bruise and fucking into him harder than he’s possibly ever fucked a human being. Dean’s body jolts, and he shrieks.

“Please! Wait! Stop, stop, stop.” Castiel listens, even though he doesn’t have to. He freezes and tries to catch his breath.

“Did I hurt you?” he pants, ignoring the voice in the back of his mind reminding him that he isn’t supposed to care. Instead, he’s running careful fingers along Dean’s hips, hands shaking in fear. “What happened? What did I do?”

“I was-” Dean clears his throat. “I was gonna come, Master. But you didn’t say I could.”

Fuck.

Castiel stares down at him, speechless.

Amazed.

Falling in love.
“Good boy,” he manages to choke out, trying to gather his wits enough to finish this scene as a master. He shifts Dean’s hips to the right angle and plows into him, each time jabbing his prostate. Dean cries and shakes his head, trying to say no again. Trying to get him to stop. “Ask please.”

“I – n – p-”

“Ask please, because I’m not stopping.”

“Please!” Dean sobs.

Castiel growls, “Please what, pet?”

“Please. Please let me-”

“Come on. You can do better than that.”

“Master- please-”

Chuckling, Castiel teases, “Please what?”

“Oh – God. Sto – Jus- Please.” Dean chokes on his words and starts to crawl away from Castiel. Trying to free himself of the pleasure. Terrified of the idea he could accidentally come and let his master down. Castiel grabs him around the waist, pulling him up and pressing Dean’s back firmly into his chest. He snakes a hand up his front and grips his throat, not tight enough to cut his air supply, but tight enough to make him feel the beginning tendrils of suffocation.

“I’m close baby,” Castiel growls in his ear, not moving his hips in order to let both of them calm down. “If I come before you, you’re going to bed with your cock caged. And you can’t come until I say, so you better try harder.”

Dean deflates, but he’s held up by Castiel’s cock as he starts pounding into him and he’s held in place with one hand pressing against his stomach and the other hand squeezing his throat. “Please –
The sadist in him peeks out. “Not yet.”

He pulls out of Dean and lets go of him, letting him fall on his stomach and face. Before Dean can gather his bearings, before he can even cry out at the emptiness inside him, Castiel is turning him on his back and entering him again. His hand drifts back to Dean’s throat, squeezing. Those green eyes blink up at him. There’s not an ounce of fear in them. Instead, they radiate trust and joy and… fuck. If Castiel didn’t know better, he’d say love.

The man beneath him is a beautiful, well-behaved slave. But he’s also still Dean. He can see the young man right there beneath the surface. He didn’t mentally break him. This is Dean. And Dean is looking at him like that. Dean is willingly submitting. Dean is… Dean might love him.

God, Castiel can’t let him go. Castiel needs to keep him.

Wanting to help Dean get over the edge, wanting him to fall apart at the same time as Castiel so he can piece them together into something new and singular, Castiel whispers in the boy’s ear, “Now try again. I think you can do better for me, Dean.”

Dean’s too far gone to notice the slip, already sobbing his pleas before Castiel even says his real name. “Please – Master – Please let – Ple – Can I come? Master – Oh, god-”

Castiel grins. “Good enough. Go ahead.”

Before he finishes the last word, Dean is coming. With his final exhale, he whispers, “Master,” like a fucking prayer.

Castiel is so fucked.

Castiel pounds into him through the orgasm, tightening his fingers on Dean’s throat just a little to make it more intense for him, all the while raining praise. “Good boy. So good. Such a good pet. Make your master so happy. So perfect. My good little slave.”
Then he’s finishing and Dean’s turning to jelly, and he’s collapsing on top of him, cock still spurting tiny amounts into his hole. Every last drop. Wringing Castiel dry.

In a cracked voice, Dean whispers, “Thank you, Master.”

Castiel can’t help but release a breathy laugh in amazement. “God, you’re perfect.”

Dean shivers at the words. “So are you, Master.”

“Mmmm.” He’s far from perfect, but he doesn’t need to remind Dean of that. They might have just had the best sex of their lives, but it was pretend. Dean knows he’s a monster. He kidnapped him. He beat him. Raped him. He’s going to sell him.

They’re just playing pretend.

Castiel wants to keep playing for the rest of his life.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Here's some light, happy feelings and cuddles. Enjoy them while you can...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As Dean comes out of his trance-like state, he notices that Castiel is missing. He tries to sit up and look around, but he feels dizzy and weak. His injuries throb. His muscles ache. His skin is on fire. He gives up and just lays back down, rolling on his side a little so he can rest his cheek against the pillow. It smells exactly like Castiel.

*He wants to stay here forever.*

Movement catches his eye a minute later and he flicks his eyes up to see Castiel walking into the room, wearing nothing but boxers and a t-shirt while carrying a plate of food and bottled water. He sits down on the bed beside Dean and puts the items down. He carefully helps Dean sit up, frowning when the boy whimpers in pain. Castiel puts a few pillows behind Dean to help support his back. Then he’s picking up a piece of watermelon and lifting it to Dean’s lips. Dean opens willingly, allowing himself to be fed. It causes a warmth to swirl in his chest, and he sinks into the pillows, eyes closing.

“Hey you. Wake up.” Dean forces his eyes open, feeling them burn from how tired they are. Castiel gives him a comforting smile. “Once you eat, you can sleep. But you gotta eat first. And drink some water.”

“Yes, Master,” Dean whispers, barely having the energy to open his mouth for the words. Castiel pushes a grape through his slightly parted lips, and he chews.

At some point, his eyes slide closed again. He keeps eating, though, so Castel doesn’t yell at him.

Castiel ends up feeding him the entire tray of food, even helping him take drinks every few bites. Dean can’t think of the last time someone took care of him like this. He’s not sure anyone ever did. Maybe his mom, not that he’d remember. Certainly not his dad.
“Hey, green eyes,” Castiel whispers, stroking his cheek. “Where’d your head go?”

“Just thinkin’,” Dean slurs as he blinks his eyes to wake himself up.

“About?”

Dean’s too tired to even blush. “No one’s done this for me before.”

“What? Feeding you?”

“No. ‘Mean - yes, but the whole thing.” He shrugs. “Was always the caretaker. No time t’ be taken care of – didn’t have ‘n one there even if did.”

Something dark flashes in Castiel’s eyes, but Dean has the strangest feeling it’s not directed at him. He puts the plate on the side table and grabs Dean, pulling him into his lap and against his chest. Dean is too sleepy and happy to even wince at the pain. “Well, I’ll make sure you go to someone good. Someone caring. You’ll be taken care of, I swear. I promise.”

Dean stays silent because he doesn’t want someone, he wants Castiel. Unfortunately, the silence leads to Castiel opening his hand to show Dean four pills. Dean had forgotten about that little fight between them.

“Dean,” he whispers, catching Dean by surprise. “Please take these for me. I need you to take them for me. You have to stay strong, Dean. Promise me.”

Suddenly wide awake, Dean stares at him in both confusion and wonder. That was against the rules. They aren’t allowed to do that now that he’s out of the bath. Sure, Castiel said it during sex, but that was in the heat of the moment. Dean’s not even sure if he’s aware he did it.

This is different.

God, why does Castiel do this to him? Why is he so fucking confusing?
“Dean.”

He jumps, eyes snapping up to look at Castiel. “Sorry, what?”

“Please take them.”

“Oh. Yeah. Of course.” He takes them into his hand, then accepts the bottle of water. Trying not to worry himself, he pops them into his mouth and swallows the rest of the water down with them.

Castiel takes the empty bottle from him and kisses his forehead. Then he turns the light out and sinks down on the mattress, turning on his side and pulling Dean in close. Dean lies still as the pillows and blankets are rearranged perfectly for the position they’re in.

“Ca- Master?”

Castiel’s muscles tense. “Yes?”

“Will you give me a kiss goodnight?” Dean immediately starts to pull away, hearing the words out loud making him realize his mistake. “I’m sorry. Never mind. That was – that’s not what you – I’m lucky to even be in your bed, let alone- that was stupid.”

“Not stupid,” Castiel whispers, rubbing his nose against Dean’s. Then he places his lips over the boy’s and gently, slowly, kisses him goodnight. He tries to pour every emotion into it. Every apology. Every fear. Every promise.

Using all his self-control, Castiel pulls away. He presses Dean close again and whispers, “Goodnight, Dean.”

Dean’s breath catches. “Night, Cas.”

Neither of them falls asleep, and they’re both aware of it. After lying still for a while, just breathing Dean in, Castiel whispers, “I’ve never had a man in my bed before.”
Dean’s heart starts to race, Castiel probably feeling it from where they’re pressed chest to chest. “What does that mean, Cas?”

Castiel remains quiet. He knows what Dean is asking. Dean knows he does.

Unable to answer the question, because he doesn’t fucking know the answer, Castiel just pulls Dean in closer and rests his hand on the small of his back. He already has the boy’s body memorized. He knows that two notches up his spine, there’s a spot where he’s not hurt as badly. A spot where Castiel’s height and positioning was left slightly more protected. He strokes the soft skin there with his thumb and closes his eyes.

It takes a few minutes, the stubborn boy trying to stay awake in case Castiel decides to talk, but he eventually passes out. His body melts into Castiel’s arms. His breathing slows.

Castiel stays up much longer. Most of the night, in fact. Imagining what it would be like. Wondering if he could do it. Knowing that every fiber of his being wants to.

He wants to keep Dean for himself.

_He knows he can’t._

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Castiel's final stand against his emotions... hang in there Dean (& readers..)

WARNINGS: triggered/panic attack, almost non-con HEAVY dub-con, forced orgasm, enema done unsafely

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Dean wakes up, groggy but well rested, he finds himself smiling. The smile disappears when he looks at Castiel.

Castiel stands at the end of the bed with his hands stuffed in his pockets. The jacket of what looks to be an expensive suit is on and buttoned. His tie is knotted at the base of his throat. He’s freshly shaved. His hair is perfectly in place. His blue eyes are no longer bloodshot.

By the time Dean is sitting up slowly, looking around to gather his bearings, Castiel has his head on straight. He’s focused. Boundaries firmly in back place.

Dean is a slave. Just another slave. One of many.

Dean is not special.

Dean is not his.

This was a mistake. A mistake Castiel will be sure to not make again. A mistake he can fix.


Breaths ragged, Dean scrambles to his feet and stands in the spot Castiel is pointing at. He tucks his chin to his chest, not out of submission but in order to hide his tears. The spot on his cheek where
Castiel hit him is burning, but it doesn’t hurt as badly as the ache forming in his heart.

“You will not speak unless spoken to. Failure to listen will result in severe punishment. There will be no warnings. No second chances. Understood, slave?”

“Y-yes.” Dean clears his throat and hurries to repeat himself. “Yes, Master.”

“Keep your eyes down. Hands behind your back. Grab your wrists and hold still.”

Dean does as told, begging his body to stop shaking. He’s only able to get it to calm slightly, but Castiel doesn’t yell at him so it must be enough. A piece of cloth brushes his cheek and he flinches, looking over just in time to get a glimpse of black silk before it can be put over his eyes.

With a violent twitch, Dean moves his face away from Castiel and stumbles back a few steps. He lifts his chin and stares straight at him. Betrayal darkens his green eyes. Castiel forces down anything he feels that his father wouldn’t allow – his newfound system he’ll be using to keep himself in check – and approaches Dean. Dean backs himself against the wall, flinching when his injuries hit the unforgiving drywall.

“You’ll regret that, slave,” Castiel whispers, his lips turning into a sadistic smile. “Don’t make it worse for yourself. Come here.”

“Not the dark. Please, no blindfold. You know I can’t do the dark.” When Castiel just continues toward him, Dean’s legs go weak and he falls to the floor, his hands and knees rubbing against the carpet so that his skin burns. “Cas – please don’t.”

Something dark and inhuman floods Castiel’s eyes at the sound of his name. Before Dean can process, his back is being pressed firmly into the floor, and Castiel is straddling him. One hand clenches around his throat while the other continues to hold the blindfold in a tight fist. Dean’s legs kick out as his head begins to throb from the lack of air. Tears leak down his cheeks, and he wrenches his face away in disgust when Castiel laps at them.

“You’re fucking sick,” Dean says through choked breaths.

Castiel laughs, the sound sinister enough to make ice rush through Dean’s veins. “We’re going to have so much fun today, slut.”
Dean opens his mouth to say something back, but Castiel tightens his grip on his throat until his eyes roll into the back of his head. With every passing second, Castiel’s father’s voice fills his ears. That’s it, boy. Just a few seconds longer. Bring him right to the edge. Then let go and tell him, “Your life is mine, slave,” Castiel growls, saying the words as his father shouts them in his head.

As Dean coughs, chokes, and sputters, Castiel continues his reminder, “I can kill you right here, right now, and no one would do anything about it. You belong to me. Your life. Your oxygen. Your entire fucking existence. How did you forget that so fast, slut? Do I need to teach you that lesson again?”

With a broken voice that’s more air than sound, Dean whispers, “No, Master. Sorry, Master.”

Castiel stares down at where his fingers are imprinted onto his slave’s throat. His cock fills, and he grins. His father would be patting him on the back right now.

Still straddling Dean, Castiel gets on his knees so he can turn the boy onto his stomach beneath him. Dean whimpers as Castiel runs his hands along his abused skin. He tries to stay still, though. To be good.

It drives Castiel insane.

Why does Dean have to be so fucking perfect?

Why can’t Castiel just get the fuck over him?

Castiel lifts his hand, then begins to rain down on his ass. Each smack is harder than the last, but Dean gets quieter as the ordeal continues. By the time Castiel split open one of his wounds on his right ass cheek, Dean’s pliant and breathing steady, green eyes blinking slowly.

Needing to test if Dean has truly learned his lesson, Castiel grabs the blindfold. He shakes it out, making sure Dean sees it out of the corner of his eye. The boy tenses but does nothing else. Castiel secures the blindfold. The moment the fabric is wrapped around Dean’s eyes, the boy starts to hyperventilate, his body jerking in fear. He behaves, though. He doesn’t speak out of turn. He doesn’t try to remove the blindfold with his free hands. The only movement is his fingers tangling together where he was originally clinging to the carpet.
Castiel ignores Dean as he falls apart, instead focusing on removing his belt and unzipping his pants. He tugs his cock out and strokes it a few times.

“Beg me to prep you, slut.”

Dean starts to cry harder but manages to choke out, “Please, Master, prep me. I-” Castiel shoves his fingers into Dean’s mouth, cutting him off. Dean’s tongue immediately starts to lap at them as he tries his best to coat them with as much spit as he can before Castiel pulls away.

Pressing two spit-slick fingers against Dean’s hole, he rubs the rim three times before pushing in. Dean’s hips buck, and he sobs, “No!” After a sharp slap to his abused ass, Dean corrects himself. “Sorry, Master.”

“That’s what I fucking thought.” Castiel pulls his fingers out, spitting on his cock and rubbing his hand over it. He lines it up with Dean’s hole and says in a sickly-sweet voice, “I guess you don’t want to be prep. Your wish is my command, slut.”

Just before he snaps his hips, Castiel catches Dean’s broken whispered, “You promised.”

And just like that, last night comes back to smack Castiel in the chest. It knocks the air out of his lungs, and knocks his father right out of his mind. Castiel looks down at Dean, seeing that damn blindfold, and he can’t do it anymore. Because Dean’s right. He promised.

Castiel can’t keep doing this to him.

But then what is he going to do? He’s proven that he can’t be like his father, but he can’t be the Castiel that’s falling in love with Dean either. There has to be some sort of balance. Some kind of way to survive this.

“Get up. Kneel,” Castiel says in a voice that’s lacking a decent amount of authority.

Dean obeys, gracefully moving into the new position and putting his hands behind his back. His chest and stomach are bright red from rubbing against the carpet. His cock is soft. Castiel leans forward and removes the blindfold from Dean’s face. Green eyes blink up at him, eyelashes sticking
a little from how many tears are soaked into them.

“Thank you, Master.”

“There’s lube in the bedside table. Get it.”

With a sharp nod, Dean does as ordered, crawling since he wasn’t told to walk. By the time he’s back, cupping his hands together and presenting the bottle of lube to Castiel, Castiel’s hands are shaking. He can’t let Dean see.

“Prep yourself. Lie on your back and spread your legs so I can watch.”

Dean blushes but does as told, situating himself. He meets Castiel’s eyes and silently asks for approval. Castiel starts to reach for his leg, to stroke it and make him relax, but his hands haven’t calmed. He just leans back against the wall and stares at Dean. The moment Dean realizes he’s not going to be praised is evident in his features. He goes from scared but determined, to devastated. He tries to shove two of his fingers inside himself, a tear slipping down his cheek, and Castiel’s heart breaks at the obvious need to please lingering in Dean’s eyes as he watches Castiel watch him.

“One finger, pet. Slow down. Make it good.”

There’s slight confusion on Dean’s face, but he pulls the two fingers out that he was trying to cram inside himself and focuses on just doing one. It slides in relatively easy, and after a few small pulses, Dean’s cock is starting to harden.

Castiel gains strength as he watches the slave. His head is on straight. His hands are steady. His heart slow. He instructs him to add another finger. Then another. Tells him to try and hit his prostate. Tells him to stroke his hard cock with his free hand.

It doesn’t take long for Dean to be rolling his hips, trying to gain friction where there isn’t any, trying to get his fingers deeper when it’s not possible. He whines low in his throat. Then green eyes are big, wide, and pleading as he looks at Castiel. “Pl – please, Master.”

“You want me to fuck you now, pet?”
Dean vigorously nods, biting his bottom lip to keep himself from moaning or begging any more. He’s still mad at Castiel.

He still loves him too.

It’s doing crazy fucking things to Dean’s head.

“I’m going to fuck you hard, pet. No mercy.” Castiel starts to crawl toward him, giving Dean a smile that makes him whimper and draw back. “Are you sure you’re ready?”

Biting harder on his bottom lip, Dean nods.

“Okay. On your stomach, then.” When Dean rolls over, showing his ass to Castiel, Castiel frowns. The spot that split open is swollen. Blood has been smeared all over both ass cheeks. There’s a matching spot on Castiel’s floor.

Gritting his teeth, Castiel lines himself up and pushes into Dean. The slave turns his face into his crooked arms, hiding from Castiel. Trying to at least. He makes no sound as Castiel fucks into him, his body going slack.

As he stares down at the bruised and broken body beneath him, Castiel’s father’s voice returns. *Fuck him, boy. Fuck him until he gives up. Fuck him until he breaks. That’s it, boy, hurt him. Dig your fingers into his ass. Right there, yeah – where he’s bleeding. Good, Castiel. I knew you’d be great at this.*

Castiel grits his teeth, smearing the blood from Dean’s wounds further as he tightens his grip on his hips and lifts him up. It’s the perfect position to hit his prostate, and Dean starts to violently shake his head, crying too hard to verbally beg. Castiel ignores the boy as his father whispers to him, *Now make him come. Hard. Confuse the fuck out of him. Make the slut get off on his own pain.*

He slams into his prostate violently, reaching around and jacking the slave’s cock with a tight fist. Dean cries harder, trying to wiggle away as Castiel uses his hand slick with Dean’s own blood to push him closer to an orgasm.

“Please, no,” Dean whimpers, his head hanging between his shoulders as he’s fucked on his hands and knees. When Castiel just continues to stroke his cock, Dean releases his first sob. “No. Lea’ me
‘lone. Don’ wan’ it. Stop.’

Castiel thinks about last night. Thinks about the way Dean had looked at him as he pointed out that Castiel raped him. As he pointed out that he wasn’t hard during it. He’s hard now, he likes this even if he won’t admit it. Or is that just Castiel’s fucked up way of thinking? Maybe Dean doesn’t want him at all. Maybe this entire time, right from the moment Castiel first laid eyes on him, Dean hasn’t wanted him even a little. His body is just reacting to stimulus. It’s science, not emotion.

Dean probably hates him.

And Castiel loves him.

The boy is beautiful.

And last night? He was so good for Castiel. So perfect.

Then Castiel fed him.

Took care of him.

Held him.

* Fucking kissed him goodnight. *

A shout pulls his attention back to the present just as his hand is covered in cum. Hating himself, Castiel squeezes his eyes shut and spills into the boy’s hole. Castiel rolls off Dean and rests his back against the wall, drawing his knees up and placing his feet flat on the floor. He rests his elbows on his knees and dangles his hands, staring at them. They’re streaked with Dean’s blood and cum. It makes him sick.

What really kills him, though? When he looks up to see that Dean is forcing his aching body into a kneeling position, using his hands to keep balanced. The boy is shaking, the front of his body rug burned, his cock covered in the same red and white mixture as Castiel’s hands. He kneels just like he was taught and places his hands behind his back, tucking his chin to his chest. He even manages to
swallow his sobs.

Castiel sits there for a long time. Longer than he should, because Dean’s probably sore and in need of water and rest. He can’t stop staring at the boy.

Watching.

Wishing.

It isn’t until Dean’s body has completely relaxed, letting Castiel know that he’s most likely slipped into a different mind space, that Castiel gets to his feet. He goes to the bathroom, washes his hands, changes into a new suit, and grabs a rag. He cleans Dean while the slave stays completely still, his breathing not even changing, his green eyes vacant. Dean’s not in this room anymore. He’s somewhere else. Castiel is thankful for that.

Castiel wishes he wasn’t in this room either.

Dean comes back to himself when he’s placed on the cold cement floor that he’s pretty sure is his cell. This makes him smile softly. He’s relieved to be here again. Things make sense here. He’s a slave, and Castiel is his master. It’s when they go upstairs that things get confusing. That’s where Master acts like Castiel, and Dean doesn’t like Castiel. Castiel is confusing. Castiel lies.


Dean’s entire body hurts, and his mind is in shock. Castiel had warned him. He told Dean he had hurt him because he was in a bad mood. No matter what Dean does, no matter how well he behaves, it doesn’t save him from this. Sure, Castiel promised not to do this anymore, but Dean’s a fucking idiot for trusting that. For trusting him. Even if he did decide not to hurt Dean, even if he did let Dean prep himself, he still fucked him. Hurt him. Made him come.

God, Dean didn’t want to come. It was bad enough he was fighting with himself during the sex with
his emotions – trying to tell his head to hate Castiel when all he wanted to do was turn on his back so he could look into Castiel’s eyes as he was fucked by him. Maybe even kiss him.

Dean is fucked up.

This whole damn thing is fucked up.

This is Dean’s life now. Castiel decides everything. Even whether he lives or dies. It doesn’t matter if he’s good or bad. It doesn’t matter that Castiel complimented him and cuddled him and kissed him goodnight. If Castiel wants to treat him well, he will. If Castiel wants to treat him like this, he will. Dean’s just along for the ride. He has no say.

And the whole time, his heart is going to continue to fall for him. For this monster.

Dean waits for that to piss him off.

He waits for this revelation to devastate him.

He waits for any emotion at all.

Instead, he just feels exhausted. He just wants it all to be over.

Apparently, his master doesn’t agree. Rough hands yank him back to his feet and pull him until he stumbles. When his eyes accidentally meet his master’s, he immediately turns his gaze down to the ground, not wanting to be disrespectful.

His arms are brought toward the ceiling where a pulley system is set up. Master attaches Dean’s wrists to the leather cuffs linked to the chains above his head. With a harsh tug, he’s pulled to his tiptoes, a sharp pain starting in his shoulders and shooting up to his fingers. He hisses and starts to spin, unable to keep his balance in the position.

“Stay still,” Master orders impatiently, swatting his hip. He sighs as if he’s annoyed that Dean once again let him down, even though Dean can’t figure out how he can possibly stop turning.
Without another word, his master leaves the room. He doesn’t close the door. Just leaves.

Dean holds his breath, confused and scared. Thankfully, he doesn’t have to wait long. His master returns with his hands full of things Dean can’t focus on, because he’s far too distracted by his shoulders that feel like they’re tearing.

“Open.”

Still distracted, Dean parts his lips and allows his master to slide a thick penis gag into his mouth. It’s heavy on his tongue, and he gags before figuring out how to make the two coexist.

When he hears a squeaking wheel, Dean whips his head around to see what’s coming next. It’s like the spanking bench from the playroom, but mobile and smaller. An arm wraps around his waist and hoists him up until he’s lying flat on his stomach against the cool leather. It tugs on his shoulders in a painful way but at least with the bench Dean is no longer left spinning in circles. His ass is moved further up then the rest of his body and Dean whines low in his throat, praying his master isn’t about to fuck him again so soon.

Something nudges Dean’s crack just a second later, and he starts to tremble, because it’s cold and wet and feels wrong. Far too wrong.

It slides in easy enough, but then it starts to inflate inside him, not stopping until his eyes are burning as badly as his hole. When he feels cold water start to run through it, he blinks rapidly, tears beginning to fall down his cheeks. It hurts, but it’s also the humiliation making him cry. They’ve done plenty of things to him here, but never this. Not a fucking enema. It’s so clinical and non-sexual and – oh fuck, actually… that hurts. That really fucking hurts.

His stomach starts to cramp, and he sobs into the gag, trying to fight now. He kicks his legs out and yanks hard at the chain attached to his wrists. Surprisingly, his master just ignores him. The enema has a long enough tube where he can just keep filling Dean no matter how much squirming there is. The part inside his hole is far too big to be jostled out anyway.

When the water finally stops, Dean breathes a shaky sigh in relief and rests his head, his shoulders on fire. Fresh tears spring from his eyes, and he groans, another wave of cramps running through him.

“I’m going to remove this. If anything spills – even a drop – I will flog you until you’re bloody, then
tie you up and let every trainer in this facility fuck your hole while you’re still full of water.”

Dean chokes back a sob and nods his understanding. He clenches as hard as he can but isn’t sure if it will be enough, especially when the clenching brings on more cramping.

By some miracle, the enema is removed without any spilling, and a large plug is worked into him. He squeezes his eyes shut as he realizes that his master plans to keep him full like this. It’s starting to really ache and he’s not sure how much longer he can handle it, but he knows his master doesn’t care.

With only a few quick movements, the bench is gone and Dean’s back on his tiptoes. He feels the water slosh inside his belly and whimpers.

Master comes to stand in front of Dean, his blue eyes still vacant and cold. He tugs at his nipples with his fingernails, making Dean grunt and buck forward. When they’re nice and long, Master attaches clips to them. The metal bites into the sensitive flesh, making Dean flinch. The flinch causes pain to shoot through his shoulders and his abdomen. Which makes him flinch again.

His master stares at him for a few more seconds, as if he’s contemplating something. Then he pulls out the blindfold from earlier that he had stuffed in his pocket and secures it around Dean’s eyes, ignoring his muffled pleas and broken sobs.

Dean can’t see anymore, but he knows his master leaves when the loud metal door slams closed. The lock is put in place and he feels it echo inside his chest. It’s only a matter of seconds before he’s tuned in to every single point of pain in his body. Since he can’t see anything due to the blindfold, and he can’t hear anything since it’s completely silent in there, and he can’t smell anything because his nose is stuffy from crying, and he can’t taste anything other than the rubber in his mouth, all that’s left is to feel.

To feel everything.

He focuses on the main thing; staying alive. He forces himself to ignore all of the pain and sensation and emotion and hurt. Instead, he turns his face and wipes his nose as hard as he can against the skin of his shoulder. When he can breathe more clearly through it, he takes deep, steady breaths. In and out. He refuses to let himself cry because if his nose is blocked any worse than it was, he’ll suffocate.

Until he loses all feeling in his shoulders. Until his stomach aches so bad, he screams into his gag. Until he pisses himself. Until he passes out.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Not really any warnings/tags other than just overall roughness/detached Cas being his usual asshole self

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Castiel settles his eyes on Gabriel, glaring at him. “Stop.”

“You’re fallin’ for him.”

“I’m not.”

“Cas,” his friend whispers, sounding devastated. “It’s not a bad thing. Just-”

“Stop!”

“You may not be falling in love with him, but you’re at least getting attached.”

Castiel slams his fist against the desk, making Gabriel jump. “I told you to fucking stop!”

“Cas.” Gabriel leans forward, placing his arms on the desk and looking his best friend in the eye. “There’s nothing wrong with wanting him. Keep him. Make him yours. You said you’ve never been happier than you were last night.”

“Yeah, well.” Castiel looks at the screen that’s playing the live feed of Dean’s cell. “I shouldn’t have told you that.”

“I’m glad you did. I’m happy for you. You just need to k-”
“I don’t feel that way about him, okay? Drop it.” Castiel looks at Gabriel, shaking his head minutely. “Just let it go.”

Gabriel sits back in his seat and tosses his arms in the air. “Bullshit. That’s such bullshit!”

“No, it’s not.”

“I saw you walk in there, Cas. I saw you drag him in. Saw the guilt. Saw the agony on your face as you did that enema. All you wanted was to stop. To take that boy and run. I saw it.” When Castiel says nothing, Gabriel pushes on. “Would you have been able to do it, Cas?”

“Do what?” Castiel asks in exasperation.

“If he spilled a drop of the enema, you were going to whip him and let the whole compound have a go?”

“Yes.” Castiel tries to keep eye contact with Gabriel but fails miserably.

Gabriel scoffs. “Really?”

“Yes.”

“So, care to explain why you didn’t? Because if I could see that he spilled from the angle of the camera, you sure as hell could see that he spilled standing right behind him.”

Instead of answering, Castiel puts his head in his hands and slumps forward.

A silence settles between them for a long time. Castiel watches Dean. The slave is trying desperately to get the plug out of his ass, and Castiel knows the pain in his stomach must be excruciating. It sends a rush of bile up his throat that he needs to choke down.
“What are you so afraid of?” Gabriel whispers.

Clearing his throat, he tells the screen instead of Gabriel, “I refuse to get attached.”

“You’re already attached.”

Castiel squeezes his hands into fists, enjoying the way his fingernails dig into his palms. “I’m going to work on that. I can’t be vulnerable, Gabe, and we both know I’ll be one of those masters who ends up vulnerable because of their slave. There’s no way I wouldn’t care about him. I already do, and it’s been only a few days. I’ll fall for him. Hard.”

Gabriel doesn’t argue, and Castiel knows he won’t. They both know what it means to be vulnerable, especially vulnerable regarding a slave, and they’ve both avoided it like the plague.

_Vulnerability like that is what killed their fathers._

With a deep breath, Gabriel asks, “Alright, then. What now?”

“What do you mean?”

“He can’t have that enema in him much longer, Cas. You go take it out or I will.”

Castiel looks back at the screen. Dean’s slumped again, most likely passed out. He studies the way his shoulder muscles are tensed. He’s going to dislocate one, if not both, pretty damn soon.

“I can do it,” Gabriel offers.

Shaking his head, Castiel stands and smooths the front of his jacket down. “No. He’s mine to take care of. I can do this.”

“Cas—”
“I can do it, Gabe.”

“Okay.” Gabriel doesn’t stand up. Instead, he relaxes in his seat and stares at Castiel. “Whatever you say.”

Castiel scoffs before heading out of the office. He won’t fall apart. He’ll never fall apart when it comes to Dean – fuck.. the slave – again.

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The door creaks open, and Dean’s heart starts to race. He holds still, praying Master doesn’t know he’s been trying to wiggle the plug out of himself.

His ears are filled with footsteps, then something that squeaks like it’s on wheels. There’s a lot of shuffling around as his master works in tense silence. He knows it’s his master because he can smell him. He hates that Castiel’s scent is ingrained in his mind. Dean wonders if there will ever be a day where he can’t place the man without needing to see him. He wonders if his smell will haunt him even as he moves on to the master that buys him.

“Spread your legs,” his master’s low voice orders.

Dean wants to resist, but he’s too hopeful that he’ll finally be freed of the enema, so he does as told. When his legs are spread wide, he feels his master’s warmth behind him. A hand rests on the curve of his hip and Dean’s chin jerks in that direction. He wishes he could see it. He wishes he could see his master period. He wants to know his expression. He wants to discern what his eyes are like right now. He wants to know if he’s about to be terrorized by his master or by Castiel.

He moans when his master begins to work the plug out of his burning hole. The hand on his hip skates up to his belly, gently massaging the muscles there. “Go ahead, pet. Let it out.”

Dean sobs in relief around his gag while doing as told. It feels so fucking good to get it all out of him. He’s not even embarrassed that he’s pushing god knows what out of his ass in front of this man.
When he’s emptied, he slumps in his restraints, knowing he’s probably hurting his shoulders but unable to care since he can no longer feel them. The hand on his belly moves to his wrists and undoes his restraints, letting him down. He expects to be left to drop on the floor, but his master wraps an arm around his sore waist and carefully guides him toward a corner, away from the puddle.

*Don’t be grateful. Don’t be grateful. He doesn’t give two shits about you, Dean.*

Hands massage his shoulders, and Dean starts to fight the touch when feeling returns to them. He wants to tell him they hurt too much, to please stop, but his mouth is still full of the gag.

It doesn’t matter anyway. His master stops soon after, and the pain gets worse as he removes the nipple clamps from his chest. Once Dean’s recovered from the agonizing throb, Master helps him back to his feet. He places Dean’s hands on the wall, and Dean is reminded of the time he belted him. Those ten lashes had confused Dean more than anything else in his entire life. They had flipped his whole world upside down.

“Hold onto the wall.”

Dean nods to show he understands. A moment later, he hears a rush of water. He flinches when the hose is turned on, then starts to whimper into his gag as the ice-cold water tears into his injuries. By the time the water is turned off, Dean is resting nearly all his weight against the wall, unsure how he’s still on his feet.

A rag is brushed over his skin. The pressure is gentle, but it still hurts like hell. He presses his cheek against the wall and tries to breathe through the pain. When the rag is passed through his ass cheeks, right against the hole that his master fucked viciously this morning, his legs finally give out. His master lets him collapse to the floor, not caring when one of Dean’s hips hits harder than it should and makes a cracking sound.

The hose is turned onto him a second later.

By the time he’s cleaned and dried off with another rough towel, Dean’s numb. He doesn’t even register when the gag is removed from his mouth. He’s shivering, his teeth are chattering, and he can’t stop whimpering, but he doesn’t feel any of it. He’s just aware that it’s happening. Like an observer to his own body.
The blindfold is removed, and Dean hurries to close his eyes, having no desire to see his master right now. His only warning is a soft sigh before a hand is cupping his cheek. The other hand comes up to get his other side. Thumbs clean off the tears trapped below his eyes and on his eyelashes.

A soft kiss is pressed to his lips, and Dean’s eyes snap open. He’s suddenly unable to breathe. Blue eyes stare at him, full of warmth.

“What was that for, Master?” Dean whispers, needing to know and hating himself for it.

His master squints at him in confusion. Instead of answering, he guides Dean to a dry spot on the floor and covers him with his blue blanket. He stands, putting his hands in his pockets, and looks down at Dean with a distant expression. “Get some rest, pet.”

Gabriel is waiting for Castiel when he enters the hall. The two exchange a look, and Gabriel nods. “I’ve got him, Cas. Don’t worry.”

When the door to Dean’s cell opens just a few minutes after his master left him, he cowers against the wall and holds his breath. He’s not sure his body can handle any more abuse today.

He’s absolutely sure his heart can’t.

It’s not his master walking in, though. It’s his master’s friend, Gabriel. He pushes in a cart with food and drinks on it, then drags a stool in.

Gabriel closes the door behind himself and gives Dean a careful smile. “Hey, there. How are you feeling?”

Dean just stares at him. There’s no way that was meant for him. It was too kind.
He watches the man as he sits on the stool and pulls the cart closer. Gabriel tilts his head, eyebrows furrowed, and points a finger in front of the stool.

“Kneel.”

Taking a breath, Dean crawls on his bruised knees and rug-burned hands until he’s in the right spot, then settles where Gabriel pointed. Before he can tilt his chin down to his chest, a hand is grabbing it and pulling up until Dean’s looking into Gabriel’s kind eyes.

Dean doesn’t trust kind eyes.

Castiel has kind eyes.

“How are you feeling? You may speak. Call me Master.”

“I’m good, Master.”

Gabriel just looks at him for a few seconds, then shakes his head. “Tell the truth, slave.”

Feeling his stomach lurching into his throat, Dean tries to keep calm. He doesn’t want to be punished. “I’m sore, Master.”

“Yeah. I’m sure you are.” Gabriel’s thumb brushes across his cheek, where he can feel a bruise blooming. “You’ll be getting the day off. Once you are done eating, I will tend to your wounds. Then you need to sleep. After dinner you’ll be used by multiple trainers in an intense training session. I suggest you try to rest as much as you can today.”

Dean nods, biting his lip to keep from asking the flurry of questions flooding his mind. Unfortunately, Gabriel can see the curiosity in his expression. “You may ask three questions, but ask them politely.”

The chance is too good to pass up, but Dean wants to ask questions about Castiel, and he’s not sure that’s allowed. He starts with an easy one. “What will I have to do for the training session, Master?”
“That I can’t answer. Each master will get a chance to take the reins.” He pauses, looking like he might say something more, so Dean holds back from asking a second question. After a soft sigh, Gabriel adds, “I’m the lead master of this scene, though. The majority of your time will be spent on doing puppy play.”

Dean’s cheeks turn bright red, making Gabriel laugh. “Your tests showed you had an interest.”

“Yes, Master,” Dean whispers, unable to look at him. It’s true. He had never watched porn like that, but he had enjoyed it. It was the perfect mixture of humiliation, degradation, and praise. Even now, he’s getting hard. But it’s his true master, Castiel, doing it to him in his mind, and Dean deflates when he realizes he probably won’t even be there. He was angry with Dean this morning. Abusive. He probably wants nothing to do with him anymore.

And it’s all Dean’s fault. He realizes that now. He had time to think it over. Castiel told him not to use his name ever again, and he did. He misbehaved, fought against the blindfold, and used his master’s name.

Dean deserved everything that happened to him.

“Two more questions, slave.”

Startled out of his thoughts, Dean scrambles for another question. “How many trainers will be there, Master?”

“Five, plus me.” Gabriel grimaces. “Well, maybe six. Definitely five.”

Dean nods, wanting to ask what that means. Wanting to ask if Castiel is the sixth. Maybe there’s something he can do to convince him to join.

Dean would feel so much safer with Castiel there.

_God, why does he feel that way? The man brutally raped him once, almost twice, in the last forty-eight hours. The man lies to him. The man hurts him. The man is-_
“Pet.”

“Sorry, Master,” Dean says on instinct, not sure what else Gabriel said.

Gabriel reaches for him, and he accidentally flinches, rearing his head back. Remembering what happened to him this morning when he did the same thing to Castiel, Dean begins to tremble. “Sorry! Sorry, Master! I didn’t – I didn’t mean to-”

“It’s okay. Breathe. You’re okay.” Gabriel rests his hand in Dean’s hair and starts to pet him. It’s not as nice as with Castiel, but Dean forces himself to appreciate it anyway. “Where did your mind go, pet?”

Dean digs his fingernails into his palms, trying to think of something quick, so he doesn’t have to tell the truth. Gabriel smirks. “Tell the truth, slave, or you’ll be punished.”

At first, Dean mentally scoffs. This man can’t read his mind. He’d have no idea that Dean’s lying. Then he doubts himself. Maybe this man can. Maybe Castiel isn’t the only one in this compound that has the talent of seeing straight through him.

“I was wondering if, uh – if the man – I mean, the master – if he – well-”

“You want to know if your master from the past few days will be there,” Gabriel states, not needing to ask.

Dean closes his eyes, waiting for punishment. When it doesn’t come, he peeks up at Gabriel through his eyelashes and whispers, “Yes, Master.”

“He’s a very busy man. He may have a chance to stop by.”

Every word presses down on Dean until he’s unable to breathe. He stares at his stomach and thighs, studying the marks on his skin to calm himself.
“Your questions are up, slave. What do you say?”

“Thank you, Master,” Dean tells the rug burn to the right of his happy trail.

“Would you like to eat now, slave?”

“Yes, Master. Thank you, Master,” he says to his bruised left nipple.

“Look at me, slave,” Dean lifts his face to meet Gabriel’s eyes. “Ask me to feed you.”

Eyes darting to the food on the cart, Dean obeys. “Please feed me, Master.”

“Good.”

Dean has to ignore the way his gut sinks at the praise. Just ‘good’, not ‘good boy.’ Spoken in a voice that isn’t Castiel’s. It’s nice, sure, but it doesn’t make him feel all warm and fuzzy. It doesn’t make him feel safe.

A tear slips down his cheek, and he hurries to wipe it away, looking at Gabriel to see if the man saw. Unfortunately, he did.

“Your mind went away again.”

“Yes, Master. Sorry, Master.”

“Where did it go?”

Dean closes his eyes. “My master before you. Sorry, Master.”

A long silence stretches between them. Every second that passes makes Dean more anxious. He actually puffs out a breath in relief when Gabriel finally breaks it. “Open your mouth.”
Looking up at him, Dean parts his lips and waits. He’s not sure if he’s about to get his mouth fucked or get food. He knows he probably only deserves the first one. Dean doubts his current master wants to hear about the fact that Dean is pining over the old one. That’s probably rude in the slave trade world.

Surprisingly, though, what’s put in his mouth is a piece of bacon. Dean takes it with apprehension, chewing it slowly as if Gabriel might demand it back any moment. When he swallows, a clump of scrambled egg is offered next.

After a few more bites, Gabriel pauses to grab a bottle of water. As he twists the cap off for Dean, he says quietly, “You’ll see him again. He won’t last twenty-four hours. Just give him time.”

Dean’s heart races. He wants to ask Gabriel what that means. He wants to ask Gabriel if Castiel told him about last night. Hell, about their whole time together. He wants to ask Gabriel if Castiel was mean because he’s afraid of what he feels, or if he’s mean because he doesn’t feel what Dean thought he did. He wants to ask if Castiel won’t last being away from him because he needs Dean like Dean needs him, or if it’s because he won’t be able to fight his urge to hurt or rape Dean.

Instead, Dean accepts the water in silence, taking a long pull. Dean hands the bottle back and looks Gabriel in the eyes. “Thank you, Master.”

It sounds like he’s thanking him for the water.

They both know he’s not.

Chapter End Notes

Follow me on tumblr @ destiel-love-forever to chat, send prompts, see my work, find my Patreon link, etc. (: <3
By the time Dean’s night scene starts, Castiel is pleasantly buzzed and no longer in love. He sits at a dark table in the corner of the playroom Gabriel chose. A bottle of $4,500 scotch is set between his spot and Alek’s, both men holding a glass of the golden liquid. They just closed the KGB deal. Castiel’s eight million dollars richer, and Alek’s organization will be given two slaves every month for the next year. If all goes well, they’ll create a long-term contract.

Alek pushes back his blonde hair and smiles. “I’ll purchase my own slave outside of our deal. You have an auction coming up, correct?”

“Yes. Next week,” Castiel confirms, understanding why Alek would want to buy a slave himself. He’s a picky man, and he’s earned it. Castiel didn’t believe for a second he’d be willing to just get a slave handed to him, even a slave trained by the best in the world. “As the contract states, you can sample the product at any time. Just let me know beforehand out of courtesy, of course.”

“What’s the-” Alek trails off, his eyes tracking something across the room.

Castiel looks in the same direction and feels his stomach drop. He glances at his Rolex and swears under his breath. The meeting ran long. He was supposed to have Alek out of here before the scene started.

Alek Petrov was never supposed to set eyes on Dean Winchester.

“He’s gorgeous,” Alek says with a puff of air.

“Yeah,” Castiel chokes. “Yeah, he’s a good one.”
“How old?”

“21.”

“Fuck. Look at him.” Alek smirks, leaning forward to watch Dean as he’s led on a leash to the center of the room. The slave hasn’t seen Castiel yet. Part of him hopes Gabriel will blindfold him, so he never knows Castiel sat here to watch. The other part of him, the sick part that he thought he had gotten rid of today, wants Dean to see him.

Not to hurt him.

Not to fuck with his head.

But to make him feel safe.

Then the thought occurs to Castiel that he may not make Dean feel safe. It might not matter if he’s there. Hell, his presence might upset Dean even more. He planned on sitting here today – without interacting – to keep things under control. If things got too out of hand, or if Dean had one of his attacks, Castiel was going to step in.

Now? Now he’s not even sure if stepping in would help Dean or make things worse. Castiel hates that more than he thought he possibly could.

Alek loosens his tie and looks at Castiel. Before the man even opens his mouth, Castiel knows what he’s going to say. “If this is a scene, I want to join.”

Grabbing his glass of scotch, Castiel downs it in one go. He can’t tell the man no. This is the head of the fucking KGB. A man he’s been working with for months to seal a very profitable, high profile deal. A man who doesn’t take no for an answer very often.

A man who is a fucking sadist.
And Dean is just a slave. One of many. One that, in this upcoming auction, might be bought by Alek.

_Fuck._

Castiel pours himself another glass, not meeting Alek’s eye. “Sure. Have at it.”

“How are you joining?”

Castiel means to say no. He really does. But he chugs that second drink, and he looks at the lust and mischief in Alek’s eyes, and he nods. “Yeah, of course.”

Alek pushes to his feet and begins to stalk toward the spanking bench Dean’s being bound to. With a deep breath to stabilize himself, Castiel stands up and buttons his suit jacket. He fixes his cuffs. Adjusts the knot of his tie. Clears his throat.

When he runs out of shit to do to put this off, he places one foot in front of the other and makes his way toward the gorgeous boy with his ass on display for everyone to see. Gabriel catches his eye and with one look, pulls out a blindfold from his pocket. Guilt floods Castiel’s body until he feels like he’s drowning. He watches as the boy fights the blindfold on instinct. When someone flogs him a few times, the sound echoing off the walls, Dean tangles his fingers together and squeezes his eyes shut. Then the blindfold is on, and his entire body starts to violently shake.

Castiel swallows a rush of bile.

Alek already has his fucking pants unzipped.

Gabriel pulls the lever on the spanking bench, adjusting it so Dean’s head is lower than his ass, putting his hole right where it needs to be for everyone to fuck it. Dean’s breaths are coming too fast, and Castiel needs to stuff his hands in his pockets to keep from going to him. Castiel knows if he knelt, rested his lips by his ear, and told Dean he was there, that he’s safe, and that he’s a good boy, Dean would calm.

Or maybe he wouldn’t.
Anxiety swells in Castiel’s chest and he snaps his hand out, grabbing Gabriel by the bicep and tugging him close. He settles his mouth right where he wishes he could on Dean, growling into Gabriel’s ear, “Talk to him before he fucking panics. And tell him he’s being good.”

With a not-so-subtle taunting grin, Gabriel winks at him before sauntering over to the boy. He runs a hand along Dean’s jaw, making him jump and jerks his face toward the touch.

“You okay, pet?” Dean clamps down on his lip and weakly nods. “Good. You’re doing so good already. Do you want to be reminded of your rules?”

“Yes, Master,” Dean whispers.

“We will all be your masters tonight. You will only speak when you’re spoken to. You will address us all politely and as Master. You will not hesitate when ordered to do something. You will not fight. You will behave.” Gabriel touches the pad of his thumb to Dean’s bottom lip, stroking it. Jealousy seizes Castiel’s chest. “If you’re a good little slave, you can come at the end of all this. If not, you’ll be put in your cell with a vibrator up your ass and your cock in a cage. Understood?”

Adjusting his fingers so they’re tangled tighter together, Dean nods. “Yes, Master.”

“Good.” Gabriel looks up at Castiel, holding his heated gaze. “Let’s get started then.”

------

After a fourth cock slips out of Dean’s sloppy hole, he’s finally taken off the leather bench he was chained to. Just as he’s pushed down to his knees, someone takes his blindfold off. The room he’s in isn’t bright, but he still needs to blink a few times before he can focus.

When he’s able to understand what he’s looking at, his gut sinks. Gabriel had warned him, but this is different. This is a group of strange men staring at him as Gabriel shows him the leather doggy hood in his hands. With a dark chuckle, Gabriel says, “Don’t start pouting puppy. No one likes a sad puppy.”
Dean’s face flushes. He turns his head, hoping to avoid having to look at the hood for a few seconds. A trainer Dean’s never seen before comes forward and grabs Dean by the scruff of his neck, yanking his head back so his chest is puffed out and his face is lifted to look directly up at Gabriel. Gabriel pulls the hood onto his head and tugs at it until it’s in the right place. There’s a small slit for Dean’s eyes to see through and his mouth is free. That is until a large leather snout is snapped onto the hood, coming off his nose and mouth like a real dog. The sound of the buttons clicking as the mouth opening of the hood is covered makes Dean shiver. He can’t tell if it’s harder to breathe because of the snout or because he’s nervous.

He wants Castiel.

He needs Castiel.

His collar is tightened, making him lightheaded, and oversized leather paws are secured around his hands. He whines and tries to pull away because he can’t tangle his fingers together in the paws, but he immediately regrets it. A man behind him laughs cruelly. Another reaches over to pet the center of his leather hood, right between the fake puppy ears.

“Oh, poor puppy,” someone with a Russian accent teases.

“Don’t cry puppy,” another adds.

Someone attaches harsh clips to his nipples, and he cries out. Dean doesn’t understand how those add to the puppy thing, but he knows he’s not allowed to ask.

“Look at those nice puppy titties,” Gabriel muses, tugging gently at the chain that connects the two clamps.

Humiliation twists in Dean’s gut and his eyes start to water as his cock hardens. It makes him doubt himself. It makes him wonder if Castiel was right. If he’s just a useless slut. A slut asking for it. He thought he wouldn’t have these reactions with anyone other than Castiel, but his cock is saying different.

“You’re a slut for this shit, you’re just too proud to admit it,” Castiel taunts in his mind.

“Show us your pretty little puppy pussy, doggy,” Gabriel orders.
Knowing what he’s asking, Dean braces himself with his large paws and presses his snout to the floor, lifting his ass in the air. A few gasps of appreciation almost make him smile, but he cuts the reaction off, refusing to be happy at the non-verbal praise.

Dean jerks forward when two lubed fingers are pressed into him. He’s opened from the men who used him on the bench, but it still hurts like hell. Castiel’s treatment of his ass this morning has his insides burning and bruised. It’s not terrible, though. He can grit his teeth and breathe through it.

When something large and unforgiving is pushed into him, he kicks out a leg and tries to escape. Someone grabs at the back of his collar, cutting off his air supply. He’s trapped, unable to breathe if he fights, but his ass getting split open if he gives in.

Then the pressure on his neck is gone, and someone is stroking his ass cheek with a gentle thumb. It’s almost soothing. If it was Castiel, it would be soothing. Dean doesn’t trust the stranger doing it now. He’s probably just trying to lull Dean into a false sense of security.

By the time the object is nestled inside him, the back of Dean’s throat is raw from holding in his sobs.

“Look at that pretty tail,” the Russian says with a smack to his ass cheek.

“Wag that tail for us,” Gabriel orders, slapping the other side. “Show your masters how happy you are to have such a pretty tail.”

Dean’s eyes water for a new reason now, the pain subsiding as the humiliation returns. He refuses to move. Refuses to wag his ass like a real puppy. Then a loud crack of a whip falls across his back, sending a shock up his spine, and he frantically starts to wiggle his hips. The whip hits again and he yelps, the noise sounding far too much like a puppy for Dean’s liking. He wags the tail harder. Hard enough to make himself start to pant.

They all laugh, and Dean squeezes his eyes shut to avoid having to see any of them. Someone pets his head again. “That’s a good boy. Bark for us, pup. Bark and show us how thankful you are.”

Dean opens his mouth and barks. The snout muffles it, and one of the men tells him he’s going to have to be louder. Another warns him if he’s not thankful enough, they’re going to whip him again.
Shaking hard enough that he’s worried his arms will give out, Dean barks as loud as possible. One of the barks turns to a choked sound when he starts to cry, but he swallows the rest of the sobs down and sucks in a deep breath to steady himself.

He barks again and again. He barks until his voice begins to crack. He barks until they’re done laughing. He barks until someone decides he sounds like a real puppy.

Still not willing to look at anyone, Dean is surprised when he’s slapped across his leather covered cheek with a cock. He snaps his eyes open to find Gabriel standing in front of him. “Such a beautiful pup. Wanna suck your master’s cock, pup?’”

Dean grits his teeth and tries to back away again, but the leash they managed to hook onto the front of his collar keeps him right in place as Gabriel holds it tight. Dean’s neck gets painfully crooked forward.

“I asked you a question, dog,” Gabriel snarls.

“Sorry, Master. I wanna suck your cock, Master,” Dean whispers in shame.

Everyone laughs and Dean doesn’t understand why until someone bumps Gabriel’s shoulder and says, “Look at that, Gabe. You’ve got yourself a magical talking dog.”

“Yeah, very naughty puppy needs to learn how puppies talk,” Gabriel growls.

Shit.

Dean’s gut twists, and he tries to calm himself as he prepares for a punishment.

Unfortunately, nothing prepares him for the heavy boot that kicks into his side. He chokes on a grunt as he falls to the ground, his neck muscles pulling uncomfortably since Gabriel only slightly loosens the slack on his leash. His already injured hip aches and Dean has to hold his breath in order to not let loose a sob.
Someone tsks. “Still not very puppy like.”

“Guess I’ll try again,” the Russian growls.

Except the boot never comes. There’s a tense silence to the air around him suddenly. It makes Dean feel like something has changed. Like something is happening. He doesn’t like the feeling at all.

After a few more seconds of Dean holding his breath, Gabriel looks down at Dean with a strange expression. He says very quietly, “No more talking, puppy. You’re nothing but a dumb puppy slut. Understood?”

Still confused about what just happened, Dean nods and barks a few times to show he understands. He’s rewarded with praise from every direction. He doesn’t even feel stupid for how happy he gets as he hears the chorus of “Good puppy” and “Who’s a good boy?”

Dean is helped to his paws and knees and Gabriel is smiling down at him, looking proud. “Does the puppy want his master’s cock in his mouth?”

Dean sucks in a breath as humiliation burns through his body. Then he barks nice and loud, trying to make it sound excited and pleading. Gabriel smiles again, petting between his fake ears. “I’m not sure I believe you, puppy. Maybe you should sniff and lick Master. See if you can convince him how bad you want it.”

Doing as told, Dean leans forward and runs the tip of his leather snout along Gabriel’s cock. He inhales nice and loud, then starts to make little panting sounds. He feels his own cock start to leak against his thigh and he decides he’s glad Castiel isn’t here. This is so dirty and humiliating, and he hates that the sadistic man was correct in his assumption that Dean’s nothing but a dumb slut.

“Oh, look at that. Puppy is very excited to see Master’s cock,” Gabriel tells the crowd, a boot gently nudging Dean’s leaking prick. The sound of the zipper returns to his ears and the long snout is taken off, freeing his mouth again. He knows immediately what he’s expected to do, leaning forward without hesitation. He flicks his eyes up last minute, asking silent permission. Gabriel nods.

Dean leans forward, licking the cock like a puppy would. He lathers it with spit until it’s nearly dripping. Then the cock is taken away from him. He accidentally whines, trying to chase it out of instinct, but his collar is pulled again, his oxygen cut off.
“Beg,” Gabriel orders.

Dean opens his mouth, ready to beg like usual, before remembering that he’s a puppy. Sitting back on his haunches with his back straight, he places his big paws between his knees and lifts his head. He even fucking puts his tongue out, and he’d feel much worse about it if he wasn’t so horny right now. He woofs and barks. He wiggles his tail. He pants. He woofs some more.

He doesn’t think he’s ever seen Gabriel look so pleased. To prove how happy Dean’s made him, Gabriel comes forward and feeds his cock through Dean’s lips. Dean sucks at it with everything he has, proud of himself when he doesn’t even gag as Gabriel pushes down his throat.

Castiel would be proud of him too.

Still lingering on thoughts of Castiel, someone pulls the tail out of his ass, and Dean closes his eyes, pretending it’s Castiel back there, even though he knows it’s not. The hands on his hips aren’t large enough. The cock isn’t thick enough. The thrusts aren’t controlled enough.

Gabriel paints his leather covered face with cum, some of it getting in Dean’s right eyelash. He has just enough time to suck in a breath before a new cock is taking Gabriel’s place. The man in his ass pulls out and comes on his ass cheeks. Dean hisses as the salty substance hits a particularly painful gash.

“Fuck yeah. There ya go, puppy slut,” the Russian pants above him. Dean realizes that’s who’s fucking his mouth and he finds himself wondering why the fuck some Russian is here.

Then Dean realizes he has no idea where here is.

For all he knows, he might be in Russia right now.

The Russian picks up his pace, grabbing the back of Dean’s head so he can get deeper. Dean chokes as his throat is violently fucked. He gags, then tugs his head back. The action earns him air because the guy pulls back, but it also gets him a harsh kick in the side.

Dean doesn’t fight again.
A door slams nearby and he flinches.

_**Gabe wouldn’t leave him, right? Gabe is still here. Gabe has to still be here.**_

Dean’s leaking from everything except his cock, which is soft and not at all interested anymore. He tries to look around, tries to find where Gabriel went, but it seems like he’s been left alone with this man. It terrifies him, especially as his airway is blocked. He tries to push him away with his leather paws, but the man grips his collar and pulls it in a way that keeps Dean frozen so he can be choked by both the leather and the cock.

Dean’s head throbs, and his vision turns into nothing but pixilated colors. His ears ring. The Russian man takes him by surprise by cumming in his mouth. He chokes on some of it while the rest spills out of his mouth.

The Russian makes a disappointed sound. “Aren’t you hungry, puppy?”

Dean doesn’t understand. Then he’s being slapped before a tight grip on the back of his neck forces his face into the ground. It sends a jarring shockwave of pain through Dean’s cheek and jaw, his teeth feeling as if they’re vibrating.

“Clean up your mess, you ungrateful, worthless, dog.”

The lack of praise following the pain and humiliation makes Dean want to curl in on himself. He waits for the Russian man to let him go so he can hurry and get this whole thing over with. After a few seconds, he realizes he’s not going to be released. Instead, he’s forced to dart his tongue out at awkward angles, sweeping it across the floor to catch every drop. He keeps licking, even when there’s nothing left, because the man doesn’t release him.

When Dean’s at the point where he’s sobbing and hyperventilating, the man lets go. Not before pushing off Dean’s head to help himself stand up, though. Dean sags against the floor in relief, hating the taste of cum and dirt on his tongue. He hopes they all finished. He doesn’t even care if Gabriel makes him come after this. He just wants to go back to his cell. Maybe get a sip of water. That’s it.

Dean’s sobs pick up when someone grabs him. He tries to fight the hold, but his muscles are so weak, and his head is still blurry from the lack of air.
“No mo’, please Mast’,” he manages to say through the crying.

“Shhh,” Gabriel whispers, setting Dean back on what feels like that stupid leather bench they keep putting him on. “Shh now. It’s okay.”

“Wan’ be done,” Dean slurs, twitching when Gabriel starts to restrain him so he’s stuck on his belly with his ass in the air.

“I know. I know you do. You’ve been so good. Can you keep being good for me, pet?” Softly crying, Dean rests his cheek against the leather padding and stares at the nearby wall. “Pet?”

A lone tear streaks down Dean’s cheek before he whispers, “Want Cas.”

The hands resting on his hips tighten. He knows he fucked up, Dean knows he’s going to be punished, but he can’t find it in himself to care. He just relaxes into the bench, closes his eyes, and gives into it. The inevitable. “I want Cas.”

“I know,” Gabriel whispers to him, gently caressing a spot on his hip that isn’t injured. “I know you do.”

“I wan’ him,” Dean says again, the final syllable catching on a sob.

“I know.”

Something on wheels is brought up behind him and what feels like a rubber dildo is placed inside his hole, just past the rim. “I need to go for a while. You’ll be a good boy and let the machine keep you open for me. Understood?”

“Yes, Master.”

Gabriel walks around the bench to look at Dean. He cups the side of his face, thumb stroking along his freckled cheekbone, and stays quiet until Dean opens his eyes to look at him. When Gabriel is rewarded with that bright green, he smiles down at the slave and admits, “I see why he’s so hooked on you. You’re perfect.”
Dean’s mind reels at that, but then he’s being distracted as the machine is turned on. It slowly starts to fuck into him as Gabriel says, “When I get back, I’ll use my pretty hole. Then you can come and go to sleep. Okay?”

All Dean can manage is a weak nod. He closes his eyes again, repeating the only thing he wants. More than anything.

More than freedom.

No one is in the room, no one can hear him. He just whispers the steady stream of “I want Cas. I want Cas. I want-” until his mind drifts to a safer place. A place that looks an awful lot like Castiel’s bedroom.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Here's a nice (or not so nice) chapter showing Castiel's spiral after Dean's gang rape.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Gabriel finds Castiel in the bathroom of his office. He’s hovering over the sink, hands curled tight around the edges of it as he glares at his reflection. His eyes are red, he reeks of vomit, and his right hand is swollen and cut up. Which makes sense. The computer screen Gabriel knows would have been playing Dean’s scene from the security camera was shattered as he walked by it. Castiel had left the scene early, unable to watch anymore. He must have gotten back here and decided he couldn’t watch it as video either.

Still glaring at the mirror, Castiel asks in a raw voice, “He in his cell?”

“No. He’s on a fucking machine.”

Castiel drops his head between his shoulders and closes his eyes. “Don’t you think he’s had enough?”

“He was fucked like six times tonight, Cas. That’s mild for a gangbang. And I didn’t even get a chance to use him yet. He’s too hurt and upset, but he earned the chance to come, so I’m giving him some time to calm down and get horny again. Hence the fucking machine.”

“Right. Of course.” Castiel laughs. “You know, there are ways to get them horny other than the fucking machine. Ways our fathers never taught us.”

“Like what?” Gabriel asks, and Castiel can hear the taunting accusation in his voice.

Gabriel scoffs. “I’m not his boyfriend. I’m not even his true master. He can stay on the fucking machine until I’m ready to use him. Just like I’ve seen you do a hundred times before, Castiel.”

Since Castiel is fully aware of how much of a monster he is, he doesn’t even respond to that. Of course he’s done it a hundred times before. He’s repeatedly done everything there is to do to a sex slave. But none of them were Dean. And this is Dean. Dean is the one strapped to the fucking machine this time. Dean is the one that’s lonely and hurting and upset, getting forced to be horny when he doesn’t even want it.

Dean is the one who got raped. Gang-raped.

Castiel is the one who let it happen.

“Look, man. Stop beating yourself up over this shit. You stopped Benny from choking him with his collar. You stroked him to help him relax. You didn’t let Alek kick him that second time.”

“That doesn’t make things any better. I shouldn’t have let him be there in the first place.”

Gabriel rolls his eyes. “Jesus Christ, get yourself together Castiel. You need a sharp dose of reality. This fantasy in your head? Not real. You can pout all you want about him getting raped and beat, and you feeling guilty, but you raped him first. You were the first man here to enter his ass. So stop fooling yourself. And if you’re not going to keep him? Stop coming around. You’re going to make it so he’s not ready for the auction, and you know what that will lead to.”

Guilt washes over Castiel in a tidal wave. He feels his chest constrict, almost like he can’t breathe. That’s never happened before. It’s like even though he’s taking in oxygen, it’s not getting to his lungs.

Unaware of Castiel dying, Gabriel grumbles, “Take a shower and get dressed. We’re going to the club.”

“I don’t want to go to a fucking club,” Castiel says in a rush of air, his voice hoarse and breathy.

“Too bad. Be ready in ten.” When Castiel doesn’t respond, still focusing on trying to breathe – it’s getting harder now that his mind is painting the picture of Dean on that fucking machine – Gabriel adds, “You’re coming, or I go down there and let the guys have another turn with the teacher’s pet.”
In a rush of anger, Castiel pushes off the sink and lands a punch to his best friend’s face. Gabriel stumbles back, nearly crashing into the desk, but Castiel just continues wailing on him. With each hit, he replays a time where he’s hit Dean.

A hand grabs Castiel’s throat and tightens around it. He grabs Gabriel’s wrist, about to pry him off, when Gabriel looks him in the eye and says, “Look at that. We’re our fathers.”

And Castiel’s world stops.

He immediately lets go of his best friend, falling back a few steps until he can collapse onto the couch. Everything he feared is happening. He just punched Gabriel. Over a slave. Over a slave that he’s falling in love with.

“We aren’t our fathers,” Castiel says firmly. “I can’t be my father.”

“Then don’t be.” Gabriel wipes the blood from his nose on his shirt sleeve, not looking at Castiel. “Be ready in fifteen.”

----

Castiel and Gabriel don’t say a word on their way downtown. Castiel is in nice jeans and a casual button up, freshly showered. No matter how long he scrubbed at himself – no matter how much soap he used, how much pressure – he still feels dirty. He’s not sure that will ever go away. He closes his eyes, picturing Dean still on that machine. His fingers are probably tangled together. His breathing is probably starting to even out now, eyes glazing over.

“Cas?”

Pulling himself out of his thoughts, Castiel turns his head to look at his best friend. “Yeah?”
“I’m only going to say this one more time. Keep him. You not keeping him? That’s what’s making us fight. Making us act like our fathers.” Gabriel releases a deep sigh. “I love you. You’re my brother, always will be, and I know you love me. But you love him too, and that’s okay, Cas. It is. The only reason there’s so much fucking damage surrounding the two of you is because you can’t just accept that.

Finding one of the buttons on his shirt suddenly interesting, Castiel whispers, “I’ll think about it.”

“Good.” Gabriel claps his hands together, then opens his door to climb out of the vehicle. “You ready?”

“Tell me again why we’re at this stupid club?”

“I thought it’d be a good idea to get some distance from Dean,” Gabriel says with a raised eyebrow that’s full of accusation. “Maybe some space will help you think. Ya know, gain some perspective. Maybe hook up with someone normal.”

Castiel doesn’t answer that. He wants to tell him that no matter how much physical distance is put between him and Dean, he can’t get away from the boy. He’s everywhere. His smiles and gentle kisses and laughter haunt him. He wants to tell Gabriel that Dean’s here too, everywhere he looks. Castiel can’t stop wondering what Dean would look like on this or that piece of equipment as they walk through the main area. He wonders what Dean would look like kneeling at his feet as they pass the couches where masters socialize while their slaves sit on the ground.

They order drinks, and Castiel wonders what Dean would want.

They watch people dance, and Castiel wonders what Dean looks like when he dances.

They sit at a table, and Castiel wonders what it would be like to just sit at a bar with Dean. What would they talk about? What would they do? Would Dean want their first date to be at a bar? Probably not.

Dean deserves better.

Castiel would take him to a nice restaurant. Somewhere with a long waitlist and menus that don’t even show the prices. They’d dress nice, and Dean would blush, and Castiel would order for them
both. After, they’d go for a walk on the pier. When they kissed, Dean would taste like the wine from
dinner and the cake from dessert.

Maybe they’d come here a month or two into their relationship, when Dean felt comfortable enough.
Castiel would collar him and kiss him and shower him with praise. He knows Dean would be
excited, but he’d be nervous too. Castiel would hold his hand to comfort him, not making the boy
kneel until they have their drinks and find a quiet spot to sit. He’d pet Dean’s hair just like he knows
Dean loves. He’d give him sips of whatever drink he wanted every few minutes. Dean would try
dragging him out on the dance floor, and he’d fight it and say no, but Dean would convince him
anyway. Dean would be sweaty and sexy moving against him. His cheeks would be rosy. His eyes
vibrant. His smile easy. Dean would –

“Hey! Earth to Cas!” Castiel blinks hard a few times, then looks at Gabriel. His friend tilts his head
to the left, using it to point at something. There’s a pretty twink standing beside their table. He’s
naked besides a collar, and his wristband is pink. He’s unowned and hoping to play tonight.

“Hello, Sir,” the boy says politely.

“Hello.”

Gabriel jumps in to explain, thankfully, because Castiel is confused and desperately wants to go back
to his daydream about Dean being here. “This boy wants to know if you’d like to dance.”

Raising his eyebrow, Castiel looks over at the dance floor. Then back at the boy. He looks absolutely
nothing like Dean. Dark brown hair and light brown eyes. No freckles. No scar on his right temple.

“Go,” Gabriel says, nudging him. He gives him a look as if to say this is what we came for asshole.

Castiel looks at the dance floor again. There’s no way he’s going out there. He sighs, then meets the
boy’s eyes. “We can get some drinks, then go from there.”

The boy’s eyes light up and he grins wide. Castiel places a gentle but authoritative hand on his back,
guiding him to the bar. He tries to ignore the flashing wrong wrong wrong inside his mind.

Castiel thinks of Dean on that bench, tired and sore and horny. Caught between wanting to sleep and
wanting to fuck.
He pulls out his phone and taps on the security feed linked to it. He bypasses all the numbers until he’s at the one for the playroom Dean’s in. His thumb hovers over the button before he looks up at the boy who is waiting to get them drinks.

“I’ll be back. You stay right here.”

“Yes, Sir.”

The second Castiel is in a closed stall, he’s selecting Dean’s security feed and holding his breath. Dean’s no longer crying. His hips are moving as he tries to use the inch of space the restraints give him. His cock is hanging in the hole provided for it so that he can’t get any friction against the leather. His fingers are tight enough around each other to make them turn white.

And those soft lips of his. Parted ever so slightly. Little puffs of breath moving through them. There’s no rhythm to his broken mantra. Sometimes he just whispers a quick “I want Cas” before going quiet for a few seconds. Other times he starts to repeat it in a frenzy “I want Cas I want Cas I want Cas I want Cas.”

Fuck.

Dean still wants him. Still needs him. Maybe it’s not too late. Maybe he didn’t ruin everything.

Knowing he’s been in the bathroom too long, Castiel exits out of the app and shoves his phone in his pocket. He leans back against the stall, resting his head and tilting his chin up. His eyes slide closed, and he admits something that feels like a relieved sigh as he pours it out.

“I want you too, Dean.”
The boy cries out in pain and looks over his shoulder at Castiel, pleading. He knows not to talk, but his eyes are desperate. Castiel is doing to him all the things he watched those men do to Dean, and then some. He’s taking his frustrations out on the boy while he tries to prepare a plan on how to handle this with Dean.

Castiel looks down at the boy bent over the table with his ass bright red from the cane. He’s shuddering from the pain, but that doesn’t stop his cock from being hard as a rock. “Please fuck me, Master.”

Wrong. This is wrong.

Castiel can’t do this.

He thinks of Dean attached to that machine. How desperate he must be to come by now.

Probably still pleading for Castiel.

He’s put that boy through so much agony – both physical and mental – and Dean still wants him. Still trusts him. It’s incredible.

And here Castiel is. With some fucking stranger that he can’t even get hard for. Abandoning Dean. Letting him get hurt again and again and again.

Hurting Dean himself.

Castiel can’t do this anymore.

He can stop being a monster. Just because he was raised by one, taught to be one, doesn’t mean he has to be one. Maybe he can be the guy that deserves Dean. It’s unlikely, but possible. He owes it to Dean to at least try.
“I can’t be here anymore,” Castiel tells the boy in front of him.

“Wh – but-”

“I have to go. I’m sorry.” Castiel helps him out of the restraints and guides him to the couch. “Are you here with anyone?”

The boy nods, looking stunned. “Um. my friend. My friend’s out in the main area.”

“Great.”

Then Castiel’s gone. No word to Gabriel. No going into the club for his coat. Not even getting his credit card back from where it’s behind the bar for his open tab.

His only focus is *Dean Dean Dean*.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

I have no words for this chapter.... so I'll just give you warnings and let you enjoy!

Warnings: Hurt Dean, Not Great Aftercare, Possessive Cas, Sad Dean, Dubcon, Panic Attack - && prepare to be punched right in the FEELS

The machine has Dean in a trance-like state as it continuously fucks into him. He’s past the point of tears, begging, or attempts at escape. He just lies limp as the thing moves from fucking fast and hard to agonizingly slow. Sometimes it pounds his prostate, other times it stays still and just vibrates like crazy against it. Each time, he feels himself get so damn close, and then the machine fades away. He’s starting to think someone is watching to control it, or the thing has sensors, or the world is just against him.

He doesn’t even have the energy to perk up when he hears the door to the room finally open. He just whimpers in relief and sags further against the bench. Thank God. It's over. Gabriel's back.

“Please, Master,” Dean pleads, his voice nothing more than a croak. “Please. Please. Needa’ come s’ bad. Please.”

The machine is taken away and hope swells in his chest. He sniffs and tries to calm himself enough to be able to enjoy this orgasm he’s fucking worked hard for. His nose is stuffy, and his eyes are swollen red, but he manages to slow his breathing and relax his muscles.

Warmth settles behind him as Gabriel gets closer. Denim scratches his abused ass, making him flinch. When Gabriel doesn’t say or do anything, a tiny sob escapes Dean’s lips. He doesn’t have it in him to beg anymore. He doesn’t have it in him to play any games. To participate in another scene. He just wants to be fucked quick and dirty, and be allowed to come.

He wants Cas.

Gabriel stands there. Just stands. For minutes, hours, fucking eternity if you ask Dean. His exhaustion starts to kick in and he finds himself drifting, the desperate need for an orgasm not as strong. The mistake is that his guard begins to fall, his verbal filter allowing him to tell Gabriel, “I want Cas.”
Dean tenses as he waits for Gabriel’s reaction. Gentle hands rest on his hips and thumbs stroke his oversensitive skin. Dean shudders and breathes out a sigh of relief.

“I’m right here. You’re okay.” The second Dean registers that this is Castiel behind him, he sags in relief. He should hate Castiel – maybe later he’ll get the energy to. Right now, all he wants is him. Hell, he’s been begging for him for hours now.

“What are you doing to me, Dean?” Castiel whispers in a broken voice full of disbelief.

“I don’t know,” Dean whispers, not using a name for Castiel because he doesn’t know which one is appropriate right now. The confusion that always accompanies Castiel begins to set in as Dean tries to figure out what this will be tonight – kind or abusive. He fixes his eyes on the wall, refusing to look at Castiel. He can’t look at him. He knows if he looks at him, he’ll break.

“Fuck, I’ve missed you. It hasn’t even been a day, but I missed you so damn much.”

The words are crisp enough where if you didn’t know the man well enough, you wouldn’t notice the slight slur to them, but Dean can hear it clearly. That, mixed with the fact that he overheard Gabriel talking earlier in the day about plans to go clubbing, and his stomach sours. Castiel probably went with him. He probably went out and got drunk and met someone.

Dean wonders if he fucked someone.

If that someone got to call him Castiel.

If that someone got to go home after, free to enjoy this amazing man but also free to leave.

_Why isn’t Dean good enough?_


Those thumbs keep stroking his skin as Castiel goes quiet. He doesn’t speak for so long that Dean’s
tensed muscles turn to jelly. Dean, though uncomfortable in his current position, rests his cheek back against the leather and lets his eyes fall closed.

He tangles his fingers on each hand, letting the familiar calm wash over him.

“Why do you do this?” Castiel asks, reaching over and brushing a thumb across Dean’s fingers. Dean immediately straightens both hands out, his body starting to shake in anticipation of punishment. Before he can open his mouth to pour out apologies, Castiel is stroking his hair and whispering in his ear, “Shhh. Don’t panic. You don’t have to stop. You’re not in trouble. I was just curious.”

Dean is still trembling. He’s torn between accepting the comfort from Castiel with the risk of getting hurt again, or just begging to go back to his cell and be left alone.

Remembering he was asked a question, Dean clears his throat and manages, “Do I have to tell you?”

“No, Dean. You don’t have to tell me.”

In case Dean is worried about punishment, Castiel enforces this by sliding his hands up his back and grabbing his trap muscles. They’re raw from his beating still, but the muscles beneath are sore from being stuffed in this position so long, and Dean hums in appreciation as Castiel starts to knead them. Castiel chuckles softly, his hands disappearing so he can walk in front of Dean. “Long night, hey?”

Dean takes a chance, flicking his eyes up to look at the man. He looks good.

No, good is an understatement.

Dean’s not sure a word exists for how Castiel looks.

He’s wearing a button up shirt that’s meant for casual nights, hanging loose from his waist. The sleeves are rolled to show off his strong, vascular forearms. The collar is open along with three buttons, showing off his smooth chest beneath. His faded jeans hang low enough on his hips that Dean can see the strip of bare skin and the boxer band above. He asks Castiel’s expensive watch his question, afraid to meet the man’s eyes, “What did I do wrong?”
“Nothing. This was part of your training, Dean.”

Dean squeezes his eyes shut, not caring that it makes more tears fall.

Feeling like he has nothing left to lose, Dean whispers, “I feel like you’re lying. I feel like you got freaked out after we spent time together, and you lashed out and hurt me because of it. That’s what you always do. You’re always hurting me.”

There’s nothing but heavy silence after Dean speaks. He sags in defeat. “Just take me back to my cell.”

“You’ve earned an orgasm.”

“I don’t want one.”

“Dean.”

“Just tell me what I keep doing wrong. Tell me how I can be good.” He opens his eyes and looks at Castiel’s face for the first time, pleading. “I wanna be good for you. I want you to keep me. Just tell me what to do.”

“Oh, Dean.” Castiel rubs a hand down his face, then yanks at his hair. He turns his back to Dean and hangs his head to stare at the ground. When he sucks in a breath, his entire body trembles. “You’re right. I punish you for the way I feel about you. This is not how we train our other slaves. I – we – you’re – fuck.”

Dean adjusts his fingers and asks, “So you hate me, more than you hate the others. You – you punish me because you hate me.”

“What?” Castiel whips around, eyes wide. “Why the fuck would you think that?”

Confused, Dean shakes his head. “Because you hurt me and you say mean things, and you don’t feed me, and you take away my light and starve me of touch, and then when I’m good and do everything I’m asked, you hurt me some more. I – I just wanna be good, Cas. I wanna be good for
you. Did you see me today? Did you see how good I was? They made me wear a blindfold and they made me – I – they made me – I was good. I'm a good boy. I can be a good boy. Your good boy. Please, Master, let me be your good boy. Let me show you.”

Something breaks on Castiel’s face as he looks at Dean. “I know, Dean. I know baby. I know you’re good. You were amazing today. You're amazing all the time. You’re – fuck – you’re fucking perfect.”

“Then why do you punish me?” Dean asks, his eyes filling with tears of frustration. “Why aren’t I trained like the others?”

“Because you aren’t one of them.”

Tension surges through Castiel’s body. Dean watches as the man’s muscles flex and roll, his heart pounding in his chest as he sees all the warning signs that Castiel is getting angry. He knows he should stop. This is when his survival instincts tell him to stop.

“How am I not one of them?” he asks instead. Castiel locks his jaw and looks away from him, saying nothing. “What’s different? How are they trained? How-”

“Fucking hell, Dean. Stop. Just – fuck. Just stop!”

Dean decides to step off the edge, taking a chance. “No.”

When Castiel looks at Dean again, his blue eyes search his face in confusion. Dean repeats himself. “No.”

“You don’t get to say no,” Castiel says incredulously.

“And you aren’t supposed to call me Dean. Yet, here we are, Cas.”

Whatever Castiel expected, that wasn’t it. He stares at Dean in stunned silence. Emotions play across his face so fast that Dean can’t interpret them, even if his life depended on it.
Which it might.

When he realizes Castiel isn’t going to talk, Dean asks again, “What makes me different, Cas? What do you do with them that you don’t with me?”

Those blue eyes turn to icy fire.

“You are different because you are mine,” the man growls, approaching Dean slowly and deliberately. “They get schedules and routine. Three meals a day. A new trainer every day that specializes in something specific. They spend one day learning about suspension. Another about puppy play. Another for impact. Whatever their tests show. They’re trained properly. They have easy, clear rules. They’re punished if they misbehave and rewarded if they’re good. They have mattresses on their floor and a blanket. They only do sleep deprivation one time. We mentally break them, usually within the first seventy-two hours, and then we treat them well because they’re pliant and easy. We reward them for being broken. And then - then we sell them.”

Dean wishes he wasn’t still strapped down, because he wants to look at Castiel straight on. He wants to crawl into his lap and hold him tight.

He wants to be able to run away if this goes bad.

“I’m yours?” he asks, praying Castiel can’t hear how much hope is dripping in just those two words.

“Yes, Dean. You’re mine.” Castiel turns away from Dean, making him wonder if there’s about to be another mood switch. If Castiel is going to regret saying that and now hurt him. Dean squeezes his eyes shut and tries to breathe through the panic. He’s startled out of his head spin when something wet touches his lips. He jerks his head back the best he can, snapping his eyes open.

Water. Castiel is going to give him water.

*Thank god.*

“Small sips,” Castiel says softly, taking Dean’s chin with his hand and helping guide him as he tips the water into Dean’s mouth. “Spit the first few out if you want. Don’t worry about making a mess.”
Dean immediately does so, trying to get the taste of dirt and cum off his tongue. Water won’t be enough – he’s not sure if anything will ever be enough – but it’s a start. Then he starts taking actual drinks, eyes fluttering closed in relief. He hadn’t realized how thirsty he was.

“Take a break,” Castiel whispers.

“No!” Dean tries to chase the bottled water, whining when his restraints stop him. “Please.”

“You’ll make your stomach sick. I’ll give you more in a minute.”

Understanding, but still not happy about it, Dean slumps onto the bench and nods. Castiel looks at him in a strange way for a few seconds before tilting his head and asking, “Do you want to come, or do you need to be done for the night?”

Dean’s entire body buzzes in hope. Even during all of this – the talking, the confusion, the aftercare – his cock is still painfully hard. That’s how horny and pent-up he is.

“Come, please.” Dean looks into Castiel’s eyes, hurrying to add. “Master.”

Castiel quickly undoes the leather straps so that he’s freed, then scoops him in his arms. He’s carried over to the wooden X against the far wall and placed on his feet in front of it. Dean sways, his legs not prepared to have weight put on them, but Castiel holds him up until he’s steady. Then he attaches his wrists to the top of each side of the crooked cross and lets go of him.

His shoulders hurt so bad from hanging during his enema earlier, but he bites back the pain, wanting to be good for the man who is currently referring to Dean as his.

Maybe this is it. Maybe Castiel will finally decide to keep him.

When Castiel approaches him again, there’s a sharp tug against his chest and then a world of pain. His knees buckle, but he’s once again held up by a strong arm around his waist so his shoulders aren’t injured any further. Dean looks down to see his nipples purple, little pricks of blood around the edges. He had forgotten they were even clamped, they had gone numb so long ago, but now he feels them with every beat of his heart.
“They shouldn’t have kept those on so long. Jesus.” Castiel gently guides Dean back to his feet so he can use his hands to prod at Dean’s chest. Dean whimpers and flinches away but Castiel hushes him as he rubs soft circles that get closer and closer to the abused nipples. “Shh. It’s okay. You’re okay. Just breathe through it.”

“Stop,” Dean cries out, shaking his head as Castiel’s fingers reach their destination. He releases a choked sob, but then the pain is fading, and relief starts to flood his system. He sags in pleasure and sighs.

“There you go, baby,” Castiel whispers. Then he leans down enough to place a feather-light kiss on each nipple, making Dean shiver and his cock fill.

“Thank you, Master,” Dean whispers.

Castiel flicks his eyes up at Dean, opening his mouth like he wants to say something, but he stops himself. Instead, he sinks to his knees and takes Dean’s cock in his mouth.

“Ooooh, fuck,” Dean throws his head back, vision blurring at how good it feels. His cock has barely been touched since he got here, unless for torture, and it has definitely not been in a person’s mouth. He forgot how fucking amazing it feels.

Dean forces himself to breathe so he can look down and appreciate every beautiful detail of the moment. Messy hair that falls over a part of Castiel’s forehead. Blue eyes that reflect one of the dim spotlights above them as he watches Dean’s reactions. Pink lips wet and stretched around him.

Afraid Castiel can hear his heart pounding, Dean tries to calm his breathing. By the smile Castiel flashes him when he pulls away and stands up, Dean’s not fooling anyone.

“How are you?” the man whispers, blue eyes looking Dean over as if he’s cataloging every inch.

Unsure if he’s supposed to answer as Dean or as a slave, he does both. “Tired, Master. But also really fucking good.”

This makes Castiel chuckle.
“Good. I know you’re tired, but you’re so good for me. My strong boy.” Castiel reaches up and wipes a drop of cum from Dean’s chin. He scowls at it and anger flashes in his eyes, making Dean flinch. The happiness he felt a moment ago evaporates, leaving him with nothing but fear.

Dean watches as Castiel turns his back and stalks over to the wall of toys and instruments to their left. He holds his breath, afraid of what Castiel will pick out.

Is Castiel going to punish him? For what? He did everything Gabriel ordered. It's not like Dean could choose what happened to him. It’s not like he could control whether or not men came on him. What did Castiel expect?

If he didn’t like it, he should’ve fucking been there.

When Castiel returns, Dean bites his bottom lip to keep from speaking. The first thing Castiel brings to his body is a scented wipe. He hisses at the cold but then relaxes, letting Castiel clean him. When Castiel throws a wipe down to the ground and grabs another, he growls, “Fuckers marking you like you’re theirs.”

Dean’s heart flutters and he needs to bite his bottom lip to keep from asking if he’s Castiel’s instead. Really Castiel’s.

When Dean’s entire body is freed of any trace of another man, Castiel gives Dean two more sips of water. Then he pulls something from his pocket. Dean squints at it in confusion, then opens his mouth to protest. He’s muted by a black ball gag being pushed between his lips. He watches Castiel as he secures it, noting how adorable the man looks as he concentrates. When the gag is in place, Castiel stays where he is, their noses touching. “I missed you,” the man admits once again.

Now Dean knows why Castiel gagged him. He’s going to keep breaking the rules. He’s going to confuse Dean. He’s going to blur the lines.

This way, Castiel’s heart is protected because Dean can’t say anything back.

With a breath to steady himself, Castiel looks Dean in the eyes. “I want to blindfold you, but they already did that once to you tonight.”

Dean’s eyes widen and he starts to ask if that means Castiel had been there all night, watching, but
the gag stops him. Castiel just continues speaking. “Will you let me blindfold you, pet?”

He doesn’t have to think about it. There’s no panic. Dean spent all day missing Castiel. Wanting him. Needing him. If Castiel wants to blindfold him, he can.

Dean nods slowly, letting him know it’s okay. The look on Castiel’s face is so damn worth it. The man’s features completely relax, his eyes blazing with desire. “So. Fucking. Perfect,” he breathes, lifting the silky blue blindfold toward Dean’s face.

Wait, blue? Dean rears his head back the best he can and squints at the blindfold. It’s always black. Every blindfold anyone has ever used on him in this compound, including Castiel, has been black. This is blue. The same blue as … holy shit.

The same blue as his blanket.

The same blue as Castiel’s eyes.

The same blue as the ocean.

Dean flicks his eyes up to Castiel’s face to find the man smiling softly. “I know they scare you. I thought, maybe, if I got a special one for just us, you’d feel safer. Is that stupid?”

Eyes watering, Dean smiles around the gag and shakes his head. When the fabric is placed over his face, he relaxes against the cross, feeling grounded for the first time in twenty-four hours.

Taking in a deep breath, Dean’s senses are flooded with Castiel. It reminds him of his time in the darkness, but not the fear or the loneliness or the desperation. It reminds him of the warm relief any time Castiel came near him. Every time he heard his rumbling voice. Every time he caught his scent. Every time he was given his touch or his cock or his lips.

“Still right here,” Castiel whispers, assuring Dean that even though he’s now blindfolded, he’s not alone. “You okay?”

Dean nods, his head spinning as he tries to analyze what this means. Even when Castiel is being kind
to him, it’s never like this. This is different. Dean can feel it. Something has changed.

The sound of Castiel’s belt, then zipper, makes Dean shiver in anticipation.

Familiar hands cup the backs of Dean’s thighs, lifting his legs and helping him wrap them around Castiel’s waist. Castiel crowds in on him, overwhelming every sense in the best possible way, and slides his cock into Dean’s hole. It’s loose and prepped for him, and Dean’s chest constricts, worried Castiel will get angry again at the reminder of the other men, but then Castiel is burying his face in the crook of Dean’s neck and shuddering.

“Fuck. How is it possible I missed this so much?”

All Dean wants to do is wrap his arms around Castiel and cling to him, whispering to him that he missed it too. Since he can’t, he tightens his legs and rolls his hips. Castiel garbles something unintelligible before clamping down on Dean’s neck, biting him hard. Dean arches his back and whimpers. When he falls back against the wood, he feels like he’s flying.

Castiel rests his lips against Dean’s ear and whispers, “That’s it. Just relax. No need to panic, right? Just Master using his pretty hole.”

Unable to respond, Dean just nods and rests his head back, letting Castiel take over. Soon enough, his pace quickens until he’s fucking Dean hard enough to send him jolting up the rack every time. The pain and pleasure mixes together in his gut and he cries out against the gag. Castiel pants against him and the noises he makes are so fucking hot. Dean feels the tendrils of an orgasm traveling through his body. He can’t ask for permission, so he hopes he won’t get in trouble for getting off.

Just when Dean starts to feel like he’ll come, everything is stopped, and his entire body violently shudders.

Dean starts to cry, trying to keep quiet so he doesn’t upset Castiel. As always, though, Castiel knows. He presses soft kisses to Dean’s cheeks and forehead and silk covered eyes. When he begins to move inside Dean again, at a slow pace so he doesn’t push him back toward his orgasm too soon, Castiel whispers to him, “Shhh, now. Just relax. Be a hole, pet. Isn’t this nice? You don’t have to think. Don’t have to worry. Master decides everything. Master takes care of you.”

As Castiel’s thrusts get more erratic, he continues, “Give into it. Let Master take all that weight off your shoulders. It’ll feel so nice, pet. Just give up. No more fighting. Not right now. Fight later, baby.
Give yourself a break. Let go. Just trust me.”

It’s the first time Castiel says ‘me’ instead of referring to himself in the third person as ‘Master.’ Emotions clog Dean’s throat, and he releases a watery sob. He wants to give in. He wants to trust him. He wants to let Castiel take care of everything.

But then what happens when Castiel turns on him again? What happens when Castiel hurts him again? Or lies to him again?

What happens when Castiel fucking sells him?

“Breathe. Hey, now. Breathe,” Castiel whispers, his movements slowing to a stop. The gag is removed from his mouth so Dean can open wider to suck in oxygen. Warm hands cup Dean’s face, thumbs stroking his skin. Usually, Dean’s panic attacks come on fast, but not that fast. He’s nearly dizzy with how hard his mind is spinning, his chest tight, his breathing erratic.

When Dean can’t get himself to stop crying, Castiel lets go of his cheeks in order to reach up and undo the restraints on his wrists.

When Dean is freed, he wraps his arms around Castiel’s neck and buries his face in the crook of it, breathing in the scent of him to calm himself down. With each inhale of Castiel, Dean feels better.

He’s gently laid on his back against something soft, Castiel still resting inside him. Fingers slip beneath the blindfold, and it comes off. He doesn’t have to blink against the lights because Castiel is hovering above him to block them out. All he sees is Castiel, the warm glow behind him making it look like he’s wearing a halo.

“Breathe for me, Dean.”

Dean nods, taking a deep breath. Then another. One more.

Castiel breathes with him, making it so they’re in sync. So they’re together.

Dean wants them to always be together.
The thought brings a new wave of panic, and Castiel deflates, eyebrows pulling in. “What’s wrong? Talk to me.”

“I – I just,” Dean stops himself, shaking his head. He tries to bring a hand to his face to wipe away his tears, but it’s caught by Castiel.

“No hiding. Look at me. Talk to me.”

“As Dean or your slave?” Dean doesn’t know why he said it. He really doesn’t. Everything was going perfectly, Castiel was finally back, and Dean pulled a typical Winchester by ruining it.

Except nothing is ruined. Castiel’s expression doesn’t change. He doesn’t stop holding Dean’s hand, stroking the back of it with a thumb. He doesn’t pull his cock out of Dean’s hole. He doesn’t stop cupping Dean’s cheek.

Instead, Castiel just whispers, “Dean.”

Dean closes his eyes, both in relief and devastation. “I feel like a yo-yo, Cas.”

“I know.”

“Just – I don’t know what you want me to do.”

“I know.”

“Stop saying that.”

When Castiel says nothing, Dean opens his eyes to look at him. The man looks completely torn. “Is this what made you upset just now?” Castiel asks.

Nodding, Dean whispers, “You were telling me to give in. To trust you. To let you take care of
everything. But I did that. I did that last night. And then this morning – after everything – after we – you,” he chokes to a stop, closing his eyes again.

“Dean, please look at me.” Dean tries, he really does, but he can’t. Then soft lips are against his, and he’s brave enough to look again. Castiel smiles, but it’s sad. “I hurt you this morning.”

Dean deflates.

“Yeah,” his voice breaks, and fresh tears fall from his eyes. “You did.”

“I keep hurting you.”

“Yeah.”

“You want me to leave you alone.”

Taking a deep breath, Dean forces himself to look Castiel in the eye. He tells the truth before he loses his nerve. “If you won’t keep me? Yes.”

The blue of Castiel’s eyes darken, and Dean can feel every muscle of Castiel’s body adjust as if he’s stepping into a different person. Dean’s stomach drops, and he prepares himself for pain.

Instead, Castiel is grabbing both of Dean’s hands, slotting their fingers together so they’re palm to palm, and he’s kissing him. He pulls back, slowly, then pushes into him again. Castiel sets a gentle rhythm, the two of them breathing against each other. Every few movements, their lips brush together. Sometimes Dean smiles. Sometimes Castiel smiles.

Castiel wraps a hand around Dean’s cock at some point, picking up the pace just enough to push them both over the edge. It’s the slowest sex Castiel’s ever had. In fact, he’s never even considered slow sex. His father never told him slow sex existed.

It feels right that it’s happening for the first time with Dean.
The man he loves.

Dean finishes first, the orgasm encompassing his whole body but the only sound coming from his lips a soft puff of air that sounds like, “Cas.”

Castiel follows behind him.

Keeping himself seated deep inside Dean, Castiel presses his face against the man’s shoulder and tries to breathe. Tries to process. Tries to decide.

It sinks in that he loves Dean.

He loves him.

He’s so fucking in love with him.

He can’t lose him.

What the fuck is he going to do?
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

For once, a happy chapter - && there are more to come!! ** shocked face **

Enjoy (:)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The softness of the mattress as he's placed on it wakes Dean. He inhales, smelling the familiar scent of Castiel all around him, on the pillows and blankets and the air, and smiles. That's when he realizes that Castiel doesn't smell like himself tonight. Dean sits up slightly, tilting his head. Castiel pauses in the middle of pulling away, looking at Dean in the dim lighting from the bedside lamp. “What's wrong?”

Dean nearly laughs at that. So much is wrong. An overwhelming amount. But, proving how fucked up in the head he is, all he cares about is what's wrong in this moment. “You smell different.”

Castiel's jaw pops and tightens, and he looks away. “Like the club.”

“No. You smell like,” Dean tries to find the words, his heart racing because he knows what Castiel smells like. It's not booze, though there's a hint of scotch on his breath. It's not sweat from dancing, though he can't see him as a dancer anyway.

No. Dean knows the smell. Knows it well. “You smell like sex.”

“Well, we are currently in a sex compound, Dean,” Castiel says quickly, turning his back and rifling through his dresser for something. “Everything smells like sex.”

“No,” Dean says firmly, getting upset even though he has no right to. “You smell like your sex. You smell - you smell like you do when we - when you.” Dean hangs his head, feeling his cheeks turn red. “But you smell like someone else too. You don't smell like us, you - you smell like you and - someone else.”

“Yeah. I – I met someone tonight. No one special.”
“Oh.” Dean leans away from Castiel as the man approaches the bed. He feels wronged. Betrayed. Because he's pretty sure he's falling in love with Castiel, and he's damn sure Castiel isn't falling back.

“Come,” Castiel orders, offering a hand.

Dean should say no. He should remind Castiel that Dean asked him to leave him alone.

Instead, Dean takes it without hesitation, letting himself be pulled up to his feet. He recognizes the path to the bathroom, and he hopes he’s getting another nice warm bubble bath. Maybe Castiel will wash him with that sweet-smelling soap again. Maybe he will take the collar off and they can talk like they did before.

Leaning over, Castiel turns the water on and begins to fill the huge tub. He grabs the bottle of bubbles Dean likes, pouring some in, then adds some healing salts as well. When he meets Dean's eye after, he looks both guilty and amused, his mouth twisting into a ghost of a smile.

“You smell like other men too. I don't like it.”

“So you can smell me clean, but I have to deal with you smelling like him or her?”

The smile floats away, and Dean regrets talking. At least, until Castiel removes his shirt. Then Dean is stunned, his mind on a constant loop of holy shit and he's beautiful and mine and fuck and I love him.

This is the first time Dean has seen him shirtless, and he drinks every possible detail in. His broad shoulders, large chest, huge biceps. The subtle abs on his stomach. The sexy happy trail made up of curly black hair, leading down into the low waistband of his jeans.

Without thinking, Dean reaches out to touch. It isn't until his hand is resting over Castiel’s heartbeat, green eyes peering up to look into blue, that he remembers he's not allowed to do that. He goes to pull away, an apology on his lips, but Castiel catches his hand and keeps him there, his hand covering Dean's so they're both resting over his chest. Dean can feel the steady heartbeat speed up as Castiel reaches with his other hand to undo the clasp of Dean's collar. It clatters to the floor with a sharp sound. Dean doesn't look away from Castiel’s intense eyes. He can't.
He's proud he's able to gather himself enough to ask, “Are you Castiel right now, or Master?”

“Neither. I’m Cas,” he answers in the softest voice Dean thinks he's ever heard from him. “I love it when you call me that. Like I'm yours. Like you're really saying mine.”

“Is that,” Dean swallows thickly, ignoring the fact that his hand is shaking between Castiel's chest and hand. “Is that what you're really saying when you call me Dean? Yours?”

“Yes, Dean. Mine.”

Dean's eyes flutter closed in a mixture of happiness and grief. He can barely breathe. “So, I can call you Cas? I can pretend?”

“Pretend?”

“Yeah.” Dean looks up at him. “I'm not an idiot. I know you can never actually be mine. No matter how much I want you to be.”

“I'm yours, Dean. Trust me. I've tried fighting it, but I'm yours.”

Dean's stomach flutters wild. “Really?”

“Yes. I'm your Master. Your Castiel. Your Cas.” He cups Dean's face, kissing him like a whispered promise. “And you're mine.”

“Yes. Yes, yours.” Dean gets up on his toes, wanting to promise back with his lips. It's meant to be sweet like Castiel's was, but when Castiel turns pliant and gives Dean control - actual control - Dean turns greedy. Hungry. Desperate.

It feels so fucking foreign to Castiel. He's nervous for the first time in years. Unsure. He doesn't know how to kiss like this. Giving. Taking. Giving again. He doesn't know what to do with a man grabbing his hair and dragging fingers up his sides and nibbling on his bottom lip.
Castiel does know one thing, though. He fucking loves it.

Grabbing Dean by the back of his thighs, he lifts him up and puts him on the edge of the counter. Dean hisses through his teeth at the sharp pain, and Castiel finds himself pulling back, looking down at him with worry and fear and desperation for him to be okay.

“Did I hurt you?” Castiel chokes out, the words feeling so foreign because he's never fucking cared with anyone else before. Hell, it's usually his goal to hurt them.

“No. Just sore.”

Castiel watches him as his gut instincts fight with his heart. He knows he should tell Dean to hush. He should grab him harder and fuck him rough and hit his already abused ass if he whines or complains about it. That's not what he wants to do, though. Not at all.

His heart wins, and he's cradling Dean, gently guiding him off the counter to avoid any further pain. When he has Dean on his feet, he turns him to face the tub. He starts to assess the injuries, anger twisting in his chest. It's not that he doesn't plan on still hurting Dean. He does. Even if he kept Dean for the rest of his life and they become a couple and all that domestic shit, Dean would still be his slave. He would still punish him when he deserves it. Still be rough most of the time when fucking him or playing with him, because even though Dean begs and cries, his cock betrays him. Castiel honestly believes that, if Dean felt safe enough and trusted him enough, Dean would actually enjoy a relationship like that.

But this is different. This was done to Dean by someone else. Someone else hurt his Dean. And for no reason. And it's Castiel's fault. For giving up control to Gabe, who he knew would do something like he did today with the boy. For leaving in the middle of that scene like a fucking coward, letting Alek do whatever he pleased.

“Cas?”

Castiel snaps his head up, refocusing. “Yeah?”

A laugh - the most beautiful sound possible - slips from those soft pink lips as Dean looks at Castiel over his shoulder with a playful smile. “Tubs gonna overflow.”
“Oh. Shit.” He lunges forward to turn the knob and slips, falling into the damn thing and sending water all over the place, splashing Dean in the process. Dean holds his stomach as he starts to laugh hysterically. Castiel narrows his eyes at him. “Oh. You think that's funny, huh?”

Cheeks flushed, a goofy smile stuck to his face, Dean nods. Castiel reaches out and grabs his forearm, yanking him forward and twisting in a certain way, knowing it will make Dean fall perfectly into his lap. Sure enough, a second later there's more splashing and Castiel has a giggling, out of breath, Dean plastered to him.

The two look at each other and then burst into laughter again. Castiel can't remember the last time he laughed like this. A true laugh. Probably when Gabe did something stupid, like that time he woke up naked on a park bench and Cas had to bail his idiot ass out of jail.

Something shifts, Castiel's eyes narrowing and Dean's pupils dilating. Within a second, their faces are colliding again, this time Castiel taking control. Dean tilts his chin up, giving himself over, and Castiel is pretty sure he will never get tired of seeing that. Seeing Dean willingly give him control, instead of having to take it. He pulls back to look into Dean's eyes. There's so much trust and adoration and possibly - hopefully – love. It's intoxicating.

“Dean,” he breathes, grabbing his face and pulling him into a kiss.

Dean can barely whisper, “Cas,” before their lips meet.

Pretty soon Dean is getting frustrated because he's naked and Castiel is in jeans soaked heavy from the water. Castiel laughs under his breath and helps Dean climb back out of the tub so he can do the same. Then he sheds his jeans, underwear, and socks. Dean comes forward to touch him again, but Castiel steps back, making the young man immediately freeze, fear and pain rippling through his features.

“It's okay,” Castiel promises, wanting Dean’s smile to come back. “It's okay. I just want to slow down. Appreciate this. Us.”

Dean shivers, nodding like he's in a trance. “Okay. Yeah. Us.”

Cupping his face gently, Castiel leans in and presses a kiss to his forehead. It nearly makes Dean fall from how his knees buckle. He clings to Castiel’s hips to stay in place.
Adding some more water to the tub, Castiel guides Dean toward it for a second attempt. He climbs in first, the basin plenty big enough for him to sprawl out, then Dean settles himself between his spread legs and leans his back against Castiel’s chest. He wraps his arms around the young man and holds him as tight as he can without hurting him.

They sit in comfortable silence for a long time. Neither wants to ruin the moment or say something that will make the other run away.

Eventually, it’s Castiel that speaks first. He leans forward and grabs the soap, pouring a generous amount on his hands before admitting, “I hate that they hurt you.”

Dean bites his lip, wincing when the suds are passed over his wounds. “I hate that you fucking someone tonight.”

“I didn’t fuck him,” Castiel says with a frown. “I couldn’t even get hard.”

“Good.”

Castiel laughs, pressing a kiss to the crown of Dean’s head. He continues to clean Dean as gently as he can, letting the silence return. It’s surprisingly comfortable, and Castiel finds himself feeling at peace.

Then Dean asks, “Are we in Russia?”

Castiel pauses, his hand resting on Dean’s thigh. “No?”

“Oh.”

“Why?” he asks, already knowing the answer.

“One of the men today,” Dean whispers as he brings a hand up to lazily trace the edge of the tub. “He had an accent that sounded Russian.”
“Yeah. He’s from there. You’re – well,” Castiel tries to stop himself, but then he realizes that he’s already broken a shit ton of rules with Dean anyway. What’s one more? “You’re still in America, Dean.”

Instead of looking comforted, Dean deflates, his hand splashing Castiel as it falls into the water again.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothin’.”

Castiel makes a tsking sound and says, “No lying, Dean.”

The young man sighs, his fingers curling in on themselves beneath the water. “Just thought I hadn’t been found because I was in some foreign country. I know you said not to hope but – I dunno. It’s hard not to.”

Unable to think of a response that won’t either be a lie or once again point out just how sick and fucked up Castiel is, Castiel remains silent. He picks up a cup and starts to pour water over Dean’s body, rinsing him.

Because he apparently hates himself, Castiel finds himself voicing a thought out loud before he even has time to fully process it. “If you had a choice between staying with me - between me keeping you for good, and you going home, what would you choose?”

Dean’s entire body locks up. Then, very slowly, he turns to face Castiel. His eyes are brimming with betrayed tears. “How could you ever ask me that?”

“I just-”

“No. I’m serious! The fuck am I supposed to say? I’m spending every waking second trying to convince you to keep me, and then you throw that ultimatum out there?”
“I’m sorry. I didn’t think. I – it’s not an ultimatum, Dean. You – leaving here isn’t a choice. It’ll never be an option. That was cruel of me. I’m sorry.”

Those beautiful green eyes flutter closed, and Dean tucks his chin to his chest. Castiel knows from experience that the boy is only seconds away from falling apart.

“Are you gonna punish me for yelling at you?” Dean finally manages to whisper once his breathing is controlled.

“No, Dean. I have no problem with you speaking your mind right now. When your collar is off, you can be sassy and bitch at me. Lord knows I deserve it.”

“Oh.” Dean peeks up at him through his lashes, a twisted sort of smile haunting his lips. “You know, whoever you decide to keep as your slave someday? They’ll be really lucky.”

The words steal Castiel’s breath. He finds himself just staring at the boy in amazement. “Dean, that’s not true.”

“Trust me, it is. I don’t know why I don’t deserve it, but whoever does, they’re winning the fucking lottery.” Dean’s face contorts like he’s trying to work something out. Then he whispers, “Sometimes I think this is the real you, and the guy you are when you’re mean is what you think you should be. Maybe that’s just wishful thinking. Maybe that’s just me trying to make myself feel better for how I feel. But there it is.”

Castiel feels his world spin. That’s exactly how he’s been feeling lately, now put into words. Ever since Dean, the monster he has always been has felt foreign to him. Castiel doesn’t fit in the mold his father made for him anymore.

“I’m sorry I’ve hurt you so much, Dean.”

“It’s okay, Cas.” Dean gives him a half-smile. “I’ll take it, as long as I get these moments too.”

If Castiel didn’t know that it’s physically impossible for your heart to break, he would think his heart broke right then. Without another word, he’s standing up and pulling Dean to his feet, helping him out of the bath and drying him off with a fluffy towel. When he’s dried himself as well, he pulls Dean in for a kiss that lasts long enough to make Castiel feel dizzy.
“I want to fuck you,” Castiel pants when he finally pulls away. “Can I?”

“Yes.” Dean nods frantically, pressing his lips against Castiel’s again until he has to pull back to take another breath. “Yes. Please. Pretend I’m yours again.”

Something flashes in Castiel’s blue eyes before he nods once and starts moving.

Dean’s legs are like jelly as Castiel guides him back toward the bedroom. He’s having a hard time getting his mind to function past the gentleness and the whispers and the sweet kisses. He’s dizzy and in love and can’t remember why he should be terrified.

He’s lowered onto the bed, where it’s nice and warm and soft against his abused backside. Then Castiel is climbing over him, straddling one of his ankles, pressing kisses against his skin. He starts with his knees. Then his thighs. His stomach. Chest. Neck. Jaw. Temple. Dean feels fucking worshipped, and he starts to silently cry, tears spilling down his cheeks without his permission.

Castiel kisses the tears away as he reaches down to cup Dean's hardening cock. His thumb brushes along his leaking slit, and Dean shudders. He sniffles and tries to stop crying, but it only makes things worse. A broken sob wracks through his chest and echoes in the room.

“Calm down, Dean,” Castiel whispers, and it’s a request - a fucking plea - instead of an order, and that makes everything worse. Dean falls completely apart. “Oh, Dean.”

Castiel scoops him up and cradles him to his chest, turning so Dean can sit in his lap as Castiel rocks him gently. Castiel cards his fingers through Dean's damp hair as the young man clings to him, crying harder now. “Can you talk to me? Please? Tell me why you're upset, Dean.”

Dean buries his face in Castiel’s neck, afraid to say it. His trembling grows worse, and Castiel hushes him softly, running his hands all over his freckled body, desperately trying to relax him.

Eventually, Dean calms enough to whisper, “You're gonna be mean tomorrow.”

Castiel deflates, his head falling back to rest against the headboard. He glares at the ceiling like it's the enemy. It's better than admitting that he's his own worst enemy. Better than admitting he's
terrified Dean might be right. Castiel will wake up in the morning a coward, too afraid to be anything other than what his father taught him to be, and he’ll hurt Dean. Betray him. Break his heart.

“I don't know what to do with this,” Castiel admits.

“Aren't you the boss? Can't you… ya know, just keep me?”

There's a pause that's way too long, each passing second adding weight to Dean's chest. Then, “I don't know what to do with this.”

“You said that already.”

“I know.”

“Why aren't I good enough?” Dean plays with Castiel happy trail, carefully touching each curl. “Why don't you want to keep me?”

Castiel's hand tenses on him, then relaxes. “Dean, you're plenty good enough. I-”

“So keep me, Cas. Please. I'd be good for you,” Dean whispers in a broken voice. “I promise, I'd be good.”

Dean shakes his head and begins to cry again. He shuffles in Castiel’s lap, straddling him. It isn't until the head of his cock is catching on Dean's rim that he realizes what's happening. He holds the young man steady by his hips, letting him lower himself, another thing he's never done before. Dean sets his own pace, cock bobbing between their stomachs, and Castiel watches him, mesmerized. Their eyes lock, and Dean is silently pleading with him, and Castiel can't say no.

But he can’t say yes yet. He’s not ready.

“Can we compromise?” Castiel begs, eyes wide as he looks at the man he’s pretty fucking sure he’s madly in love with.
“What’s the offer?”

“I’ll keep you. Until the showcase, you’ll be mine. No more cell. No more other trainers, unless I want to include them in a scene I plan. You’ll be completely mine. I’ll show you what it’s really like when you’re living with a master.”

Dean stops every movement, holding his breath. He nibbles on his bottom lip and thinks the compromise over. It’s a good thought, but he wants to see if he can counter. “Can it not be a firm yes or no?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, will you promise that when it’s time for the auction, you’ll genuinely consider keeping me? For good?”

Castiel stares at him. He feels his hands start to shake where they hold Dean. “Yes.”

“Really?” Dean asks, unable to stop himself from grinning.

“Really.”

“Promise, Cas?”

Castiel looks him in the eye, understanding exact why Dean added the nickname. He presses a kiss to Dean’s lips and nods, staying close so their noses brush together. “Promise, Dean.”

With a gasp, Dean starts riding him again. It only lasts a few seconds before Castiel is growling and flipping them over, grabbing Dean’s legs and pushing them back so he can drive deeper into him. Dean arches his body and closes his eyes, trying not to come too soon. When Castiel leans down to give him dirty, sloppy kisses, his cock is pressed between them, getting rubbed with each thrust, and Dean realizes he’s probably doomed.

Frantic, he tries to hurry and ask permission, fighting against Castiel’s incessant mouth against his lips. “M – Mas-” he pushes at Castiel’s chest, spilling the words out the second the kiss breaks.
“Mas-Cas plea’ca’come?”

Castiel grins down at him like he’s a kid on Christmas. “Sorry, what was that? Couldn’t quite catch it.”

Swallowing a sob of both pleasure and pain, Dean all but screams, “Me come please.”

“Yes, pet,” Castiel finally says. “Come for me, baby.”

Dean cries out and shoots his cum between them, Castiel’s continued movements smearing the liquid until they’re both a mess. Gripping Dean tight enough to bruise with one hand and holding him by his hair with the other, Castiel gives him a violent kiss and comes inside him, pressing as deep as he can to fill him.

To mark him.

“Mine,” Castiel pants in Dean’s ear. “All mine.”

“Yes. Yours.” Dean clings to his sweaty back, burying his face in his neck and inhaling that ever familiar smell. “And you’re mine. All mine.”

“Yeah,” Castiel whispers, giddy and breathless. Dean can feel Castiel’s smile against his skin as the man he loves promises, “Yours.”

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Enjoy some happy boys, aftercare, cuddling, overall cuteness w/ some guilty/gentle dom Cas in there.

Dean’s half asleep and slumped against Castiel’s chest as they sink into a fresh bath. He grumbles that he just wants to go to bed, but all Castiel does is laugh softly and hush him. “You didn’t soak long enough earlier. The salts will help you feel better.”

“Salts fuckin’ hurt,” Dean slurs, relaxing into the water anyway. He lets his head fall to the side, resting his cheek on the front of Castiel’s shoulder.

Castiel strokes his hands along Dean’s stomach, spreading bubbles through his happy trail. He frowns as his fingers slip between each protruding rib. “You need to eat more.”

Looking down at the place where he used to have muscles and bulges, Dean makes a noise in the back of his throat. “I’m not given the best options here. Or the opportunity often.”

“I know.” Castiel rests his chin atop Dean’s head. “You’ll gain weight with me. I won’t ever starve you for punishment. My cook is fantastic. You’ll love her.”

“Does she cook for you here? Or do you have another place?”

“Ellen cooks for me here. Pamela is my cook and housekeeper at my real home, but I’m rarely there.”

“Why?”

Castiel shrugs a shoulder. “Before, it was because I worked too much. Now, it’s because of you.”

Blushing, Dean says, “I cook, ya know. If you ever wanted me to.”
“Really?” Castiel asks with a smile in his voice as he watches Dean’s face flush, loving how it makes Dean look so damn cute.

“Yeah. Mom died, and dad wasn’t around much. It was just me and Sa-” Dean chokes to a stop, hands tightening into fists. He had nearly forgotten his promise to himself to keep Sam safe from this world. This man.

Castiel presses a kiss to his temple. “It’s alright, Dean. We know about Sam.”

Unable to stop himself, Dean’s turning in the bath, knees and elbows bumping, water splashing everywhere. “Please. Please, don’t hurt him. He’s just a kid. He’s good. He’s so good. He’s smart and he’s funny and he’s just a kid. He’s just-”

“Hey, no. We won’t touch him. I swear.” Dean goes quiet, not willing to believe Castiel. Sam isn’t something Dean will risk. Sensing his unease, Castiel tries to explain further. “We keep an eye on the families, making sure they don’t cause too much of a fuss searching for you guys. We usually watch for a few years, just to make sure. But we would never take him. We don’t dip into the same family twice.”

“Why?”

“Well, for one thing, I guess I don’t like the idea of hurting the family that much. Taking one loved one is enough.” Castiel sighs. “For another, it’s just smart business. The cops will be more interested if two brothers are taken, especially not at the same time. The community will be more upset. The media will find it a good story. Shit will escalate. We like to keep a low profile, as you can imagine.”

Dean turns and sinks against him again, pondering this. Then he asks, “Are they even looking for me?”

“Yes, Dean. They are.”

“Really? Even my dad?”

“Your father is moving heaven and earth trying to find you. He’s-” Castiel stops. Breathes.
“Anyway, Sam is fine.”

Dean turns and lifts his chin to look at him. “What were you gonna say? About my dad?”

“He’s been looking hard. John has quite a few contacts in the underworld. He was a problem for a while, had us worried, but we made sure to lead him down the wrong path.” Castiel starts to massage Dean’s shoulders and arms, guilt nearly suffocating him. “Sam is doing okay, though, Dean. I promise. He started going to school again. Playing basketball. His girlfriend’s been dragging him out of the house, making him see friends and do normal teenager things. He still puts up posters and bothers the detective on your case and stalks police reports around the country, but the kid is tough. Brave. He’s safe, and he’s okay.”

Dean relaxes against him again, a sob lingering in his chest. He grits his teeth to keep it from escaping.

They sit in a long silence until Castiel eventually asks, “Dean?”

“Yeah?”

“Would you maybe cook for me sometime, then?”

“Do I have a choice?” Dean teases, making the pressure on both their chests lighten.

Castiel laughs. “I suppose not.”

“Then I guess I’ll be cooking, Master.”

“Watch the sass,” Castiel warns, referring to the way Dean said ‘Master’ with a shit ton of sarcasm. There’s no bite to the order though.

It makes Dean smile.

Tracing shapes on the palm of Castiel’s hand, Dean asks, “How will this work, anyway?”
“What do you mean?”

“When will I be a slave, and when will I be Dean? And are we leaving the compound or staying here? I don’t have to go back to the cell, right? Are you-”

“Slow down, Dean,” Castiel says quickly, cutting him off. “You forget I’ve never done this. We’ll be figuring it out as we go.”

Dean tenses, looking down at his fingers as they tangle together. “But then, how am I supposed to keep from getting punished?”

That feeling of a heart breaking returns to Castiel’s chest as he listens to the fear in the boy’s voice. “You will only ever be punished if you break a rule – the rules will be clear, I promise. They might shift depending on the situation, but they’ll always be clear. And if you’re ever not clear, you simply ask. You’ll never be punished for asking something as long as you’re respectful.”

“Okay.” Dean relaxes again, feeling bad for his poor body. He keeps sending it from discomfort to ease. The damn thing probably just wants them to figure their shit out so it can know how to react.

“Basic rules for now, though,” Castiel begins, unable to stop himself from smiling in excitement as he finally draws on all those fantasies he’s had. “You’ll call me Master as usual – you will only call me Castiel or Cas if I refer to you as Dean. That will be your cue that you can relax a little on the slave thing. I’m going to buy you a new collar, and you’ll wear it always. You won’t touch yourself without permission, and you most certainly will not come unless I say.”

After a pause, Castiel asks, “Still with me?”

“Yeah, I’m good,” Dean promises, taking a break from repeating each rule in his head to make sure he doesn’t forget them.

“Good boy.” Castiel grins when the words make Dean shiver. “You’ll sleep in my bed unless you’re being punished. You may not go to the bathroom, eat, or leave the bedroom unless I say. When I can’t be with you, you’ll be left here, most likely restrained or locked up somehow. When I’m in my office doing work or I’m busy in the compound, you will be with me. Any time we are not alone in this suite, you will act as you’ve been trained until now. No speaking, eyes to the ground, naked and collared. You will kneel at my feet whenever told. You will not engage with any other trainers unless
I specifically give them permission – in front of you, so you know – and you will never engage with another slave.”

Panic starts to swell inside Dean’s chest as the rules slip between his fingers. He tries to keep up, but Castiel just continues. “If you’re ever left alone and need to make a decision, you will make it with me in mind. I expect you to always behave as you think I would wish. You will no longer refer to other trainers as ‘Master’ unless I specifically tell you to. Instead, you will use ‘Sir’.”

“Master?” Dean whispers, tears pricking his eyes.

Castiel tenses, and Dean waits for him to show anger. Instead, Dean’s hugged tightly, concern evident in Castiel’s voice as he asks, “What’s wrong, baby?”

“Just a lot. Just – one sec.”

The answer seems to satisfy Castiel because he relaxes and nods. “I’ll write them down for you, okay?”

“Thank you,” Dean says with a rush of relief.

“Of course.” Castiel kisses the top of his head, making Dean shiver and smile. “Now, the less traditional rules. This will be a learning process so no punishments for these until we figure them out, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Though I want you to act extremely submissive and obedient in the compound, when we’re up here, I want you to be your own kind of slave. We’ll figure out who that is together. I don’t expect you to always be kneeling and I don’t expect you to keep your eyes down. You may look at me and talk to me anytime you want, about anything you want, as long as it’s with respect. This will only change if I’ve explicitly told you so, in which case I will let you know when you can go back to normal after I’m satisfied with your display of submission. Understood?”

Dean just nods, feeling overwhelmed again, but also relieved. He was hoping Castiel was going to let him be more relaxed when they’re alone. He likes this strange balance they’ve created together. And now that he knows he won’t be punished because of it, he can actually breathe and enjoy
himself, no longer agonizing over every word and movement.

“Dean?”

“Yeah, Cas?”

“Thank you.”

With a frown, Dean asks, “For what?”

“For compromising.”

“Oh.” Dean looks down at where Castiel’s hands hold him tight. He’s still amazed that this man wants him – even if only temporarily. “Thank you, too.”

Without another word, Castiel flips the drain on for the tub and helps Dean out. He dries them off again and leads Dean to the bed, making him stop so that he’s standing at the edge. Castiel quickly changes the sheets and the bedding, moving around with a naked elegance that has Dean in awe. He’s too distracted to even notice that the new blankets are almost exactly the same as the old, not registering it until Castiel is guiding him to lay down.

Smiling, Dean asks, “Blue again?”

“I’ve grown fond of the color.”

“Yeah.” Dean looks up at Castiel where the man is hovering over him, staring into his eyes. “Me too.”

When Castiel crawls in beside him, he takes Dean in his arms and pulls him in tight. Their legs slant together as Dean’s cheek rests directly over Castiel’s heartbeat. He shifts slightly and winces when he rests too much weight on the hip he hurt this morning. Castiel tenses, then rolls him onto his back.
“What’s hurt?”

“What isn’t?” Dean asks, trying to sound teasing but ending up more along the lines of accusing.

If it upsets Castiel, he’s not yelled at for it. “You know what I mean. Is it your side?”

Castiel’s hand ghosts over his ribs and touches his hip, making him hiss. It wasn’t that sore before, but now that Dean aggravated the injury, it hurts like hell. “It’s my hip. It’s fine.”

Looking at him in the dim light of the bedside lamp, Castiel sees the dark bruise there. He’s confused for a moment before understanding blooms in his features. His lips twist in pain. “You fell on it this morning. When I was hosing you off.”

“It’s fine, Cas,” Dean whispers, wanting him to drop it. He doesn’t want to think about this morning. Not even a little.

Disagreeing, but staying silent, Castiel rolls him onto his uninjured hip and pulls him back in. They lay with Dean’s back to his chest just like they sat in the tub. It’s much more comfortable, and Dean finds himself relaxing into the mattress, eyes fluttering closed. He doesn’t even notice when Castiel turns the lamp off and pulls him in tighter, already drifting.

What pulls him back to the present is the feeling of fingers slipping between his. Castiel tangles one of his hands with one of Dean’s, resting their joined hands against Dean’s stomach. A tear slips down Dean’s cheek at the same time as he smiles.

“This is why I do it, ya know,” Dean whispers, squeezing the hand in his. “The finger thing that you asked about earlier. I pretend someone’s holding my hand.”

That’s it. Castiel is certain now that the human heart can, in fact, break.

Tightening his hold, Castiel presses a kiss to the back of his neck and says against the skin, “You can hold my hand any time you need, okay? Even if you’re bound. Just ask, and I’ll let you hold it.”

Dean hums in appreciation and nods.
Together, they sink into the mattress and slowly let all the pain and sadness from the day melt away. In the morning, they get to start over.

Master and Slave.
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

One of my favorite chapters <3

Warning for Dean having a panic attack.

Dean’s not sure what he was expecting when he woke up for his first day as Castiel’s slave. It wasn’t this, though. Definitely not this. He wakes up to the smell of baked cinnamon, bacon, and coffee. The room is lit with dimmed lights since there are no windows in the suite. The air conditioning is kicked in, making the room pleasantly cool. He’s not restrained.

He rubs at his eyes and sits up, taking in his surroundings. Castiel isn’t anywhere to be found, and he wants to go look for him, but if he remembers right, one of the rules was not leaving the room without permission.

Deciding to be patient - because there’s no way he’s fucking this up, especially on the first day – Dean slips off the edge of the bed and takes a few steps toward the bathroom. Then he remembers he can’t do that either. Just as the frustration sets in, he looks up to find Castiel standing in the doorway in nothing but loose athletic shorts and a thin cotton shirt. He’s holding a mug of coffee, his hair all over the place.

It becomes impossible for Dean to breathe.

Castiel rakes his eyes over Dean, smiling as he says, “Mornin’ sleepy head.”

“Good morning,” Dean says in a raspy voice. He clears his throat and looks in the direction of his bathroom, his bladder suddenly feeling way too full. “I, uh – I need to go to the bathroom.”

A sexy smirk appears on Castiel’s face, and he leans a shoulder against the doorframe. “I believe the rule is you have to ask permission.”

“Can I go to the bathroom?” Castiel raises one eyebrow, and Dean hurries to add, “Please, Master?”
“Yes. Go to the bathroom and brush your teeth. Then come find me in the kitchen.”

It feels so domestic, Dean gets butterflies. He hurries through going to the bathroom, washing his hands and face, and brushing his teeth with a brand-new toothbrush that came from absolutely nowhere, because he’s never seen it before.

Since he doesn’t have any clothes, Dean shuffles slowly down the hall to the kitchen, afraid that Castiel’s cook or someone else might be here. Would Castiel warn him? How should he act around the cook? Does the cook know about him? Does the cook know about Castiel?

He peeks around the corner into the kitchen, relieved to find that Castiel is alone. Unfortunately, his master catches him looking and chuckles. “You suddenly shy now?”

“No. Sorry.” Dean tiptoes into the kitchen, still feeling on edge. Castiel is having none of it. The moment that Dean’s in reach, he’s grabbing him by the bicep and tugging him in for a rough kiss. All of the tension and anxiety leaves Dean’s body as he tilts his chin and submits. The moment Castiel feels that give in power, Dean feels his smile against his lips. Then Castiel turns the kiss gentle. Slow. Steady. He tastes like coffee, and Dean moans when he realizes he hasn’t drank coffee in what must be weeks. Maybe even a month.

Castiel pulls away from his lips, keeping Dean in his arms as he looks down at him. “How are you feeling this morning?”

“Sore, but happy, Master.”

“Good. Happy is good.” Castiel places a kiss on his forehead, then gently pushes him away. “I told my cook not to come in, so you’ll have to do with a mediocre breakfast. Usually, I’ll have you sit on a stool at the counter here, but you’re too sore for that. Go lay on your stomach on the couch. You may turn the TV on if you would like.”

Dean’s head spins, and he wants to run back to his cell and hide under his blue blanket. “Can I – uh,” he glances at the living room again, feeling sick. “Can I just stay here please, Master?”

He doesn’t get an answer, so he peeks up at Castiel. Surprisingly, he’s not angry. More concerned. “Breakfast is almost done, and we can eat together. Just a few minutes by yourself. And you can see me from there.”
As if Dean can’t see for himself, Castiel gestures at the open floor concept, showing him that he could keep his eyes on Castiel cooking while lounging on the couch.

That’s not the problem, though.

It’s the couch. The soft throw blanket folded over the back. The decorative pillows. The coffee table. The TV. The Bookcase. The-

“Breathe. Calm down and breathe for me.”

Dean hadn’t realized, but he either sat or fell down on the kitchen floor. His eyes are watering, and his breaths are catching in his chest, but his mind can’t stop listing the things in this place that he’s gone so long without. It’s domestic here. An illusion.

Maybe this was a mistake.

He’s scooped into Castiel’s arms and picked up. Castiel carries him over to the counter by the stove and gently places him down, frowning when Dean doesn’t even wince at the pain – or even at the cool temperature against his ass. Dean’s mind is too far gone right now.

“Dean, breathe for me. You need to breathe. I don’t – fuck. What happened? What did I do?”

Castiel turns the stove off, removing the pans and scooping food onto plates so nothing burns. Then he’s picking Dean up again and carrying him into the bedroom. Dean relaxes the second they pass the threshold, something Castiel notices. He puts Dean on the bed, laid out on his stomach like he was supposed to on the couch, and sits beside him. He runs his hands through Dean’s soft hair until he’s calmed down enough to blink up at Castiel and focus.

Then he looks terrified.

He tries to jump up, wincing as he moves, but Castiel presses him firmly into the mattress with a look that stops Dean in his tracks. The slave sinks into the bedding and whispers, “I’m sorry, Master.”

“You’re okay, Dean. You just need to be more careful. No jumping up or quick movements. You

“Oh.” Castiel frowns. “That’s nothing to be sorry for.”

“But you told me to go to the living room, and you were being so nice, and I ruined it.”

Castiel’s chest constricts. “Oh, Dean. You haven’t ruined anything. You had one of your attacks. It’s okay. You just needed to calm down. As your master, it’s my job to help you, to take care of you. Always. You’re not in trouble.”

Dean relaxes, feeling like this new world order is too good to be true. “Did I mess up breakfast?”

“No. Breakfast is waiting for us when you’re ready.”

“I’m ready,” Dean promises, desperate to be good. He wants to show Castiel he can do this. This was just a slip-up. One mistake. Dean can do better.

“No. You’re not.” Castiel gives him a stern look. “I’ll decide when you’re ready.”

When Dean deflates into the mattress, Castiel starts to pet his hair, sometimes tracing fingertips along the back of his neck and between his shoulder blades where he’s mostly healed now. Dean hums in satisfaction, eyes fluttering closed, a sleepy smile on his face.

“Dean, can you tell me why you got upset?”

Blushing, Dean hides his face in the pillow and mumbles, “I just got overwhelmed.”

“By anything specific?”

Castiel should have seen that coming. In his defense, he’s never trained a slave for this part of the process. He’s never had to get them assimilated into a home after weeks in a cell.

He told Gabriel he’d be taking the day off.

He might be taking a bit more than that.

“Would you feel better if we stayed in here today? We can eat and relax together. You can rest. Heal. Maybe, if you’re feeling up to it tonight, we could watch a movie. Does that sound better?”

Ashamed, Dean nods into the pillow.

“Can you look at me, Dean?” With only the slightest hesitation, Dean turns his face toward Castiel, eyes meeting his. “I want you to stay here, then. Lay on your stomach. Don’t get up.”

“Okay.”

Dean watches Castiel as he walks out of the room. Then he buries his face back in the pillow and cries.

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Castiel is fucking exhausted by dinner. He thought accepting Dean would make the boy happy – and it has – but he’s so overwhelmed. He hates any choice Castiel gives him, locking up in fear until Castiel chooses for him instead. He cries at the drop of a hat. He’s convinced he’s doing everything wrong and Castiel’s going to get rid of him, which only makes him cry harder. He bathed Dean after lunch, and Castiel could barely get him to smile. Then he put him on the bed and applied a cream to his injuries, forcing him to take some pain meds and drink some water. Dean had cried then too. Castiel didn’t ask why.
When Gabriel sneaks into the suite – using a key because Castiel told him if he knocks or makes any loud noises, he will murder him – Castiel is sitting at the breakfast bar with one hand holding a glass of scotch and the other hand holding his head up. His best friend grins at him. Castiel’s too tired to do anything but glare.

“Where is he?”

“Shhhh.” Castiel looks over his shoulder toward the bedroom, tensing like Dean might wake up. Then he looks back at Gabriel and mutters, “He’s napping. Thank god.”

“You’ve heard plenty of guys bitch about transitions. Some say it’s like having a toddler for a few days.”

“Yeah, but some say there’s no difference. It’s smooth.” Castiel stares at the drink in his hand. “Maybe I’m doing it wrong.”

“You’re not. It’s easy for the guys who use the slaves just like they were used here. Keeps them locked up in a room or a cell. Naked all the time. Restrained. Treated less than human. That’s not how you’re going to treat Dean, and if we’re being honest, man, you’ve fucked with his head a lot. You’ve gotta see how terrified he probably is.”

“But I gave him what he wanted!” Castiel whisper-shouts, frustration bubbling beneath his skin. “I gave him so fucking much, Gabe. I’m giving him everything I can here.”

“Exactly.” Gabriel gives him a half-smile. “Now he has everything to lose.”

Castiel finishes his scotch and goes to pour another. Gabriel moves the bottle away from him. “No more drinking. He doesn’t need you to be drunk. Just relax. The more frustrated and overwhelmed you are, the more upset he’ll be. You have to be the calm in the storm.”

“Okay.”

“Just praise him, Cas. A lot. Be gentle with him. Give him constant rule reminders. Give him easy tasks he can complete to make him feel proud of himself. You need to convince him he’s not going anywhere. That you won’t just shift with the breeze and decide to throw him back in the cell just because he makes a noise or looks at you funny.”
“Cas?” Both men straighten and turn to look at the hallway opening where Dean is now standing. When he sees Castiel isn’t alone, his face and chest flush red, and he cups his penis. “S – sorry. I – sorry, Master.”

“It’s okay. You’re okay.” Castiel hurries to his feet, but Dean’s already stumbling back into the bedroom. He leaves Gabriel behind without an explanation, knowing his best friend will get it. He hears the asshole laughing softly to himself before closing and locking the door as he leaves.

Castiel finds Dean on the floor, kneeling. Chin tucked to his chest. Hands behind his back. Eyes closed.

“No. Up, Dean.” Dean flinches but scrambles to his feet, keeping his arms back and his eyes closed. He’s starting to shake. “Look at me.”

Dean doesn’t hesitate, lifting watery eyes.

“Good boy.”

Dean shivers and a smile ghosts across his lips.

“I think it’s been a really big day. Let’s order take-out and be lazy in bed. Watch a movie. Go to sleep early. Does that sound good?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Good. Do you have any food allergies?”

For some reason, this makes Dean laugh. It’s tiny – more like a giggle – but it happens, and Castiel does fucking cartwheels inside his mind. “Isn’t it funny that you don’t know that?”

“I suppose it is.”
“Haven’t you ever had that issue? Given a slave peanut butter, and then oops?”

Castiel pokes at Dean’s stomach, sensing that his slave is teasing him. “No ‘oops,’ don’t worry. Usually, a slave speaks up before eating it. A few times we’ve had to use an epi-pen.”

“Well, no ‘oops’ for me either. I’m allergy free. Except for cats.”

“No cats. I can definitely handle that.”

“And Indian food doesn’t sit well with me.”

“No Indian food. Noted.” Castiel guides him to the bed, helping him climb in and rest on his side, his bad hip up in the air.

“Do you have to leave to go get it?” he asks quietly, eyes darting to the doorway like he might try to stop Castiel from doing that.

“Nope. I’m just going to call and order it. When it’s delivered to the front desk, it’ll be brought up here.”

Dean’s eyebrows pull in, but he doesn’t ask any questions. He hands him the remote to the bedroom’s TV, seeing anxiety flare in his eyes. But Gabriel told him to let Dean do simple tasks, and this seems like an okay one. He doesn’t have cable – just Netflix and Hulu – so his options are limited. “I’m going to order. I need you to do a job for me. Can you do that?”

Dean nods. “Yes, Master.”

“Good. I knew you could. You’re always so good for me.” He brushes Dean’s hair out of the way and kisses his forehead, smiling when he hears Dean hum in pleasure. “You’ll pick out our movie. Either from Netflix or Hulu. No TV shows, only a movie. Okay?”

“Okay,” he whispers, looking up at Castiel with wide eyes, then back at the remote. “Umm… but – but what kind of movies do you like?”
“Doesn’t matter. I’ll get to pick the next one.”

“But I want you to be happy with what I pick.”

“Dean,” Castiel shakes his head, smiling softly. “I’ll be happy that you’re letting me in. That you’re sharing something you like with me. I can’t wait to see what it is. Okay?”

Dean licks his lips and whispers, “Yeah. Okay, Cas.”

Relief floods Castiel’s system. Finally. Finally, Dean isn’t calling him master. He’d been calling Dean by his name all day, hoping to make him relax, hoping to get some of his colorful personality back. Every time Dean had called him master today, it had felt like a knife getting stabbed in Castiel’s heart.

_Castiel’s father is probably rolling in his grave right now._

“So good for me, baby.” Castiel kisses his forehead again. “So good.”

That praise, mixed with the pet name, makes Dean relax. Not entirely, but enough for Castiel to feel okay about leaving him for a few minutes.

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Castiel wasn’t aware of how little he watches movies until Dean starts bitching at him about it. If he had a dollar for every time Dean said something along the lines of “Come on, Cas, that’s a classic” he’d be rich. Well, _richer._

After they finished Fight Club, with their stomachs full of Chinese takeout, Dean had taken the reins. He was no longer shy and worried about Castiel liking the movie too. He was already picking out the next ‘classic’ movie they were going to watch. Castiel sighs and acts like it’s a huge issue, but he sees Dean smiling, swallowing a giggle, and it makes him feel so damn good.
When Dean finds out Castiel hasn’t seen any of the Marvel movies, it’s on. He starts talking about marathons, and fan theories, and something called The Avengers, and Castiel just stares at him in wonder. The movie that you should technically watch first isn’t on Netflix or Hulu, and the disappointment on Dean’s face isn’t something he can handle. He hurries to tell him it’s okay and logs into his Amazon account, just buying the movie. He’s thanked with a tentative kiss that Castiel turns into a full-blown makeout session.

Then Dean is off him as fast as possible, poking his shoulder and pointing at the TV. “Wait, you can’t miss the beginning.”

“Oh, right. Of course.” Castiel rolls his eyes dramatically. “Excuse me for trying to use my sex slave while a superhero movie is on.”

It’s meant to be a joke, to keep the light mood going, but Dean’s face falls. “I was a bad slave today, wasn’t I?”

“What? No, of course not, Dean.” Castiel pauses the movie and pulls him back into his lap. “Why do you think that?”

“I was all emotional and stupid, and you didn’t use me at all. That’s what I’m supposed to do. You said that’s all slaves are good for.” Dean’s breathing starts to pick up, on the verge of another panic attack. “I want to be good for you, Cas. I’ll be good. I promise. I’m sorry.”

“Shhh.” Castiel places a fingertip against his lips to quiet him and shakes his head. “Dean, that’s not what I want us to be. Yes, I’m going to use you for pleasure, but I like this too. This is nice.”

“Really?”

“Of course. Don’t you like it?”

Dean blushes. “I love it.”

“Good.” Castiel kisses him but pulls away when Dean tries to deepen it. “Now, trust me. When I want to use you, I will. You don’t ever have to worry about being a disappointment or not having enough sex with me or anything like that. That’s the best part of this for you, Dean. You can let go. Relax. You can’t mess up because I’m going to tell you how to be good, and you’re going to listen.
And if you do mess up? Do you remember your punishment that first time? What did I tell you?"

“That the punishment was so that afterward I could move on and forget about it.”

“Exactly. You’re doing well, Dean. This is normal. Many masters see their slaves having these kinds of issues for the first few days or weeks.”

Dean slumps. “By the time I’m good at this, I’m gonna be gone.”

Not liking that thought one bit, Castiel turns Dean around, so his back is to Castiel’s front and gets them in a comfortable position. He starts the movie from the beginning and kisses Dean on the crown of his head. “I made a promise, didn’t I? We don’t know you’re going anywhere yet.”

“Good,” Dean whispers, almost like a secret. “Because I really like being here.”

“Yeah.” Castiel closes his eyes, knowing he’ll probably get in trouble for missing something important in the damn movie. “I like you being here too.”
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

I feel like I haven’t said this in a while, but thank you to everyone that’s been sticking with this, as well as anyone that’s new & just trying this out. The amount of love I have for this work is crazy & I’m so happy that so many of you feel the same way <3 Extra thanks for all the comments, too. They make my day (: 

Dean wakes up to an empty apartment and a note the next morning. He brushes his fingertips over Castiel’s writing, smiling to himself. It’s just how he thought it would be; elegant and controlled.

Good morning, my pet.

I’ll be out most of the morning. You are free to use the bathroom as needed. You may eat as well – healthy food, and at least one full meal. You can have one cup of coffee, but make sure to drink plenty of water. There are two pills on the breakfast counter for you, along with a vitamin. You will take them.

You may explore the suite as you see fit, if you’re ready for that, otherwise you know how to work the TV in the bedroom.

Start cooking lunch for me at eleven. I’ll be home shortly after.

Be a good boy for me.

Your master.

Dean touches the pad of his thumb to the word ‘home’ and smiles.

Beneath the first note is a second one. Dean scans it, smiling as he sees that it’s his new rules that Castiel promised he would write out for him. Written at the top of the page in that same beautiful handwriting is another message from Castiel.

You will study these as often as needed.

If you break a rule, you will be punished.

There will be times I ask you to recite your rules. If you miss any, you will be punished.

Take a breath. These are to help you feel less afraid, not more so.

I will not be expecting perfection anytime soon, Dean.
But I know how much you love being my good boy, so I know you’ll learn them quickly.

Your master.

Dean decides to take the time to read through the rules three times, wanting to prove Castiel right. It doesn’t escape his notice that the rule about being tied up when left alone is gone, just like it didn’t escape his notice when he woke up without any restraints. He hopes the rule won’t come back later on, after he’s adjusted more to the situation, because he hated that rule.

Though, to be fair, Dean hates a lot of these rules.

Trying to recite them in his head, Dean hurries through going to the bathroom and brushing his teeth. When he gets to the threshold of the bedroom, the anxiety from the day before returns, but it’s more manageable. He tightens his hold on Castiel’s notes to ground himself.

He takes the pills this time with absolutely no hesitation. He makes coffee, surprisingly remembering how to do it when he was sure he had forgotten. The refrigerator is overwhelming, but he picks something simple – eggs – and scrambles them for breakfast. He’s not sure what constitutes a ‘full meal’ in Castiel’s mind, though, so he adds some of the cut-up fruit he finds in a Tupperware by the eggs, as well as toasts himself a slice of bread.

The coffee is fucking amazing, and he nearly chugs it, not caring when his stomach turns and his hands start to shake. He eats every last bite of his breakfast, proud of himself and excited to tell Castiel. As he does so, he studies his rules. Then he washes his dishes and checks the time. He has just under three hours before Castiel comes home.

He cleans everything in sight. He cleans things that don’t even look like they need to be cleaned, dusting things with no dust on them and washing dishes that haven’t even been used yet. He sweeps and mops and vacuums. He tries to do laundry, but there isn’t any washer or dryer – Castiel must use dry cleaners. He makes the bed. Twice. He refolds the blanket on the couch and fluffs the throw pillows.

It’s then that he realizes there aren’t any windows in the suite. He knew he hadn’t seen one yet, but he figured there were some in the main area that he just didn’t get a chance to see. There isn’t. Not a single one. Dean’s eyes drift to the door of the suite. He wonders where he is. He could still be in the compound somewhere, or just nearby. He never felt any outside air on him when he was moved, but that doesn’t mean he wasn’t put through a tunnel or something. He could be underground or above it. He could be in a vacant field somewhere, or in the heart of a city.
He wants to know.

Dean walks to the door, putting his hand on it, then pauses. If he gets caught, that will surely be the end of this arrangement with Castiel. Castiel told him in the note to be a good boy. He referred to the suite as ‘home.’ He didn’t wake up mean for two mornings in a row now, staying true to his word that he’d treat Dean well during this.

Feeling quite a few mixed feelings about the fact that he’s not even trying to escape, Dean backs away from the door and turns, so he’s no longer facing it. He wishes it was closer to eleven. He doesn’t want to be here alone. It feels like the walls are caving in, but it also feels like he’s tiny and the suite is huge. He’s not sure how that’s possible, but he doesn’t like how it makes him feel.

Trying to push down his anxiety, so he doesn’t have another one of those stupid attacks, Dean pulls out his rules again. He reads them out loud until they begin to feel like a familiar melody. Feeling much better, Dean decides to do some investigating.

Castiel’s suite is larger than Dean first realized. There’s a guest bedroom. A home gym. An office. Dean explores each one. The guest bedroom has no trace of anyone, something Dean finds satisfying. The home gym is all sleek black and silver equipment with one wall that’s made of mirrors. Dean quickly looks away from his reflection when he gets a glimpse. His injuries are starting to heal, but they’re still angry and stark against his skin. The gym does nice things to him, though. He enjoys imagining Castiel in here. Shirtless, sweaty, and sexy as hell.

Dean pauses before entering the office, unsure if he’s allowed in. It seems like a place he shouldn’t be. Then again, Castiel told him in the note to explore freely. He never said anything was off-limits.

The first thing Dean does is go to the desk. It’s massive and full of computer screens. He knows Castiel has an office in the compound, and he’s not sure why he needs two, but just looking at the top of the desk makes Dean feel small. The power that Castiel holds is radiating in every inch of the room. From the crystal decanter full of what’s probably extremely expensive scotch to the bookcase filled with first editions and signed copies of various novels. Dean wonders if Castiel even reads, or if he just enjoys showing off his wealth.

When Dean gets tired of everything else, he returns to the desk. He sits in the leather chair, knowing instantly that Castiel would not approve, and stands back up again. Castiel may not have told him not to go in here and be nosy, but he also told Dean to act as he believes Castiel would want him to behave. Any time the slave business or the way Castiel does his job and lives his life comes up, Castiel gets uncomfortable. Usually angry. Castiel would not want him doing this.
On accident, Dean bumps the mouse as he hurries to leave. The screens all buzz to life, and his body locks up.

So, this is how Castiel knew things about him that he shouldn’t have known.

He was fucking spying on him.

On all of them.

Dean’s knees wobble, and he lowers himself back into the chair, not caring at the moment that he had just decided he should leave. Things have changed now.

He looks at all the tiny boxes, then rests his trembling hand on the mouse and clicks on one to make it enlarge. It’s a man around Dean’s age. He’s blonde and tall, with more muscle than Dean. Dean wonders if he’s being fed better than Dean was, or if he’s just new. Currently, he’s laying back on his bed staring up at the ceiling.

Once Dean has started, he can’t stop. Dean looks at everything. He sees cells where slaves are passed out, sometimes their bodies beaten so badly Dean needs to hurry to make the image disappear. When he realizes he’s probably looked like that many times, his stomach knots.

The broken slaves sleeping off the pain are the easy videos, though. There are others. One slave is hung from the ceiling with just a whisper of their toes touching the floor, getting whipped hard and fast, his mouth gagged, his cock caged, his face covered in tears and snot. Another slave is stretched on a rack, wires attached to his body. He’s openly crying and begging, but no one is in the room with him. Whoever is in charge is still fucking with him, though, because every few seconds he shrieks or moans or tries to curl in on himself despite his restraints. Dean realizes they’re electrocuting him. One wire goes to a band around his penis. He’s fascinated by it. Would that hurt, or feel good, or feel so good it hurts? Another slave is getting spit-roasted in his cell, hands and knees scraping against the cement floor as he’s rocked back and forth. Dean finds himself rubbing his own knees out of instinct. He knows how hard that floor is.

He moves on to the playrooms, lingering on the ones he hasn’t been taken to – at least not without a blindfold. One looks dedicated to medical play. He’s glad he wasn’t brought there. He doesn’t even worry his tests might say otherwise. Dean’s cock doesn’t even twitch as he watches a boy get ‘examined’ quite thoroughly. There’s a gangbang going on in another room. There’s a lot of suspension equipment and harnesses and bondage in that room. The rope on the slave’s body is beautifully done, the red against his black skin making him look like art.
The next room has a meeting happening in it. Men sit around a large table. It appears normal at first. Boring. Someone is pointing to a powerpoint slide. Someone else is sipping coffee.

Then Dean notices something.

Gabriel is sitting at the table, feet kicked up on a chair, with a slave kneeling beside him.

As Dean looks closer, he realizes this business meeting isn’t normal at all. There are many slaves in the room, most of which are hidden under the table, acting as cock warmers.

Castiel is sitting at the head of the long table.

From this angle, Dean has no idea if there’s a slave for him too.

Eyes burning, Dean decides he should walk away. He shouldn’t have looked in the first place. He leaves the computer as is, hoping it will go back to the black screen before Castiel returns. There’s still two hours left before he needs to start cooking. He wanders back into the bedroom, sets the old school alarm clock, and crawls beneath the blankets. He leaves one of the lamps on so he’s not in the dark, then curls into himself. He’s not sure why he’s bothered. He knew what the compound was. He had experienced it himself. But seeing it from that clinical of a view felt wrong.

It made him sick.

It made him feel like he should be there again, not here. This isn’t where he belongs. He doesn’t deserve this.

He wonders again if Castiel had a slave keeping his cock warm.

He cries himself to sleep.
When Castiel enters the apartment, he’s impatient to get his hands on Dean. It was a long morning. He hadn’t planned on leaving Dean so soon into their new arrangement, but Gabriel had shown up with a look of concern on his face, and Castiel was on the move. A slave had tried to escape. They didn’t get far – this place is way too locked down for that – but they had gotten much farther than they should have. They shouldn’t have even been able to leave their cell, let alone get down the hall and into the main area. It took two hours to figure out what happened, what had gone wrong. Castiel was just relieved to find that it was something wrong with the security system, and not a trainer betraying him.

Then, since Castiel was already there, the trainers did their weekly staff meeting. It was fine. Normal. Twenty minutes of talking about serious shit. Then breakfast and coffee and slaves were brought in. Garth did a presentation on a new remodel he’s been working on. Gabriel talked through the upcoming plans for the showcase. Crowley went through the list of slaves being displayed.

Castiel gritted his teeth as Dean’s name was read.

By the time that was done, he was so damn ready to go to Dean. But then there was a call to return from Alek. Three more from other important men who don’t appreciate waiting. There was an email from Jimmy about his upcoming visit. One from Chuck regarding the next hunt.

Castiel had told Dean he’d be back after eleven, and he was determined to keep the promise. He let himself work until ten.

Then he had his driver bring him to his favorite store in the city. Castiel felt like a kid in a candy shop as he walked down the aisles of sex toys. He had ordered toys and accessories before, but always for the compound. Never for a slave of his own.

Castiel wants to spoil Dean. Castiel wants to spoil himself.

He goes a little crazy.

By the time Castiel is walking through the door to his suite, he’s giddy. He follows the smell of food being cooked in the kitchen, expecting a happy Dean that’s been just as impatient to see him. Instead, he finds Dean standing in front of the stove, staring off into space. His chicken is starting to smoke, and whatever is in the steamer is making a strange whistling sound.

“Pet?”
Dean jumps, his hand coming down on the stove. He manages not to burn himself, but he does trip backward and hit his elbow on the edge of the counter. Castiel drops the bags he was carrying and goes to him, helping him get steady on his feet again.

Green eyes flick up at him, then quickly look away. He turns his back to Castiel and hurries to finish the meal. His hands shake.

“How was your morning?”

“Good.”

“No lying, pet. You know better than that.”

Dean’s shoulders slump, and he gnaws on his bottom lip. “It was strange.”

“What did you do?”

Stalling, Dean plates their food. It’s some kind of citrus glazed chicken with steamed broccoli and brown rice. Castiel is incredibly pleased but doesn’t want to say so yet. He wants Dean to answer his question.

He takes the plates from Dean and puts them on the counter. When Dean won’t look up at him, he takes his chin and forces him to. “What did you do today, pet? Don’t make me ask again.”

“I ate breakfast.” Dean perks up, a smile ghosting on his lips. “A whole meal. Healthy, too. Scrambled eggs and fruit and toast. And I took my medicine. And drank two glasses of water.”

“Good boy.”
Dean does a little wiggle that Castiel’s pretty sure he’s not even aware of, grateful for the praise. Then he starts to bother his bottom lip again. All Castiel needs to do is tug it free from his teeth. Dean takes it as an order to continue speaking. “I – uh. I cleaned.”

Nothing needed to be cleaned, but Castiel’s confusion is put aside when Dean whispers, “I looked around.”

“That’s okay. I told you you could.”

“Yeah. But,” Dean shuffles his feet, eyes not meeting Castiel’s. “I made a choice – a few choices – that I don’t think you would have wanted me to do. And I know that’s against the rules.”

“Okay.” Castiel takes a breath, mind spinning. “What did you do?”

“I – uh.” Dean flicks his eyes up to look at him, then flinches and squeezes them shut. “I went in your office.”

“Okay.”

“And I – I sat at your desk.”

“Okay…”

“And I - well, I went to leave, because I knew you wouldn’t be happy, and I sort of, kind of, ya know,” Dean sucks in a breath. “I accidentally bumped your mouse.”

Castiel pulls his eyebrows in. “I’m not understanding, pet.”

“The screen lit up and – and I saw the live feeds. Of the compound.”

Something similar to ice, but burns like fire, runs through Castiel. He takes a step back from Dean so he can think before acting. In a low voice, he orders him, “Put both plates on the table, and kneel by my chair.”
“Yes, Master,” Dean whispers, grabbing the food and rushing away. Castiel rubs at his eyes and pinches the bridge of his nose. He told Dean he could look wherever, but he also told him to not do things that he thinks would upset Castiel, and Castiel doesn’t know what to do with that. Dean was trying to leave. It was an accident he hit the mouse. And Dean obviously feels bad about it. He told Castiel the truth. He didn’t try to defend himself.

Breathing slowly, Castiel walks to the bedroom. He shrugs out of his suit jacket and removes his tie. Then he splashes some water on his face. Once he’s made a decision about what to do with Dean, he returns to the kitchen. Castiel pours himself a glass of scotch and Dean a glass of ice water, then carries them over to the table and puts them down beside the two plates.

For the first time, he lets himself look down at Dean. He’s in the perfect kneeling position, even though Castiel knows his bruised and rug burned knees are probably killing him, his hands behind his back, his head lowered, his eyes on the floor.

Dean jumps when Castiel’s hand rests on his head, but then relaxes into the soft touch.

“You were a good boy. You ate your breakfast. Took your pills. Cleaned even though you weren’t asked. You made lunch, which looks delicious by the way. I’m very proud of you, pet. Thank you.”

It takes Dean a moment, like he’s waiting for the punchline, before he carefully says, “Thank you, Master.”

“Now, my office is not off-limits to you, but my desk is. You didn’t know that ahead of time. Though I appreciate that you realized I probably wouldn’t like that, and I’m glad you decided to leave. It was an accident you touched the computer.” Castiel pauses. “Did you do anything on the computer once it started up?”

“Yes, Master. I clicked on some of the feeds. Watched. I’m – I’m so sorry, Master.”

“Shhh. You’re okay.” Castiel continues to run his fingers through Dean’s hair. “What did you see?”

Dean hesitates. “A lot.”
“Like?”

“Um, well, slaves sleeping. Getting hurt or – or fucked. Or both.” Dean’s fingers tangle behind his back, and Castiel reaches down, holding Dean’s hand firmly. A soft whimper escapes the boy, and he leans into Castiel’s chair, resting his cheek on his thigh. “I saw you and a group of men having some sort of meeting.”

“Did you have the sound on?”

“No. I didn’t even know that was an option.”

“Good.” Castiel uses his other hand to pet Dean now, since the original is clasped firmly in Dean’s hand. Anxiety crawls through his chest as he considers what else Dean could have done on his computer. “Was looking at the security footage the only thing you did on the computer?”

Dean peeks up at him, looking slightly confused. “Yes?”

“You didn’t contact anyone?”

“I – no.” Dean’s shoulders slump, and he stares down at the floor like he doesn’t recognize it. Under his breath, like he doesn’t think Castiel can hear him, he whispers, “Why didn’t I do that?”

“Because you’re a good boy.” As usual, this makes Dean look pleased. There’s still concern on his face, though. “Dean, what’s wrong?”

Dean bites his bottom lip, then releases a shuddering breath. “I almost opened the door today. To – to leave. I’m not even sure I wanted to escape. More like I was just curious, I guess.”

Deciding it’s best not to point out to Dean that he was locked in from the outside, Castiel just smiles softly. “Why didn’t you try to leave?”

“I just,” Dean pauses, looking down at the floor again. “I didn’t want to ruin this.”
“Maybe that’s why you didn’t try to contact anyone.”

Dean laughs softly to himself. “How fucked up is that? I don’t even know if you’ll keep me, you might sell me to the highest fucking bidder, and yet I’m still willing to take the chance instead of escaping.”

There’s nothing Castiel can say to that. It is fucked up. He knows it is.

It also makes him so fucking happy he can barely breathe.

Castiel takes a long pull from his scotch. “Dean?”

“Yeah?”

“I’m glad you didn’t try to leave me.”

Dean lifts his chin to look up at him properly. “Okay.”

“You’re not glad, though, are you?”

“No.” His eyebrows pull in. “Yes. I – I don’t know, Cas.” Before Castiel can say anything, Dean continues. “You asked me in the bath if I’d rather stay with you or go home, and I was so upset with you. But I had the option today – twice – and here I am.”

This nearly knocks the breath out of Castiel. “Dean-”

“Don’t. I don’t wanna talk about it right now. Please.”

“Okay.” Castiel takes another sip of scotch. “Do you have any questions? About what you saw on the feeds, I mean.”
Considering this, Dean goes quiet for a minute. Castiel gives him as much time as he needs. “There were slaves in the meeting.”

“Yes.”

“I noticed that some were – they were, ya know,” Dean stops, unsure of the word.

“Performing their duties?” Castiel asks. Dean nods. “What about them?”

“I couldn’t see – I didn’t know,” he stops again. Then he sighs and moves his face so he can peer up at Castiel. “Did you have a slave?”

Castiel’s chest constricts, and he can’t stop his sad smile. “No. How could I? None of them would stand a chance against the beautiful one waiting for me upstairs.”

The words make Dean melt into a fucking puddle. He practically purrs, pushing closer to Castiel.

“Your punishment will be that you eat on the floor. I will feed you your food. Go get a pillow from the couch.”

Nodding, Dean stands up and follows orders. When he’s settled back on the floor beside Castiel, he’s rewarded with a bite of chicken, then some rice. It’s messy, and some falls on Dean’s leg. It makes him laugh softly, clearly nervous, but when he looks up to find Castiel smiling he relaxes and lets the laugh out. It’s freeing after the morning he had.

He never wants to be away from Castiel again.

Dean’s not sure he’ll ever be able to laugh without him.

Maybe he didn’t try to escape out of self-preservation. Or maybe out of loyalty or love for Castiel. Or maybe he’s just so tired and sore that he couldn’t find the energy.

Or, just maybe, he didn’t try to escape because he doesn’t want to.
All he knows is he’s happy to be here, right here, in this moment, with this man, and he can’t find an ounce of guilt or shame about it.
Dean stares at the presents Castiel has laid out for him on the bed. It’s a lot. He knew Castiel planned to get him his own collar, but the rest he wasn’t expecting. He supposes it makes sense. Castiel’s never had his own personal slave before. He needed to buy things. This isn’t all of it, either. Castiel said there’s more that Dean will discover as time goes on. These are just the toys at the beginning.

“Is all this really necessary?” Dean asks carefully, eyes scanning the bed.

“Definitely.” Castiel picks up the midnight blue leather collar with a ring in the front, his fingers skimming over it. “This will be yours until I make my decision. If I keep you, I’ll be getting you a much higher-quality, personalized collar. That, right there, is the matching leash.”

“Okay, I get that being necessary.” Dean reaches down to hover his hand over what looks like a thick chunk of leather, unsure if he’s allowed to touch. “Some of this stuff is weird.”

Castiel chuckles. “That’s a humbler. Do you want to know what it does, Dean?”

Feeling his cheeks flush, Dean quickly pulls his hand away and shakes his head. When he peeks up at Castiel, his gut sinks. Castiel has that look in his eyes like he’s preparing to eat Dean alive, and the smile pulling at his lips is wicked.

“Kneel, slave.”

Shit.

Doing as told, Dean lowers himself to the floor and gets into the proper position, bowing his head.
When Dean feels the cool leather against his throat, he relaxes. It’s a reminder that he belongs to Castiel now. He’s safe. Even if just for a few more days.

“I have a great idea, slave,” Castiel says quietly, locking Dean’s collar into place. “Do you want to hear it?”

“Yes, Master.”

“I think I’m going to use all of these toys on you throughout the night. There’s so much we’ve never gotten to play with.”

Dean closes his eyes, feeling excitement and anxiety battle inside himself.

“Would you like that, slave?”

“Yes, Master,” Dean whispers, wishing he’d stop calling him that. He likes being called Dean best, but he’d definitely settle for pet right now. Or baby. Or any of the other ones Castiel sometimes slips up and uses. Not slave. Slave is who was kept in that cell.

“Present.”

Dean smoothly moves into the position, leaning forward, pressing his forehead against the floor, and placing his hands flat on either side of his head. He’s proud of himself for not hesitating or letting his anxiety cause a mistake.

“Such a pretty sight, my slut showing his hole for me.”

Dean’s feels his face and chest grow hot, and he’s thankful that he doesn’t have to look at Castiel right now. Especially since his words have made Dean’s cock go from half-mast to fully hard. He gasps when something hard hits his ass cheek, turning his head to peek at Castiel. His master is staring down at him, the look cold and angry. “Your master complimented you, slave.”
“Sorry, Master. Thank you, Master.”

“No problem, slut. I’ll just have to spank you with this until you’re marked as a reminder of what you are.”

Groaning, Dean squeezes his eyes shut and prepares himself. He knows what his master is talking about. He saw the wooden paddle that had the word SLUT carved into it.

Instead of getting paddled, though, Dean finds himself getting thrown off balance when both his hands are tugged behind his back. His master secures the new leather cuffs around each wrist, then tugs and locks them together so they’re attached at the small of Dean’s back.

His master does the exact same to his ankles, pulling them together and locking them in place so Dean can’t spread his legs wider than a few inches at his thighs.

“Now, this is the humbler. Hold still, or you’ll get punished.”

“Yes, Master.”

It’s hard to stay still when Dean feels his master harshly grab his balls and tug them back. He thankfully doesn’t get yelled at, but he’s not sure how long he’ll be able to last. Not when his master secures his balls and cock on one side of the humbler, keeping his scrotum on the other. Dean whimpers when it’s tightened, feeling his cock and balls grow heavy and desperate, but it’s not painful.

A soft yelp pops out of Dean’s mouth when his master’s hand closes around his cock and pumps it. He moves slowly, not at all in a hurry to get Dean off.

“Two more toys for now. Then I’ll use you like you’re meant to be used, slave.”

Dean nods, not trusting his voice. His body trembles gently, but his master ignores it. Master just grabs him by the chin and lifts his head enough to secure an O ring around him. He stretches it further than usual, making Dean’s jaw ache. They lock eyes and his master grins at him. “Doing so good for me, pet.”
The effect the praise as on Dean is immediate. He relaxes back into his pose, resting his face on the ground and letting his eyes flutter closed. His breathing goes back to normal, and his body is no longer shaking.

Castiel takes a moment to just look down at Dean. Memorizing every detail. He’s perfect. So fucking perfect.

He grabs one of the medium-sized flare plugs and the lube. Dean jumps at the feel of the cool liquid being poured over his hole, making Castiel laugh softly. The slave doesn’t need much preparing, since he was a cock warmer for Castiel after lunch, and had a plug in for most of the day today. It only takes a minute before Castiel is pushing the toy in, ignoring Dean’s high-pitched whine as the slave tries to wiggle his hips away from the toy.

When Castiel has Dean plugged, he reaches for the slut paddle again. “Remember, this is forgetting to thank me for complimenting you. I need to remind you that you’re nothing but a little slut. You should be grateful for any praise I give you, isn’t that right, slave?”

Dean can’t speak, so he nods his head quickly on the floor. He even raises his ass slightly like he’s offering himself up for the punishment. Castiel has to swallow his groan at the sight.

“Five spanks. Then I’ll fuck your pretty little hole.”

“-an- o,” Dean tries to say around the gag, drool pouring from his mouth.

“There we go, slut. Now you’re understanding how to behave. Thanking your master for hurting you. For fucking you. Such a good boy.”

“-ank – o, as’r.”

Castiel chuckles at his pitiful attempts to speak, but decides not to tease Dean. He knows the boy sometimes straddles the line between wanting to be humiliated and degraded, and wanting to be loved and cared for. It’s Castiel’s job to make sure he keeps one foot on each side at all times. At least until this scene is over.

Dean handles the first two smacks of the paddles better than Castiel thought he would. The third, however, makes him shake his head and cry, clearly begging Castiel to stop through the gag.
Ignoring the slave, Castiel puts a hand to his bright red ass and traces the perfect outline of the word SLUT. The left cheek isn’t as nice to look at, so he focuses on that one for the last two hits. He makes each spank hard, wanting that word to be engraved on his boy for the rest of the night. By the time he’s done, Dean’s a sobbing mess on his floor.

Castiel undoes his pants and pulls himself out, pumping his cock a few times to get it as hard as possible. Then he grabs a fistful of Dean’s hair and yanks so that his mouth is right where it needs to be. He doesn’t speak or give any warning. Castiel just plunges into Dean’s forced-open mouth until he’s reaching the back of his throat, slowly thrusting back and forth as he starts to work himself against Dean’s tongue.

The crying continues, and Castiel chuckles darkly. “Go ahead, slut. Keep crying. The vibrations feel good on my cock.”

Dean whimpers, his face flushing and more tears falling down his cheeks. When Castiel looks him in the eyes, though, he sees that this boy below him is still fully Dean. His pet is okay right now. Castiel can continue.

Pulling out of Dean’s mouth, Castiel makes quick work of the O gag and releases Dean from it, pushing his forehead to the ground. The slave licks his lips clean, then immediately says, “Thank you, Master.”

“Good boy.” Castiel plants a soft kiss on Dean’s head, unable to stop himself from smiling against the slave’s hair. “Now I’m going to fuck that greedy hole of yours. Would you like that, slut?”

“Yes,” Dean gasps. “Please, Master. Fuck me.”

“Why do you sound so desperate? Do you think I’ll let you come?”

Dean’s whole body deflates. “Not if you don’t want me to, Master.”

“That’s right. I think I’ll let you come once we’ve gotten through all our new toys. Do you think we’ve gotten through all our new toys yet, slave?”
“No, Master.”

“You should really thank me for helping you learn.”

Dean nods against the floor. “Yes, Master. Thank you for teaching me.”

Humming low in his throat, Castiel pulls the plug out of Dean and lines his cock up. Dean’s hole takes him eagerly. There’s no resistance as Castiel sinks balls deep into him.

Dean shifts his position, his shoulders starting to burn, and prepares himself to get fucked. Except it’s nowhere near what he imagined. Each thrust slaps Master’s balls against Dean’s stretched and sore scrotum, and the movements cause the humbler to sway. The pain borders on pleasure, but the knowledge that he won’t be coming soon doesn’t make it worth it. He just wants it to stop.

His master grips his hips hard, pulling him back to meet each thrust. Dean opens his mouth to get more air when he accidentally releases a broken sob. Once he starts, he can’t stop. His master just fucks him right through it.

“Please-” Dean eventually manages to choke out.

“Hush now, pet. It’s almost done.” Castiel’s fingers leave Dean’s hips, opting to travel along his exposed skin instead. It tickles in a soothing way, and Dean finds himself relaxing, no longer needing to cry. This is actually kind of nice. Master using him for his own pleasure, but still showing that he cares about him. Dean can handle that. He likes that. “So good for me, baby. So perfect. Taking this so well.”

Dean sniffles and whispers, “Thank you, Master.”

Taking a chance, Dean tilts his head further to the side and looks up at his master. Their gazes meet, and Master’s mouth falls slightly open as he gasps. Then he’s throwing his head back and groaning, filling Dean’s hole with his slow, deep thrusts.

Dean sags in relief. He waits patiently while the wrists and ankle cuffs are removed, and only slightly squirms when the humbler is carefully taken off. Blood rushes to his cock, and he sucks in a sharp breath of both pain and pleasure, but his master gently massages him for a few seconds until the initial feeling goes away. Then he’s just stuck with a neglected erection that’s a little sore.
When Dean shakily gets up to his knees and turns to look at Castiel, he’s surprised to find the man beaming at him.

“You have no idea how amazing you are, Dean,” Castiel whispers in a breathy confession.

Blushing, Dean just shrugs a shoulder and mumbles, “Thanks, Cas.”

Castiel stands up, collecting the toys they used and bringing them to the bathroom, and Dean suddenly feels cold and lonely. Overwhelmingly so. He curls up on himself and stares at the open bathroom door. He logically knows he could go in there and keep Castiel company while he cleans up, but for some reason his body is telling him to stay put. That he shouldn’t get too comfortable. That he’ll just be alone again in a few days.

He doesn’t notice he’s crying until Castiel is cupping his face, brushing the tears away with his thumbs. “Hey, what happened? What’s wrong, baby? Does something hurt?”

Dean shakes his head before looking up at Castiel through bleary eyes. He feels like a fucking child, but he’s so far over the edge that he could care less. He just lifts his hands toward Castiel and flexes them like he’s trying to grab. “Will you hug me?”

The tension in Castiel’s face melts away to intense pleasure. Then he’s scooping Dean up and carrying him out to the living room, holding him nice and tight so he’s feeling hugged, while also peppering his tearstained face with soft kisses. Dean grumbles a little when Castiel has to jostle him in order to get a juice box from the fridge, but Castiel has the boy smiling by the time they’re sitting down on the oversized, comfortable couch. Dean is clearly still upset though because he buries his face in Castiel’s neck and tries to get as close to him as humanly possible.

“Dean, baby, I need you to take a sip of this for me. Can you do that?”

Nodding weakly, Dean leans to where Castiel is holding the juice box up for him, wrapping his lips around the straw and sucking. He drinks almost the whole thing before pulling away, silently letting Castiel know he’s done. Castiel hugs him to his chest again and kisses his forehead. “Always so good for me. So amazing.”

“Mmm,” Dean adjusts in Castiel’s arms so he’s more comfortable, smiling at the praise.
With one arm, Castiel maintains the tight hug he’s giving his boy. With the other, he reaches over to the edge of the couch where he had thrown Dean’s latest present earlier. He had wanted it to be a surprise, and he can’t think of a better time than now for Dean to get it.

Dean pulls away from him to look at the blanket as it’s wrapped around him. It’s freshly cleaned, but he’d recognize that blue fabric anywhere. It’s still as perfect and soft as it was in his cell. Dean keeps one hand clinging to Castiel’s sweaty back, and grabs the blanket with his other, squeezing it tight in his fist. Dean looks at him with wide, green eyes, his lips parted but his voice not working. Castiel just nods, letting him know that he understands how thankful Dean is. He doesn’t need to hear the words.

After planting a quick, hesitant kiss on Castiel’s lips, Dean relaxes again. When he settles back against Castiel, he closes his eyes and yawns.

“Sleep now, sweetheart. I’ll be right here when you wake up.”

Chapter End Notes

Follow me on tumblr @ destiel-love-forever, & you can find my patreon link there as well where you can see some corresponding art work for this fic!
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

They finish playing with the rest of Dean's toys <3
** no warnings that I can think of - mostly edging/begging, dub-con (as usual),

Dean is shaking from head to toe, drenched in sweat and openly crying. He’s endured being put on his knees and spread open with a spreader bar, his wrists tied to the headboard of Master’s bed with rope, while a prostate massager assaulted his insides. Then Dean had a ball gag stuffed between his lips, the prostate massager remaining inside him and on high, the spreader bar kept in place, while his master flogged him relentlessly, using every single flogger before finally stopping. They were all easy hits, Dean knows that. It’s clear when Master is holding back because Dean’s experienced when he doesn’t, and this is nothing like those times. But they still hurt, and they still make Dean horny and desperate, and he’s still not allowed to come.

“Please,” Dean whimpers as the gag is removed. “Please, Master.”

“Should I keep the gag in after all, pet?”

Dean sticks his bottom lip out in a pout, trying to make Castiel feel bad for him. “No. I wanna come, Master. Reeeeally bad. Please?”

“Cute,” his master comments, knowing full well what Dean’s trying to do. “Don’t forget that bratty slaves get spankings.”

“You spank me anyway,” Dean grumbles.

Castiel has to force down his smile. Dean’s been like this since he woke up from his nap. Making little comments. Teasing Castiel. Even while being flogged, or edged relentlessly, he’s had this little bit of sass to him. Castiel is fucking loving it. It means Dean’s finally come fully out of his shell for Castiel. This is who he would be if Castiel kept him. This right here.

Perfect.
“Dean, I think you’re forgetting your manners.”

Still pouting, Dean says, “Sorry, Master. I’ll be a good boy now.”

Castiel chuckles as he removes the spreader bar and the prostate massager. The only thing left now is the rope keeping Dean bound to the bed. “Yeah, we’ll see about that.”

Whatever sassy comment Dean had in mind goes out the window when Castiel straddles his upper thighs and starts massaging Dean’s ass and back. Dean completely melts into the bed, making little humming sounds of pleasure that warm Castiel’s chest. He never imagined loving someone like this. He never imagined being gentle and caring. He’s stopping in the middle of a scene, even though his slave is being an absolute brat, because he wants to make sure Dean’s still comfortable and okay.

His father would say he’s losing his touch. He’s weak. Idiotic.

Castiel is starting to think his father might have been wrong. Very wrong. About everything.

“It’s not over, is it?” Dean asks after a minute, disappointment evident in his voice.

“No, Dean. It’s not over. But this next part is the last, and it’s going to be a lot for you. I need you to be okay before we start.”

Dean smiles against the bedding. “Thank you, Cas.”

“You won’t be thanking me in a few minutes. Hold on to these good feelings you have right now.” Castiel climbs off Dean and whispers right in his ear, his voice low and menacing, “Because you’re going to need them.”

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Dean’s heart rate picks up as he sees the restraints in his master’s hands. He’s been freed of the rope and told to get on his hands and knees in the middle of Master’s bed. He’s not sure how the leather cuffs his master is currently holding will work in this position, but he’s not the boss, so he lets it go and waits patiently.
His master gets up behind him on the bed and rests a hand on Dean’s back, right between his shoulder blades. He pushes Dean until his face is resting against the mattress. As Dean finds a comfortable place for his head that allows him to breathe, his master takes the arms Dean no longer needs to use to hold himself up and pulls them back, so Dean’s hands are near his knees. His ass is still up in the air, and Dean’s starting to worry he knows what position he’s about to be put in. It never looked comfortable in porn, and he doubts it will be comfortable now.

Not that his master cares about something like that. All Dean’s here for is his master’s pleasure. The reminder of that settles Dean down, allowing him to relax. He doesn’t even flinch when his legs are pushed apart, nor when cuffs are put on each ankle and wrist. There’s a moment of slight hesitation where he tries to pull away from his master when the man attempts to attach his wrist to his ankle, but a swift three smacks on his ass with a paddle has him immediately apologizing, letting his master do whatever he wants.

Dean whimpers when his master finishes with him. His left wrist is attached to his left ankle, and his right wrist is attached to his right ankle. It pulls on his shoulders and neck muscles, and it’s hard to keep balanced. There’s also the fact that his asshole is quite literally on display, his legs spread out to give his master easier access.

“So pretty like this. Maybe I’ll just keep you tied up forever. Would you like that, slut? Do you want Master to tie you up like this every day, and leave you until he feels like using you?”

Reminding himself that his master would never do that, Dean manages to choke out, “If it made you happy, yes, Master.”

“Such a slut.” Dean lurches forward and gasps when his master’s hand comes down hard on the crease of his cheeks, right over his hole. He has no time to recover before Master is spanking him there again. And again. Until Dean loses count. He’s a wiggling, teary-eyed mess by the time his master leaves his poor hole alone. “You’re a slut, aren’t you, slave?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Say it.”

“I’m a slut, Master.”
Master scoffs, and Dean’s face heats up. His cock is so painfully hard, though. He feels almost as horny as he did with the prostate massager inside him.

“That’s right, slut. Nothing but two greedy little holes. Maybe I should get you tattooed. Label you as a slut, so everyone knows. Then I could bring you around wherever I go and let men use my little slut. My cock whore would probably like that, wouldn’t you?”

Taking a chance, Dean subtly shakes his head and whispers, “No, Master.”

“Oh?” Castiel’s voice is amused, but still slightly evil, so Dean treads lightly.

“I’m your slut, Master. Just yours.”

“That’s not really for you to decide.” Dean opens his mouth, but he stops when his ass is smacked twice more as his master orders, “Enough speaking, slut. Your hole isn’t meant for that.”

Biting down on his bottom lip, Dean keeps quiet, letting his master poke and prod at his abused hole. He’s just glad the conversation about being shared is over. It worries Dean that those comments might have a little truth in them. Yes, Castiel is incredibly possessive, but he’s let many men fuck Dean. Hurt Dean. Abuse Dean.

A sharp sting to his nipple drags Dean’s attention to the present. He looks just in time to see his master clamping the second nipple clamp on, a heavy chain dangling between the clamps to pull painfully at his nipples. These hurt worse than any others that have been used on him, even though they don’t look much different. It doesn’t really matter. Dean’s distracted quickly by the large object getting pushed into his ass.

“Breathe, pet,” his master whispers, his voice much softer now as he continues to guide what feels like a dildo into Dean’s hole.

“Big,” Dean breathes, knowing he was told to stay quiet but unable to stop himself.

Thankfully, Master doesn’t punish him. “I know. But you’re going to take it anyway, aren’t you? Because it will please your master. And that’s what you’re here for.”
“Yes, Master,” Dean whimpers, forcing himself not to squirm away as his hole begins to burn and fight against the intrusion.

“What is your purpose?”

“To please you, Master.”

“We’ll see if you remember that. Because I won’t be pleased if you come without permission, slave. Do you understand?”

With a shudder, Dean says, “Yes, Master. I won’t come until you want me to.”

His master’s laugh is dark, forming a knot in Dean’s stomach, but Dean continues to breathe through the anxiety. He can handle this. He can keep from coming. He did that the first two weeks he was here, when all those trainers were trying to break him. If he could do that for himself back then, he can surely do it to please his master now.

Then the dildo starts to pulse inside his hole, and Dean feels his body turn to jelly.

This might be a little harder than he initially thought.

“You have one impact toy left. Then I’ll flip you on your back and play with your cock. How does that sound, slave?”

“Good, Master.”

Just seconds later, Dean’s screaming into the bedding as something long and sharp hits his ass. He has no idea what it is. He doesn’t care. Dean just wants it to stop. And he makes that known. Very loudly, frantically, respectfully, telling his master, “Stop it! Please, Master, stop. It hurts. Please. Master, please.”

“It’s making Master happy to hurt you, though, slave,” his master says over the harsh sounds the instrument creates when it continuously assaults Dean. “Shouldn’t you be thankful that you’re making Master happy?”
Dean sobs, nodding in response since he doesn’t trust his voice. Despite his master’s words, though, his master doesn’t hurt him again. He just throws the torture tool to the side before undoing Dean’s restraints. When the dildo is removed, Dean turns around to face his master, looking at him with desperate, pleading eyes. “Please, no more.”

“No more pain, pet. Just pleasure now.” He cups Dean’s face, smiling softly at him. Dean’s chest fills with warmth, and he already forgets about the excruciating pain from before. He barely even registers how his ass and thighs are burning. “You did so good for me, pet. Like always. You make me so happy.”

“Thank you, Master.”

“Lay on your back, now.”

Doing as told, Dean watches Master with hooded eyes. When his master comes back to the bed with another prostate vibrator, a gel-like ring that looks like it would go on his cock, and a blindfold, Dean’s breathing picks up.

Castiel notices immediately, dropping the other items and focusing on the blindfold. “It’s your choice. If you wear this, I will go easy on you. If you choose not to, you’re going to have to be more patient for me.”

The words barely even register. The only thing Dean cares about is that he’s being given the option to turn that stupid fucking blindfold down, and he’s taking it. “No blindfold please, Master.”

Castiel shrugs. “Suit yourself. You’ll regret it.”

Before Dean can ask why, his wrists are being brought over his head and attached to the headboard again. Then each ankle is being attached to a bottom corner of the bed, spreading him out like he was on the cross in the compound. He looks at Castiel with fear in his eyes, and Castiel grins.

“Shall we begin?”

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“Please, can I come?” Dean begs for the third time in fifteen minutes.

His master just smirks, lifting his hand to leave Dean untouched. “Not yet, pet.”

Growling low in his throat, Dean squeezes his eyes shut and tries to focus on his breathing. He can do this. It can’t be much longer.

*Please don’t let it be much longer.*

His master slides on that stupid cock-ring vibrator, settling it just beneath the head of his dick. Again.

“Master, please don’t,” Dean pleads, knowing how bad it’ll be if he turns it on.

Of course, his master ignores him, pressing the button and making the ring pulse and vibrate against Dean’s oversensitive cock. Tears start coming from Dean’s eyes in a steady flow.

“I’m gonna – please, I can’t-”

“No.” His master slips the cock ring off, both him and Dean staring at Dean’s dick as it helplessly bobs in the air. Even though he’s not being touched anymore, Dean still feels like he might come. He’s pretty sure all he would need is a light breeze across his cock.

He doesn’t get a light breeze.

Instead, he gets his master’s mouth wrapping around the top two inches of his cock. Dean bucks wildly, shaking his head and chanting, “No, no, no, no, no-”

When his master pulls off him, his smirk dripping spit, Dean has to clench every muscle in his body in order to keep from reaching his orgasm. It’s painful, ripping a broken sob from him as he violently shakes, his body not allowing him to relax now.
“Just so you know?” his master says, his voice light and teasing. “If you would have worn the blindfold, that would have been your orgasm.”

Dean sobs again. That means he has so much more left to go through. There’s no way this next one is going to be the one. Who knows how long his master will edge him? And he can’t do anything about it. Not if he wants to be good.

Dean shrieks when his nipple clamps are taken off. He stares down at his red nipples as he tries to gulp in air. Through his sobs, Dean hears his master remind him, “Don’t come, pet. No matter what.”

Then Master is taking his cock in his hand again, fingers gently massaging as they move up and down his length. Dean releases a noise that’s caught between a sob and a choked scream.

“Plea- Plea – Mast’,” Dean whimpers, shaking his head violently from side to side. “Pl’s can I co’?”

“No.”

For the first time since they started this, though, his master doesn’t stop touching him. He continues to stroke Dean’s cock at the same slow, steady pace. Dean panics.

“Master, please. I need – I need to-”

“No.”

His master brushes a thumb over his slit, collecting precum, then rubs the liquid into the sensitive spot on the underside of Dean’s cock. The pleasure hits him so fast that he half sits up, not stopping until his restraints reach their limit. He gasps, “I can’t – gonna-”

“No.” All stimulation is taken away. His master sits back on the bed and looks at Dean with a raised eyebrow, letting him take deep breaths. They both rest their eyes on Dean’s cock, which is still painfully hard, and dry. “Good boy.”

“Please,” Dean whispers, trying to move his hips away from his master as he reaches for Dean’s cock. “Please, I – no more.”
“Oh, you can do so much more than this, pet. I’ve seen it.” His master reaches down to his hole, pressing the button on the vibrator settled right against Dean’s prostate. It begins to slowly pulse, but after a few seconds, it turns into a rapid vibration. Dean moans and shakes his head, but the vibrator is already returning to the gentle pulsing again. Then the intense vibrations.

Dean’s not going to last.

Castiel knows it.

Wrapping his hand around the boy’s cock, Castiel taunts him. “Better not come until I say.”

Unable to speak anymore, Dean just whimpers. His head slightly moves in what Castiel thinks is meant to be a nod. He sobs openly, his breaths choppy and forced. Tears continue to stream from his eyes, rolling slowly down his flushed cheek. Castiel smiles. It won’t be long until his slave is beautifully broken – the right kind of broken, of course. The kind Castiel has gotten skilled at repairing.

“Pl – oh, shit – I can’t – Mas-” Dean can’t hold still, trying desperately to escape the torment.

Master squeezes his balls and threatens, “Do I need to put the humbler back on you, slave?”

“No!” Dean chokes on another sob, his body trembling so hard his teeth begin to clatter. He starts to get this sensation in his fingers. It travels up Dean’s arms and across his chest before pooling in his stomach. He feels warm and fuzzy everywhere. Dean’s eyes flutter closed, and he takes the calmest breath he has in who knows how long. Then everything is blissful. He can hear the vibrator, he can sense that he’s crying, but he can’t connect with any of it. Like he’s floating.

A sharp smack to his thigh makes Dean’s breath hitch, his eyes snapping open to look at Castiel. Castiel tries to keep his panic in check. “You’re so close, Dean. Don’t go away. Stay here.”

“But ‘s nice,” Dean slurs, his eyes shutting again.

“One more time for me, baby. Be a good boy. I know you can do it.”
Castiel isn’t sure if Dean can. Dean is slipping away from him, something he’s done before, but Castiel is desperate for him to stay.

“Stay with me,” he begs, smiling when he’s rewarded with green eyes. With just a few quick movements, Castiel has Dean freed of the restraints.

When Castiel begins to turn him onto his stomach, though, the boy whimpers and clings to him. “No. Needa see you. Please.”

Castiel’s heart fucking melts. He shifts Dean in a comfortable position on his back, making sure his head is on the pillow, then settles between Dean’s legs. “You with me, baby?” he asks as he gently guides Dean’s legs up and around his waist.

“Yeah,” Dean says in a tiny voice as he peeks up at Castiel through his lashes. “Here.”

“So good for me. So fucking good. You make me so happy, Dean.” Castiel pulls the vibrator out of Dean and lines his cock up, pressing sweet kisses along every inch of exposed skin as he sinks into his beautiful slave.

Dean arches his back and whines. “Cas, I can’t.”

“Go ahead, Dean. Whenever you’re ready. Come for me.”

It takes one thrust at just the right angle, and Dean’s coming untouched. Castiel can tell just by watching that the orgasm plows into him like a freight train. It’s a gorgeous sight as he watches Dean tremble, and squirm, and moan. When there’s nothing left in him, Dean slumps down on the bed, his legs falling to the sides. He stares up at Castiel with green eyes full of love and adoration.

“So good for me.” Castiel grunts, pounding into him for another minute before stilling inside Dean as he starts to come. His eyes flutter closed, and he releases a shuddery breath. When he opens them again, he sees that Dean is sound asleep, eyelashes kissing his tear-soaked red cheeks, a sleepy smile pulling at his lips. Castiel stays inside him for a few seconds, just basking in the glow of how fucking happy he is in the moment.
Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

**I hate posting this as much as I hated writing it... bear with me folks. Everything is NOT how it seems.. (Warning for rape/non-con, Dean with others, sexual/physical abuse/torture, sadism)

- PLEASE finish the chapter: if needed, skip to the second part of it. Thank you <3

When Dean wakes up, it’s on the cold cement floor of his cell. He scrambles to his feet and frantically looks around the room. Castiel isn’t here. He’s alone.

All alone.

It’s freezing cold, making him shiver, but Dean’s blue blanket isn’t in here.

His blue collar is gone, too.

The last thing Dean remembers is Castiel edging him up in the suite. He doesn’t understand what he did wrong. What had set Castiel off? They made a deal. A promise.

He’s not supposed to be here.

He’s not supposed to be here.

He’s not supposed to be here.

Dean’s not supposed to be here.

Looking around the cell again, Dean tries to figure out where the hidden cameras are. The angles had been high when he watched the feeds in Castiel’s office. They must be in the corners or on the ceiling, but if they are, he can’t see them.
“Please! Cas!” Dean cries. He runs over to the door of his cell and tries to open it. Obviously, it doesn’t budge.

Settling for slapping his hands against the door repeatedly, Dean starts to scream. “Cas! Let me out! Cas! Cas! Come back! Cas! Please! I’m sorry! Cas!”

The door unlocks, and a booming voice yells, “Against the wall!”

He immediately stumbles back, even though he’s fully aware that the man who just spoke isn’t Castiel, and that can only mean trouble.

God, why did he trust Castiel? Why is he such a fucking idiot? He believed the bastard. Honestly believed him. Sure, he knew it was unlikely Castiel would keep him for real, but he truly thought Castiel was going to keep him until the auction. Dean doesn’t have a fucking calendar, but he’s pretty damn sure it’s not time for the auction.

Dean looks up to see Gabriel standing in the doorway. A man Dean doesn’t recognize is behind him to the left, and the Russian man is behind him to the right. Dean cowers when he sees the hungry look in the Russian’s eyes.

“Stop yelling, slave,” Gabriel orders in a cold voice.

Deciding that he might as well throw caution to the wind, partly because he thinks there’s nothing left to lose, and partly because Dean’s hoping that Castiel is watching right now, Dean says in a very loud, clear voice, “I want Castiel.”

“No one here by that name. Sorry.”

“I want Castiel. Now.”

The Russian laughs. “Is this one serious? Who the fuck does he think he is?”
“How does he know the boss’s name?” the other man asks.

With eyes that are dead and dangerous, Gabriel glares at Dean and answers them both. “He thinks he’s fucking special, but he’s not. And he knows the boss’s name because he can’t figure out how to fucking behave and mind his own fucking business.”

“Well, then,” the Russian sneers. “We’ll just have to teach him.”

“You can’t touch me! Cas will-”

“Cas will what?” Dean startles, curling his arms around his middle as he watches Castiel push through the men and stand in front of them, staring at Dean. Castiel scans the room before asking in an angry voice, “What’s going on?”

In relief, Dean runs to Castiel and throws his arms around him. “I’m sorry. ‘M sorry. S – so sorry. I dunno what I did, but ‘m sorry! Please don’t let ’em hurt me. Please!”

“Jesus, he’s annoying,” the Russian grumbles.

They all laugh.

Even Castiel.

Dean’s shoved away so hard he falls on his ass. He looks up at Castiel in betrayal. The monster just smiles in return.

How could Dean have been so fucking stupid? He had promised himself not to fall, but he did. He couldn’t stop it. Even with all that Castiel has done. All the lies and manipulation and threats and pain. Even now, as he pushes to his feet and begins to swing his fists, he’s in love with him. Dean can feel it inside of himself. Like a fucking infection.

It fuels his rage.
The men all come forward at once, but Dean gets a good punch in first. Straight to Castiel’s face. As he’s torn away, Dean spits at Castiel’s bloody nose. He’s extremely proud and pleased, even if Castiel looks at him like Dean just signed a death sentence.

His ankles are wrangled into a spreader bar, and his arms are pulled tight behind his back, metal digging into his biceps so that his shoulders are painfully stretched back. Another set of metal cuffs are enclosed around his wrists, making it so he has to arch his back to keep from dislocating a shoulder. A blindfold is put on him, and he grins.

“That the best you got? I’m not fucking afraid of the dark, anymore. I’m not afraid of any of you motherfuckers!” It’s a lie, but he’s so angry that it doesn’t matter for the moment. The panic hasn’t set in yet.

No one acknowledges him. No one tells him to be more polite or not speak when spoken to or anything else. Dean laughs. “You’re such a fucking coward, Castiel! Such a fucking coward!”

“Gag him.” He recognizes the voice as Gabriel’s, and it’s tight and worried. He continues to laugh, even as the ball gag is pressed into his mouth. They drag him so that his toes are barely touching the floor. The tips of them scrape against the cement flooring and by the time they reach wherever they’re going, he knows they’re bleeding.

The cuffs are taken off his arms and wrists, but so many hands are on him that he doesn’t have a chance to fight again. His wrists are secured to something above his head. Whatever it is, it hurts as it bites into his skin. He welcomes the pain, smiling around the gag.

He’s laid on his back, which is something rare around here. It feels like a table, because it’s wider and longer than the benches are, but it’s still lightly padded with leather. His legs are pulled up, and out, and back. His ankles are tied to something that makes them dangle, suspended in the air, his knees nearly touching his chest. He tries to fight all the restraints, but it’s a good system. He’s stuck.

Dean wiggles a little, gets comfortable, relaxes. He starts to hum under his breath, choosing one of his favorite classic rock songs. Comfortably Numb by Pink Floyd. Over the music in his head, he hears someone, someone he doesn’t recognize, whisper, “Jesus fucking Christ. What happened to him?”

“He’s cracked.”
“That’s not cracking. He’s broken. And not in the good way.”

“Enough.” That’s Gabriel, his voice sharp. Impatient. Everyone else stops talking and Dean chuckles to himself. A nipple is pinched painfully for the sound, but nothing is said to him about it. Just a pinch and a twist. He grits his teeth, refusing to make any noise, and then it’s left alone, and the men are ignoring him.

He has clothespins attached to his sides like the day he was with Castiel. His heart lurches for just a moment as he remembers that night, but he focuses himself on the anger. All of the anger. Castiel raped him that night, and Castiel is participating in this right now.

Dean isn’t going to forgive him. Dean’s fucking done.

Clamps that are tighter than ever before are put on his nipples. Something heavy and cold is attached to his balls. That gets them a grunt, but it’s low and only from surprise. Then Dean schools himself again, focusing so he doesn’t give into them. A ring is placed on his cock, and he freezes, remembering the other night. He shoves that away too. Even if they push him that far, he won’t break this time. He’s stronger now. He has this under control.

Something sticky is placed on different around his crotch.

“Maybe in a few hours, you’ll be back to the good little slave you were before.”

Dean yells, “Fuck you!” as clearly as he possibly can through the gag.

His hair is grabbed so hard it feels like his scalp begins to bleed. The person uses the hold to snap his face to the side as if they can look at each other. He can feel the breath on his face as Castiel growls, “That’s enough. You take your punishment like a good boy and maybe we won’t kill you.”

Dean tries to tell him he doesn’t fucking care if they kill him, but it’s too many words and they get jumbled by the gag. He feels Castiel’s presence slip away and hears him tell the group of however many men are surrounding him, “Have at him, boys. Do your fucking worst.”

He must pass out in fear, because Dean blacks out. He feels himself stir, something on his body that resembles a blanket, but that must just be wishful thinking, because next thing he knows he’s hanging from a suspension pully by his wrists, bloody toes barely on the ground.
At least the blindfold is gone.

Dean’s standing on the electric plate they have in the black room, but it’s thankfully not on at the moment. From collarbone to ankles, his body is striped bright red from a cane. Blood is dripping from the wounds. Weights are pulling at his balls. He’s gagged and clamped and pinned and stretched. He’s covered in come and piss.

Someone turns the plate back on. Unable to stop himself, Dean starts dancing again. It hurts so bad. So so bad. He needs it to stop. God, Dean would give anything for this to stop.

It doesn’t, though. They don’t turn the plate off after a few seconds like they were before. They keep it going, all of them laughing and jeering and telling him he’s such a sexy little thing, dancing for them. Seducing them. Calling him a slut and a stripper and a sissy.

When the plate is turned off, he’s quickly dropped to the ground as the ropes go slack. He doesn’t catch himself, hitting the floor with his shoulder and cracking what feels like the bone. Men haul him up and drag him over to the dentist chair with the fucking machine attached to the seat. Dean tries to fight them.

Then Castiel is there. Grinning. He puts hands on Deans hips and pushes down, forcing him to sit on the massive dildo. He must have gotten fucked earlier while blacked out because his ass takes it fairly easily. His thighs and calves are strapped down, but Dean doesn’t think his legs are strong enough to move anyway. He wouldn’t be able to get off that dildo if his stubborn life depended on it.

Castiel comes forward to attach a vibrating wand to the underside of Dean’s penis. The thing is practically purple, throbbing and dripping despite the cock-ring on it.

Someone climbs into Dean’s lap and situates themselves so he can fuck his mouth. He rips off the ball gag, and Dean prepares himself, ready to use the few seconds he has to scream at Castiel. Instead, though, a series of wrecked sobs come pouring out.

His heart starts pounding as the man in his mouth shifts, allowing for another man to come straddle him. It’s another slave. The boy looks exactly like Sam – exactly. All that’s different is his eyes. They’re bright blue eyes.

The color of the ocean.
The slave lowers himself onto Dean’s dick – and the vibrator attached to it - encasing Dean in a wet, tight hole. Dean sobs and tries to buck up, but he’s strapped in place. All he can do is take the forced pleasure from all directions. With a cock that’s just as stubborn as him, refusing to come while the ring is on.

As someone comes on Dean’s leg, another pisses on his ankle, the slave on his cock rides him, and Castiel comes forward to fist Dean’s ass, Dean passes out again.

“Dean,” he hears Castiel say from far away. “Dean.”

“Get away from me!” Dean screams, his mouth finally free from gags and cocks. “Don’t fucking touch me! Get away from me!”

“Shhhhh, Dean, you’re okay.”

Dean squeezes his eyes shut and shakes his head quickly.

“Shhhhh, Dean, you’re okay.” is whispered in his ear, this time in a Russian accent. It’s so fake, as if they’re lovers. It becomes obvious that they’re not, because a second later the Russian is fucking into him so hard it makes Dean’s body start to twitch. His breaths come in ragged and far apart. He realizes he’s placed over a spanking bench and he sighs at the familiarity, resting a cheek against the cool leather as he’s bound to it.

The Russian finishes, and he sighs in relief.

The break doesn’t last long.

First comes a heavy paddle against his ass cheeks. The restraints are loose enough to let his body get slammed forward a few inches with the power of each hit. It makes the weights on his balls sway and his nipple clamps dig and his abused stomach rub. His head is turned, and a cock is shoved down his throat, enough to suffocate him. He tries to stay calm because that’s what he was taught when he first arrived here; stay calm and accept the fact that you won’t breathe until they decide you will.
Easier said than done when your entire body is being assaulted.

Dean can’t see through the tiny stars amongst the black of his vision. The blood in his ears and forehead pounds. He counts the seconds going by, wondering if this will be when he dies.

“Fucking slut,” he hears from far away, even though he knows the man in front of him is who said it.

“Dean. Shhh. You’re okay,” Castiel whispers. Still choking on the cock, Dean violently bucks against his restraints, trying to get at Castiel. Trying to tell him to just fucking stop. To stop all of this.

To just kill him.

Why won’t they just kill him?

The second Dean’s mouth is free, he asks that out loud. “Why won’t you just kill me already? Just fucking kill me!”

The paddle comes down particularly hard and Dean’s pretty damn sure it splits his skin open. A cock slides down his throat once again. He waits, praying they’ll finally listen. Praying they’ll choke him. When the cock pulls out just seconds before Dean passes out, he collapses against the bench in defeat. He starts to cry harder at the realization that they aren’t going to suffocate him to death.

He’s going to live.

“Stupid bitch can’t even hold his breath for his master. Fucking pathetic,” the Russian growls. Dean’s entire body tenses.

“What do you expect? He’s weak.” That was Castiel.

The words twist inside Dean’s chest. He would start crying if he hadn’t been doing that already. Instead, he just lifts his hand to look into Castiel’s ocean blue eyes. “What’d I do, Cas? Tell me what I did wrong. Please. Please, just tell me what I did wrong!”
“You didn’t do anything wrong, baby. You’re perfect.” Despite the words coming from Castiel’s mouth, Castiel looks pissed. Disgusted, even. He grabs Dean by the throat and squeezes until Dean’s vision blurs. “You’re okay. You’re safe. I’ve got you.”

None of it makes any sense, but then again, isn’t that how it’s always been? Dean was a fucking idiot for trusting Castiel again. For believing him.

Dean had forgotten about the electric bands they wrapped around his cock and balls earlier, because they hadn’t used them. He remembers quickly when the machine attached to them is turned from off to full power. It makes his body bow as much as it can in the restraints, a scream getting trapped inside him by a new cock in his mouth.

He tangles his fingers together and searches for Castiel. When he makes eye contact, the cock in his mouth slips out just in time for Dean to whimper, “You promised. You’re supposed to hold my hand. You promised.”

Castiel rolls his eyes, then storms toward Dean until he has both of Dean’s hands in his own. “I’m holding your hand, baby. I’m right here. I’m holding them.” All it takes is a squeeze and a twist, and Dean’s fingers are broken.

The agony is white-hot, and the confusion is unbearable. Dean vomits.

This is horrific. This is… Dean doesn’t want to be here. Sure, Castiel put his body through hell that first time he raped him, but this is so much different. This is – this is –

“Dean, please. God. Wake up.”

Dean’s mind starts to drift. He’s not sure for how long. He just thinks of Castiel.

His ocean blue, comfortable bed. Dean smiles. He can almost feel himself in it right now. The covers heavy and warm on his body. The pillow like silk against his cheek.

Dean can almost feel Castiel holding him. Cradling him gently. He can feel his warm skin. See Castiel’s kind smile. The way his big hands feel as they give Dean gentle touches, telling him it’s
okay. That everything is okay.

When Dean comes to again, everything is still going but the paddle. Two cocks are shoving their way into his ass, and another is coming down his throat. Before he can even finish swallowing all of it to take a clean breath, a new cock enters his mouth.

A whip cracks and Dean releases a sob that he ends up having to swallow back. He realizes then that he’s been sobbing and screaming the whole time. He just hasn’t been able to get the sounds out because of his blocked airway.

The pressure and pain in his ass is unreal. He thinks the electricity might zap his penis off any second, and he has no idea how the thing is still so fucking hard when he feels absolutely no urge to come. The whip is still coming down on his back. The clamps are still being pressed into his nipples. The weight on his balls pulls harder with every thrust of the men, behind him.

The person comes in his throat, and he swallows frantically, hoping he can get it all down fast enough so he can take in a few breaths before the next one enters him. What happens instead, though, is the moment he gets a chance, his shrieks escape. Once he starts, he can’t stop. It all hurts. It hurts so much.

“Make it stop! God, please make it stop!” He runs out of air from how hard he’s screaming, left to just gasp the last please out. “Anyone... make it stop. Please.”

Dean searches frantically for Castiel, not caring how mad he is at the man. Not caring that he’s broken Dean’s heart. Betrayed him. He needs Castiel. There’s a part of Castiel that likes Dean. That doesn’t want to hurt him. That’s Dean’s only hope right now.

“Cas!” he screams, praying Castiel is close enough to hear him. “Cas, please. Cas! I’m sorry. I’m so sorry!”

“Cas!” He needs Cas. God, Dean needs Cas. He needs him. “Cas, make it stop. Please! Make ‘em stop. I forgive you! I forgive you! Just make it stop, please, make it stop!”

“Shh, Dean. It stopped. I stopped them.” Dean puffs out a breath in relief when Castiel shows up in front of him. “Dean, I stopped them. I stopped. We stopped. You’re okay now.”
Castiel laughs at his blatant lie, mocking Dean as everyone continues to rape and beat him.

Then Castiel is suddenly sitting. Dean doesn’t know when Castiel got in a chair, but he’s in one now. His pants are pushed down, his cock heavy in his hand. Dean’s eyes lock with Castiel’s as the man he loved – loves? – loved? – loves? – as the man – the monster? – the monster he loves? – slowly strokes his cock. The gaze never breaks as Dean’s removed from the restraints and carried over to him. Gabriel hands Dean over to Castiel. Those hauntingly familiar blue eyes look at Dean like he’s absolutely nothing. Worthless. Just a toy. “Better fuck me good, or I’ll kill you so I can use you like a stupid rubber doll. Can you be useful, Dean? Or are you just going to be a fuck doll?”

“I can be good, Cas. I can be good for you.” Dean lifts up on his knees, grabbing Castiel’s cock and trying to put it in his hole. It’s soft, though. Castiel’s not interested.

No no no. That’s wrong. He needs to be interested. Otherwise, he’ll kill Dean.

In a panic, Dean starts to stroke Castiel’s cock. He fights when Castiel tries pulling his hand away. “Please. Just give me a second, Cas. I – I can be good. I can be so good for you. Let me show you, Cas. I’ll make it good.”

“Dean, baby, stop.”

“No!” Dean sobs, trying desperately to get the cock to harden. Why won’t it harden? It was just hard! “Give me a chance. Don’t kill me yet. Don’t kill me. I can be useful. I swear, Cas. I’ll be useful.”

“Oh, Dean,” Castiel says softly, cradling the back of his head and pulling him into a warm hug. “Oh, Dean, you’re so useful. I would never hurt you. I would never kill you.”

“Please,” Dean whispers, his face burning hot. He wraps his arms around Castiel’s neck and clings to him in desperation. “Cas, please. I love you.”

When Castiel looks at him again, his face is in shadows, lit as if a lamp is the only source of light in the room. Those eyes are glazed over with tears.

“Dean,” Castiel whispers, bringing a hand up to wipe tears from Dean’s cheek. “You’re okay. You’re safe. I’m right here.”
Castiel has never felt so out of control in his entire life. As he holds Dean close, begging him to wake up, promising him he’s okay, Castiel is overwhelmed with helplessness.

“Cas!” Dean sobs. “Cas, make it stop. Please! Make ‘em stop. I forgive you! I forgive you! Just make it stop, please, make it stop!”

“Shhh, Dean. It stopped. I stopped them.” He doesn’t know who is hurting Dean, but he has a feeling, and it makes him so sick his throat burns with the bile. He pulls Dean into his lap and tries to make eye contact with him. “Dean, I stopped them. I stopped. We stopped. You’re okay now.”

Castiel has been trying to wake Dean up for a few minutes now, but any time he gets too aggressive with it, Dean gets a panic attack and blacks out. At least the screaming stops then, for a moment at least. The crying never pauses, though. Whether he’s thrashing around in a panic or frozen, Dean continues to cry.

“Can you wake up for me, Dean? Please. Please wake up for me, baby.”

Dean’s response fucking wrecks Castiel. It’s a whispered, desperate, “I can be good, Cas. I can be good for you,” that ends on a sob. At the same time, Dean grabs Castiel’s cock with a shaking hand. He guides it between his cheeks, rubbing the tip against his previously used holed, but Castiel isn’t hard in the least. The realization makes Dean sob harder.

“Oh, Dean.” Castiel tries to pry Dean’s hand away, but the boy grips him so tight it makes Castiel hiss through his teeth. He just watches helplessly as Dean strokes him. His cock doesn’t react. How could it? Castiel’s heart is fucking breaking at the moment. There’s nothing arousing about that.

“Please,” Dean whispers. “Just give me a second, Cas. I – I can be good. I can be so good for you. Let me show you, Cas. I’ll make it good.”

“Dean, baby, stop.”

“No!” Dean sobs, trying desperately to coax Castiel’s cock into hardening. “Give me a chance.
Don’t kill me yet. Don’t kill me. I can be useful. I swear, Cas. I’ll be useful.”

“Oh, Dean.” The realization of how truly evil the Castiel in Dean’s dream is takes Castiel’s breath away. A tear slips down his cheek as Castiel pulls Dean in closer against his chest and cradles the back of his head. He begins to rock him back and forth like a small child. “Oh, Dean, you’re so useful. I would never hurt you. I would never kill you.”

“Please.” Dean blinks his eyes open, like he’s done once or twice before, and looks at Castiel. That’s what kills him worst of all. Castiel must be in the nightmare, because whenever Dean comes in and out of consciousness, he’s not surprised to find Castiel there. From the sounds of it, Castiel isn’t there for support, either. He’s there to hurt Dean. Many men are.

Dean throws his arms around Castiel’s neck and clings to him for dear life. “Cas, please. I love you.”

Castiel keeps his eyes open, knowing that all it will take is a blink for the unshed tears in his eyes to fall. He focuses his attention on comforting Dean, on fixing this. The Castiel in Dean’s nightmare isn’t helping Dean, but that doesn’t mean this Castiel can’t.

“Dean,” Castiel whispers, bringing a hand up to rake it through Dean’s messy hair before guiding his head back so they’re looking at each other. “You’re okay. You’re safe. I’m right here.”

The soft crying gives into small whimpers, and Dean’s eyes finally focus on him. Truly focus. He feels Dean’s fingertips digging into the stubble on his cheeks and jaw, mapping out the features on Castiel’s face. His thumb pauses where Castiel’s one tear stopped in the corner of his lips.

They’re close enough to breathe each other in.

“You’re okay, Dean,” Castiel repeats, knowing he’d repeat it for the rest of his life if that’s what Dean needed from him. “You’re safe. I’m right here.”

“Cas?” Dean asks in a broken voice.

“Yeah, baby. I’m right here.”
Keeping one hand on Castiel’s face, Dean drops the other so he can glance around. His eyes scan the
dimly lit room, stopping every few seconds like they’re taking inventory. As Dean does this, Castiel
searches the blankets on the bed, trying to find Dean’s blue one that brings his boy comfort. He gets
his hand on it at the same time that Dean sinks back into him, resting his damp cheek against
Castiel’s chest. Once he’s wrapped in the soft blanket, Dean’s muscles begin to relax, a sigh of relief
falling from his lips.

“Dean?” Castiel prompts. He doesn’t want to make Dean talk right now, but he doesn’t want him to
fall asleep only to be tugged back into that dream again. “Dean, can you look at me baby?”

“No,” Dean whispers, tightening his grip on Castiel.

“Dean-”

“Jus’ hold me. Please.”

Unable to argue with that request, Castiel leans back against the headboard and relaxes with Dean on
his chest. He uses one hand to rub slow circles between Dean’s shoulder blades, and the other to
softly stroke Dean’s long curls. “You need a haircut,” Castiel muses, trying to lighten the moment a
little.

Dean nods. “I’m startin’ to look like Sammy.”

“Bad thing?”

“Hypocritical.” Dean laughs – it’s small and choked, but it’s a laugh. Castiel’s never felt more
relieved to hear a noise. “I always got on him for needing to cut his hair. Even cut it in his sleep
once. Now here I am, lookin’ just as floppy haired and stupid.”

“I wouldn’t say we’ve reached floppy haired quite yet,” Castiel says with a smile in his voice. “And
stupid? I don’t think you could ever look stupid.”

“Thanks? I think?”
Castiel laughs. “You’re welcome.”

The two slip into a comfortable silence for a few minutes, Dean humming softly as Castiel continues to stroke his back and play with his hair. Of course, inevitably, Castiel needs to ruin the moment again. Before the boy falls back asleep.

“Dean?”

Dean takes in a huge breath before releasing it in a deep sigh. “Yeah?”

“Can you tell me about your nightmare?”

“No, you don’t.” Castiel kisses the top of his head. “But I would like it if we talked about my part in the dream at least.”

Dean tenses in his arms. “I didn’t say you were in it.”

“You were talking, Dean. Yelling. Begging.” Castiel closes his eyes, feeling devastated. “You were trying to have sex with me so I wouldn’t kill you.”

It takes a minute or two before Dean says anything. When he does, it’s even worse than what Castiel imagined. “I woke up in my cell, with the memory of what we did last night together. So, in the nightmare, it felt like we did what we did and then you put me back downstairs. And – and there were so many guys. Gabriel. And the Russian. So much pain. Humiliation. You – I mean, not you…”

Dean trails off, and Castiel doesn’t want to ask him to continue, but he needs to. If Dean had to endure it, then Castiel should have to as well. “What did I do, Dean?”

“You just – you hated me. I kept trying to get you to help, and you mocked me. Laughed at me. Told them – told ‘em to hurt me more. You were like you were before. Even – even worse. You said – you – you said,” Dean starts to sob, and Castiel holds him tighter.
“Shhh. Shhh, baby.” Castiel begins to rock back and forth again. “Shh. No more. We don’t need to talk about it anymore. I’m sorry.”

Dean nods, not saying anything. He just clings to Castiel and buries his face in his chest. “Can we sleep? I just – I just want to sleep.”

“Of course, Dean. Of course we can.”

“Promise I’ll wake up here?”

Feeling his chest constrict, Castiel closes his eyes and rests his chin on the top of Dean’s head. “You’ll be right here. In my arms. I promise.”

“Promise?”

“Promise, baby.”

Dean sinks into him, wiggling until he’s more comfortable. His breathing evens out, and his muscles relax. Just when Castiel thinks he’s back asleep, Dean asks one more time, “Promise?”

Another tear slips down Castiel’s cheek. “Promise.”

Then Dean is finally asleep. Castiel adjusts the boy in his arms a little before settling back against the headboard again. He stares straight ahead as he returns to rubbing circles on Dean’s bare back. Each mark on the gorgeous skin there is a reminder to Castiel of the things he’s done to him. Even tonight, when they were together, when Dean wasn’t experiencing any pain without pleasure, Castiel was still hurting him. Marking him.

What does that make him? Is he still a monster, even if Dean’s out of the compound, even if Dean’s consenting now?

Is Dean consenting now? Dean pretty much said he wasn’t sure he wanted to leave Castiel when he
admitted to not trying to escape, but does that mean Dean wants to be here? Or is the boy just too
damn confused because of all the shit Castiel’s put him through?

Castiel can’t keep doing this to him. Dean’s terrified that he’ll change his mind and get rid of him.
And who can blame Dean? How many times has Castiel done that now? He’s not trustworthy. Dean
must spend every second on edge.

There’s one thing Castiel can think of to fix that. One thing to make Dean feel settled. Feel safe. He
waits for the decision to make him nervous or afraid. This is Castiel’s entire world he’s about to
change.

But then Castiel looks down at Dean, and he realizes that’s never going to come. That fear. Anxiety.
Doubt. It’s been erased. He could spend the rest of his life just watching Dean sleep, or eat, or talk
about Marvel movies, or smile, or literally anything else. In fact, he’s nearly dizzy with how exciting
the idea of that is.

Castiel gently rolls Dean to the mattress and helps him get into a comfortable position. He tucks
Dean under the blanket, then pulls on a pair of sweatpants and practically runs out of the room.
When he reaches his phone on the kitchen counter, he frantically dials Gabriel. His hand shakes with
each button he presses.

He doesn’t answer.

Castiel calls again.

He doesn’t answer.

Castiel calls again.

“What the fuck do you want at two in the morning, asshole?” Gabriel grumbles, his voice thick and
sleepy.

“I need to see you.”
Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

A short but important one <3

Gabriel glares at Castiel as he walks up to where he’s standing on the beach. He’s wearing jeans and a hoodie, his hair a downright mess, and the look he gives Castiel is deadly.

“Explain to me again,” Gabriel growls when they’re in earshot of each other, “Why the fuck I had to meet you at the god damn beach at three in the morning.”

It doesn’t take more than a few seconds for Gabriel to realize something is seriously wrong. Castiel is crying. Castiel Novak never cries. Not even at their fathers’ funerals. Nothing has been able to affect him like this. He’s a complete wreck. Gabriel’s heart starts to race as he imagines the things that could have happened to make Castiel cry. All of them involve Dean. None of them are very good.

“Cas, what did you do?”

With a soft laugh, Castiel lifts his chin to stare out at the water. The moon is reflected off the subtle waves, making them shine.

“He loves the ocean,” Castiel eventually whispers.

“Dean?” Castiel stays silent, which is an answer in itself. “He told you that?”

“A while ago, yes. It became a thing with us, I guess. I – I don’t know. It doesn’t matter. All that matters is he loves the ocean.”

Gabriel shakes his head in confusion. “Okay?”

“Don’t you get it?” Castiel turns on him, throwing his hands in the air. “He loves the fucking ocean, Gabe!”
“Cas, buddy, you gotta explain this more. I’m not following.”

Castiel kicks a foot, sending sand flying. Then he falls to his knees and buries his head in his hands. To avoid crying, he grabs fistfuls of his hair and yanks at them. It barely helps. He gives up, letting the tears flow freely, and looks at Gabriel. In a broken voice, he admits, “I’m in love with him.”

“Yeah, buddy. I think you are.”

“I can’t be.”

“Why?” Gabriel joins him on the ground, shaking his head. “Because of our dad’s? We aren’t them, Cas. We’ll never be them.”

“It’s not that. It was – at first. But now it’s,” Castiel pauses, looking out at the water again. “Now it’s the ocean.”

“Still not following, buddy.”

“He loves the ocean,” Castiel says simply. “He loves the ocean, and I’m keeping him in a compound two streets away from it. Is that love, Gabe? Because it doesn’t feel like the kind of love he deserves.”

Throwing his hands up in exasperation, Gabriel laughs incredulously. “You turned him into a fucking sex slave, Castiel! He didn’t deserve that, either! I mean, fucking hell, Cas. Are you delusional? The love he deserves? Seriously? Keep him. Show him the ocean. Do your best with him. But don’t talk about what that boy deserves, because we both know he deserves to be safe and back home. He deserves to not be here. But that won’t happen, that never happens, so give him the next best thing.”

Feeling like a broken record, Castiel whispers to himself, “But he loves the ocean.”

With a deep sigh, Gabriel places a hand on Castile’s shoulder and looks him directly in the eye. “Then bring him to the fucking ocean, Cas. We live two streets away. Walk his ass down here and give him the fucking ocean! Jesus. Why do you have to make everything so fucking complicated?”
“Right. I’ll just walk a sex slave that I fucking kidnapped and raped down to the beach!” Castiel scoffs. “He won’t start shouting for help or try to leave, right? He’ll just stay nice and quiet for me while I bring him out in fucking public! Yeah. That’s totally realistic.”

Gabriel chuckles. “I can’t see him throwing a fit. Not if he was sure you were keeping him.”

“I—” Castiel hangs his head, unable to argue that. He knows Dean wouldn’t yell. Even if Dean weren’t sure Castiel was keeping him, the boy would still probably behave. That’s just how good Dean is. How perfect. “How do I do it?”

“Do what?”

“Keep him.”

His best friend’s eyes widen. “Like, hypothetically?”

“No, like I’m doing it. Right now. I’ve decided.” Castiel releases a shaky breath, his smile expanding until it hurts. “I’m keeping him.”

“Holy shit.” Gabriel stares at him for another second, then jumps to his feet and makes a ridiculous whooping sound that Castiel can’t even get himself to be annoyed by. He just stands up with him. Castiel even lets Gabriel pull him into a hug. “I’m so happy for you, brother. I—I’m so fucking happy for you.”

“Thanks,” Castiel mumbles, feeling himself blush. Dean is apparently rubbing off on him.

When Gabriel pulls back, he keeps his hand on Castiel’s shoulder, squeezing it once. “I already ran the numbers. We are more than comfortable financially. You don’t need to pay for him. I’ll draw up a contract just to cover your ass in case anyone interested in him pokes around too much, but there’s no reason he can’t be yours by morning.”

Castiel feels his stomach twist into a flurry of excitement and adrenaline. “What if I want him now? Like right now.”
His best friend grins at him. “I can get the contract to you in twenty minutes.”

“Thank you.” Castiel looks Gabriel in the eyes, and at that moment, it fully sinks in. He takes a step back. Then he starts to laugh, the sound breathy and so fucking relieved. “Holy shit, I’m keeping him.”

“Yeah, buddy. You are.” Gabriel winks at him. “Don’t change your fucking mind. No more being a dipshit. I’ll bring the contract up to you as soon as possible.”

Chapter 27

Chapter Summary

Big things are happening... Ya'll have no idea how long I've been waiting to post this specific chapter. My goodness.

P.S. this chapter has accompanying art that can be found on my Patreon!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Castiel gently shakes Dean awake, the boy rolls over in the bed and waves him off. Castiel just laughs softly and says, “Get up, sleepyhead. I have a surprise.”

“No,” Dean grumbles. “Come bed, Cas. Sleep.”

“I’ll come to sleep in a minute, baby. First, I need you to get up.”

“Caaaaaaaaaaaas.” Dean opens his eyes, looking at Castiel. The moment he sees Castiel’s expression, he sits straight up. He hisses, his ass setting fire, but he ignores it. Right now, it’s not important. “Cas, what’s wrong?”

“Not a damn thing. Come here.”

Before Dean can even get out of bed, he’s being scooped up by Castiel. Dean’s legs wrap around Castiel’s waist, his hands resting on his shoulders. Castiel holds him by the back of his thighs and stares at him with the brightest, most amazingly blue eyes. “I want to take you somewhere.”

“Oh?”

“I want to blindfold you to do it. Can I?”

Dean gulps, unable to look at him anymore. Instead, he focuses on a fascinating loose thread in Castiel’s shirt collar. “Where are we going?”
“That’s the surprise, ya goof.”

“I don’t… sometimes I don’t like surprises.”

Castiel shifts Dean in his arms, then whispers, “Will you please look at me, Dean?”

It takes a second for Dean to gather the courage, but then he slowly lifts his chin until he can meet Castiel’s eyes. His body begins to tremble, and he knows Castiel notices by the way the man frowns slightly.

“Dean,” he says in a broken breath. “Baby, it’s not bad.”

“I just – it’s not my cell, right?”

“What? No. Of course not. I-” Castiel looks at him like Dean just punched him. The dream. Dean’s thinking of his dream. “Oh, baby. This is – this is good. Really good. Okay? For you too. A good surprise. I – I want you to be surprised, but if it’s too hard to put the blindfold on, it’s okay, baby. I won’t be mad. Not at all. Okay? Just – I just want this to be happy. No panicking, okay?”

Dean nods. “Okay.”

“I have some clothes for you.”

That catches Dean completely off guard. More so than the possibility of being brought back into the compound. “You want me wearing clothes?”

“Yes. We’re leaving the building, and I have a feeling both you and the general public would not appreciate you being naked.”

“I – Cas,” Dean loses his courage, instead just wrapping his arms around Castiel’s neck and burying his face there. “No.”
“You’re afraid.” Dean squeezes his eyes shut, hating himself, but he nods. “I’m bringing you two streets away from here. Somewhere I think you’ll love. A good surprise. Then I’m bringing you back here. To this room. To this bed. To sleep in my arms. Okay?”

Dean nibbles on his bottom lip. “Will there be other men there?”

Once again, Castiel’s heart breaks. “No, Dean. Just me and you. I swear. Just me and you.”

“Promise?”

“Promise.”

Dean shifts, but keeps his face hidden. He doesn’t want Castiel to see how nervous he looks right now. He doesn’t want to see what Castiel looks like, either. “What if I run?”

“Well, you’re microchipped, so that’d be a silly decision.”

“And if I try to get help?”

Castiel pauses. Dean feels his heartbeat pick up, pounding hard enough to reach out from behind Castiel’s shirt to hit Dean like a freight train. “Do you want help, Dean?”

The question hurts Dean’s chest, making it hard to breathe. “I’m not sure.”

“Can we make a deal, then?”

“Maybe.”

Castiel laughs softly. “Fair enough. When we get to where we’re going, I have something to tell you. We’re going to talk together. After, if you want help, yell.”
This takes Dean by surprise, enough for him to quickly pull back. He stares at Castiel with wide eyes, his heart now pounding just as hard as Castiel’s. “Seriously?”

“So you trust me, Dean?”

“I want to.”

“Then let me bring you. Let me show you the surprise.” Castiel gives him a soft smile, blue eyes still bright. “Let me prove to you that I can be trusted. Let me prove to you that I’m not the Castiel from your nightmare. That I never will be him again.”

It takes Dean less than ten seconds to decide. Before, it would have worried Dean that it was that easy. Now, he doesn’t care. This is Castiel. The man he loves. Dean needs to trust him. Dean wants to trust him.

“Okay, clothes. And — and,” Dean takes a deep breath, fighting off the oncoming attack. “And a blindfold. The blue one.”

“Yeah, baby. Of course. The blue one.”

---

Dean smells it first. About forty steps away from the building. The air is warm against his skin. Slightly muggy. But after forty steps — forty-six, to be specific— counting helps calm him — the scent fills his nostrils. He stumbles, his hand squeezing Castiel’s tight. They stand in silence for a few seconds.

“Are you okay? Are you having an attack?” Castiel whispers, the hand Dean’s not holding coming up to cradle Dean’s cheek the way Dean loves. Dean nuzzles his palm. His heart is pounding. Adrenaline is surging through him. He’s trying so damn hard to keep calm, because if he’s wrong about what they’re about to do, he’s going to be the most disappointed he’s ever been in his life, but it’s impossible. He smells it.

Dean smells it.
Dean smells the ocean.

Instead of answering Castiel’s worried questions, Dean bounces slightly on the balls of his feet and squeezes his hand again. “Keep going. Hurry up. I wanna see.”

Castiel laughs softly, then Dean feels fingers working at his blindfold. He prepares for sunlight, or maybe city lights, because Castiel’s suite has no windows. He doesn’t have to worry, though. The only light isn’t bright enough to hurt his eyes, even after the time beneath the blindfold. The only light is far away, up in the sky. The moon.

He slowly brings his eyes down, his breath hitching when he sees the moon reflecting off it. The ocean. Castiel really brought him to the ocean.

Forgetting himself, Dean starts to run. He hears Castiel swear behind him, but he doesn’t care. He runs like hell. He runs like his life depends on it. When an arm wraps around his waist, picking him up, keeping him away from the ocean, Dean whimpers.

“No. Please. Let me go.”

“You promised not to run from me.” Castiel’s voice isn’t angry, though. It’s fucking wrecked. He sounds ready to cry. “You promised.”

“Not from you.” Dean wiggles until he can tilt his head enough to meet Castiel’s eyes. “I just wanna be in it.”

So much relief floods Castiel’s expression. He gently puts Dean on the ground, smiling. “I’m so sorry. I thought – I thought you were leaving me.”

“Fuck no.” Dean grabs Castiel’s hand, holding it so tight Castiel winces, and tugs him toward the beach. It’s only five or so steps away. Then he’ll be on the sand.

Castiel just laughs softly, letting himself be dragged along. By the time they’re only a few feet from the ocean, they’re in an all out run.
“Dean,” Castiel yells breathlessly. “Dean, slow down. You’ll get all wet.”

Instead of answering, Dean just lets go of Castiel’s hand and continues. He hears Castiel laughing again, but Castiel doesn’t stop him. His master, his man, his love of his fucking life, lets him run straight into the ocean.

The water is freezing, sending a rush up Dean’s spine. He puts his hands out at his sides and spins in circles. The elated laughter can be heard all the way from where Castiel is standing on the beach. He’s watching Dean in awe.

“Oh, fuck it,” Castiel says to himself. He kicks his shoes off and tugs his sweatshirt over his head. He heads into the water, taking Dean by surprise as he wraps his arms around the man’s waist. Dean tilts his chin so he can look at Castiel. The second their eyes lock, Castiel breathes out the confession he’s been keeping buried for far too long. “I love you, Dean.”

Dean’s knees nearly give out, but Castiel keeps him up by tightening his hold on him. He lets Dean turn in his arms so they can be face to face. Raising his hand to touch Castiel’s cheek, Dean says in a trembling voice, “I love you too, Cas.”

“Really?”

“Of course. I’ve – I think I’ve loved you for a long time now. Just didn’t want to admit it.”

“I think I’ve been doing the same thing.”

A large wave slams into Dean’s back, sending them both stumbling closer to the beach, saltwater bursting around them like sparks from a flame. They both laugh breathlessly. Castiel stops first. As Dean continues to chuckle softly, Castiel takes Dean’s face in his strong hands and looks him in the eye. Dean immediately turns serious.

“What’s wrong?” Dean asks, panic blooming in his features.

“Not a damn thing,” Castiel assures him with a dazed smile. “I’m keeping you.”
Dean shakes his head, eyebrows pulling in. “You’re what?”

“I’m keeping you.”

“Cas, don’t joke about that. Please.” Dean’s voice breaks and he tries to pull away from Castiel. “That’s not funny.”

“It’s not a joke.” Castiel takes out a soggy piece of paper from his soaked pants. He shows Dean the paper that’s bleeding ink and starting to rip. Chuckling, Castiel shrugs a shoulder and says, “It wasn’t like this before the water, but you can kind of see it. I signed the contract to keep you about a half-hour ago. Gabriel drew it up for me tonight. I couldn’t wait any longer, Dean. I couldn’t wait to make you mine. Don’t worry, this isn’t the official contract. Just a copy.”

Dean reaches for the paper, making out most of the words. His hands begin to shake. Actually, his whole body does. “Cas – I – what does this mean?”

“It means you’re mine now. Forever. No more other trainers or other men. I will never share you. No more training – other than training you to be how I want you to be. No more auction. No more compound – unless I want you to keep me company in my office down there, or if I want to use specific equipment for a scene. We could even move into my house. It has a view of the ocean, which I’m assuming you’d enjoy.” Castiel pauses, trying to gauge Dean’s reaction. The boy is just staring at him like a deer in the headlights. “Dean?”

“I’m sorry. I can’t.” Dean shakes his head and steps back from Castiel. Tears start slipping down his cheeks.

Castiel’s stomach lurches. “You can’t what?”

“I can’t trust that, Cas. I don’t – I don’t believe you.” Dean looks at him, desperation clear on his face. “What’s to stop you from changing your mind? Are you gonna wake up tomorrow after getting me all excited, rip the contract up and send me to the wolves in the compound? What happens when you have a bad day? You gonna come up and beat the shit out of me? Rape me again? I wasn’t crazy for having that dream tonight. It’s happened before. You’ve lied before. All you – all you ever do is lie!”

“Dean-”
“I don’t want to talk about it anymore. I just – no. Keep me, don’t keep me. I don’t want to talk about it. Don’t tell me.”

Castiel takes a step toward Dean, and Dean takes one back. He notches his chin and narrows his eyes at Castiel. It’s a dare. A dare to hurt him. To prove Dean right.

And the old Castiel would.

But not anymore.

Instead, Castiel takes a step back and puts his hands in the air. “We don’t have to talk about it, then. I’m going to prove to you that I mean this. That I’m in love with you and I’m ready to take this step. I’m ready to be with you. But you not trusting me? That’s a good sign that I haven’t driven you to fucking insanity yet, so I can’t exactly argue it. All I can do is try to gain your trust. And I’ll do anything. For as long as it takes.”

Dean scoffs but remains silent. He turns his head and stares off at the waves to his right. Everything inside him is screaming to trust Castiel. To not drive him away. But Dean is terrified.

“I’m going to go sit on the beach, okay? Take your time out here.”

“Okay,” Dean whispers, still looking away from him.

“Okay.” Castiel begins to walk away but stops after a few feet. He doesn’t turn to look at Dean, instead just saying over his shoulder, “Please be safe out here. Don’t go too deep.”

There’s a pause, then a tiny, “Okay.”

Castiel takes a breath and forces himself to keep walking away from the man he loves. He thought tonight would be so different. He’s a fucking idiot. Of course Dean is too scared to believe him. Castiel is waving around the one thing Dean’s been begging him for since the beginning, but he’s never once proven to Dean that he can be trusted.

He will, though.
Castiel will prove himself.

He just needs to figure out how.

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Dean’s violently shaking by the time he is willing to leave the ocean and approach Castiel. He blames it on the cold, but they both know that’s not the problem. Surprisingly, Castiel doesn’t push him on the subject. He just steps closer to Dean and grabs the bottom of his soaking wet shirt, pulling it up and over Dean’s head. Then he reaches down and picks up the sweatshirt Dean noticed he had taken off earlier. Just before Castiel steps closer to him, clearly intending to make Dean wear the dry, warm garment, a voice calls out to them.

“Hey there!”

Dean and Castiel both lock up. Castiel stares at him with wide eyes full of fear, but he says nothing. Does nothing.

So, Dean turns on his heel to look at the young woman and man that are walking hand to hand on the beach. His eyes are glued on the woman. He hasn’t seen a female in… god, he doesn’t even know. It’s so strange, seeing her. Seeing them. In normal clothes. Smiling. Holding hands. Just taking a romantic walk on the beach. It’s so… before. Like everything with Castiel and the compound never even happened.

Dean gives them a sticky smile. “Hello.”

“Beautiful night, isn’t it?”

Feeling so strange, so out of place in this normal moment, Dean just nods.

The girl gasps. “Oh my god, did you go swimming? It must be freezing.”
“Yeah. It’s pretty cold.” Dean looks down at the sand, unable to look at them anymore. Normal. They’re so normal.

They’re free.

Before the woman can respond, the man with her pulls her closer to him and gives Castiel a strange look. He takes one step toward them, putting the woman behind his body as he movies. “Are you okay there, buddy?”

Dean gulps. He glances at Castiel, expecting him to freak out, or give Dean a look that reminds him he’s not allowed to speak, or answer for Dean with some sort of explanation, or, really, to do something. He doesn’t.

Castiel just keeps staring at the man.

With a glance down at his battered body, Dean looks up at the couple and releases a deep breath.

He should tell them no. He’s not okay. He needs help.

The man is large. Strong. The woman has a cell phone in her hands.

All Dean needs to do is tell them he’s in danger. Ask them for help.

He could be with Sam. His dad. Safe at home.

He could see a doctor and a therapist and figure himself out.

He could maybe one day be in a completely consensual, normal relationship.

He could save all those other slaves that are only two blocks away.
So, why the fuck is Dean standing there frozen, his only movement the subtle way he touches his fingertips to the blue collar against his throat?

“Do you need help?” the man asks Dean, taking another step closer. The man flicks his gaze at Castiel before settling back on Dean. “What happened? We can call someone. Do you need us to call someone?”

A laugh bubbles out of Dean’s mouth. He shakes his head, feeling the pressure release from his chest where it was just building seconds ago. “I’m totally fine. Sorry. It’s just – uh... embarrassing.”

Dean glances at Castiel, giving him a genuine smile, then looks at the couple again. “We’re kinky. Totally consensual. I swear. Sorry to scare you, man.”

“Oh.” The guy’s face turns bright red and he stumbles over an apology. “I’m so – shit man – I didn’t – hey look, I’m not judging. I’m sorry. I – totally fine. Just wanted to make sure, ya know? Sorry. Fuck. We’ll leave ya’ll be. Have a good night.”

The couple goes hurrying off down the beach. The wind carries their nervous giggles to Dean’s ears.

A gentle hand settles on the small of Dean’s back. He closes his eyes, praying Castiel doesn’t ask why he just did that. The last thing he wants to do right now is analyze himself. He is completely aware how fucked up it is that he just did that. Castiel may think he hasn’t pushed Dean to insanity yet, but Dean’s doubting the truth of that.

It’s not like this is a new development, anyway. Dean was completely aware that he shouldn’t get pleasure or enjoy what Castiel does to him most of the time, but that’s never stopped him from getting off on it.

Dean’s been completely aware that he shouldn’t be in love with this kidnapping rapist. That didn’t stop him either.

He’s been completely aware that he can’t trust Castiel, not for a second. That hasn’t stopped Dean from doing it anyway. Every time. Always giving him a second chance. Always trusting him when all evidence begs him not to.
Castiel doesn’t ask Dean about it. He just gently guides the sweatshirt over Dean’s head, pulls his arms through the sleeves, and tugs it down. It rests in the middle of his thighs, reminding him how small he still is. For some reason, though, drowning in Castiel’s sweatshirt is making him feel safe.

Making him feel loved.

When Dean blinks up at Castiel, he’s met with blue eyes that reflect the moonlight, just like the ocean was reflecting it earlier.

“Are you ready to go, Dean?”

Dean looks over his shoulder at the ocean, his heart sinking. “Will I ever get to see it again?”

“Yes, Dean. I know you don’t trust this, but I plan on taking you often. And if you do in fact want to move to my house, it’s literally right on the beach. Twenty steps from the ocean.”

“Can we go there now?”

When Castiel says nothing, Dean looks back at him. He opens his mouth to apologize, but Castiel speaks first, “Absolutely. Can we stop in my suite first? I need to grab a few things.”

Dean bites his lip and nods. Castiel offers him a hand. It feels like static electricity surges between the two of them, as if this moment defines everything.

Maybe it does.

With a deep breath, Dean takes Castiel’s hand in his and squeezes once. They walk hand in hand together. Back to the compound. Back to the suite. Dean isn’t blindfolded. Dean isn’t forced. He willingly takes step after step into the place that used to be his personal hell – that quite honestly might be that again soon.

But that’s where Castiel wants to go, and Dean wants to be with him. Always. Forever.
He waits for it to terrify him.

It doesn’t.

Chapter End Notes

Follow me on tumblr/twitter at Destiel-love-forever (:
Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

Some more feelings....

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It’s nearly four in the morning by the time Dean and Castiel arrive at Castiel’s beach home. They’ve been awkwardly quiet since their time in the ocean. Dean’s pretty sure he only said a handful of words as they packed up the few things Castiel wanted. When he was asked if he wanted to bring his soft blue blanket, Dean had said ‘yes please’ and reached for it, holding it tight to his chest like he is now. When he was asked if he wants to put dry clothes on, Dean said ‘yes please’ and smiled in relief when the clothes that were handed to him were more of Castiel’s big, comfy clothing that made him feel all small and safe. He tucks his chin down now and sniffs at the collar, humming to himself. It smells just like Castiel.

It smells like home.

A wrought-iron spiral patterned gate opens for them after a code is typed in by Castiel’s driver. They’re brought up a long driveway. When the house comes into view, Dean gasps. He leans forward to look through the windshield better. It’s huge. Larger than the building that the compound and the suite were in. Almost the entire thing is white, with some black and gray accents.

Castiel wasn’t lying, either. It’s right on the beach. There are no other houses around, leaving just Castiel’s house tucked in a little cove in spitting distance of the ocean. The yard and garden are gorgeous. There’s even an outdoor pool – which is slightly ridiculous, considering the entire damn ocean is right there. Each level of the house has a wrap around porch, with comfortable chairs and what looks like a hammock. Almost all of the doors are huge and made of glass.

“There’s armed security at all times,” Castiel says quietly. “They’re paid to not be seen or heard, but you’ll run into them from time to time. And if you ever need help, they’ll always be close.”

“To keep me in,” Dean whispers, not stating it as a question.

“No,” Castiel gives him a soft smile. “To keep anyone that could possibly hurt you out.”
Dean looks away, feeling himself blush. He shouldn’t find that cute or romantic. He shouldn’t even be here. He should be at a police station or in a hospital or on his way back to Sam and his dad. He should have told that couple he needed help.

But here he is.

At least the house is on the ocean.

“My regular staff isn’t here right now. I haven’t been home in a long time, so they’re off. House cleaner comes every morning, though. She’s pretty quiet and efficient. Kind lady. Sometimes she’ll chat if she’s in the mood, but her English is pretty choppy.”

“Does she know about you? I mean – ya know,” Dean peeks at Castiel. “Is she gonna know why I’m there?”

Castiel shakes his head. “No. Not entirely. But my staff is aware that I’m in the BDSM community. I’ll hold events and meetings here. Rarely, but it happens. Most of the men bring their slaves.”

“BDSM.” Dean scoffs, looking out the window again. “That’s all about safety and consent. That’s not the community you’re a part of, Castiel.”

After pausing for a moment, Castiel admits, “You’re right.”

“What happens if I ask her for help?”

“She would help you. She’s a kind woman. A mother and a grandmother. She’d do anything she could to help you. Any of my staff would.”

“Then why would you trust me around them?”

Castiel doesn’t answer that.
The driver parks the vehicle, and Dean opens his door, jumping out before Castiel can stop him. He starts to walk straight to the ocean again. It’s only been an hour or so, but it felt like an eternity. Dean needs to remind himself it’s still there.

His toes are in the surf when Castiel comes to stand beside him. Their shoulders press together, the two of them staring off at the water.

“Dean, why didn’t you tell that couple you needed help?”

After a shaky breath, Dean shrugs a shoulder and says, “I’m chipped. And you said you have the cops in your pocket.”

Castiel stays silent for a minute. Then he whispers, “That’s not why.”

“No.” Dean sighs. “No. It isn’t.”

“Then, why?”

“Because I fucking love you. And the thought of being away from you? Of never seeing you again? That was too hard. That was impossible for me.” Dean starts to cry. He wipes his cheeks and sniffs, but that does nothing to stop it. He’s pulled into Castiel’s arms and held close to his chest, Castiel cradling the back of his head as he presses a kiss to the crown of it.

“I hate you!” Dean releases a sob and fists the fabric of Castiel’s shirt in his hands. He shakes it a few times before pulling away enough to begin landing punches against his broad chest. “I hate you! I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!”

Castiel just stands in place, letting Dean hit him over and over again. With every swing, Dean feels worse. He cries harder.

Eventually, Dean runs out of gas. He collapses to the ground, but Castiel catches him before he reaches the sand. Dean clings to his shirt and sobs harder. “Please don’t get rid of me. Please – please mean what you said. Really keep me, Cas. Because I can’t – if I k – ke- keep stayin’ with y- you when I – I had the ch – chance to – to-“
“Shhhh, baby. Shhh. You’re not going anywhere.”

“E – even though I s – said I hate – hate you?”

“Yes, Dean.”

“And hit you?”

Castiel laughs softly. “I think I deserved it, don’t you?”

Dean starts crying harder again. “I do – don’t wanna be the – the kinda boyfriend who – who hurts
the man he loves.”

That breaks Castiel heart, because he’s proven to Dean that he is that kind of – well, not boyfriend,
but … owner? Master?

Shit… are they boyfriends?

What the hell are they? How do you figure it out? This doesn’t feel like master and slave. This feels
like… Castiel has no fucking idea what it feels like. Besides good. Very very good.

Taking Castiel’s silence the wrong way, Dean hurries through a frantic, “Not boyfriend! Sorry, I
I’m - I know. Just a slave. Not-”

“Shhh, Dean. Just take a breath.” As he watches Dean do as told, Castiel wipes the boy’s face clean
of tears and snot. Then he places a gentle kiss to the center of his forehead. After, he presses his
forehead against Dean’s, resting there so he can breathe in the intoxicating scent of the man he loves.
Dean Winchester is the best drug in the world, and Castiel’s glad he’s the one who discovered him.
“I don’t think there’s a label to define us, so let’s not worry about them, okay? Not tonight. Tonight,
we’ve worried about enough.”

“Oh… okay.”
“As for the hitting, I think you’re right. I don’t want to be in the kind of … relationship,” Castiel pauses, surprised at how much he likes the taste of that word on his tongue. He’s grinning as he continues. “The kind of relationship where we hurt each other. Not in a senseless way like that. Not for no reason. I’ll still punish you, but the rules will be reasonable, agreed upon, and I’ll never hurt you in the ways I have before.”

Dean looks up at him with huge green eyes. “Promise?”

“I promise.” Castiel bends his knees and scoops Dean up, holding him bridal style. He looks down into Dean’s big green eyes and smiles. “Can I bring you inside? You need rest, Dean. It’s been a big night.”

Dean rests his cheek against Castiel’s shoulder and lets his eyes fall closed. “Can we swim ‘gain tomorrow?”

“Yes, Dean. The ocean isn’t going anywhere.” Castiel kisses him softly, then rubs their noses together. “I’m keeping the both of you.”

Chapter End Notes

Don’t forget to follow me on twitter/tumblr @ destiel-love-forever if you want (: 

&& thank you thank you to all that have been commenting/kudosing (is that a word? who knows. it is now)/bookmarking/sharing links/etc. You mean the world to me <3
Chapter 29

Chapter Summary

The chapter a lot of you have been waiting for.... Cas finally opening up about his past
-- only six chapters left (plus the epilogue)!!!!!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dean was already asleep by the time Castiel got to the bedroom. He hadn’t even stirred when he was undressed, placed on the bed, and tucked beneath the covers.

Castiel spent the night just watching him. Memorizing every sound and facial expression. Every twitch. Every freckle. Every eyelash flutter. By morning, he’s made a decision. One his father would disown him for. One Gabriel might even judge him for.

One he can feel in his gut he won’t ever regret.

But it’s the only way he can see Dean trusting him. Or, at least, willing to try to trust him.

And that’s all that matters. Dean is all he cares about.

When Dean stirs awake an hour after the sunrise, he blushes as he catches Castiel watching him. He rubs a hand over his sleepy eyes and grumbles, “Creepy.”

Castiel laughs softly. “Yes, I’m sorry. I just couldn’t look away from you.”

Dean’s face turns an even darker red. Castiel can’t stop himself from leaning down and pressing two feather-soft kisses to each cheek. He’s surprised when Dean grabs his face and pulls him in for a deep kiss. Letting Dean take complete control of the situation is foreign and uncomfortable, but Castiel forces himself to do it anyway. It’s so fucking worth it when he pulls away to find Dean grinning ear to ear.
“I made you breakfast,” Castiel tells him. “I don’t want to overwhelm you like the first few days at the suite, so if you want, I can bring the food in here for you.”

“No. I think I’ll be okay.” Dean sits up in the bed and stretches his arms, yawning like a little kitten. He gives Castiel another smile. “I’m starving.”

“Perfect. Breakfast it is.”

Castiel helps Dean stand up, pausing when he sees Dean’s expression fall. He’s looking down at his body where he’s completely naked. Peeking up through his lashes, he whispers, “Is anyone here? Ya know, like, to see me?”

“No. I’ve sent all staff besides outside security away. The windows are sealed so you can’t see in, just out. But if you’d feel more comfortable, I can get you a pair of my sweats, or even some boxers.”

Dean darts his eyes away, looking at the nearest window. “I’m okay like this. I – I trust you.”

The words are heavy with meaning, making Castiel feel both happy and dreadful. He can’t fuck this up. This is progress. Huge fucking progress. Even if it is just naked breakfast.

As they walk out of the bedroom, Dean staying a foot behind him, Dean asks another question. “Do you want me to kneel when we get in there? And – um – and are you Cas right now, or – or Master?”

“No kneeling. And I’m Cas.” Castiel reaches back to take Dean’s hand, pulling him so they’re side by side. He leads him down the hallway and around the corner that leads to the main area of the house. “I actually have some things I’d like to talk to you about over breakfast regarding all of that. Some new rules.”

“Oh.”

“And I’d like to discuss them with Dean, not my slave.”
“Oh,” Dean says again, biting his lip for a second. “Um… okay.”

They enter the kitchen, and Castiel guides Dean to a stool at the breakfast bar. He has him sit down, then goes to get Dean a plate and a large glass of ice water. When he sees Dean side-eye his coffee mug, Castiel laughs softly. “If you eat your entire breakfast and drink your water, you can have coffee after.”

Dean perks up. “Really?”

“Yup. Reward for good behavior.”

“I like the sound of that,” Dean mumbles as he stabs a piece of scrambled egg.

“Good. I’m actually hoping you’ll like the sound of all of this.” After a deep breath to steady himself, Castiel reaches over to a stack of papers and pushes them toward Dean. Written on the top of the first sheet, in big, bold letters, are the words “Master/Slave BDSM Contract.”

Dean looks at Castiel, then down at the paper again. “Is this the thing you were showing me last night? At the ocean?”

“No. That was an illegal legal document that the organization uses. Everyone in my world respects it and treats it as binding. That was me claiming ownership of you. But this,” Castiel points at the contract in front of Dean, “is our contract. Yours and mine. A BDSM contract.”

Stabbing another piece of scrambled egg, this time quite a bit harder, Dean says under his breath, “I told you last night what I think about that.”

“Yes. All about safety and consent. Not the world I live in. I remember.” Castiel starts to drum his fingers against the counter, feeling nervous and out of control. Every cell in his body is fighting against this.

_Feeling out of control? Grab the slave and fuck him mercilessly. Feeling nervous? What the fuck for? You’re the king. You hold every decision in your hands. You’re the only reason this slut is even alive. Get your shit together, son._
At least, that’s what Castiel would be hearing – if he were still letting his father control the show. But he hasn’t heard his father in a long time. His father is dead now. Gone.

Castiel thinks he’ll try the whole giving up power thing. To a point.

“Dean,” Castiel begins, looking at Dean’s face to judge how this is going. The answer is most definitely not well. “There are different types of BDSM. Submissive and dominants, master and pet, and many more. One of them is master and slave.”

A laugh bubbles out of Dean’s mouth and he gets off his stool, turning his back to Castiel. He throws a hand up and shakes his head. “I can’t even – just because we’re using those fucking terms doesn’t mean what we’re doing is fucking BDSM. Jesus.”

“No!” Dean whips around to glare at him. “Is this how it’s gonna be? You constantly trying to convince me I want to be here?”

Castiel snaps. “You do want to be here! You had your chance to run last night, and you didn’t!”

“Because I fucking love you!”

“Great! Then you want to be here!”

“No, I don’t! You kidnapped me. You fucking raped me! I don’t really feel like playing fucking pretend just so you feel less guilty!” Dean gives Castiel a dirty look. “Label it whatever the fuck you want, Cas. This isn’t BDSM. You’re a man who bought me like I’m nothing more than an object.”

“Then why didn’t you leave?”

“Because I can’t! Don’t you see that? I. Can’t. Leave. You’ve fucking – you’re in my blood now. I don’t want to be here, I need to be here. I don’t want to be given twenty rules to memorize, I need them, because they make my anxiety stop, and they make me feel in control and safe. I don’t want to be whipped and tortured and afraid, but I need to, because you’ve changed me! You’ve made it so
that turns me on! You’ve made me come from my own pain! You’ve made me fucking crave it sometimes. When I think about you spanking me, or – or doing other shit like that, I get hard. And it makes sense! Because that’s the kind of porn I used to watch. Used to fantasize about. Isn’t that fucking hilarious? It’s like karma. I knew that shit was fucked up to watch, but I did so anyway. I was fucking asking for it! So, no Master, I don’t want to fucking be here. I didn’t want to be kidnapped. I didn’t want to be raped and beaten and shared like the fun new toy between friends. I don’t want to be here.” Dean stops to breathe, tears streaming steadily down his face. He’s utterly defeated as he repeats, “I don’t want to be here. But I can’t leave. Do you see the difference?”

The breath is knocked out of Castiel as he stumbles back to rest against the counter. He’s never felt so helpless and confused. He spent all night looking up contracts, and reading about rules, and learning about safe words, and he was so fucking excited. Did he really think that would work?

Dean doesn’t want to be here.

But Dean can’t leave.

Castiel can see the difference. The issue is – what the fuck do they do with that?

Castiel braces himself by placing his hands on the breakfast bar. He hangs his head between his shoulders, closes his eyes, and breathes. Staying in that position, he very carefully says, “I can’t fix those things. I can’t go back. You have no idea how badly I wish I could. At least the rape part. The kidnapping part – well, I’m glad I did that, because I never would have met you. And you changed my life Dean. In the best possible way, you changed my life. You changed me. I’ve never been happier.” Castiel lifts his head and looks at Dean. “But when I kidnapped you, I changed your world too, and I don’t know if it was for the better. I don’t know if I make you happy. But this was my way of trying. I wanted – fuck, I don’t know. I just wanted us to leave the compound behind. To leave that version of myself behind. To be together in a consensual, safe way like you wanted. Like you deserve. To do it like the people in BDSM do.”

After wiping tears from his cheeks, Dean asks in a wobbly voice, “Like I’d be able to say no?”

“Yes. Always.” Castiel picks up one of the papers and shrugs. “I’m clueless when it comes to this stuff, to be honest. We’ll be learning together. But you’d have this thing called a safe word. Whenever you used it, everything would stop. That’s the rule. I have to stop, no matter what. It says a good dom stops, and – and I want to be a good dom. For you.”

“No matter what?” Dean whispers.
“No matter what.” Castiel clears his throat and tries to smile. It holds for a second before trembling and giving out. His hands are shaking so badly that the paper he’s holding is crinkling. “Dean, I’m not in denial here. I was before, but I’m not anymore. I’m keeping you here against your will. I’ve kidnapped you, I’ve raped you, I’ve beaten you and pawned you off to others, I’ve fucked with your head and played games. God, Dean, I left you in the dark. For days. And you were so fucking scared. So sad. I – I was a monster. I am a monster. But I’m working on it, and I think maybe you see that, because you didn’t leave last night. And I don’t know, maybe that’s some fucked up psychological thing that has nothing to do with you actually wanting to stay, but from that moment on the beach, I’ve felt this fragile hope that maybe we can actually be together. In a real way.”

He’s not sure if Dean’s aware of it, but Dean is gently cradling his left wrist in his right hand, brushing his thumb along the marks there from the night before. Castiel’s throat threatens to close. “Did I hurt you?”

Dean startles. “Huh?”

“Your wrist. I thought the bindings weren’t tight. I – did I hurt you?”

“Oh. No.” Dean looks at his wrist like it’s the first time he’s ever seen it. It feels like their intense edging session was a lifetime ago. “You didn’t hurt me.”

After a few seconds tick by, Castiel carefully speaks again. “Dean?”

“Yeah.” Dean snaps out of whatever thought he was buried in, blinking hard before looking up at Castiel.

“Where’d your head just go?”

Dean looks at his wrist again, his eyebrows pulling in. “I feel like I’m in a dream, and I’m terrified I’m gonna wake up and be back in that cell. Like the nightmare I had is actually real, and this, this right now, is the dream I’m having while I’m passed out on the floor of my cell. I keep waiting for someone to kick me awake. For someone to come hurt me. For – for you to hurt me.” Dean glances up at him, then quickly looks away. “This isn’t – I don’t trust it. It’s too good to be true, Cas.”

“Dean.” When Dean doesn’t move or say anything, Castiel takes a step around the breakfast counter
so they’re closer together. Dean doesn’t step back. “Dean, please look at me.”

It takes a few seconds, but Dean eventually lifts his chin and looks Castiel in the eye. Castiel can see the lingering pain in his eyes. The same pain he saw after the rape. The same pain he saw after he kicked Dean out of his room that morning. The same pain he saw in that puppy play scene.

He’s about to break Dean, and he hasn’t even touched him. Giving Dean what he wanted, giving Dean the one thing that could make Dean happy in this situation, is going to be what finally breaks the boy completely. Castiel has no idea how to fix that. But he needs to.

Castiel needs to fix that.

“What do you want from me?” Castiel asks quietly, not caring that desperation is obvious in his voice.

Dean’s chin and bottom lip wobble, and his voice cracks as he says, “I don’t know.”

“You don’t trust me.”

“No.”

“How can I fix that?”

With a shake of his head, Dean looks away and mumbles, “I don’t know.”

“Okay.” Castiel looks out of his floor-to-ceiling glass doors that lead out to the deck. Just a flick of his eyes past that is the ocean. He keeps his eyes on the body of water, drawing strength from it. “My dad was gay, just as Gabriel’s dad was. They each wanted a boy though. To take over the family business, so to say. So, they kidnapped and raped two women, at the same time, so that me and Gabe would be born together. I asked once, when I was five or six, what they would have done if one of us had been a girl. My dad’s exact words were ‘we would have gotten rid of that problem’. After that, I asked what they did when my mom and Gabe’s mom were done having us, and he said, ‘we got rid of those problems.’ And it should have made me sick – it does as I say it now – but then? I was just a boy, and what my dad and Gabe’s dad said was law. So, that’s how I saw women. A means to an end. And shortly after that, I began to see men that way too. The slaves at least. They’re just there for us. Objects.
“I asked my dad one time – I think I was eight or nine – why he doesn’t just use toys or the machines they had for sex, instead of hurting humans. And I’ll never forget the look on my dad’s face. He was fucking disgusted with me, Dean. He smacked me across the face and told me not to ever refer to the slaves as humans again. They were nothing. They weren’t like us. Just little ants. We were the gods. And that felt wrong; in the back of my mind it felt wrong, but it made sense too. I watched my dad and Gabe’s dad rule that place. The trainers listened to every direction. Buyers told them their product was the best in the world. Slaves’ lives were in their hands. They sold, fucked, beat, laughed, drank. Did whatever the fuck they wanted, whenever the fuck they wanted to. And I never questioned it again. I wanted to be just like my dad. Gabe too. They were our heroes. We soaked it all in. Every word. Every technique. We learned from them. We had no idea they were monsters. I – I had no idea my dad was a monster.” Castiel closes his eyes, a tear escaping them as he does so. “I had no idea I’d become one too.”

“Cas–”

“No, please. Let me finish this.” Dean nods, and Castiel continues. “Gabe and I were never given an official identity. We weren’t born in a hospital, and we weren’t brought to school. As far as the government was concerned, we did not exist. During the day, we learned math and science and all that shit from a tutor our father’s paid in slaves. At night, we learned how to be masters. The first time I stepped foot somewhere that wasn’t either the compound, or our home a block away from it, it was for our fathers’ funerals.”

“They died at the same time?”

Castiel laughs under his breath. “Yes. They killed each other. The one thing our fathers drilled into our heads was to always keep our power. They broke that rule when they fell in love with a slave. The same slave. At first? It was everything they ever dreamed of. A slave, they both enjoyed together. A slave they could have fun with. A slave that they could pass back and forth, taking turns while one or the other gives their cock time to recover for another round. There were times when that poor boy was fucked non-stop between the two of them for hours. Not that I saw him as ‘that poor boy’ at the time. I just saw him as my father’s fuck toy. His fuck toy that I got to use, too. Gabe and I practiced on him. We learned so much on him. It’s how I learned I’m not a sadist. It’s how Gabe learned he loves pet play. But then one night, when I was supposed to be sleeping, I wanted to talk to my father about something. I honestly don’t remember anymore what it was. But I walked into his room, and his slave was there. In the bedroom. They aren’t supposed to be in the bedroom. Slaves, I mean. The slave our fathers kept had his own cell in the compound, locked in by a lock that only had two keys – my father’s and Gabe’s father’s. But here my father was with a slave in his bed. Not even in our suite above the compound, but in our fucking house. And he wasn’t fucking the slave. Wasn’t hurting him. They were sleeping. Cuddling.”

 Stuffing his hands in his pockets, Castiel forces himself to look at Dean. He’s crying again, harder than before, a hand over his mouth to keep himself quiet. Castiel fights the urge to go to him. He
needs to finish this. “I was scared at first. Everything he taught me was a lie. But then I told myself it must have been something else. Maybe he was fucking with the boy’s mind. Emotional manipulation. Except I kept catching him doing stuff like that. Giving the boy a nice, quiet bubble bath. Kissing him softly. Then one day, when we were alone, Gabe told me he saw his father doing something like that with the slave. I told him I had seen it too, with mine. We were both so fucking confused. All these years, and now they’re flipping the switch. You don’t bathe a toy like that. You don’t talk to a toy about things other than sex or rules. You don’t kiss a toy unless you’re rewarding them. You don’t sleep with a toy. You don’t get jealous of a toy. You don’t comfort a toy. You don’t ever bring a toy home. Toys stay at the compound until sold, and that slave was meant to be sold. They were just having fun with it until they got bored, and then they planned on auctioning him for a discounted price – since he was used, of course. But that was all a lie. They were breaking every one of those rules.”

Castiel pauses, and Dean takes the opportunity to whisper, “Sounds like what you were doing with me.”

“Exactly.” Castiel takes a deep breath. “About a week or two after me and Gabe found out what was going on, our fathers got into a huge fight. It was nasty. The slave was in the room at the time, and when we walked in, they were literally playing tug-of-war with the crying boy. After a ton of shouting and punching each other and saying some pretty shitty things, they agreed that the toy wasn’t worth fighting over. That they had been ridiculous. That no slave was worth losing their friend – their brother – over. They decided to sell him at the upcoming auction. It was fun while it lasted, right? No harm, no foul.”

Dean walks toward Castiel, tentatively reaching for him. He presses a hand against the center of Castiel’s chest and looks up at Castiel to see if it’s allowed. Castiel places a hand over Dean’s, the two of them resting just above Castiel’s racing heart.

“What happened?” Dean asks softly.

“My father found Gabe’s father in bed with the slave two days later. He shot them both, then shot himself.”

It looks as if the air is punched out of Dean. “Oh my god, Cas.”

“I didn’t know what he was thinking. Why did he have to kill the slave and himself, you know? Just kill Gabe’s father and take the slave as his own.” Castiel runs his fingers down Dean’s arm, feeling sick as he passes each bruise and mark. “He left me a note. I don’t know how – it was in the heat of the moment that he killed them. At least as far as I know. But either way, he left me a note. It talked about how they had failed me and Gabe. They had let themselves become vulnerable, allowing a slave to manipulate them. To break them. He didn’t think he deserved to be alive anymore. My
father’s parting words to me was to not make the same mistakes. Gabe and I agreed we wouldn’t. The slaves were toys. The slaves weren’t human. \textit{We would not be like our fathers.}"

“And then I came along,” Dean whispers.

Castiel laughs softly. “And then you came along.”

“And you saw me as that slave. Their slave.” Dean gives him a confused look. “Does that mean Gabe loves me too?”

“God, no. I’d kill him.”

Dean’s eyes widen. “Oh.”

“No – I mean, well – yeah. I’d probably kill him. But that’s not an issue. He’s – Gabe has no interest in you. Not like that at least. I wasn’t afraid of me and Gabe fighting over you. That was never the issue with me and you. I was just afraid of loving a slave, period. Of seeing one as human. Loving a slave like that made my father – the strongest and most powerful man I had ever known – weak. Every time I felt myself slipping into who he became, I panicked, Dean. And I hurt you. I – I raped you. I’m not trying to make excuses, there’s no excuse for what I’ve done to you. I see that now. You’ve taught me so much. The way you see the world. The way you talk about things. The way you looked at the ocean last night. I’ve never felt anything like that. Not until you. It terrified me. \textit{You terrify me.”}

“You terrify me too,” Dean admits.

“Yes, well. I would hope so. I’m a monster.”

Castiel expects Dean to laugh, lightening the mood like he’s so good at doing, but he doesn’t. Instead, Dean just raises a hand to cup Castiel’s face and kisses him gently. Castiel stays completely still and allows Dean to give him what he thinks Castiel needs. By the time Dean pulls away, Castiel is sighing in relief.

“You’re not a monster, Cas. You were taught to be a monster. Groomed. Forced. But you’re not a monster. I’ve seen glimpses of who you really are. The past few days, I think I’ve spent nearly all of my time with the real you.” Dean wipes the tears from his eyes, but more slip down his cheeks. It
breaks Castiel’s heart that he’s once again making Dean cry. “I’m sorry for yelling at you. Can you explain the BDSM thing again? I’d – I think I’d like to try it with you.”

“Dean-”

“It’s okay, Cas.”

“Dean, I didn’t tell you all of this to make you change your mind.”

“I don’t care why you told me. I know you well enough to know that was huge for you. You trusted me with that. Now, I’m gonna trust you.” Dean laughs softly. “Well, I’m gonna try to trust you.”

Castiel can’t help but grin. “I won’t break it this time Dean, I promise.”

“Yeah.” Dean gives him a broken smile. “We’ll see.”

Chapter End Notes

Follow me on tumblr/twitter @ destiel-love-forever for all things Destiel!! <3

&thank you for reading & commenting! It means the world to me!
Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

A shorter one today, but the next one is long <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

For the rest of the day, Castiel doesn’t bring up the new BDSM lifestyle he’d like to try. Dean’s thankful. His mind still feels too heavy with it. He needs more time to process.

He needs more time to decide if it’s worth risking his heart… because Castiel keeping him? That was one thing. Castiel keeping him and asking for safe and consensual? Basically asking Dean to willingly be here with him?

That’s another thing entirely.

Dean hasn’t felt this scared or confused since the day Castiel strapped him to that bench to beat and rape him. At least then, he wasn’t in love with Castiel. Now it’s even worse.

“Dean?” Dean startles out of his thoughts, turning his head to look at Castiel. He must have joined Dean on the beach at some point. Dean was too busy staring out at the ocean and drowning in his own thoughts to notice. He glances back at the ocean and realizes the sun has begun to set. That means he’s been out here for at least a few hours.

“Dean?” Castiel repeats.

“Hmm?”

“I brought you a blanket and some cocoa.” Castiel shows him the two items, one in each hand. Dean stares at them as if they’re a whip and poison. He tells his hands to take them, but they don’t move. When he glances up at Castiel, nervous that the man will be pissed Dean is acting so weird, he finds a smile instead. It’s soft and warm. The kind of smile Castiel gives right after they’ve had sex, when he’s cuddling Dean and telling him how good and perfect he is.
“I’ll set them right here,” Castiel says, letting Dean off the hook. He places the thick flannel blanket – blue and black pattered – on the sand a foot away from Dean, then puts the travel mug of cocoa down next to it, creating a divot in the ground so it won’t tip over. Then he brushes the sand off his shirt sleeve and stands back up. Castiel gives Dean a look Dean can’t interpret. “Please at least use the blanket, Dean. With the sun going down, it’s going to get cold tonight.”

Unable to speak, Dean just nods. He stares at Castiel as the man walks away from him. It blew Dean’s mind when he asked if he could go see the ocean after their dinner tonight, and Castiel had told him to go ahead. Dean hadn’t expected to be given free rein. He hadn’t even thought to ask for it. Yet, here he was. Down by the ocean for hours now. By himself. Free.

A sudden panic rushes up Dean’s spine. He scrambles to his feet and calls out in a broken voice, “Cas?”

Castiel turns to look at him, every muscle rigid. “Yes?”

They’re just out of arms reach from each other, but it feels like an entire battlefield. Dean wants more than anything to grab a helmet and book it across. But what happens if he doesn’t make it? He has Sam to get back to. Hell, even his dad.

Dean’s fine if he’s a prisoner of war – he’s been for weeks now – but if Castiel is saying Dean can go home, really go home, and Dean stays? That’s unforgivable. He’ll never stop hating himself.

“Dean?”

“Yeah. Sorry.” Dean glances down at his feet, shuffling them in the cool sand. “I guess I’m confused about something. And – well, I don’t think I can keep – I need to know the answer before I can try this with you.”

He’s too afraid to look at Castiel. Thankfully, the man doesn’t order him to. Instead, he just says a simple, “Ask me anything, Dean.”

“Okay.” Dean lifts his chin. It takes everything in him to look Castiel in the eye, but he does it. “Am I free to go? Is that what you’re saying with the whole BDSM thing? Can I go home to Sam now?”
The pain that flashes across Castiel’s face echoes inside Dean’s chest, tearing him apart from the inside. Castiel actually has to look away, stuffing his hands in his pockets as he stares off at the ocean. If Dean’s not mistaken, Castiel looks on the verge of tears, his jaw ticking in a steady rhythm.

In a raw voice Dean barely recognizes, Castiel admits, “I don’t want you to leave me.”

“But I can?”

Castiel looks at him, his blue eyes so wide and vulnerable. He sways in the air like his body is trying to push him forward but he’s forcing it to stay in place. “I don’t want you to.”

Dean shakes his head. “Stop Cas. Can I fucking walk away right now and safely go home to my brother, or not?”

“Not.” Guilt pulls at Castiel’s shoulders, dragging him down. Dean’s never wanted to hug Castiel and promise him it’s okay, while simultaneously punch Castiel in the teeth, more than he does right now.

“What if I ran?”

“Good luck.” The tone of Castiel’s voice reminds Dean of the compound. Of the man Castiel becomes there.

He pushes. Dean wants to push Castiel as hard as he can. That’s the only way he’ll find out if Castiel means this, if Castiel will truly treat him better now, or if Castiel was just in a good mood when he made those promises. “What if I get one of your guards to help me leave?”

“Then I’ll string him up by his cock and have you watch as his weight rips it off him.”

Dean swallows the bile that image conjures. He knows Castiel is just trying to scare him off. “What about the nice housekeeper? You made it sound like she’d help me if I wanted her to.”

“I’ll kill them all. Anyone who tries to take you from me. You are mine.” Castiel growls the last word, and Dean is smart enough to know this is where he needs to stop.
But he doesn’t, because he’s Dean, and he’s an idiot. No rest for the self-destructive.

“So, would you kill me? I mean, if I ran, I’d technically be someone trying to take me from you.” Dean steps forward, wanting to be in hitting distance if Castiel lashes out. He’s praying Castiel smacks him. Praying he chokes him. Beats him. Rapes him. Because the nicer Castiel is, the more Dean trusts him, and the more Dean truly wants to stay here. That’s terrifying. That’s… that’s too much. “Would you kill me, Castiel?”

“Dean-”

“What if I don’t want to be yours? What if I spend the rest of my life trying to run from you?” Dean shakes his head. “I’ll never be yours, Castiel. Not really.”

Castiel lifts a hand and Dean winces, preparing for the hit. He lets out a gasp in surprise when the hand Castiel was bringing towards him does nothing but gently cup his cheek. When he meets Castiel’s gaze, Castiel looks devastated. “You just flinched like I was going to hit you.”

“I figured you were.”

“No, Dean. Never again.” Castiel’s voice wavers, and he pauses to take a deep breath. The vulnerability in his blue eyes breaks Dean’s heart. “Do you want to go home, Dean? If you – oh God,” Castiel closes his eyes, and his chest quakes. He pulls away from Dean and turns his back to him. Dean can hear the tears in Castiel’s voice as he forces himself to finish what he was saying. “If you really want to leave me, I’ll let you go. I’ll – fuck, Dean. I don’t know how I’ll survive it, but I’ll do it. I’ll let you go.”

Dean’s knees give out and he falls to the sand. His world feels like it’s spinning on its axis.

And here’s the thing. Dean isn’t sitting here analyzing what he should do. He’s not trying to decide if he should take the chance and try to leave, possibly risking everything and getting himself thrown back in the compound to be sold off to some fucker like the Russian. He’s not trying to decide if Castiel is telling the truth. He’s not trying to decide if Castiel would really let him leave, or if he would one day change his mind and come back to kidnap Dean again.

No. None of that is on Dean’s mind.
Dean’s sitting there, unable to breathe, sobbing hysterically, because he knows the truth. The one truth. Dean wouldn’t survive it either. He doesn’t want to go home. Not anymore. Everything has changed now. How could he ever go back to that other life? He’s not the man he was when they kidnapped him. He has no place back home.

Castiel, probably assuming Dean’s about to say he wants to leave, kneels in the sand and grabs Dean’s face. He’s crying too. “You said you were mine before. I’ll do anything to make you mine again. Let me try. Please, Dean. Let me try.”

And Dean deflates. Just like that. Because he is Castiel’s, just like Castiel promised he was Dean’s. It’s fucked up. It’s sick. It’s illegal. It’s a betrayal to everything he is. It’s abandoning Sam. It’s giving up when his father would tell him not to. It’s doing exactly what he promised himself all those days ago in his cell that he wouldn’t do. It’s admitting that he’s sick. That Castiel has changed him, and there’s no going back.

This is the moment where Dean officially steps away from the old Dean Winchester and willingly leaves him behind. This is the moment when Dean decides who he is now, and who he belongs to.

This is the moment Dean stays. Willingly stays.

It’s fucked up, but it’s love. Crazy, messed up, unavoidable love.

Dean releases a sigh and looks up at Castiel. He can’t even help but smile when he sees the man staring back at him. He loves him. God, Dean loves him so fucking much.

“Want to sit and drink cocoa with me?” Dean asks softly. “I was hoping to look at the stars for a while.”

A mixture of hope and relief flutters on Castiel’s face as he hurries to nod and grab the blanket. He shakes it out and places it so they can sit right on the bottom edge, avoiding any sandy butts. Once Dean is nestled up beside him, Castiel reaches back and pulls the rest of the blanket around them. It’s big enough to wrap them up completely. When Castiel hands Dean the cocoa, Dean takes him by surprise by giving him a quick kiss. They linger in the moment before Dean pulls back enough to whisper against his lips.

“I love you, Cas.”
Castiel sags so that his forehead is gently pressed against Dean’s, releasing a pent-up breath in relief. “I love you, too. More than I could ever say.”

“Guess you’ll just have to show me.”

“I plan too. Every day for the rest of my life, if that’s what it takes.”

“I’d like that,” Dean admits, feeling his cheeks burn with the confession.

“Tomorrow. I’ll start to show you tomorrow.” Castiel kisses the tip of Dean’s nose, grinning when it makes Dean giggle. “Tonight, I just want to look at the stars with you. Is that okay?”

“Yeah, Cas.” Dean smiles. “That’s perfect.”

Chapter End Notes

Be sure to follow me on tumblr @ destiel-love-forever if you like my work/want to see more/request prompts/etc!

Thanks for reading <3
Chapter 31

Chapter Summary

Here's an update for you all <3 Only 3 chapters and an Epilogue left!!!!!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

They revise the rules, which is an interesting process to say the least. The two of them sit together at the table, each with a glass of wine, taking notes on the list of previously written rules. Castiel can tell every time they enter a new topic that Dean isn’t sure about this quite yet, so Castiel tries his best to be the one that makes sacrifices. Dean’s allowed to come out of the bedroom and use the bathroom in the morning. He can go anywhere inside the house he wants after he wakes up, even if he doesn’t encounter Castiel right away.

Dean still isn’t allowed to eat without Castiel’s permission, though. This is more for Dean’s benefit. If Castiel plans on doing something extremely physical in a few hours and Dean binges on ten pancakes, it won’t be a good time. Castiel will, however, make a small snack basket that Dean has access to any time he’d like, and he’s always welcome to water or milk.

Dean will not be locked inside the house like he was locked inside the suite. He’s allowed to go to the ocean, the garden, the outdoor pool, and the yard. However, the guards outside will intervene if Dean tries to leave the property in any direction. That’s for Dean’s safety. If he wants to leave, he can call Castiel and they can figure things out from there. Castiel is a powerful man, with many enemies, and even more ‘friends’ that would take any chance given to bring him down. The second those men find out Castiel has a weakness, Dean will be in danger.

Because of Castiel’s decision to let Dean use safe words, he will never leave Dean restrained when he’s alone in the house. Even for punishments or for sexual purposes, Castiel will be somewhere in the house, and there will be a way for Dean to use a safe word or a safe action.

Safe words stop everything. Even punishments. There is nothing Castiel is allowed to do that Dean can’t safe word out of.

Because of that last compromise, Dean agrees to a lot more than Castiel expected him to.

He’s okay with still calling Castiel ‘Master’ unless told otherwise. Dean agrees to always wear a
collar for Castiel – he even admitted that he thinks he’ll like it now that it has a different meaning – but he asks Castiel if he can help pick the new one out. Castiel agrees.

Dean is still not allowed to touch himself or come without permission – when he uses the restroom or showers, he needs to avoid touching as much as possible. He’s still expected to behave how he believes Castiel would want him to behave when Castiel’s not around. Dean’s still not allowed to call any other trainer ‘Master,’ instead having to use ‘Sir.’

When staff are working – the set schedule will be in the kitchen, so Dean will know – Dean can wear clothing. If it’s a day where he’s alone in the house, Dean will be naked besides his collar.

A buzzer goes off in the house whenever someone opens the gate – a security precaution. This buzzer will go off whenever Castiel comes home from work. Dean will be expected to kneel at the door when he hears the buzzer, in the proper position, waiting for his master. Dinner should be ready by this time, and Dean should have any other preparations finished that were asked of him that day.

Dean refuses to be plugged at all times – they trigger him.

Castiel is fine with that, and before they continue, he gives Dean a kiss that tastes like an apology.

Blindfolds are out of the question – except for special occasions, in which the scene will be discussed ahead of time.

He’ll still sleep in Castiel’s bed, no matter what. Punishments will never involve denying Dean of that special time with Castiel, and if Castiel’s being honest – which he’s been trying to do now – he doesn’t want to deny himself that time either.

Dean will go with Castiel wherever Castiel wants him to go, wearing whatever Castiel wants him to wear, to be used however Castiel sees fit. Dean had blushed even as they talked about that, which made Castiel chuckle. He knows how turned on Dean gets regarding humiliation like that. Castiel already has a slew of ideas to use when it comes to that particular kink and rule.

Dean’s fine with kneeling whenever told. He’s fine with Castiel using him whenever, wherever, and however he would like. Dean is more than okay with the rule of not interacting with other slaves or trainers. To be honest, he’s hoping they don’t go to the compound ever again. He’d much rather be left alone at the house while Castiel goes to that place.
Obviously, they both agree to keep the hand holding rule. No matter what, Dean’s allowed to get his hand held. They can be in the middle of sex. In the middle of a punishment. In the middle of arguing. In the middle of a meal. Castiel can be at the damn compound, and if Dean calls, Castiel will be home as soon as possible to hold his hand.

Dean’s given a cell phone that’s linked directly to Castiel’s. The only thing he can do on it is text and call Castiel, and dial security. He can’t use it to call his family or the authorities, which Castiel promises isn’t him trying to keep Dean locked up, but more about Castiel trying to protect himself and his company. If Dean decides to leave, Castiel wants to be a part of that. He wants it to be controlled instead of chaotic.

Basically, he wants to make sure his ass doesn’t get thrown in jail. Dean can respect that.

Dean doesn’t mind, anyway. He’s just excited to have a way to get Castiel when he needs him. How many times did Dean sob in the compound for Castiel? Scream for him? Beg for him? Now he’ll have Castiel at a press of a button.

And Castiel promises that he’ll always answer. No matter what.

They agree on the safe word ocean.

When Castiel suggested it, Dean had launched into his arms and kissed him breathless.

Nothing is that easy, though.

They butt heads on a large issue. Larger than large, if Castiel is willing to be honest with himself.

When fellow slave traders, Castiel’s trainers, family, or friends come to visit the house for any reason, Castiel expects Dean to act as he was trained at the compound. Naked, collared, eyes to the ground, hands behind back, not allowed to speak or move without permission. No safe word is to be used in front of any of those people. Castiel cannot allow for the people in his world to find out what he’s doing with Dean. Not only will it undermine Castiel’s authority, making his entire organization vulnerable, but it also puts a huge target on Dean’s back. No one can know how much Dean truly means to Castiel.

Dean puts his foot down.
No – Dean slams his foot down.

Negotiations begin. In fact, they began two hours ago.

Castiel is starting to regret telling Dean he could be Dean during this conversation, because all he wants is to turn Dean into his slave so he can order him to stop arguing and be a good boy. He would love to strip the boy naked and put him over his knee, spanking him until he gives in.

Since that’s not an option, Castiel switches his wine for scotch and sighs. “Dean, I understand that you don’t want to be like that in front of people. I do. But you did say before that you’d be fine with coming with me wherever, whenever, to do whatever I want. Any time. So-”

“Yeah! With my safe word!”

Castiel scrubs a hand over his face. This conversation has just been an endless circle. “Dean, you won’t be put in a situation where you’ll need your safe word around those people, so it’s not an issue.”

“You don’t get to do that. You don’t get to turn the safe word on and off. Not if you want me to trust you. That’s the whole point of a fucking safe word, Cas! For it to be up to me when I get to say no.”

“Dean, if you were to safe word in front of the men I engage with, everything will go to hell.”

“Then don’t bring me around them.”

Castiel narrows his eyes at Dean, which is a mistake. The younger man takes it as a challenge. He sits back in his dining chair and crosses his arms, glaring at Castiel in a clear dare.

Castiel can’t even grasp how in love with Dean he is in that moment. “Fine. You can safe word – but I need it to be non-verbal. I need it to be something subtle. Then I can make a quick excuse to get you and I alone and figure out what’s going on.”
Dean continues to glare at him for another few seconds before growling, “Fine.”

“But, if I’m going to let that happen, then you will agree to being naked, collared, and acting in the way you were trained at the compound.”

“Fine.” This time, the word doesn’t have any bite to it. It’s nervous now. Unsure. Dean peeks up at Castiel through his lashes, nibbling on his bottom lip. “Are you going to share me with other people?”

Castiel licks his lips. He’s asked himself this a lot. It was always so hard watching other people touch his boy, but if he were to be the head of the scene? That’d be so damn hot. The ultimate control.

He can tell with one look at Dean what answer the boy is hoping for, though. “For now, I’ll keep you to myself. Maybe in the future we can discuss trying something different. Only if we both want it. Safe word would still apply. Okay?”

“Okay.” Dean fiddles with his empty glass of wine, and Castiel notices his hands are shaking.

“Dean, baby, what’s on your mind right now?”

“It’s just – how will you stop them from wanting me? Like you said, you can’t make it look like I’m anything special. You shared me before. What if one of the same guys comes over and expects it again. Like that Russian guy.”

Castiel takes Dean’s hand from the glass and holds it firmly in both of his own. “That Russian guy – whose name is Alek, by the way – will never touch you again. No one I don’t trust will. If we ever do a scene with others, it will be men who do know how much you mean to me. Men I trust completely. Okay?”

“Still don’t get how you’ll make sure that doesn’t happen, but whatever.”

“Fine.” Castiel rubs a hand across his face, feeling exhausted. “Fine. You won’t go to the compound. They won’t come here. I – I don’t know what I’ll tell them, because I’ll have to explain you somehow. They’ll know you didn’t show up at the auction. Hell, half of them are coming with the intention of buying you, so I’ll have to admit to buying you myself, but I’ll think of something. A way to keep them from you. Okay?”
Dean peers up at him through his lashes. “Promise?”

“Promise.”

“Okay.” Dean yawns, placing his arms on the table and pressing his cheek to them like they’re a pillow.

Castiel checks his watch, surprised by how much time had passed. It’s only five in the afternoon, but they stayed up almost the entire night on the beach, and this morning they did a lot of talking and cuddling because Castiel could tell Dean needed reassurance. The day has been exhausting for the both of them, especially this current conversation. Castiel was hoping to fuck Dean before bed as a way to seal their new deal, as well as christen the house together, but the boy looks ready to fall asleep any second.

At least they already ate.

Settling for the next best thing, since sex is out of the picture at the moment, Castiel decides to bring the man he loves to their bed to pamper him as he falls asleep. He comes around the table and scoops Dean up, pressing a kiss to his head. Dean grabs a fistful of his shirt as Castiel carries him up to the master bedroom, only letting go when Castiel sits him on the edge of the bed.

“Ya know, when I gain weight you won’t be able to do that anymore,” Dean teases around a yawn.

Castiel drops his jaw, faking offense. “Are you saying I’m not strong?”

“Nooooo. I’d never say that.”

“I’ll be fine, don’t you worry there. You can get nice and fat, and I’ll still carry your cute ass around all over the place.”

Dean blushes before mumbling, “’M not gonna get fat.”
“I know, baby. Just teasing.”

Castiel plants a kiss to the tip of Dean’s nose, something he’s noticed Dean really enjoys, before running into the bathroom quickly. He has a final present to give Dean before they go to bed. Well, not so much a present, but it is something he thinks Dean will enjoy.

When he returns to the bedroom, he sees Dean falling asleep sitting straight up. Chuckling softly, Castiel reaches down and begins to undress Dean. Dean whines low in his throat. He looks at Castiel through tiny eye slits and grumbles, “Sleepy. No sex.”

“I know,” Castiel says with a smile, interested in the fact that Dean decided to say no instead of use his safe word. Does that mean Dean trusts him enough to listen without pulling out the hard no? He hopes so. “I’m just getting you ready for bed, baby.”

True to his word, once Dean is stripped naked, Castiel is guiding him so his head is resting against the pillows and his body is comfortably settled into the mattress. Castiel strips before sending a message to the head of security that they can lock the house down for the night. He grabs the specialty healing massage oil he just took out of the bathroom, pouring a generous amount on his hands and approaching Dean. He sits beside Dean, too afraid to straddle him. Most of his body is healed, but there are still some brutal areas, especially around his lower back and ass. The second the warm oil touches Dean’s back, the boy melts into the mattress and hums low in his throat.

“‘S nice,” Dean whispers.

“Good. Let yourself fall asleep, Dean. These past few days have been a rollercoaster for you.”

“For you too.” Dean squints one eye open to look over his shoulder at Castiel. “I can’t believe you’ve done all of this for me.”

“Dean, I’ve ruined your life. It’s the least I could do.”

Dean pushes up on his elbows, much more awake now. “Cas, you didn’t ruin my life. I – I don’t know how to explain what you did to my life. I really don’t. I’ve never felt more pain and sadness and loneliness than I have this past month, but I’ve also never felt more loved and peaceful and alive either. And you know what? I’m sick of analyzing that. I love you, and you love me, and we’ve both seen what happens when we try fighting it, so I’ve decided to accept it instead.”
With a pressure lifting off of Castiel’s chest that Castiel wasn’t even aware was there, Castiel kisses Dean gently on the lips and whispers, “No more fighting it. Promise.”

“Promise.” Dean settles back on the bed and grins. “But keep massaging me. ‘cuz that feels good.”

Castiel rolls his eyes, but his smile is genuine. “Of course, Dean. Anything you want.”

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The first time Dean uses his safe word is four minutes after they wake up the next morning.

Castiel points to the bathroom and says, “Get in the shower and clean yourself properly for me. Then kneel at the end of the bed.”

After the slightest pause where Dean rocks on his feet toward the bathroom, he looks Castiel in the eye and says, “Ocean.”

Castiel is so surprised he stumbles back a step. Dean waits to be yelled at. To be told that he’s being ridiculous. That he can’t use his safe word on something as trivial as that.

Instead, Castiel slowly approaches him and asks, “Can I hold you for a moment?”

Stunned speechless, Dean just nods his head and takes a step closer to Castiel. Once he’s wrapped up in Castiel’s strong, gentle arms, Castiel whispers, “You’re okay. I’ve got you.”

Dean’s confused. Extremely confused.

“Do you want to talk about why it upset you?”
Dean doesn’t even have a reason. He just wanted to use the power he’s been given the second he could. He wanted to taste that freedom again. He wanted to be able to say no.

He didn’t expect Castiel to listen.

Unsure of what to say at this point, Dean just clings tighter to Castiel and mumbles, “Can you shower with me? Don’t wanna be alone yet.”

“Of course, baby. Of course. Come with me.” Castiel holds his hand firmly, leading him into the bathroom. Not once does he make Dean feel bad for using his safe word. He doesn’t even bring it up.

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Dean uses his safe word again at lunch when Castiel orders him to kneel at his feet with the intention of feeding him that way. Castiel takes a step back, cupping the bottom of his face with a hand before slowly pulling his thumb toward the rest of his fingers. He tugs at his bottom lip before dropping his hand to his side and nodding once. “Okay. Can you tell me why?”

When Dean just shakes his head, Castiel releases a very controlled breath and pops his jaw. Then he walks over to Dean and wraps him up in a warm hug, pressing a kiss to the crown of his head. “Are you hungry?”

Still too afraid to speak, Dean nods.

“But… you don’t want to eat the chicken and rice? You’re the one who chose to cook that, Dean.”

Dean tightens his grip on Castiel’s shirt without a word.

“You didn’t want to kneel on the floor and be fed.”
Dean shrugs.

“New rule, Dean. You use your safe word, you fucking talk to me about it.” Castiel pulls away enough to be able to look Dean in the eye. Dean immediately drops his chin, but Castiel grabs it and tugs his face upward, forcing him to maintain eye contact. “That came out angrier than I meant it to, and I’m sorry, but you’re scaring me. Safe words… what I read about them – they’re supposed to be when you’re really upset or when you’re afraid or in emergencies, and it’s – why am I scaring you today? Please. You have to tell me what I’m doing wrong today, Dean. Why are you afraid?”

Feeling his gut twist, Dean admits, “Nothing.”

“Nothing?”

“Yeah. I just – uh – I wanted to,” Dean pauses, nibbling on his lip and shuffling his feet. He tries to look away again but Castiel tightens his grip on Dean’s face and keeps him in place. “I’m afraid you won’t listen to it.”

Castiel’s face softens. “Oh, Dean. I – I’m going to listen. I swear. I’ll never ignore it, okay?”

“Okay.” Dean closes his eyes, unable to look at him any longer. “It also kinda just feels good… ya know? To be able to say no.”

“But you’re always able to say it, Dean. Even if you don’t actually say it. Everything you do from now on is a choice. You’re choosing to stay with me. You’re choosing to give me this power. You helped pick out the rules. You had to agree to everything. You have a safe word. You have that power now, baby. You don’t have to keep using your safe word to show that. You being in my house shows it.”

“I guess.”

Castiel laughs under his breath, then presses his lips to Dean’s. Dean’s eyes fly open. Once the surprise fades, Dean melts into him, moving his lips in sync and enthusiastically kissing Castiel back. When Castiel pulls away, he rubs the tip of his nose against Dean’s and whispers, “Get on your knees so I can feed you, pet.”

With a deep breath, Dean nods and steps back. He walks to the table, lowers himself to the floor
right in front of Castiel’s chair, and settles on his knees. When Castiel sits down, he puts a hand on Dean’s head and begins to stroke his hair. Dean closes his eyes and hums in appreciation.

“Good boy,” Castiel whispers.

Dean feels his cheeks pink up. “Thank you, sir.”

“Now open up.” Dean’s cheeks get darker as he peeks up at his master. Castiel chuckles. “For your food, pet. You’ll get my cock later.”

“Yes, sir.” Dean smiles flirtatiously. “Thank you, sir.”

Chapter End Notes

Follow me on tumblr @ destiel-love-forever, and check out my Patreon! Patrons will get bonus content from Light in the Dark during the break before the sequel (:
The first day of Castiel going back to the compound for work is strange for Dean. Every time he enters a new room, he feels like an alarm is going to go off. It probably takes him twice as long as it should to actually explore the entire place because he’s always pausing to check and see if someone will yell at him, or second-guessing if Castiel would want him there.

Eventually, he tackles most of the house. He enjoys the living room. It has a couch big enough for twelve people, and a TV that’s hooked up just like the one in the suite was, allowing for full bingeing access. Below the TV is a gorgeous fireplace that Dean can’t wait to spend a night in front of, curled up with a book. Or with a naked Cas. Or with both, if he’s really lucky. They’d have to put down a rug or a lot of blankets, though. The marble flooring is pretty to look at, but it definitely isn’t comfortable.

There’s a large bar and entertaining area, as well as a door down to a wine cellar. Dean doesn’t like any of those. All he can imagine is naked slaves being led around by Castiel’s friends and colleagues. Getting hurt and raped. He imagines himself as one of them, and that’s it for him. He slams the door to the whole section of the house and never looks back.

He’s already spent time in the spacious kitchen and conjoining dining room, so he doesn’t linger there. Next comes Castiel’s office, which is at least double, if not triple, the size of his from the suite. Dean skips that, not wanting a repeat of what happened last time.

When Dean stumbles upon a mini-movie theatre, he finds himself laughing. He strokes one of the leather chairs and smiles fondly at the memory of their first night in the suite together, when they
watched superhero movies until they passed out. The amount of movie marathons he’s going to force Castiel to participate in there is going to be excessive. He doesn’t feel guilty about it in the slightest.

Then Dean finds a set of stairs that wind and wind and wind until finally coming to a stop. His breath is nearly knocked out of him when he sees what’s down there. It’s one large, open area. An underground pool and hot tub, and those two labels don’t begin to do them justice. They’re more like a damn pond and a lake. The walls and ceiling are made of dark stones, a few lights scattered around the room to give off a warm, orange glow in the room. To the left is a little kitchen area. Along the side of the pool is a fancy lounging couch. There’s a piano off in the corner. Dean finds it strange, wondering why it would be there, but shrugs it off.

Checking the clock on his phone Castiel gave him, he sees he has at least four more hours before Castiel will be coming home. He puts the phone on the couch and walks over to the edge of the pool, dipping his toe in. The water is warmer than he expected. He hums in appreciation before lowering himself to the side and sliding his body in. It’s still cold enough for him to gasp when he first submerges, but not enough to dampen the experience. He wipes the water off his face and floats on his back, staring up at the lights.

Peace washes over Dean, and he finds himself smiling, thinking of what it would be like if things were different. If he were here by choice – like, real choice – Sam would love this place. They could put the radio on. Swim. Fool around. Dean’s pretty damn sure there’s a library somewhere in this place. There has to be, considering its size. Sammy would love that. Maybe, if he were truly Castiel’s equal, he’d be able to convince him to build a basketball court in his excessively large yard. Sammy could bring his friends over. They could have barbeques. Sammy would be able to-

Dean startles at the buzzing sound that fills the quiet air, nearly drowning himself. He clambers out of the pool with his heart racing and grabs his phone, not caring that he gets it wet with his hands. Only twenty minutes passed by with him in there. Castiel shouldn’t be home, not for a few more hours, and Dean has no messages saying otherwise.

“Shit.” Dean looks around for a towel, finding a rack against the wall. He clambers out of the pool with his heart racing and grabs his phone, not caring that he gets it wet with his hands. Only twenty minutes passed by with him in there. Castiel shouldn’t be home, not for a few more hours, and Dean has no messages saying otherwise.

Dean tries to hide that he's panting, keeping his eyes on the ground as he watches Castiel enter the house in his peripherals. Castiel stops with one foot forward, not closing the door. He stays like that long enough to make Dean's heart rate kick back up. Is he doing it wrong? Was this not the position?
Was he supposed to be somewhere else? Is Castiel angry? Is he-

"Well, what do we have here?" Castiel asks in a low, amused voice.

Since that wasn't a real question, Dean doesn't move or say anything. The door is finally closed. Then Castiel is snapping his fingers and ordering, "Look at me, slave."

Dean cringes, knowing he's in trouble for sure now - but why? He forces himself to swallow his fear and confusion, lifting his chin to look up at his master. The clothes he's wearing are different. He left this morning in a sleek black suit with a silver tie, but now he's in a charcoal grey suit with a blue tie. It makes his eyes even prettier than normal. Dean has to admit he likes that tie a lot. Wouldn't mind being restrained with it. But he's still concerned as to why his master needed to change at the compound, why he needed to come home early, and why he's clearly upset with Dean.

"Why are you wet?" Castiel asks in disgust.

"I - I went swimming in the basement, Master. I'm sorry. You weren't supposed to be home until-"

"Shut up!" Castiel growls, reaching down to grab a fistful of Dean's hair. Dean cries out, looking at Castiel with watery eyes. "Answer the question you're asked. Don't fucking babble. Jesus. You clearly need more training."

"I'm sorry, Master," Dean whimpers.

Castiel rolls his eyes and releases him. He walks further into the house and snaps his fingers without looking back. "Come."

Dean gets to his feet and hurries to follow, only to be knocked down by a harsh hand to his gut. He falls to his knees and looks up at Castiel in betrayal. Castiel just glares at him. "Did I say you could stand?"

"N- no, Master. Sorry, Master."

Castiel squats down in front of Dean, leaning forward until they're only an inch or two away from a
kiss. Dean wonders if he should close the distance. It's risky, but maybe it'd help relax Castiel. If Dean could just get him to pause, to calm down, then maybe - "I'm heading to the compound in a moment. You'll be coming with me. Go stand by the door and try not to fuck anything up while I find you restraints and a god damn blindfold."

Dean's eyes widen and he shakes his head. "Ocean."

Castiel narrows his eyes at him. "No, slave. Put your listening ears on. I'm bringing you to the compound. Not the ocean."

"Ocean," Dean says more firmly, even though his voice trembles and his breaths are coming in ragged. "Ocean, Cas."

A hand strikes out and hits him across the face. Before he can recover, his chin is being held in a tight grip, and Castiel is leering at him. "You don't have the privilege to use names, slave. What the fuck are you thinking? Someone has earned a fucking punishment when we get to the compound. I have no idea how you're going to be ready for the showcase tonight."

Dean's head spins and he springs into action, pushing to his feet and sprinting toward the door. He makes it three steps before he's caught by the waist and lifted into the air.

Kicking and clawing, Dean screams, "Ocean! Ocean! Ocean!"

Then a tie - that fucking blue tie he thought he liked - is being shoved in his mouth to gag him, and he's being dragged down the hall to a room he hasn’t explored yet.

It's eerily similar to the dungeon at the compound.

"Stop talking about the fucking ocean. That's where your body is going to end up if no one wants your defiant little ass at the auction."

Dean breaks down in tears, just deflating against the spanking bench he's thrown on. His arms are brought behind his back, secured with a rope that travels from his wrists to elbows. It's tight enough to make his fingers go numb.
A grumble he can't quite make out comes from behind him before a rather large plug is shoved into his unprepped hole. Thankfully, Castiel fucked him this morning, but it still hurts enough to make Dean nauseous.

Though, maybe it's the situation, in general, doing that.

Then comes the blindfold. A black one. Dean shakes his head frantically, pushing the tie out of his mouth with his tongue. It only comes out half-way, making his words slightly muffled, but it’s enough for him to beg, “Can ge-th the bwue one?”

“Blue one? There’s no blue one, slave. And I suggest you stop fucking talking. You’re already in for a miserable night.”

Dean’s eyes lock onto the black blindfold dangling from Castiel’s fingers like a noose, a tear falling down his cheek. He whimpers, shutting his eyes a second before the fabric touches his face. He tries to keep his breathing calm so he doesn’t pass out. The task gets harder when a gag is shoved in his mouth.

After getting clipped to a leash, Dean is dragged out of the house at a fast pace, making him stumble barefoot as he tries to keep up blindly. Then Dean is shoved harshly into what he's assuming is a vehicle, pressed down to his knees against carpeted flooring. An engine turns on. A zipper gets tugged down. His gag is removed, replaced with a leaking cock that's rudely pushed into his throat.

What a fucking idiot. He could have escaped. More than once. But he stayed. And it was all a lie. A sick game. Castiel is going to sell him. Castiel doesn't care about him.

The realization hurts beyond comprehension. Dean can't wrap his mind around what's happening. He doesn't understand. Castiel loves him. He has to. The things he's said and done… someone doesn't act like that if they don't love the person they're with. All of the other shit aside, Dean knows in his heart Castiel loves him.

So why the sudden change? What did Dean do wrong?

It doesn’t matter.

The showcase is tonight. Dean’s going to be raped. He’s going to be inspected. Advertised. The
Russian will probably be there. Just like his dream. He nearly laughs thinking about that. For half a second, he thought maybe this was a dream, but it’s not. He can tell. Nothing is foggy about it. He’s not losing pieces of time. This is happening to him.

Dean is going to be sold.

Castiel is not going to keep him.

Castiel doesn’t really love him.

Dean will probably never see the ocean again.

And at that moment, as that final thought flits through his mind, Dean’s shoulders sag. His breathing slows. His body floats. It’s the biggest relief he’s felt in his entire life. He never knew breaking would be so beautiful, or he would have done it a long time ago.

Chapter End Notes

Follow me on tumblr @ destiel-love-forever

Also, my DCBB story is now posted! Check out Rooftops now!
Chapter 33

Chapter Summary

The penultimate my lovelies <3 (Plus the epilogue, of course). You've all been amazing, and I hope you're willing to stick around for the sequel!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Right. I get that, Gabe. John’s a hard no. But I’m asking about Sam.”

“Sam is doable. He graduates high school soon.”

Castiel glances down at the surveillance photos spread out on the desk. “It’s risky, Gabe.”

“This whole situation is risky, Cas. I mean, you brought him in public. He was offered help. What the hell would you have done, huh?”

“I would have taken the fall and gone to prison.” Castiel looks Gabriel in the eye, wanting him to know he’s dead serious. “I would have sent out the alert on my phone to clear out the compound, and then I would admit to everything. Take full blame. If that’s what Dean needs, then it’s no question.”

Gabriel stares at him with his lips parted. It takes him less time to process that than Castiel expected, though. Just a second later, those lips are forming a smile. “You crazy stupid in love son of a bitch.”

“That’s a pretty could description. Yeah.”

“And when you said he could leave. Really leave. You meant that too, didn’t you?”

Castiel sighs, the reminder dragging on his soul. He has no fucking idea what he’d do if he lost Dean. No idea at all. “Yes, I would. But I don’t want him to go, so – so I need to know if this will work. Can we do this with Sam, without this whole damn thing blowing up?”
Gabriel looks at all of the pictures again. “Well-”

"Sir?" A panicked voice calls from the doorway of Castiel's office. Castiel lifts his head, about to bark at whoever it is for opening the door without knocking, but stops himself when he sees the sheer panic on his trainer's face.

"What's wrong, Benny?"

"Dean. Dean is here. With your brother."

Castiel freezes, his mind spinning as it tries to process how that could be possible. Benny takes his silence as an invitation to continue. "I'm sorry if I'm overstepping, sir. I know he's your brother. But you explained to us at the meeting that you bought Dean now, and that no one is to touch him, and we're all supposed to protect him as we would one another, but your brother is taking him to the black room, and – well… Dean - he's- he's-"

“He’s what, Benny? Spit it out.”

Benny looks up at him with true fear in his eyes. “I think he broke.”

There are no words after that. No thinking. No comprehending. Castiel sprints out of the office like the room is on fire. People dive out of his way. The ones that don't get shoved. By the time he reaches the black room, he's out of breath and nauseous.

"The fuck you mean, you won’t? I'm your boss, and I am ordering you all to participate!" Castiel hears Jimmy scream as he pushes open the door to the black room. The sadist room. He takes in the scene, his breath catching.

Dean's standing in front of the rack with Michael standing beside him. His arms are tied behind his back, and he's gagged. There’s no blindfold on him, but Castiel sees it in the back pocket of Jimmy’s pants. Dean’s leaning against the rack for support as his body seems to drift. He’s looking directly at Castiel, but their eyes don’t lock. Dean’s aren’t capable. Wherever he is, it's not here.

“Get. The. Fuck. Away from him.”
"Castiel, what the fuck is-"

Castiel ignores his brother, walking up to Dean. The boy stares at him with vacant green eyes as his gag is removed. Michael offers him a knife, and he uses it to cut the rope on Dean’s arms. Deep purple marks are everywhere the bondage had been. Castiel swallows bile as he examines the injuries.

*Focus, Cas. Focus on the biggest thing. Focus on his mind.*

Taking a deep breath, Castiel cups both sides of Dean’s face and stares straight into those empty eyes. “Dean, baby? You there? Can you look at me?”

Nothing.

“Dean, it’s Cas. That – that was my brother. Whatever he did, it wasn’t me. It wasn’t me. Okay? You’re safe now. Please… please look at me, baby.”

There’s a slow blink. Then Dean notches his chin slightly and his eyes focus. He’s still not back, though. Just hovering nearby. Castiel can’t think. He doesn’t know how to do this. He was trained to break them, not to bring them back. How the fuck does he bring him back?

“Cas, dude, the fuck are you doing?”

“Shut. Up.” Castiel growls, looking over his shoulder as he does so in case Dean gets confused and thinks the anger is at him.

When Jimmy just smirks, Castiel turns around fully, balling his fists at his sides. “The fuck is funny, Jimmy?”

“You.”

“Oh?”
“Just enjoying the fact that I finally proved our father made the wrong choice in giving you the company. You’re just as weak as he was.”

Castiel steps forward with his left foot and puts his body weight into the punch he lands against his brother’s face. When Jimmy stumbles back, Castiel reaches out and fists the front of his shirt, pulling him back. Castiel holds him in place as he punches him over and over, wishing he was punching himself.

Because, really, Jimmy didn’t do this. Castiel did this.

Running out of steam, Castiel lets go of Jimmy. His brother falls to the floor with a grunt and glares up at him. When he speaks, blood trickles out of his mouth. “Weak.”

“Yes. You’re right. I am.” Castiel squats down, sneering at his brother. “And you know what, Jimmy? Being weak? It’s fucking great. I like it. Think about this. You might be the strong one. You might have been the better choice for the company. Dad’s true pride and joy. But tonight, you’ll go to bed alone. You’ll go days without laughing. Hell, some days you probably won’t even smile. You’ll be cold and empty. Just as broken as the slaves we terrorize here. You won’t cuddle, because god forbid, right Jim? You won’t get to look across the room at the love of your life and feel that rush – it’s like a fucking drug. The best kind. You won’t get to have slow sex, where you hold hands and kiss softly, barely moving. Taking your time. You’ll never have someone care about you. You’ll never watch Marvel movies.”

“The fuck- Marvel movies?”

Castiel ignores him. He stands up, grabs a blindfold nearby, and starts to wipe his hands clean of blood. Without even looking at Jimmy, he orders, “Get him out of my fucking sight. Gabe will deal with him.”

“Yes, sir.”

As Jimmy is dragged out, screaming insults at Castiel, Castiel approaches Dean again. His eyebrows are furrowed, and his eyes immediately lock onto Castiel. He heard all of that, but he can’t comprehend it.

“It’s over, Dean. Let’s just go home, okay?”
Dean doesn’t say anything, but he takes a tiny step forward. Castiel takes that as a yes. When he gets in the hallway, he finds Gabriel standing outside the door, looking equal parts worried and pissed. His eyes dart to Dean before moving back to Castiel.

“Figured he could use this,” Gabriel says softly, handing Castiel a thick blanket he recognizes from his office. He immediately starts to wrap Dean up in it as Gabriel continues speaking. “What do you want me to do with him?”

“Throw him in a fucking cell. Actually, ya know what, Dean’s cell still empty?”

Gabriel smirks. “Yup.”

“Great. Throw him in there.”

“My pleasure.”

Castiel scoops Dean up, holding him bridal style with the blanket still wrapped around him. Dean shifts in his arms, and Castiel isn’t sure if it’s wishful thinking or not, but he swears Dean moved closer against him. He can feel the boy’s nose against his neck now.

Looking past Gabriel, Castiel sees three slaves being dragged down a hall by their leashes. He feels sick watching it. When he looks back at Gabriel, he shakes his head slowly. “I can’t keep doing this. They’re all Dean now. Every time I look at them, they’re Dean.”

“Yeah. It’s been like that all day, hasn’t it?”

Castiel chuckles. “You’ve been able to tell?”

“I know you, brother.”

Neither of them says anything, unable to process that at this moment. Unable to figure out what the hell that means. There are plenty of decisions to be made, but none of them are more important than
Dean, so Castiel shoves them aside and carries his boy out to the car.

Dean spends the entire car ride with his nose pressed to Castiel’s neck, one hand clinging to the collar of his shirt. Every minute or so, Dean inhales deeply. Smelling him. Castiel would smile if he wasn’t so devastated right now.

When they get home, Castiel carries Dean to their bedroom and into the master bath. He tries to put him down on top of the counter, all wrapped up and safe, but Dean whines and grips his shirt tighter. A silent plea not to be left.

Nodding, Castiel picks him back up and moves to the floor beside the tub, awkwardly lowering the both of them so he can sit with Dean but still draw them a bath. He slowly pries Dean’s fingers off his shirt, whispering, “I want to hold this hand, Dean. Can I hold this hand?”

Dean doesn’t respond verbally, but he doesn’t fight Castiel on taking his hand from the shirt, and he seems to sag in relief when their fingers tangle together. With a comforting squeeze, Castiel reaches over with his free hand and turns on the water. He reaches for the crystal bottle that has Dean’s favorite oil in it, pouring a generous amount alongside the stream of water pouring out of the faucet.

“Okay,” Castiel says, more to himself than anything. Without letting go of Dean’s hand, Castiel carefully takes the blanket off of Dean, pushing the fabric away as far as he can with the position they’re in. He reaches for Dean, his hand pausing at his blue collar. Should he take it off to give Dean a sense of freedom, or keep it on to make him feel grounded and cared for?

“Dean, do you want me to take your collar off?” It takes a second for Dean to process that. He looks up at Castiel and blinks once. Castiel has no idea what that means. Sighing in frustration, not at Dean but at himself for being so damn incompetent, Castiel decides to look at Dean’s arms instead. He gently cradles his wrists as he inspects the angry lines. So much anger and disgust bubbles up inside him that he wants to scream.

“Can you feel this?” Castiel asks as he starts to press down on the tips of Dean’s fingers.

Dean says nothing, but he winces, which is answer enough. “Okay. Good. That’s good, baby.”

Castiel rubs a hand across the bottom of his face, cupping his mouth for a moment after. “You don’t have to tell me, you don’t have to talk, but if anything else hurts, can you point to it or show me?”
It seems as if Dean is debating whether or not he wants to do that, so Castiel leaves him be and focuses on turning the water off. When he settles back in front of Dean, Dean lets go of his hand and very slowly moves into the presenting position he was taught at the compound. For a split-second, Castiel is terrified Dean’s acting like one of the broken slaves there, but then he sees the plug.

“‘I’ll kill him,’” Castiel whispers under his breath. He closes his eyes and shakes his head. “‘I’ll fucking kill him.”

Forcing his anger aside, for now, Castiel places a gentle hand on Dean’s left ass cheek and strokes the skin in a soothing circle. “I’m gonna take it out, Dean. Just breathe and I’ll take it out.”

Nothing.

Castiel spreads his cheeks and runs the tip of a finger along the rim of the plug. It’s not wet. Not even damp. He doesn’t have lube, and he’s assuming Dean doesn’t want him leaving, so he grabs a small jar of Vaseline from the drawer beside the sink and scoops some with his fingers. “Gonna be a little strange, but I need to get you wet down there for the plug to come out without hurting, okay?”

Nothing.

Castiel does the best he can getting Dean’s hole ready before gently pulling the plug out. He holds his breath, waiting for his own brother’s cum to pour out, but it doesn’t. Relief squeezes his throat as his eyes start to burn. He might hate his twin, but he knows him. Enough at least to know he would have came inside Dean. Claimed him.

So, he didn’t fuck him.

That’s a start.

That’s something.

That’s not enough.

Dean doesn’t turn around, so Castiel turns him with careful hands. Then he heaves the boy up and
guides him into the tub. Surprisingly, Dean doesn’t argue when Castiel leaves him there in order to take a step back and begin undressing. He just watches Castiel with curious eyes, almost like he doesn’t understand. It’s when Castiel is down to his boxer-briefs that he thinks maybe he shouldn’t join Dean. It feels… inappropriate.

If this were a different time and place, he’d laugh at that. He’d laugh at the idea that him being naked around a slave is inappropriate. But he’s not in that place. He’s not the guy who gets naked and takes what he wants. And Dean is not a slave.

He never will be again.

----

The two of them remain silent as Castiel washes, dries, and dresses Dean. He manages to get Dean in a pair of his own boxer-briefs and Castiel’s softest t-shirt, a worn down one he’s had for years. Then Dean crawls onto the bed, and Castiel takes that as a silent statement that he doesn’t want to wear anything else.

After a slight hesitation, Castiel sits down on the edge of the mattress and pulls a leg up so he can turn to look at Dean. Dean is sitting up, the blankets fisted in his hands. He’s starting to tremble.

“Are you ready to come back to me, baby?”

Dean swallows hard but says nothing.

And Castiel can’t do it anymore. He can’t keep himself away. Feeling a sudden sense of urgency to hold him, Castiel moves to sit beside Dean with his back against the headboard, then slides Dean into his lap. Dean straddles Castiel, fingers gingerly tracing Castiel’s collarbone. His chin is tucked, but Castiel cups both sides of his face and lifts so they’re looking at each other.

Pressing his forehead against Dean’s, Castiel stares into those green eyes and whispers, “Come back to me.”
Castiel blinks, a tear sliding down his cheek. His lips twitch, and it feels like his throat is closing. Maybe that’s why he sounds like he’s been gargling glass when he says, “Ocean, Dean. I need you to come back. Ocean.”

A harsh shudder wracks through Dean’s body. Then those beautiful green eyes are suddenly full of tears as they stare wide-eyed at Castiel. He sucks in one shaky breath before the emotion catches up to him. His shoulders curl inward and he falls forward, pressing his face to Castiel’s chest.

Dean begins to repeatedly sob, "Ocean, ocean, ocean, ocean, ocean!"

"Shhh, baby. Shhh. I know." Castiel holds him close, relieved beyond belief. He closes his eyes and begins to rock Dean back and forth. “I’m right here, Dean. I’m right here.”

“Ocean, ocean, ocean, ocean, ocean-” Dean continues saying, now in a broken whisper. “Ocean, ocean, ocean, ocean-”

“Shhh, baby. I know. I know. Ocean. It’s over, okay? He’s gone. Jimmy’s gone. It wasn’t me. It was him.” Castiel buries his face in Dean’s hair, ignoring the fact that he’s openly crying now. He doesn’t care. “I’m right here, now. I’m right here.”

Dean clings harder to him, his body returning to the violent trembling from before. “Ocean, Cas. Ocean.”

Castiel relaxes against the headboard and adjusts Dean, getting the feeling that he won’t be letting go of Dean for a while.

But he will be letting go.

Castiel understands now. He’s a monster. His father said the slaves weren’t human, but it’s them that aren’t human. It was impossible to see before. Even as an adult, Castiel only left the compound a few times a month. And growing up, it was rare to leave it at all. Then Dean showed up. Dean, with his spirit and his freckles and his laugh. God… such a beautiful fucking laugh.
He doesn’t laugh enough.

And that’s the problem. The issue of enough.

This isn’t enough for Dean.

It never will be.

----

Dean wakes up feeling out of place. Wrong. It takes him a minute to realize why. Castiel isn’t in bed with him. It’s the middle of the night, but he’s nowhere to be seen.

When he gets to the hall, he can hear the faintest sound. Or, more accurately, sounds. Voices. His heart starts to race as he wonders who is here, and why. Part of him is terrified that this Jimmy asshole, this guy that is apparently Castiel’s brother all of a sudden, is out there. He doesn’t want to be near that man. Not ever again.

But Dean wants Castiel. He needs him.

So, he sucks it up and keeps walking forward. He doesn’t stop until he finds light. It’s coming from the kitchen. Dean pauses just outside of the room, listening.

“-the tickets. Are you sure you want to go with?”

“Yeah. I have to see it. I have to see him there. Just to know for sure.”

“Okay. You go back to bed. I’ll deal with the rest of this.”

“I can help.”
“Cas, go back to bed and hold your boy. You’ll regret it if you don’t.”

There’s a long stretch of silence before Castiel says a broken, “Okay.”

Not wanting to get caught, Dean turns around and hurries back to the bedroom. He gets there just before Castiel. Before he can reach the bed.

“Dean – you’re awake.”

“Yeah.” Dean fidgets with the hem of his shirt. “You – you weren’t here.”

“I’m sorry. Gabe stopped by to talk.”

Dean glances down at the floor, wanting to say something, anything, about what happened, but he’s not sure how to start.

Castiel does it for him. “He was never meant to see you, Dean. Ever. I’m so sorry.”

After clearing his throat, Dean asks, “So, he’s your brother?”

“My twin. Yes.”

“When you told your story, you never mentioned that.”

“He - he wasn’t really part of my life. My dad only needed one heir. I was born first, by four minutes.” Castiel gives Dean a shrug. “Jimmy was sent to my uncle. My uncle ran a compound of his own. Smaller. Both men and women. More of a specialized training center than a selling center. Masters send their slaves there to be fine-tuned. Jimmy runs it now that my uncle is dead.”

“So, you two didn’t grow up together?”
“We barely know each other. I’ve never liked him. Even before you changed me. He’s always been jealous. Always wanted to prove that he’s the best. That our dad made the wrong choice by choosing me over him.”

Dean’s fingers tighten on Castiel’s arm. “I don’t like him.”

“Really? I have no idea why not,” Castiel teases, trying to lighten the mood. Dean gives him a forced smile without saying anything. “He’ll never touch you again. I don’t know how he got past my idiot security, but I swear to you Dean. No one will ever hurt you again. Understood? Never.”

Dean’s bottom lip begins to tremble, and his eyes water. He looks up at Castiel and whimpers, “I said ocean!” His voice cracks with the final syllable before turning into a broken sob.

Castiel’s own eyes begin to fill with tears. “Oh, Dean. I know. I know you did. I am so so sorry. I - fuck. I am so sorry. I’m sorry the first time you really needed to use it, I wasn’t here. I’m sorry.”

“I was so afraid,” Dean sobs. “He - he said - he said I was - was gonna - be in the show - showcase. ’N - ’n he - he - he-”

“Shhhh, baby. Shhh.” Castiel pulls Dean into his lap and rocks him back and forth, cradling his head to his chest. “Shhh. It doesn’t matter what he said. What he did. It doesn’t matter. He’s gone now. He’s gone.”

“Need you.”

“I’m right here, baby.”

“Need you. Need you, Cas. Need you.”

“I’m right here. I’m right here, Dean. I’m right here.”

Dean shakes his head and turns in Castiel’s arms to straddle him. He starts to pull at Castiel’s belt, his hands shaking so hard he can barely grip the damn thing. “Dean-”
“Need you.”

“Okay.” Castiel catches Dean’s hands and holds them behind his back with one of his own. Dean’s green eyes lock onto his face, the smallest smile tugging at Dean’s lips. “How ‘bout I lay you down and we go slow, hmm?”

“Aren’t you offering to make love to me, Castiel?”

Castiel’s cheeks burn. “Guess you could call it that.”

Feeling guilty, Dean admits, “I need control right now. I – I need Master to fix how jumbled I feel.”

“Okay. Okay, baby. I can give you that.” Castiel brushes his thumb along Dean’s cheekbone, collecting his tears, then kisses him gently on the lips. As he pulls away, he slips into the mentality of a master. In one fluid motion, Castiel has Dean on his stomach and pinned beneath him. He presses Dean’s hands harder into the small of his back, reminding Dean that they’re in that position. “Don’t. Move.”

“Yes, Master,” Dean pants.

Castiel climbs off the bed. He pauses and looks back at Dean to study exactly how he’s laying on the bed. If the boy moves, Castiel wants to know it.

Knowing Dean needs control, but Castiel not wanting to do anything heavy with him after what happened, Castiel turns to the dresser and starts to pick the supplies he will need for a mild scene. He finds himself just staring at the vibrators for a second, though, his mind spacing out. Castiel can’t believe he offered to make love to Dean. Hell, Castiel doesn’t even know how you do that. He just heard it on one of those stupid rom-coms Dean made him watch.

Maybe it’s for the best they didn’t take that step. With what’s happening tomorrow…

*No. Castiel can’t think about tomorrow. He just needs to appreciate tonight.*
It’s not hard to appreciate it when he turns around to find that Dean had moved. He smirks at the boy, whose green eyes are locked on him in fear. “I believe you just broke a rule.”

Dean licks his lips, then says, “Sorry, Master.”

“Mmmm.” Castiel approaches the bed slowly, loving the way Dean begins to tremble in anticipation. He can tell the difference now, between Dean shaking in fear and him shaking in arousal. Between Dean being afraid but turned on, and Dean being terrified. “There a reason you couldn’t keep your head still, pet?”

“I – I just wanted to look at you, Master.”

Castiel shakes his head, tsking as he does so. “So greedy. You’re lucky I want to look in those pretty green eyes while I fuck you tonight. Otherwise, you’d be stuck blindfolded.”

A soft sigh of relief leaves Dean’s body. “Thank you, Master.”

“Oh, don’t be thanking me, pet.” Castiel laughs as he climbs onto the edge of the bed. “You’re still going to be punished.”

Goosebumps erupt along Dean’s body at that simple sentence, making Castiel’s cock go from semi-interested, to rock hard, wants out of his pants right the fuck now.

“If I didn’t know any better, I think someone wants to be punished,” Castiel teases. “Did someone move on purpose?”

Dean grips the sheets underneath him and shakes his head. Castiel just laughs. He knows the truth, and Dean knows he knows. Honestly, Castiel should have expected it. Getting punished, getting hurt, that’s going to ground Dean. Remind him of who he truly belongs to.

But Castiel doesn’t want to remind Dean of all the things that came before. It’s a fine line he has to walk.

“Present for me, pet.”
His boy immediately moves into the proper position, showing his hole off to Castiel. And Castiel just sits there. Doing nothing.

Nothing.

Nothing at all.

Dean stays in that position for... he doesn’t even know how long. Long enough for his muscles to ache. Long enough for his cock to soften. Long enough for him to wonder if Castiel is still even back there.

That possibility sends a spike of fear that coils through his body, making him shudder. Castiel immediately slaps his hand down on Dean’s ass, making him cry out and fall forward. It wasn’t even that hard. Just so... unexpected.

Dean gets back in position and tenses his body, preparing for the next one.

But... nothing.

Gritting his teeth, Dean fights the urge to beg. He will not beg. This is a punishment. This is Castiel hurting him. Surely, he can’t want that. He can’t beg to be spanked. That’s just... wrong.

Isn’t it?

His thoughts spiraling around this possibility that he might have actually moved on purpose, wanting to be spanked, distracts him. The sharp swat to his other ass cheek snaps him back to reality.

Instead of crying out this time, he moans. Dean can feel his cock hardening between his thighs and hangs his head in shame. He knows his face and neck must be burning red. And he knows Castiel loves that. So, this probably isn’t ending any time soon.

Maybe he should just beg.
What’s the worst that could happen? Spanking is not that bad. It’s not like he’s getting caned, or electrocuted. He’s not getting whipped or tortured. It’s just spanking. With a hand.

It’s hot.

*Why is it so fucking hot?*

Another slap comes, and Dean shivers as the pain sends pinpricks of pleasure through him.

Then he has to wait again.

It’s so hard to wait. To anticipate. Every time Dean thinks he senses a movement or hears Castiel shift, his entire body tenses. Then Castiel will chuckle softly, never actually touching him. When Dean finally gives up, deciding he’s done trying to guess when it will happen, the next spank comes right against his hole. Just a little swat, but oh boy, that feels…


“Yeah?” Castiel rubs the pad of his thumb against Dean’s hole, making the sting fade. “What was it you wanted, pet?”

Dean squeezes his eyes shut. “N-nothing, Master.”

“Nothing? Oh. Okay.”

And then… nothing. Again.

Dean’s pretty sure he’s going to explode. It’s like he’s edgeing his own body. Castiel is barely touching him. Nothing is against his dick. There isn’t a toy or cock in his hole. But holy shit, Dean is shaking with how intense this feels. He has no idea why. They’ve done things that are so much more than this. This is nothing compared to the things Castiel has done to him. Still, Dean feels ready to break down and beg pathetically. Beg for Castiel to *spank* him.
And that little shit knows it too. Dean can tell. Castiel is waiting for Dean to beg, and Dean has a feeling that Castiel is willing to wait for a much longer time than Dean can.

When the next slap hits, just the side of Castiel’s pinky grazes his hole, the rest of his hand smacking down on the flesh of his ass. Dean whimpers.

Then the hits begin to rain down on him in a steady, quick rhythm that has Dean panting. It still feels good, and it’s definitely grounding Dean like he wanted, but he wants his hole to get spanked. That felt amazing.

He’s over wondering why.

And he’s fucking over this waiting shit.

“Please, Master. Spank me, Master.”

“That’s what I’ve been doing, pet.” Castiel laughs under his breath before asking in a taunting tone, “Was there somewhere else you’d like Master to spank?”

Bastard’s going to make Dean say it.

Don’t give him the satisfaction of being embarrassed, Dean. You can do this. Act confident. Slutty.

“Please spank my – my-“

“Yooour- ?” Castiel teases, knowing damn well what part of Dean Dean wants to get spanked.

Castiel is an asshole.

“Spank my hole, Master,” Dean manages to say, surprising himself with how steady his voice is. He doesn’t forget to tack on the, “Please, Master,” though. He’s been trained by the best, after all. Dean almost laughs at that thought, but then his mind is pulled elsewhere as he gets what he asked for.

“So pretty when you beg,” Castiel coos, slapping his hole again. Dean practically melts into the bed as a heat wave crashes into him. His body goes slack as his hole is spanked a few more times. How many, he has no idea. Thankfully he’s not being asked to count.

Pretty soon, Dean can feel sweat breaking out on his skin, and his muscles are uncontrollably jerking. “Think you could come just from this, pet?”

Dean presses his forehead against the bed and whines, “No, Master. Please. Can’t.”

“Hmmm.” Castiel spansk him again, then twice more in a rapid succession that has Dean’s mind spinning and his lungs malfunctioning. He barely registers Castiel’s words as the man softly muses, “Wonder if you could come from this.”

Dean parts his lips, about to ask what that means, but then he gets the answer anyway. One second his hole is on fire, sending spikes of pleasurable pain up his spine. The next second, Castiel’s tongue is fucking licking him. Soothing his hole with gentle, steady strokes of his tongue.

“W – wait,” Dean squirms, pulling away slightly. Castiel presses bruises into his hips as he pulls him back. All protests fly out the window when he’s pushed against Castiel’s speared tongue, making it so it slides inside of his hole. Dean lets out the filthiest noise he’s probably ever produced, and if he wasn’t concerned about breaking one of Castiel’s biggest rules at the moment, he’d be embarrassed. There’s no time for that right now. “G’na come!”

Instead of pulling away, or giving Dean an answer to the implied question of whether or not Dean’s allowed to come right now, Castiel just spreads Dean’s ass cheeks with a tight grip and pulls his tongue out. He sucks – yeah, fucking sucks – on Dean’s opening, and Dean’s coming whether his master likes it or not. Game over.

By the time Dean comes swirling down from wherever he was just launched, he hears a slick sound that resembles someone jacking off with lube. He startles and turns to see that Castiel is on his knees behind Dean, in a position where he could enter him, but instead, he’s jacking his rock-hard cock just inches away from Dean’s hole.
Not caring how pathetic he is, Dean whines, “Nooo, Cas.”

Castiel’s hand falters as bright blue eyes lift up to look at Dean. “No?”

Dean licks his lips, eyes darting down to his cock before back up at him. “I don’t care which you choose, but you’re coming inside me one hole or another tonight.”

“You’re gonna be really fucking sensitive back here, baby.”

“Good.” Dean arches his back and rocks on his hands, feeling the tip of Castiel’s cock and the knuckles of his hand holding it brushing against Dean’s ass cheek. “Wanna see if I can come again?”

“Jesus. You’re so fucking perfect,” Castiel whispers. Humming under the praise, Dean relaxes into the mattress and wiggles his ass. After a soft chuckle at Dean’s impatience, Castiel presses the head of his cock to Dean’s hole and slowly pushes inside. The pained hiss that escapes Dean’s mouth stops Castiel in his tracks. He has a slight told you so tone to his voice as he asks, “Hurt too much, baby?”

For just a second, Dean thinks he’s taunting. He’s brought back to the compound, when they’d ask if something hurt, and then do it some more and laugh at him.

Then he remembers where he is. He remembers that the man behind him, the man in his bed, the man he shares a home with now, is not the man that did those things in the compound. Dean knows that. He can feel it in his fucking soul.

So, he’s honest. “Yeah. Hurts.”

“Too much?”

Dean does a body check. Between being oversensitive from coming, and the pain in his ass, it might be too much. He might have made a mistake.
And then Castiel is pulling out, and very gently rolling Dean onto his back. Dean winces when his sore hole has pressure put on it, but Castiel parts his legs and pulls him so his upper body is no longer on the pillows, making it so he’s flat instead of sitting up on his ass.

Then Castiel is straddling his chest and stroking himself again.

Dean’s eyes burn with tears as he mumbles, “You didn’t let me answer.”

“Didn’t need to. I knew.” Castiel runs the tip of his thumb along Dean’s bottom lip, giving him a smile that physically hurts Dean’s chest. He’s never felt happier. Honestly. He can’t recall a time where he’s felt this content. Safe. Loved. Happy. Maybe it’s just the afterglow from the orgasm he had, but he has a feeling it’s not. He thinks this might finally be it. They finally figured this out.

A tear slipping down his cheek, Dean looks up at Castiel with big eyes and whispers, “But you stopped.”

“Of course, baby. I told you before, I won’t-”

“That’s why I trust you,” Dean says, cutting him off. Castiel’s face goes through multiple expressions in just a few seconds. Surprise. Happiness. Guilt. Anger. Grief. He closes his eyes and releases the shakiest exhale Dean’s ever seen from him. When he looks at Dean again, his eyes are glazed. “I trust you, Cas. I love you, and I trust you.”

Castiel parts his lips, intending to speak, but he can’t. Dean can see it. So Dean pushes up as much as he can without hurting his ass and grabs the backs of Castiel’s thighs, pulling him forward until Castiel’s cock is in his mouth.

An unnaturally gentle hand rests on Dean’s head. It doesn’t guide him. Doesn’t pull at his hair. Doesn’t even roughly pet him to let him know he’s a good little pet. It just settles there, Castiel’s thumb slightly against Dean’s forehead. Castiel makes no noise other than his stuttering breaths. No dirty talk. No encouragement. No praise.

When he comes, he does it without warning, but he doesn’t hold Dean there. He doesn’t do a thing. It’s Dean’s choice to stay and swallow every drop. To lick him clean.

Dean sits up, wondering what the hell just happened to his aggressive master. He lifts his eyes to
look up at him and sucks in a sharp breath. Castiel has a hand over his mouth, cupping it as one single tear slides down his cheek. He scrubs the hand roughly along the bottom of his face before dropping his hand and taking a deep breath.

“Cas-”

“Stay. Just – Just stay there, okay? I’ll be right back.”

Dean shakes his head, grabbing Castiel’s arm and holding him tight. “No! No running! You promised!”

When Castiel looks back at him, there’s another tear. Dean’s heart begins to race. What is happening? What the fuck is happening? And how does he make it stop?

Before he can think of something to say, Castiel is leaning down and scooping Dean up so Dean’s legs are wrapped around his waist. A hand comes up and presses Dean’s head to his shoulder. When he knows Dean will stay, he uses the hand to stroke soothing circles on Dean’s back.

“Not running. Never running. Just going to get the salve for your hole.”

“Oh,” Dean whimpers, feeling like an idiot. “Sorry.”

“You’re fine. I didn’t mean to scare you, but I – I get it. Maybe you don’t trust me after all.” The last part is said like he’s teasing, like Castiel doesn’t care either way, but Dean hears the undercurrent of fear beneath the words.

And Dean feels fucking terrible. “I trust you. I trust you, Cas. I just panicked.”

“I know.” Castiel puts Dean on his feet in front of the bathroom counter and turns him. A strong hand settles on his back and gently guides him until the top half of his body is pressed against the counter, his ass on display. Castiel opens a door as he speaks. “Can I ask you something, Dean?”

“Of course.”
The smell of the salve fills the air, full of all of its oils and crap that Dean really doesn’t care about. He just knows it smells amazing, and feels even better.

Just as Castiel is pulling one ass cheek to the side, beginning to rub the salve in, Castiel asks, “Before me, did you have mental health issues at all? Depression or anxiety? Or – or thoughts of suicide? Things like that?”

Knowing where this is going, but not wanting to lie, Dean admits, “No. I might’ve drank more than I should have, but that was more of just a habit, to be honest. My little brother has really high anxiety but – but no. Never before you.”

“Yeah. That’s what I thought.” Dean swears he feels Castiel’s handshake when it applies the next layer of salve. “I’m so sorry, Dean. I’m so sorry for-”

“Please, stop,” Dean begs, lifting his head to look over his shoulder at Castiel. He gives him a faint smile, pleading with his eyes. “Just stop. Not tonight, okay? I just want to crawl into that bed with you and hold each other until morning, okay? Fuck the past. It doesn’t matter anymore. None of it matters. Just you and me now, okay?”

Castiel looks away from Dean, pretending to focus on his hole even though Dean’s well-aware that his hole has more salve than he needs. Like, triple the amount.

“Okay. Go ahead and stand up,” Castiel says after a few more seconds of silence. He goes over to the sink and washes his hands, clearly lost in thought. But Dean doesn’t have to ask him to let it go. By the time Castiel is taking his hand and leading him back into the bedroom, his smile is soft but genuine, and his eyes are full of life and love.

They climb into bed together before Castiel reaches over and turns the lamp on. He pulls Dean into him, planning to spoon the boy, but Dean turns too quickly so he’s facing Castiel. Dean rolls Castiel onto his back and throws a leg over one of his, his arm snaking around his waist as his head settles in the soft area between Castiel’s shoulder and pec.

“Love you, Cas,” Dean mumbles, already falling asleep.

“Love you too, sweetheart.”
Maybe he does trust Castiel. Considering how panicked he just was, Castiel figured it’d take some encouragement to get him to relax. That’s not the case, though. Dean’s out cold before Castiel can even fully get comfortable.

God, why did he have to pick tonight to say he trusts Castiel? Out of all the fucking nights, he picked tonight. Castiel feels wrecked. It took everything not to tell Dean what’s happening tomorrow. The only reason he didn’t was because he’s selfish. Castiel wanted to spend one more perfect night with Dean. Holding a man who loves him. Who now trusts him.

Pretending.

Pretending he doesn’t know what’s going to happen in the morning.

Pretending they’ll spend the rest of their lives like this.

Pretending he isn’t about to break Dean’s heart.

Pretending he isn’t about to make Dean regret trusting him.

Pretending he isn’t about to ruin everything.

When the alarm goes off that Castiel set, he’s still wide awake, and nowhere near ready to stop pretending.

Chapter End Notes

Make sure to follow me on tumblr @ destiel-love-forever to read my other things, stay up to date, send prompts, and see ways to support me and my writing <3 Thanks!
Chapter 34

Chapter Summary

I’m not at all emotionally prepared to post this.... but here we are. The final chapter. Just the epilogue left. Excuse me while I go cry...

“Stop fucking looking at me like that,” Castiel growls as he puts stacks of hundreds in the blue backpack. Gabriel just stares at Castiel, his face impassive. Which isn’t any better than the pity from a moment ago. Deciding to ignore his best friend, Castiel reaches over to where he put Dean’s blanket on the counter. His hands tremble as he neatly folds it. Just before he puts it in the backpack, he hesitates.

Gabriel jumps on the moment. “You don’t have to do this, Cas.”

“Yes. I do.” Castiel gently rests the blanket on top of the cash, then adds the cell phone and the manila folder. The sound of the zipper physically hurts him. He has to put his hands on the edge of the counter and bend over, bowing his head as he takes in deep breaths.


Castiel looks up at his best friend, staying bent over. He clears his throat to prevent it from breaking. “Because it’s real now.”

“It wasn’t before?”

“No. Are you fucking kidding me?” Castiel scoffs, standing up and beginning to pace. “It was him trying to survive. It was him figuring out that I was safer than the others. It was him begging for me to keep him because he didn’t want worse. And then he fell in love. And I fell back. But it was still pretend. It was all a lie. I fucking owned him.”

“Cas-”

“He didn’t leave. That couple at the beach, Gabe… I was ready. I was ready to lose him. To let him
go. But he stayed. He has an open invitation to leave this place, but he stayed. It’s real now, Gabe. It’s real.”

“But he doesn’t want to leave!”

“That’s why I have to be the one to make him.”

Gabriel shakes his head, a growling sound coming from him. “Fucking idiot.”

“But am I wrong?”

“You’re a fucking idiot.”

“But. Am. I. Wrong?”

Gabriel looks Castiel in the eye and sucks in a breath. He holds it for a few seconds before letting it out in a sigh. “No. You’re right. If it’s ever going to be real, you have to do this. It’s the only way you’ll both ever know.”

Unfortunately, his friend agreeing with him doesn’t make him feel better. Not in the least.

Before either of them can say more, they hear a soft, “Good morning.”

Both men whip around to find Dean standing in the archway between the kitchen and hall. He’s wearing one of Castiel’s long button up, the sleeves rolled. It’s a reminder of how fucking small the boy is. The way that shirt swallows him up. It makes Castiel sick, and he has to look away.

“Good morning, Dean,” Gabriel says in a forced cheery tone.

“What’s going on?”
He tried, Castiel can hear that he tried, but Dean wasn’t able to mask the anxiety in that question.

Castiel can feel eyes on him. Gabriel isn’t going to answer the question. He has to.

With a deep breath, Castiel forces himself to look Dean in the eye.

Don’t cry. Don’t you fucking cry, you bastard. He doesn’t deserve to have to watch you cry.

“We’re going on a trip.”

“A trip?”

“Yup. Private jet is all ready to go.”

Dean’s eyebrows pull in, but then he’s grinning. “Where are we going?”

“Can’t tell you that. Don’t wanna ruin the surprise.”

“Is this why you acted so weird last night? Because you were keeping this a secret?”

The amount of relief in those two questions nearly brings Castiel to his knees. But it’s not a lie, right? It’s not a lie to nod and say, “Yes.”

Dean does this little happy dance, then turns on his heel to run off. He comes back flushed and panting a few seconds later. “Wait, what should I wear? What should I pack?”

“Just jeans and a shirt, baby.”

“Maybe bring a sweater,” Gabriel adds, looking at Dean with the same sadness Castiel feels inside himself. Well, maybe not the same. Castiel is fucking drowning, whereas Gabriel is just getting a toe wet. “Bit cold outside.”
“And I have you all packed, so don’t worry about it.”

“Okay.” Dean goes to leave again, but then he decides to hurry across the kitchen and throw himself into Castiel’s arms, grabbing the back of his head and pulling Castiel into a brutal, excited kiss. The boy can’t even properly kiss him because he’s smiling so hard. Castiel presses a hand to the small of Dean’s back and savors it. Their last kiss.

At least it’s a good one.

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Dean’s impatient to figure out where they are. It was a relatively short plane ride, where he mostly just napped because he didn’t get enough sleep last night – not that he’s complaining, he rather enjoyed the reason for his lack of rest. Then they were brought straight from the jet to a black SUV. He was looking for the bags in confusion, but figured they must have just been sent straight to wherever they were going. All Castiel has is a blue backpack that he’s holding rather protectively.

Dean’s starting to worry, but he won’t let it show. Not after Castiel doubted Dean’s trust in him last night.

He does, however, try to figure out where the hell they are, and where they’re going. “Is it somewhere warm?”

“Dean-”

“Come on. I hate surprises,” Dean says with his pout that always gets Castiel to smile.

This time, Castiel’s hand against his thigh turns into a fist and he turns his chin to stare out the window. “The ocean was a surprise. Surprises can be good, right?”

Feeling even more nervous now, Dean sits back and says quietly, “Right.”
He watches out the window since he has no idea what else to do. It takes a few minutes since they’re coming from the direction of the airport, which is out in the middle of nowhere, but Dean eventually begins to recognize things.

The gas station where Crazy Al tried blowing up his ex-wife’s car. The diner where Dean had his first date in. The Roadhouse where Dean used to work.

The school he graduated from. The one Sammy’s going to.

Winchester’s Auto.

The right turn that leads to his house.

“Cas?” Dean asks, his voice near hysterics as his heart pounds in his chest. He looks over when Castiel doesn’t say anything. The man is still staring out of his window. “Cas, why are we in Lawrence?”

Instead of answering, Castiel brings his hand up and wipes at the bottom of his face like he kept doing last night. His hand trembles as he brings it down to his thigh.

“Cas.”

“Two minutes, sir,” the driver says quietly. Castiel’s eyes flick up to the rearview mirror and he gives the man a curt nod to let him know he heard.

Well, his ears are working just fine. So, “Why are you ignoring me? Cas… look at me.”

After squeezing his eyes shut and locking his jaw, Castiel releases a breath and turns to face Dean. His eyes are glazed like they were last night. “Dean, I’m sorry. I’m – I’m so sorry for everything.”

Dean crawls across the seat and into Castiel’s lap, and Castiel lets loose a sound that makes Dean feel like he just caused him physical pain. “Cas, what’s going on?”
Blue eyes lock with his, and Castiel is right there, Dean can feel his breath falling on his lips, and Dean doesn’t understand. His mind isn’t processing.

Two strong, familiar hands cup the sides of Dean’s face. He nuzzles Castiel’s palm, which makes the man conjure up the most broken smile Dean’s ever seen. “Thank you for not breaking, Dean. I would – I would have broke, if I was in your position. You’re so strong, you know that? So fucking strong. And beautiful. And perfect. Smart. Funny.”

“Cas,” Dean says anxiously. “What’s happening?”

Castiel looks down at his lap where Dean’s sitting before forcing himself to meet Dean’s gaze. His usually bright blue eyes are dark. Impossibly dark. Like the ocean the night they swam together. “Promise me you’ll never forget how strong you are.”

“Cas-”

“Promise,” Castiel demands.

Feeling very confused, Dean just nods, “Okay, Cas. I promise.”

“I’ll always be in love with you, Dean. I don’t recognize myself. My life. And that’s all you. You came in like a damn tornado and showed me how fucking wrong I was. So. Fucking. Wrong. And I’m going to fix that, okay? I’m going to fix all of it. I can’t take it back, but I – I’m going to fix it. I swear to you. I’m going to be the man you see when you look at me. I’m going to be the man you deserve, okay?”

“Cas-”

“I’ll always love you. Promise me you believe that. Promise – promise you’ll never stop believing that.”

Dean looks away from Castiel and climbs off of him. Castiel reaches for him, and Dean’s in reaching distance, but Castiel lets his hand fall before making contact. It shouldn’t hurt – Dean clearly wanted space, and Castiel is respecting that, which is a good thing – but it does. It really fucking hurts.
“You’re scaring me,” Dean admits in a shaky voice.

Castiel nods, looking out the window behind Dean. In a low, steady voice, a voice Dean’s heard in the compound dozens of times, Castiel says, “This backpack is yours. It has everything you’ll need. There’s a death certificate in it that says you’re dead, as well as your new identity. It’s rock solid, straight from the head of the CIA, so trust me, you’ll be fine with it. It’s in a sealed envelope. I don’t know it, okay? I have no idea who you’ll be if you decide to use it. It’s to protect you from me, as much as anyone else.”

“Cas-” Dean cries, his entire body trembling.

“There’s more than enough money in there for you to disappear completely and start a new life. Enough for your family to join you if they want. You’re more than welcome to stay where they live, to do whatever you want to do, but powerful men saw you, Dean. And they wanted you. They accepted it when I took you, but they weren’t happy. And when they realize what is happening. When they realize what I’m doing, they’ll want to hurt you. I am so very sorry for ever putting you in this situation.”

The image of Alec flashes in Dean’s mind and his stomach curls in. “What are you doing? What’s happening?”

Castiel ignores him. “The bills are unmarked, so don’t worry about spending the money. As for the cell in there, it’s untraceable – I swear to you, you can take it anywhere you want, any store or tech company or whatever, and have them tell you the same. If you call anyone from this phone, they won’t be able to track you. No matter what.”

On the verge of a full panic attack, Dean reaches over to grab Castiel’s hand. Castiel pulls away before he can. Dean veers back like he’s been slapped. “Y – you just broke – you just broke the rule!” he sobs.

Castiel puts his elbow on the door to his left and hangs his head, covering his face. From the way his breathing is, Dean can tell he’s about to explode. For the first time, though, Dean thinks the explosion won’t be angry. And that scares him more.

“My number is in the phone. If you ever want to use it,” Castiel pauses, sucking in a shaky breath before clearing his throat. “I understand if you don’t, but I swear to you, anytime, anywhere, I’m going to answer my phone if you call me. I meant it, Dean. I’ll never stop loving you.”
“We’re here, sir,” the driver says awkwardly.

Dean’s pretty sure they stopped moving a few minutes ago, but it doesn’t matter. He turns to look behind himself, even though he knows where he is. That house. God… how many times did Dean survive in that cell by thinking about this house, and the family inside of it? It was his goal to get back here one day. To survive, escape, and get back here.

Now, it’s Dean’s worst nightmare.

“No,” he states firmly, looking back at Castiel. “No. Bring me home.”

“You are home, Dean. I had no right to take you from it in the first place.”

“No!”

“Dean… please. Go. I need you to go.”

“I don’t care! I don’t care what you need! What about what I need? I fucking – I trusted you! Fell in love with you. You bastard! You raped me. Beat me. You fucked my whole life up. You made me fall in love with you! You brought me to the fucking ocean, and you made all these fucking promises, and then what? You don’t want me anymore? Not as much fun now that I’m happy?”

Castiel’s eyes slide closed, his face contorting. “Dean, all of that is why you’re here. I’m so in love with you. I’m about to head home and rip my life apart because of how much I love you. And I’m bringing you home, because I love you.”

“No.”

“Dean, it’s not a choice.”

“No!”

“Get out of the car,” Castiel says in a voice that’s not angry or authoritative. It’s desperate. He’s
begging Dean. “Go home.”

“That’s not my home! No!”

“Fucking hell,” Castiel opens his car door and leaves the backseat. It doesn’t process in Dean’s head what he’s going to do fast enough for Dean to lock his own door. Once Castiel has it swung open, he’s reaching inside and easily pulling Dean out. And he does it so fucking gently. Lovingly. He even presses a kiss to the top of Dean’s head, more of a habit than anything. Then he puts the backpack handle in Dean’s hands and curls Dean’s fingers around it.

“Don’t make me,” Dean whispers, tears freely pouring down his face now. He can’t believe he’s still standing. Still speaking. He feels closer to breaking right now than he ever did in that compound.

“It’s past 6,” Castiel says softly, his eyes flicking toward the house. “Sammy’s probably home from basketball practice now.”

Dean’s heart wrenches in his chest. He wants to see Sammy. Oh god… Sammy.

But he can’t. Not without Castiel.

“What about us?”

“There isn’t an us anymore. There never really was.” Dean starts to sob so hard he’s afraid he’s going to throw up. Castiel stuffs his hands in his pockets, probably to keep himself from reaching out. He’s crying too now. “Maybe there can be an us in the future. A real us. But – but you need to do this first, Dean. You need to come back to me on your own. And if you don’t come back to me, if we never figure out this fucked up relationship between us, then,” Castiel stops, shaking his head like he can’t even think about that scenario. When he looks at Dean, he tries to force a smile. It’s pathetically broken, but still so damn beautiful. “Dean, I just hope you’re happy. I just want you to be happy, okay?”

Dean shakes his head, practically throwing himself at Castiel. “No! I wanna come back now. It’s real. It’s real, Cas. We’re real. I’m happy!”

“I kidnapped you, Dean. I beat you. Shared you. Raped you.”
Dean hits Castiel in the chest. “Stop!”

“I starved you. Terrified you. Demeaned you.”

“Stop!”

“I put you in the dark.”

Dean stumbles back from him, pressing a hand over his mouth. He can’t be left here. He can’t. Dean can’t be left here. He needs Castiel. He needs him!

“Ocean,” Dean whispers.

Castiel’s eyes snap up and he takes a step forward. “What did you just say?”

Lifting his chin, Dean repeats in his best attempt at a steady voice, “Ocean.”

“Don’t do that to me. Don’t – don’t do that.” Castiel turns away and releases a breathy laugh before turning back to look at Dean. “Go in the fucking house, Dean.”

“Dean?!” They both freeze, Castiel’s eyes darting over Dean’s shoulder to look at the source of the sound. Dean doesn’t have to look. He knows who it is.

When Castiel looks back at Dean, he steps close enough to cup the side of Dean’s face and press a soft kiss to his forehead. “I’ll always love you, Dean. Let me go be the guy that deserves to be loved back.”

Dean’s hands clench on Castiel’s wrist, forcing his hand to stay there. He turns his nose into Castiel’s palm and lets loose a final sob.

“Dean!” Sam yells, much closer now.
“Go, Dean. Go be with Sammy.”

“Promise,” Dean cries out, stepping closer to Castiel so he can press their foreheads together. “Promise when I call, you’ll answer.”

“I promise.” Castiel rubs the tips of their noses together, which makes Dean smile for a second, then cry harder. “Go, baby.”

With one final kiss that is salty and damp and full of grief, Dean pulls away and steps back, Castiel’s hands dropping from him. “I love you.”

The softest smile pulls at the corner of Castiel’s lips as he nods. “I love you, too.”

Dean takes a breath, then forces himself to turn toward Sam. One look at his little brother’s face, and Dean is sprinting. He slams into Sam so hard they go stumbling backward. When they regain their balance, Sam wraps him up in a tight hug, his body larger than Dean after the time that’s passed.

His fingers curl in Sam’s hair as his sobs begin to wane. Sam turns them a little so he can pull back and yell for their dad. Dean takes the chance to pull out of Sam’s arms, his body aching from how tight his brother squeezed him. He pastes on a smile that feels wrong, hoping that one day soon, it will feel right again. Then he messes up Sam’s hair and teases, “Need a haircut, Sammy.”

Sam does the same to him, making Dean laugh. “So do you!”

“Dean?” John says quietly. Then he’s running to Dean, stopping just short of him. He takes a step back. Looks Dean over. “Holy hell, son. What happened to you?”

Feeling the tears threatening to return, Dean shakes his head and tells him, “I don’t wanna talk about it now.”

John nods in understanding before giving him a gentle hug. Dean inhales his dad’s scent, expecting for it to feel like home. Expecting it to bring him comfort.
But it’s not right.

He smells nothing like Castiel.

“Who is that?” Sam asks loudly, obviously not caring who hears.

When Dean turns around, he’s shocked to see that Castiel is still standing there, his hand in his pocket as he smiles softly at the scene. Dean notches his chin and tells his brother and father the truth, loud enough for Castiel to hear, “He’s the man that saved me.”

There’s a flash on Castiel’s face, but then he has a huge Sam lumbering toward him, taking him by surprise with a hug. Castiel’s eyes go wide and his arms sort of flail out, but then he relaxes and very gently places a hand on Sam’s head, patting it. He says something, but Dean can’t hear it. When Sam pulls away, though, his face is serious. He nods and says something back. Then Castiel gives him a half-hug and sends Sam running back to him. Dean waits to feel sick at the thought of Castiel touching his brother, but all he feels is happy.

Just stay, Dean wants to beg Castiel. Just stay so I can have you both.

“Come on now. Let’s get you inside,” John says with a gruff voice that means he’s about to start crying. He takes Dean’s backpack and heads inside, Sam leading the way and Dean at the back.

Sam’s going on and on, but Dean only half hears him. Something about basketball and his girlfriend. Dean stops just before entering the house, his hand on the door jam. He glances back, watching as Castiel walks to the SUV with his head down.

“Cas!” Dean yells. Castiel pauses, then slowly turns and raises his chin to look at him. His face is covered in tears and his chest is heaving. He looks wrecked. Dean didn’t think it was possible to make someone like Castiel Novak look that way, but there he is.

And Castiel is doing it to himself. Destroying himself for Dean. Whether Dean wants to admit it or not, Castiel is doing what’s best for Dean, even though it’s making him look like that. Even though it’s probably the hardest thing he’s had to do in his entire life.

“Yeah, Dean?” Castiel asks when Dean says nothing.
Dean just deflates. “Thank you.”

There’s a ghost of a smile as Castiel nods once, and then he’s walking away again, and Sam is grabbing Dean and yanking him inside.

“I can’t believe it,” he says as he hugs Dean again. “I can’t believe it. You’re home!”

“Yeah, Sammy,” Dean whispers, thinking that he’s wrong. Thinking that his home just left in an SUV. Thinking that this place will never be his home again. “I’m home.”
Chapter 35

Chapter Summary

I can’t believe the time is here already... it feels like just yesterday that I wrote the first scene that would inspire this whole work. I had no idea how much I would fall in love with the characters - and no idea how much all of you would too! You’ve all been amazing, whether you hate Cas/love Cas/conflicted, and I’ve cherished every kudos and comment <3

Enjoy the epilogue, && I hope to be seeing you again soon for the sequel <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Castiel is at a meeting with Jimmy and Gabriel when it happens the first time. Dean’s ringtone goes off and he jumps to his feet, not even giving an explanation as he hurries out of the room. He walks down the hall as he pulls the phone out with shaking hands and answers. “Dean?”

There’s a sharp inhale. Then, “You answered.”

“Of course, I did.” Castiel closes his eyes, unable to grasp how fucking relieved he feels in the moment. It’s been the longest four months and seven days of his life. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah.” Dean makes a strange noise that’s almost like a scoff, but not quite. Then he blurts out, “I can’t go to the ocean anymore!”

Castiel frowns. “Why not?”

“Because it reminds me too much of you.”

“Oh, Dean. I- I’m so sorry.”

Almost a full minute goes by before Castiel hears the softest whispered, “I miss you.”
“I miss you, too.”

And the boy hangs up.

----

Nineteen days later, his phone rings again. Castiel was sleeping but he’s wide awake by the time he has his phone in his hand. He glances at the clock as he answers. It’s four in the morning. “Dean?”

“You fucker,” Dean growls.

Castiel takes a breath, sitting up in his bed and resting back against the headboard. “I know.”

“I – I can’t be’lee you – can’t be’lee v’I fell for you. You! You fucker!” Castiel stays silent. This isn’t for him. What he has to say, right now, doesn’t matter. This if for Dean, the boy who is clearly wasted, and extremely upset. “Who does that? Who fuckin’ falls ‘n loves with’ere fuckin’ rapist?”

There’s a hysterical laugh that sounds so damn close to a sob, it makes Castiel’s chest ache. “Oh right. Me. I do it. Fuckin’ – I have stupid fuckin’ counselor now. Did’y’no dat? Yup. Fancy. Costs all sorts of money, but y’ got me covered there, eh, Cas?”

Castiel closes his eyes. He had wondered if Dean would get help. God… he sure as hell had hoped.

“I haves sooooo much wrong with me, Cas. So much! Wanna hear ‘em?” When Castiel doesn’t answer, Dean laughs again. “Fuckin’ talk you coward!”

“Yes, Dean. I want to hear anything you need to say.”

“Keep shovin’ pills down my throat. Like if I take ‘nuff, I’ll magically forget. What bulls-shit, eh?”
“What kind of pills?”

“Hmmm le’see. Made mistake of mentionin’ I sometimes think ‘bout killin’ myself, so got some for depression. Those make me sick, though, so gots some for my stomach to feel better. Got some goooooooood ones for my panic attacks. Yeah,” Dean sighs in a dreamy, happy way. “Them pills are nice. Then – then the stuff to make me sleep. I don’ like that stuff. At all.”

“Why, Dean?”

Dean sniffles, his voice wavering as he admits, “I either have a nightmare ‘bout the compound, or – or a dream ‘bout bein’ with you again.”

Castiel’s heart aches. “You’re afraid of being stuck with me again?”

With a laugh, Dean says, “No. Opposite. Wake up ‘n realize you’re not really here, ‘n it takes everythin’ in me to even get outta bed.”

“Oh, baby-”

“No! Fuckin’ – don’ go actin’ likes you fuckin’ loves me. She says you don’t. You never – you never did!” And now Dean’s sobbing. “You never loved me, buts I loved you. Cuz’a stocksholmes sy’an’d – syn’dee – fuck it. Who cares what it’s called. I haves it. Says I don’t really love you. Nots really. ‘m so fuckin’ sick of people tellin’ me how I feel, Cas.”

Castiel nods like Dean can see him. “I know, Dean. I know. But… but you have to listen to the people trying to help you. Okay? You have to let them help you.”

There’s a long stretch of silence. Then a wrecked sob. “So – so – so ‘s true? Y’ – ‘Y nev’ loved me?”

“Oh, Dean, baby, no! No! That’s not – I love you so fucking much it hurts.”

“Good,” Dean growls. “Hope it hurts like hell.”
Castiel goes silent. It doesn’t take more than a second or two for Dean to speak again. “Gonna be mads at me, ya know.”

“Who?”

“Stupid fuckin’ counselor.” He giggles. “’kay, not counselor. She’s got all these fancies degrees ‘n she’s this like spec-shhh-ialis’ts. Spec – shhh- ializes ‘n PTSD. ‘nother thing I has. Yup. Yup, that ones fun. Love that one.”

“And she’ll be upset you talked to me?”

“Mhhhhhhhm. Yup. That stockholmes syn’drum ‘gain. You’re still manipulatin’ me.”

Castiel nods. Maybe he is. He doesn’t think he is. It’s not his intention. But he’s a monster, so fuck if he knows. He’ll have to ask his own therapist what he thinks.

“Supposed’ta write inna journal when wanna call ya. Stupid, right? A journal. Fuckin’ hell.”

“Does it help?”

“Well, ’m callin’ ya, aren’t I, Master?”

At that, Castiel gets out of bed and walks over to his balcony door. He needs to breathe. Never in his life did he think he’d feel disgusted and pained to hear himself called that, but here it is. “Please, don’t do that Dean.”


“I know,” Castiel whispers, staring out at the ocean.

“Find ’nyone new yet?”
Castiel frowns. “What do you mean?”

“New slave. New toy. A boy like me.”

“Oh, Dean. No. I don’t – I’m not a part of that anymore.”

The boy scoffs. “Yeah. Kay.”

“I’m not. Gabe and I, we sold our shares to Jimmy. Got the hell out. Made some enemies, but not too many.”

“How nice for you. Bet the slaves jus’ loooovee Jimmy. Know I did.”

“I couldn’t save them, Dean.”

“Keep tellin’ yourself that.”

“Dean, my clients – I wasn’t lying when I said how powerful they are. If they caught wind of me trying to report them? Trying to take that ring down? It wouldn’t just be me who got killed. It’d be you. Your dad. Sam.”

“Don’t! Don’t you say his name. Don’t you ever talk ‘bout him, hear me?”

Castiel leans on the railing and bows his head. “Of course. I’m sorry.”

There’s a long stretch of silence. Long enough for Castiel to check his phone twice to see if Dean hung up.

Finally, Dean whispers, “You really left?”
“Yeah, Dean. We left months ago. Moved away.”

“Oh…”

“Gotta be honest. Didn’t expect you to sound so disappointed,” Castiel says with a soft laugh.

Dean returns the chuckle, which is such a 180 from where they were a few minutes ago, but Castiel doesn’t care. He’ll take it. “Not sad ‘bout that. Jus’ the beach house.”

Castiel stands up straight. “Why would you care about the beach house?”

“‘Cuz it’s on the ocean. ‘n I like the ocean.”

Feeling his heart nearly give out, Castiel tries to keep his voice steady as he asks, “Were you planning on being there again someday?”

There’s a silence that feels too hollow this time. When Castiel pulls the phone from his ear, he deflates.

Dean hung up.

----

Castiel only has to wait two days before the next call. He’s out for lunch with Gabriel, but Gabriel doesn’t even blink when he stands up and leaves without saying anything. Gabriel knows all about that phone.
“Dean?”

“Hey, Cas.”

“Hey, ba- hey.” Castiel shakes his head, pissed at himself for almost ruining it. For almost calling Dean baby. “How are you?”

“I’m okay, I guess. I dunno. I just wanted to apologize about the other night. It was… I was in a bad place.”

“Don’t apologize, Dean. I deserved it.”

Dean doesn’t argue. Just says, “I didn’t think you’d answer today.”

“I know you don’t trust me for shit, Dean, but I’m planning on keeping my two promises to you. I will never stop loving you, and I will always answer this phone for you.”

“Okay.” Dean clears his throat, and Castiel knows him well enough to know he’s trying not to cry. “Bye, Cas.”

“Bye, Dean.”

---

Two months go by, and Castiel’s fucking terrified that Dean’s counselor convinced him to stop calling. He knows it’s what’s best for Dean, he does, but god does he miss him. These little doses of Dean are all that keeps him going.

Then he’s standing naked in front of his dresser after a long shower, and his phone rings.
“Dean?”

“Hey, Cas.”

“Hey.”

“I’m just… I’m having a real bad day, and all I’ve wanted to do is hear your voice.”

Castiel’s eyes flutter closed, in relief for himself as well as sadness for Dean. “Okay. I’m here. What do you want to talk about, Dean?”

“Just… can you just talk? I can’t – it’s been so long since I got to shut my brain off like with you. I just… please just talk.”

“Okay.” Castiel takes a deep breath, all of the words in the English language playing hide and seek with him. He glances around his bedroom, then smiles. “Well, I did my own laundry today.”

A breathy sound that is very close to a laugh comes from Dean. “First time?”

“Definitely.”

“How’d it go?”

Castiel looks over at the basket again, grimacing. Everything is either shrunken, or the wrong color now. Or both. “Let’s just say it’s a good thing I’m rich.”

There’s a pause. Then, “Yup. Good thing you got a great price for all those slaves, hey?”

Before Castiel can respond to that, Dean hangs up.
The next call comes as the sun is setting, no more than a week later. Castiel’s laying in bed. In fact, he’s been doing that the past two days mostly. He can’t think of a reason why he should get up.

“Hey, Dean,” he says this time, deciding there’s no point asking if it’s Dean every time when he knows it is.

This throws Dean off a beat, but then he says quietly, “Hey, Cas.”

Castiel waits. There’s always been a reason he calls. Castiel doesn’t want to rush him. He’s ready whenever Dean is.

“Cas?”

“Still here,” Castiel promises, recognizing that scared voice. The one Dean would use when he thought Castiel had left him all alone. The one he used when the blindfold was put on. The one he used that night when he begged and cried for Castiel to come get him from that fucking machine.

“Um… so, how are you?”

“I’m okay. But don’t worry about me, Dean. How are you? You doing any better?”

“Um… I’m…” Dean starts to softly cry. It’s subtle, barely a difference in the way he sounds, but Castiel can hear it. He doesn’t dwell on the fact that he knows so well what Dean’s like when he cries. Not right now. “I’m just kinda missing you tonight. Like, more than usual, I guess.”

Smiling to himself, Castiel says, “I miss you too. So damn much.”
“Yeah?”

“Of course.” Castiel flicks his eyes up at his TV, which is paused on a movie. “I spent all day in bed going through the movie playlist you made for us to watch together.”

When Dean speaks, he can hear the smile in his voice. “That’s an excellent list. You, my friend, are very lucky to have such a great movie-seur making you that.”

“Movie-seur?” Castiel asks.

“Yeah. Ya know – like a connoisseur of movies.”

“God, you’re cute.” Castiel sucks in a breath after he realizes what he said. “Dean, I’m-”

“Have you liked them so far?” Dean asks before Castiel can take back what he said. Castiel wants to analyze why. Did he like it? Or does he just want to avoid conflict?

Pushing his thoughts aside for later, Castiel focuses on what Dean wants to talk about. That’s all that matters. “Most of them, yes. You’re lucky you weren’t here for The Notebook. That was just rude. Shit should come with a damn warning label.”

Dean laughs. God damn, that’s beautiful.

“Not my fault someone decided to grow a heart. The old Castiel would have scoffed at that movie.”

Castiel’s smile slips. “Yes. Yes, he would have.”

“He’s still – I mean, are you,” Dean pauses. Sighs. “That Castiel is gone, right? For good?”

“Yes, Dean.”
“I – I didn’t like him.”

Nodding, Castiel admits, “Me either.”

“Good.” Dean clears his throat. “So, uh, what movie are you on now?”

Glad Dean didn’t just hang up like he usually would at a serious point like that, Castiel jumps on the topic change. “About ten minutes into The Hangover.”

“Great movie.”

“The first ten minutes have been entertaining.”

“Would you – never mind.”

“I’ll do anything, Dean. Anything. Just ask.”

Dean takes a shaky breath. “Would you start it over? So we could watch it together?”

Melting, Castiel grabs the remote and whispers, “Just tell me when you’re ready.”

Neither talk after that, but they laugh together a lot. Then, with only twenty minutes left in the movie, Dean yawns and whispers, “I’m really tired.”

“Have you been sleeping any better?”

“Not really… but it’s okay.”

“Would you like me to stay on the phone while you get some rest?”
Dean’s breath hitches. “You’d do that?”

“Of course.”

“Okay.” He hears Dean rustling around and pictures him in his bed. Not even naked or having sex. Just Dean, covered in fluffy blankets, freckles on his nose and cheeks glowing in the lamp light. Castiel playing with his hair, Dean making that happy little humming noise. “Okay… yeah. I think – I think I’d like that,” Dean finally says when he’s gotten comfortable.

“I’d like it too.”

“Goodnight, Cas.”

Castiel has to close his eyes at how good, but also damn hard, it is to hear those words from him again. “Goodnight, Dean.”

Dean calls again on the one-year anniversary of Castiel bringing him home. Part of Castiel had hoped that he wouldn’t, but the majority of him is still glad, even if he knows it won’t be an easy conversation.

Castiel answers the phone to the sound of Dean sobbing. He springs to his seat from where he was watching the news in the living room and begins to pace. “Dean? Dean! What’s wrong?”

Dean just sobs harder, making Castiel feel so fucking helpless.

“I can’t anymore, Cas,” he says on a long, stuttering sob that tears into Castiel’s chest.

Falling to his knees, Castiel asks, “Do what, baby? What can’t you do?”

“Not supposed to be like this.”

“Do what, Dean?”

“It’s been a year. A year to this day. Ya know that?”

“Yeah – yeah, I know.”

“She made me set a goal for the year mark,” Dean mumbles, his sobs having turned into watery breaths instead. Castiel doesn’t have to ask who ‘she’ is. It’s Dean’s counselor that hates him.

Knowing this is Dean prompting him, Castiel asks, “What was your goal for today?”

“We agreed I’d get rid of the blanket by today.”

Oh boy… that… that hurts.

That hurts more than Castiel ever thought it could. He’s barely able to manage the soft, “Oh,” that escapes him.

“So, here I am. Sammy came home for the special occasion. Poor kid had to come home from college to celebrate one year of his brother being home but hating every day of it. Making everyone fucking miserable when all they’re trying to do is help. How fucked is that? He’d be better off without me.”

Castiel’s lungs seize. “That’s not true. No one is better off without Dean Winchester. Trust me.”
“You aren’t?”

“God, no, Dean. I’m a fucking wreck.” A new sob is pulled from Dean, and Castiel knows that’s the kind of sob that falls from Dean’s lips when his dam breaks, releasing all of the choked back ones he had been keeping inside. And Castiel knows it’s fucked up that he can recognize that particular sob of Dean’s. He doesn’t care. All that matters is now. The present. And Dean’s making it sound like he wants to fucking kill himself, and Castiel can’t – he cannot let that happen. “You promised, Dean. You promised to remember how strong you are.”

“But – but – but I – I-”

“Shhhhh. Take a deep breath for me. Just breathe, baby. Just breathe with me.”

A pained noise makes Castiel wince, but then he can hear Dean’s forced breaths. He tries to breathe as loudly as he can for Dean to match, hating that he's not there right now. Hating that Dean probably has attacks every day. And all they give him are fucking pills. Pills that clearly don’t help him. Not like they should, at least.

When Dean is calmed down enough, he speaks through his shaky voice, apparently too impatient to wait until he’s fully back to normal. “I miss you, Cas. I miss you so much. I miss the baths and the cuddling. I miss getting spanked and your rules. I miss cooking for you. I miss being your good boy. And your smell… I can’t find it. I keep looking for it, but it’s not out there. They don’t make it. And I miss it. God, do I miss it. Your smell kept me alive when I was in the dark. It’s all I held on to.”

“Dean, baby-”

“I – I fucking miss the blindfold.”

Castiel buries his face in his hands, moving the bottom of his phone away so Dean can’t hear him crying as he continues to listen.

“Seven guys now,” Dean whispers.

After clearing his throat twice, Castiel chokes out, “What?”
“Seven guys. I’ve tried having sex with seven guys now. They’re always really nice. Good looking. They kiss me and they’re gentle. The first three, I had a panic attack before I was even in their fucking bedrooms. With the next two, I couldn’t get it up to save my life, and they could tell I definitely didn’t wanna be touching them, so we just kind of agreed to call it a night and I went home. The – the next one was from an app. A stupid kink app. Thought maybe I just needed something closer to… ya know. What we did. But it didn’t work. If anything, it was worse than the other guys. He didn’t do anything right. It was all wrong. It felt all wrong, and then he triggered me ‘cuz he didn’t know ‘bout the blindfold thing, but that doesn’t even matter. He was wrong. They’ve all been wrong. Even this last one. Just… they’re wrong. They aren’t you, Cas. None of them are you.”

“Dean-“

“You’ve ruined me. No one is you. No one is as good as you. And I hate you for that, because you really weren’t even good. You were the man who kidnapped and raped me. Who shared me like a party favor. But I can’t – I can’t get myself to think about even kissing someone else. And my fucking therapist keeps saying that it’s Stockholme Syndrome, and I know it is, I do, I’m not an idiot, I know, but that doesn’t make it go away. Labeling it doesn’t fix it. It doesn’t make it any easier to wake up every day and remember that I’m not with you anymore.”

Castiel digs his fingers into his eye sockets, trying to think of what to say. How to fix this. But there’s nothing. Dean’s right. It can’t be fixed. And that’s Castiel’s fault.

“I’m so sorry, Dean.”

“Yeah. Well.” Dean huffs a laugh. “Anyway, I’m here, alone, in front of this stupid fire. Sammy sat with me for three fucking hours before finally realizing I wasn’t gonna be able to burn the stupid fucking blanket. And he looked so damn disappointed in me. Like he found out his hero was wearing a mask this whole time. Ever since he found out that I was in love with you, that the guy who brought me home, the guy who he hugged, was the man who took and hurt me, he’s looked at me like that. Like I’m disgusting.”

“You are not disgusting.”

“Yeah. Okay.”

“Dean-”
“Anyway, just wanted to call and… ya know. I don’t even know. Say I love you, I guess.”

Castiel’s throat begins to close but he forces the lump down. “I love you too, Dean.”

And Dean hangs up.

———

Dean calls on Christmas. Castiel stands up in the middle of the dinner he’s having with the small group of friends he and Gabriel managed to collect in Washington. He slides out onto the deck, ignoring the freezing air, and smiles. “Merry Christmas, Dean.”

“Merry Christmas.” And damn, that’s a very sad boy that just talked.

Castiel’s smile falls. “You okay?”

“I wanted you.”

“What?”

“For Christmas. Everyone kept asking me what I want. I don’t live in Lawrence anymore. Don’t know if ya know that. Figured the whole fake identity thing was pointless if I stayed in my hometown, so I – I went away. Made friends. They don’t know what happened, but they know enough. Can’t really hide it. I’m still a fucking wreck.” He sighs. “Anyway, everyone kept asking what I wanted. We were going to do this friends Christmas, because I couldn’t… I couldn’t go home this year for it, Cas. Does that – am I a bad person for that? I just couldn’t do it. I couldn’t sit there in front of dad and Sammy and pretend for them. They don’t like me, Cas. They don’t like the Dean that came home. They want the old one back. But he’s gone. Why can’t they just love this one?”

“I don’t know, Dean. I’ve never had an issue loving either of you.”
Dean sniffles. “I’m sorry for going on ‘bout that. How’s your Christmas?”

Castiel considers pushing Dean, making him talk more, but this thing between them is still too fragile for that. “Well, Gabriel got me dress socks.”

“That’s… boring,” Dean says with a slight laugh.

“Oh, no. You should see ‘em. They’re those ones with little pictures and shit on them. I’m wearing a pair now. He insisted.”

“What are they?”

Castiel beams when he hears the smile in Dean’s voice.

“They have little ghosts and pumpkins on them.”

Dean’s easy laugh nearly brings Castiel to his knees. “Does he know it’s Christmas, not Halloween?”

“Who knows what that man thinks? I’ve given up trying to understand him.”

“Well, bad present giver or not, I’m glad you have him with you. It’s… lonely, not having anyone. Especially no one that knows about, well, this.”

“Have you thought of telling someone there? A friend? Or are you still seeing that therapist?”

Dean makes a displeased noise. “No. I won’t tell anyone here. The few that I would even consider maybe a friend would go off running if I said something. Like ‘oh, hey, by the way, last year I was kidnapped and held in this compound where I was beaten and tortured and raped, and then I fell in love with my captor. Do you mind talking about my feelings with me? Because I miss him.’ Yeah, Cas, that’d go over well.”
“Okay, got me there. What about the therapist?”

“That bitch was a bitch.”

Castiel chuckles. “Why?”

“Because she just says the same shit over and over again. Like, listen lady, you can repeat Stockholme Syndrome and PTSD all you want. Throw in a few inspirational ‘one step at a times’ while you’re at it. But I’m not going to stop loving him. Why does no one fucking get that?”

The amount of happiness Castiel feels with those words is gross, and he’s fully aware. The guilt is already eating away at it. “I’m sorry, Dean.”

“I should let you go. It’s Christmas.”

“No, Dean, I want to talk-”

“Bye, Cas. Merry Christmas.”

Castiel deflates. “Goodbye, Dean. Merry Christmas.”

----

The next call is in April.

“Hey, De-”
“I can’t call you anymore,” the boy blurts out before Castiel can finish his greeting.

Castiel’s hand shakes as he holds the phone. “Okay. Can I ask who says so?”

“Does it matter?”

“Yes. If it’s you deciding this, then I support you. I’m going to fucking miss you, and it’s going to be painful, and I’ll probably go some days where I can barely breathe, but you’ll be happy. That’s all I want.” Castiel sighs. “But if someone’s guilt ing you into this because they keep making you feel fucked up? That I can’t agree with.”

There’s a long silence.

“Anyway, just – I can’t call anymore. Bye, Cas.”

“Yeah,” Castiel whispers, knowing the line has disconnected. “Goodbye, Dean.”

----

The worst one comes the night of the Fourth of July. Castiel’s sitting in the sand right in front of his new beach house, staring out at the ocean. He can hear celebrating and fireworks in the distance, but he hasn’t felt like celebrating in months. He doesn’t even know why he doesn’t just walk straight into that ocean. Put poor Dean out of his fucking misery. He can’t be so torn up about his feelings if Castiel is dead.

Gabriel is sitting beside him. Probably to keep Castiel from doing exactly what he’s thinking about doing. They’re sharing a bottle of very expensive scotch that should probably not be drunk straight from the bottle, but fuck it.

 Fuck everything.
When the phone rings, Castiel nearly spills the entire thing in his hurry to get it. “Dean?”

“You’re a sick, fucked up piece of shit! What kind of person kidnap other people? What kind of person uses people as if they’re nothing but sex toys? Sells them like they’re not even human? I don’t give two fucks what your dad taught you. You’re a fucking human being. You saw the pain. You saw them crying and begging. You didn’t fucking care! All you cared about was which one to stick your dick into. And yeah, okay, good for you. You let me go. But what about the rest of the sadists and rapists out there, having fun with all the other slaves? That Alec piece of fucking Russian shit. What about him? What about the slaves you’re probably raping? Probably couldn’t stay away, hey? Probably back at the compound, livin’ the life with Jimmy and Gabe. Maybe the whole being a good guy thing got boring. These calls aren’t fun anymore. You probably sit around and laugh about me with all of them. Enjoy this game you’re playing. How you built me up, made me fall in love with you, then set me free – the catch being that no matter how hard I try, I’ll never actually be free. ‘Look at Dean now, everybody! Set that poor fucker loose, gave him the freedom he desperately wanted, and he’s so in love with me that he still can’t escape.’ Happy fucking independence day to me! Was that like part of your fucking training? Because you’re good at it. You’re really fucking good at it, Master.”

“Please, Dean, don’t call me-”

“It’s okay. I get it now, Master. I get it. You never loved me. You’re just sick. Fucking twisted. You never loved me, it was just the game. I know that now. She – she explained it to me. You never fucking loved me. God, I was such a fucking idiot! I can’t believe I trusted you! How sick is that, hey? I fucking loved you. I still do. And I hate that. I hate that I love you. I hate it. It gives you the power, and I’m so fucking sick of you having the power, Master. You deserve to go to prison. No, you know what? You deserve to fucking die.”

Gabriel tries to take the phone from Castiel, clearly able to hear Dean screaming through it, but Castiel shoves him off and stands up so he can walk away from him.

“I hate you so much. I hate it. I hate it. I hate you. And I hate you for making me love you. And I hate myself for loving you. I hate that I can’t stop fucking loving you! Despite everything, I love you so god damn much I can barely breathe. I hate it. I hate loving you, Master. Make it stop. Just make it stop.”

“Dean-”

“I just wanna be normal. Please. Please make me normal again, Master. Please. I’ll do anything. I just wanna go back. I can’t watch Sammy play ball or fix cars with dad. I can’t go out with friends. I don’t want to keep breaking down everywhere. On the couch, in a bar, hell in the fucking grocery store last week. I don’t belong here. I don’t want to be here. I want to be with you. I felt normal with
you, at the end. It was – I was happy. And my therapist tells me that’s okay. That it’s understandable
that I want to be with you. Throws around Stockholm Syndrome, as fucking usual. Says I’m not
fucked up, but I am. I’m fucked up, Master. I’m a fucked-up person. You fucked me up. You – you
ruined me. And I hate you, because you destroyed me, and then you threw me away. You don’t
even fucking want me! She’s right. You never loved me. But here I am, loving you. The only
fucking thing I’ll ever want is you. What does that make me? Tell me, what the fuck does that make
me, Master?”

“It makes you human.”

“I’m not human. You destroyed the part of me that ever was. And you – you’re a fucking monster. I
hate you. I hate you so fucking much. I hate what you did to me. Hate that you raped me. That you
beat me. You shared me with them. You let them – god, the things you let them do to me! Why did
you let them do that, Master? I was supposed to be your good boy. Why did you – why did you let –
did you fucking – all those times you beat me or – or raped me or watched while men fucking
wrecked me, how can you say that you really love me, through all that? You can’t. There’s no way
you can. She’s right. She’s fucking right. You never loved me, Master. You never loved me.”

“Dean, I love you so fucking much. You hear me? I love-”

“How is any of that love? How is this love? I don’t get it. I don’t get how you can love me and treat
me how you did. I don’t get how I could be hurt so badly by you and still love you. It’s fucking sick.
You see that, right? You see how sick it is? You’re fucked up, and you fucked me up too. I’m
broken. I’m broken, Master! It’s your job to fucking fix it!”

“I’m sorry, Dean. Fuck. I’m so sorry. I love you so fucking much. I’ll – I don’t know. I wanna help.
Let me help.”

“Help? You know what would have helped? You not fucking ruining my life in the fucking first
place!”

“I know.” Castiel leans over, feeling nauseous. “I know.”

“You know what it was like after you dropped me off?”

“No… what – what was it like?”
“I ended up in the hospital.” Castiel squeezes his eyes shut as his world spins. “Wanna guess how much weight I lost at your fucked-up compound, Master? 38 pounds. 38 pounds, Master. Is that attractive to you? I fucking weighed less than Sammy.”

Eyes still closed, Castiel pictures Dean, remembering how battered and tiny he was. And it was all his fault. “I’m so sorry, Dean. I – are you okay, now?”

“Are you fucking kidding me? Am I okay?”

“Stupid question. Sorry. I meant – I meant are you okay with whatever put you in the hospital? Was it because of the weight loss or something else?”

“Oh, no. I got pneumonia. Like two days after being home. They said it was probably a mixture of the dehydration, malnutrition, weakened body, swimming in the ocean when it was cold, and then suddenly being put in the public full of all these germs.”

Crying softly now, Castiel asks, “But you’re better? Your health, your body, it’s better?”

“Yeah. It’s – it’s fine. I’m almost back to my normal weight. It’s just my head that’s fucked.”

“I’m so sorry, Dean. I – god, I wish there were other words. There aren’t. There aren’t words for me to explain how sorry I am. How I feel.”

“I hate you,” Dean whispers, the fight leaving him.

“I know.”

“But… but all I wanna do is have you hold my hand. Because I – I forgot how lonely it is to hold my own hand, Cas. And that alone. Me needing you to hold my hand, or make me laugh, or watch stupid fucking movies with me, or give me one of those mind-numbing orgasms that makes me fly… I need you. God, Cas, I fucking need you so much. And that terrifies me, because I don’t think I’m gonna be able to stop. I – I think I’m gonna end up coming back to you, Cas. I – I don’t know what to do with that.”
Castiel chokes on a sob when he opens his mouth to answer. The noise sets Dean off, and then they’re both falling completely apart. At some point, Gabriel comes and puts a hand on Castiel’s shoulder, the two of them sitting where the surf is washing up, getting completely soaked. Castiel doesn’t even remember getting here, or sitting down. He doesn’t fucking care.

“I hate you,” Dean finally manages to say again. “But I love you too. Does that make me a human still, Cas? Or does that make me a monster like you?”

“Dean-” Castiel cries.

But Dean’s already gone, the line dead.

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Not even a full two days later, he calls again.

Before Castiel can speak, Dean’s gasping, “I c – can’t – can’t – can’t-”

Recognizing the attack immediately, not just from the gasping and the word ‘can’t’ which means he can’t breathe, but also from the way his teeth are clacking, meaning his body is trembling, Castiel slips right back into the man he used to be for Dean. “Shhh. Shhh, baby. I’m right here. I’m right here.”

“Can’t breathe,” Dean chokes out.

“You can. You can. Just believe me, Dean. Do you believe me? You can breathe. Just sit down and close your eyes. Pretend – pretend I’m there, okay? I’m holding your hands.” Dean makes a soft whining sound, and it tears straight through Castiel’s fucking soul. “Am I there with you, baby?”

“Yeah,” Dean whispers, his breathing already calming.
“Yeah, baby. I’m right there. Right here with you. I’m right here.”

“Don’t go.”

Castiel smiles softly. “Wouldn’t dream of it. Take your time.”

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It takes Dean three more months to call him again, and Castiel thinks for sure that this time it’s over. Dean finally healed.

Castiel comes to terms with that by drinking as much scotch as his body will allow, then passing out. Every night.

Thankfully, Dean calls in the morning, before Castiel is drunk. Castiel trembles as he answers. “Hello?”

“Hey, Cas.”

“Dean,” he breathes in relief. “Hey.”

In that broken, about to start sobbing voice that Castiel knows too fucking well, Dean admits, “I miss you.”

“I miss you too. I miss you every day, Dean. I can’t stop thinking about you. I can’t stop loving you. You said I fucked you up, but you fucked me up too. I dunno. Maybe I did make you a bit of a monster, but you made me more human. Isn’t that okay? Can’t we just – we can just fit together. Equal each other out. We were good, weren’t we? Towards the end? It felt fucking good.”
Dean sniffs. “Yeah, Cas. It was fucking good.”

“I miss it. I miss you.”

“Would you still want me? After everything? After all this time, me doing this to you? Stringing you along? After all the terrible things I’ve said?”

“I’d take you back in a fucking heartbeat. All I want is you.” Castiel forces himself to take a slow, deep breath. He can’t get his hopes up. “I meant what I said. I won’t ever stop loving you, Dean. It’s not humanly possible for me to. I’m sorry that you’re stuck feeling the same, I know you hate it, but I – I love you. I love you so fucking much, Dean Winchester.”

“Love me as your boyfriend, or your slave?”

Castiel shakes his head furiously. “Any way you’ll have me, Dean. Any fucking way. I don’t need you to be my slave. You don’t have to follow any rules. Hell, you give me rules. I’ll follow rules. Any rules. You won’t need a safe word. You don’t need anything. Don’t have to do anything. You – that’s it, Dean. You. I just need you. Just you.”

“Okay.”

And he hangs up, and Castiel has no idea what to fucking do with that, but he knows that felt good, that felt like something, and he’s not drinking today in case he’s right.

He calls the next day. One day before their two-year anniversary of being apart.

“Hello?”
“I really want to see the ocean.”

Castiel deflates. “I know… I’m sorry, Dean. I’m sorry I ruined it for you.”

“Will you go see the ocean with me, Cas?”

To say he’s relieved or happy is so unbelievably inadequate. Castiel’s world begins to fucking spin again. He’s nearly dizzy from it. “Where do you want to meet?”

Dean stands with his hands in his jean pockets, staring out at the ocean. Smiling at the different blues as they crash and churn together in the water.

It’s been two years. Two of the longest years of his life. If he’s being honest, they were harder than the time he spent in the compound.

In the compound, he had Castiel.

He’s nervous. Not because he thinks Castiel will hurt him, or will kidnap him again, or anything dramatic like that. He’s nervous this won’t work. Because the only thing that helped Dean survive those horrific days of rape and torture was knowing his family was waiting for him. When it turned out they weren’t at all what he needed, weren’t at all equipped to deal with someone as fucked up as him, Dean survived with the knowledge that he could always go back to Castiel, whenever he felt he was ready.

But what the fuck will he do if Castiel doesn’t work either?

It doesn’t matter, he supposes. Dean would figure something out. If there’s anything this entire ordeal has taught him, it’s that Castiel is right. He’s a fucking survivor.
“Dean,” he hears just behind him, spoken softly like Castiel was afraid to startle him.

When Dean turns, eyes locking with Castiel’s, he sucks in a breath. Dean swears it’s the first time in two years that he’s gotten enough oxygen. The relief makes him lightheaded.

“Can I touch-”

Whatever Castiel was going to ask, Dean doesn’t care. He throws himself into Castiel’s arms and expects the man to catch him. Trusts that he’ll catch him. And he does.

Castiel holds him so tight, lowering them easily to the sand so he can focus on Dean instead of balancing. His fingers tangle in Dean’s hair, which he’s grown out again because his short hair doesn’t feel like himself anymore. With his other hand, Castiel digs the tips of his fingers into Dean’s back, almost like he’s afraid Dean will run.

Dean pulls back and takes Castiel’s face in his hands. He rubs their noses together, making them both smile, then dives in for a kiss.

And Dean swears, the second their lips touch, he finally feels it again. The thing he’s been searching for the last two years.

Home.

Chapter End Notes

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