Heaven & Hell

by DarkStuffHappens

Summary

Dean is a sex slave contracted to Alastair for four days a week. The other three days are now owned by Cas Novak. His time with Alastair is rough, there are no safewords, only pain and misery. Cas plans on saving him - if he can be saved.

There are non-con elements in this, be warned, and pretty extreme BDSM.

Also I've added a list of tags to the notes at the beginning of each chapter so you know what you're getting yourself in for ;)

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Inspired by Set on fire to keep you warm by adela_19, gaysushiroll
Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Alastair puts on a show at a BDSM club with his less-than willing sub, Dean. And Cas is in the audience.

Kinks in this chapter:
Collar & leash, strappado, cock cage & sound, handcuffs, blindfold, spanking (belt), vibrating butt plug, orgasm denial, ring gag, face fucking, kneeling

Chapter One

Cas Novak would never forget the first time he saw those green eyes for so many reasons. He’d been to Hell, the aptly-named, underground BDSM club, a few times before - he was a confident, unattached dom who gave approximately zero fucks and sat at the bar, drinking red wine, chatting occasionally to the owner, Crowley, and of course, watching the show.

The show was usually pretty tame - a bit of spanking here, a ‘forced’ blowjob there - but Crowley had told him to come in tonight. It was the 13th of the month and that meant it was the night for extreme, real action. Real pain, real discipline, real domination. And, to be honest, he was a little bit excited. He’d had subs in the past but he’d been on his own for a while and porn only satisfied him so much. He needed the real thing and the next best thing was to watch it in the flesh. The house lights dimmed and the stage in the corner was suddenly awash with the glow of yellow lights.

“Ah, here comes tonight’s Master, Alastair,” Crowley announced to no one in particular, refilling Cas’s glass of merlot. “You’re gonna love this.”

The door to ‘backstage’ - really Crowley’s office - slammed open and a tall grey-haired man dressed in black leather emerged - Alastair, Cas presumed. He strode forward into the crowd and Cas heard the clink of metal. It wasn’t until he was climbing the stairs to the stage that Cas caught sight of the second man. He was naked, tall but nowhere near the height of Alastair, broad-shouldered and lean but with perfectly chiselled muscles. He might have been stripped completely but he was still decked out in the accoutrements of Cas’s chosen lifestyle. A black cloth blindfold was tied tightly around his eyes, a painful-looking ring gag was buckled around the lower half of his face and he wore a black leather collar with a chain leash held firmly in Alastair’s hand. Cas could barely see his cock - the cock cage he was wearing seemed so elaborate and restrictive, all metal and leather buckles, there was no way he was cumming anytime tonight. The man’s arms were cuffed behind his back and when Alastair dragged him onstage by the leash and spun him around for the audience to see, Cas noticed the sub flexing his fingers - the cuffs were tight. Perhaps too tight.

Alastair grabbed a chain hanging from the ceiling and clipped the end of it to his sub’s cuffs. Then he walked over to when the end of the chain was wrapped around a winch and wound it, taking up the slack. He kept going, the chain tightening and pulling the sub’s hands higher behind his back, forcing him into a strict strappado position. Alastair gave the chain one last wind around the winch and Cas heard a groan from the sub.
“Too much for you whore?” Alastair snarled. His sub was silent, not daring to make a sound. “That’s what I thought,” Alastair added, giving the winch a final turn eliciting a cry of pain from the sub who was now bent over completely, his cuffed arms stretching back and up behind him.

That was when Cas caught sight of the dark blue bruise on the sub’s left shoulder. The discolouration covered the joint and stretched down his upper arm. Cas had seen that sort of bruising before and the realization shocked him to his core. Those bruises were the result of a recently-dislocated shoulder, very recent. And it was the type of injury that would have been agonizing in this position - and had possibly been caused by being in this position in the first place.

Cas turned to Crowley who’d stopped serving drinks to watch the show himself. “Is he okay?”

“Who? The sub?” Crowley frowned, looking back at the stage where Alastair was pulling the leather belt off his own jeans. “You know, I’m not entirely sure.”

“Right…” Cas trailed off, turning his gaze back to the stage as well, just in time to see Alastair swing the leather belt down with an impressive show of force onto his sub’s - Dean’s - thighs bringing forth another cry of agony. The small crowd in the bar cheered making Cas’s skin crawl slightly.

Alastair laid into Dean’s smooth tan skin without hesitation, the belt landing haphazardly over his ass, the backs of his thighs and his lower back. When the belt landed on the backs of Dean’s knees in what must have been an excruciating blow and his legs buckled, Cas jerked forward just about ready to rush the stage as he knew that, without his legs supporting him, Dean would be putting dangerous pressure on his shoulders leading to another dislocation. Luckily Dean hurriedly got his feet underneath him in a split second but Cas could feel his anger just about bubbling to the surface. It had only been about fifteen minutes but he knew this was not a healthy BDSM relationship. This was almost torture - and definitely abuse in his books.

Alastair finally dropped the belt to the crowd’s vocal dismay and swung Dean around so the crowd could see the bright red stripes covering his ass and thighs which made them start clapping, showing their approval. Cas also caught sight of what looked like a huge butt plug but Alastair swung Dean back before he could get a better look.

“Now I thought I might make you all aware of the inner workings of my boy,” Alastair said to the crowd, chuckling darkly at his own joke. “I decided to make tonight a bit harder for him, literally, than usual. He’s wearing a very tight Gates of Hell cock cage with his cock stuffed with the largest sound I could find. But the best part is all about here,” Alastair continued, slapping Dean’s butt making his sub gasp. “Right here” - another slap - “buried deep in his hole is possibly the biggest, most powerful, vibrating butt plug I know.” The crowd let out a laugh and clapped. “It’s been running for… what would you say, Dean? About two hours? Two hours vibrating away with that cock cage on. No cumming for this worthless whore tonight. Or any night.” The crowd cheered again. “And of course he’s had that ring gag in all day so I don’t have to listen to him complain.”

Cas felt his face going pale. This was truly torture. No sub would willingly go along with that sort of treatment. Plus if he had the gag in he had no way to safeword. This was wrong on so many levels.

“Now, who wants to come up here and use his mouth? You know he’s good for it.”

At that point, Cas’s jaw dropped. He could only watch as one by one, the men in the audience got up and shoved their cocks in Dean’s mouth, using him again and again until finally Alastair stepped in and face fucked Dean mercilessly. When he was finished he unclipped Dean’s cuffed wrists from the chain and the sub’s legs buckled and he fell to the hard wooden floor on his knees, breathing hard. Alastair unwound the chain dangling from the ceiling and, this time, clipped it to the back of Dean’s collar so he could stay on his knees but had to stay upright and straight.
“Play with him if you want,” Alastair told the crowd, “but remember that cock cage stays on and that butt plug stays in.”

As his final act, he untied Dean’s blindfold and Cas could finally see his eyes. His breath caught in his throat as he saw the bloodshot, tear-filled green eyes of the submissive. Dean looked up at the crowd, fear plastered across his features and tears rolling down his cheeks. Alastair gently slapped Dean’s cheek making him flinch before stepping off the stage. Immediately the sub was surrounded by the crowd-members - they were tugging on his hair, squeezing his nipples, slapping his ass. Cas looked away, he couldn’t bear to see the panic in Dean’s eyes. He turned back to Crowley and motioned for another glass of red wine.

“Tell me about Dean,” Cas said, his voice low and serious.

“What about him?”

“Is he one of yours?” Cas asked. Crowley quirked an eyebrow at him but Cas held his gaze until he finally nodded. It was well known but rarely spoken about, the fact that Crowley pimped out subs to many of the doms who frequented the bar. “What’s his deal with Alastair?”

“Why? Do you want to get in on that now, Cassie?”

“I might,” Cas replied vaguely, trying to block out the noise of the men tormenting Dean. “What’s his deal?”

“Alastair has him four days a week,” Crowley shrugged. “Wednesday to Saturday. 9am Sunday morning is when he would usually see another client but they’ve just dropped him as of this afternoon. I haven’t even had a chance to tell Dean yet.”

Just as Cas was about to reply, they were interrupted when a set of keys were slammed down on the bar in front of Crowley. It was Alastair.

“I have to go out of town for the next couple days. Keep him where he is for the next couple of hours, then you can do what you like with him for the rest of tonight,” Alastair instructed and words made Cas realise that tonight was in fact Saturday night.

“You got it,” Crowley said with a grin. Alastair stalked off and both Crowley and Cas watched him pick up his leather jacket and leave the club. Crowley’s dark eyes slid back to Cas’s wide blue ones and he raised his eyebrows. “So, if I were you I’d move fast. He’s in hot demand, that one,” Crowley added with a shrug and a knowing glance to Dean who was currently getting slapped across the face by some uncouth asshole. “I’ve had a few offers for him before and I know Alastair wants him seven days a week but…”

“But what?” Cas asked, too quickly.

“Well, just between you and me, darling Cas, I’m just not that convinced Alastair is all that… good for the boy,” Crowley said simply. “His contract with Al was facilitated by my predecessor. And if you think I have no morals, well, I look like Mother fucking Teresa compared to him. So here’s what I’ll do for you and only you. I will sign a contract between you and me for the use of Dean three days per week, Sunday morning until Wednesday morning, right now, if you’ll agree. I’ll even throw in a sweetener because I can see how desperate you are for him.”

“What’s that?”

“I know for a fact that Alastair is about half an hour away from getting onto a plane. He complained to me earlier about how late the show was and how he’d have to leave straightaway to make his
“Yeah…”?

“So if you come back to my office with me now and sign the papers, you can take Dean home right now,” Crowley finished with a flourish.

Cas let that sink in for a moment. He didn’t know Dean at all and now he was signing a contract to have him for three days a week. He nodded, letting the information sit with him for a moment and looked back over to the stage. Dean was whimpering in pain as one dickhead slapped his ass while another stroked his restricted, caged cock. Even though he hated thinking of the situation like this he felt like this was such an impulse purchase. He sent one last glance over to Dean and, to his surprise, the sub was looking straight at him, his eyes almost pleading with him to make the deal with Crowley.

“Alright,” Cas said, lifting his hand over the bar to shake Crowley’s. “You’ve got yourself a deal.”

“Fantastic,” Crowley grinned. He pulled the ubiquitous tea towel from his shoulder and threw it to the dark haired girl behind the bar a couple feet away. “Ruby! Man the bar for a moment, won’t you?”

“Sure thing boss,” Ruby said, rolling her eyes.

“Follow me,” Crowley said.

Cas stood up and walked along the bar towards the back of the room, following Crowley to his office at the back. He looked over his shoulder at Dean as he passed by, his heart clenching in his chest as he saw Dean closing his eyes when one of the audience members slapped his face again.

Crowley held the door to his office open and Cas walked in, taking in the vast array of bondage equipment scattered around the office. Crowley picked up a set of cuffs from the chair opposite his desk so Cas could sit down and then pulled out a manilla folder. Inside was a handful of papers and Cas looked up at Crowley in surprise.

“You’ve already got the contract ready?”

“Dean’s in high demand, what can I say?” Crowley shrugged. “As soon as I got the call this afternoon I drafted a new contract up.”

“And… why exactly did Dean’s other client drop him?” Cas asked.

“You thinking of backing out already?” Crowley said, leaning back in his chair.

“No, just wanting to go in with my eyes open, that’s all.”

“Look, you watched the show that Alastair just put on,” Crowley explained, gesturing to the closed door of his office and the bar beyond. “He owns Dean. Four days a week. That’s a regular thing for him. Dean’s other client was just tired of him turning up all black and blue and not able to take another beating without passing out.”

“Jesus,” Cas breathed, taking a moment to think about that eventuality. But he looked back up at Crowley, his decision made in that moment. “I want him. Dean. I want him seven days a week.”

Crowley sighed. “As much as I’d like to do that, I can’t.”
“Why not? You’ve seen my establishment. It’s packed every single night. I’m good for the money, trust me,” Cas said with a laugh. “Come on Crowley, you want to do a deal? This is a good deal.”

“The problem is that I simply can’t. There’s a contract in place. And it’s still got a month on it. I can’t break it. When the contract is up for renewal it’s… uh, you’ll like this bit… it’ll be Dean’s choice.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well it’s quite an interesting little quirk of these contracts,” Crowley said with a smile. “When it comes time to renew or end a contract then we need to have agreeance between the submissive - Dean, in this case - and the dominant - you or Alastair. And, having Dean come back to me every week covered in blood is just not that great for business - for me or him. If one of the parties says ‘No’ to the renewal, it’s off. And if Dean knows what's good for him, he's going to be saying no. So, if you want to take over the contract and extend it to seven days a week or, in fact, buy him out from me completely, then… convince Dean to stay with you instead. You’ve got a month.”

“Well shit, Crowley,” Cas said with a grin, “challenge accepted.”

“In that case,” Crowley said, “sign your life away.”

Crowley stood up and passed him the contract and a pen. “Have a read through, sign and date, and I’ll bring in our willing victim. Or unwilling, who knows at this point.”

Crowley left the office and closed the door behind him and Cas let out the breath he hadn’t realised he’d been holding. “What the fuck am I doing?” he whispered to himself. He started reading the contract - he’d seen Crowley’s contracts before and he’d seen dom-sub contracts before, it was all standard stuff. One thing that worried him was the lack of limits for Dean - according to this, nothing was off-limits. After scanning the rest of it and seeing nothing else too worrisome, Cas signed and dated the last page and left the contract on Crowley’s side of the desk just as the door swung open again.

Cas turned in the chair to see Crowley leading Dean into the room by the leash on his collar. The sub was a wreck, his face was bloody with a split lip and a cut over his eye. Crowley had taken off the ring gag and the cuffs and Dean was holding his left arm tightly to his torso - Cas could see the bruising all over his shoulder in stark relief now.

“Kneel down there,” Crowley said, pointing to a patch of carpet next to his desk.

“Yes, sir,” Dean said, his voice hoarse and cracked. He kept his eyes downcast as he got to his knees, biting back a whimper when his bruised, scraped knees hit the carpet. He wavered slightly and held out a hand to the floor to keep himself upright. Cas took notice of the bruises encircling his wrists and frowned.

“Now Dean, I’d like to introduce you to your newest client, Cas… Novak,” Crowley said, reading the surname off the contract.

“Hello Dean,” Cas said, gazing down at this beautiful boy who was now his. Or at least was on paper.

“But”- Dean started but then stopped himself.

“You’re going to speak out of turn, boy? What were you gonna say?” Crowley demanded, his voice taking on a harsh, strict tone that Cas had never heard before. “Talk.”

“I… I was just wondering what, uh, what happened with Kubrick,” Dean stammered, his eyes laser-
focused on the floor. “Did I… did I do something wrong? Fuck up again?”

Crowley sighed and met Cas’s eyes for a minute, his expression unreadable. “No. You didn’t do anything wrong. His contract… ran out. So Cas is taking over. Starting now.”

“S-starting now?” Dean blurted raising his eyes to look at the two of them before immediately dropping his head. “S-sorry, sirs.”

“Yes. Starting now.” Crowley stood up and both Cas and Dean looked up at the man. “Now, here are the keys Alastair left me with. Get all his shit off and get dressed.” Crowley tossed the keys to Dean who fumbled the catch, the keys jangling onto the floor. He grabbed them hurriedly. “Thanks for signing. I’ll send you an email tomorrow, set up the payment. But for now, good night and good luck you two.”

Crowley left the two of them in the room and Cas let out a breath before glancing down at the sub - his sub. Dean had been staring up at him but quickly dropped his eyes.

“Are you okay?” Cas asked.

“I… uh, yes sir,” Dean said. He picked up the keys and held them aloft, to Cas. “You should take these.”

“No, it’s fine, take that… take all of that off,” Cas said, gesturing to the torturous cock cage and sound. Whilst he was just about getting hard right there looking at the sound splitting open that gorgeous boy’s slit, he wanted to use his own sounds on him. And he also wanted to provide Dean with at least a modicum of aftercare which, clearly, Alastair wanted nothing to do with.

“T-thank you, sir,” Dean murmured.

Cas stood up and turned away wanting to give Dean a sliver of privacy, and hating the way Dean tried to stifle his gasps of pain while he took off Alastair’s toys.

“Do you still have that plug in you?” Cas asked.

“Yes, sir.”

“Take that out too. I want everything off you that he’s put on,” Cas ordered. He didn’t want to sound so strict, but he also wanted this moment over, now. He wanted Dean in his bed, he wanted his arms around him, he wanted-

“Yes, sir.”

Dean’s words brought him out of his thoughts. He heard Dean put Alastair’s toys into a plastic bucket he’d seen near Crowley’s desk, already filled to the brim with sex toys.

“I’m… it’s all off.”

Cas turned around to see Dean kneeling on the carpet, naked as the day he was born. He took in the boy’s form, not able to stop himself licking his lips. But, he held himself back. Dean needed help first. He needed care.

“Are your clothes in here somewhere?” Cas asked.

“Yes, sir.”

“Put them and we’ll go.”
“Uh…”

“Dean?” Cas almost jumped when Dean looked up at him - those startling green eyes full of pain and pleading with him. “What is it?” he questioned, gently.

“It… nothing. I’m sorry sir. I’ll be good,” Dean said, dropping his gaze.

“No, what is it?”

“Nothing, I’m sorry sir,” Dean said. He stood up shakily and picked up a pair of jeans, pulling them on with a wince and Cas suddenly understood his hesitation. The rough denim on the welts caused by Alastair’s lashing would be excruciating. But there weren’t many other options.

“I have something soft you can wear at my place,” Cas said softly. “It’s only a short drive from here.”

“I… t-thank you sir,” Dean said.

Cas would have to train him out of that honorific. It’s what Dean called Alastair and Cas wasn’t going to like hearing it much longer. Once Dean was dressed Cas softly grasped his forearm - his right forearm, remembering the bruising on Dean’s left shoulder. The two of them walked out of Crowley’s office, through the bar to the stunned faces of the clientele. Crowley saluted as they walked past and Cas nodded, while Dean just kept his head down the entire time. Once they were out the front door and onto the street he felt Dean sag against him.

“Are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” Dean said, through gritted teeth, “sir. Just a little tired.”

“Call me Cas, alright?”

“I… uh, okay… Cas,” Dean replied, his breath hitching as he stumbled slightly.

Cas nodded but he let go of Dean’s forearm and instead wrapped his arm around Dean’s upper body, being careful of his left shoulder. “My car is just up here.”

They arrived at a grey Ford Crown Victoria and Cas opened the passenger side door for Dean who got in, stiffly and with a groan. Cas was just about to shut the door when a shout stopped him.

“Hey! What the fuck do you think you’re doing with that whore!”

Cas turned around to see a tall, African American man charging up to the two of them. He looked furious. Cas chanced a glance down at Dean and he looked terrified.

“Cas… please…”

“I won’t let anything happen to you,” Cas said, “I promise.” He closed the door and turned to face the man. “I think you need to leave us alone before this gets out of hand.”

“What the fuck are you doing with that whore? That’s Alastair’s property,” the man spat out, looking murderous.

“Alright, look… uh…?” Cas flicked his eyes up questioningly to the man.

“Gordon. Gordon Walker.”
“Alright, look Gordon,” Cas said. “You need to know something. First of all, that fucking asshole Alastair only has *Dean* for four days a week. And now, I have him the other three. So I suggest you fuck off right back to where you crawled out of. And if Alastair has an issue with any of this he can go and talk to Crowley who signed *both of our contracts*.”

And with that, Cas spun around and strolled over to the driver’s side and got in, started the car and peeled off into the street, not giving Gordon another look. Once they’d rounded the corner and Gordon and that goddamn bar were out of sight, Cas looked over at Dean.

“Are you alright?” Cas asked.

Dean swallowed and nodded. “Y-yeah. Thank you for… for that.”

“You don’t need to thank me, from this point on, for the three days a week that you’re with me, I’ll be looking after you, okay? Like, *actually* looking after you.”

“I… but…”

“But what, Dean?”

“I just thought… you didn’t have to do that for me,” Dean said brokenly, whispering into his lap.

“You don’t think you’re worth saving,” Cas mused, gazing over at this beautiful boy in his car, in his *life*.

“I… uh…”

“You are, I promise,” Cas said and for the first time Dean looked up at him, a flicker of hope in those mesmerising green eyes. “You’ll see. I’ll show you.”
Chapter Summary

Cas takes care of Dean in more ways than one and Dean starts to think that maybe this master isn't as bad as his other master...

Not as much sexytimes or angst in this chapter but there is more coming I promise (haha, excuse the pun)

Kinks in this chapter:
Aftercare and just a nice little blowjoy :)

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter Two

They got back to Cas’s home in record time - although Dean didn’t know it. When Cas slowed his admittedly-low rent Ford in front of a huge, rowdy, packed-to-the-rafters bar, he frowned slightly. There was a sign hanging over the entrance, at first glance it looked rustic and old but on closer inspection, Dean could tell it was made to look that way as it announced the name of the place as the Stairway to Heaven Bar. Regardless, the last thing he was going to do was ask this complete stranger why the hell they were at a bar. Sure, Cas had stopped Gordon from going eleven rounds with his face but that didn’t mean that Cas himself wasn’t going to throw him around later on when they were in the privacy of his own home. Cas probably just didn’t like to share his whores - he probably had that in common with Alastair.

“This is us,” Cas murmured.

Dean jumped at the sound of his voice in the close quarters of the car and bit his lip when the movement sent sparks of hot agony through his shoulder. He closed his eyes and breathed through the pain. He could have fucking killed Alastair for chaining him up like that again tonight at Crowley’s place but it’s not like he was in any place to complain - that would have just earned him more pain. Dean opened his eyes and chanced a quick glance up at Cas but his eyes were back on the road. Dean didn’t know if he should reply - Cas hadn’t really asked him a question - so he just decided to stay quiet, wait to speak until spoken to.

Cas rolled past the bar and then turned right down the driveway alongside it. He went very slowly over the gutter but the bounce of the car tyres over the curb still aggravated every cut and bruise he had on him and Dean couldn’t help the sharp intake of breath.

“I’m sorry,” Cas said, glancing over at him.

“Sorry sir,” Dean whispered at practically the same time, shrinking into himself. He was so tired and he knew he wasn’t thinking straight at this point - the best plan of action was to always just apologise and take whatever was coming his way.
“Dean, you don’t… We’ll talk about that later,” Cas replied and his words sent a chill down Dean’s spine.

Alastair used to say things like that. Whenever Dean fucked up in public at a place where people would have called the cops on Alastair if they’d witnessed him ‘disciplining’ Dean, he’d say something like that. Innocuous to an outsider and downright terrifying to Dean.

“Yes, sir,” Dean said, leaning his forehead against the cool glass of the window.

Cas drove around the back of the bar - it was actually quite a large two storey building - and parked the car in what looked like a reserved space. He pulled the key from the ignition and opened the driver’s side door. Dean opened the passenger side door, grunting slightly at the pull in his shoulder.

“Wait for me,” Cas ordered and Dean dropped his hand back into his lap obediently.

Cas rounded the bonnet and opened the passenger side door then leaned down towards Dean who instinctively jerked backwards. Cas stepped back, holding his hands up and, if Dean was being honest, he looked horrified.

“God, Dean, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to… to scare you,” Cas stammered. “I… I just wanted to help you. I saw the… I know you’re hurt.”

“I’m fine,” Dean said, he was tired of this shit. He was tired, exhausted in fact, all he wanted to do was go up to Cas’s bedroom, let the man fuck him or whatever and then just go to sleep. He pushed himself out of the car and to his feet, groaning at the myriad injuries and shoving Cas’s arm away when he reached out. “Stop. I’m fine.”

“Dean,” Cas warned and Dean’s eyes flashed up to see his face, stern and uncompromising.

“I’m sorry, God I’m… I’m just really tired, I’ll make it up to you, I promise,” Dean rambled, his voice shaking with exhaustion or trepidation, he didn’t even know anymore.

“Come on, Dean, just… please, let me help you upstairs,” Cas pleaded.

Dean looked up and was a little taken aback to see Cas’s startlingly blue eyes looking… teary. He took a breath and nodded, Cas gently took his arm and Dean let him. The two of them headed for an outside staircase leading up to the second floor. Cas supported Dean’s weight going up the stairs and when they got to the landing Dean was breathing hard. Alastair’s earlier treatment of him was really starting to make itself known, he was aching all over. Cas unlocked the door and reached inside to switch on the light then the two of them walked in.

Cas’s apartment was actually… kind of nice, if Dean was being honest. A touch bland but nice. A large lounge room with comfy looking chocolate brown leather lounges, plush beige carpeting and an open plan kitchen. Cas led the two of them towards a hallway.

“Bathroom’s on the left if you need it,” Cas said, gesturing towards a dark room off the hallway. “Bedroom’s at the end. That’s where we’re going.”

Cas helped Dean whose feet were at this point dragging along the carpet to the bedroom. It was decorated in the same neutral, tasteful way with a large, king-size bed topped with a navy duvet that looked so goddamn soft to Dean he almost started crying at the thought of something so gentle on his skin. Cas let Dean sit on the edge of the bed and kneeled down in front of him, making Dean stiffen slightly. But all he did was unlace his boots and pull them off. Dean closed his eyes and sighed softly as Cas pulled his socks off and gently touched his feet, massaging his ankles. His hands left Dean’s skin and Dean couldn’t help the soft whimper that left his lips.
“I’ll be right back,” Cas promised.

Dean nodded, his eyelids drooping and closing just as Cas returned, a box in his hands that he placed on the bed. He snapped his eyes open again - if Cas wanted him to perform, he’d need to be on his game. Instead Cas started unbuttoning Dean’s flannel shirt. He pulled it off Dean’s shoulders and the feeling of just the soft flannel fabric over his shoulder and back made Dean whine softly in pain.

“I know, I know,” Cas breathed, taking his shirt and folding it, putting it aside. “I’m sorry. How is your shoulder feeling now?”

Dean looked up at Cas, confused at the question. “My… what?”

“You shoulder,” Cas said, looking pointedly at Dean’s left shoulder which right now was throbbing something powerful. And most definitely *not* the good kind of throbbing.

“It… it hurts,” Dean said simply.

“You dislocated it right?” Cas said, moving so he could study the joint better.

Dean dropped his head, swallowed hard. He knew why Cas was asking now.

“Dean?”

“You don’t want me anymore, do you?” he whispered.

“What? I didn’t say that.”

“You didn’t have to. I’m… I’m damaged goods. I’m not worth the money you paid for me. I’m sorry sir.”

Cas bent down and placed his warm hands on Dean’s knees making him start slightly. “Dean, look at me.”

Dean reluctantly but obediently raised his eyes to his new master’s blue ones.

“You are *not* damaged goods. I want you. But I also don’t want you to be in pain. Now I’ve got a little bit of training in first aid, god knows you need it when you own a bar like downstairs. So when I ask you questions like this I want you to be completely honest with me,” Cas said, his voice was firm but it didn’t hold the same harshness as Alastair or Crowley’s. “If you’re in pain, right now, I want to know. I want you to be truthful with me.”

“Yeah, it… it feels like my shoulder's on fire. It happened this morning,” Dean finally said, after a beat, his voice so soft he almost didn’t hear it himself.

“How?” Cas asked, straightening, taking his hands off Dean’s knees.

“Yeah. Alastair had me… had me tied up like he did at the club. He was, uh, fucking me and he, I guess he didn’t know his own strength. It popped out and… it was dislocated for a while. He didn’t notice,” Dean said before quickly adding, “but I… I should have tried to tell him or something. I was gagged, I tried screaming but he just didn’t hear me.”

Cas ran a hand over his face and Dean paled. Did he say something wrong? Fuck, *what now?*

“Oh Dean,” he said softly.

“I… I’m sorry sir, it was completely my fault, it… it doesn’t hurt that much, I promise sir, see?”
Dean protested. He lifted his arm to try and prove the point but had to bite back a gasp of agony and drop his arm back to his lap - which completely defeated the purpose of what he was trying to do.

“No, I’m not angry at you Dean,” Cas said, gently. He looked down at Dean and didn’t say anything for a long moment. “I’m angry at… that’s not the way it should be. I want you to feel like you’re safe with me.”

Dean scoffed at that. He couldn’t help it. “I’m sorry sir, I know I’ll probably get a beating for this but I honestly can’t remember the last time I felt safe.”

Cas sighed and didn’t say anything for a long time. The silence stretched on making Dean feel more and more tense until finally Cas spoke again.

“Okay, here’s what we’ll do. I know this is kind of… well, kind of crazy. I only just met you an hour ago and here we are in my bedroom. But if you won’t listen to me when I tell you that you’re safe here and that I want to care for you, then I’ll just have to show you,” Cas said. Dean was desperately trying to make his weary brain analyse every word - looking for any warning or any idea of what might be coming. “So, I want you to take your jeans off and lie on the bed, face down.”

Dean looked up at Cas questioningly, his breath catching in his throat. Was Cas really going to fuck him senseless right now? When he’d just told him how much pain he was in? Was that the kind of guy who’d just taken over half his life? Well fuck his life two times now.

“Dean, now.”

Cas’s voice jerked Dean out of his thoughts and he startled slightly. He nodded and stood up. “Yes, sir,” he murmured, feeling the twinges in his shoulder as he unbuttoned his jeans. “Sorry, sir.”

He shoved his jeans down, grimacing at the pain as the rough denim scraped over the welts on his ass and legs. Dean quickly climbed onto Cas’s bed, gasping softly as his left arm buckled under his weight. He flinched when hands immediately grasped him gently and helped him lay down on the bed, his head on Cas’s pillow. Dean lay there, biting his lip, his face turned to the side, watching as Cas started digging through the box he’d brought in. Dean closed his eyes, waiting for whatever painful thing was coming his way. He almost jumped out of his skin when he felt a warm, wet cloth being placed gently on his back.

“Cas, what are”-

“Stay still Dean,” Cas said softly. “I’m just cleaning your back. These welts… they’re not that bad, the skin's not broken, but I don’t want to take any risks, I want you to feel better, I want to look after you, I promise. There's... unfortunately there's not much I can do for your shoulder. Icing it right after it happened would have helped but it's too late for that now. You'll just have to rest it as best you can.”

Dean stilled, not wanting to move a muscle. Cas’s soft, soothing touch was possibly the nicest physical feeling he’d had for… months. As Cas moved the cloth down Dean’s back to his bruised, welted butt, Dean stiffened.

“It’s okay,” Cas breathed, picking up on the change in Dean. “I don’t want you to do anything, I don’t want anything from you, I just want you to relax, alright?”

“I... uh, yes sir,” Dean replied.

“And one more thing, Dean.”
“Yes sir?”

Cas moved to the head of the bed and ran his fingers gently through Dean’s short dark blonde hair. “I really don’t want you to call me ‘sir’. Alright?” he smiled at Dean and Dean found the corners of his lips turning up slightly in response.

“Alright si- uh, Cas,” Dean stammered in response.

Cas kept cleaning Dean’s welts with the washcloth before grabbing some cream and massaging that into Dean’s skin to finish. Once Cas was done, he packed away the rest of the first aid kit and dimmed the lights in the bedroom. Dean watched out of the corner of his eye as Cas stripped down, revealing a seriously mouthwatering body, all tanned skin and lean muscle before putting on a pair of boxers.

“Now, I want you to roll over,” Cas said.

Dean felt the bed dip next to him as Cas sat down and he pushed his upper body up, grunting slightly at his sore shoulder. Cas wordlessly helped him onto his back. Dean was anticipating the welts on his back, ass and legs flaring up at the contact and was amazed when they didn’t. He looked up at Cas’s bright blue eyes and frowned slightly.

“Numbing cream,” Cas said with a shrug, as if reading his mind. “You didn’t deserve to be beaten so harshly, there’s no reason you need to keep feeling it. That cream will help you sleep better. And… well, this might too.”

Cas leaned down and brushed his lips along Dean’s collarbone - Dean inhaled sharply at the touch, moaning slightly as Cas moved those full, pink lips down his chest, paying special attention to his nipples before moving lower. Dean gasped as Cas licked a line down Dean’s cock - it grew hard in seconds and Dean gasped softly. Cas took Dean’s whole cock in his mouth and swallowed around it a couple times. Dean felt the earth move as Cas started sucking, started hefting and fondling his balls with abandon. Dean’s hands grasped the sheets of the bed, forming fists as Cas deepthroated him.

“Cas, Cas, please, please, I...” Dean’s next words were cut off by a gasp when Cas’s mouth left his cock.

“What is it Dean? Are you alright - did I hurt you?” Cas asked. Dean craned his head up to look at Cas’s face and dropped back down onto the pillow when he saw the absolute horror on Cas’s face.

“I… oh, God, no , Cas, please I… I need…”

“What do you need?”

“I need to cum, please Cas,” Dean begged.

“Of course, Dean,” Cas said, lowering himself back to Dean’s cock. His next words almost made Dean shoot his load right there and then. “You can cum Dean, but only in my mouth because I’m planning on swallowing it all.”

Cas took Dean’s cock entirely in his mouth and swallowed around it making Dean gasp, his eyes squeezing shut. Cas licked the tip of his cock and that was it - Dean came so hard, his hips jerked up off the bed and he cried out in ecstasy. True to his word, Cas swallowed every drop, even licked Dean’s cock clean as he caught his breath on the bed, his eyelids fluttering.

“Was that good, Dean?” Cas said, kneeling up on the bed and looking down at him.
“That… that was… I’ve never…” Dean stuttered, still basking in that post-orgasmic bliss.

“I’ll take as a yes,” Cas said, with a smile getting up off the bed.

Dean pushed the fog from his mind and sat up on the bed with a soft moan. He was just about to get up onto his hands and knees ready for Cas when the man came back with a pair of soft-looking boxers in his hand.

“Here, put these on, they should be soft on your skin,” Cas said, handing them to Dean.

“Do you… what do you want me to do?” Dean asked, taking the boxers but looking up at Cas, confused.

Cas cocked his head to the side as he contemplated Dean. “Well, I was hoping you’d put those on and then we could get some sleep. It’s almost two in the morning. Downstairs will be closing soon and won’t be open until five tomorrow evening so we can sleep in for as long as we want. How does that sound?”

“That sounds… uh, I’m sorry, Cas, but really? You don’t want me to suck you off or…”

“Dean, trust me, I’m sure,” Cas replied with a smile. “I know it might take some time to get used to and I’ll be up front with you, I do like to partake in BDSM as well but I want you to know that anything I ever want to do to you, I want it to be consensual. I want you to be in charge.”

“Me… in charge?” Dean frowned as he listened, putting on the boxers that Cas handed him - he was right, the fabric felt so soft against his skin. Once Dean was dressed, Cas switched off the light. The room was plunged into darkness but Dean’s eyes quickly accustomed - helped along by the glow of the red neon lights filtering up from the street.

“Yes. You need to understand that if you’re my submissive, then you’re in charge. If it’s ever too much you can always say stop or let me know in a non-verbal way to stop and I will stop. You have my word. You might not believe me now, but I promise you, you will believe it,” Cas finished. He rolled the covers back and got into the bed, laying the covers open for Dean to get in next to him. Dean lay down on the mattress and Cas threw the covers over him. Dean lay his head on the impossibly soft and comfortable pillow and he felt Cas brush those lips over his left shoulder. What should have been painful felt so soothing, he closed his eyes. Maybe this could work, he thought as he drifted towards sleep, Cas was… like a dream. He jerked wide awake when he thought about Alastair - literally and physically.

“Dean, are you alright?” Cas asked, placing a hand on his upper arm, his thumb stroking gently.

“Y-yeah, sorry, I’m… I’m more than alright,” Dean said, turning to face Cas, gazing into his vibrant blue eyes. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” Cas murmured, reaching up and running his fingers through Dean’s hair. “This will work out.”

“I hope so,” Dean whispered as he lost the battle against exhaustion.

Chapter End Notes

If you have requests let me know and I'll see if I can fulfil... ;(
Chapter Three

Dean didn’t wake up until almost one in the afternoon the next day. He’d been so exhausted after his time with Alastair and the brutal session at Hell. It was his shoulder that finally started to rouse him. He’d rolled over on Cas’s stupidly comfortable bed and the dull ache made itself known. He groaned softly and rolled back, his eyelids fluttered as he heard soft footsteps coming towards the bedroom.

“What were you dreaming about?”

“You,” Dean murmured in response.

Cas’s smile grew wider as he sat down on the edge of the bed. “Why don’t you go have a shower. There are towels in the bathroom for you and you can borrow some of my clothes if your jeans are still too rough for your skin. I’ll make breakfast. I assume you like bacon?”

“Oh my God, where have you been all my life,” Dean groaned with a laugh.
“Good, now get up and get in the shower, breakfast in 20,” Cas said. He gently slapped Dean’s thigh through the bed covers and got up again.

Twenty minutes later, right on time, Dean stepped out of Cas’s bedroom, dressed in a pair of Cas’s jeans - a softer denim than his own - and a t-shirt he’d found in the chest of drawers in the room. The smell of bacon, eggs, toast and freshly brewed black coffee was wafting through the entire upstairs apartment. It smelled heavenly. The best he’d get when he was with Alastair was dried up leftovers or anything he could scrounge in the kitchen - of course, making sure not to use too much food lest Alastair notice it was missing.

Cas was working away at the kitchen bench, dishing up their breakfast. He turned around with two plates piled high with food and motioned to the dining table. Coffee, mugs and cutlery was already there.

“Take a seat.”

Dean nodded and sat down at the table just as Cas put the plates down. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d had a big cooked breakfast like this. It must have been all the way back when Sam and John and him were still living in Lawrence, before-

He cut off that train of thought as he felt hot tears prickling behind his eyes. He hadn’t thought about that time in so long. Almost two years of dealing with Alastair had beaten those good times out of him, that’s for sure.

“Dean? Dean?”

He looked up to see Cas staring at him intently, head cocked to the side. He looked worried.

“Sorry… I, uh just drifted off for a minute there,” Dean said. He sniffed, wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. “Haven’t had breakfast cooked for me like this in ages.”

“What were you thinking about?”

“It’s nothing,” Dean said. He picked up his fork and stabbed a piece of toast and egg, then faltered on his way to eating it. He lowered the fork and looked up at Cas. “Can… can I start?”

“Oh course, Dean,” Cas said incredulously. “We’re not… this is not a 24/7 master-slave relationship.”

“It’s not… then what do you want me for?” Dean asked, taking a bite of his breakfast. He almost groaned in appreciation of the food but managed to hold himself back. He was interested in what Cas would say in response.

“Is that what it’s like with Alastair?”

Dean almost choked on his second bite. “Uh… yeah I guess you could say it is. Whenever I’m with him… he says ‘jump’, I say ‘how high’. Or at least try to. He’s got me… well, I’m gagged most of the time with him anyway.”

“Do you like that? 24/7?” Cas asked. “Is that what you’d prefer?”

“No,” Dean said quickly. Too quickly. “Uh, I mean, I don’t mind. Whatever you like, I’m fine
Cas put down his knife and fork and practically speared Dean in his seat with the intense look he gave him. “No, Dean, I want you to be honest with me. Do you like it or not?”

“I… I don’t know, I mean, this is nice too, just sitting, having breakfast with you,” Dean said, getting flustered. Fuck, he had no idea what he was supposed to say to Cas. “I… I don’t know what you want me to say,” he finished, exasperated.

“I want you to be honest with me,” Cas said. “It sounds really fucking lame but… when I saw you at Hell last night, there was… something about you. I mean, God I wanted to do things to you.”

“What kind of things?” Dean said, tilting his head down but looking up at Cas through long eyelashes. He knew he’d fucked up with Cas’s question about 24/7 slavery, he had to try and make up for it.

“Well fuck you absolutely brainless but… I also wanted to care for you,” Cas said with a shrug. “In this type of relationship, the dom has a responsibility to care for his sub. A dom has a responsibility to not have him chained up with a recently dislocated shoulder for one. And a dom should never dislocate a sub’s shoulder in the first place. That’s… Dean, that’s not how it should be.”

“But that’s how it’s always been,” Dean said with a frown. “With Alastair anyway. And, even Kubrick and Crowley to a certain extent. Why should it be”-

Dean cut himself off before he could say something he regretted. But Cas picked up on it. So far, nothing got past Cas.

“What were you going to say?”

“It’s nothing.”

“Dean, tell me.”

“Cas, it’s nothing.”

“Dean,” Cas warned, his voice getting lower making Dean swallow involuntarily, “tell me now.”

“I… I was just going to s-say that, uh,” Dean cleared his throat, before finally adding in a voice just above a whisper, “why should it be any different with you?”

Dean looked down, closed his eyes, his whole body tense - waiting for a blow he knew would be coming his way. Except it didn’t. He cracked one eye open and then the other.

“What did you think I’d do?” Cas asked, looking at him sadly. “When you said that? How did you think I’d react?”

“Well usually Alastair’d beat the shit out of me for saying something like that,” Dean admitted. “That’s why he usually just keeps me gagged when I’m with him. He always says my mouth is pretty but it’d be prettier if I wasn’t using it.”

The words came out perfectly, just about in Alastair’s exact tone of voice - Dean had heard him say that phrase so often.

“Dean, I’m not going to hit you just for saying something that I might disagree with,” Cas said softly.
“I don’t know that,” Dean replied, “I don’t… I don’t know you.”

“I understand,” Cas said.

Dean looked up. “Y-you do?”

“Of course, I’m not going to win you over with one amazing blowjob, am I?” Cas looked up, one side of his mouth lifting in a smile.

“Well, if every night ends like that you might,” Dean replied with a smirk of his own.

“Now come on and finish breakfast, we’ve got work to do,” Cas said, tucking into his breakfast.

Dean did the same but frowned in silence at Cas’s statement. The eggs and bacon had grown slightly cold but they still tasted mouthwateringly good to Dean.

Once they were finished, Cas cleared the plates and then made a fresh pot of coffee before grasping Dean’s hand and leading him towards the couches. He picked up a laptop and opened it, studying the screen for a moment.

“When I signed the contract I noticed there were no limits in there. Hard or soft,” Cas said.

Dean shrugged. “It’s always been like that. Clients get to do what they want. That’s what they pay the money for.”

“Alright, well that’s not how it’s going to work with me,” Cas said firmly. “You know what I mean by limits right?”

“Y-yeah, I guess,” Dean said. He pulled his knees to his chest, stretching the muscles in his shoulders as he hugged his legs close to his upper body. “What’s this about?”

“We’re going to have limits in what we do. There are things that I don’t like and I’m sure there are things you don’t like,” Cas explained. “So we’re going to find out about them all now and figure out what both of our limits are.”

“I don’t have any limits,” Dean replied.

“Did you enjoy what Alastair did to you last night in Hell?” Cas asked.

The question made the bottom of Dean’s stomach drop out. Surely Cas wasn’t going to do something like that to him right? He didn’t seem like the type. But then, neither had Alastair when he’d first signed Dean’s contract.

“Dean?”

“Uh… no, I don’t know,” Dean stammered. He was feeling helpless, adrift in an ocean with nothing but a raft to cling to. “I don’t know what you want me to say.”

“Why not? Why are you afraid of being honest with me?” Cas asked, putting the laptop aside for a moment. He shifted closer to Dean on the couch, rested a hand on his forearm.

“I… you seem, I mean, I don’t really know you, but you seem… different I guess,” Dean said, his voice trailing off into a whisper.

“Different to Alastair?”
“God yeah.”

“Well that’s good, that’s what I’m aiming for,” Cas said with a smile. “I want you to know you can be honest with me, alright? How many times have you been worried that you’ve done something or said something that would result in me hitting you for stepping out of line so far?”

Dean thought about it and realised that if it was Alastair sitting next to him, he’d probably be black and blue by this point.

“And how many of those times have I hit you?” Cas questioned. Dean looked up at Cas, silently. “That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you. Unless we’re actually in a scene - and you’ll know when we’re in a scene by the way *and* you’ll have a safeword and I will respect it at all times - you *can* trust me. I won’t hurt you Dean, I promise.”

Dean swallowed and nodded, letting Cas’s words sink in. He thought about the last 12 hours or so with the man and nodded again, making up his mind. “Alright. I trust you.”

“Thank you,” Cas said, raising his hand and stroking Dean’s cheek smiling widely when the man didn’t flinch away. “I will never betray your trust, that I can promise you as well.”

Dean closed his eyes and leaned into Cas’s hand, whining slightly when Cas pulled away. He opened his eyes to see Cas picking his laptop back up.

“Alright, we are setting some limits,” Cas said.

“But, I d”-

“You do, I’m sure of it,” Cas said, cutting him off. “I’ll show you how it’s done. On my list of hard limits are water sports, anything scat. I don’t like it, not a fan. What about you?”

“I… I don’t like it either,” Dean said, wrinkling his nose at memories of one of Crowley’s more… eccentric customers.

“Good,” Cas said and Dean beamed at the praise. “I’m guessing you like receiving blowjobs.” Dean nodded eagerly. “Do you like giving them?”

“Yes, of course,” Dean replied instantly.

“Really? Or are you just saying that because it’s what you think I want to hear?” Cas asked. “Personally, I like giving blowjobs. When it’s something like last night and I get to see how blissed out my beautiful boy gets, well nothing beats that. Is that what you like about them?”

“Yeah, I… I like that too,” Dean said, but his face clouded over at the thought.

“What is it?”

“Well… Alastair says I’m no good at them,” Dean confessed, “that’s… that’s why he made me suck off all of those guys at Hell last night. For practice.”

“Did you like that?”

“N-not really, no,” Dean replied quietly.

“Okay, good to know,” Cas said, typing away. “And, I’ll be the judge of how good your blowjobs are, by the way,” he added with a devilish smile.
“Butt plugs?”

“I don’t mind them,” Dean replied. “Alastair would hardly ever stretch me so I’d prefer to wear a plug all day than get taken without any prep.”

“I would never do that to you,” Cas said, laying his hand down on Dean’s knee. “I would always make sure you’re properly prepared. It’s not good for me if it’s not good for you. Is that the only reason you like butt plugs? So that anal isn’t as painful later?”

“I guess… if they’re the right kind of plug I… I kind of like them,” Dean said.

“And since we’re on the subject, anal sex?”

“I feel like I’d like it with you,” Dean said, looked up at Cas.

“Good lord, you’re going to make this hard to finish aren’t you?” Cas joked.

“I’d like to think I make other things hard too,” Dean shot back with a laugh.

“You sure do,” Cas said, shaking his head but smiling. “Figging, have you tried that?”

“That’s ginger isn’t it?”

“That’s the one.”

“I’ve tried it with Alastair, it was…” Dean bit his lip for a minute, remembering, “it was punishment. I didn’t like it much but I suppose I don’t really like anything that Alastair does these days so I’d be open to trying it with you.”

“I like to incorporate it into spanking sometimes,” Cas mused. He looked up at Dean who was busy staring at his fingernails. “What do you think about spanking?”

“Uh… I, I don’t know,” Dean said his nerves starting to show.

“Tell me how Alastair does it,” Cas asked.

“Well, shit Cas, it’s never fun.”

“He does it just to hurt you.” It wasn’t a question.

“Yeah,” Dean whispered.

“You know, if it’s done the right way it can be very arousing.”

“R-really? I find that hard to believe,” Dean scoffed. “I don’t get how being covered in blood can be arousing.”

“Blood?” Cas echoed looking up in shock.

“He whips me with his belt or a whip or a cane or a… a fucking electrical cable until I’m bleeding, Cas, I don’t get how that can be a good thing.”

“Dean, I promise that…” Cas trailed off into silence. He put the laptop aside and turned to Dean. Dean didn’t look up. He didn’t know what to do. Once again, he’d managed to say something wrong, something that made Cas upset.
“I’m sorry, Cas, I really am, I just… I just don’t know what to say when you ask me about these things and… bring up Alastair, it’s, Cas, it’s bad with Alastair. Everything. Everything. The four days a week I’m with him are like I’m in… actual Hell. There’s no other way to describe it. All he does is hurt me. Make me bleed. Make me beg. Humiliate me. Break me down into a… a worthless, shell of a human being. It’s… God, Cas, I… I wouldn’t wish it on my worst enemy. I wouldn’t even wish it on him.”

Dean stopped talking and just sat there motionless, waiting for something, anything. For Cas to say something. To touch him. Hell, even hit him. At this point, he just didn’t care. He’d felt like this before. In fact, the last time he’d done that weekly walk from Hell over to Alastair’s place on a Wednesday to start his four days of torture and crossed that high bridge over the river about twenty minutes away from Hell, he’d thought about jumping. He’d actually contemplated it. Wondered how it would feel to hit the rocks below. Would he die immediately? Would he lie there, broken and suffering, until finally the last little bit of life trickled out of him?

He’d had to stop himself at that point. Stop and think of Sam, over at Stanford. Last time Crowley had let him speak to Sam over the phone about two months ago, it’d been looking like he might get a full ride to law school, his marks were so good. He was the real brains of the family, Sam Winchester. He’d always told himself, once Sam gets his shit together at college, then you can stop. Stop fucking up your life like this and actually do something with it. What exactly, he didn’t know. His train of thought had never ventured that far. He was good with cars. The Impala sitting out the back of Hell, covered with a tarp was proof of that - he’d rebuilt that in his spare time after John had crashed it driving drunk. Sure it had taken him almost four years but he didn’t have that much spare time between Crowley’s clients. Maybe he could do that when Alastair’s contract was up. He only had a month left and-

“Dean?”

His head shot up to look at Cas. The other man was sitting on the couch so close to him, he’d placed his warm hands on Dean’s arms without him even realising, his thumbs stroking Dean’s skin soothingly. Cas’s piercing blue eyes were searching his face, as if trying to read his mind.

“I’m sorry Cas, I’m sorry I’m so fucked up,” Dean whispered brokenly. “I’m sorry you signed a contract with a broken, fucked up, piece of shit that can’t do anything right.”

“You know that’s not what you are,” Cas said, lifting a hand to run his fingers through Dean’s hair. “I don’t think you’re broken. I think you’re strong. A survivor. What Alastair is doing to you isn’t right. It’s torture. It’s abuse. Most people would be on the floor, rocking back and forth at this point but not you. You’re weathering the storm. I’ve only known you a day but I think you’re the strongest person I’ve ever met. And the most beautiful.”

Cas leaned forward and placed a soft, chaste kiss on Dean’s mouth.

“I want to help you,” Cas continued. “I want to show you how this can actually be. How amazing it can be. I want you to know how special you are.”

“Really?” Dean asked, looking up in hope.

“Really. Dean… I know that your contract with Alastair only has a month left on it. And… when it’s done, I’d like you all to myself, contract or no contract. If you’ll have me.”

“I… well, I mean it’s only been a day but”-

“I know, I’m sorry,” Cas interrupted. “It’s crazy, you must think I’m crazy.”
“Well, I was gonna say that it doesn’t sound like a bad idea so far,” Dean finished with a small smile.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“You know, I might just hold you to that,” Cas said with a laugh. He picked up his laptop again. “Now I want to finish this. I want to make sure that every single thing I’m doing is something that you want me to do and not something that you’ll go along with because I want to. Got it?”

“Alright, let’s do it then,” Dean said with a shrug. He straightened out his legs, starting to feel more comfortable with Cas. Maybe this could work after all.

They went through the rest of Cas’s list. Dean had endured most of the kinks in a torturous way from Alastair but after Cas had explained how he would approach them, it was a yes to bondage, chastity, spanking, sounding, orgasm denial and sounding. Dean told Cas how Alastair had been particularly cruel with collars, cock and ball torture and enemas in the past but he said he’d be open to trying them with Cas. He’d never done any medical play but after Cas described it he was already starting to get worked up so that was a yes as well. Finally Cas put away the laptop.

“Thank you for that Dean, I feel much better knowing what you like and don’t like, and what I should approach more cautiously. Thank you for your honesty.”

Dean shrugged in response.

“Now, how do you feel about a beer. It’s almost five o’clock, believe it or not and I have a bar to open. What do you say we go on downstairs and open up?”
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

A little glimpse into what Alastair does with Dean...

Kinks in this chapter:
Spanking (belt), collar & leash, spanking bench, punishment enema, nipple clamps, figging (ginger in lube), cock cage & sound, butt plug, ball bondage, vibrating big dildo, orgasm denial, spanking (paddle), caning, fucking machine

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter Four

The three days that Dean spent with Cas were amazing. That’s the only way Dean could describe it. Since Cas owned and ran the Stairway to Heaven bar and diner they spent pretty much most of the night there. Once they closed - pretty late on Sunday but at a reasonable eleven o’clock on school nights - they’d both go upstairs and Cas would give Dean another of his earth-shattering blowjobs and ask for nothing in return. Dean would offer, hell, he’d even try to initiate something reciprocal but Cas would simply smile and tell him he was fine, not yet, maybe next time.

And then it was Wednesday morning already. Dean had felt like he was living in a dream - a dream where there was comfort and care and a warm bed and a warm body with a warm arm clutching him to a warm chest every night. It felt like heartbreak all over again to give that up. Cas didn’t seem super happy either.

After breakfast on Wednesday Cas handed him the jeans and shirt he’d been wearing on Saturday night at the club - they were freshly washed. Cas had even gone shopping one morning while Dean was sleeping in and presented him with brand new boxers and a jacket. It was fall after all and the air had a chill in it in the morning.

“Cas… you didn’t have to do this,” Dean said when Cas handed him the new clothes.

“Nonsense, it’s cold out there,” Cas shrugged. “Plus, I like the fact that you go commando but just in case your skin is still sore I thought I’d get you a little something.”

“Thank you,” Dean said, looking up at Cas feeling tears prick at the backs of his eyes.

“Dean, what is it?” Cas asked, noticing his tinge of sadness.

“I’m just… it’s our last morning together until Sunday and… I’m going to miss you,” Dean said.

Cas immediately enveloped him in a hug, Dean’s forehead resting on Cas’s shoulder as the older man ran his fingers through Dean’s hair. “I’m going to miss you too,” Cas murmured. “You have to be strong for me, alright? You’re going to be okay. You only have four more weeks of Alastair and then we can talk about what we want to do next.”
“It’s just… God, I’m such a fucking wuss,” Dean muttered, breaking up their hug, taking a step away from Cas and shaking his head angrily.

“Dean”-

“I’ve been putting up with his messed up shit for two years, surely I can put up with it for another month, right?” Dean said, looking up at Cas with a smile that didn’t reach his eyes.

“We’ll get this sorted out, okay?” Cas said. “Even if you don’t want to stay with me after Alastair’s contract ends, I will help you. God knows I always need an extra set of hands downstairs. I don’t know how much of a cut you get from Crowley so I don’t know how bartending will measure up but it’d be safer at least.”

“I do,” Dean said quietly, looking up at those vibrant blue eyes, pillowy soft pink lips and the permanently messy dark hair.

“What?” Cas asked, frowning.

“I do want to stay with you,” Dean finished.

Cas smiled and pulled Dean into his arms again, hands splayed over the leaner man’s back, feeling the shape of his body, trying to memorise every ridge and curve.

“Okay, I’d better get you back,” Cas said. He felt Dean sag against him at that, take a deep inhale and then nod in response.

Cas dropped Dean back off at Hell, the club looking ramshackle and rundown in the mid-morning light. Cas parked across the road from the club, took the time to give Dean a lingering kiss before he got out. A towering, 7 foot tall security guard was stationed in front of the door and Dean walked up to him, head down. When Dean got close the guard reached out and grabbed a fistful of his dark blonde hair, jerking his head up. Cas jumped at the sudden, violent movement and reached for the car door handle. It was like Dean knew he would though - he held up a hand behind him, signalling to Cas to stand down as the guard pulled his head from one side to the other, examining his face. Cas’s knuckles were white as they gripped the steering wheel, watching Dean getting manhandled by the guard.

The guard spoke into the intercom next to the door and finally let go of Dean’s hair and Dean rolled his shoulders and neck slightly to ease some of the tension. The door to the club opened and the security guard shoved Dean in, the door closing behind him. Cas let out the breath he’d been holding and sighed. Four days. He could wait four days.

Dean swallowed hard as he walked into the dimly lit club. He rolled his shoulders again and reached a hand up to give his neck a quick massage. It was Crowley’s policy that the security guard gave him a once over when he came in but Crowley never told the guard to be gentle about it. The club itself was empty. It wouldn’t open for another few hours but Ruby was already at the bar.

“Good morning Sunshine,” she called out, polishing a whiskey tumbler.

“Morning,” Dean replied stiffly, keeping his head down as he walked past towards the door marked ‘Staff Only’ next to the one that led to Crowley’s office.

“Bossman wants to see you.”
Dean froze, his hand hovering over the door handle to the staff entrance and turned instead to Crowley’s door. He knocked on it.

“Enter,” ordered the gruff voice on the other side.

Dean went into Crowley’s office, shut the door behind him and stood there waiting for club owner to acknowledge him. The seconds passed and Dean chanced a look up at the clock on the wall and just about gulped. It was almost noon. Alastair was going to tan his hide when he saw him for being so late. Dean shifted on his feet uncomfortably praying that Crowley would stop whatever paperwork he was buried in so he could fucking run to Alastair’s house.

“Dean,” Crowley growled, placing his pen excruciatingly slowly down on the desk and looking up at him.

“Yes sir?”

“You’re late.”

“I… I know, I’m sorry,” Dean stammered.

“Whose fault is it? Yours or Mr Novak’s?”

“Mine,” Dean replied quickly.

Cas had forgotten he had to have Dean back at Crowley’s at 10am on the dot and had made Dean promise to tell Crowley it was his fault, not Dean’s. But that would mean Cas would have to pay a penalty. There was the very slim chance that it could affect the cooling off period for his contract and Dean didn’t want to risk it.

“Alright then,” Crowley stood up and picked up a wide leather belt. “Jeans down, lean over the desk.”

“Sir please,” Dean begged, involuntarily taking a step backwards.

“This is the third time in the last few months you’ve been late so there’s no getting out of it.”

“Please sir, Alastair’s going to beat me for being late anyway, if I leave now maybe he won’t be so mad,” Dean said, trying to bargain his way out of it.

“Then you’d better not delay him any longer. Now, get the fuck over here and drop your pants.”

Crowley punctuated his words by stalking up to Dean and grabbing his collar roughly, pulling him towards the desk.

“Yes sir, sorry sir,” Dean muttered, unbuttoning his jeans and letting them and his new boxers from Cas fall to his ankles. He leaned over Crowley’s desk just praying the man wouldn’t be too rough with him.

“You’ll get 20. Don’t count. Just stay put and don’t fucking move. Then you can head to Alastair’s and get whatever’s coming from him as well,” Crowley said sternly.

“Yes sir,” Dean said, propping his upper body up but leaning forward so his bare butt - still faintly striped from his last night with Alastair in the club - was on full display.

“And remember, this is all your fault Dean, you only have to do two things - be on fucking time and say yes to whatever the client wants. Don’t make me remind you again,” Crowley said.
“Yes sir,” Dean replied quickly and then gasped as a line of fire erupted over his ass when the belt came down.

Crowley didn’t waste time, barely giving Dean a second to take a breath in between blows as the belt came down over his ass cheeks, reddening them immediately. Crowley wasn’t as ferocious as Alastair, he wouldn’t be cut and bruised but still, he’d be going to Alastair’s sore. Dean was about to embark on his weekly four days of pain and suffering at the hands of the sadist. Anything on top of what was coming his way was just torture.

Crowley finished and slammed the belt down on the desk right next to Dean’s hand making him flinch.

“Boy, you know what Alastair’s like. Don’t give him anymore reasons to be angry with you. I’m doing this for your own good - I had to do this. I had to teach you this lesson, otherwise you’re never going to fucking learn and you’ll just wind up in more pain. You got that through your thick skull?”

“Yes sir,” Dean replied shakily, frozen in position.

“No, get dressed and get the fuck out of here,” Crowley snarled.

Dean did as he was told, pulled his jeans back up and rushed out of Crowley’s office and through the staff door. That doorway opened into a hallway with about three rooms. Dean went to the closest - his room. The other two were empty at the moment. Grabbing a couple spare shirts and a pair of sweatpants just in case Alastair allowed him a degree of comfort, he shoved everything into a duffel bag and bolted, running through the club and back out to the street.

Where he stopped dead.

There, parked outside, and with a look on his face that could have killed, was Alastair. Waiting for him. Fuck, could this day get any worse, he thought as he walked dejectedly over to the big dark car like a man walking to his own execution.

“Get in,” Alastair growled through the open window when he got close.

“Yes sir.”

Dean got into the passenger side and had barely closed the door when Alastair gunned the car down the empty street, slamming him back against the seat.

“I’m sorry sir, I”-

“Shut up,” Alastair cut him off. “You don’t have privileges to speak. You’ve lost that.”

Dean bit his lip and said nothing as Alastair drove them away from the centre of town and towards his house. They pulled up outside the imposingly large, two storey house and Alastair pulled into the garage. Alastair had been an incredibly high-paid defense attorney and now just consulted on cases, working from home. It meant that he’d amassed a small fortune and had the goddamn, custom-made sex dungeon to prove it. That was where they were headed now as Alastair pushed him towards the hallway leading off to the garage and unlocked the second door on the left. They walked in and Dean swallowed hard knowing what was in store for him.

Alastair’s dungeon was vast. It had space for practically every and any kind of bondage equipment necessary to really torture a sub. There was a St Andrews cross on one wall, a spanking bench on another, a cage in one corner and two entire walls lined with every possible torture implement in
creation. Dean faintly noticed a couple of new implements and equipment but couldn't give them much further thought when Alastair spoke.

“Strip,” came the inevitable order and Dean complied.

Alastair whistled when he saw Dean’s butt, slapping it with his bare hand. “Looks like someone beat me to the punch. Talk. Who did this?”

“It was Crowley, sir. For being late,” Dean replied, keeping his head bowed, his eyes downcast as he stood there naked in the centre of the room.

“Just as well. Impossible to make you learn anything, it all just goes in one ear and out the other.”

Alastair picked up the choke chain and leash and slipped it over Dean’s head, tightening the chain around his throat. He grasped the end of the lead and tugged, leading the sub towards the spanking bench. The bench itself was very simple. There was one larger raised platform covered in black leather with two slightly narrower, lower platforms on either side.

“Up.”

Dean obeyed, climbing on top of the spanking bench on his hands and knees. His taut belly was resting on the larger platform while his shins and forearms were on the lower platforms. Alastair tied his leash to the front of the bench tightly ensuring Dean wouldn’t be able to move an inch.

“Time to clean you out,” Alastair said, moving around behind Dean, out of his sight. “But trust me, this won’t be an entirely painless process.”

Dean gasped as he felt a slick finger enter him followed by a second finger, pushing in, grazing his prostate ever so slightly, making him gasp softly. The fingers were removed almost immediately.

“Oh none of that now Dean, you’re not meant to enjoy any of this,” Alastair warned, slapping Dean’s butt again.

Dean felt something else pushing into him now and the bottom dropped out of his stomach. Alastair was going to give him an enema. It wasn’t that Dean didn’t like them, it’s just that Alastair always made them big, painful, and forced Dean to hold them for a torturously long time. The nozzle was pushed into him, stretching him and making Dean groan and grit his teeth at the intrusion. And then he gasped as he felt it inflate inside him. God lord, thought Dean, this was heading straight into torture territory from the get go.

“Here it comes now, boy, and you’re going to take half a gallon for me,” Alastair said.

“Sir plea-”

“Shut up.”

Dean bit his lip as the water started rushing in. It was ice cold. This was going to hurt. He started feeling full almost immediately but the water kept coming and coming. His position made it even more painful as the platform underneath him pressed into his stomach. The leash from his collar was so taut there was nowhere for him to move, no give at all. He felt the chain around his neck tightening painfully as he tried in vain to alleviate the pressure the water was causing until finally the flow stopped.

“Now you spill a drop of this and you won’t be able to walk for a week when I’m through with you.”
Dean felt the nozzle deflate and squeezed his eyes shut, concentrating on Alastair’s order as the nozzle was removed. Alastair seemed to be taking an inordinate amount of time to find the plug he wanted but then Dean felt it teasing his entrance. He groaned as a cramp hit him and Alastair pushed the plug in. Dean could feel Alastair doing something behind him and he whined softly when the plug was inflated well past the point of comfort. Alastair untied his leash from the bench.

“Get down.”

Dean obeyed, getting off the bench and onto his knees, grimacing as the water shifted. He bit his bottom lip as another cramp hit. Alastair meanwhile did nothing but stand there, staring down at him while he knelt there in agony.

“Time to get you dressed.”

Alastair walked away leaving him kneeling and returned with clamps. He reached out and pinched Dean’s left nipple hard, harder than necessary to get it erect for the clamp and then those tiny metal teeth were crushing it and Dean bit back a cry of pain. Alastair gave him a stern, warning glare for making a sound and then moved to his right nipple. He was even harsher on this side and Dean bit his lip to keep from crying out in pain.

“Stand up.”

Dean took a breath and got to his feet, grunting as a cramp rolled through him. The ice cold water was possibly the worst kind of enema imaginable but now, adding to the cramping pain in his gut and the sting on his nipples, Dean was starting to feel a burn in his ass.


“It’s… it’s burning sir,” Dean answered with a wince.

“Good. That’s what I like to hear. I mixed a bit of ginger oil in and that’s all we’re using for the next four days.”

Dean swallowed hard at the thought of having to endure the burning pain for the next four days. It was already getting close to unbearable in his ass.

“So I heard you’ve got yourself a new master,” Alastair said, walking over to his wall of toys. Dean stayed silent - Alastair hadn’t given him permission to respond.

“He’s a bit of a soft touch I hear. Doesn’t like to make his boy cry out in pain the way I do. There is nothing sweeter than the sound of you screaming for agony. Maybe I’ll just have to be twice as hard on you to make up for it. I don’t want you going all weak on me. Weaker than you already are, at any rate.”

And then Alastair was back, holding the next torture device in his hand - it was that hateful cock cage with the sound that felt like it was splitting his cock open. He started to fit it to Dean’s cock, the rings running along the length already tight even when he was soft.

“Time for my favourite part,” Alastair mused as he twirled the metal sound in his fingers.

He picked up a bottle of lube and pumped a large amount onto his finger - and Dean suddenly realised he was wearing plastic gloves, which could only mean one thing. He was going to use that ginger oil on the sound. Which was going into his cock. He started shifting nervously, already feeling pain hitting him from so many places. He looked up at Alastair trying to plead with him
silently, even while the man coated the sound with the ginger oil.

“Oh no, don’t think you can try and get yourself out of a world of agony with those eyes,” Alastair said with a dark laugh.

He grasped Dean’s cock and rubbed a lube-covered finger over his slit making Dean gasp. He positioned the end of the sound at Dean’s slit and pushed it in. Dean couldn’t help it - he gasped as it started to slide in, helped along by the ginger oil which was already starting to heat up. Alastair ignored it and kept pushing. The sound was so large it felt, it was pushing the outside of Dean’s cock painfully against the metal rings of the cock cage. In his two years with Alastair, he’d never orgasmed but there was no way he was going to even get close with this hardware on. Alastair kept pushing the sound further in and Dean groaned as the oil started to burn.

“Silence,” Alastair ordered and Dean gritted his teeth, nodding in response.

Finally the sound was all the way in and Alastair fastened it to the end of the cock cage. Dean could feel tears pricking at his eyes at the burn coming from his cock now. The overwhelming pain from there, from his nipples, from his hole, from the enema still filling his gut was almost enough to make his legs buckle but he kept standing as Alastair surveyed him. His master picked up the leash and pointed to the floor.

“Hands and knees.”

Dean obeyed and with a tug from the leash started crawling as they moved through the room towards the large adjoining bathroom. At least he was finally going to be rid of this enema. They got to the bathroom, the tiled floor cold and hard under his knees and Alastair pulled him into the walk-in shower.

“Up.”

Dean stood up and Alastair grasped his wrists, cuffing them with thick black leather cuffs. He hooked Dean’s cuffs and leash to a bar bolted into the wall above his head then deflated the butt plug.

“Do not release until I say.”

Dean nodded and Alastair pulled the plug from him. Dean squeezed his eyes shut as yet another cramp hit him. He bit his lip, hard enough to break the skin this time and he tasted the metallic, coppery blood on his tongue.

“Release.”

Dean did so and his face heated up at the humiliation of the whole thing. He kept his eyes closed as Alastair pulled the hose out and sprayed him down with more ice cold water. Once he was done Alastair left him in the bathroom, shivering as cold water droplets ran down his body. He stood there for at least fifteen minutes, getting colder and colder - but with his cock getting more and more painfully hot, feeling like the inside of it was on fire - until finally Alastair came back.

He unhooked Dean’s cuffs and leash from the bar in the shower and then led him back, on hands and knees, of course, to the spanking bench.

“Up.”

Dean obeyed and his anxiety spiked as his wrist cuffs were fastened on either side of the platform, along with the leash. They were all tight, making him press his stinging, clamped nipples onto the
platform. His ankles were also cuffed in place. Due to the positioning of the platform, his cock and balls hung off the rear edge and he felt Alastair securing a leather cuff around his balls and Dean gasped quietly as it tightened.

“Think it’s time to tie you down by the balls, don’t you?”

Dean dreaded what was to happen next and barely suppressed a cry of pain as the cuff on his balls was then tied down to the back of the bench, tightly enough that they were being pulled away from his body. Next he felt lubed fingers at his hole and then a dildo was pushed in - even larger than the plug to hold the enema in. Alastair barely prepped him and he gasped at the intrusion. The burning pain which had lessened in his ass somewhat after releasing the enema was back with a vengeance and it, along with everything else pushed him over the edge and he couldn’t help the sobs that wracked his body.

“Quiet,” came the order from behind him as the monster dildo was pushed further and further in. “Just a bit more to go in but I think we might use something else to get it there,” Alastair mused before all of a sudden a wooden paddle came down hard on Dean’s butt, striking the end of the dildo and pushing it the rest of the way in.

Dean cried out, more in shock than actual pain and Alastair started to lay into his ass with the paddle, hitting with abandon. The paddle was large enough that it practically covered both cheeks with every hit and in seconds Dean’s ass was aching, the huge dildo splitting him open from the inside and the ginger oil burning away. Plus, every time the paddle hit him, he jerked which pulled on all his restraints but most notably on his collared neck and leashed balls. Alastair kept on hitting him with the paddle for another few minutes then stopped to take a breath and take in his reddened ass.

“One other thing to keep you from getting distracted,” Alastair said before fiddling with the end of the dildo. All of a sudden it started vibrating inside him, the tip of it hitting Dean’s prostate making him inhale sharply. His cock attempted to stiffen but the cage gripped it like an iron fist and he whimpered at the feeling.

And then Alastair was back to hurting him, this time a cane coming down on the backs of his thighs and his ass. Red lines of fiery pain lit up across his skin and that first belting by Crowley now seemed like a lifetime ago. Dean let the tears flow freely down his face and drip off the bottom of his chin to the floor below. Alastair continued the caning up and down Dean’s thighs and ass until there wasn’t a patch of unharmed skin, then he moved to his back. Dean couldn’t help the sobs that rolled through his entire body as his back lit up with agony as Alastair hit harder and harder - far more intensely than he’d punished his ass and thighs. He could feel drips rolling down his sides and he realised that the cane had cut into the skin on his back. How the fuck was he going to explain that to Cas. Alastair finally stopped and he drew in a shaky breath. The butt plug was still vibrating away and Dean thanked any and every god when Alastair switched it off.

“Now if you haven’t noticed, I’ve been doing some shopping,” Alastair said as Dean heard him wheeling something across the floor towards the rear of the bench. “I thought I’d try out all of my new toys on you at once.”

He stopped what he was doing behind Dean and then reached under Dean’s chest and removed the nipple clamps one after the other. Dean groaned softly as the blood rushed back into his nipples excruciatingly. Then Alastair dropped a leather belt over his back and Dean gasped as it landed on fresh welts and cuts from the cane. Alastair started fastening the belt to the bench on either side of his body and Dean hissed as the belt tightened over his abused back. Alastair then stopped and he drew in a shaky breath. The butt plug was still vibrating away and Dean thanked any and every god when Alastair switched it off.

“Now if you haven’t noticed, I’ve been doing some shopping,” Alastair said as Dean heard him wheeling something across the floor towards the rear of the bench. “I thought I’d try out all of my new toys on you at once.”
and half out of him. Dean had a bad feeling about this.

“Now to introduce you to my newest piece of equipment.”

Alastair poured more of the burning ginger oil over Dean’s hole and rubbed it over his red, puffy rim without any trace of gentleness.

“It’s a fucking machine. And you’re going to ride it all night. And every so often, I’m going to come in here and give you some water and some more of that delightful burning oil. But this right here”- he slapped Dean’s ass and Dean gasped -“will be your entire world, all night. Gotta stop you from going soft. Maybe if you’re good and you don’t make a single sound I’ll let you off at midnight. Give me mindblowing head and I’ll consider letting you sleep in the cage with the vibrator still in though.”

And with that, Dean felt him switch the vibration back on and heard him startup the machine behind him. The vibrator slowly started pushing its way inside him, moving of its own volition and Dean looked up as Alastair walked in front of him. He tried to plead with Alastair with just his eyes but Alastair shook his head, no.

“You’re here for the next five hours at least. Just wait, it gets faster. You’re gonna love that.”

And with that Alastair left him in the dungeon, the machine starting to speed up as it plunged the vibrator into him, spearing him and pushing more of the excruciating oil inside him. He knew Alastair had cameras and would make sure he didn’t fucking die in here but this was torture and he knew it, biting his lip and tasting more blood to keep from screaming in pain and, even so, the machine kept mercilessly stabbing that vibrator into him.

What felt like a lifetime later, Alastair returned - and not just to pour more burning ginger oil into his abused hole and give him the tiniest sip of water. Dean was a complete mess. His face was streaked with tears but he had none left to cry anymore so instead he just heaved a dry sob every now and then when the machine sped up again. He was in so much pain, the welts and cuts from the caning stung with his sweat and his cock was pulsing, pushing at the rings around it and the gigantic sound inside it.

“Well hey there, boy,” Alastair murmured, trailing his hand along Dean’s back making him hiss with pain. “Need a break?”

Dean didn’t take the bait - Alastair hadn’t said he could talk yet. What he did do was close his eyes and breathe out slowly when Alastair switched off the machine and rolled it back, the vibrator slipping free from his sore, loose, overused hole.

“Now,” Alastair mused, unstrapping Dean’s ankles from the bench, “I think it’s high time you suck me off and make it beyond amazing or I think a bit more… torture will be on the cards.”

He unfastened Dean’s wrist cuffs and finally untied his balls making Dean whimper softly. Lastly Dean’s leash was untied - that was the last thing tying him to the bench.

“Get down, suck me off,” Alastair ordered.

Dean tried to move but after hours strapped down being violated by the machine, his limbs were shaky at best. He tried to push himself up from the bench but his arms buckled under his weight.
“Get down, now. On your knees.”

He tried again, this time he succeeded in getting his legs down to the floor but practically collapsed instead of gracefully getting to his knees.

“What the fuck is wrong with you? What the fuck am I paying Crowley money for?” Alastair said as Dean gamely tried to kneel up, breathing heavily, his limbs aching, his back stinging, *everything* in agony.

Dean finally got to his knees but wavered and fell forward, his hands shooting out in front of him to brace himself, instead of falling flat on his face. His vision was darkening around the edges. It must have been close to midnight and he’d only eaten breakfast so far. He hadn’t had nearly enough water since he’d left Cas’s place and he’d just endured hours of constant torture at the hands of Alastair. He had no strength left.

“God maybe I should just tear up the contract. Waive this last month,” Alastair was saying. “Maybe I’ve taken too much out of you. I know for a fact that if I end the contract before it’s done then that money comes out of *your* ass not mine though. And I’m pretty sure someone like Crowley, he’d take it tenfold out of yours.”

Dean straightened, trying desperately to be good, to do what his master wanted. But he was exhausted, hurting, running on fumes. He couldn’t stay upright and fell forward again, only just catching himself this time.

“Good for nothing excuse for a fucking slave,” Alastair growled, before backhanding Dean, sending him sprawling to the floor with a split lip.

Dean was dazed from the hit, just about ready to pass out at that point but he knew his punishment would be worse if he did so. He gritted his teeth and got his legs under him and was just about to try and kneel for Alastair when a boot landed in his ribs. He went flying again, landing heavily as Alastair stalked over to him and kicked him in the gut again. This was new, the tiny part of his mind that was still lucid thought, he’d never done this before. Dean knew he got off on his pain but there was always some sexual aspect to it. He hadn’t just kicked him when he was down before. Alastair gave him a third kick and Dean held up a hand, begging silently for a reprieve. It didn’t come as Alastair took out his fury on Dean, kicking and punching and throwing him around until he was unconscious. Until he didn’t see anything but black.

Four days later, Cas pulled up outside Hell to pick up Dean. He was nervous to see him, he couldn’t stop his leg bouncing up and down as he sat in the big grey Ford as storm clouds gathered overhead. They suddenly broke with a vengeance and rain started pelting down. He cursed the fact that he hadn’t brought an umbrella with him for Dean. At least he’d parked on the same side of the road as the club so Dean wouldn’t have to walk too far in the rain - just from the door to the curb.

The door opened behind the imposing security guard and Dean stumbled out. Cas studied him as he walked - well, more like *limped* - the four steps to the car. Cas leaned over and opened the passenger side door for him and Dean slowly lowered himself to the seat, gritting his teeth and hissing in pain as his back made contact with the seat.

“Dean? Are you alright?” Cas asked.

Dean turned to look at him and Cas gasped. His boy, his *beautiful* boy looked like he’d been to Hell
and back, literally. His lip was split in two places, bruises on his sharp jawline and his right cheekbone. There was a cut above his right eye which was black and still slightly swollen. His eyes, those gorgeous green eyes that had captivated Cas when he’d first seen them were bloodshot and glassy. Dean looked apologetic, for what Cas didn’t know.

“You’re not alright,” Cas said, answering his own question.

Dean slowly shook his head in response, wincing as the movement pulled on various cuts, bruises and sore, pulled muscles that Cas couldn’t see under his clothes. “I’m sorry Cas,” he whispered.

“You have nothing to be sorry about,” Cas said.

Slowly, so as not to alarm Dean he reached over, stroked Dean’s left cheek which was, thankfully, unmarred. Dean closed his eyes and leaned into the touch, a tear trickling down his face.

“Let’s go home, I’ll take care of you,” Cas murmured.

“Thank you,” Dean replied, his voice broken and exhausted.

Cas reluctantly pulled his hand away from Dean’s face, but instead grasped his hand, relishing the feeling of Dean’s fingers tightening around his own as he pulled away from the curb. He needed to save Dean from this torment, he had to, even if it was the last thing he was going to do.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you like it! I’ve got plenty more where this comes from and of course, if you have any ideas or suggestions or requests let me know and I’ll try to accommodate.

Also, I'm Australian so please excuse any of my weird spelling. It's normal for me haha!
Chapter Five

Cas drove them back to his place. He wanted to go slower, knowing Dean was in pain but he wanted to get there as fast as he could. He didn’t think Alastair spent much time on aftercare - that was fairly obvious from the dried blood on Dean’s split lip. He kept on holding Dean’s hand as they drove, feeling Dean’s fingers inadvertently squeeze whenever the car hit a bump or pothole. Finally Cas’s bar came into sight and Dean let out an audible sigh of relief before cutting himself off abruptly into silence. Cas frowned at that but didn’t say anything just yet. He drove the car over the curb as slowly as he could go without stalling it but still heard Dean’s sharp intake of breath as the big Ford bounced into the bar’s carpark. He parked the car as quickly as he could and jumped out of the driver’s seat, seconds after shoving the gearstick into park and raced around to the passenger side, opening Dean’s door. The rain was still falling heavily, Cas was almost instantly drenched.

“Dean, let me help you up the stairs,” he said, grasping Dean’s arm to help him out of the car.

Dean nodded in response but didn’t make a sound until Cas reached around his upper body to gently hold onto his torso. That was when he cried out in agony, his knees buckling. Cas wasn’t prepared and held onto him as the two of them hit the ground, Cas trying to slow their collective fall. Dean braced himself, his hands sinking into the muddy gravel-covered ground.

“Dean, please, where does it hurt?” Cas asked, worriedly, his eyes scanning Dean’s form trying desperately to figure out where he was injured the worst.

Dean just shook his head in response, he didn’t reply to Cas and instead pushed himself to his feet with a barely-suppressed groan of pain. He wavered slightly and Cas reached out to steady him but Dean flinched backwards. Cas felt his heart clench in his chest, feeling like they were back to square one. Dean had hardly said a word to him since Cas had picked him up. Cas knew he was in pain but he was struggling to help him without hurting him. Especially if Dean wasn’t talking, if he wasn’t
telling Cas where he was hurt. Cas had a pretty fair idea now about Dean’s back, he was just worried about more that he couldn’t see. But at least Dean was back on his feet now.

“Do you want to lean on me? Going up the stairs?” Cas said, offering his arm and wiping the rain out of his eyes with his other hand.

Dean took another step away from Cas when he held out his arm and the two of them stood in the driving rain for another few minutes before finally Dean nodded and instead of taking Cas’s arm he wrapped his own around Cas’s upper body, leaning quite a lot on him as the two of them headed for the steps.

Cas heard Dean’s pained gasps a few times as they went up the stairs and he noticed how Dean wrapped his other arm around his midsection. He felt like hunting Alastair down and murdering him for what he’d done to Dean. They got to the door and Cas unlocked it, he moved to go inside but halted when Dean stood stock still next to him.

“What is it?” he asked gently.

Dean bit his lip, looking absolutely distraught.

“Please Dean, talk to me, what’s wrong?” Cas asked and it was like he’d spoken the magic words.

“S-sir please, I’m covered in mud, I’ll get your home dirty,” Dean immediately replied.

“Don’t worry about it,” Cas said, shaking his head. “Just come inside, you’re soaking wet.”

Dean silently nodded and walked into Cas’s apartment. Cas grasped his arm gently and led him straight through to the bathroom.

“Let’s get you warm, alright?” Cas said, his worry only increasing when Dean stayed silent. “Sit down here.” Cas motioned to the closed lid of the toilet and Dean obediently sat down. “Take your jacket and your shirt off and let me see what we’re dealing with, can you do that?” Cas asked, rifling through the cupboards to find the first aid kit. He watched out of the corner of his eye as Dean peeled off the jacket Cas had bought him and the flannel shirt he’d had on underneath. When his upper body was bared, Cas’s jaw dropped.

“Jesus, Dean, this… I… oh God, I hurt you downstairs in the carpark when I…” Cas trailed off, feeling sick in his stomach.

Dean’s torso was a mess, a roadmap of the abuse - no, the torture - that Alastair had inflicted on him. There were bruises covering his upper body, so many that if Cas didn’t know better he’d think Dean had been in a fight - a fucking prison riot if he was being honest. When Cas saw the bruises he realised why Dean had collapsed in the carpark. Cas would have wrapped his arm around Dean’s body right where those bruises were.

Dean’s eyes were downcast, his head bowed. He didn’t say a word.

“Dean please, you’re so quiet, why won’t you talk to me?” Cas said anxiously, moving towards his beautiful boy and kneeling in front of him, trying to gaze into those green eyes.

“Do I have permission?” Dean said after what felt like a lifetime.

“Permission? W-what do you mean?” Cas asked, confused. Then it dawned on him. “Oh fuck…. Alastair doesn’t give you permission to speak, does he?”
Dean shook his head, no.

“God, Dean, yes you have permission to speak,” Cas replied brokenly, his heart tearing into tiny pieces at the situation before him. “And you will always have permission to speak when you’re with me.”

“T-thank you,” Dean replied.

The two of them sat in silence for a beat before Dean spoke again.

“It was… it was really bad this time. With Alastair,” he said. “He just hurt me. The whole time. He barely even… barely even fed me for fuck’s sake. It was just pain and more pain.”

“Oh god, Dean, I’m so sorry,” Cas replied, placing a soft hand on Dean’s knee and rubbing gently when the man didn’t flinch or wince in pain. “Where does it hurt the most? Let me care for you, I’ll make you feel better.”

“M-my back,” Dean said.

Cas immediately got to his feet, kicking himself for not even checking Dean’s back. He’d been so focused on the bruises on Dean’s side and ribs, he hadn’t even thought about what damage Alastair had done to his back. He leaned over Dean’s shoulder and was horrified to see the marks left by the cane.

“I… I can’t believe you didn’t say anything,” Cas breathed. “This looks excruciating. This is just torture. Has Alastair done this before? Does Crowley know about this?”

“Yeah he’s done it before,” Dean said, swallowing hard and stiffening when Cas’s feather-light fingers touched his shoulder. “And Crowley knows about it. It’s why my last three clients broke their contracts. They didn’t want to play with a toy that’s… broken.”

“You’re not broken, Dean,” Cas said, stepping back to look at the boy. Dean looked up at him and Cas saw a myriad emotions flood his face - pain, fear, anger.

“What do you call this then, Cas?” Dean said, his voice harsh but cracking as tears started rolling down his face. “I can barely fucking walk without breaking down in tears. I’m… I’m just hurting all the fucking time. Everywhere. All that man does is torture me, every minute of those four days I have to spend with him. If I fuck up, he beats me, if I do good, he beats me, if I do nothing, he still fucking beats me. I know I’m fucking broken, I’m useless to… to anyone. I’m no good to anyone, I’m no good to you. I’m just… all I feel, everyday, is the pain that monster inflicts on me. I just wish I could… I wish I could feel nothing at all.”

Dean’s voice trailed off at the end to a whisper and when he was done he dropped his gaze again, his body shaking with sobs. Cas moved in, hugging him, trying to place his hands on unmarred sections on skin, pulling Dean’s face towards him and stroking his hair while the sobs wracked his body. When his tears finally started to subside Cas pulled back slightly but Dean kept his gaze trained on the floor tiles.

“Dean? Dean, please look at me,” he implored. With a lot of mental effort on his behalf, Dean raised his head to stare into those cerulean-blue eyes. “You are not broken. You’re not. I said this last time I saw you and I’ll say it again, because it’s true. You are the strongest person I know. Nothing will change that. Nothing will change how I think about you. You got that?”

Dean said nothing in response.
“I swear to God, if I have to tell you every damn day that you are the most amazing, resilient, beautiful person I know, if that’s what I have to do to make you believe it too, then so help me, I will Dean,” Cas said softly, running his fingers through Dean’s hair.

“Alright,” Dean replied eventually, “I’ll… I’ll try to believe it too.”

“Good,” Cas said, leaning down and kissing Dean’s forehead. “Now, time to make you feel better. Why don’t you get undressed and we can have a nice, warm shower. I know I’m frozen after being out in that rain. What do you think?”

“Shower with… you?”

“Well I don’t want you passing out in the tub,” Cas said, an eyebrow lifting as he smiled.

Yeah, that’d be nice,” Dean said, the corners of his mouth lifting in the smallest of smiles.

Cas got the shower running and the water heating up and the two of them undressed, leaving their clothes in a wet, muddy pile on the floor. Cas stepped in under the large rainwater shower head and then grasped Dean’s forearm gently as he got in too. The bathtub was definitely big enough for the both of them and the warm water felt good even if Dean gasped softly when it made the cuts on his back sting slightly.

“Is it too hot?” Cas asked, seeing his discomfort.

“No, it’s fine,” Dean smiled. “I… I might sit down though, if that’s alright. I’m just feeling a bit wobbly.”

“Of course,” Cas said, gently lowering him into the tub.

The warm water still landed on Dean’s skin but his exhaustion was alleviated slightly. Cas could see more bruises on his legs and hips and chose not to mention it for the moment. Cas grabbed a soft loofah and some body wash that he’d bought specifically for Dean - it had no fragrance, it was as simple as possible, it wouldn’t irritate any of his injuries but would still clean them thoroughly. He sat down in the large tub next to Dean and held up the loofah.

“This won’t sting but I want to clean your back, I’ll be as gentle as I can, but it'll probably still hurt,” he said, trying to give Dean fair warning. He watched as his beautiful sub cast his eyes down and bit his lip.

“Am I in trouble?” Dean asked quietly.

“No, not at all,” Cas quickly responded, confused as all hell. “Why would you ask that?”

“Because you’re going to hurt me,” Dean said with a shrug followed by a wince, “I just figured, I’d… done something…”

“No, God no Dean, you’ve done nothing wrong at all,” Cas said, his heart breaking when Dean looked up at him, hope filling those piercing green eyes. “I… I just wanted to warn you. If I could clean your back painlessly I’d do that in a heartbeat. The absolute last thing I want to do right now is cause you more pain. I… I just want to clean the… dried blood off your back. Alastair hadn’t even cleaned that off for you.”

“Oh okay, that’s good then,” Dean said, looking visibly relieved.

“Hey, look at me a moment,” Cas murmured, his voice barely audible over the sound of the shower.
He reached up and with wet fingers lifted Dean’s chin slightly. “I would never hurt you. I never want to hurt you. I… fuck, Dean I feel like I’m falling for you for God’s sake.”

“Me too,” Dean said softly. “I just need to warm up to it all, you know? I… it’s been a long time of people just using me, just hurting me, taking what they want and… and leaving me in a bloody goddamn mess on the floor.”

Cas felt a shiver go down his spine despite the warm water and the steam in the air at Dean’s words. The way he said it, it didn’t sound like a metaphor. It sounded like a memory.

“I just have to get used to the fact that you’re not one of them,” Dean finished.

“Trust me, I’m not one of them,” Cas said.

He lifted up the loofah again and Dean nodded so he started to gingerly use it to clean Dean’s back. Dean cried out in pain as even the soft, sudsy loofah felt like a scouring brush over his back and Cas used his free hand to hug Dean towards his upper body, feeling every sob and pained hitch in his breath as Cas tried to move as quickly as he could.

“Okay, I’m done,” Cas said, putting the loofah aside and running his fingers through Dean’s spiky wet hair as he examined the damage.

It was easier to see now that there wasn’t dried rivulets of blood everywhere, that was for sure. It still looked bad though - Alastair definitely hadn’t held back. It took a practiced hand to cane a sub without actually breaking the skin - Cas himself didn’t do it, he never saw the need to simply inflict pain like this, when a spanking would do. Alastair most definitely only had a practiced hand at making Dean bleed. Dean’s breathing was slowing back to a normal pace and he slowly sat up.

“How does it feel now?”

“It… it actually feels a little better,” Dean said, rolling his shoulders slightly and revelling at the lower level of pain stemming from his back. “It doesn’t feel as tight.”

“Good,” Cas said. “I know you’ve probably had a million and one people tell you to trust them, that they’re not going to hurt you and I suppose I’m just the latest one. Would I be kind of right in saying that?”

Dean didn’t answer, he bit his lip and looked at Cas nervously, searching his face.

“I’m not going to get angry at you,” Cas said, “just be honest with me.”

“Uh… yeah, that’s pretty much on the money,” Dean said. “They all start off saying what you’re saying and then, sooner or later, they’re hitting me, making me bleed, telling me I’m nothing, that I’m worthless, that I’d just be dying on the street without them. I guess… I guess I always hope it’s gonna be different but… it’s been a few years that I’ve been doing this now and no one’s surprised me yet.”

“I thought as much,” Cas said, but he said it kindly. “I’ll just have to show you then.”

“Show me what?” Dean asked, looking slightly alarmed and swallowing hard.

“Show you that it’s never too late to hope for some kindness,” Cas replied with a smile. “Now, I don’t know about you but my fingers are getting all pruney. You feeling all nice and clean? Ready to get out?”
“Uh, yes sir - I mean, Cas,” Dean said, correctly himself quickly.

“Don’t worry if you fall into old habits,” Cas said, turning the shower off and helping Dean to his feet and out of the tub. “I won’t be angry with you. Stay there for a moment,” Cas added, positioning Dean under the heat lights while he fetched them two fluffy towels. He wrapped one around his waist quickly before throwing his softest towel over Dean’s shoulders being careful of the cane marks on his back. Dean smiled and pulled the towel around his shoulders.

“God, it’s so soft,” he said astonished at the feeling. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” Cas said, glowing at the look on his boy’s face, “I bought them especially for you.”

He led Dean back into the bedroom and pointed to a folded pair of sweatpants on the bed. “Why don’t you put those on and lie down on your front and I’ll put that numbing cream on your back.”

“Alright,” Dean nodded, pulling on the heavenly-feeling sweatpants.

“Will that hurt the bruises?” Cas asked. Desan frowned at him.

“Will what?”

“Lying down on your front?” Cas clarified. “I want to make sure you’re comfortable, I don’t want you in pain, at all.”

“I’ll be fine, sir,” Dean said, nodding and gritting his teeth as he laid down on the bed, brushing off Cas’s helping hand. “I’m fine,” he said, though as he lay down his voice sounded strained.

“Oh, I’ll be as quick as I can then,” Cas said. He started to carefully rub the cream into the welts on Dean’s back. Dean reached a hand up and formed it into a fist, biting down on it to stop from making a sound. “I’m so sorry he hurt you,” Cas murmured as he finished up. “I’m done.”

Dean pushed his upper body up off the bed, grimacing at the movement. He saw Cas’s worried gaze and shook his hand. “I’ll be okay, nothing’s broken. Just bruised,” Dean said, gingerly touching the darkest bruise on his ribs.

“I wish you didn’t have to see that man anymore,” Cas said, shaking his head in dismay.

“It’s three more weeks,” Dean replied, he tentatively placed his hand on Cas’s and Cas clutched it in between both of his. “I can make it, I can… I can be strong.”

“I know you can,” Cas said, pulling Dean closer and kissing his forehead.

Dean lifted his head and leaned forward, kissing Cas on his impossibly-full pink lips. He immediately pulled back, worried he’d fucked up. But Cas took Dean’s face in his hand and brought him back, kissing him again, more hungrily this time. Dean opened his mouth, closed his eyes, relished the closeness of the two of them, the way they fit together perfectly, him in Cas’s hands, Cas’s tongue in his mouth. They finally broke apart and the two of them were practically panting for air.

“Oh… wow,” Dean said with a smile, “I… don’t think I’ve ever been kissed like that before.”

“Well get used to it, you’re gonna get a lot of that while you’re here,” Cas said, before leaning in and kissing him again.
It was Dean’s last full day and night with Cas and everything had been going perfectly until dinner. Cas had hired an extra pair of hands down at the bar so he wouldn’t have to be there for opening and closing on the days he had Dean and so they were there making dinner when Dean knocked over a wine glass. Cas had placed it next to the stove - probably too close to Dean while he was cooking pasta - and Dean’s stray elbow had caught it, sending it flying to the tiled floor and smashing.

The effect was immediate. Dean instantly fell to his knees, picking up the pieces of glass in his bare hands, repeating the words, “I’m sorry sir, I’m so sorry sir,” as he did so.

“Dean, stop, stop, you’ll cut yourself,” Cas said, grabbing a dustpan. But Dean kept collecting the bits of glass, gasping when one inevitably dug into his palm. “Dean, stop now,” Cas repeated, using his sternest dom voice.

Dean froze in place and kept his eyes downcast.

“Sir, please, I’m so sorry,” Dean whispered.

“I know you are, it’s okay, let me get the pieces of glass now,” Cas said, holding out the dustpan and motioning to the glass in Dean’s hand. Dean obediently let the shards fall into the dustpan and moved out of the way while Cas collected the rest.

“I’m sorry sir,” Dean murmured, standing off to the side, his hands clasped behind his back and his head bowed.

“Let me see your hands.”

Dean brought up his hands, palms facing and wrists together - Cas realised he expected his wrists to be tied. He expected to be punished. As Cas separated Dean’s hands and gently wiped the tiny speck of blood from where the shard had dug in, he felt Dean’s hands shaking.

“You expect to be punished don’t you?” Cas said. His voice made Dean flinch slightly. Dean nodded. “Alright, well I’ll punish you then.”

“Yes sir,” Dean said shakily.

Cas turned off the burners on the stove - the pasta sauce would be fine and he had plenty of pasta in case the one they’d half cooked turned bad.

“Follow me then,” Cas said heading towards the bedroom, hearing Dean follow behind him.

Cas entered the bedroom and sat down on the edge of the bed. He patted his lap. “Dean I want you to drop your jeans and your boxers and lie over my lap. And I want you to tell me if it’s uncomfortable on those bruises.”

“Yes sir,” Dean said.

He unbuttoned his jeans and Cas could see his hands shaking but he stayed quiet. Dean stepped out of his jeans and pulled his boxers off, folding them and placing them in a pile on the floor. Then he walked dejectedly over to Cas and laid his upper body over Cas’s lap, shifting slightly so that Cas’s knees weren’t digging into his ribs.
“Does that hurt your bruises?”

“No sir.”

“Are you being honest with me?”

“Yes sir.”

“Alright Dean, I’m going to say a few things to you and I want you to listen really carefully, alright?”

“Yes sir.”

“What I’m going to do is punish you for breaking that glass but what we’re doing right now, even though you’re being punished, you’re in charge. If this gets too intense or painful, I’m going to need you to be honest with me. ‘Green’ means that everything is fine, it means keep going. ‘Yellow’ means to back off for a little bit, that I’m getting close to your limit - to your pain threshold. ‘Red’ means stop. If you say ‘red’ I will stop. I will stop immediately and without any consequences for you. Do you understand Dean?”

“Yes sir.”

“What do you say when you want me to stop?”

“Red sir.”

“Excellent. Now, the punishment must always fit the crime and you broke one glass, only one. A glass that I placed too close to the stove by mistake. So I’m going to spank you 20 times, just with my hand. After every strike, I want you to count. Do you understand Dean?”

“Yes sir.”

“Good boy.”

Cas placed his hand gently down on Dean’s ass making him jump slightly. He rubbed Dean ass for a moment before he brought his hand down on Dean’s left cheek.

“Ah… one sir,” Dean gasped.

Cas knew the pain wouldn’t be too bad, he wasn’t hitting hard. He brought his hand down again on Dean’s right ass cheek. He kept spanking, gently but firmly and Dean kept counting, being the absolute best sub Cas could have ever asked for. When Cas hit number fifteen he decided to up the ante slightly. He was already beginning to feel Dean harden against his thighs.

“For the last five, we’re going to do something a little different,” Cas said, stroking Dean’s ass. His cheeks had reddened slightly but not overly - Cas didn’t want to leave him in pain, just a little sore. Dean needed it, clearly. “I want you to reach back and spread your ass cheeks for me.”

“S-sir?” Dean asked, confusion and trepidation evident in his voice - although he already sounded calmer than he did before the spanking started.

“Now Dean,” Cas said, warning him gently.

“Yes sir.”

Dean reached back behind him and grasped his hot, spanked ass cheeks and spread them, displaying
his puckered, rosy hole to his master.

“I’m going to spank your hole for the last five Dean,” Cas said, his arm around Dean’s upper body to keep him secure on his lap. He heard Dean’s breath hitch at his statement. “What colour are you right now, though? Green, yellow or red? And I want honesty.”

“G-green sir,” Dean said, his breaths coming in pants as Cas placed two fingers over Dean’s quivering hole.

“You’ll have to keep counting for me, can you do that for me?” Cas asked, gently massaging Dean’s hole, hearing his boy moan softly.

“Y-yes sir,” Dean replied, his voice growing huskier.

Cas moved his fingers away from Dean’s hole savoring the whine that escaped from Dean’s lips. The he brought his fingers down on Dean’s hole. It wasn’t hard at all, there was no way he could spank with two fingers they way he did with his whole hand. Dean jerked in his lap and Cas felt Dean’s cock harden further.

“S-sixteen… sir.”

Cas slapped Dean’s hole a second time and Dean gasped, barely able to keep hold of his asscheeks and practically humping his lap.

“Seventeen sir.”

Cas made an executive decision then and spanked Dean’s hole three times in quick succession before hauling him up and laying him on the bed on his back in one graceful move and practically swallowing Dean’s cock, deep throating it and bobbing up and down over Dean’s cock twice before Dean came in his mouth with a cry of ecstasy. Cas grabbed a nearby towel and wiped his mouth and Dean’s belly where a few errant drops had spilled. Dean was breathing hard, his pupils blown but as he looked up at Cas, one corner of his mouth lifted.

“Dean, I want you to know that your punishment is over, you’re forgiven for breaking that glass and there is nothing more for you to worry about,” Cas said, lying down on the bed next to him.

“T-thank you Cas,” Dean said and Cas didn’t think he’d ever heard anything sweeter than Dean calling him by his name.

“Was that too intense for you?” Cas asked, stroking Dean’s face as they looked at each other. “Was it too painful?”

“No… it was… it was amazing Cas, I… I’ve never been punished like that before and I feel… uh, I can’t quite describe it…”

“Absolved?”

“Yeah,” Dean said. “Like I went to church and said five Hail Marys, it’s just that…”

“What?” Cas asked. “Tell me.”

“Well,” Dean said, grinning at Cas, “I only went to church twice and I certainly didn’t cum after confession.”

“You feel better after being punished, right?”
“When you punish me,” Dean said. “Cas… can I kiss you?”

“Oh god, yes,” Cas said, getting up and straddling Dean before leaning down to press his lips against Dean’s.

Dean grasped Cas’s shoulders and pulled him in closer and the two of them rolled over into the bed - the dinner all but completely forgotten.

Chapter End Notes

Tell me what you think and if you have any requests - if they work with the story I’ll 100% include them.

Next chapter is Alastair's turn with Dean and it's time for another show at Hell.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Cas gets to witness the tail end of Alastair's four days - when he does another show at Hell with Dean.

Kinks in this chapter:
Collar & leash, crawling, strappado, cock cage & sound, ball stretching, nipple clamps, spanking (paddle), hole spanking (with a riding crop & a cane), figging (via ginger in lube), anal hook, kneeling, spider gag, face fucking.

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for the comments and kudos!! Keep em coming (haha, pun intended).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Six

Dean slept fitfully that night, tossing and turning. He knew he was keeping Cas awake and he tried desperately to just will himself to sleep but every time he closed his eyes he saw Alastair’s face and felt his cruel hands on his body. At about three in the morning, he finally drifted off - more out of exhaustion than anything but his nightmares were some of the worst he’d had. He woke up with a start when Cas’s alarm went off, breathing heavily and covered in a thin sheen of sweat.

“Dean, are you alright?” Cas asked, his voice gravelly and strained. He sounded tired too. “What were you dreaming about?”

“Nothing,” Dean replied, shaking his head, trying to bring himself into the present. “It doesn’t matter.”

“It does,” Cas said, stroking his bare shoulder. “It matters to me. I know you didn’t sleep much last night.”

“I’m sorry,” Dean said, dropping his eyes, looking away from Cas. “You can punish me if you want.”

“Dean, I would never punish you for something like having a nightmare,” Cas said gently. “Were you thinking about Alastair?”

“I… yeah, I was,” Dean stammered. “It always feels like I’m walking into a nightmare when I go back to him. And… when I’m with him I start to think that my time with you is… is just a dream. It’s not real.”
Cas felt torn. What he desperately wanted to say was that Alastair was a monster, an absolute psychopath, a sadist who only had one desire - to break Dean into painful jagged pieces over and over again. He wanted to say to Dean that he never wanted him to go back to that piece of shit again and to just stay here in this bed. But he knew he couldn’t let Dean go back to Hell late. He’d figured that the first time he’d dropped him off late would be waived - Dean or Crowley hadn’t said anything about repercussions for that first time. But he didn’t want to risk it a second time. He had to be strong for Dean. He had to make sure Dean knew that he, Cas, thought the Dean would be okay, that he was strong as well, that he would be alright.

“You’re going to be alright, I promise,” Cas said, he placed his fingers under Dean’s chin and tilted his face so he could see those green eyes. “You just need to stay brave. Which I know you are. You’re the strongest, bravest man I know. You can get through this. You can be strong for me. Can you do that? For me?”

Dean swallowed, stark images from his nightmare still flashing past in his mind. But he finally nodded. “Y-yeah, I can do that.”

“It’s only three more weeks,” Cas said, hating the way he sounded so glib about it. He wasn’t the one being sent off for four days of torture each of those three weeks.

“Yeah, it’s just three weeks,” Dean echoed, his voice hollow.

The two of them got out of bed and Cas made breakfast for them while Dean was in the shower. Then they were back in his car, driving over to the club where Cas had to watch the security guard manhandle Dean again before he was finally let in the door. Cas drove back to his apartment, chewing on his lip trying not to think about what Alastair was doing to Dean that very minute.

His phone pinged as he walked in the door and he checked it out. It was an email from Crowley. Cas frowned and opened it up. As he waited for it to load - the WiFi in his apartment being sketchy at best - he tried to wrack his brains as to why Crowley would be emailing him. He’d dropped Dean off early and he knew none of his checks had bounced. The signal finally connected and he read the three sentence email once, then twice, then a third time, feeling like the bottom of his stomach had dropped out.

*Alastair is holding another show at Hell on Saturday night with Dean. He’s going out of town again afterwards so you can take him straight home. Thought you might want to be there for it, the show starts at 10pm.*

How the fuck was he going to be able to sleep at night between now and Saturday, Cas thought angrily. He was just about to throw his phone across the lounge room when he stopped himself. He’d be no good to Dean all worked up and furious. He took a couple of deep breaths, calming himself down and then headed to the kitchen and pulled out a bottle of red wine. He checked the time on his phone - 9:45am.

“Fuck it,” he said, filling a glass and draining it in one go. Then he filled a second glass.

Cas got to Hell at nine forty-five. He’d managed to force down a sandwich for dinner earlier even though he felt like he might throw up if he ate anything. He took his usual seat at the bar and Crowley sauntered over with a glass of red wine for him.

“Fancy seeing you here,” Crowley said with a smirk.
“Shut up Crowley.”

“Gosh, someone’s a bit touchy this evening,” Crowley said, taking a step back and holding up his hands in mock surrender. “Could it possibly be because your favourite boy is getting dommed by someone else tonight?”

“Crowley, I’ve seen what that man does to Dean. It’s abuse. It’s fucking torture.”

Crowley sighed and stared Cas down. “I know. But there’s not much I can do about it. My hands are tied. They signed a contract. Look it’s just two more weeks, surely you can wait that long.”

“I can,” Cas replied, “I just worry that Dean’s not going to last that long.”

Crowley was about to reply but the house lights dimmed. Crowley had recently installed a proper stage at the back wall of the club and lights lit up to illuminate it. The door to Crowley’s office opened and Alastair strode out, a leash in his hand. Cas craned his neck trying to spot Dean but couldn’t, the crowd was too thick. He suddenly realised why Crowley had spent the money on the stage. There had to have been at least fifty guys jammed into the club tonight for the show. Alastair climbed the steps to the stage, jerking the leash in his hand. Cas finally caught sight of Dean - he’d been crawling on his hands and knees from Crowley’s office, through the crowd and up to the stage.

The leash was connected to a chain around Dean’s neck and as Alastair tugged on it, ordering him to stand up, Cas got a look at him. His left shoulder was darkly bruised again - Alastair must have dislocated it again, he thought with a surge of fury. Other than that he wasn’t too worse for wear.

Alastair cuffed Dean’s wrists behind his back and the sub grimaced at what Cas suspected to be intense pain in his shoulder. Then Alastair pulled a chain from the ceiling and clipped it onto Dean’s wrists, taking up the slack until Dean was back in an agonising strappado position - bent forward at the waist, his arms parallel to the floor and pulled aloft behind his back. Cas could see that Alastair had used that extreme cock cage and sound on Dean again - he wondered if Alastair ever actually let him orgasm.

“Good evening all,” Alastair said to the crowd’s excited applause. “What should we do to him first?”

The crowd erupted. Some men were yelling out to “Fuck him senseless!” along with “Beat him black and blue!” and “Punish those nipples!” - the overwhelming desire for torture making Cas feel sick. Alastair heard one suggestion and smiled.

“Oh you want me to stretch his balls do you?” He grasped Dean’s balls and pulled on them roughly making Dean whimper. “Well I think that’s a fine idea.”

Cas watched as Alastair wandered over to the large black leather box of ‘toys’ sitting on the stage and pulled a few items out. First he buckled a tight leather strap around Dean’s balls and then he clipped a weight onto the strap making the sub gasp and squirm slightly in the chains.

“Oh you want me to stretch his balls do you?” He grasped Dean’s balls and pulled on them roughly making Dean whimper. “Well I think that’s a fine idea.”

He clipped another weight onto the strap and let it drop, the weights tugging painfully on Dean’s balls. With the crowd cheering him on he added two more weights. Cas could see Dean’s chest heaving as Alastair gave the four weights a little push, sending them swinging like a pendulum between his legs.

“Where should we target next?” Alastair asked the crowd.

While they were yelling, Cas motioned to Crowley for a refill of his wine glass. He had to be careful
Cas’s gaze swung back to the stage where it looked like Alastair had made his decision. He had in his hands two nipple clamps and a chain and proceeded to crouch under Dean’s bent upper body and pinch his nipples harshly. Dean cried out weakly and Alastair slapped his face.

“Quiet.”

He resumed pinching and twisting and pulling Dean’s nipples, well beyond the point of hardness and clamped them, tightening the screws to ensure the bite of the metal teeth was painful and unrelenting. Then he attached the chain to one clamp, fed it through the cock cage and attached it to the other. The chain had no give, in fact it was most definitely too short and tugged hard on Dean’s nipples, pulling them away from his chest and down towards his cock.

“I think it’s time for a spanking, don’t you?” Alastair said and the crowd urged him on. “He’s been a very naughty boy. Just can’t do the right thing, ever. Never learns a lesson. Never obeys the rules. I even made them simple enough for a brainless little whore like him and he still couldn’t follow them.”

Cas felt his palms stinging and looked down to see his hands fisted, fingernails digging in. He let them go, relishing the ache in his hands, anything to try and distract from all the hurt and abuse he’d have to undo over the next three days. He looked up and Alastair was now wielding a severe looking wooden paddle. He got into position behind Dean and struck him, the paddle large enough to hit both ass cheeks at once. Dean gasped but didn’t make a sound as he jerked in the chains. Alastair spanked him for at least ten minutes, Dean’s ass getting redder and redder by the second, the weights attached to his balls swinging violently the entire time. Alastair finally stopped and Cas could see that the dom had broken a sweat, he’d been laying into Dean so forcefully. Cas focused on Dean’s face, wincing as he saw the tears dropping from his eyes to the stage floor below.

“Well now that we’ve got his ass looking all rosy, I’ll need a volunteer,” Alastair called out to the audience. “Someone with strong hands.”

Literally every person in the room shot their hands in the air, begging to be chosen. Begging to lay their hands on Dean’s body. Alastair chose someone, an absolute giant of a man who got onstage in mere seconds to ‘help out’.

“Now I’ll need you to spread those delightful cheeks for me,” Alastair said, pointing to Dean’s ass. “Cause I’m gonna give spank that hole until he can’t even feel it anymore.”

Cas felt sick as he heard Alastair’s words. He remembered how when he’d spanked Dean’s hole it had been such an incredibly arousing moment for the both of them - how *Cas* had made it pleasurable for Dean. And now Alastair was going to ruin another experience they’d had together.

“I can do that,” Alastair’s volunteer said gleefully. He stood to the side of Dean and grabbed his butt cheeks in his huge hands and spread them forcefully making Dean gasp at the feeling.

“Little wider I think,” Alastair said, contemplating Dean’s hole which was empty of anything - no plug, vibrator or anything in there to take some of the impact from whatever Alastair felt like hitting him with. The volunteer spread Dean’s cheeks further eliciting a cry of pain from the sub.

“What did I say, Dean?” Alastair said darkly, “Not a sound. Or we’ll just have to up the ante. And you won’t like it. Got that through your thick skull yet?”
Dean nodded, exaggerating his movement so Alastair couldn’t mistake it for anything else.

“Good. Now time to spank that hole,” Alastair said.

He wandered over to the box of toys and took his time to select the right implement - knowing that Dean’s ass cheeks were still being painfully spread apart by the volunteer. He returned with a riding crop and Cas winced - this would hurt. Without any warning Alastair aimed the crop at Dean’s hole and brought it down with the loudest slap, tearing an absolute scream of agony from Dean.

“What… did… I… just… say!” Alastair said, punctuating each word with another strike of the riding crop against Dean’s hole. Dean cried out in pain for the first couple before biting his lip and squeezing his eyes shut to try and stop himself from making any further noises.

“I think this slut needs some punishment,” Alastair said, studying Dean’s now-red and puffy hole. “I think I’ll give him 20 strikes with this crop and then 20 more with something else. Why don’t you all count them?” Alastair instructed the audience.

He started slamming the crop against Dean’s hole again as the crowd kept count. Cas watched Dean jerk in the chains and his heart rate went up when he saw Dean’s left hand try to grab hold of the chain pulling his wrists up to the ceiling - his shoulder was going to pop out again. Finally Alastair hit number 20 and the crowd cheered. Dean let out a shaky breath and tried to steady himself.

“Stay still,” the volunteer grunted, interpreting his movement as resistance and squeezing his ass cheeks. Dean nodded and froze in place, his submissive side attempting to help prevent more pain.

“Now I think we’ll move on to something a little more painful,” Alastair grinned and Cas watched in shock as Dean rolled his eyes at the statement. Luckily no one saw and Cas felt a slight sense of relief - both at the notion of Dean not being in too much pain to risk more punishment but also because maybe Dean had started taking all of Cas’s comments about him being strong to heart finally. The tiny feeling of relief Cas felt evaporated when Alastair held up a torturous-looking rattan cane.

“Oh, no,” he breathed as Alastair lined up for the strike.

“Get ready to start counting again,” Alastair told the audience.

Then he brought the cane down on Dean’s hole. Dean screamed in agony and his knees buckled so that for a moment the only things holding him up were his chained wrists and the volunteers hands gripping his ass cheeks.

“You’re supposed to be quiet when I punish you, you worthless fucking whore!” Alastair shouted, bringing the cane down over his hole three times in quick succession.

Dean screamed again at the pain and his knees buckled as he struggled against the chains and the hands holding him. Cas knew what was going to happen before it did but he still felt like throwing up when Dean’s left shoulder popped out of its socket. The crowd booed as Dean passed out in the chains and Alastair stood there for a moment regarding the submissive, a look of pure disgust on his face.

Cas gritted his teeth as he watched Alastair just *fucking stand there* while his unconscious sub was hanging by the chains with a dislocated shoulder. He was just about to get up when he felt a hand on his arm.

“Don’t,” Crowley warned. “He’s under Alastair’s contract, technically until he gives me the keys to his cage tonight.”
Alastair finally unclipped Dean’s cuffs from the chains and he fell limply to the floor when the volunteer finally let go of his ass. Alastair reluctantly unlocked the cuffs on Dean’s wrists. He said something to the volunteer who pulled Dean’s upper body up and held him in place, kneeling on the stage floor while Alastair grasped Dean’s left arm and manipulated it back into position. The feeling of his shoulder being forced back into the socket was enough to bring Dean back around with a gasp and he breathed heavily through the pain, his eyes scrunched shut and tears streaming down his face. Any hint of resistance was gone from him, he was shaking and Cas didn’t even know if it was in pain or fear - probably a mixture of the two.

“Well you managed to worm your way out of that punishment didn’t you?” Alastair snarled at Dean as he tried to regain control of his breathing. “Guess we’ll just have to improvise with your punishment then. Stay there and don’t move a fucking muscle.”

Alastair left his terrified, trembling sub kneeling on the stage and went back to the toy chest. He pulled out a huge metal anal hook and a length of rope and sauntered back to his sub, placing them on the stage floor behind him.

“I have something exciting to share with you all,” Alastair said to the audience. He pulled out a bottle of something from his pocket along with a pair of latex gloves. “Lube infused with ginger oil,” he said, and Cas didn’t miss the way Dean cringed at his words. “If he won’t let me spank his hole then we’ll just have to find another way to make sure he gets punished sufficiently.”

Alastair put on the latex gloves and picked up the hook, liberally coating the ball at the end and the length of the hook in the ginger oil lube. Then he looked down at Dean.

“Present.”

Dean immediately lowered his head and chest to the floor, lifting his ass high up into the air for Alastair who teased his hole with the ball end of the hook. Cas watched as Dean’s muscles tensed - the ginger oil was probably already starting to burn on his abused hole. Without any preparation Alastair pushed the hook in, burying it in Dean’s entrance. He grabbed a fistful of Dean’s hair and jerked him back upright again.

“So what I’m going to do now is get this rope”- Alastair picked up the length of rope -“and tie the end of it to this hook here.” He finished the knot and gave the rope a couple of tugs, Dean winced as the hook and the ginger oil was forced further inside him. “Then I’m going to feed it through your choke chain…”

The crowd watched with bated breath while Alastair fed the rope through the choke chain around Dean’s neck and held it so taut that more tears sprang to Dean’s eyes.

“Now get your arms in reverse prayer cause this rope is going around them. Now ,” Alastair ordered.

Cas swallowed hard as he watched Dean force his arms into the agonising position demanded by Alastair - made even more excruciating with his left shoulder having just been dislocated. Alastair tied the rope around Dean’s wrists and then hauled him to his feet by his hair. He spun him around, the weights still on his balls swinging at the sudden movement, so the crowd could see the rope bondage at work. Dean’s wrists were pulled torturously high as the rope was pulled extremely tight. The hook would have felt like it was splitting him in two at this point and the choke chain was causing indents in the muscles of his neck.

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take some of the pain away. He would untie him, get everything off him, his last piece of cruel bondage and torture device that Alastair had inflicted on him and kiss him all over, willing the agony to lessen.

Alastair’s voice tore him away from his thoughts.

“Not bad, right?” Alastair said to the crowd. “There’s always another way to punish that hole. Now get back on your knees, whore.”

Dean did as he was told, shakily kneeling, sitting back on his heels.

“Oh no, none of that, straighten up,” Alastair ordered. “I want to see those weights swinging.”

Dean reluctantly stopped kneeling back on his haunches and instead straightened up so the weights were swinging freely. The chain on the nipple clamps tightened again and the overwhelming amount of hurt made Dean bite his bottom lip to keep quiet for his master.

“Spread those legs a bit further,” Alastair said and Dean obeyed. Cas could tell his thighs must be aching at this point but Dean didn’t say a word.

Alastair grabbed the chain from the ceiling and clipped it instead to Dean’s choke chain. He took up the slack in the chain and Dean had to straighten as much as he could with his spread-legged kneeling position so as not to be strangled by the chain.

“Now I think we might make sure that you don’t make any more sounds,” Alastair said, heading back to the toy chest and returning with what Cas knew was an uncomfortable spider gag. Alastair fitted the metal gag into Dean’s compliant mouth before buckling it tightly, forcing his mouth open.

Next Alastair retrieved three more weights. He picked up the four weights already clipped to the strap on Dean’s balls, lifting them so they were no longer hanging. Then while Dean had no idea what was happening and the crowd watched eagerly, Alastair attached the other three weights, holding all seven in his hand before cruelly letting them drop. Dean gasped at the pull, the unimaginable stretch on his balls, as the seven weights swung back and forth.

“Well, gentlemen,” Alastair said, dragging a chair over and setting it behind Dean. “His mouth is all yours for the next hour. All I ask is that the clamps, the weights and the cock cage all stay on. And please, someone, anyone, get me a gin and tonic.”

Alastair sat down in the chair while the men practically queued to violate Dean’s mouth. The placement of the chair became obvious as Alastair kicked the weights when their swinging began to cease. He continued to keep them moving as, one after another, the men got onstage to fuck Dean’s face.

In between men, Dean finally locked eyes with Cas and the shock on his face was evident - he hadn’t known Cas had been there the whole time. He looked away, not wanting to see Cas’s distraught face as another cock was shoved into his mouth.

“How long until this is over?” Cas asked Crowley.

Crowley checked his watch. “Just over 45 minutes I’d say. Give or take.”

“Fuck,” Cas said. He pointed to the empty wine glass. “One more.”

“Coming right up.”
The minutes ticked by, forty five of them seeming to take forever to pass. Cas kept his focus on Dean, organising a schedule in his mind of what injuries he would tend to first once they got back home. When the guy thrusting into Dean’s mouth came, choking Dean slightly in the process, Alastair stood up.

“Show’s over unfortunately gentlemen. Our friend, Crowley, will be letting you all know when the next one will be,” Alastair said with a smile when the men in line to use Dean’s mouth grumbled their discontent at missing out on a second or even third blowjob. They left the stage and Alastair unclipped Dean’s choke chain from the ceiling chain and then mercifully untied his wrists, tying the butt hook just to the choke chain instead, tightening it further. Dean gasped softly as the blood started flowing back into his hands, groaning at the ache coming from his shoulder.

“Get back to Crowley’s office,” Alastair said to the sub. “Crawl. And I want to see those weights swinging the whole way.”

Dean nodded and led the way off the stage to the back office. Once he was on the floor, Cas couldn’t see him anymore and he clenched his jaw in frustration at the whole situation.

“Is he mine now?” he asked Crowley impatiently.

“Not until Alastair hands me the keys to his cock cage,” Crowley repeated the restriction he’d given Cas from earlier. “It’s all written into the contract. Not long now though, Alastair’s got a plane to catch again.”

Cas sat at the bar, his knee bouncing uncontrollably, waiting for that office door to swing open again. He must have checked his watch at least six times as half an hour went by. He was about to completely ignore Crowley’s instruction and barge right in when the door opened and Alastair slipped out. He strolled leisurely up to the bar, stopping a couple of times along the way to chat to some of the men who’d been in the audience until he finally reached Cas and Crowley.

“Here are the keys to my whore,” Alastair said handing over the keys to Crowley. Just before Crowley took them though, Alastair snatched them back. “Or should I give them to you? Cas?” he asked, rounding on Cas.

“Either or, Alastair, it won’t make a difference,” Crowley said. “Excellent show by the way.”

Cas shot the bartender a glare but held his tongue.

Alastair stood there for a moment, toying with the two of them before dropping the keys on the bar in between them.

“Well I guess I’ll be seeing you later on then Crowley. Take good care of my whore,” Alastair said to Cas, “and don’t be late in bringing him back. He got severely punished for that last time by both Crowley and I. I’d hate for him to punished for that again.” Alastair huffed out a dark laugh before heading straight for the door.

Cas couldn’t help his jaw dropping at Alastair’s words. He turned to Crowley. “I told Dean to tell you it was my fault for making him late last time. Did he tell you it was his fault?” Cas asked.

“Well that’s not what he told me. He said it was his fault. So I punished him. It’s what I always do. If you’re late, you get belted,” Crowley said, shrugging.

Cas grabbed the keys off the bar.

“Even though you knew what Alastair would do to him afterwards, you still belted him,” Cas said
“It’s standard procedure, Cas,” Crowley said, holding up his hands in defeat. “Anyway, go get your boy, you’ve got him from now until Wednesday again.”

Cas said nothing as he left the bar and headed for the office. He opened the door gently so as not to startle Dean, not knowing what shape he’d be in when he got there. When he turned around to find his beautiful submissive he gasped at the sight.

Dean was bent over Crowley’s desk, his ankles tied roughly to the table legs and his arms stretched overhead and tied off on the other side. His red, puffy, incredibly-sore looking hole was still plugged up with the butt hook, the rope still tied to his choke chain. Ginger oil was leaking out, running down the inside of his legs and an extra three weights had been added to his balls bringing the total to ten. They were red and shiny, pulled down almost as far as humanly possible. His ass was covered with belt marks, the implement resting over his hips but what shocked Cas to his core - and also scared him if he was being honest was the handwritten note that Alastair had pinned to Dean’s buttock with a thumbtack pushed right into his flesh.

“Looks like Dean wants to renew his contract with me after all. Don’t worry, I’m good at sharing, I’ll keep him warmed up for you.”

“What the fuck,” Cas murmured.

A sharp intake of breath at the sound of his voice came from Crowley’s desk and it snapped Cas out of his shock.

“Dean? It’s Cas, I’m here now,” he said softly. He lifted the belt off of Dean’s hips and dropped it to the ground then moved around to the front of the desk and carefully unbound Dean’s wrists taking note of the rope burns encircling them. “Try not to move too much, keep lying on the desk if it’s comfortable enough. I’ll get… I’ll get everything off you, alright?”

He unbuckled the spider gag which was still in place and pulled it as gently as he could from Dean’s mouth. The cruel gag had cut into the corners of his mouth and Dean licked his lips slightly, working his jaw to get the stiffness out of it.

“T-thank you sir,” he whispered.

Cas stroked Dean’s hair for a moment, trying to relax him somewhat.

“Are you okay to stay lying on the desk like this so I can take the rest of this off you?” Cas asked. He didn’t want Dean moving too much before he removed all of Alastair’s paraphernalia.

“I-I’m fine sir,” Dean replied.

Cas drastically doubted that but he returned to the other side of the table and untied Dean’s ankles - noticing how they were rope burned too. Next Cas picked up the mass of weights that were hanging from Dean’s balls. He felt some of the tension leave Dean’s body as the pressure was lifted and he unclipped the weights and unbuckled the strap around his balls. Next he untied the rope securing the anal hook to Dean’s choke chain.

“I’m going to take this out now, Dean, okay?” Cas warned.

“S-sir, I can… I can take it out if y-you want,” Dean stammered. “There’s still a lot of the… the ginger oil, I don’t want y-you to get it on your fingers sir. I can do it.”
“No, it’s fine, please let me,” Cas countered, gently brushing away Dean’s hand, “the last you need is more of it on you. Let me.”

“Yes sir,” Dean relented.

Cas slowly eased the huge hook out of Dean’s hole. Dean bit back a gasp at the sound and Cas realised he needed to give him permission to speak.

“Dean, please you don’t have to be quiet, I’m not Alastair,” he said.

“T-thank you sir,” Dean replied, his voice trembling as much as his body as Cas dropped the evil-looking hook to the floor.

“Oh I’m going to pull out this thumbtack now, are you ready for me to do that?” Cas asked.

“Yes sir,” came the hoarse reply.

Just as Cas was about to pull the tack from Dean’s body he stopped when he heard Dean’s voice softly ask, “W-why is it there sir?”

Cas sighed. How the fuck was he meant to explain this note if Dean hadn’t seen it? “I’ll tell you later on alright, I promise.”

“Okay sir.”

Cas grasped the edge of the note and gently pulled the tack from Dean’s skin eliciting a gasp of agony. Luckily the tiny wound didn’t bleed too much and Cas could move onto the next torture device.

“Can you stand up? I’ll take that cock cage off you,” Cas said.

“Yes sir.”

Dean pushed his upper body up, groaning slightly and Cas grasped his upper arms, making sure not to put his hand anywhere near Dean’s darkly bruised left shoulder, helping him up. He finally got to look Dean in those glassy green eyes, taking note of the exhaustion and pain evident in them. Dean leaned back against the desk, the edge of it pressing against the belt marks on his butt but he stayed still while Cas unlocked the cock cage and removed it and the sound. Once that was off there was just the clamps - still on Dean’s nipples.

“Alright, last thing,” Cas said looking at the clamps. He noticed Dean bite his bottom lip at the prospect of them coming off - that was the thing about clamps, Cas knew they always hurt ten times more coming off than going on. “I’ll make it as painless as I can okay?”

Cas saw the disbelief on Dean’s face but he knew he could show Dean. He took off one clamp and immediately, to Dean’s surprise, he started gently sucking on the nipple trying to alleviate the pain of the blood rushing back into Dean’s nipple. Cas did the same for Dean’s other nipple and when he looked up at Dean he saw abject adoration on the man’s face.

“God… I had no idea it could be like that… sir,” Dean said breathlessly.

“I promise you that this, all of this,” Cas said, gesturing at the wide array of BDSM toys and implements in the room, “is supposed to be pleasurable for you and me. For both of us. That’s why I love it. I know I’ve said it so many times but what Alastair does to you is… it’s not this. What he does is abuse you.”
Dean dropped his gaze to the floor, a tear rolling down his cheek. Cas reached out and wiped it away softly.

“Come on, I’ll take you home,” Cas said. “I brought those comfy sweatpants of mine you seem to like so much.”

“Thank you,” Dean replied, missing the smile on Cas’s face when he didn’t refer to Cas as ‘sir’.

Cas left Dean for a split-second and retrieved the duffel bag he’d brought but had dropped at the threshold of the office when he’d seen the state that Dean had been left in. He handed the bag to Dean and he slowly pulled on the soft sweatpants. When he picked up the t-shirt he had second thoughts though. Cas realised what the issue was.

“Hang on,” he said, digging through the duffel bag and pulling out a zip up hoodie. “Here, this’ll be easier for you with your shoulder. I packed it just in case.” Cas helped Dean into the hoodie hating the way he hissed with pain when moving his left arm. “We can put some ice on your shoulder when we get home. It might help a little bit.”

“Thanks Cas,” Dean said softly.

Cas’s bright blue eyes locked on Dean’s and he smiled.

“What?” Dean asked.

“I just love it when you call me by my name,” Cas replied with a shrug. “Come on, let’s get you home.”

Chapter End Notes

Next up: Cas gives Dean some much-needed aftercare and also tries to show him how pleasurable BDSM really can be.

[Any requests? Leave them in the comments!]
The drive back to Cas’s apartment seemed longer than usual. Dean had practically curled into himself in the passenger seat, bringing his knees to his chest and resting his forehead against the cool glass. He never knew how to feel after his four days with Alastair once he was back with Cas. Cas just didn’t seem real. He was so understanding and kind and firm when he needed to be - when Dean needed him to be. He was nothing like Alastair who was all pain and humiliation - who made him feel like the worthless whore he knew he kind of was.

Dean had spent almost his whole life trying to get away from that sort of thing and here he was practically welcoming it, taking it, getting paid for it for fuck’s sake. Cas was understanding but Dean didn’t think he’d understand what the actual fuck went on in Dean’s head most of the time. How he felt like he needed someone to lay down the law, to keep him from going soft.

Alastair did that for him. The contract with Alastair had a cooling off period for god’s sake and Alastair hadn’t been all that gentle right from the get go. Dean could have easily backed out but without his father around to keep him in line he needed something else. He knew it wasn’t healthy but Alastair was right - he didn’t even need to add in that threat - Dean needed it.

He needed the pain and the hurt and the degradation and the utter humiliation so he could feel something. Ever since he was four years old, after his mom died, he’d felt numb. Therapy probably would have been a good idea at the time but that wasn’t the Winchester way of doing things. It definitely wasn’t the John Winchester way - that way was put up or deal with the bruises later. Dean needed that, the lack of control, the lack of choice. Cause, god help him, if he’d had a fucking choice he’d have never-

“Do you need a hand up the steps?”
Dean jumped at the sound of Cas’s gravelly voice and looked up. They were in the parking lot of Cas’s bar, the engine was off and Cas had cracked open the driver’s door but was looking back at him.

Dean shook his head, no, and unfolded his legs, grimacing at the ache that consumed his body. He followed Cas up the steps to his apartment silently, down the hallway to the bathroom. Cas turned the faucet in the shower letting the steam start heating the room up while Dean sat down on the closed lid of the toilet. He absentmindedly massaged his left shoulder, closing his eyes as he tried to rub away some of the pain.

“Dean?”

His eyes opened slowly to gaze up at Cas.

“You...you’re quiet again,” Cas finished rather lamely.

“I don’t know what you want me to say,” Dean replied.

He was exhausted - Alastair had barely let him sleep the last four days, he’d spent practically every night strapped to his new fucking machine and it was hard to get any rest when there was a vibrating dildo plunging into your ass for hours.

“Are you alright?”

“I’m just tired, I’m sorry,” Dean shrugged wincing at the pain in his shoulder.

“Okay,” Cas nodded. “Do you want my help with your shoulder or anything?”

“No,” Dean replied, quickly adding, “no thank you sir.”

“Would you like me to just leave you to it?” Cas asked, gesturing to the shower.

Dean hesitated. He honestly didn’t know anymore. He didn’t know if he wanted Alastair’s brutality or Cas’s kindness. He remembered how last week he’d savoured every minute of the shower he’d had with Cas. But then he also thought about how painful it had been when Alastair had him restrained in his bathroom spraying the ice cold water at him. Every time Cas did something that made him feel good, it made it ten times worse when Alastair did it in his patented torturous way.

“Dean?”

Dean was snapped out of his thoughts once again. “I... I don’t know.”

“I don’t want to do anything you don’t want me to do right now,” Cas said, and Dean was confused. Was he angry? Upset? “Why don’t you have a shower and then we can get some sleep, talk about it tomorrow?”

“Sounds great sir,” Dean replied, nodding.

Cas ducked out of the bathroom and returned with a fresh pair of sweatpants for Dean before leaving him to it.

“Don’t be too long,” Cas said with a smile, “I’ve missed you.”

Dean just nodded wordlessly again watching out of the corner of his eye as Cas frowned at his silent response but left the room regardless. Dean slipped off the hoodie, tears springing to his eyes at the pain in his shoulder. He stripped off the rest of the way and got into the shower relishing the hot
water, feeling it sting the rope burns on his wrists and ankles as well as his aching hole. He almost cried out in pain when the scalding water hit his abused hole, mingling with the remains of the ginger oil Alastair had taken such a liking to. One half of his mind wanted to jerk out of the hot spray but the other half wanted him to lean further into it, needing the pain to ground him.

Cas would never understand how fucked up he was, he realised. He would never understand what got him into all of this in the first place. Still feeling the throbbing pain in his ass he placed a hand on the wall to steady himself and a hand on his cock. God he needed to cum. Alastair kept him caged constantly, tight rings just about leaving marks on his cock and that sound preventing him from even being able to piss without permission from his master. That level of control was what he craved, Dean thought, as he was almost immediately hard from just a couple of strokes.

Dean felt his balls tightening and groaned softly at the residual tenderness after having been forcefully stretched - not just tonight but for the past four days. Dean got closer and closer to the edge, gasping with need as he remembered how Alastair had tightened a leather strap around his balls, hanging weights off them all day every day. Making him crawl from room to room for no reason just so the weights would start swinging again. His cock started leaking precum as he thought about the first day of weights dangling. He’d hoped that Alastair might have given him a reprieve the next day but instead he’d just added more weight and then more the next day and the one after. The pain had been immense and constant and, as Dean kept thinking about it he came with a soft moan.

Washing his cum off his belly in the shower he finally started to feel a touch more relaxed. He had no idea what his punishment might be for orgasming without any permission but he knew when he told Cas about it later he’d be begging to make amends for it. He got out of the shower, dried himself off and pulled on the sweatpants Cas had left for him. When he entered the bedroom, Cas put down the book he’d been reading and looked up at him, an emotion clouding his face that Dean hadn’t seen before.

“S-sir?” he asked apprehensively as he got into bed.

“You came in the shower didn’t you,” Cas said. It wasn’t a question.

“Yes sir,” Dean said, dropping his eyes.

“We’ll talk about it tomorrow. Tonight let’s get some sleep.”

“Yes sir,” Dean replied, biting his lip.

Dean laid down on his side, his back to Cas while the other man switched off the light. He felt Cas lay next to him and then Cas’s arm was brushing his hips as a hand was reaching down the front of his pants to grasp his now-soft cock. He gasped at the feeling as Cas ran his thumb over his slit once, twice and then a third time before stopping suddenly and tightening into a firm grip around the base of his cock, halting any further arousal in its tracks. Dean whined softly and Cas squeezed his cock for a moment.

“Don’t forget my beautiful boy, when you’re with me, this”—he gave Dean’s cock another squeeze—“still belongs to me.”

“Yes sir,” Dean replied and Cas slowly removed his hand. Maybe Cas did understand what he needed after all?

The two of them slept in until almost lunchtime the next day, the ache in Dean’s shoulder once again
being the catalyst for waking up. He hissed in pain as he rolled off it and came face to face with Cas’s bright blue eyes.

“Good morning Dean,” he said, wide awake already.

“G-good morning,” Dean replied, swallowing hard and remembering his transgression last night.

“Did you sleep well?”

“Uh, yes I did, t-thank you sir,” Dean stammered.

“Good,” Cas said. “How’s your shoulder?”

“It hurts sir,” Dean replied truthfully.

“Alright, in that case, why don’t you get dressed, I’ll help you make it feel better,” Cas said. He slipped out of bed and picked up a pile of folded clothes for Dean - jeans and a t-shirt, no boxers. Dean nodded and got up, getting dressed slowly - being careful of the fading belt marks on his butt and his sore shoulder. Once he was dressed Cas got him to sit on the end of the bed while he fetched something from another room. He came back with a bundle of things in his arms, laying them on the bed behind Dean.

“Show me your wrists, I’ll wrap the rope burns for you,” Cas said and Dean held his hands up obediently for Cas to first rub a soothing cream onto the angry, red burns and then to wrap gauze around them. “Your arm needs to stay in a sling, at least for a day to restrict movement in your shoulder,” Cas said. He picked up a long piece of fabric with a loop at either end. He gently pulled Dean’s left arm through one of the loops until it was sitting just above his shoulder then wrapped the piece of fabric behind his back and over his right shoulder before feeding Dean’s left hand through the second loop. The makeshift sling kept Dean’s arm bent at the elbow and his hand pressed to his chest. Cas pulled out another piece of fabric and wound it around Dean’s upper body, under his right arm but around his immobilised left arm strapping it securely in place.

“How does that feel?” Cas asked once he was done.

“It… actually feels much better, thank you sir,” Dean said. Now that his arm wasn’t moving anywhere near as much as it had been and was simply staying in place, the ache diminished to something more manageable.

“Good, we’ll keep it like that today. Tell me if you feel like your hand’s going numb but it’s not tight enough to constrict blood flow. I can always alter it slightly if it becomes painful. The important thing is not to move,” Cas instructed.

“Yes sir,” Dean nodded.

“Breakfast time, then we’re going to have a little talk,” Cas said.

“Yes sir,” Dean said despondently.

He was still feeling so torn, so unsure of what he wanted, even though he knew that wasn’t really an option. It was about what he needed, what he deserved. He didn’t say a word throughout breakfast except to say thank you when Cas placed a plate of bacon and eggs in front of him and again when Cas gave him two painkillers to swallow for his shoulder. Once they were done eating, Cas sat down on the couch and motioned for Dean to join him.

“Alright, I want to know what’s going on,” Cas asked.
“N-nothing, everything is fine sir,” Dean replied, his eyes downcast as he sat stock still on the couch.

“We both know you’re lying,” Cas said firmly. “Now, you’ve already got one punishment coming from coming in the shower without permission. Are you wanting to add a second?”

“What if I do?” Dean asked quietly, “Sir.”

“You want to be punished?” Cas questioned.

“I should be sir,” Dean said. “I deserve to be. I… I always fuck up. I need to be punished. I need to f- I need to be punished.”

“No, what were you going to say just then?”

“Nothing sir.”

“Tell me.”

“No! I… I mean, you… you wouldn’t understand, sir.”

“Dean?”

Dean looked up at Cas, his face an unreadable mask. “Yes sir?”

“Try me.”

“I… ah, you won’t… you’ll just think I’m fucking insane,” Dean whispered, running his hand through his hair.

“Dean, if you don’t talk to me, I swear to god my punishment will make last night look like a trip to fucking Disneyland,” Cas said sternly. Dean gazed up at his master for a moment and Cas raised his eyebrows. “I’m waiting.”

“I need the pain,” Dean said. “I need to feel the pain. What Alastair does to me. It… it helps me.”

“How?” Cas asked, his voice gentler.

“It… reminds me of why I’m doing… this in the first place.”

“And why is that?”

“It’s for Sammy, for my brother,” Dean said, closing his eyes and picturing his brother’s face in his mind’s eye. He probably still had that ridiculous shaggy haircut that their dad had always railed against. “He’s at Stanford, pre-law. I’m… I’m doing this for him. One of us had to get out, had to get away from- had to make something of our lives. I was already fucked up enough but Sammy, he’s the smart one. He’s the one that never deserved any of what- he’s the one who can make the most of it.”

“What did Sam get away from?” Cas questioned.

Dean swallowed and took a deep breath in and then let it out slowly. “Our father.”

“What did your father do?”

“He… he… it wasn’t that he did anything, it’s just… if I fucked up he’d punish me, he’d beat me.
He hurt Sam once and after that I made him promise to never, ever do it to Sam. I told him I’d take every one of Sam’s punishments if it meant that Sam could have a halfway normal childhood. And I guess it worked, I mean, he’s at Stanford - might get a full ride to law school too.”

“And you need the punishment - the pain- to remind you of what you’re doing? What you’re doing for Sam?”

“Sir?” Dean looked up at Cas with glassy green eyes, “It’s… it’s all I’ve ever known. I don’t… I don’t know how to live without it. When I fuck up with… with anything and… and I don’t get punished, when I don’t feel like I’ve made amends, it just kills me inside. It reminds me of the one time Dad hurt Sam. I need the pain, I need to know that my… that whoever is in charge of me has taken their anger out on me, not on anyone else.”

Cas nodded slowly.

“Tell me about what happened when your Dad hurt Sam.”

“I was seventeen I think and so Sam would’ve been thirteen. Our mom had died when I was four. I don’t really remember much from before then, just little bits and pieces. But after that Dad got… well he got pretty mean. He’d drink too much, we’d run out of money, I’d go hungry so little Sammy didn’t have to. I know it wasn’t right but it just… was. When Dad got home one night from working at the auto shop he was just pissed off. He asked me for a beer and I got it from him but I just, I don’t know, I hadn’t eaten all day or the day before probably, I got dizzy and… I don’t really remember what exactly happened but I ended up dropping the beer and it shattered. Anyway Dad got mad like real mad. He hit me and I just passed out. It usually took way more than that to get me unconscious as you’ve probably seen so far but it only took one backhander and I was out for the count. So… he rounded on Sam. When I came around and saw Sammy all black and blue it just… I was so angry with myself. I’m his big brother I should’ve protected him, that’s my job, my only fucking job. And I failed.”

“I’m sorry Dean,” Cas said quietly.

“You don’t have to be. It was my fault. I knew Dad was angry that week. His fuse had been getting shorter and shorter every day. I should’ve just told him to let off some steam and throw me around a bit but I didn’t. And then… then look what happened. I can’t… I can’t have people being angry with me but not… not doing anything about it.”

“And that’s why you’ve stayed with Alastair this long right?” Cas asked and Dean nodded. “I know the contracts only go for a year - you renewed the one you had with Alastair last year.”

“Y-yeah I did, but”-

Dean cut himself off. This was the bit that he was so torn about, the part of this whole situation where one half of his mind was fighting tooth and nail against the other half.

“But what, Dean?” Cas asked.

“He… it’s not like it used to be. At first it was… it was what I needed. I’d fuck up, he’d punish me, punish me real good too, not just a belting or a slap like Dad but… well, you know, stuff that made an impression. But in the last year it’s changed. It’s just nonstop punishment. I don’t know if what I’m doing is right or wrong anymore because all he does is hurt me. I need the punishment, I need it to… feel balanced but I mean, surely I can’t be fucking up all the time. As soon as I get to his place he’s tying me up, spanking me, torturing me. I don’t even have time to fuck up and he’s already punishing me. And then he’ll tell me not to make a sound and hurt me so much that I can’t help it
and then he punishes me for screaming in pain. It’s not… it’s not like it used to be. And… I come here and you’re, you’re so kind to me, you barely raise your voice or hurt me or anything, you take care of me. And it makes everything Alastair does feel ten times more agonising. But I still need it. I still need the pain to feel good. You… you think I’m completely fucked in the head don’t you?”

Dean looked up at Cas, trepidation written all over his beautiful features.

“No, I don’t,” Cas replied. “I think it’s perfectly natural with your upbringing to want to make sure you’ve made amends for any transgression. And I think I understand it all now, including the shower last night.”

“You… you do?” Dean questioned, frowning.

“I do, you feel like I’m too soft on you and it feels like your pain threshold is weakening. So when you go back to Alastair’s it all feels much more raw. So last night, in the shower, you did that to provoke me to punish you. So it’s not all just soft sweatpants and kisses while you’re at my place, you can still get the pain you need to stay grounded. Am I getting close?”

“Y-yeah. Yes sir.”

“I can punish you,” Cas said simply with a shrug. “Hell I can make things so unbearable that you’ll be begging me to stop. But I want you to know that I won’t punish you the way Alastair does. I can see how it’s all getting screwed up in your mind. You need the punishment but just being punished for no reason, incessantly and torturously, isn’t the answer. Because that doesn’t help you the way you need it.”

“Yeah,” Dean breathed, nodding. “You’re right sir. I… I feel like deep down I knew it wasn’t helping me. I just… I didn’t know how to explain it without them either throwing me in the nuthouse or never touching me again.”

“I understand,” Cas said, looking like he was deep in thought, contemplating something. “I’m really glad you told me, thank you Dean.”

“You’re welcome sir.”

"I'm going to unstrap your arm now," Cas said, unfastening the fabric binding his left arm to his chest and then removing the sling altogether. "How does your shoulder feel? Have the painkillers kicked in?"

Dean gave his arm a small experimental swing and looked up in Cas in amazement. "It feels so much better now, thank you sir."

“Good. Now, I want you to strip and kneel on the floor. Wait for me just here.”

Dean’s jaw dropped but he quickly got up off the couch and started undressing.”Yes sir,” Dean said, almost too eagerly.

“It’s time for your first punishment,” Cas called over his shoulder as he walked off to the bedroom.

A few minutes later he returned and sank to his knees in front of Dean, his right hand behind his back. He brought it out to show Dean a gates of hell cock cage with a metal sound attached.

“Now Dean, you have been bad, you came in the shower without permission so we’ll just have to make sure that, well, you can’t. For the time being at least.”
“Yes sir,” Dean said, eyeing off the sound - it was large, easily as large as some of the ones Alastair had used on him.

“I’m going to show you how good punishment can be,” Cas said with a grin.

Chapter End Notes

Coming up next: we find out what a real Cas punishment session is like...
Cas instructed Dean to relieve himself and afterwards told him to kneel on the bed. Dean did so, his heart beating fast as he kept his eyes lowered.

“Before we begin, what are your safewords?” Cas asked.

Dean looked up at him with a slight frown. “Sir?”

“The colours, remember?”

“Ah, red for stop, yellow to back off for a minute, green for keep going, sir,” Dean replied.

“That’s perfect, my beautiful boy,” Cas murmured. “Now, this is a punishment but it’s important for you to know that if it gets unbearable you can safeword and I can alter the punishment for you. Do you understand?”

“Yes sir.”

“Alright, now this sound is going in and the cage is going to be on until I say so,” Cas said. “If you need to relieve yourself you will need to ask permission.”

“Yes sir,” Dean said with a gulp.

Cas pulled out some lube and Dean shivered involuntarily. Cas noticed and looked up to see Dean eyeing the lube warily. “Don’t worry, there’s no ginger involved in this punishment,” Cas said with a chuckle, happy to see Dean relax. Cas covered the sound with lube and then grasped Dean’s soft cock making him gasp. “Don’t get too excited, my boy, you’ll need to stay soft.”
Dean nodded and closed his eyes, his perfect pink lips parting slightly as Cas teased his slit with the sound before pushing it slowly inside. Cas didn’t waste any time, inserting the sound right up to the hilt in one smooth movement. Next he picked up the metal ringed cock cage and fitted the first, largest ring around Dean’s cock and balls before closing the hinged rings around his cock. The cage was just about a perfect fit - the rings fitting snugly, but not too tight around his limp cock. There was no way he was getting hard with this on, Dean realised pretty quickly.

“I think it’s time to warm up your ass,” Cas said with a smile. “Unless it’s too sore from Alastair’s belting of course.”

“No, it’s fine sir,” Dean replied quickly.

“Are you being honest with me?” Cas said. Dean looked down and Cas gently grasped his chin with slim fingers and tipped his head back up.

“I… it’s still a little sore but I can handle a spanking sir,” Dean said confidently, “especially if I deserve it.”

“Alright well in that case, over my lap now,” Cas said.

Dean nodded and quickly positioned himself over Cas’s lap, his toes touching the floor on one side and his hands on the other. Cas gently massaged Dean’s ass cheeks, relishing the feeling of those perfectly rounded globes under his hand. Dean moaned slightly and Cas took that as his invitation to start. He spanked Dean, alternating his strikes on each cheek, he wasn’t overly harsh but he managed to cover Dean’s ass evenly so that he was soon squirming in Cas’s lap as his ass felt like it was on fire. After at least thirty strikes, Cas stopped. He massaged the hot, cherry-red skin and Dean groaned, feeling the rings tighten around his cock as it tried in vain to harden in the cage.

“What’s your colour Dean?” Cas asked, still kneading Dean’s aching ass.

“G-green sir,” Dean gasped, feeling every strike to his ass as Cas gently squeezed his hot ass cheeks.

“Good. Now Dean, you have two options here.”

“B-but I thought I was being punished sir?” Dean asked, frowning.

“You are, but you will still have a choice. Last night was quite… intense for you I’m sure. So I don’t want to be pushing you too far past the point of pain. The point is to make you suffer for a short time to make amends for your mistake. Not to just torture you unnecessarily.”

“Okay, “ Dean replied, nodding. “What are the choices sir?”

“Balls or hole,” Cas replied, his fingers moving down Dean’s ass towards his balls, cupping them lightly while Dean gasped in his lap. “One will be punished, the other will be free and unencumbered for the duration of the punishment - no promises for later on.”

“Ahh,” Dean said with a nervous swallow.

“Don’t waste too much time choosing or I’ll have to choose for you,” Cas said with a grin, squeezing his balls ever so slightly, “and I might choose both.”

“Balls,” Dean replied instantly. While his balls were sore from having spent four days being painfully tied and stretched, his hole was still very much in pain from those hits with the cane and the ginger oil.
“An excellent choice. Now I want your forehead on the bed and that cherry red ass in the air,” Cas instructed.

“Yes sir,” Dean replied, doing as he was told, moving off of Cas’s lap and back onto the bed, pressing his face into the soft duvet cover of the bed and raising his hips so his butt cheeks were the highest point of his body.

He felt Cas lightly caressing the hot skin of his ass and he shivered slightly in anticipation of what was coming. Those featherlight touches grazed the crease between his ass and thighs and Dean gasped softly. Then Cas gently grasped his balls, buckling a slim leather strap around them. It was a snug fit, just like the cock cage, not too tight that it could cause damage but definitely not loose enough to slip off. Next he felt Cas’s fingers on his left calf, lifting his leg ever so slightly off the bed with ease before placing it back down - the same procedure was then performed on his right leg. Dean frowned but nonetheless stayed in position. Cas then started to buckle the leather strap he’d placed under Dean’s left calf around his leg, just under his knee, he did the same for Dean’s right leg so that now, along with the cock cage and the strap around his balls, there was a leather strap on each leg, just below the knee joint. These new lower legs straps were buckled securely but not painfully, being right below his knees and above his calf muscle, they weren’t going anywhere.

“I have a funny feeling you might like this next part,” Cas murmured, “being so eager to have your balls punished.”

Dean could only bite his bottom lip as he waited, a mixture of emotions flooding him, trepidation, excitement, and a touch of fear - but nothing like the absolute terror he sometimes felt at the hands of Alastair. He felt Cas doing something, first with the strap around his balls, then with the strap on each leg.

“Well, I’m done,” Cas said innocently, standing back to inspect his work. “Why don’t you get off the bed and stand up for me?”

Dean frowned, it didn’t feel like he’d done anything at all. It was when he was getting off the bed that he gasped at the sudden pull on his balls. He looked up at Cas in shock, with his knees still bent slightly.

“Straighten up,” Cas instructed.

“Yes sir,” Dean said nervously, obeying. As he stood, he felt his balls pulled down and behind him - not overly painfully but enough for him to be most definitely aware of it.

“Why don’t you walk to the bedroom door and back?” Cas said casually.

“Yes sir,” Dean replied.

He started walking towards the door and his breath hitched again when his balls were tugged with each step. He desperately wanted to look over his shoulder to try and see what was going on but studiously avoided looking into the mirror near the door and walking back to Cas.

“What… what is it sir?”

“I’ve attached cord from the strap around your balls to the backs of those straps on your legs. It’s got a bit of stretch in it and you won’t notice it if you’re kneeling. Stand up and start walking around though, you’re going to definitely feel it,” Cas said with a smile. “How does it feel now?”

“I… I can definitely feel it sir,” Dean echoed Cas’s description, choosing his words carefully. It wasn’t agonising and he needed this punishment - the last thing he wanted was fail to atone for an
error in judgement with Cas.

“Excellent,” Cas said. He picked up the folded clothes that were sitting on top of the chest of drawers and placed them on the bed. “Get dressed.”

“We’re… are we going somewhere sir?”

“Not really,” Cas said with a sly smile.

Dean pulled on the jeans wincing slightly as the movement tugged on his balls and the rough fabric grazed his hot, freshly-spanked ass cheeks and caged cock. He slipped on the soft t-shirt and then the flannel shirt over that. Cas passed him his socks and boots and then he was dressed. Dean stood up again, barely able to keep from biting his lip at the tug on his balls.

“So perfect for me,” Cas murmured, he gently grasped Dean’s forearm and moved him in front of the mirror. “No one would ever know,” he whispered.

Dean felt a thrill run through him - the thought was incredibly arousing, being under Cas’s control without a soul knowing except the two of them. He smiled.

“I… I think I like this punishment sir,” he stammered, feeling the cage around his cock start to tighten further and willing himself to go soft again.

“Alright, well we’re going downstairs,” Cas said, pulling on his own shoes.

“To the bar sir?”

“You got it, one of my guys called in sick so I hope you don’t mind being my busboy for the tail end of lunch and for the dinner rush. Have you ever bused tables before?” Cas asked.

“Uh, no sir.”

“It’s easy, you’ll get the hang of it. Now, before we go let me put your arm back in the sling,” Cas said before comfortably strapping Dean’s left arm back to his chest again. “Might make clearing tables a little more difficult but you’ll just have to make more trips to the kitchen,” Cas said with a grin. “It’ll remind you of what’s under here,” he added, tapping Dean’s crotch through his jeans lightly.

Dean groaned softly not missing the absolute smile of delight on Cas’s face at the incredibly arousing sound. Cas slapped him on the butt.

“Keep moving,” he said with a chuckle.

Who knew busing tables could be at once so torturous and divine, Dean thought as he made his third trip from the front booth to the kitchen with plates stacked in his right hand, his balls being tugged with every step. There’d been a family of six at the front booth and they’d ordered what appeared to be everything on the menu. The table was absolutely covered in dirty plates. Dean had been ‘working’ down at the bar for a solid eight hours now, heading to the end of the dinner rush and he was aching for release. His cock had been straining at the rings of the cage for the last three hours at least and his balls were in a constant state of being stretched and pulled away from his body. The rough material of his jeans meant that the ache from Cas’s spanking had barely subsided.
Arriving at the kitchen, he deposited the plates neatly next to the running dishwasher and took a deep breath in and then out. Cas had caught him kneeling, trying to alleviate the pull on his balls on his last bathroom break and had promised him a continuation of his punishment later on. So he didn’t dare try that again. Instead, after a couple of deep breaths he turned to head back to the booth when he saw Cas arriving with the remainder of the plates.

“Thought you could use a hand with that one,” Cas said with a smile. “Anna will be here any minute to take over the bar for tonight, we can head back upstairs when she arrives.”

“Yes sir,” Dean whispered in response, his green eyes flashing with desire as he licked his lips, looking up into Cas’s face.

“Good lord I wish she’d just get here right fucking now,” Cas groaned as he took in his beautiful sub. “You’ve been so good, taken your punishment so well.”

“I messed up sir,” Dean said, dropping his gaze. “You need to punish me for that. For kneeling in the bathroom.”

“Oh I haven’t forgotten,” Cas said with a grin. “Come on, let’s get out of here,” he added, hearing Anna’s cheery greeting as she walked in and set up behind the bar.

The two of them said a quick hello to Anna before leaving out the backdoor and heading upstairs to the apartment. Dean’s breath hitched with almost every step he took up those stairs and when they got to the bedroom he was gasping for air. Dean was just about jumping out of his skin when they got to the bedroom. Cas sat himself and Dean down on the end of the bed and gently unstrapped Dean’s left arm from the sling and he moved it experimentally.

“How does your shoulder feel?” Cas asked sincerely, watching Dean test his range of motion.

“Much better after being in the sling all day,” Dean said with a smile. He leaned forward and placed a chaste kiss on Cas’s impossibly pink lips. He saw Cas’s baby blue eyes widen and he pulled back. “Sorry sir. I… I just wanted to thank you.”

Dean felt cool fingers under his chin and he looked up, just in time to comprehend what was happening when Cas’s mouth met his. This kiss was far less restrained and Dean opened his mouth, relishing the way Cas seemed to be hungrily devouring him, slowly finding every nook and cranny of his mouth with his tongue. Dean reached up to bury his fingers in Cas’s dark hair before he was rudely interrupted by Cas pulling back, practically panting for breath.

“God, you are something else Dean,” Cas said, eyes blown wide as he took in his beautiful sub. “Now get undressed for me. I think it’s time for that punishment to be over, don’t you?”

“Yes sir,” Dean said, stripping off his clothes in record time. He didn’t touch any of the devices Cas had placed on him though.

“Lay down on the bed,” Cas growled, his deep voice making Dean’s cock harden as much as it possibly could with the cage on. “Put a pillow under your ass.”

Dean clambered onto the bed, a touch ungracefully with his bad shoulder but he lay down on his back, limbs spreadeagled, hips raised with a pillow underneath, savouring the stretch in his balls which were still tied to the straps on his legs. Cas wandered over to the chest of drawers, opened one and pulled out some supplies before returning to gaze down at the stunning man in his bed.

“Look at you,” Cas practically moaned, “God you’re so beautiful.”
Dean felt his face heating up and he looked away for a moment before Cas’s voice brought him back.

“You are,” he said, “you’re so beautiful and strong and… the best thing that’s ever happened to me.”

“Really?” Dean asked, his eyebrows raising.

“Really,” Cas smiled. “Now stay right where you are because I’m making our first time a little… interesting.” He walked down to the end of the bed and started attached something to the footboard.

“Our first… tonight?” Dean questioned and Cas looked up immediately, searching his face.

“Is that alright with you? We don’t have to, if you don’t want”-


Cas felt relief wash over him and smiled. “Me too.”

He gently picked up Dean’s ankle and buckled what had to be the softest, fur-lined leather cuffs around the joint. The unforgiving rope Alastair had used had injured Dean’s wrists far more than his ankles but Cas wasn’t taking any chances. The cuff around Dean’s ankle was connected to the footboard and, when Cas secured a cuff around his other ankle, his legs were spread wide. Cas pulled off his shirt and shucked his jeans and Dean licked his lips at the sight, groaning at the tight confines of the cock cage.

Cas climbed onto the bed in between Dean’s legs and excruciatingly slowly freed Dean’s cock from its prison. It sprang free, instantly hard while Cas unbuckled the straps around his leg and untied the cord from them, leaving it still tied to the strap around his balls.

“You like your balls being stretched don’t you?” Cas said, the very words making Dean’s cock start to leak precum.

“Y-yes sir,” Dean said through gritted teeth trying to retain a skerrick of composure.

“I like them stretched too,” Cas said.

He got off the bed and, with the ends of the cords still in his hand walked along the side of the bed and up to the headboard. Dean realised what he was about to do before he did it and his eyes grew wide.

“Green, sir, green,” he said eagerly. “Please.”

“Since you asked so nicely,” Cas replied, before tying the ends of the cords to the top of the headboard making Dean tip his head back and moan so deeply, the sound went straight to Cas’s own balls. He walked down to the end of the bed and studied his boy. Dean was gripping the headboard with his hands, no bonds even required, his legs were stretched out and cuffed to the end of the bed while his balls were being stretched, pulled up and away from his body towards the headboard.

Cas grabbed the lube and got onto the bed again between Dean’s legs. He dribbled a copious amount onto his fingers and slipped one inside Dean’s hole watching his face intently for any signs of pain. His hole was still slightly more red and puffy than usual thanks to Alastair’s mistreatment of it but Dean simply gasped and grinned, closing his eyes. Cas pushed in another finger and Dean groaned as he scissored them, stretching him out the way his balls already were. Adding a third finger, Cas pushed them deeper, finding that bundle of nerves easily when Dean gasped loudly.
“Oh fuck, Cas, enough already, I want you inside me,” he groaned. He opened his eyes and locked onto Cas’s. “Please Cas, I want you, I want you so bad, I want you to be the only thing I feel,” he whispered.

Cas didn’t waste any time. He pulled his fingers out, Dean whining at the empty feeling but then moaning when he felt Cas tease his hole with the tip of his cock. Cas started to enter him and Dean tried to push down on his cock, stretching his balls further.

“Oh god, you’re so good for me Dean,” Cas murmured, his fingers finding Dean’s hips as he pushed in further, finally bottoming out.

“Cas, please,” Dean begged, “don’t make me wait any longer.”

“With pleasure,” Cas said before pulling back and thrusting forward, the tip of his cock hitting Dean’s prostate making him jerk on the bed and gasp. He started to ride Dean, not too slowly but not like a piston either, the perfect in-between speed, making sure to hit his prostate practically every time. With seconds, Dean was close. Cas felt him tighten around his cock and saw Dean close his eyes, grit his teeth.

“Cas… I-I’m gonna cum…” he stammered.

“Then cum my beautiful boy, cum for me,” Cas said, leaning over and flicking the tip of Dean’s cock with his tongue.

That sent him over the edge and Dean arched his back, his jaw dropping as he came, tightening even further around Cas’s cock who, with two more thrusts, came inside him. The two of them stayed that way for a moment, Cas inside Dean, while they caught their breath. Finally Dean looked up at Cas, his green eyes looking as relaxed and free of pain as Cas had ever seen them. He smiled.

“That was amazing,” he murmured.

“You were amazing,” Cas replied, leaning forward to place a kiss on Dean’s chest before pulling out and grabbing a towel, cleaning them both up. He unbuckled the cuffs on Dean’s ankles, checking to make sure they didn’t dig in and then finally unbuckled the strap from his balls and untied the cords from the headboard. “I’ll be right back,” he said softly, seeing Dean’s eyelids starting to flutter shut.

“Okay,” came the whispered reply.

Cas padded out into the kitchen and filled two glasses with water. He took a moment to look out the window and sighed, still reveling in the afterglow. His gaze dropped to the carpark below that the window looked out onto and he frowned as he saw something definitely out of the ordinary. A huge, dark Mercedes Benz was parked there, right under the window. It looked so out of place amongst the Fords, Buicks and Chevs that filled the rest of the lot. Plus it’s engine was running, he could see the fumes idly rising behind it. As he looked on, the headlights switched on and it rolled out of the carpark. Cas watched it go as far as he could until it was out of sight, driving around the side of the bar towards the highway. The car gave him a bad feeling that he just couldn’t shake.

He took a deep breath, not wanting to let some random German car ruin his evening and headed back to the bedroom with the glasses of water. He placed one on the nightstand on Dean’s side and took a sip from his own before putting that down on his side. Dean already looked like he was out for the count, the duvet pulled haphazardly over his hips, Cas grasped it and made sure it covered his legs and chest before settling in next to him. Dean rolled over and Cas could still see those perfect green eyes even in the dark.
Dean placed one hand on Cas’s cheek and kissed him on the lips, nothing too intense although he stayed there for a moment longer than usual, their lips touching, breathing in each other’s scent, before he pulled back.

“Thank you Cas,” he whispered. “I… I think I’m falling for you.”

“I know I’m falling for you,” Cas replied, stroking Dean’s face, wanting this exact moment to never end. He watched as Dean closed his eyes, his breathing evening out as he fell asleep next to him. Cas wanted to stay like this forever.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: what does Alastair have in store for Dean for his second last visit..?
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Dean doesn't think he can cut Alastair's torture and when an opportunity presents itself he makes a decision which he'll come to regret.

Kinks in this chapter:
Strapping, paddling, ball stretching, human furniture, collar and leash

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone! It's been a little while but I'm so glad you're still sticking with this story. This chapter gets a bit angsty at the end and apologies in advance for the cliffhanger.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter Nine

This time around, Dean did everything in his power to keep Alastair happy. He knew his dedication was absolutely futile, that if Alastair was in one of his dark moods he’d be winding up black and blue regardless, but at least he tried. Cas dropped him off early at Hell, kissing him gently in the car before watching him go into the club. Dean quickly showered and changed before heading out to Alastair’s. Even though it was close to lunchtime, the late fall air was crisp and he shoved his hands in the pockets of his jacket - the jacket Cas had bought for him. He breathed in the faint scent of Cas that still clung to the jacket. There was the rich smell of leather - Cas’s leather couch, over which the jacket had been draped overnight - along with the savoury-sweet smell of Heaven’s kitchen.

He looked up to see that imposing mansion of Alastair’s and his feet just stopped working. He remembered his last three days with Cas. The man was a dream. He would praise Dean in a way that made his heart swell in his chest. When they just wrapped their arms around each other in bed it was like they fit together perfectly and, even when he inevitably fucked up, he’d punish him in a way that was the perfect amount of pain or discomfort, and Dean would feel like he’d done his time and been forgiven. The sex was of course, absolutely fucking mindblowing as well.

And now he had to spend four days with Alastair.

Dean swallowed hard and took a deep breath. He could get through this. It was only four fucking days and then he’d be back with Cas. He walked up to the front door and brought his hand up to knock, jerking back when it was flung open. Alastair stood there, his face dark and unreadable.

“Get in,” he growled.

“Yes sir,” Dean whispered, stepping over the threshold.
Alastair slammed the door behind him and Dean flinched at the sound. Alastair turned and studied him, looking him up and down for a long minute. Dean kept his eyes downcast, feeling himself start to tremble under Alastair’s gaze. Alastair raised a hand and stroked Dean’s cheek.

“You’re so... pretty,” Alastair murmured, his voice making Dean feel almost sick. “Alright, time to get you ready.”

Alastair’s hand moved up to Dean’s hair and grabbed a fistful of his hair, yanking his head down and dragging him down the hallway towards his torture dungeon. Dean scrunched his eyes shut at the pain in his scalp as he hurried to get his feet under him. Alastair swung the door open and threw Dean to the floor. He landed on his left shoulder and bit his lip to keep from gasping in pain.

“Strip, now,” Alastair demanded.

“Yes sir,” Dean murmured, rushing to obey.

“Then it’s time to warm you up,” Alastair said darkly.

Once Dean had undressed Alastair pointed to the St Andrews cross in the corner. “Crawl,” he said.

Dean nodded and crawled over the cold concrete floor to the cross.

“Stand up, face the cross and get your wrists up.”

“Yes sir,” Dean stammered. He got to his feet and raised his wrists and Alastair cuffed them to the cross. He only had a second to compose himself when the wide leather strap came down across his shoulder blades. He gasped, his eyes widening - Alastair seemed pissed. His master swung again and this time it wrapped around his ribs, tears springing to his eyes. The strap landed across his back another two dozen times before his knees buckled and he let out a cry of pain. Alastair unbuckled the cuffs from Dean’s wrists and he groaned as he fell to the floor and his knees made contact with the cold concrete floor.

"Get on the bench, slut," Alastair ordered and Dean obeyed, crawling over to the spanking bench and pulling himself up onto it.

Alastair cuffed him to the bench, including the leather belt over his back making him cry out softly.

"Stay quiet," Alastair said, "if you even fucking can. If I want to hear your fucking voice I'll tell you."

Dean nodded and gasped softly when he felt Alastair grabbing him by the balls, pulling them back between his legs and tying them down to the bench. Alastair tied them tightly, stretching them far more than he had previously. Dean bit his lip, his eyes watering when Alastair slapped his bound balls.

"Are you going to be good for me?" Alastair asked, trailing his fingers over Dean's lower back making him shiver.

Dean nodded eagerly, hoping his obedience would reduce any further punishment. But knowing it was all in vain as Alastair's paddle slammed down on his ass and balls. He gasped loudly as Alastair brought the paddle down again.

"I said to be quiet," Alastair said angrily, punctuating his words with another three strikes.

Dean gritted his teeth as Alastair continued to paddle his ass, the ache deepening and his balls
stinging whenever they received a glancing blow from the paddle as well. He lost count as Alastair paddled him mercilessly in his restrained state. When Alastair finally stopped Dean was gasping for breath, his chest heaving as he tried to breathe through the agony. Alastair uncuffed him roughly and untied his balls, looking over Dean’s body as he did so. His back was striped red from the strap and his ass was bright red from the paddling.

"Down on the floor."

Dean climbed down off the bench, his legs buckling under his weight. He forced himself not to collapse further - he couldn't let Alastair fucking win half an hour after he arrived.

“Get over here you worthless whore,” Alastair snarled.

Dean swallowed roughly, trying to bury his fear as he crawled to the opposite side of the room where Alastair was now waiting for him - his sore knees sliding over the rough concrete. Alastair looped the choke chain around his neck and then tugged him forwards. Dean kept on his hands and knees as Alastair led him out of the dungeon and into the living room. It was rare that Alastair actually brought him out into the house proper and he wasn’t in the dungeon for the entire four days. Maybe he hadn’t screwed up so badly this time, Dean thought, a glimmer of hope in his chest as Alastair led him to a space right in front of the couch. Although, if Dean was being honest, he still didn’t know what he’d done to deserve the strapping and paddling he’d received as soon as he arrived - he was on time, he was polite, he obeyed every rule of Alastair’s.

“Stay there on your hands and knees,” Alastair said, after he’d positioned Dean in front of the couch.

“Yes sir,” Dean replied. Immediately he felt a harsh yank on the choke chain, the collar tightening painfully around his throat.

“Don’t make a sound,” Alastair commanded. “And don’t move. We’re going to try something new tonight.”

Dean nodded silently. He kept his eyes focused on the carpet as he heard Alastair rustling around in the room. He had no idea what to expect and he started trembling slightly. He’d only been in Alastair’s home for all of an hour or so and already he was fucking shaking. God he could’ve kicked himself if he could, what a goddamn weakling. His own father wouldn’t have stood for it, Dean thought bitterly. That train of thought led him to Sam and he started picturing his goofy little brother, off at Stanford learning to be a hotshot lawyer. His heart swelled with pride at the idea and he closed his eyes, imagining how he’d feel sitting in the audience when Sammy graduated.

He was ripped harshly from that mental picture when Alastair returned with a roll of wire in his hands. God, what had he planned now, Dean thought anxiously. Alastair kneeled down on the carpeted floor next to Dean who was still on his hands and knees, his back tabletop flat. Alastair pulled out the edge of the wire and started winding it around Dean’s right wrist. At first he thought nothing of it, just Alastair trying a new way of restraining him. But when Alastair finished winding the wire around his wrist and unspooled the line of wire and started winding it around his left leg, on his thigh just above his knee, Dean started to get an idea of what he was in for. It tightened slightly as Alastair wound it around his leg and he gasped as tiny barbs started pricking his skin. It was fucking barbed wire. Alastair was tying him up with barbed wire. His heart started speeding up and he froze in place as Alastair kept unspooling the wire, now starting to wind it around his left wrist. Once Alastair was done with his left wrist, he wound it around Dean’s right leg.

Now he had the wire connecting his wrists to his legs, any movement of any limb would result in the barbs digging in painfully, tearing his skin with tiny lacerations. Alastair wound the rest of the wire
around his torso, digging into recently-strapped skin so that with every breath the wire tightened and the barbs dug in. Dean realised he was well and truly screwed. Any movement he made no matter how small caused pinpricks of pain everywhere. All he could do was stay as still as possible.

When Alastair was done, Dean heard him walk over to the kitchen, open the fridge and pull out a bottle, the cap landing on the countertop. Then his master was back at the couch. He sat down right behind where Dean was still motionless on his hands and knees and switched on the television, turning it to a football game. Then he lifted up first one booted foot and then the other and placed them on Dean’s back, right on top of the wire - digging the barbs agonisingly into his skin.

“I hope you’re comfortable down there because I plan on watching this game right until the end,” Alastair said gleefully, shifting his feet and making Dean gasp at the stinging pain. He received a jerk on the choke chain in punishment. Dean closed his eyes for a moment as a tear rolled down his cheek, landing with a soft ‘plop’ on the carpet below. This was already excruciating and, from the sound of the commentary, he was going to be in this position for the next two hours at least. All he could do was bite his lip and stay perfectly still until it was over.

Two hours later and Dean was visibly trembling. His arms and legs were shaking and tiny rivulets of blood mixed with sweat ran down his body from the wires around his torso. He gritted his teeth, feeling the ache in his jaw as Alastair shifted his feet on his back once more. But he stayed silent, hoping that maybe he might be rewarded with a reduction in the punishment he knew he’d get sooner or later for an unknown infraction.

Alastair took his feet off Dean’s back as the football game finally ended and Dean hissed softly as barbs that had been digging into his back no longer had the pressure of Alastair’s boots behind them. Alastair got up off the couch for a moment and Dean allowed himself one big, shaky breath, feeling the barbed wire around his torso tighten and cut into his skin. Alastair returned and Dean could have kissed him in joy when he saw that the man was wearing gloves and held a pair of wire cutters in his hand.

His master cut the wires off in pieces and took his time unwinding them from Dean’s limbs and torso, eliciting a number of gasps and hitched breaths as barbs were pulled out. Thankfully none had done too much damage but he now had tiny cuts encircling his wrists, thighs and torso and every movement pulled on them.

Dean collapsed on the carpet when Alastair walked away with the barbed wire, sobbing softly in exhaustion and pain. When he heard Alastair’s footsteps coming back, he forced himself back onto his hands and knees, only to crumple again as his overworked muscles gave out.

“Get up,” Alastair said, digging the toe of his boot into Dean’s side.

Dean tried to push himself up to all fours again and failed again. This time Alastair kicked him in the ribs and he cried out in agony as his boot met the fresh lacerations from the wire. He tried gamely to get up but his muscles just couldn’t support him.

“Fine. Well, if you don’t want to play then you can’t stay in here,” Alastair threatened. He grabbed the end of Dean’s leash and dragged him across the floor of the lounge room. Dean clawed at the leash as the choke chain tightened around his neck, cutting off his air supply. Alastair didn’t let up thought and continued to haul him across the living room. Dean faintly heard the sound of the glass door sliding open and then he was thrown outside onto the cold, wet grass of Alastair’s backyard.
“You want to act like a mutt you can be one,” Alastair growled. He tied the end of Dean’s leash onto an iron loop he’d shoved into the earth and left, sliding the glass door behind him.

Dean curled up, naked and cold on the wet grass, hugging his knees to his chest in a halfhearted effort to stay warm in the crisp fall afternoon air. He felt blood trickling down from the thousand cuts inflicted by the barbed wire and he closed his eyes trying to will his body to stop hurting. He flinched when he heard the glass door sliding open again.

“Put something on,” Alastair said darkly, throwing Dean’s flannel shirt and jeans onto the ground in front of him. “I’m going out tonight. You’re staying here. Try not to freeze.”

Dean weakly grabbed the flannel shirt and pulled it on, wincing as the fibres brushed over the jagged cuts on his skin. Alastair slammed the door shut as Dean tugged on his jeans, letting out a cry of agony at the feel of the rough fabric. He fell back down to his knees on the damp ground, letting out a shaky breath and loosening the chain around his throat when he heard Alastair start his car and roll down the front driveway.

Dean looked up to see the sun sinking below the horizon and he shivered when a cool breeze gusted through Alastair’s back garden. He was just about to try and make himself somewhat comfortable when he heard a loud creak. Dean’s glassy green eyes flicked to the side gate and widened when he saw it swing open in the wind.

This wasn’t the first time Alastair had left him leashed outside and the most torturous aspect of the punishment was that he was only ever restrained by the collar - something he could easily take off himself. But there was no mistaking the fact that the back garden was a prison. The fences were high and definitely unscalable, Alastair always locked the glass doors that led into the house and the side gate was usually padlocked.

Usually.

Dean mind started racing a mile a minute. He could escape. He could get away from more of Alastair’s torture. He could get to Cas. He could be kissing Cas. Cas could be holding him in his warm, gentle arms.

No. Dean stopped those thoughts right in their tracks. He couldn’t leave. He had signed a contract - a pretty watertight one at that.

The side gate banged against the frame in the wind again and in that moment Dean knew he’d lost the mental argument and the will to simply stay here, leashed in Alastair’s back garden. He carefully loosened the choke chain and pulled it off, dropping it to the ground. He got to his feet shakily and staggered to the gate. He pulled it open and gazed down the side passage towards the street ahead. His way was clear and his mind was made up.

Dean stumbled down the pathway and within seconds he was on the street outside Alastair’s home. He inhaled, his breath hitching slightly. He was free. He started walking back towards town. Towards Cas.

It took him two hours. Two impossibly long excruciating hours to walk from Alastair’s oversized house to Cas’s now-warmly familiar bar. He stuck to the shadowed side of the street, keeping his head down, crossing the road to avoid any other pedestrians. His bare feet ached and he knew they were cut and scraped - he also knew that if stopped, even for a minute, he wouldn’t be able to keep
going. When he saw the neon signs announcing the Stairway to Heaven bar he could have cried in relief. He skirted the outside of the building, avoiding any patrons entering or leaving the bar, and peered through a window at the side, trying to spot those blue eyes he adored.

But Cas wasn’t behind the bar. Dean felt like the bottom of his stomach dropped out and he waited for a while at the window just in case Cas was out of sight but jumped slightly when he heard the sound of a door closing from up above. He looked up to see the light switch on in Cas’s apartment. That’s where he was, Dean realised, forcing himself to move his agonising feet towards the staircase at the back of the building. He climbed the stairs, slipping slightly and realising he was leaving bloody footprints on the wooden steps. He finally got to the door when he heard a car horn from the lot below. He ignored it, knocking on the door instead. Dean heard the car horn again - it was right below the staircase and he looked down and just about collapsed in abject terror when he saw Alastair’s dark Mercedes.

“Oh fuck no,” Dean breathed, turning back to Cas’s front door and banging on it repeatedly. He heard the engine of Alastair’s car cut out and the creak of the door opening made Dean feel sick.

Finally Cas opened the door as Dean heard boots thumping up their stairs behind him.

“God damn I said I was com”— He cut himself off when he saw Dean’s terrified face.

“Cas, please let me in,” Dean begged, his chest heaving as he started sobbing. “Please, Cas please .”

“Dean, I…” Cas looked distraught as he took in Dean’s shaking frame, his bloody bare feet and the dried trails of blood on his hands. “I can’t, I… fuck I can’t Dean,” Cas said, his voice cracking as he saw Alastair reaching the top of the stairs behind Dean.

“Cas please,” Dean pleaded, falling to his knees in front of Cas, grabbing hold of his pant legs. He watched through tearfilled, vivid green eyes as Cas took a couple steps backwards, pulling himself out of Dean’s hands.

“I can’t… Dean, I’m so sorry… the contract stipulates that if I take you in now, it… our contract can be broken,” Cas said, his own eyes starting to brim with tears.

A heavy hand landed on Dean’s shoulder and he flinched. “Please,” he whispered but Cas shook his head and looked away.

“I guess that’s the last time I lock you outside with your hands uncuffed,” Alastair growled and Dean could see Cas cringe almost imperceptibly at his words. “Get the fuck up you worthless fucking whore.”

Dean struggled to get to his feet - gasping at the agonising pain in the soles of his feet from his two hour barefoot walk here. He wavered on his feet, tears rolling his cheeks as he started to comprehend the massive fucking mistake he’d made. Alastair dropped the choke chain back around his neck and Dean looked up at him in shock - they never did any of… this stuff out in public. Dean looked up to see Cas watching the whole exchange in dismay.

“I’m sorry,” Dean whispered miserably to Cas as he felt Alastair tug on the leash. Cas nodded sadly as he watched Dean stumble away from the doorway.
I'm loving all of your comments and requests and when you pick up on my mistakes haha! Keep 'em coming!
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Dean's punishment at the hands of Alastair isn't pretty. Bit of a cliffhanger/reveal at the end as well...

Kinks in this chapter:
Spanking, hole spanking, spit roasting, ball stretching

Chapter Notes

Hi all! Two updates in two days! I'm about to go to the US for two weeks and I don't know if I'll have the time to update as regularly, so trying to give you some extra in the meantime :) See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Ten

Dean woke up with a start when a forceful, ice-cold stream of water hit him square in the gut. He tried to scramble away from the water, realizing with a shock that he was completely naked. He slipped over the wet tiles but he didn’t get far when the chain around his throat tightened when he moved. The water moved to his face and he coughed and spluttered, screwing his eyes shut and holding his breath until the hose was pointed somewhere else - this time to the soles of his feet. Dean screamed in pain as the concentrated flow of water hit the damaged, cut-up skin on his feet and he jerked away, strangling himself on the chain around his throat. Just as he felt like he was about to pass out from lack of air, the water was cut off and Dean grabbed the chain around his throat, loosening it slightly and moving closer to the iron loop in the wall it was attached to so he could get a bit more slack.

“Good to see you’re finally awake,” Alastair growled, “Even if I did have to wake up your lazy ass myself.”

The events of the night before rushed back to Dean and he started trembling at the thought of what was in store for him.

“What a stupid thing for you to do,” came the deadly whisper from the driver’s seat.

Dean was in the passenger seat of Alastair’s car after torturously walking down the wooden steps and across the gravel carpark in his bare, bloody, torn-up feet. He kept his eyes down and didn’t make a sound not even when Alastair backhanded him at a red light. He just sat there, shaking with
fear, while he was driven back to his worst nightmare.

“What did you think would happen? I knew exactly where you’d go, you stupid, goddamn whore.”

Dean closed his eyes at the demeaning vitriol directed his way from the driver’s seat. He felt his breath hitch in his chest but he pushed down the sobs he knew were close.

“What do you think left the gate open anyway?”

Dean’s eyes snapped open and he turned to look at Alastair, to look at him right in the eye in shock at what he’d just said before he realised his mistake. Alastair grabbed him by the hair and slammed him into the dashboard face first. Dean fell back against the seat back, dazed, the skin on his forehead and cheekbone now split open and bleeding sluggishly, drops falling into his left eye.

“I knew you’d fucking run,” Alastair added.

His words only just registered with Dean before he was backhanded again, this time leaving him slumped in the passenger seat unconscious.

Alastair stalked over to Dean who was ashamed to admit he cowered in terror at the approaching man but Alastair simply unhooked the chain around Dean’s neck from the iron ring on the wall and clipped a leash onto it. He gave a tug and Dean had no choice but to follow on his hands and knees.

“You’ll crawl from now on I think,” Alastair mused moving quickly with his long legged stride out of the bathroom and back into the adjoining dungeon, Dean struggling to keep up.

“Ah there he is!”

Dean looked up and suddenly felt the bottom of his stomach drop out. Casually lounging in Alastair’s dungeon was Gordon Walker and Crowley.

“Might I present to you, the entertainment for tonight!” Alastair declared, dragging Dean forward with an almighty heave on the leash.

Dean was hauled across the concrete by the collar around his neck and he started choking, gasping for breath while trying to loosen the chain with fingers that were still cold and wet from being hosed down. He looked up at the men and dropped his gaze immediately when Gordon glared at him.

“What the fuck are you looking at whore?” Gordon spat. “You gotta teach your slave better manners, Alastair.”

“Oh, do I now?”

“Yeah, you gotta tell him he’s not on the same level as us so he shouldn’t be looking me in the goddamn eye for one,” Gordon replied. His voice was low and measured but Dean knew he was a fucking madman and just hoped he hadn’t raised his ire too much already.

“Well I suppose we’ll just have to punish him as a group then,” Alastair said with a dark chuckle. “What should we do first? Any suggestions?”

“I suggest we tie him up,” said Crowley and Dean almost rolled his eyes at his words. How fucking original was that? “With this,” Crowley added and lifted up a metal bar with four leather cuffs dangling off it.
“Now you’re talking,” Gordon said with a grin, rubbing his hands together. Dean risked a glance up at Crowley and the man just smiled hungrily down at him.

“Behind his back,” Crowley finished.

“That’s more like it,” Gordon said.

Alastair pulled out the spanking bench and adjusted it so it no longer had lower platforms for Dean’s forearms and legs. Instead it was just a flat surface, only about as long as Dean’s torso from collarbones to hips. The leather belt was strapped down over the middle of his back, securing him firmly to the bench and then Alastair stood at Dean’s head, stroking his hair and occasionally pulling on it when the desire arose while Gordon pulled his arms up and back behind him. Another set of hands - Crowley’s - buckled the spreader bar’s cuffs on his wrists. Dean felt hands on his left leg and it was bent at the knee and his foot raised before another leather cuff was buckled around his ankle, the same being done for his right leg a moment later. Finally all of the hands were removed and he tested the cuffs, realising quickly the stringent position he was in. The cuffs were all attached to the bar with the ones for his ankles at the outside and the ones for his wrists on the inside. It pulled his arms back uncomfortably and he had to keep his bent legs raised, his knees off the bench, to avoid straining his shoulders.

“Now, gentlemen, this evening’s entertainment is for your own benefit,” Alastair said, a smile playing on his lips. “So you all get to call the shots. The first being, are we going to let this worthless piece of shit cum or not?”

“Definitely not,” Gordon replied.

“Agreed,” Crowley seconded.

“Good. Put this on him then,” Alastair said passing something to one of his guests, out of sight of Dean. “Make it nice and tight. Then we’ll tie up his balls just to be on the safe side.”

Dean jerked as he felt hands on his cock, then gasped as a barely-lubricated sound was shoved in and tight leather straps were buckled around the base, midway down his length and right below the head. One last strap was connected on both ends to that last strap right at the end of his cock but it was threaded through a loop on the end of the sound and, when tightened, forced the sound further in.

“Now time to get those balls out of the way,” Gordon said, grasping Dean’s balls and pulling them down and away from his body making him whimper softly. Dean felt a thin cord wrapping around both of his balls before being used to separate them and tie them off individually. He gritted his teeth as they were pulled and stretched away from his body and tied down to the bench.

“Any other suggestions before we start using him as two warm fuckholes?” Alastair asked.

“I want to spank him,” Gordon said firmly. “I want to make sure he knows his fucking place. I want to make sure he can’t sit down for a week.”

“Well, in that case, choose your weapon,” Alastair said gleefully.

Dean could hear the two of them wandering off to Alastair’s wall of implements. He shifted slightly in his bounds, feeling the already aching pull on his shoulders and balls, his back and ass muscles were starting to burn with the constant strain of having to keep his legs lifted so he didn’t pull his shoulder out of its socket again. He jumped when he felt a hand stroke his hair.

“You know I couldn’t very well turn down his offer,” Crowley said quietly so that Gordon and
Alastair wouldn’t overhear.

“Huh, I bet you couldn’t,” Dean whispered back, knowing full well he was walking on thin ice.

“I do love how you’re still so full of spirit though,” Crowley replied and Dean could hear the grin in his voice. “That’s surprising. I guess Cas must have given you a new lease on life.”

At the sound of Cas’s name Dean froze, remembering what he’d done last night. Crowley picked up on it.

“Oh yes, I know all about last night. And I’ll be punishing you for that as well once Alastair delivers you back to me on Sunday morning, don’t you worry. You’d better not make him too angry in the meantime.”

Crowley gave his head a couple of pats as if Dean was an unruly dog tied down and then stepped back when Gordon and Alastair returned.

“So what did you decide on?” Crowley asked.

“I think we’re going to use the switch on his ass first, warm things up a little bit,” Gordon said, slapping the switch onto the palm of his hand - Dean winced slightly at the sound because if there was one thing he knew for sure it was that the switch hurt, it really fucking hurt.

“Oh yes? And then what?” Crowley questioned.

“Then we’re going to spank his hole,” Alastair replied, “with this.”

“But let’s not tell him what it is just yet,” Gordon added quickly, “I’m sure he loves a surprise, don’t you whore?”

Dean stayed quiet and closed his eyes so he didn’t see Alastair’s hand coming. The man backhanded him and Dean’s head snapped to the side, he tasted blood in his mouth.

“Answer the man,” Alastair growled.

“Yes… sir,” Dean said through gritted teeth, feeling the blood trickling from his mouth. He spat it out to the floor, grimacing at the coppery, metallic taste.

“Much better,” Alastair said. “Well Gordon, over to you.”

“With pleasure.”

Gordon didn’t waste any time and Dean squeezed his eyes shut and bit his lip when he heard the sound of the switch flying through the air. A line of absolute fire lit up across his ass where it came down and, seconds later, another one sprang up an inch below that and then a third stripe an inch lower. Gordon was as methodical with his spanking as Alastair was chaotic - he worked his way down Dean’s ass leaving evenly spaced red lines of pain before working his way back up again, aiming for the unmarred skin in between the existing stripes. He did two more rounds over Dean’s ass until Dean was sure his cheeks were just going to be an even, bright red with no differentiation between the strikes. By the end of it, Dean was gasping with each hit, his entire body jerking on the bench, tears rolling down his face, mixing with the blood on his lips and falling to the concrete floor below.

“I think that ought to do it,” Gordon said, taking a step back to admire his work.
Dean took a shaky breath in, hating the way his chest heaved as a sob wracked his body. “So how are you feeling? Ready for round two?” Crowley questioned.

Dean groaned softly and shook his head, no. “Oh that’s too bad my boy,” Alastair smirked. “We’re just getting started. Gordon you want to do the honours?”


Alastair grabbed a handful of Dean’s hair and wrenched his head up before shoving a ball gag into his mouth and buckling it tightly around his head. Dean coughed slightly, his jaw immediately starting to ache around the gag. He didn’t have much time to try to prepare himself though before he felt Crowley’s fingers digging into his ass and spreading his cheeks apart. He tightened his hands into fists and tried to slow his breathing, feeling like he was about to hyperventilate.

All of a sudden his hole exploded in pain as a riding crop came down right on it. He screamed behind the gag as the crop came down on his hole again and again. He struggled in his bonds, pulling and straining at the cuffs on his wrists and ankles. He felt his left shoulder starting to feel like he was on the cusp of dislocating it and he forced himself to try and stop moving even while that fucking crop was still mercilessly landing on his hole.

“You’re gonna take ten more for me whore,” Gordon said gruffly.

Dean silently counted the strikes, gritting his teeth, as Gordon slowly got closer to ten. Once he hit number ten Dean visibly relaxed on the bench. Only for Gordon to hit him one more time and Dean screamed into the gag again. He faintly registered Crowley’s hands finally letting go of his ass while Alastair unbuckled the ball gag. Dean gulped in huge lungfuls of air trying to slow his heart rate down and ease the strain on his shoulder.

“Now gentlemen you might want to avail yourselves of these condoms - ‘ribbed for her pleasure’, Crowley joked, “because I understand Alastair has something special for his boy.”

“Crowley’s right, this lube is spiked with ginger - it’ll make fucking that hole incredibly lovely and slick for you, but for him? It feels like it’s on fire. At least I’m pretty sure that’s what he’s been screaming at me when I’ve used it,” Alastair replied.

Dean felt the lube being poured over his crack, sliding down into his beaten hole and it started to burn immediately. He cried out softly at the feeling and looked up to see Alastair’s stony face looking down at him. “Please… sir,” he whispered.

Alastair bent over so he was eye-level with Dean and grabbed his chin roughly. “Don’t beg, slut, it’s unbecoming.” Alastair stood back up, toed off his boots and tugged his jeans down, his hard cock springing forward. “I think I might give you something else to do with that mouth. What are you two waiting for?” he said with a harsh laugh at Crowley and Gordon, before shoving his cock into Dean’s mouth, choking him slightly.

Gordon and Crowley took turns at Dean’s ass, using the lube liberally until he felt like he was on fire
on the inside while Alastair plowed his mouth, barely giving him time to take in a breath. After what felt like hours being spitroasted, with Crowley and Gordon pulling off ginger lube covered condoms and then using his mouth every so often, they finally finished. Dean was a wreck, he felt ruined - he could barely keep conscious, the only reason he hadn’t passed out yet was his fear of dislocating his shoulder again.

Dean was shaking like a leaf while Alastair uncuffed his wrists and ankles, untied his balls and uncaged his cock before he pulled his weak form down to the ground. He sobbed softly when he hit the concrete floor and gasped when Alastair grabbed his leash in one hand and his hair in the other and dragged him back to the bathroom. His master didn’t even bother chaining him to the wall this time, he just hosed him down and hauled him back into the dungeon, opening the door of the metal cage in the corner and throwing him inside. Dean curled up, shivering, with tears rolling down his face. A blanket was thrust through the bars, along with a plastic water bottle and a protein bar. Dean ignored the food and water. Instead he just weakly pulled the blanket over his naked, wet body.

“Whore.”

Dean flinched at the voice.

“Whore. Look at me.”

Dean swallowed roughly and, against his better judgment, opened his eyes to see Alastair crouching outside the cage, looking down at him like he was a piece of meat.

“Did you like that? What we did to you tonight? Answer me.”

“No sir,” Dean stammered, his voice barely audible. “I’m s-sorry sir.”

“Well what I want you to do is remember tonight, remember all of our nights together because when you go back to Crowley’s you’re going to renew our contract,” Alastair said, his voice so low and sounding so deadly that Dean was worried his heart might just give out at the tone of it. “Because if you don’t, I’m going to do all of those things to you next week all over again. And do you remember what I said after our show at Hell last week?”

Dean winced as he nodded.

“Tell me, whore. Tell me what I told you last week. What I’m going to do if you don’t renew our contract,” Alastair ordered.

“You’re…” Dean’s voice cracked and he swallowed before continuing, trying to push down the abject terror he felt when he thought about what Alastair had promised him last week. “Y-you said that you’re… you’re going to… to… if I don’t renew, you’ll torture C-Cas the same way you torture me and then… then you’ll k-kill him.”

Dean’s voice was a whisper at the end and he clenched his jaw as another tear rolled down his cheek. He looked up at Alastair, right in his cold grey eyes - something he hardly ever did, something that Alastair had beaten into him.

“You… you really will, won’t you sir? You’ll really kill him if I don’t renew?”

“I will,” Alastair said calmly, “and it’ll be all your fault. You’ll have killed him. His blood will be on your hands and you’re going to have to live with that for the rest of your worthless, meaningless, whoring life. Do you think you can really do that? Kill a man? Cause that’s what will happen and you know it.”
“N-no sir,” Dean whispered, closing his eyes, biting his lip to keep from sobbing uncontrollably.

“Good. Let’s keep it that way then. Good night whore.”

“G-good night sir,” Dean whispered.

Chapter End Notes

OH BOY. Alright, what do you all want Cas to do for Dean in the next chapter. I've got ideas but I'm always open to suggestions...
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

It is just angst, angst, angst! Some big revelations coming and just to let you know - this will end happy I promise. Although I can also promise more whump and BDSM. ;)

Kinks in this chapter:
None really unless you count angst and aftercare and (I'm sorry) another cliffhanger.

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for your comments! I love writing fanfic and getting stuck into stories and I'm so glad you're all picking up what I'm putting down.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Eleven

Cas had made sure to park his car right outside the door to Hell on Sunday when he went to pick up Dean. He sat in the driver’s seat for a little while after he’d cut off the engine, drumming his fingers on the steering wheel. His leg bounced, he fidgeted. He was worried. He was really, really, really fucking worried about Dean.

It had been one of the hardest things in the world to turn Dean away that night. He’d been hoping for a quiet night at home, although that wasn’t on the cards even before Dean got there. He’d started cooking dinner and then realised he wasn’t hungry. Started sanding down the new dining table he’d rescued from the second hand store across town but threw in the towel fifteen minutes in. Cas finally gave in and opened a bottle of wine and it was only then, after he’d almost finished the bottle in half an hour, that he realised he was trying to distract himself. Trying not to think about what was happening with Dean right at that very moment. Trying not to think about how Alastair was torturing him, making him scream. And then he’d heard the frantic knocking at the door.

While Cas would have given anything to see Dean right then and there, this was not what he’d been hoping for. His beautiful boy was exhausted and, when Cas caught sight of his bare feet covered in dirt and blood he’d realised with a shock that Dean must have walked from Alastair’s house to his apartment. It made him feel sick to think about what that bastard must have done to him to make him take such a risk and hurt himself so much in the process. Of course, while he was trying to comprehend that Dean was at his door and begging Cas to take him in, Alastair showed up. The kicker was recognising Alastair’s dark Mercedes from the carpark a few nights ago - it made Cas think that the psychotic bastard had been spying on the two of them at Cas’s place.

Cas had spent almost that entire day going over the contract - he’d even called Crowley and asked if Alastair’s contract had any different clauses or paragraphs in it at all. After a good few hours studying the document, he’d found exactly what he was looking for - how he could get Dean out of
working for Crowley altogether. But Cas had a pretty damn good memory and when Dean had showed up on his doorstep on a day when he was contracted to Alastair, a couple of the clauses he’d read over jumped straight to his mind. He knew he couldn’t do anything. He couldn’t do a damn thing, couldn’t lift a finger to help Dean. Couldn’t even touch him. The look on Dean’s face was enough to supply him with nightmares for weeks. But he couldn’t risk it.

He just hoped Dean would understand when he tried to tell him.

Cas ran a hand through his eternally messy dark hair and decided he couldn’t stay in the car any longer. He leaned against the side of the big sedan on the sidewalk side, eyes trained on the door to Hell, ignoring the exasperated looks the security guard kept throwing his way. Less than five minutes later, the door to Hell creaked open and Cas glanced up, feeling his heart shove up into his throat when he saw the state that Dean was in.

Dean kept his head bowed as he limped slowly through the doorway, his arm wrapped around his midsection as he hunched over slightly. He didn’t even realise Cas was there, only to flinch away when Cas gently grasped his free arm trying to help him over to the car.

“C-Cas?” Dean whispered without looking up.

“I’m here,” Cas said, gently helping him to the car, opening the door with his free hand. “You’re okay, I’m here. You’re safe now.”

“Sure,” Dean replied brokenly, “whatever you say.”

His words struck Cas’s heart like a serrated blade and he had to stop himself from gasping as he felt Dean’s hoarse whisper punch him right in the gut. He deserved it. He gently lowered Dean into the passenger seat of the car, wincing when Dean’s face betrayed how agonising the position was for him. Cas raced over to the driver’s side and got in, turning the key in the ignition even while he was still shutting the door. He looked over at Dean but he had his head down and turned away from Cas, leaning against the door frame.

They drove back to Cas’s place in silence - uncomfortable silence for Cas. He desperately wanted to talk to Dean, to try and make him believe that he didn’t turn him away that night out of spite. But he knew what Alastair and Crowley’s track record of aftercare or even just care was - he knew Dean was probably suffering from injuries that hadn’t been looked after. The drive back to Cas’s apartment was not the time or place for any important conversations.

Cas parked and helped Dean out of the car. He didn’t miss the way Dean looked up at the wooden steps and groaned softly at the thought of climbing them in his excruciatingly miserable state.

“Lean on me,” Cas suggested and Dean complied immediately, throwing an arm over Cas’s shoulders.

Cas realised that Dean probably thought it was an order and he felt even more guilty although it was easier going up the stairs with Cas taking most of Dean’s weight. Cas unlocked the apartment and tried not to feel too embarrassed at the unkempt rooms - full of half-started, half-finished projects and tasks that didn’t distract him enough to take his mind off of Dean. He just took them straight to the bathroom instead and sat Dean down on the closed lid of the toilet, noting in dismay how many times they’d started their three days of the week like this - tending to Dean’s wounds.

Dean gritted his teeth as he sat down, keeping his head bowed while Cas turned on the shower to let the steam heat up the room a bit. God he was so fucking exhausted. He wished he could just sleep for a week. But no, he had to be bounced between Alastair and Cas and now he was wondering
which of them was actually worse for him. He was startled by a hand on his knee and he looked up at Cas.

“You with me?” Cas asked, frowning at the dark bruises on his face left by Alastair slamming his face into the dashboard of the Benz - not that Cas knew about that yet.

God he wished he could just go and shoot that asshole, Cas thought as he studied the bruises, grab the gun out of his safe and just walk right up to him and end him.

Dean picked up on Cas’s anger and lowered his gaze to the floor, attributing it to something he must’ve done. He was already in so much pain and he’d only been with Cas for all of fifteen minutes and even then he’d fucked up somehow. Best he could do was work on harm minimisation now - try to placate his master so he’d be punished less later on.

“Yes sir,” he replied, his voice hoarse and scratchy thanks to Alastair’s repeated use of that hated choke chain.

“Do you think you can take a shower by yourself or do you want my help?” Cas questioned, gently.

“Uh… I…” Dean stammered, frustrated by his question. He didn’t get Cas. His master would give him orders to obey which were easy enough but then he’d ask a question like that - he’d give Dean a choice. Choices were never a good thing in Dean’s book - it was always the same, damned if you do, damned if you don’t. Better just to shut up and take whatever was coming, so he stayed silent.

“Let me help you,” Cas offered, just short of pleading.

He crouched down in front of Dean so he could see his face, see those green eyes that were beginning to get glassy from unshed tears. But Dean closed his eyes and clenched his jaw, turning away from Cas.

“So you’ll help me now?” Dean whispered angrily.

“Oh Dean,” Cas breathed, his heart breaking at the pain and hurt on his boy’s face.

“But you won’t help me when I’m on your doorstep, bleeding and… and begging you to save me from that fucking asshole?” Dean continued, wiping roughly at the tears that fell unbidden.

“Dean I promise, it’s not like that”-

“Well, how is it then, huh?” Dean replied, looking Cas straight in the eye. “Because you say that you want to help me, that you want to get me away from Alastair and what he d-does to me, but when I walk for two hours in bare feet to get to you, to ask you for help, you… you turn me away.”

Dean bit his lip as his body was wracked by a sob he hadn’t seen coming, he wrapped his arms around his midsection, around his aching ribs as his resolve finally crumbled and the tears just rolled down his cheeks, the salt stinging his split lip.

“Dean I… I am so sorry, I wish it could have gone a different way the other night,” Cas said, his voice breaking up.

Dean looked down at Cas’s face, really looked at him and realised he looked just about as distraught as Dean felt. Something didn’t feel right, it felt like there was more to the story, something that Cas wasn’t telling him.

“I promise, I will explain everything to you, I just…” Cas sighed and suddenly Dean knew his anger
was misplaced. “I know you’re in pain. I will explain everything to you because I hate the fact that I’m leaving you in the dark here, I just don’t want you to suffer any longer than you have to be. I know that bastard never takes care of you when he hurts you and I can tell you’re hurting.”

Dean bit his lip, nodding, confirming Cas’s statement. He suddenly felt like he had fucked up now. Cas only wanted to help. He still had no fucking clue what Cas was talking about when he said he’d ‘explain everything’ and that he was ‘leaving him in the dark’, but fuck it. Dean was hurting. Explanations could wait.

“Let me help you,” Cas said, repeating what he’d said earlier.

Dean nodded and started to pull his jacket off, wincing at the strain. Cas immediately stood up and gently pulled the jacket he’d given Dean off his shoulders, noticing how stiff and sore Dean appeared. Next came Dean’s t-shirt, Cas helped him out of it, his breath catching in his throat when he saw the bruises on Dean’s torso.

“Oh God, Dean,” Cas breathed, seeing the varying shades of black and blue on Dean’s ribs. “What did he do to you?”

“He just… he just beat me, he said he… he wanted me to go back to you covered in his marks,” Dean answered quietly. “I don’t think anything’s broken, just bruised.”

“Would… would you know? If anything was broken?” Cas asked, definitely not wanting to hear the answer but realising it was necessary.

“Yeah,” Dean replied, “I’ve had fractured ribs before - they’re not that bad this time around. They’re just bruised.”

“And this?” Cas had caught sight of the ring of dark purple marks around Dean’s neck.

“Collar,” Dean said simply.

“Alright, let’s get you in the shower,” Cas said softly. “Lord knows there’s enough steam in here now.”

Dean nodded and Cas turned his attention to Dean’s boots. He loosened the laces and had only just started taking one off when he was stopped by Dean’s barely-suppressed cry of pain.

“Your feet?” Cas asked and Dean nodded, not trusting his voice. “I’ll be as gentle as I can, I promise.” Dean nodded again and Cas loosened the laces further so the boot would slide off. When the first boot was off, Cas’s worry skyrocketed. Dean’s socks - already threadbare and worn, were sticking to his feet in places, stuck to his skin with blood. “Oh no,” he breathed, looking up at Dean. “Dean, this will hurt, the socks are stuck to your feet but… but I need to get them off so I can clean your wounds and bandage them. I… hang on.” Cas stood up. “Wait here, I’ll be right back. I’ll leave the shower on so you don’t get cold in here.”

“Okay,” Dean whispered, his eyes closed and his face as pale as Cas had ever seen it. Cas was back moments later with a glass of water and two pills in his hand.

“Painkillers,” he explained. “I should have given them to you as soon as we walked in. They’re fast acting though. I’m not going to lie, it’s not going to make taking your socks off any easier but hopefully they should kick in pretty soon. I’m sorry I didn’t think of it earlier.”

“Thank you,” Dean replied, swallowing the proffered pills with a swallow of water. “Okay, I’m ready… just… just take them off please,” Dean said, gesturing to his socked feet.
Cas nodded. He grabbed one of the socks and rolled it down Dean’s ankle before pausing just before he got to the bloody sole of Dean’s foot. He didn’t count aloud to three, or rip it off rapidly or take his time. He just paused for a moment so Dean could prepare himself and then in one smooth movement peeled it off Dean’s foot. Dean gasped and clutched the edge of the sink next to the toilet, holding on for dear life. Cas did the same to his other foot and Dean whimpered softly.

“Okay, okay, all done, you did so well,” Cas soothed, watching Dean focus on his breathing.

Cas took the opportunity to have a look at Dean’s feet. They were covered in cuts and bruises but it was difficult to say how bad they were with all the dried blood still on his skin. He made the executive decision at that point to turn Dean’s shower into a bath and got up to put the plug into the tub, letting the shower fill it up.

“Alright now for your jeans, do you think you can stand up?” Cas asked.

“Uh, I think so,” Dean said.

He placed his bare feet down on the tiled floor, wincing at the feeling and Cas helped him up, stripping his jeans off and then practically carrying him over to the tub. Dean hissed slightly when he got into the water and Cas looked up worriedly.

“Is it too hot? I can fix it.”

“No, no, it’s fine,” Dean replied quickly.

The warm water was heavenly, in fact. After four days of constantly being cold at Alastair’s house, the warmth was divine. He closed his eyes and let Cas clean him gently with the loofah, shifting when instructed, trying to ignore all the times he heard Cas’s breath hitch on an inhale when he caught sight of yet another injury. They were done and Dean had to get out of the warm water all too soon. Cas wrapped him up in one of those super soft and fluffy towels and sat him back on the toilet so he could properly tend to his feet.

“Your feet are cut up pretty bad,” Cas said sadly, now that he could see the extent of the damage.

“Two hours of walking will do that,” Dean replied clinically - but to Cas’s relief Dean didn’t appear to be too angry with him anymore.

Dean felt Cas clutch his lower leg and stroke his hot-from-the-bath skin and he tilted his gaze down. Cas looked miserable.

“I’m so sorry,” he said unhappily. “I wish I could have done something, anything to help you. I wish I could’ve told you that night why I couldn’t let you in, I just didn’t want to delay you and Alastair - I didn’t want to somehow inadvertently add to whatever punishment he was going to give you for running away.”

“It doesn’t matter now, it’s done,” Dean said with a shrug.

Cas sighed softly and nodded before tending to Dean’s feet. He pulled on latex gloves and gently coated Dean’s soles in antiseptic cream which Dean had expected to sting but which instead had the opposite effect.

“It helps to numb it a little for you,” Cas said as he wrapped Dean’s feet in soft gauze bandages. “Okay, all done.” Cas stood up, peeling off the latex gloves and tossing them in the bathroom bin. “Do you want to try standing up?”
Dean nodded and tentatively stood up, keeping one hand on the edge of the sink just in case. He got to his feet and gasped.

“Fuck, Dean, are you alright?” Cas asked hurriedly, immediately at his side.

Dean looked up at Cas in awe. “They don’t hurt,” he said with a smile that lit up his face, seemingly making his eyes appear greener and brighter.

It was the first time Cas had seen him smile in what felt like such a long time, it warmed his heart, although the reason made Cas’s own smile falter slightly.

“What is it?” Dean asked, picking up on the change in Cas’s demeanour instantly. “What did I do?”

“You haven’t done anything,” Cas said. He pointed to the bedroom. “Come on, I want to take care of you.”

Dean slowly walked out of the bathroom, his bandaged feet padding softly on the carpet as he followed Cas out of the steamy warmth. Once they got to the bedroom, Cas turned to Dean - he still had that miraculous numbing cream in his hands along with another pair of latex gloves and he gestured to Dean’s body.

“Where else are you hurt?” Cas asked, looking Dean up and down, clad only in a towel around his slim hips.

Dean looked down, biting his lip. “They spanked me,” he said quietly, his face heating up at the humiliation of it. He felt Cas’s cool fingers on his chin lifting his head up and he looked into those wide blue eyes for a split second before looking away.

“That’s why it hurts to sit down, right?” Cas said sadly, stroking Dean’s hair gently trying to calm him. Dean nodded. “Alright, will it hurt to lie down on your front?” Dean shook his head, no and pulled off the towel before turning around.

“Holy fuck, Dean,” Cas exclaimed when he caught sight of Dean’s thighs and ass, making his boy flinch slightly. He quickly grasped Dean’s shoulders and pulled him into a hug, being careful not to press on any bruises. Cas felt Dean’s hands tentatively wrap his body at first before holding on tight when he started to sob into Cas’s shoulder.

“I’m s-sorry sir,” Dean stammered, in between heaving breaths. He felt like such a failure, like the worthless whore that Alastair was always calling him.

Cas reached up and stroked Dean’s hair, knowing it was an action that soothed him. After a few moments he felt Dean’s sobs start to subside but he kept gently massaging Dean’s scalp until his breathing grew even again.

“You have nothing to be sorry for, Dean,” Cas said softly. “Nothing at all.”

“Then why didn’t you help me?” Dean whispered.

“Lie down on the bed, let me take care of you, then I’ll explain everything alright?”

Dean nodded and reluctantly broke away from Cas and climbed onto the bed, gritting his teeth as he lay down on bruised ribs. Whilst he hadn’t had a chance to see what his ass and thighs looked like, he definitely knew how it felt and Gordon wasn’t joking when he’d promised Dean that he wouldn’t be able to sit down for a week.
Cas looked down at his beautiful boy stretched out on the bed, barely keeping his anger in check as he pulled on the fresh pair of latex gloves. Dean’s ass and thighs were basically one big bruise. It was darker purple in places and there were a few stripes that had broken the skin but there was not an inch of skin between his hips and his knees that wasn’t a shade of blue.

“I’ll put numbing cream on it for you now,” Cas warned.

“Okay sir,” Dean said, slipping back into the honorific while he was stretched out, naked, vulnerable, in front of his master.

He felt Cas's hands on the backs of his thighs and he gritted his teeth, his hands closed into fists, as Cas spread the cream over his bruised skin. Cas didn’t waste any time though and he finished quickly, the cream already starting to work.

“Are you hurting anywhere else?” Cas asked.

“Uh… m-my hole,” Dean murmured. “They… they spanked me there too. With… with a riding crop.”

Cas cringed at the thought - it would have been excruciating for Dean. “Alright, why don’t you spread your cheeks for me and I’ll put some cream there as well.”

“Yes sir,” Dean replied. He reached back and grasped his cheeks, spreading them painfully wide the way Alastair and Crowley always instructed him.

“Not so wide, my perfect boy, I don’t want you in pain, I just want to get the cream to where it hurts,” Cas said and Dean quickly obeyed. Cas frowned as he saw Dean’s sore and overused-looking hole, the ring all red and puffy, and applied the numbing cream to his hole quickly, before grasping Dean’s hands and pulling them off his cheeks gently. “All done.”

Cas ducked into the bathroom and pulled off the latex gloves, dumping them in the bin before heading back to the bedroom and grabbing the soft sweatpants and t-shirt he’d pulled out especially for Dean.

“Here, put these on and then join me in the lounge room, we’re going to have a quick talk, alright?” Cas asked as Dean pushed himself up from the bed. He caught the barely-concealed look of fear in Dean’s face when he mentioned having a talk and he smiled at him. “You haven’t done anything wrong.”

“O-okay,” Dean said softly, nodding.

“Come out to the lounge when you’re ready,” Cas said gently before giving Dean some privacy to get dressed.

A couple minutes later, Dean staggered out into the living room to find Cas on sitting on the couch, two glasses of water and a stack of papers on the coffee table. Cas immediately stood up.

“Sit on the couch however you want, whatever feels comfortable” Cas instructed.

Dean laid down on his side on the couch, successfully finding a position that didn’t aggravate the bruises on his ribs or his thoroughly flogged ass and thighs. Cas helped him place a pillow under his head and then sat down on the carpeted floor next to him, leaning his back against the coffee table so he could face Dean.

“I want to explain to you why I couldn’t let you in the night you came around,” Cas said. He noticed
Dean stiffen slightly on the couch. “It had nothing to do with what you did when you left Alastair’s house to come here. I’ve spent so many hours reading through the contract, I feel like I know it inside and out. There’s a couple of clauses in there that are a little scary for me. Especially with the cooling off period which goes for the first month of a contract. The responsibility is more on my side than yours in that period of time, afterwards pretty much what the master says, goes.”

Cas picked up the stack and papers and turned to a page with a dogeared corner. “Where is it… ah here, now I’m quoting from the contract, these are not my words, alright?” At Dean’s nod, Cas read from the contract, “‘If the Master should come into possession of the Goods on a day which is not contractually owned by the Master during the cooling off period, the contract can be terminated immediately by the Vendor.’ And I know that sounds like absolute gibberish but it basically means that if you turn up in my apartment on Alastair’s day then Crowley is well within his rights to terminate the contract. Since you didn’t actually come into my apartment that day, he can’t terminate it.”

“But… why would that be such a problem?” Dean asked, “I want to stay with you. Contract or no contract.”

“It’s what happens if my contract is terminated,” Cas explained. “In order to renew, there has to be agreement on both sides. So Alastair and you need to agree to a renewal. But a brand new contract only needs agreement from the Master, not you. If my contract is broken then Alastair could easily set up a new contract with Crowley for the remaining three days a week. You could say no to the renewal of his existing contract but you’d be bound for a year to the new one and we’d be back to square one with you staying half the week at Alastair’s.”

Dean took a deep breath as he comprehended the enormity of what could have happened the night he ran away to Cas. Fuck, he could have been so fucking screwed, how could he have been so stupid? He really was a fucking stupid whore if he thought-

“Hey, come on, don’t let your mind run wild there with the what ifs,” Cas said, gently touching his face and running his fingers through Dean’s hair bringing him back to the present.

“God, I’m so sorry Cas,” Dean said, looking up at his master with glassy green eyes. “You were trying to do the right thing and I… I almost fucked it all up completely.”

“You were trying to get away from a monster, I don’t blame you at all,” Cas said, stroking his hair, feeling Dean relax under his ministrations.

“I… I need to tell you something Cas,” Dean said after a beat. He glanced up at Cas and Cas could tell he was anxious, scared even.

“Of course, what is it?”

“Alastair, he said… he said if I don’t renew, he’s going to…” Dean’s voice broke and he swallowed before trying again, “he’s going to k-kill you if I don’t renew.” The dam burst and tears started rolling down Dean’s cheeks as his body shook, wracked with sobs once again.

“Oh Dean,” Cas whispered, leaning forward to embrace his boy, envelope him in his arms, protect him at any cost. “I can assure you, that will not happen.”

“Cas, how do you know?” Dean said, in between hitched breaths. “You’ve seen what he does to me and that’s just to get off. He’s going to kill you. I… I don’t have a choice. I have to agree to renew his contract. I don’t… I don’t want to lose you, I can’t lose you.”
“That won’t happen,” Cas said firmly. He pulled back, kept Dean at arm’s distance and found those terrified green eyes with his own and locked on like a laser focus. “It won’t happen because I know how I can make sure that Alastair will never hurt you again.”

Chapter End Notes

Coming up: definitely more angst (duh), Dean whump and, finally, the much-requested medical play as well!

Now any requests? Don't forget we only have ONE MORE set of four days with Alastair...
Chapter Twelve

“What do you mean?” Dean asked, his brows furrowing slightly. He looked down at Cas and the man looked… nervous. Dean didn’t think he’d ever seen Cas looking nervous before and a knot started to form in his stomach as he tried not to think about what Cas was going to tell him.

“There’s a… clause in the contract,” Cas stated, averting his eyes from Dean’s and instead starting to flick through the stack of papers that dictated Dean’s life. “It’s kind of buried in there and understandably so, I guess, from someone like Crowley’s perspective. He probably had to put it in to ensure it was all above board but it took me three parses to find it and verify it.”

“What does it say?” Dean questioned, sitting up slightly, pressing his hands against his chest to try and stop them shaking.

“Earlier you said that they had spanked you,” Cas stated. “Who were you talking about?”

“Alastair had uh… Gordon and Crowley over, the night after I ran away,” Dean admitted, swallowing hard and feeling the ring of bruises around his throat. “They all participated,” he added harshly.

“Crowley as well? Okay, that’s good,” Cas said, absentmindedly, running his fingers over the lines in the contract.

“What the fuck Cas?” Dean exclaimed, physically recoiling from Cas, wincing at the pull on his sore, bruised skin.

Cas looked up, initially confused and then, a split second later, clearly horrified at what he’d said. “Oh God, Dean, no, I’m sorry that’s not what I meant, oh fuck, I’m sorry,” Cas rambled, holding his hands up to try and calm Dean.
“What did you mean?” Dean asked tentatively.

“It’s the clause I’ve found in the contract,” Cas said. “It’s basically an out. It’s an out for you.”

“From Alastair’s contract?”

“From every contract,” Cas replied.

“Every… what?”

“It’s a clause that goes into both my contract and Alastair’s contract and it provides a way for any and all contracts to be made completely null and void. Immediately. And it’s your decision to make as well. I mean, I’m assuming you’d want them both voided.”

“They’d just… end?” Dean asked haltingly.

“Yeah, they would,” Cas said with a small smile.

Dean noticed his smile didn’t reach his eyes though and it made him anxious. He bit his lip slightly and nodded imperceptibly as he built up the courage to ask his next question. “How? How do we do it?”

While Cas’s heart felt like it doubled in size when he heard Dean refer to them as “we” he was also dreading answering Dean’s question.

“I’m not going to lie, it’s… not pretty,” Cas said reluctantly.

“But it’ll void the contract with Alastair right? Guaranteed?” Dean asked.

Cas nodded.

“Then just tell me,” Dean said, his voice faltering slightly at the end of his statement when he saw the look of Cas’s face - he looked like he was going to be sick. “Just tell me Cas, I can take it.”

Cas drew in a deep breath. He found the line in the contract and read through it one more time. “So the way it works is if… uh, if you… if Alastair or… look I’ll just read it, huh?” Cas looked up and at Dean’s nod he dropped his eyes back down to the contract. “Okay so… Clause 32 states, if the Vendor - that’s Crowley - cannot guarantee the safety of the Goods - that’s, uh, that’s you - or actively participates, either individually or with a contracted Master - that would be Alastair or me - in an activity which leads to the Goods being placed in a life threatening position or circumstance and this is witnessed and or recorded by a third party that does not include a contracted Master, then at the request of the Goods, the contract can be immediately considered null and void.”

Cas finally took a breath and looked up, worried at how Dean might react. Not surprisingly, Dean looked completely confused.

“I know, it doesn’t make a lot of sense when you first read it, it didn’t to me either,” Cas said with a short, nervous laugh.

“So… what does it mean?”

“It means that… if Crowley cannot guarantee your safety or actively participates, either by himself or with Alastair or me - a contracted Master - in an activity which is life threatening to you and is witnessed by a third party then you can request the contract to be voided,” Cas said hesitantly.

“Life threatening… but, fuck half the stuff that asshole does to me is fucking life threatening,” Dean
replied disbelievingly.

“It needs to be witnessed as well,” Cas added. “By someone who is not Crowley or me. Someone completely unrelated to either of these contracts.”

“Okay… so how are we going to do this?” Dean asked. He sat up straighter on the couch, ignoring the aches and pains in his body and wanting to stay as alert as possible for this conversation.

“I have an idea,” Cas said, “I’m not entirely sure if you’ll like it.”

“I’m guessing it won’t if it involves Alastair, Crowley and a ‘life threatening situation’ for me,” Dean scoffed but he wasn’t angry, just tired, tired of everything.

“It does and I get it. You don’t have to do it,” Cas said, “I’m just terrified that Alastair will hurt you if you don’t renew. More so than he already does. I want that man out of your life. I want these contracts gone.”

“But… you signed one yourself?”

“Only to make sure no one like Alastair did instead,” Cas said softly. “I don’t want you to be my slave, Dean. I don’t want a contract with you, I would tear it up already if I wasn’t so scared that Alastair would try to contract you for the other three days a week. I would love for you to stay in my life after we get rid of these contracts but I won’t force you if you don’t want to.”

“Cas,” Dean breathed and those blue eyes snapped up to look at him, “Of course I want to stay with you, even if there’s no contract.”

A look of relief passed over Cas’s face and he leaned forward onto his knees and kissed Dean softly. “You have no idea how happy I am to hear that,” Cas whispered before leaning back again.

“So… what’s your idea then?” Dean asked, licking his lips nervously.

“I have a friend who is kind of a tech wizard and they can help with the witnessing part. They’ve got a tiny video camera that we can set up and view remotely. We can record what’s going on so we have evidence of what they’re doing,” Cas explained. “That gets around the ‘witnessing’ part.”

“Your… friend knows about me?” Dean questioned, biting his lip.

“Not everything, I promise, it’s not my place to tell but we need help here and, well, she’s had some rough times too,” Cas said, placing a gentle hand on Dean’s knee to placate him. “She only wants to lend a hand. And we kind of need it because the thing is, I need to be there when all of this is going down,” Cas said, deliberately averting his eyes from Dean’s.

“You’re going to be there? While those bastards is torturing me?” Dean whispered slowly, trying to comprehend the concept.

“Not everything, I promise, it’s not my place to tell but we need help here and, well, she’s had some rough times too,” Cas said, placing a gentle hand on Dean’s knee to placate him. “She only wants to lend a hand. And we kind of need it because the thing is, I need to be there when all of this is going down,” Cas said, deliberately averting his eyes from Dean’s.

“You’re going to be there? While those bastards is torturing me?” Dean whispered slowly, trying to comprehend the concept.

“It’s the best plan I can think of,” Cas admitted, “Alastair probably gets you to strip as soon as you arrive right? Well, I can’t figure out how you’d be able to put the camera somewhere it won’t be noticed.”

Dean inhaled and let out the breath slowly. “Okay, that makes sense. But… in what universe would you be in the same room as Alastair, Crowley and me?”

“I’ll extend an olive branch to Alastair,” Cas said, working the idea through his mind and picking each word deliberately. “I’ll offer to bring you over to his place via Crowley and suggest that the
three of us… that we can ‘play’ with you together as a peace offering. To make up for you running away last time you were with him.”

“Do you think he’ll fall for it?” Dean raised his eyebrows. Alastair was a psychopath but he wasn’t stupid.

“I can only try,” Cas shrugged. “But you know what this means right? It means that I’ll be there while he’s… he’s hurting you and you’ll need to provoke him to a… to a dangerous point. If his actions aren’t life-threatening there’s nothing we can do. But we’ll have my friend monitoring the situation, we’ll have the police on speed-dial, I’ll keep you safe, I promise.”

Dean leaned back on the couch as he mulled it all over. It didn’t take him long to get to a decision. “Okay. I’ll do it.”

“You… you will? Are you sure? You know what this is going to involve?” Cas asked, slightly taken aback at Dean’s choice.

“Well I’ve got four days with the asshole coming up anyway. He’s going to hurt me. I may as well make it count for something. And I guess it’s short term pain for long term gain,” Dean said, matter-of-factly. “And you’ll be there.”

“I’ll be there helping him hurt you,” Cas reminded.

“You won’t like it,” Dean replied, and then added softly, “I hope.”

“Oh God, of course I won’t like it,” Cas said firmly, reaching forward to grasp Dean’s hands between his own. “I’ll hate every single fucking second of it. But I couldn’t live with myself if Alastair somehow managed to wrangle that contract renewal from you. Or simply signed a new one for his four days once his original one expired.” Cas paused for a moment and then looked up at his beautiful, brave boy, covered in bruises and willing to earn more in three day’s time. “You’re the bravest person I know,” he said.

Dean dropped his head, shaking it slightly. “I’m not.”

Cas got up from his position on the floor and sat down on the couch next to Dean, his fingers tilting Dean’s chin so he could see those memorable green eyes. Even with all the bruises, Cas could see the strength and defiance in those features.

“Dean Winchester, I swear to everything that is holy, if it is the last fucking thing I do I will prove to you that you are,” Cas declared.

Dean looked up and the expression on Cas’s face was so serious, so utterly sincere that he couldn’t help it when the corners of his mouth turned up in a grin. Cas smiled as well before leaning forward suddenly and pressing his lips against Dean’s. Dean flinched slightly, more at the shock of Cas’s quick movements but then grabbed hold of Cas, holding tight and deepening their kiss, letting his tongue explore Cas’s mouth and his hands splay across the older man’s broad, muscular back.

They stayed like that, in each other’s arms on the couch for the remainder of the evening, pausing only to order some pizza from the diner downstairs and then retire to the bedroom. Wrapped up in Cas’s strong arms Dean let himself relax for the first time in days. It was always like this when he arrived back at Cas’s place. He needed a good few hours to remember that he wasn’t at the beck and call of a sadistic torturer. He wanted out of the contracts, he wanted to get away from Crowley and be with Cas. That was all he wanted. They’d read through the contracts together that night, Cas pointing out the pertinent sections. It was true, the only way for Dean to be completely scot-free of it
all was to use Clause 32. To provoke Alastair and Crowley into hurting him so much it threatened his life, to get it all on video and for Dean to invoke the clause and void every contract. He just hoped he’d live to see it all happen.

Chapter End Notes

OMG I have SO MUCH PLANNED for the next couple chapters. It is going to be HEAVY GOING so get ready. Any last minute Alastair requests? I can't guarantee the next couple chapters will be the last we ever see of him in this story but it will be the last we see of him for a long while so if you got requests send 'em in! I have 100% been keeping track of them all so far and I can't promise I'll include everything but there is some stuff we definitely haven't covered yet which will be coming up.
Chapter Thirteen

The noise of the steak frying on the stove drowned out Cas’s voice when he returned from making a phone call in the bedroom. Dean wondered if maybe he’d orchestrated it subconsciously, being so nervous about their plan to break the contracts. Cas had asked him to get started on dinner, cook whatever he found in the fridge and Dean had to admit frying steak was probably the loudest thing he could be doing.

“Dean?”

Dean jumped slightly when Cas touched his shoulder, his hand coming close to being singed on the hot pan.

“Sorry, I didn’t hear you,” Dean said breathlessly, his heart racing.

“Don’t be sorry, I shouldn’t have startled you like that,” Cas said, his hand returning to Dean’s shoulder feeling how tense his muscles were and massaging them gently to try and get his boy to relax somewhat.

“Did you… did it work?” Dean asked, his voice laced with the anxiety he’d been feeling nonstop ever since they’d discussed their plan.

“Yeah it did,” Cas said slowly, nodding to himself. “It didn’t work out exactly like I’d hoped, but still it’s all going to be fine and we’ll get what”-
“Cas please just tell me,” Dean said, sighing as he slid the steaks onto the plates he’d already prepared with side salads. He picked up the plates and took them to the dining table while Cas grabbed a bottle of red wine and poured them a glass each as they sat down to dinner.

“It’s just that it’ll be a little different to what we kind of planned”-

“Cas please,” Dean said, looking up at the other man, “don’t make me beg.”

“Alright, I’m sorry,” Cas said quietly. “I spoke to Crowley and he said that Alastair would appreciate an olive branch like that. He actually had Alastair there in his office when I called so we, uh, we kind of set it all up then and there.”

“Okay… Cas, what aren’t you telling me?” Dean said. He knew he was being impatient and he could hardly remember the last time he’d called Cas ‘sir’, he was just practically jumping out of his skin wanting to know what the plan was.

“It’s going to be on Sunday night,” Cas admitted.

“Sunday… but I thought we were going to do this right at the start of my four days with Alastair?” Dean said, his resolve starting to crumble a little at the thought of still having to spend four whole days with Alastair and now he’d have to spend extra time with the man - instead of swapping back to Cas at the usual time of noon on Sunday he’d now have to spend all of that day with Alastair.

“I know, I’m sorry,” Cas said, looking absolutely miserable at the thought of it. “It’s not ideal”-

“Not ideal?” Dean repeated angrily before checking himself and lowering his eyes, quietly adding, “Sorry sir.”

“You don’t have to be sorry,” Cas said, reaching across the table to grasp Dean’s hand in his. “You have every right to be angry with me. I’d hoped to try and spare you those four days and… fuck, now you’re going to have to go through that and more. I’m sorry, I tried so hard. Alastair sounds… God he sounded so furious on the phone - he brought up the contract renewal, he said you hadn’t spoken to Crowley about it yet.”

“What did he want you to do about it?” Dean asked, his voice breaking up slightly.

“He told me to remind you about what you two had spoken about, to remind you about his promise,” Cas said.

“Oh fuck Cas,” Dean groaned.

He pushed away the untouched plate of steak and salad and dropped his head into his hands. Cas immediately stood up and moved to Dean’s side, wrapping his arms around Dean’s shoulders feeling his boy try to stifle his sobs.

“It’s going to be okay,” Cas whispered, rubbing circles on Dean’s back until he started to calm. “You’re going to be okay, I promise.”

Dean lifted his head, his eyes red-rimmed but at least free of tears. “What if… what if I took the camera with me?”

Cas sat down on the chair next to Dean and thought about it for a moment. He frowned and Dean took that to mean ‘no’.

“Does your friend have a second camera? I could take one with me and set it up when I get a minute
- if I don’t get a chance or the video isn’t good enough then we can wait until Sunday night when
you get there,” Dean suggested. “But at least this way there’s the chance we might get something
before Sunday. I won’t have to… I won’t have to go through four days of his torture before I get into
the life threatening situation that fucking contract requires.”

Cas listened to Dean’s words intently, scrubbing a hand over his face at the danger of the whole
goddamn thing. The danger facing Dean who was going in eyes wide open and ready to provoke a
madman into almost killing him. He nodded.

“Okay, I’ll go call her now. I want you to eat all of that though,” he said, standing up and pointing at
Dean’s dinner.

“I’ve lost my appetite,” Dean said, pushing the plate further away.

Cas frowned at him. “You need your strength. You’ll eat it all for me,” Cas instructed, sliding the
plate back to Dean. “Got it?” he said, his tone firm but not harsh.

“Yes sir,” Dean replied obediently, picking up his cutlery and starting to cut into the now-half cold
steak as Cas left to go call his friend.

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Cas’s friend had come through with the goods and on Tuesday afternoon two tiny pinhole cameras
that could transmit video in real-time wirelessly were dropped off at Cas’s apartment. One was now
burning a hole in Dean’s pocket as he walked up to Alastair’s front door. Cas had spent the rest of
their time together apologising to Dean for leaving him in Alastair’s hands for four days. Dean would
tell Cas that it was fine, to stop saying sorry that voiding all of Crowley’s contracts was going to be
worth it. But then Cas would lament the fact that Dean was in the position in the first place and Dean
would say he’d put himself in the position and on it went. The tension between them became so
strained that Dean had barely slept and dark circles formed under his tired green eyes.

He knocked on the door and Alastair opened it for him moments later. Alastair’s fingers grabbed the
back of Dean’s neck and shoved him inside, closing the door behind them. He shoved Dean’s head
down, hunching him over as they walked to the dungeon - the position immediately putting a strain
on Dean’s neck but he stayed silent.

When they got to the dungeon Alastair pushed him towards a corner where there was always a small
table for Dean to put his clothes - they practically stayed there the entire time he was at Alastair’s.

“Strip and then over to the bench,” Alastair ordered before turning away to ready his equipment.

Dean quickly undressed, folding his clothes and placing them on the table. When he got to his jeans
he folded them in such a way that the front pocket was on the top of the pile. His fingers trembling
he made sure the very end of the tiny pinhole camera was peeking out of the pocket and then,
completely naked, he walked over to the spanking bench.

“Just stand there,” Alastair pointed to the concrete floor next to the bench while he rolled over a cart
covered with instruments of pain.

Dean stood there, hands by his sides and eyes focused on the floor until Alastair grabbed his chin
with bruising fingers and jerked his head up.

“Time for an inspection whore. Open your mouth.”

Dean tentatively opened his mouth and Alastair pulled his lower jaw down further, inspecting his
teeth and tongue before shoving two fingers into his mouth, hitting the back of Dean’s throat. Dean gagged at the sudden intrusion but pushed down his gag reflex before it could make things worse. Alastair removed his fingers and glared at Dean who swallowed involuntarily and dropped his gaze back to the floor.

“We’ll have to work on that won’t we?” Alastair warned. “Now onto these…”

Alastair’s fingers closed on Dean’s nipples and he started to slowly pinch down on the pink nubs. Dean grit his teeth and squeezed his eyes shut, holding his breath as Alastair’s fingers pinched harder and harder. The agony grew and grew and Alastair didn’t let up, testing him, pushing him well and truly past his pain threshold. Dean whimpered softly and Alastair let go of his nipples abruptly. Dean gasped as the blood rushed back into them, feeling a touch dizzy after having held his breath.

“We’ll need to work on that too I think,” Alastair mused.

He picked up a pair of nipple clamps and Dean groaned internally. Alastair clamped one nipple drawing out another gasp and then he clamped the other and Dean bit his lip to keep from making a sound. Dean’s nipples already throbbed fiercely after Alastair’s rough treatment, he only hoped they wouldn’t stay on for too long but this time he didn’t hold his breath.

“Get on the bench and sit on the edge.”

Dean immediately moved to obey his master, sitting on the edge of the spanking bench, his legs dangling. Alastair moved behind him and grabbed one of his wrists buckling a wide leather cuff onto it. He did the same for the other wrist and then clipped them together behind his back. Then Dean’s master moved to his front again and pulled the rolling cart of torture devices closer. He pulled on a pair of latex gloves and Dean gulped nervously. He knew what that meant.

Alastair picked up a syringe full of liquid and Dean realised he’d started shaking. He fucking hated the way Alastair made him feel so powerless and weak. He tried to steady his breathing as Alastair picked up his limp cock with one gloved hand. Alastair noticed his anxiety though and looked up at Dean.

“Look at me,” he ordered, his voice making Dean jump slightly which only made Alastair grip his cock tighter.

Dean raised his eyes to look at Alastair. He only managed to maintain eye contact with the man for a couple of seconds before he had to look away. Alastair squeezed his cock painfully.

“Look. At. Me.”

Dean met Alastair’s eyes again. There was nothing behind them. No compassion, no sympathy, nothing.

“Are you scared of me?”

Dean nodded silently not trusting his voice.

“Good,” Alastair said before plunging the wide-nozzle syringe into his cock and pressing the damper all the way down.

Dean hissed as he felt the lube injected into his urethra. The ginger was overly present and his eyes started watering immediately as the burn made itself well and truly known. He whimpered softly as the burning feeling - which had started out painful - grew and grew.
“Time to see how much we can stretch this now,” Alastair said, pulling a towel off part of the rolling cart to reveal a row of shining metal sounds, each one bigger than the next.

Alastair picked up a sound from the middle of the array and teased Dean’s slit with it before pushing it in without any preamble. Dean suppressed a cry of pain at the intrusion and groaned as Alastair rotated the sound.

“You know I think this one is too small,” he said slowing dragging it back out again.

Dean was breathing heavily as Alastair inserted a larger sound in the same fashion and then replaced that one with a larger one - the second largest. As he forced it in, Dean couldn’t help the strangled cry that escaped his lips. It felt like he was being split open.

“I think that’s better,” Alastair said with a smile that never reached his empty eyes. “Don’t you? Answer me.”

“Y-yes sir,” Dean whispered through gritted teeth.

“Now time to put your cage on, we don’t want your cock getting any ideas now do we?” Alastair murmured.

He picked up the metal contraption and hinged it shut around Dean’s cock. The immense sound made the cage fit even tighter and he grimaced at the feeling.

“Now, time to inspect your hole. Get the rest of the way onto that bench, knees and chest. Now.”

Dean scrambled to get his legs up onto the spanking bench and into the position that Alastair wanted, made more difficult with his hands cuffed behind his back. Initially on just his knees but then bending his upper body forward so that his chest touched the bench and his ass stayed right up in the air giving Alastair easy access to his hole and balls. He heard Alastair snapping on latex gloves again and he shivered at the thought of more ginger – his cock was still on fire making tears roll steadily down his cheeks.

“He hasn’t been using you much has he? Your new master?” Alastair said, pushing a lubed finger into him. “You’re way too tight. I like you loose, gaping and used and this is just no good.”

Alastair removed his finger and then Dean felt something cold and metallic entering him. He heard the rhythmic clicking of a ratchet and felt the metallic intruder start to open him up – it was a speculum. Alastair continued to open him up, the stretch becoming painful almost instantly until he could feel the cool breeze from the disguised air conditioner in the corner blow into his wide open hole.

“That’s better,” Alastair said.

A good handful of ginger lube was pushed into his gaping hole and Alastair’s long fingers pushed it deep inside him where it would burn for a good long while. His fingers pressed down inside him, roughly probing his insides and brushing over his prostate making Dean startle slightly.

“Think I’m going to use the hook on you again today. You look so good in it and I do so love yanking you around by it,” Alastair said.

He removed the speculum suddenly and Dean gasped at how empty and loose he felt. Almost immediately the cold steel ball of the hook was pushed inside him. This one felt massive as Alastair worked it into his hole. Once it was finally in, Dean felt as full as if he’d had a small enema.
“Kneel up.”

With some difficulty Dean pushed his upper body back into an upright position so he was kneeling on the bench. Alastair threaded a chain through the end of the butt hook and gave it a tug making Dean groan as it forced the hook further inside him. The chain was looped through the ring on the hook so that it had two long ends which Alastair ran over each of Dean’s shoulders. He then crossed them over on his chest before pulling them both tightly and clipping them to his nipple clamps. The immediate pain was intense. The chain was nowhere near long enough for this to be anything other than agonising for Dean. His nipples were being excruciatingly tugged up by the chain, which in turn, was being forced deeply into him.

“That’s looking very good. Only a couple more accoutrements to go before you can start your work.”

Alastair unbuckled Dean’s wrist cuffs and he brought his arms back in front of him instantly, his shoulders already aching – his left shoulder had been dislocated so many times over the past couple of years, Dean was worried it would never be the same again.

“Down on the ground,” Alastair ordered and Dean climbed off the bench and to the cold concrete floor, grimacing as the chain pulled at his nipples and hole – the ginger oil now a constant burn in both his ass and his cock. Alastair walked around to Dean’s backside and pulled his balls back between his thighs before clamping them there with a large wooden humbler. Then he placed Dean’s choke chain around his throat and clipped the leash onto it.

“Come,” he said sternly, tugging on the leash.

Dean crawled behind him, each movement painfully pulling on his balls, nipples and the hook buried in his ass. Alastair led him out of the dungeon and Dean’s heart dropped – if they weren’t in the dungeon, in view of the camera, there was nothing Cas could do about his predicament. The inevitable jerk on the leash kept Dean crawling and he followed Alastair into his office.

“I have work I need to do. So you are going to kneel under my desk and keep my cock warm for me until I’m done. Got that whore? Answer.”

“Yes sir.”

Dean got into place under Alastair’s desk, the kneeling position making the humbler’s pull on his balls almost unbearable.

“Get my cock out and put it in your mouth, I don’t want you making me hard, I don’t want you sucking, I don’t want to feel your teeth. I just want my cock in your mouth,” Alastair ordered.

Dean obeyed, unzipping his fly and pulling his cock out and placing it in his mouth on top of his tongue. The task wasn’t so hard except for the fact that Dean’s bondage was so agonising – his nipples were so sore they had almost started going numb and his balls felt like he was in danger of castration. Not to mention the ginger lube, which burned and burned and burned. Tears were still leaking from his eyes as he kneeled under the desk, his knees growing more and more painful with every passing minute, listening to Alastair’s typing above. Every now and then Alastair would shift in his chair and Dean would hurriedly try to ensure that his cock stayed in his mouth. Whilst the task hadn’t been super hard to begin with it was getting impossible.

Finally Alastair decided he’d had enough. He pulled his cock from Dean’s mouth and stood up, jerking on his leash. Dean faintly registered that the only light in the room was artificial – the sun had gone down. Alastair led him back down to the dungeon and pointed to the bench.
“Up.”

Dean obediently climbed onto the spanking bench, the humbler tugging painfully at his balls, the anal hook and his nipples. Alastair took off the humbler and Dean let out a breath he hadn’t realised he’d been holding and got on all fours, waiting for whatever Alastair had planned next.

He hadn’t expected Alastair to wander over to his pile of clothes and find the camera.

“What the fuck is this?”

Dean flinched at his words. Alastair’s voice had taken on that deadly tone that Dean knew meant only one thing – pain and only pain. He felt a hand grip his hair and jerk his head up at an awkward, agonising angle.

“What the fuck is this? Tell me now whore.”

Dean looked down at what Alastair was brandishing in his hand and his blood ran cold. The camera.

“I… it… sir, I can explain”-

“Did Cas put this here? Your beloved new master?” Alastair sneered. He dropped the camera to the concrete floor and ground it into pieces with the heel of his boot.

Dean was trembling with fear. If he gave up Cas, that meant that Alastair would surely figure out their plan, he’d cancel the Sunday night session and Dean would never get the proof he needed to void all of Crowley’s contracts.

“No sir, it… it was me,” Dean whispered.

“You put the camera here? Why?”

“I… uh…”

Alastair backhanded him harshly, splitting his lip immediately. Dean licked the blood off his lip.

“I found a copy of my contract in Crowley’s office. There’s a clause in it, Clause 32, sir,” Dean said reluctantly.

“And here I thought whores like you couldn’t even read. So tell me, what does Clause 32 state?” Alastair said, grabbing his chin with bruising fingers.

“That if Crowley puts me in a life threatening situation I can invoke Clause 32 to void the contract, sir,” Dean replied.

“Smart, whore, very smart,” Alastair mused. “So instead of renewing your contract with me, you’re looking at voiding it. You know that voiding my contract using Clause 32 voids Cas Novak’s?”

“I-I know, sir,” stammered Dean.

“And here I thought you were just two warm holes that needed fucking,” Alastair said with a chuckle. The sound of it was enough to make Dean start trembling. “Turns out you do have a brain. Well I guess I’d better make these last four days count then.”

Alastair grabbed Dean’s collar and hauled him bodily off the spanking bench. Dean hit the floor hard on his side, groaning at the impact. He didn’t get a chance to do anything when Alastair started dragging him across the concrete towards the cross.
“You know, all you had to do was just renew the fucking contract,” Alastair said, dragging Dean to his feet by the choke chain and slamming him, face first, up against the cross. He cuffed Dean’s wrists to the cross tightly. “But you had to go reading the fucking thing didn’t you?”

“Sir, I’m sorry!” Dean cried out, hearing his heart pound in his ears, absolutely terrified at what Alastair’s anger and revenge would bring to his body.

“Not yet you’re not,” came Alastair’s gruff voice in his ear, making him jump. “But you will be.”

And with that the leather bullwhip Alastair had chosen came slamming down across his back making Dean scream and his knees buckle.

“I’ll make sure of it,” Alastair said before bringing the whip down again.

Chapter End Notes

Oh no... it's not looking good for Dean is it? Here's hoping Alastair doesn't kill him before Cas can rescue him but there's going to be a metric ton of Dean whump in the next chapter for sure.
Chapter Fourteen

Dean woke up in agony. Every time he breathed some part of him hurt. His ribs felt like a bunch of jagged bones stabbing his insides with each inhale – thanks to Alastair practically throwing him around the dungeon after whipping him. And, speaking of being whipped, his back was on fire, he felt like he could feel each individual welt and lash on his skin at the same time as feeling all of them together in almost unimaginable pain. Almost unimaginable because, believe it or not, Dean had found himself in this position before, coming around after fucking up so badly that Alastair had beaten and flogged him mercilessly. He knew he had days of pain left to go and that was if his master didn’t see fit to punish him further.

And Dean knew that was a lost cause.

He passed out pretty quickly and regained consciousness later on when he was hit in the face by water bursting out of the hose wielded by Alastair. He coughed and spluttered, the movements increasing the pain in his ribs and back tenfold. Alastair aimed the ice cold water at his back and Dean screamed in pain as it hit the fresh welts – looking down he saw the water run slightly pink as it spiralled towards the drain. Once Alastair was finished he stalked out of the bathroom leaving Dean shivering in a crumpled heap on the hard tiles.

When he returned a few moments later Dean knew he was in for a new world of pain. Alastair rolled the spanking bench into the spacious yet Spartan bathroom and affixed it to the floor in the centre of the room casting a murderous glare in Dean’s direction that made him physically recoil from the man. It was at that point he realised that Alastair hadn’t bound him in anyway and it scared him – Alastair
thought he was too weak to fight back, too weak to need restraints for the hose down. Alastair was right.

Alastair stalked out of the room again and returned with more equipment on wheels – this time the fucking machine – placing it behind the spanking bench. When he moved closer to Dean, the sub shrank back.

“Get up whore,” Alastair spat.

Dean obediently pushed himself to his feet and it was then he noticed the array of devices Alastair had planned for his next torture session. It looked like he’d be situated on that bench for a while and it made him painfully aware of the fact that he desperately needed to piss. Dean looked down at his cock, still caged and plugged up with the monster sound.

“S-sir?” he whispered, his voice hoarse and barely audible.

“Do you think you can talk to me?” Alastair said, grabbing his throat and shoving him bodily up against the tiled wall.

The impact on fresh welts forced a cry of pain from Dean’s lips and tears sprang to his eyes.

“Do you think you’re somehow on the same level as me?” Alastair roared, pulling him away from the wall and then slamming him back, his fingers tight around Dean’s throat.

“S-sir… please,” Dean gasped, his eyes downcast and his face going red – both from Alastair’s hold on his throat and the utter humiliation and degradation he felt at this precise moment. “I… I need t-to… piss… please sir.”

Alastair kept his hold on Dean’s neck for a moment longer before finally letting up. Dean’s knees almost buckled but he stayed upright.

“You need to piss do you whore?”

Dean nodded, not trusting his voice.

“Fine. Sit down on the toilet and piss then like the fucking good for nothing worthless slut that you are,” Alastair said, roughly grabbing his cock and pulling out the sound – making Dean gasp in pain – and then shoving him in the direction of the toilet. “Should’ve fucking castrated you when I had the chance. Could’ve taken your cock off as well. It’s of no use to anyone anyway.”

Dean sat down on the toilet – a cold metal one like those in prison cells – and gulped as Alastair stood right in front of him, watching him. Without warning Alastair slapped his face. Hard.

“S-sir?” Dean wondered aloud at his apparent transgression, one hand on his stinging cheek.

“Start pissing in the next three seconds or I’ll plug you up again,” Alastair said, slapping him again on the same cheek. “And I’ll leave you plugged up for days.” Another slap.

Dean closed his eyes and concentrated hard while Alastair slapped his face a fourth time. God he hated this. He hated Alastair with every fibre of his being. Another slap. Finally he felt himself start to go and didn’t even anticipate Alastair’s sixth open-handed strike while he pissed. Or the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth. Alastair didn’t stop hitting him until he was done and by then Dean’s whole face ached and felt hot. He was fairly sure his lip was split again. Alastair jerked him to his feet by the throat and pushed the sound back in his cock, fastening it to the cock cage.
“Open your fucking mouth whore,” Alastair ordered.

Dean obeyed and Alastair shoved his hand into Dean’s mouth, making him choke slightly. His master dropped two pills on his tongue before withdrawing his hand and slamming Dean’s jaw shut.

“Swallow then show me.”

Dean swallowed the two pills, knowing nothing about their contents and then Alastair’s hand left his chin and he opened his mouth again to show Alastair that there was no trace of the pills. Alastair nodded and then grabbed his lower jaw, stretching his mouth open wide as he shoved an overly large ball gag in. The ball seemed way too large to fit in Dean’s mouth and his teeth dug into the rubber as Alastair buckled the gag around his head. Alastair then grabbed hold of both Dean’s nipples, squeezing them and twisting them harshly. Dean closed his eyes and gasped behind the gag as Alastair twisted them the other way. Dean felt his knees weaken as Alastair finally let go but as he opened his eyes he knew the pain wasn’t going away as Alastair clamped one and then the other. There was a chain connecting the two clamps with a third line of the chain unattached to anything. Alastair grabbed the loose end and snapped it onto the base of Dean’s cock cage and, as usual, it was way too tight to ever be comfortable.

“On the bench, now. Don’t make me ask twice.”

Dean climbed onto the bench, groaning at the sharp pain in his ribs and the welts on his back. Every time he moved he now had the chain from the clamps adding to his misery and once he got into position on the bench the nipple clamps were being pulled painfully. Alastair cuffed Dean’s wrists and ankles to the bench, belted the leather strap down over his back and started getting equipment ready behind him.

“You know, you might have read the contract but you’re still a fool, you fucking whore,” Alastair mused. “Now what’s going to happen to you? You’ll go through torture, absolute fucking torture at my hands for the next couple days. You think what I’ve done to you so far has been bad? You’ll be wishing for some of that when I’m through with you.”

Dean winced as Alastair shoved a barely-lubed nozzle into his ass and screamed, the sound muffled by the ball gag, when Alastair inflated it with ferocious speed and then pulled the valve to allow copious amounts of ice cold water into his bowels. Dean felt his stomach immediately start to expand and he bit back a cry of pain as the water kept coming and coming.

“I know you fucking hate enemas and that’s why I fucking love giving them to you. If it were up to me I’d keep you full the entire time you’re with me just to see how miserable you are,” Alastair said as the water flow finally started to cease.

Dean let himself take a shaky breath in as he felt Alastair behind him fiddling around with the equipment stuff his hole. Then he suddenly jerked in his restraints as he felt more water entering him.

“Oh you thought we were done? Stupid whore that you are,” Alastair mocked slapping his ass open handed as the water continued to push into him.

The pain became overwhelming when a cramp hit his gut and Dean groaned loudly and struggled violently against his cuffs for a minute before another, fiercer cramp forced him to still with another hoarse scream. The flow finally seemed to slow and Dean was trembling and sweating when he felt Alastair start to deflate the nozzle.

“A drop of this comes out when I take out the nozzle and I promise you, I will fucking cut off your balls,” Alastair growled. Dean didn’t doubt the validity of his threat for a second.
Alastair eased the nozzle out of Dean’s hole and Dean clenched his ass as tightly as he could manage, gritting his teeth around the gag and his eyes getting blurry with tears. He felt Alastair’s hand on his ass, spreading his cheeks and he relaxed his sphincter somewhat to allow his master to shove a lubed (probably with ginger oil) dildo in, holding the water in. Alastair then grabbed his balls none too gently and buckled a slim leather strap around them. Dean couldn’t see but soon felt Alastair tie a slightly elastic cord to the strap on his balls and then affix it above and behind him.

“I think you’ll like what I’ve got planned out for you for today – all day today in fact,” Alastair said slapping Dean’s ass cheek hard, making him jump at both the surprise and the stinging pain. “It’s going to keep you incredibly entertained. Although you’ve definitely earned another whipping so I might treat you to that while I’ve got you in this… position. By the way, how’s your pathetic whore cock? Feeling painfully hard yet? You just swallowed the most powerful form of Viagra on the market. That’s going to be hard and in that cage for hours.”

Dean whimpered as he was in fact feeling the agony of his cock trying desperately to harden while wrapped in steel and split open by a torturously huge sound. He faintly heard Alastair doing something behind him but Dean’s mind was elsewhere. He was currently in agony. His nipples were stinging like they’d been attacked by an entire nest of wasps, his cock was throbbing, his back was feeling like it’d been torn open and his gut was still cramping from the enema. Not to mention his tied and stretched balls and the monster dildo in his ass-

Which just started to vibrate. Dean groaned, the sound quickly morphing into a sob as tears flowed from his eyes. The vibrator in his ass was vibrating at such an intensity, Dean could feel the immense amount of water in his gut vibrate along with it. And, when he felt like he couldn’t take another second, the vibrator started to ease out of him slowly before violently thrusting back in. He suddenly realised that Alastair had hooked him up to the fucking machine. The next thing he realised was that Alastair had tied his balls to the base of the vibrator fucking him. Every time the vibrator pulled out it tugged painfully on his balls.

“You’re going to stay here now. For a good long time while this thing fucks the almighty life out of you. The longer you keep in that enema the less time you’ll spend suffering in my next torture session,” Alastair said with a chuckle. “But before I leave you to it, it’s time for another spanking.”

Dean barely had time to register the fact that the fucking machine was speeding up, shoving the water further into his gut, harshly jerking his balls back with each thrust, when Alastair started absolutely belting his ass with the riding crop. The vibrator stabbed his insides with every thrust while Alastair mercilessly flogged his ass and Dean let out sob after uncontrollable sob, his breaths coming in so quickly he was afraid he was going to hyperventilate behind the gag. Alastair covered his ass cheeks with strikes, the riding crop landing haphazardly over his skin. Alastair grabbed hold of one cheek and pulled it away from the other, the vibrator keeping him in place and Alastair’s tight fingers exposing his hole, which was currently being fucking pillaged roughly by the vibrator. Alastair started spanking the most sensitive inner part of his butt cheek and around his hole. The crop came down indiscriminately over the area but always with so much force behind it. When Dean was sure his entire butt cheek including next to his hole was bright red Alastair moved on to the other side, giving it the same treatment. Dean was trying so hard to keep the enema inside, clenching his cheeks around the vibrator but as it sped up he knew he was fighting a losing battle. When the vibrator started plunging into him with even more rapid force he knew he was fucked. He felt the water starting to come out, a little with each thrust and his face burned with humiliation.

“You didn’t last long there, did you whore?” Alastair said with a chuckle. “Looks like you’ll be dealing with my next session at least overnight if not longer. And you’ve just earned yourself some extra pain right now.”
Dean groaned miserably into the ball gag when he heard Alastair’s words. How could he possibly make this more agonising? He soon got his answer when Dean felt the strongest electric shock of his life on his tied, tugged balls. He struggled against his cuffs and screamed behind the gag at the immense, white-hot pain. It finally ceased and Dean was breathing hard as Alastair walked around to his front. Dean looked up and his eyes widened in shock when he saw a fucking cattle prod in his hands in Alastair’s hands.

“I’ve been shopping again,” Alastair said with a cruel grin.

He shoved the prod under Dean’s chest and the shock hit Dean’s nipple. The clamp and chain conducted the electricity perfectly and Dean screamed again when he felt the shock all the way down to his caged cock. The shocks kept coming, Alastair placing the cattle prod on his other nipple, on his ass, again on his balls – Alastair even held open Dean’s butt cheeks and placed the prod right next to his hole.

The pain was too much and Dean saw black spots in his vision as Alastair kept shocking him, the vibrator kept fucking him and tugging on his balls and his cock was painfully hard – the most agonisingly hard Dean had ever felt. Alastair finally stopped shocking him and walked around to his front again, grabbing a fistful of hair and jerking his head up.

“You’re going to stay here now, until every last drop of that enema has been fucked out of you and then some more,” Alastair said. “You’ll learn to love this. Once I’ve got you seven days a week I might set you up with this machine twenty-four seven, keep you loose and gaping like the fucking whore that you are.”

Dean tried begging behind the gag, pleading with Alastair not to leave him like this but his master was gone and the machine was still going. It was slowing down at the moment, thank God as his balls were aching, but the vibrations were growing in intensity. Dean didn’t know how much longer he could take this. He only hoped that Cas had seen what had happened on the video and was coming to save him, somehow.

He was still waiting, hours later when Alastair turned off the machine. Dean had practically passed out and when he felt the vibration in his ass stop he groaned softly. Alastair pulled out the vibrator – keeping his balls tied to it pulling on them painfully, before untying them as well. Dean took in a shaky breath as Alastair uncuffed him from the bench and unbuckled the ball gag. Dean’s jaw was aching and he moved it slowly to try and alleviate the dull throbbing.

“Get down,” Alastair ordered.

“Y-yes sir,” Dean croaked, his throat dry and hoarse.

Dean got down from the spanking bench, his entire body feeling like a world of pain and kneeled in front of his master. Alastair unclamped Dean’s nipples and Dean gasped as the blood flowed back into them while his master clipped the leash onto his choke chain. Alastair started walking back into the dungeon and Dean scrambled to follow on his hands and knees. Alastair led him over to the cage in the corner, opening it for Dean who crawled into the cage while Alastair threaded his leash through the bars in front of him, tying it off. The cage was small, nowhere near big enough for Dean to stand up or lay down completely. It had enough room for him to be in there kneeling, which he was doing now. Alastair placed two dog bowls inside the cage for him – one full of water and the other what looked suspiciously like dog food, although Dean assumed it was probably just cold leftovers made to look like food for an animal, knowing that Dean would feel the degradation of his
situation.

“Get your head down and your ass up,” Alastair ordered.

Dean did so, presenting his ass and pushing it up to the top of the cage. He felt Alastair fiddling around with his balls – having stretched his hands through the bars of the top of the cage.

“All done, have a good night there whore,” Alastair said. “Hope you sleep tight.”

Dean heard Alastair walking away and he moved experimentally to try and ascertain what the man had done. He realised with a start that Alastair had tied the cord from his strapped balls to the roof of the cage. He would need to keep his ass as elevated as possible for as long as he was in the cage. There was going to be no chance of him getting any sleep tonight, that was for sure, Dean thought miserably already feeling the agonising pull on his balls.

Dean’s next night with Alastair was just as bad. Or maybe it was daytime. He had no idea at this point. He’d lost track of time – his entire time with Alastair was just pain, pain and more pain. Alastair now decided to engage in placing Dean in predicament bondage to see how long he could stay there without finally losing his mind. He’d untied Dean’s balls from the cage and Dean’s hips buckled as he could finally relax for a split second before the cage was unlocked and Dean was dragged out by the leash.

Alastair hauled Dean over on his raw hands and knees to the centre of the dungeon. Hanging from the ceiling above were chains that ended in leather cuffs.

“Stand up.”

Dean obeyed, getting to his feet with some difficulty. His back wasn’t quite as painful as it had been directly following his whipping but it still hurt and his ribs were just as sore as they had been after Alastair’s rough treatment. His master had only started throwing him to the ground, punching him and kicking him in the last couple weeks. Dean thought it had something to do with his new master, Cas, but he wasn’t going to say a word about it.

“I’ve decided I want to put you in a bit of a… predicament for a while,” Alastair mused. “Hands behind your back.”

Dean swallowed nervously but obeyed. Alastair cranked the winch on the wall and the chains lowered until Dean felt the cuffs brushing his wrists. Alastair then returned to his sub and cuffed Dean’s wrists behind his back, then went back to the winch. He started winding the chain, taking up the slack and Dean immediately started bending over so as not to put any strain on his shoulders. Alastair didn’t pull the chains tight though, which made Dean nervous.

“You’ll never guess what I’ve set up for tonight though,” Alastair said as he picked up a metal spreader bar from his wall of toys and kicked Dean’s legs open wide. This started to increase the pressure on his shoulders as Alastair cuffed his ankles to the bar, spreading his legs uncomfortably wide. “Your lovely, soft, new master is coming over. Crowley too. We’re going to run you absolutely ragged and then… well, then I’m going to kill Cas.”
Dean looked up at him in shock. “N-no, please”- Alastair grabbed his balls squeezing hard and Dean gasped.

“No talking. And no talking tonight either I think.” Alastair let go of his balls and retrieved the ball gag, shoving it into Dean’s mouth and buckling it tightly. “That’s better. Now, you didn’t think I’d let your balls just… hang there did you?” Alastair said, grabbing his balls again which still had the leather strap around them.

Dean whimpered softly, begging Alastair with his eyes not to stretch them too much. Alastair just squeezed his balls and gave them a tug making Dean’s eyes water. He let go and grabbed the cord, which was still tied to the leather strap and then crouched down in front of Dean who suddenly realised with a sickening feeling what Alastair was going to do. Alastair tied his balls to the spreader bar. He tied them tightly so that in his current position they were being pulled down at a painful intensity – the cord was way too tight – and Dean’s predicament became clear. He could bend his knees somewhat to take the pressure of his balls but this would put more strain on his shoulders.

“Oh, we’re not finished yet though,” Alastair said. “Just a couple more things to put on you.”

Alastair produced two nipple clamps connected with a chain between them and Dean groaned. His nipples were still bright red from the clamps that had been on them almost the entire time he’d been at Alastair’s home. They were so painful, just the thought of them being clamped again made Dean protest, something he knew he’d be punished for but he couldn’t help it. He didn’t know how much more torture he could take. He shook his head, no, at the sight of the clamps, silently begging Alastair to leave his nipples free of the clamps.

“You insolent, worthless, fucking excuse for a whore. How dare you presume to tell me what to do,” Alastair snarled, backhanding him. “You’ve just earned yourself an extra hour in this delightful position. Which means…” Alastair clamped Dean’s left nipple and Dean cried out in agony, “that you’ll still be all trussed up like the slut you are when your beloved Cas gets here.”

Alastair clamped his other nipple and Dean bit back a scream as his tortured skin was compressed between the merciless metal teeth. Alastair’s words took an extra moment to register and he looked up in shock.

“God I can’t wait until I’m done with Cas. I’ll have you every day. 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, all pain and no gain. I can’t fucking wait. But… on with the show for now.”

Alastair grabbed a third, thinner chain that had been hanging from the ceiling and clipped it to the chain between the clamps. He then took up the slack in that chain and Dean’s predicament became much worse. He could either save his balls and agonisingly strain his shoulders and pull on the clamps, or practically fucking castrate himself but spare his shoulders and nipples.

“One more thing to add,” Alastair said.

He pulled over a metal dildo mounted on a rolling platform and positioned it between Dean’s spread legs. Turning a ratchet on that made the metal dildo rise and soon he felt it pushing at his hole. It was lubed and Dean could already smell the ginger and feel it start to burn his overused, sore hole. Alastair kept raising the dildo and it penetrated him, the size of it feeling like it was splitting him in two. Dean groaned and shifted as Alastair kept raising it, further into him. It was so big it started to literally push him up, straightening his legs so the pull on his balls increased. Alastair stopped it there and then flicked a switch on it and a low level vibration started – of course Dean’s cock was still well and truly caged and plugged.

“Now here’s what you’re going to do,” Alastair said, walking around Dean so he could look at the
boy.

He was a sight to behold – bent over, his arms cuffed and raised behind his back, his nipples clamped and being pulled towards the ceiling, his balls tied down to the spreader bar and being tugged away from his body and, finally, the monster metal dildo shoved up his ass and vibrating away, Dean’s caged cock betraying him as it jerked in it’s cage.

“That vibrator is an exceptionally torturous little thing. You’re going to have to fuck it, slide up and down on that pole because if you don’t, every five minutes you’ll get…”

Suddenly an electric shock hit Dean right in the ass. It was the vibrator. It was so strong that Dean was sure that he would’ve pissed himself had his cock not been plugged with the sound. He gritted his teeth and held his breath, waiting for the shock to pass but it didn’t and he groaned in agony.

“Like I was saying if you don’t start fucking that thing, it won’t stop shocking you.”

Dean barely heard Alastair over the intense, excruciating electric shock burning into his hole but he heard enough to start bending his knees and sliding up and down on the huge vibrator. The shock eased and Dean finally felt like he could breathe again, ragged panting breaths as he shifted up and down on the vibrator.

“You’re going to need to keep doing that for as long as I leave you here. Because if you stop for longer than five minutes, that thing will shock you again,” Alastair said, looking at Dean’s distraught face. “And now, time to get my plans ready for tonight. I can’t wait to see Cas’s face when he sees you like this. And I can’t wait to see your face when I finally fucking end the bastard and you become all mine. I’m going to buy you out from Crowley. You’re going to be my personal sex slave for as long as I want you. Think about that for the next few hours.”

Alastair then turned and left him in the dungeon and Dean’s position became all too clear to him. He had initially thought the predicament was a simple choice – balls or shoulders. Then it became choosing his shoulders and nipples or his balls. But this metal vibrator changed the whole game. Now he was basically torturing himself – tugging his own nipples, balls and shoulders, all while impaling his ass on the monstrous vibrator. His shoulders had already started to ache and his thighs were beginning to burn with the constant up and down movement. He was fucked. Literally. And this was only the start of the day. And Alastair had promised him his day would end with Alastair killing Cas. Tears began to roll down Dean's face as he tried desperately to think of a way to stop it, any of it, from going according to Alastair's plan.

Five hours later and Dean was shaking, covered in sweat and whimpering with pain nonstop. His thighs were on fire from sliding up and down on the vibrator and his balls and nipples were in agony from the constant pulling and tugging. His shoulders were ruined, he felt like his left might dislocate at any moment but he had to keep going. The vibrator had shocked him about half a dozen times, and each time it felt more excruciating if that was even possible. But he knew there was worse to come. There was the ‘life threatening situation’ that he’d agreed to let Cas goad Alastair into putting him in. Plus there was the fact that Alastair was going to try and kill Cas. Tonight.

Dean had been wracking his brains to try and think of a way to warn Cas before Alastair could do it
but he had no idea of how he could without alerting Alastair that they had an agenda for tonight. He was jerked out of his thoughts when he heard the dungeon door being unlocked. He stopped moving for a moment to try and hear what was on the other side, knowing he was playing with fire with that vibrating, shockable dildo but doing it regardless. He heard voices on the other side but they were muffled by the door. As it opened he heard laughter and he realised Cas was there. And Crowley. It was fucking show time and he was already exhausted and in agony.

The door swung open and Dean practically froze when he saw the three men walk in. Cas schooled his face so that there wasn’t a trace of emotion or compassion there and even though Dean knew it was part of the plan, seeing Cas regard him so coldly made his eyes well up. He bit his lip as they came closer and he heard Alastair explaining Dean’s predicament bondage to Cas and Crowley, who liked his lips at the sight of Dean.

“And so any minute now, he should receive quite the shock,” Alastair was saying just as the vibrator shocked him.

It seemed far more intense this time, blinding, white-hot pain and Dean screamed, his knees buckling, being held up for a moment only by his cuffed wrists and nipples. Thankfully the movement switched off the shock and he quickly got his feet under him and started fucking himself on the vibrator again.

“And see, now he’s back to fucking himself on that dildo, keeping himself nice and loose for all of us, what a good little whore,” Alastair said with a cruel laugh.

“It’s an exquisitely torturous setup Alastair, I’m really quite impressed. I think I’ll have to try it. Maybe see if I can’t make it more… agonising for him,” Cas said, looking over Dean like he was a piece of meat.

Dean for his part, kept his eyes lowered. He couldn’t deal with seeing Cas like this, seeing him be so cold, distant and cruel.

“I want to see those balls stretched further though,” Crowley commented, moving forward and plucking the cord tying Dean’s balls to the bar. Dean gasped at the pain but kept sliding up and down over the vibrator.

“Me too. Alastair what have you planned for us tonight?” Cas asked nonchalantly.

He looked down at Dean who looked up to see Cas’s blue eyes intently studying him. Standing slightly behind Crowley and Alastair so they couldn’t see what he was doing, Cas mouthed, “Are you okay?” to Dean. Dean gave a almost imperceptible nod and dropped his head again, his thighs burning from the constant up and down movement.

“Oh I’ve got so much planned for tonight, gentlemen. Just you wait,” Alastair said. “There’s some things you just won’t see coming.”

His words sent a shiver down Dean’s spine and he gazed back up at Cas, trying to implore him to leave him here, to get out while he still could. He knew it was no use though. He knew that sooner or later, Cas would be dead and he would be Alastair’s. Forever.
Next chapter: three on one with Alastair, Crowley and Cas torturing Dean while Dean has to figure out a way to stop Alastair from killing Cas...
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

What happens at Alastair’s doesn't necessarily stay at Alastair’s...

Kinks in this chapter:
Predicament bondage, cock cage and sound, ring gag, cock warming, nipple clamps, spanking (strap, paddle, riding crop), butt hook, humbler, anal sex, suspension bondage

Chapter Notes

I am SO SORRY it took me forever and a day to get this next chapter out. Luckily for all of you it's a nice long one. I'm about to get onboard a 17 hour flight so let me know what you think of this chapter so I can read all of your lovely comments when I get off the plane. :)

Chapter Fifteen

Cas felt sick when he arrived at Alastair’s home. The mansion was so over the top and out of place, all dark paint and harsh lines – Cas figured it suited Alastair perfectly.

“Never thought you’d have suggested this.”

Cas spun around on the doorstep, his hand still poised above the doorbell to see Crowley sauntering forward, a smug grin plastered on his face. Cas instantly quirked the corners of his mouth up in a grin, trying to look enthusiastic about what was ahead and shrugged in response.

“People change,” Cas replied nonchalantly.

“Hmm,” Crowley nodded and raised an eyebrow. “Alastair tells me you’re too soft on Dean. Here for some inspiration then?”

“You could say that.”

“I thought you didn’t like Alastair’s… methods,” Crowley mused.

Cas was at a loss for words for a moment and luckily the door swung open a split second later.

“I thought I heard voices,” came Alastair’s greasy voice. “Welcome gentlemen, please, come in.”

“Alastair, how are you?” Crowley asked as they crossed the threshold into the huge house.

“Good, very good Crowley, you’re well?”
“Oh yes, always.”

“And Cas, I was surprised to hear from you but I do like your thinking,” Alastair said, throwing a grin over his shoulder as they moved into a richly decorated lounge.

“My thinking?”

There was whisky in a crystal decanter that Alastair poured into three glasses for them.

“Oh yes,” Alastair replied.

The heavy tumblers clunked together before they all took a sip of what tasted like triple digit scotch.

“I never took you to be interested in the more extreme measures I take to keep Dean in line,” Alastair said, swirling the whisky in his glass.

“What can I say? He’s been acting out lately,” Cas shrugged. “I’m clearly too soft on him. I need some inspiration.”

“You’ll get it tonight,” Crowley said with a chuckle. “How have you got him trussed up at the moment? I’m assuming the poor boy’s not without some sort of torturous bondage at all times when he’s here.”

“You’ll both like this. A bit of predicament bondage. My own design, plenty to keep him occupied. But the best thing is the vibrator I’ve got hooked up. Come, I’ll show you,” Alastair said, finishing off his whisky and placing the empty glass back on the mahogany coffee table. Cas and Crowley followed suit and then trailed after him back into the hallway. “I have him in stringent bondage, very uncomfortable of course for him to move in any direction. However, the vibrator shoved into his hole is electrified and on a timer. If he doesn’t slide it in and out of that cunt of his, it’ll shock him.”

“I love it,” Crowley said with a cruel grin.

“I do love using electricity but I like the idea of the timer, quite ingenious,” Cas said, starting to feel sick.

“I have cameras set up in the room,” Alastair said, pulling out his phone and flicking open an app. Cas was too far away to see detail but he could see his beautiful boy there – the sound was low but he could still pick up on the whimpers escaping the ball gag in his mouth. “I think he can hear us outside, see he’s stopped moving.”

Alastair opened the door to the dungeon and Cas’s heart dropped when he saw his beautiful Dean in the harsh bondage of Alastair’s design.

“And so any minute now, he should receive quite the shock,” Alastair said, seconds before the shock must have hit Dean.

Dean screamed in pain and Cas watched on, absolutely horrified when his knees buckled – the position he was in put immense strain on his shoulders and it was all Cas could do to keep up the act and not sprint forward to catch his boy in his arms. It looked like the vibrator registered the downward movement of Dean when his knees buckled and it must have stopped shocking him – his scream died and he managed to get to his feet again and started sliding up and down on the vibrator again. But Cas could see he was in agony. The clamps on his nipples were being pulled far too intensely and his balls looked to be stretched painfully. His thighs would be burning in pain from moving up and down on the vibrator and his hole would have been in hell from the constant friction and shocks.
“And see, now he’s back to fucking himself on that dildo, keeping himself nice and loose for all of us, what a good little whore,” Alastair said.

“It’s an exquisitely torturous setup Alastair, I’m really quite impressed. I think I’ll have to try it. Maybe see if I can’t make it more… agonising for him,” Cas said, feeling a small part of him die with each word that left his lips. He looked over at Dean trying to meet his eyes but Dean’s gaze was focused firmly on the floor. It broke Cas’s heart to see him like this, he felt like he was betraying Dean, even though he knew deep down this was the only way – he’d read that contract cover to cover at least a dozen times and it was the only way to get Dean away from Alastair, from Crowley, from all of this torture and abuse.

“I want to see those balls stretched further though,” Crowley said, breaking Cas away from his thoughts. He watched as Crowley stepped up to Dean and plucked the cord tying Dean’s balls to the spreader bar a couple times. Dean gasped but kept fucking the vibrator. Cas felt an ache in his palms and realised his fingers had curled into fists, his fingernails digging into his palms and he forced himself to relax his fingers.

“Me too. Alastair what have you planned for us tonight?” Cas asked.

Cas looked at Dean, willing him to meet his eyes. It was like Dean had heard his silent prayer and his green eyes flicked up to latch onto Cas’s. He was standing behind Crowley and Alastair – they couldn’t see his face for the moment and he mouthed, “Are you okay?” to Dean, praying that Dean’s answer wouldn’t give anything else away. Dean gave the tiniest of nods before dropping his head again, his eyes scrunching shut at the pain hitting him from every angle.

“Oh I’ve got so much planned for tonight, gentlemen. Just you wait,” Alastair was saying. “There’s some things you just won’t see coming.”

Cas noticed Dean look up at Alastair at those last words and he felt a sliver of ice run down his spine as he saw the absolutely terrified expression on his face. At least he’d come prepared Cas thought.

“What’s first up then?” Crowley asked.

“Well I think this whore has probably suffered enough right here,” Alastair said and Dean groaned softly in relief at this part of the night finally coming to a close. “So it’s high time he suffers in an altogether different way. I’ll start taking him out of this predicament, why don’t you two gentlemen pick a device or two to put on him instead.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Crowley said, eagerly strolling over to Alastair’s display of torturous looking butt plugs and hooks.

Cas nodded and moved towards a bare table on the back wall of the room, it was right near all of Alastair’s floggers, whips and crops so it was the perfect, innocent cover. Cas pulled off his dark canvas jacket and folded it, placing it on the table. He leisurely started rolling the cuffs of his flannel shirt up, his back to the rest of the room. He heard Dean’s agonised moans as he was unbound, Alastair’s threats to “Keep quiet, or else” and Crowley’s excited gasps as he picked up item after item. They were all occupied. Cas quickly set up the tiny camera, pointed it to the rest of the dungeon and hid it under the jacket so that it was impossible to spot. It had an ultra wide lens so it could take in the entire room. He only hoped he wasn’t going to scar his friend Charlie Bradbury for life while she watched the footage and had the Sheriff on speed dial in case things took a turn for the worse. Next Cas placed his mobile screen-down next to his jacket, the voice recorder on and running, recording every sound in the room.

Cas then started running his fingers over the leather floggers and straps. He turned back to see Dean
kneeling on the floor, more or less devoid of any devices – although Cas was sure the cock cage was still in place. His heart jumped into his throat when he caught sight of Dean’s back – it was crisscrossed with welts, red and painful. Alastair had whipped him and, when Cas looked back at the row of options his eyes landed on the coiled leather bullwhip – it had to have been that one. It wasn’t even made for BDSM play, it was an actual whip. Cas bit his bottom lip and chanced another glance at Dean, his head was bowed and his shoulders shook slightly in the cool of the dungeon. Those welts might even scar if they weren’t taken care of properly – if Cas didn’t take care of them properly, he thought. Fuck this was not good, Dean was already injured, he was already in pain. Cas started having second thoughts about this whole fucking plan but then Dean’s constant stream of self-criticism made him steel himself and keep going. How many times had he heard Dean call himself worthless or useless or broken? This was going to be the very last night Dean was ever going to feel that way, Cas was going to make sure of it.

“Picked one yet?”

Cas jumped slightly at the voice and turned around to see Crowley and Alastair waiting for him.

“There’s just so many to choose from, it’s hard to pick just one,” Cas said with an easy smile and a shrug.

“Then pick two or three or four, just pick,” Crowley said impatiently.

“I suppose that could work too,” Cas said. He turned around and grabbed the closest wooden paddle and leather strap. He swallowed hard as he walked back to the centre of the room, feeling the weight of the strap. The last thing he wanted was for Dean to feel more pain and he was guaranteed to feel it with this.

“Excellent choices,” Alastair said. “Now, I have an idea.”

“I’m all ears,” Crowley said with a grin.

“I think he needs to stay on his knees for the night. He’s not on our level so he should stay beneath it.”

“Fine with me,” Cas said, hating himself more with every passing second.

“I also think we need a bit of friendly competition,” Alastair suggested and Cas looked up at him, feeling his stomach turn at the sight of the smile on the man’s face.

“I’m listening,” Crowley murmured, his eyes hungrily devouring Dean’s naked form.

“Let me get him… ‘dressed’ first,” Alastair said with a chuckle.

Alastair pulled out a ring gag and grabbed a fistful of Dean’s hair, jerking his head up. Dean obediently opened his mouth and Alastair jammed the metal ring in behind his teeth, Dean wincing at the feeling and the stretch in his jaw while Alastair buckled it tightly behind his head.

“Present,” Alastair ordered and Dean moved from a kneeling position to his head and chest on the floor and his ass raised obscenely, his hole all red and sore from days of torment. “Would you like to do the honours?” Alastair offered the huge steel butt hook to Crowley. “I’ve already put my favourite lube on it.”

“The ginger one?” Cas asked, feigning interest. Alastair nodded and Cas’s eyes flicked back to the steel hook, which was practically dripping with the stuff.
Crowley wasted no time, grabbing one of Dean’s ass cheeks and pulling it open to reveal more of his hole before shoving the hook in eliciting a pained gasp from Dean.

“Hands and knees,” Alastair ordered and Dean complied, raising his head from the floor, his eyes lowered.

Alastair grasped the cord running from the end of the hook and looped it through a D-ring on the back of the gag and pulled it tight. Dean groaned softly as the cord was pulled tight, forcing his back into an unnatural arch and pushing the hook deeper inside him.

“Now what else did you pick up Crowley?”

“This,” Crowley said, holding aloft an evil looking humbler, complete with tiny spikes that would dig into Dean’s balls. Alastair nodded in approval and gestured to Dean. Crowley moved behind Dean and grabbed his balls none too gently and tugged them back between his legs. Dean’s eyes squeezed shut when he felt the ring of spikes encircling his ballsack and Cas watched as a tear rolled down his cheek but the boy stayed quiet.

“So a competition you said?” Cas asked.

“Oh yes, just to warm the whore up. You see this is quite a long room as you’ve probably noticed,” Alastair said, stretching his arms out, pointing from the back wall to the front. “Almost sixty feet long. So I’ll attach these,” Alastair produced two nipple clamps, connected to each other by a chain with a longer chain attached in the middle stretching out at least three feet. Alastair crouched down and clamped Dean’s nipples bringing more tears to Dean’s green eyes, and then he threw the length of chain on the floor but so it was lying in a straight line under Dean’s body, going between his legs and ending a couple of inches behind his feet. “And now I’ll attach this to that chain.”

Next Alastair picked up a flat, circular 10-pound weight with an iron loop on one end. He clipped the end of the chain to the weight so when Dean moved he’d be dragging the weight behind him by his nipples.

“I like where this is going, Alastair!” Crowley exclaimed, clapping his hands together in glee.

“And how do we compete?” Cas asked.

“Well you chose the paddle and the strap, pick one of them and Crowley and I can pick out our own implements. Whoever gets this whore from one end of the room to the other the fastest, wins. Simple.”

Cas forced himself to smile and chuckle along with the other two but deep down his mind was going into overdrive. This was fucking barbaric. They were treating Dean like some kind of animal. Cas forced his thoughts to the side and picked up the paddle, it would be less painful than the strap. To his dismay, Crowley shrugged and picked up the strap. Alastair meanwhile, strolled over to the wall of floggers and whips – Cas holding his breath as Alastair neared his jacket and the camera – but he simply chose a leather riding crop and rejoined the group.

“Get over to the far wall then whore,” Alastair said, pointing to the wall furthest away from Dean.

Cas’s heart broke when he saw the miserable look on Dean’s face – he knew exactly what he was thinking, that Dean could have started this fucked up race from the other side of the room which he was much closer to but Alastair chose the far side to extend his torment.

Dean started crawling and Cas knew it would have been agony. The humbler’s spikes would be digging into his balls with every movement, much like the ass hook and the chain pulling the weight
were stretching his nipples excruciatingly. He finally made it to the far wall and his shoulders were heaving with laboured breaths or barely-suppressed sobs, Cas wasn’t too sure.

“What’s the prize for being the fastest then?” Crowley asked.

“You get to be the first to take his ass tonight,” Alastair said after a moment of consideration.

“I’ll go first then,” Crowley said.

“I’ll be your timekeeper, all the way to the far wall and back,” Alastair said, pulling out a stopwatch – Cas realised this ‘spontaneous idea’ had all been meticulously planned. “Ready. Set. Go.”

“Move! Move you fucking whore!” Crowley said, smashing Dean’s ass with the leather strap.

Dean started crawling in a hurried, jerking fashion, the weight sliding haphazardly over the concrete floor behind him as Crowley brought the strap down over his ass again and again. Cas could tell when the strap hit his unfortunately-positioned balls as a scream of pain split the dungeon every few steps. When he got to the far wall, Crowley laid into him, the strap coming down over his ass, his back, his thighs, even the soles of his feet and when he turned to come back, Cas could see the utter panic in his eyes as he raced down to the other wall. Crowley had even started sweating, he was exerting so much energy in covering Dean’s skin with fresh welts. They finally reached the starting place and Dean practically collapsed, his elbows buckling as he gasped for breath.

Alastair clapped slowly and Crowley took an over-the-top bow.

“What was my time then?” Crowley demanded.

“One minute, seven seconds,” Alastair answered. “Cas? Your turn, my friend.”

Cas’s stomach turned as Alastair referred to him as a friend but he swallowed roughly and picked up the wooden paddle he’d chosen. At least this wouldn’t be as harsh as the crop or the strap.

Crowley stepped back towards Alastair and Cas moved closer to Dean who pushed himself back up onto his hands and knees, turning around to face the far wall.

“I’m so sorry, Dean, I’m so fucking sorry,” Cas whispered, keeping his voice as low as possible so only his beautiful boy would hear. He saw Dean nod slightly and sigh softly, readying himself for another iteration of this torture.

“Are you ready Cas?” Alastair called with a chuckle as Crowley whispered something in his ear – Cas ignored it and gave Dean’s ass an experimental swat with the paddle making Dean gasp softly at the impact on his already reddened ass.

“Ready as I’ll ever be,” Cas said.

“Alright then,” Alastair replied with a grin. “Ready. Set. Go.”

“Get moving!” Cas shouted, his voice overly loud to keep up the act before adding with a whisper, “I’m so sorry Dean, please, please forgive me.”

Both Crowley and Alastair heckled them but Cas took no notice. He swatted Dean’s cherry-red ass cheeks softly with the paddle and Dean started moving forwards. He was going much slower though without the encouragement of the vicious leather strap though and Cas gave his ass another swat when they were halfway to the other room.
“You’re gonna have to make him go faster than that Cas!” Alastair called out. “I’ll have to punish him for disobedience if he doesn’t pick up the pace!”

“Fuck,” Cas whispered under his breath. He started swatting Dean’s ass more regularly as they reached the far wall. “I’m so sorry,” he whispered before shouting, “Move it you good for nothing whore! What do you think you’re doing, showing me up in front of them!”

Dean managed to up his pace, the exertion showing on his face as Cas brought the paddle down on his ass with every third or fourth step. Cas could see the humbler pulling on Dean’s balls and the chains on Dean’s nipples and he knew the pain must have been agonising.

“Come on Dean, please, I don’t want him punishing you,” Cas said under his breath as they neared the finish line.

To his credit, Dean put on a last-ditch effort to pick up the pace and they made it to the end without too much more encouragement from the paddle.

“One minute, twenty seven seconds,” Alastair said before tsking them. “Too slow, whore. Cas you’re in last place unfortunately.” Alastair handed the stopwatch to Crowley and took up his position next to Dean whose eyes flicked to Cas momentarily showing his fear of the man before gazing down at the floor again. Alastair flicked the crop around in his hand a couple of times before bringing it down right on Dean’s balls. Dean gasped and scrunched his eyes shut for a moment, breathing heavily through the cruel ring gag. “Now whore, you listen to me. I think Crowley and Cas were far too soft on you. I put your balls in that humbler for a reason. Rest assured, they’ll be the perfect target if you’re too slow for me.”

Cas watched as Dean nodded, steeling himself for the final round. He looked up at Cas again, seemingly drawing strength from him and Cas nodded and mouthed, “You can do this.”

“On your marks,” Crowley said, “get set… go!”

Alastair brought the crop down immediately on Dean’s balls and Dean scrambled to move, pushing himself harder and faster than he had in the previous two rounds. It didn’t help in the least as Alastair simply whipped him constantly with the crop all the way to the far wall and all the way back. Dean soon groaned with every breath and tears streamed from his eyes as he pushed himself beyond his limits to try and avoid any more strikes from the crop. When he finally got back to the starting wall he collapsed completely to the floor his chest heaving and his balls red and sore-looking, much like the rest of him.

“Time?” Alastair asked.

“Forty seven seconds,” Crowley said, looking mighty impressed.

“Well done whore,” Alastair said, giving Dean’s balls one final strike making him whimper in pain. “I think he’s sufficiently warmed up then. What do you think? Should we perhaps break for another glass of whisky?”

The three men were seated in Alastair’s plush lounge room, sipping on whisky and taking a break
from actively tormenting Dean. It didn’t mean they weren’t taking a break from passively tormenting him though. Dean was currently on all fours between them, still with the humbler, butt hook and ring gag in place so he could easily keep Alastair’s cock warm – Crowley’s feet were meanwhile using his back as a footrest, boots resting on fresh welts.

“So Cas, tell me, how are you enjoying this whore?” Alastair asked. He took a swallow of whisky before grabbing Dean’s hair and tugging him off his cock. “Go warm Cas’s now.”

Dean rotated, wincing as Crowley didn’t lift his boots and they shifted over his whipped-raw skin so he could start warming Cas’s cock instead. Cas sighed as Dean took him in his mouth and he looked down to see Dean’s beautiful green eyes staring up at him. He reached out and placed his fingers in Dean’s hair, his heart breaking when Dean flinched slightly but Cas started massaging his scalp and he immediately felt Dean relax under his ministrations.

“I’m enjoying him immensely,” Cas said softly, watching as Dean’s eyes fluttered closed as he continued to massage him. “He’s been two excellently warm holes for me, although… every now and then he misbehaves. I need some more ideas for… discipline,” Cas said reluctantly knowing he needed to further explain his cover story for being there in the first place.

“That’s my specialty,” Alastair said with a grin. “He seems to never know his place when he’s around me. Always acting out. I believe in daily discipline, daily spankings, enemas and the like. Tearing him down so he knows how little worth he has. Keep that up regularly and he’ll hardly ever misbehave. Keep him down and he’ll stay down.”

“I see,” Cas murmured, still stroking Dean’s hair. Dean let out a soft but happy sound and Alastair tsked them – both Dean and Cas. Cas looked up at the older man with a raised eyebrow.

“You spoil him. What has he done to deserve a kind touch?”

Cas frowned slightly – he needed to keep up his act or Alastair and Crowley would see through it in a heartbeat. “Well he participated in our little race just before.”

“Only under duress,” Alastair said, reaching out to slap Dean’s balls making him wince, his gorgeous green eyes closing momentarily at the pain. “In fact, I don’t know about you two gentlemen, but I want to start ploughing his hole.”

Cas felt Dean swallow nervously around him and he moved his hand from Dean’s scalp down to his shoulder, gently pushing him away and off his cock. Dean looked up at Cas and Cas could see fear pooling in his eyes. Cas tried to convey a sense of calm and trust but he knew he’d be fighting a losing battle. Dean had been terrified right from when Cas had dropped him off four days ago – Cas could tell his fear had just grown exponentially since then. In fact, with his hand on Dean’s shoulder he could feel his boy trembling.

“Crowley, as host, I’ll let you and then Cas take him, if you’d like?” Alastair offered.

“Much obliged Alastair,” Crowley grinned, finally removing his boots from Dean’s back making him groan in pain. Cas took the opportunity to stand up and look over Dean’s back – a couple of the welts had opened and were slowly trickling blood.

“Do you think we should do something about his back?” Cas asked, worry creeping into his voice.

“Like what?” Alastair said with a shrug. “I thought that’s what your three days were for. He’ll hold out till then. I disinfected his back anyway – is there anything a bit of rubbing alcohol can’t do?”

Cas nodded and looked down at Dean who winced at what was obviously a painful memory. God
he wished he could just whisk Dean away from all of this. Carry him home and just care for him, kiss him and make him feel safe and warm and loved.

“Shall we then?” Alastair said, gesturing back to the dungeon.

Once Dean had been made to crawl back into the dungeon, Alastair removed the butt hook, humbler and nipple clamps – Dean gasping at each new sensation – before he was ordered up and onto the spanking bench. Alastair belted his lower legs down to the bench, strapped him down with a leather belt over the fresh welts on his back and then cuffed his wrists behind him.

“He’s all yours,” Alastair said, stepping back to let Crowley take his place behind Dean.

Cas stood back as well, ensuring that the tiny pinhole camera that they were now quite close to had a completely unobstructed view. Alastair had already pulled his cock out and was stroking himself gently to hardness as he watched Crowley start thrusting into Dean. Cas did the same not wanting them to think he was actually disgusted to his core by the entire night’s events. He heard Dean grunting with each thrust as Crowley took him roughly with only the tiniest amount of lube. Cas concentrated on the floor just below Dean, deciding quickly that he didn’t want to watch at all. But when Dean’s cries became more agonised, his gaze shot up to see Crowley grabbing the short chain between Dean’s wrists and using it as a way to thrust in deeper. It had the added effect of jerking Dean’s arms behind his back with each thrust and Cas knew what would inevitably happen seconds before it did. With a couple of violent thrusts Crowley came in Dean’s ass and simultaneoulsy dislocated Dean’s now much-weakened left shoulder. Dean screamed in utter miserable pain and Cas stepped forward immediately stopped when Alastair put a hand up, a stern look on his face.

“At least let the man finish completely,” Alastair admonished, gesturing to Crowley still finishing up, his hands still jerking Dean’s arms back.

Dean whimpered in pain and tears rolled down his face as Cas looked on, unable to do anything. Dean still had the ring gag in and he needed that removed if he was going to be able to invoke that clause at all. Crowley finally finished and pulled out and Alastair stepped forward and unstrapped Dean’s legs and back and uncuffed his wrists. His left arm fell limply by his side and Dean gasped, his eyes screwed shut.

“Get down,” Alastair ordered and Dean gamely struggled to get down off the bench and onto his knees on the floor with only one good arm. He cradled his left arm and dropped his head, his chest hitching with every breath. “Let go so I can fix it then,” Alastair said, none too gently.

Dean reluctantly let go of his left arm and Alastair grabbed it tightly and manipulated it back into place with a sickening ‘crunch’ and another scream of pain from Dean that absolutely broke Cas’s heart.

“Take his gag out,” Cas said suddenly. Alastair, Crowley and Dean all looked up at him in surprise.

“Can I ask why?” Alastair questioned.

Cas shrugged. “I want to hear him scream,” he replied simply.

“I do like to hear him scream,” Crowley said, still all aglow.

“Alright then,” Alastair smiled.

He unbuckled Dean’s gag and pulled it out. Dean winced at the ache in his jaw but stayed quiet.

“Why don’t you go next Alastair? I like to watch,” Cas said, hoping there was an ample amount of
creepiness leeching into his voice that would sway the man.

“You know, I think I’m starting like you,” Alastair replied with a chuckle.

He picked up the leather cuffs and walked behind Dean, cuffing his hands in the same position behind his back. Dean groaned as the position aggravated his shoulder but still said nothing. Alastair then placed a hand in between Dean’s shoulder blades and pushed him roughly to the ground so he was face down on the cold concrete. Cas bit his lip in sympathy when he saw Dean cheekbone make painful contact with the ground but he held his tongue. He needed to wait – they were so close.

Alastair cuffed Dean’s ankles with leather cuffs connected by a short chain and then proceeded to connect Dean’s wrists and ankles so he was hogtied on the floor. Cas was feeling nervous about this. More so when Alastair strolled casually over to the wall where a winch was located and lowered a chain from the ceiling.

“Clip the end of that chain to his cuffs would you Cas?” Alastair called.

Cas knew where this was leading and hesitated for a moment. “Do you think it’s a good idea? With his shoulder and all?”

Dean glanced up at Cas worriedly and Cas saw him give a tiny shake of his head, no. He knew at once what Dean meant though – don’t fuck up the plan, just go along with it.

“Come on Cas, stop stalling. I want to see Alastair take this bitch,” Crowley snarled impatiently – all post-orgasm glow worn off now.

Cas nodded and clipped the end of the heavy duty chain to the one between Dean’s wrist and ankle cuffs. Immediately Alastair began raising the chain and Dean started to lift up, his body bending and his back bowing as he was hauled up. The position would be immensely painful for someone in fine physical condition and Dean was far from that at the moment. He gritted his teeth as he was raised to about waist-height and then the chain halted its movement and he hung there, suspended in the room.

While this was going on, Cas tucked his now completely soft cock back in his pants - this torture of his beautiful boy would never get him off and he needed to be ready, ready for anything. Alastair returned and grabbed Dean’s shoulders spinning him so he was at Dean’s ass. He grabbed Dean’s knees and spread them, positioning himself behind Dean before plunging in suddenly. Dean groaned in pain as Alastair’s thrusts added to his overwhelming pain but he held on, stayed strong. Right up until his left shoulder dislocated again. Then he started screaming.

“Stop! Please, please stop, sir!” he shouted, his voice ragged, as Alastair kept ramming into him.

“Shut up whore!” Alastair replied.

“Please, please, I invoke Clause 32!”

Cas’s jaw dropped, as did Crowley’s, and Alastair stepped away from Dean, his erection vanishing but his anger growing. He tucked his softening cock back into his dark jeans and looked down at Dean as if he’d betrayed him.

“How dare you?” he growled.

Cas took the opportunity to run over to the wall and the winch and lower the chains so Dean was back on solid ground. But he wasn’t there next to Dean to protect him from when Alastair kicked him in the ribs. Twice.
“Dean!” he shouted. “Alastair stop!”

Alastair spun around and he froze when he saw the gun in Cas’s hands. He lifted his own hands in surrender and took a couple steps away from Dean.

“Well, this is an intriguing development isn’t it?” Alastair said with a chuckle.

“Get away from him now,” Cas demanded, stepping closer to Dean.

Alastair shrugged, his hands still raised and moved to stand beside Crowley, a couple of feet from Dean and Cas. Cas crouched down and kept his gun trained on Alastair while he unbuckled the cuffs on Dean’s wrists. Dean groaned as his wrists were freed.

“I… invoke Clause 32. I want this all… done,” Dean croaked, his voice hoarse but loud enough to be heard by everyone in the room as well as the voice recorder on Cas’s phone. “I want… every contract voided. I invoke Clause 32.”

“How dare you come into my home, play with my fucking toy and then try to take it away from me. How dare you,” he growled, taking a step forward.

Cas shuffled backwards, his heart racing. He knew Charlie would have been watching the footage from the pinhole camera and that the sheriff would be here any minute, but he had no idea if they’d get here in time. Alastair took another step towards him and reached down, grabbing him by the collar of his shirt and hauling him to his feet.

He slammed Cas against the wall behind him, knocking the air out of his lungs and Cas groaned slightly, his vision still a little blurry from what he assumed was Alastair kicking him in the face.

“Alastair, you sure you want to do this?” Crowley’s voice called out as Alastair shoved the barrel of the gun under Cas’s chin.

“I sure do.” Alastair said.

“Alastair, no, please!” Dean cried out.

“Shut up whore, I’ll deal with you next!” Alastair snarled over his shoulder.

“Please stop! I love him!”

Cas’s eyes widened at Dean’s words and he looked up to see Alastair look even more furious if that was possible.

“I think he just signed your death warrant,” Alastair whispered.

Cas closed his eyes, willing the sheriff to get there in time when suddenly a shot rang out and
everything went black.
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Aftermath... find out what happened that night from Dean's perspective.

Kinks in this chapter:
None really, unless you count a bit of fluff and tears as a kink ;)

Chapter Notes

OMG sorry to leave you all hanging with that last chapter! Imagine if my plane went down or something horrific and the story never got completed?! Anyway, I'm back at home now and while this seems like an ending of sorts there is WAY more to go on this story. I promise. And now that I'm home I'll be able to update way more frequently.

Chapter Sixteen

As soon as Alastair started suspending him, hogtied as he was, Dean knew his probably-permanently fucked left shoulder didn’t stand a chance. And when his shoulder exploded in blinding, white-hot pain for the second time that night Dean couldn’t take it. He knew he should have waited for a point in the night where the clause would have held more water but he just couldn’t endure for a second longer.

“Stop!” Dean had screamed, hearing the ragged hoarseness of his voice, dry and sore from too many screams just like this – only muffled by the myriad of gags Alastair always kept shoved into his mouth. “Please, please stop, sir!”

Alastair of course didn’t take notice and Dean still felt his rock hard cock plunging into his overused hole.

“Shut up whore!” was the only response he received and Dean felt something in his mind snap.

“Please, please, I invoke Clause 32!”

Dean felt Alastair falter behind him and then felt him pull out and Dean took in a ragged breath, dropping his head slightly, trying to catch his breath, slow his heart rate, do anything he possibly could to take his mind off his shoulder which felt like a ball of molten lava instead of a joint.

He faintly heard Alastair saying something behind him but he ignored it as he felt himself being lowered and he slowly came to rest back on the ground. The new position lessened the agony in his shoulder a fraction but he groaned softly as he was still bound, wrists to ankles. Suddenly he felt a new pain in his side as he realised Alastair kicked him. The breath was forced out of his lungs as Alastair kicked him again and he heard Cas’s shout for Alastair to stop. For some reason, Alastair did
and Dean had a moment to try and gather his thoughts again. The haze of pain was slowly lifting from his mind – his shoulder was still on fire but he was acclimating to it somewhat, he wasn’t being overwhelmed by it. He looked up and his eyes widened when he saw Cas holding Alastair and Crowley hostage with a gun in his hands. He’d never even heard Cas talk about owning a gun let alone bringing it to Alastair’s home tonight. Dean heard boots scraping over the concrete floor and turned his head to watch Alastair take a few steps away from him.

“Well, this is an intriguing development isn’t it?” Alastair murmured with a short, humourless laugh as he backed away slightly.

“Get away from him now,” Cas ordered, his voice brooking no arguments as he moved closer to Dean.

Dean watched on silently as Alastair shrugged, his hands raised in surrender as he backed away further to stand next to a gobsmacked Crowley. Dean flinched slightly when he felt Cas crouch down next to him but he only unbuckled the cuffs on Dean’s wrists. Dean groaned loudly as his left shoulder was forced to move when his left arm fell to the floor, almost like it was devoid of muscles and bones - the dislocated joint making it a useless limb.

“I… invoke Clause 32. I want this all… done,” Dean repeated, hating the way his voice broke and cracked. He continued nonetheless, he wanted no doubt whatsoever of his wishes at that point, “I want… every contract voided. I invoke Clause 32.”

“Whatever you say whore,” Alastair growled down at him.

Dean felt Cas’s hand move to the cuffs on his ankles but the leather on these were stiffer, Dean could feel him struggling to unbuckle them and he started to panic slightly. He saw movement out of the corner of his eyes and opened his mouth to warn Cas but it was too late as Alastair kicked Cas in the face sending him flying.

“Cas!” he whispered frantically, as Alastair stepped over him to get to Cas. Dean pushed himself off his belly and onto his right side so he could reach down and unbuckle the cuffs himself. He looked up to see Alastair, gun in hand, approaching Cas.

“Fuck,” he murmured, pulling one ankle cuff off so at least he was more or less unencumbered by any of the cuffs now.

“How dare you come into my home, play with my fucking toy and then try to take it away from me. How dare you,” Alastair was saying to Cas as Dean risked a glance at Crowley – frozen in place at the scene unfolding before him – and then scanning the room for something, anything to take on Alastair with.

Dean pushed himself to his feet and then spun around when heard a gasp behind him. Alastair had grasped Cas by the collar of his shirt, pulling him to his feet and slamming him against the wall.

“Fuck,” Dean repeated, over and over, only stopping when the glint of shiny black metal on the concrete made him pause.

“Alastair, you sure you want to do this?” Crowley asked just as Dean reached Cas’s gun and turned to face Alastair and Cas, his left arm hanging loosely by his side.

“I sure do.” Alastair said and Dean realised with what felt like a punch to the gut that Alastair was holding his own gun right under Cas’s chin.

“Alastair, no, please!” Dean cried out desperately.
“Shut up whore, I’ll deal with you next!” Alastair replied over his shoulder, jabbing Cas with the gun, his thumb moving to pull back the hammer.

“Please stop!” Dean begged, taking a step closer and bringing up Cas’s gun to eye-level – Alastair in his sights. “I love him!”

Alastair murmured something under his breath to Cas and Dean pulled back the hammer on Cas’s gun, aimed and fired – Crowley shoved him to the floor at the last minute and the shot went wide but as he landed, winded and aching on the ground, he saw both Cas and Alastair hit the ground.

“You little shit, what the fuck have you done?” Crowley snarled, grabbing for the gun but Dean was running on pure adrenaline and he slammed his right elbow backwards and right into Crowley’s nose. The man let go of him with a scream, holding his now-smashed nose and Dean broke away, stumbling towards Cas and Alastair.

Cas was slumped on the floor out cold and Dean quickly searched his body with his eyes looking for any injuries. Blood was spreading on his side and there was a nasty gash on his forehead. Dean looked up to see blood on the edge of the table nearby – he must have hit it on the way down. Dean lifted Cas’s shirt gingerly to get a better look at his side when he felt hands around his throat.

“You fucking whore,” Alastair spat, his hands tightening around Dean’s neck. Dean grasped weakly at Alastair’s hands with just his right, his left shoulder still dislocated. “I’ll fucking have you as my fucking slave if it’s the last thing I ever do.”

“No…” Dean whimpered, black spots appearing in his vision.

“Yes,” Alastair growled.

Sirens sounded in the distance and Alastair’s grip on his neck weakened.

“Fuck, you whore, you set me up, didn’t you?” Alastair said furiously. “You and Cas fucking set me up.”

He let go of Dean and shoved him away. Dean coughed and hacked, trying to get air back into his lungs. He pushed through the pain and exhaustion that was threatening to send him off to the peaceful world of the unconscious, dragging himself back to Cas’s side as Alastair left his field of vision. He heard the sirens getting closer but he still gently lifted Cas’s shirt to see his side covered in blood.

“Fuck, what have I done?” Dean whispered miserably. He looked up to the table on his left that Cas had hit on the way down to the floor. Dean’s own clothes were still there and he grabbed his flannel shirt and started pressing it to Cas’s side, trying to stop the bleeding. Dean started to weaken, feeling the adrenaline seeping out of him and he collapsed next to Cas, still pressing the shirt to Cas’s side as the knocks at the front door ended in the door most probably being kicked open.

“Cas, please stay with me,” Dean whispered, his eyelids dropping as the last remaining ounces of his strength left him. “Please, I love you.”

“Dean?”
Dean stirred slightly but didn’t wake, instead repositioning his head on his forearm so it was a touch more comfortable.

“Dean?”

“Mmm?” he murmured in response, barely awake, only replying out of lifelong habit to someone mentioning his name.

“Dean? What… what happened?”

Dean frowned at that, raised his head and blinking sleep from his eyes. He pushed his upper body up off the side of the hospital bed he’d been using as a pillow for the last few hours to see Cas Novak, awake, blue eyes open if a bit bloodshot and glassy, looking at him.

“Cas,” he breathed with a smile, “you’re back with me.”

Dean sat up in the uncomfortable, plastic hospital chair and took in the man lying in the hospital bed. Cas looked pale, the blue and white gown doing nothing for his usual tan skin. The cut on his forehead had a bandage over it and there were touches of bruised skin peeking out at the edges but he was awake.

“What happened?” Cas repeated. He frowned slightly, looking Dean over, taking in the sling on his left arm and the dark circles that Dean knew were shadowing his eyes. “Are you okay?”

“Cas, I’m fine, it’s… you’ve been out for two days,” Dean said, worry creeping steadily into his voice, remembering those two days that felt like two years, staying next to his bed at every waking and sleeping hour. He stretched a little in the chair, hearing his back crack.

“I’ve been… what? Why?” Cas questioned.

“The doctor said you might not remember,” Dean said. “What’s the last thing you do remember?”

Cas closed his eyes and Dean could practically see him getting the cogs working again. “I got you back down on the ground, I was taking the cuffs off you and then… nothing. It all just goes black.”

“You had a gun on Alastair,” Dean said, sounding impressed. “I didn’t even know you had a gun.”

“Yeah, well, I wasn't going to shoot the man, I only brought it just in case,” Cas said, “just in case Alastair wouldn’t let you invoke the clause in that contract without a fight.”

“It had quite the impact,” Dean said with a small smile. “But you were helping me, uncuffing me and then Alastair kicked you, he… he got the upper hand and I… uh,” Dean stopped for a moment, looking away from Cas and starting pulling the loose threads of the cotton sling, strapping his left arm to his chest.

“What is it?” Cas asked softly.

Dean bit his lip and jumped slightly when he felt soft fingertips on his chin. Cas pulled his hand away.

“Sorry,” Cas murmured. “You probably don’t want me touching you at all after… after everything that happened that night.”

“No, I do,” Dean protested looking up at Cas, green eyes searching for Cas’s blue ones. “I should be the one saying sorry, I… I shouldn’t have flinched like that, it’s… I guess I’m just tired.”
“You don’t have anything to be sorry about,” Cas said quietly, Dean could tell he was still beating himself up about the night at Alastair’s. And here was Dean hating himself for what he’d done as well – what a pair they made.


“What?” Cas asked, frowning. He looked down to where Dean knew his side was hurting, the painkillers possibly starting to wear off at this point. “I don’t understand.”

“Alastair brought his own gun. He was planning on killing you himself that night,” Dean explained, still pulling at those threads, unable to bring himself to look Cas in the eye as he confessed what he’d done. “He had you up against the wall, his gun under your chin and… I had to do something. He was going to kill you and Crowley was, well he was just fucking standing there. So… I found your gun on the floor and I was going to shoot Alastair but, fuck, Crowley tackled me. The shot went wide. I… I’m pretty sure I hit Alastair as well, but the bullet grazed your side, it cracked one of your ribs.” Dean looked up at Cas, his vision going blurry as tears threatened to spill. “I’m so sorry, Cas.”

“Hey, come on now, come here,” Cas said, lifting an arm up to brush the tears off of Dean’s cheek. “Come here,” Cas repeated, shifting himself over in the hospital bed, leaving space for Dean next to him. “Please, come lie with me my beautiful boy.”

Dean nodded and climbed onto the bed, laying on his right side, his left shoulder still too painful. He was silent as Cas wiped his tears away.

“Dean, you saved my life,” Cas whispered. Dean looked up in surprise.

“But I… I could have killed you,” Dean said miserably.

“It wasn’t your fault the shot went wide,” Cas countered. “You saved my life. There’s one other thing I do remember from that night. I remember you saying that you loved me. Was… is that true?”

“God yes,” Dean replied immediately with a smile, leaning forward to kiss Cas’s slightly chapped pink lips. “I love you Cas.”

“I love you too Dean,” Cas replied, his arm around Dean pulling him closer to him.
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Back home and time for a little bit of discipline.

Kinks in this chapter:
Spanking

Chapter Notes

Thanks for sticking with it everyone! OMG the inspiration just keeps coming, I have so much more of this to go.

Chapter Seventeen

They stayed together that night in the hospital bed, both of them sleeping so soundly they barely stirred when the doctor made his first rounds the next morning. After a hardly digestible hospital breakfast, Cas was more than ready to go. The doctor swung by to approve him signing out and to give him a prescription for painkillers if necessary.

“That rib will be sore for a few weeks but no strenuous exercise and you’ll be good as new in no time at all,” the doctor said before rounding on Dean. “And you need to give that shoulder a break. There’s some stretching and exercises you’ll need to do once it starts healing to build up the strength in that joint.”

“Yes sir,” Dean replied with a nod.

The doctor gave them both another concerned glance before clearing his throat and heading for the door. “Take care you two.”

“We will,” Cas called in reply. “You ready to go home?”

“Yes,” Dean breathed, “so ready. Here, I ducked back to your apartment, got a spare set of clothes for you.” Dean handed him a pile of neatly folded clothing – jeans, a shirt and sweater, even underwear.

Cas took the pile and glanced back at what Dean was wearing – it looked suspiciously like what he’d been wearing when Cas had dropped him back at Hell ready for Alastair’s four days, which seemed like a lifetime ago. He hadn’t bothered changing his own clothes in all that time but he’d gone out specifically to pick up fresh clothes for Cas - the thought warmed Cas's heart, although he would have liked Dean to have taken a bit of care for himself as well. “You didn’t have to do that for me,” he said thankfully.
Dean shrugged. “It was nothing. I figured you’d want fresh clothes when you woke up. Your… uh, your keys were in your jacket. I figured you wouldn’t mind if I just popped in quickly.” Dean tugged on his lower lip with his teeth and looked up at Cas through his eyelashes, worried that he’d taken too many liberties with going to Cas’s home without him knowing.

“No, of course not,” Cas said, touching Dean’s shoulder gently, thankful beyond belief that Dean didn’t flinch away from his touch. He felt him tense slightly under his touch but that was all.

Dean sank into one of the hard plastic chairs while Cas changed out of the hospital gown and into his own clothes, gasping a couple times at the pull on his cracked rib.

“So what happened to Alastair and Crowley? The cops came I assume?” Cas asked, wincing as he pulled on the navy button-down Dean had brought him.

“Yeah, Sheriff Harvelle turned up just as I was freaking out that you were dying of blood loss. They’ve charged Crowley with assault occasioning actual bodily harm – since he dislocated my shoulder in, uh, in the process. He’s pleading guilty so no issues there.”

“And Alastair?” Cas asked, slipping on one boot and then the other, turning to look at Dean when he didn’t answer straight away. “Dean?”

Dean jumped slightly at the sound of his name and bit his lip again. Dean was scared to tell him, Cas realised. He’d need to train that out of him when he was back to his normal self again.

“The cops didn’t get him,” Dean replied quietly.

“What?” Cas questioned gently.

“They, uh, they didn’t catch him,” Dean replied. “He was gone when they got there. They dealt with Crowley and when they returned to the house it was empty.”

“Empty?” Cas echoed, looking down at Dean, noticing him fidgeting again, his breathing speeding up - he looked terrified.

“Nothing in there. No furniture, no possessions. He’d somehow managed to get all of his belongings out of there in less than six hours. He’s gone. The bullet got him though, it went straight through his side and then grazed you so they’re monitoring hospitals for anyone matching Alastair’s description who comes in with a gunshot wound but nothing yet.”

Cas moved towards Dean, keeping his movements slow and measured, not wanting to make Dean flinch, even if it was involuntary. He enveloped Dean in his arms and Dean pressed his forehead into Cas’s warm chest.

“I’m sorry, I fucked it all up,” Dean whispered.

“You did nothing wrong,” Cas replied. “They’ll find him, if I know anything about Sheriff Harvelle, it’s that she’ll go to the ends of the earth to protect the people in her town. Ellen’s good like that. They’ll find him and they’ll bring him to justice. Now let’s go home, huh?”

Dean nodded and Cas felt in draw in a deep breath and let it out. “Let’s go home,” Dean agreed.

Cas stepped back, breaking them apart and Dean stood up, pulling a set of keys from his pocket.

“Car’s parked out front.”
“Whose car? My car?” Cas asked as they left the hospital room.

“No, mine,” Dean said, sending a grin Cas’s way.

“I didn’t even know you had a car,” Cas replied.

“I didn’t even know you had a gun,” Dean threw back with a smile.

“Full of surprises aren’t we?” Cas laughed, before adding a little quieter while they were still walking through the hospital corridors, “And watch your tone, I can still spank your ass with this cracked rib.”

“Yes sir,” Dean replied obediently, licking his lips perhaps in anticipation of some forthcoming discipline and giving Cas a sidelong glance before breaking into a laugh.

“God it’s good to hear you laugh,” Cas said, reaching up to stroke Dean’s cheek as they reached the glass front doors of the hospital.

“It’s good to just… be with you,” Dean replied, his tone switching to be more serious and sincere, “no contract, no Crowley, no nothing. Just you and me. Feels good.”

“Doesn’t it,” Cas smiled. “Now, which one’s yours?”

“That one.”

Cas looked to where Dean was pointing and he couldn’t help it when his jaw dropped. The 1967 Chevrolet Impala in gleaming black and chrome was in the most perfect condition Cas had ever seen a car in. It made even the newer cars next to it look desaturated, dusty and boring.

“It’s… it’s beautiful Dean,” Cas stammered as Dean opened the passenger door for him. He slid in and onto the beige vinyl bench seat, the door creaking as Dean closed it behind him. “I feel like you’re a mile away from me though,” Cas added when Dean got in behind the wheel. “You can drive with your shoulder?”

“Yeah, no problem, I’ll go slow anyway,” Dean assured him. “You can slide over closer if you want?”

Cas moved closer to Dean while he turned over the engine, the car rumbling to life. Dean pulled out of the hospital’s lot and back towards town and Cas’s bar.

“So where’ve you been hiding this thing?”

“Out behind Crowley’s bar,” Dean replied. “It was my dad’s. I had to restore it and it took forever to save up for all the parts.”

“The parts are expensive because it’s so old?”

“No… more like I didn’t have the cash,” Dean said reluctantly.

“Dean… how much exactly of Crowley’s contracts did you actually end up getting?” Cas asked.

“Not much,” Dean said with a huff of breath as he turned onto Main Street. “50% went straight to Crowley and I told him to send 40% towards Sam’s college bills. I wanted to make sure Sam was set up.”

“You know, you’re probably the best older brother anyone could ever have.”
Dean shook his head slightly. “No, I’m not, I could’ve… I could’ve done so much more for him. It’s the least I can do now.”

“Well I guess that’s another thing I’m just going to have to spank out of you,” Cas murmured.

“What?” Dean asked, surprised as they turned into the parking lot of Cas’s bar.

“You have to start valuing yourself more,” Cas instructed, pointing to a space at the back of the lot that had a ‘Reserved for Staff’ sign in front of it. “You need to have more self-worth, lord knows I value you like you have no idea. In fact, as soon as we’re upstairs it’s time for a bit of discipline.”

“Yes sir,” Dean said, swallowing and pulling the gear shift into park and pulling the key from the ignition. “I mean, are you sure you can with your…” Dean gestured to Cas’s side and Cas raised an eyebrow. Dean smiled as he held his hands up in surrender and got out of the car, moving around to the passenger side to get the door for Cas. He felt the need to care for Cas, like properly care for him right now what with an injury, a cracked fucking rib that was Dean’s fault. It didn’t matter that Crowley had tackled him, he should’ve seen him coming. If his Dad had still been around, it would have brought the drill sergeant out in him quick smart.

“Hey.”

Dean looked up, pulled out of his thoughts. Cas was already four rungs ahead of him on the staircase up to his apartment.

“Huh?” Dean frowned.

“Where’d you go just now?” Cas asked, descending the stairs so he was on Dean’s level.

“Nowhere,” Dean said, shaking his head and starting to climb the stairs, Cas by his side.

“No, tell me,” Cas prodded gently. “If… if you want, I’m not going to force it out of you. I just… you looked so distraught just then, I was worried.”

“It’s nothing, it’s…” Dean paused and sighed as they climbed the stairs and Cas pulled out his keys. “I just feel so terrible, I mean my dad was a Marine. He taught me how to shoot and what to in the heat of the moment. I should’ve”-

“Dean, please, stop torturing yourself over this,” Cas said, opening the front door.

“Cas, I could’ve killed you, it’s”-

“But you didn’t,” Cas countered, his frustration with Dean’s constant self-loathing causing him to close the door behind them slightly louder than normal. He wished he could make Dean see the situation from his point of view and stop blaming himself.

“That’s not the point,” Dean stressed, “Cas, when I saw you fall, when you were on the ground with blood all over you, it… fuck it was, that was the most scared I’d been since… well since Sammy got hurt. And I couldn’t save him.”

“Oh Dean,” Cas murmured. “Sit down with me on the couch for a minute.”

“Yes sir,” Dean mumbled, perching right on the edge of the couch, his body stiff and his eyes focused on the carpet.

“Dean I need you to understand that if we’re going to try and make this work then we’ll need to get a
couple things straight,” Cas said, keeping his voice gentle and measured. He saw Dean start plucking threads from the sling again and he reached out, placing his hand on Dean’s knee. He felt Dean tense up slightly. “I’m not angry with you,” he said softly, feeling Dean relax ever so slightly under his fingers. “But I do have some ground rules that I feel would be good for you to follow. And I also have a favour to ask of you.”

“And anything?” Dean replied immediately.

“I want you to stop blaming yourself for that bullet hitting me.”

Dean snapped his eyes up to look at Cas. “But it was my fault. You ended up in the”-

“Stop. Blaming. Yourself.”

“Cas, you’ve got a cracked rib, I should’ve”-

“Should’ve done exactly what you did. Alastair was going to kill me and do God knows what to you. You did the right thing. I’m fine and I’ll prove it to you in a minute when I’ve got you over my knee. Please stop blaming yourself over this. I am not your father and I’m not Alastair. The way I see it is you did the best you could in the moment and your best meant that there were two loaded guns in the room and no one was killed or seriously injured. That sounds like a pretty positive outcome to me. I refuse to punish you for your actions that night. Please try to understand my perspective on this. If you can’t accept my praise for your actions, please at least don’t put any blame on your own shoulders for any repercussions. Because as far as I know, the only repercussion of your actions was that I survived,” Cas finished.

Dean was silent for a long moment and Cas could see him clenching his jaw trying to process what he’d said. Finally he reluctantly nodded and gazed up at Cas.

“Alright,” he said softly.

“I’m not your father and I hope…” Cas paused a moment and now he couldn’t meet Dean’s eyes, “I hope even after that night you won’t think of me as in Alastair’s league.”

“No Cas, I could never, you’re… you’re nothing like Alastair,” Dean said, placing his hand on top of Cas’s on his knee. Their fingers intertwined and Cas looked up into those gorgeous green eyes. “Just… let’s not talk about that night, okay?”

Dean’s gaze dropped at that and Cas squeezed his hand. Not five minutes into that night at Alastair’s, Cas was worried he’d never see Dean again. Terrified actually. He’d hated every second of trying to be Alastair’s friend, every second of torturing Dean that night, going along with the sick practices of Crowley and Alastair. With every passing moment he’d somehow convinced himself that he would never be able to gaze into Dean’s eyes again, never stroke his face, never kiss those perfect pink lips. He just assumed Dean would hate him, would cringe away from his touch and so Cas had resigned himself to the fact that he’d have to simply be happy with the thought that he’d at least helped Dean break free from those contracts. When he’d woken up in hospital with Dean by his side, he practically had a heart attack - he was so shocked to see him there.

“Dean, be honest with me, are you really… are we okay? Are you… okay with me still?” Cas asked hesitantly.

“Yeah, of course,” Dean replied, smiling up at Cas. “We’re fine. Really.”

Cas nodded and turned away, hurriedly wiped his eyes where he felt tears threatening.
“Hey,” Dean said softly.

He let go of Cas’s hand for a moment and gently turned Cas’s face back towards him, pressing his lips against Cas’s. Cas wrapped Dean in his arms, bringing him closer but being mindful of his strapped left shoulder and arm in the sling. He deepened the kiss and Dean opened his mouth almost obeying Cas’s silent request. Cas eagerly explored his mouth, the fingers of his right hand moving upwards, stroking through Dean’s hair. They paused for breath and Dean smiled, his mouth still pressed up against Cas’s.

“Now, I had some ground rules,” Cas murmured, pulling back slightly.

“Sir?” Dean said looking up at Cas through his eyelashes.

Cas groaned. “God you’re going to ruin me.” Cas shook his head slightly. “Yes, ground rules. And the most important one right now is that you need to start valuing yourself more.”

“No, no, you can’t convince me otherwise,” Cas said, holding his hand up to stop Dean’s words in their tracks. “God you’re worth… ten of me at least. I was never lying or joking or… or exaggerating when I said you’re one of the bravest, strongest people I know. And every damn time I hear you saying something different it just… it breaks my heart. So time to train you out of it. Come on, up now. We can continue this later.”

Cas stood up and gestured with his hand and Dean followed him into the bedroom.

“Jeans off now,” Cas ordered, sitting down on the edge of the bed. Dean toed off his boots and struggled a little bit unbuttoning his jeans and sliding them down his legs with only one working arm - his left arm still strapped and in the sling. “And those,” Cas smirked pointing at Dean’s black jocks.

“Yes sir,” Dean said with a smile.

Cas sighed as he took in Dean. “God you’re so beautiful. Now over my knee.”

“Yes sir.”

Dean positioned himself over Cas’s knee, his right hand supporting himself on the floor and his toes only just brushing the carpet. Cas placed his hand gently down on Dean’s pert butt cheeks. There were still touches of red and a couple bruises in places from the night at Alastair’s. He massaged Dean’s ass slightly, feeling him start to harden.

“Now, this is meant to be punishment my beautiful boy,” Cas murmured.

“Yes sir,” came Dean’s breathless reply.

“What are you going to do from now on then?” Cas asked. He felt Dean shift in his lap and brought his palm down on Dean’s left ass cheek studiously avoiding the old bruises. “Answer the question.”

“I… I’m going to v-value myself more,” Dean stammered.

“Good boy. Now I want you to list five things you like about yourself,” Cas instructed, bringing his palm down on Dean’s right cheek, relishing the red handprint on Dean’s pale skin.

“S-sir?”
Cas started spanking him then. Alternating between left cheek, right cheek, sit spot, upper thighs, never in the same order keeping Dean guessing. “I’ll stop when you can think of one,” he said, continuing to bring his palm down on Dean’s ass, his boy squirming in his lap and gasping for breath, finally shouting, “Okay, sir! Sir! I… I have one.”

Cas paused his hand in midair. “Go on.”

“I… uh, I’m good with cars. I fixed up the Impala and now it runs better than any new car I see on the road,” Dean said, sounding a little embarrassed at having to talk himself up.

“Good, that’s a good boy,” Cas said soothingly, rubbing his hand over Dean’s heated skin. “Now a second thing you like about yourself.”

“Uh… I, uh…”

“Taking too long my boy,” Cas warned before starting to spank Dean’s ass again.

This time he focused more on Dean’s sit spots, making sure the red of that perfect crease right between his ass and thighs grew redder and redder. Dean was huffing out a breath with almost every strike as Cas’s hand kept coming down.

“Sir!”

Cas stopped immediately and waited for Dean to keep talking.

“I’m a good cook. Not like fancy shit but I can fry up a mean steak and, well, Sam never got malnourished while I was looking after him,” Dean said, moaning softly as Cas started massaging his ass again, the hot pain of the spanking starting to dissipate under his ministrations.

“A third one?”

“I never fuck up the washing.”

“What?” Cas asked, breaking out of his dom mode for a moment at Dean’s answer, staring down at his boy in surprise.

“The washing, you know? I’ve never turned anything pink in the wash. You laugh now but it’ll be you who’s the first one to throw in a red sock, not me,” Dean explained, before quickly adding, “Sir.”

“Alright,” Cas replied with a chuckle. “Number four?”

“I… uh… I… Cas, come on why don’t you just finish spanking me. Why do I have to think of these things?” Dean practically whined from Cas’s lap.

“That doesn’t sound like what I’m after so I guess I will just keep spanking this impossibly perfect behind,” Cas said, slapping his hand down and getting into a rhythm, this time covered every unbruised inch of Dean’s pert cheeks.

“Oh, sir, please!” Dean moaned, shifting on Cas’s lap as the spanks rained down. His ass was not bright red and it would be aching for a while. Cas was going to make sure he didn’t forget this lesson anytime soon. “Please!”

“Can you think of a fourth yet?” Cas asked, pausing for a moment.

“N-no,” Dean stammered and he cried out when Cas started spanking him again. “Oh sir please, it
hurts.”

“What’s your colour then?” Cas asked, knowing the answer already.

“Green,” Dean groaned, continuing to take the spanking until he finally piped up again, “Sir! I’ve got one.”

“Yes?”

“My perky nipples.”

Cas let out a laugh. “Alright, fine, I’ll pay that. You got a fifth? Because your ass is bright red, you’re not going to be able to sit down for a week and my hand is aching.”

“Yeah, I got one,” Dean said. He squirmed slightly. “Let me sit up? Sir?”

“You may,” Cas said and Dean moved off his knees, wincing slightly at the hot agony of his definitely reddened behind. “What’s the fifth thing you like about yourself.”

“Well I don’t exactly know what it is, but whatever made you fall for me,” Dean said sincerely, kneeling on the bed next to Cas, grimacing slightly as his heels dug into his warmed, throbbing ass cheeks. “Because you’re the best thing in my life right now. And… I want you to know that.”

Cas smiled and leaned in, pressing his lips against Dean’s. He leaned back again and studied Dean who fidgeted slightly, trying to get comfortable with his agonisingly hot, thoroughly spanked ass.

“That’s not really what I was after but it was very sweet of you so I’ll let it slide. Now bear in mind, next time you talk yourself down I’m going to pull you over my knee and spank it back out of you,” Cas warned.

“Yes sir,” Dean said, the corners of his mouth pulling up in a grin.

“That’s a good boy,” Cas said, stroking his hair. “Now, do you want to have a shower together.”

“Oh fuck yes ,” Dean groaned.
Chapter Eighteen

Dean felt cold. He reached for the duvet cover - Cas did tend to pull the covers off him in the night sometimes - but he was stopped when a freezing iron cuff jerked his wrist back. Dean’s eyes shot open and he bit back a scream when he found himself in Alastair’s dungeon. The air seemed to be ice-cold and he was only wearing a pair of boxer shorts, he almost immediately started shivering.

“How...?” he murmured, pulling his wrist and feeling the jerk of the cuff chaining him to an iron ring sunken into the ground.”No, no, no,” his whispered, pulling on the chain, trying desperately to free himself.

The more he pulled at the chain in the ground, the more the cuff just dug into his wrist. What the fuck was he doing back here? Dean’s mind was racing. How could he be back here? His eyes scanned the room - all of Alastair’s torture devices were still there, all the equipment was still there. What the hell? He’d been sitting in Cas’s hospital room, waiting, praying, for Cas to wake up when Sheriff Harvelle had come in to tell him that Alastair was gone along with all of his belongings. So what the hell was he doing back?

The door creaked as it swung open and Dean flinched away from the sound, the chain stopping him short. He looked up and gasped, his blood turning to ice when he saw Alastair walk in with Cas trailing after him.

“C-Cas?” Dean stammered, horrified. “What are you…”

“Quiet,” Cas spat at him.

Dean physically recoiled at the hateful tone in Cas’s voice. He stayed frozen on the floor as Alastair and Cas strolled over to the wall covered in whips and canes and paddles.
“Fuck,” Dean whispered, tugging on the chain again. The chain clanged against the iron loop and Alastair turned around, glaring at Dean.

“Quiet whore, stop your fucking racket,” Alastair growled.

Dean paused, mid-movement, staring at Alastair, locking onto his dead grey eyes. This couldn’t be real, Dean thought. But as Cas turned around, a long, coiled leather whip in his hands, Dean started to believe what he was seeing.

“You’ve been bad,” Cas stated, letting the end of the whip trail on the floor.

“Cas, please, what’s… what’s going on?” Dean asked, his eyes flicking from Cas to Alastair and back.

“How many lashes do you think?” Alastair asked Cas.

The two of them stood there, contemplating Dean, shaking on the ground.

“C-Cas?” Dean begged, his vision getting blurry as his eyes filled with tears.

“At least 20,” Cas suggested. “If not 30.”

“Cas please, why are we here? What are you doing?” Dean pleaded, moving as far away from the two men as the chain would allow.

“Kneel,” Alastair ordered.

“Cas please” -

Dean was silenced when Cas flicked his wrist and Dean threw his arms up, the leather slicing across his forearms. He cried out at the sting and lowered his arms to see Cas and Alastair looking furious.

“He said kneel and I suggest you do that unless you want me to start whipping your chest. And up the count to 40,” Cas warned.

“Y-yes sir,” Dean replied, his voice breaking slightly as he positioned himself on his knees, his hands on his thighs, forearms still smarting from the lash. He lowered his eyes as Alastair and Cas circled him, their footsteps stopping on the ground a few feet behind him.

“You’ll count,” Cas ordered. His voice seemed so cold and hostile that Dean winced at the sound of it.

“Yes sir,” he murmured in reply, feeling an ache in his chest. He closed his eyes, trying to picture the two of them, lying in bed as the morning sun fell lazily across the bedcovers, Cas kissing him softly, first on his collarbone, then his throat, his forehead, his-

The whip lashed his bare back and a line of fire erupted across his skin. Dean gritted his teeth and gasped slightly.

“One.”

The whip landed right across his shoulder blades and Dean’s hands formed fists. He forced them to relax.

“Two.”
This time the whip curled around his back at waist height, the very tip burning around his ribcage.

“Three.”

“You’re going too soft,” Dean heard Alastair admonish. “I want to hear him scream.”

“So do I,” Cas replied and Dean could hear the smile in his voice - a cold, cruel smile, Dean figured from the malevolence bleeding into his words.

The time the leather whip came down ferociously and Dean fell forward with a barely-suppressed scream, his hands catching him before he landed face first on the concrete.

“F-four.”

For lash number five, Dean did scream as he felt it tearing into him. He started to feel a warm trickle sliding down his spine - he was bleeding. Cas had whipped him so harshly, he’d broken the skin on Dean’s back.

“Cas please,” Dean begged, his breath hitching.

The whip landed on his back twice in quick succession, knocking the air from his lungs.

“That’s not what you were meant to say,” Alastair growled.

“You’re supposed to be counting whore,” Cas chimed in.

When Dean didn’t reply Cas struck him another three times. Dean screamed in pain and started sobbing, closing his eyes, trying to block out everything around him - most of all, Cas.

“Please, Cas, y-you’re hurting me,” Dean sobbed, wrapping his arms around his upper body and trying to make himself as small a target as possible. It was useless. The whip came down again and again and Dean curled up in a ball, crying out every time the whip lashed his skin, jerking in pain as bright red lines of agony were scored into his back, his arms, his legs, the tip catching his cheekbone at one point. “Please, please, Cas, stop! Stop! You’re hurting me! Please!”

Amidst the pain and the sounds of his own pleas, Dean could hear Cas. Or at least what sounded like Cas but from very far away.

“Dean? Dean, what’s wrong?”

“Cas, stop, you’re hurting me!” Dean replied as the whip came down across his ankles and he screamed in pain.

“Dean, no! Please, wake up, Dean! It’s a nightmare, it’s just a nightmare!”

Dean woke up with a start, a final plea for help cutting off when his eyes snapped open to find himself in bed - Cas’s bed - with Cas leaning over him looking absolutely terrified. Dean flinched away from Cas involuntarily still feeling the phantom pain of the lashes on his skin. Cas’s face crumpled and Dean immediately felt guilty.

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

Dean drew in a shaky breath and nodded. “Uh… yeah, I’m sorry, it was… it was just a nightmare.”

Cas lay back in bed next to him but he was tense, staring up at the darkened ceiling. “I was hurting you,” he said. It wasn’t a question.
“It was just a stupid nightmare, Cas,” Dean replied, trying to brush it off even though his heart was still racing. “It’s nothing.”

“Dean,” Cas sighed, turning to look at him. He looked miserable and Dean felt even more guilty for flinching before. “I’ve literally given you nightmares. That’s not nothing.’

“Nightmare. Singular,” Dean countered. “And anyway, you can’t blame me, it’s my own stupid subconscious just processing stuff. I know you’d never hurt me.” He reached up to stroke Cas’s face but Cas grasped his hand.

“No, Dean, I don’t blame you. I blame me. Because I did hurt you that night,” Cas whispered, searching Dean’s green eyes with his own. “And I feel like… fuck, I feel like I’m worse than Alastair.”

“You could never be worse than Alastair, Cas. You’re nothing like him at all,” Dean said firmly. He took a breath, a deep breath, and then continued. “I meant what I said, I love you Cas Novak. That night? That wasn’t the night that you hurt me. That was the night you helped me break those contracts and break free of Crowley and Alastair and everything else that came with that. I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Cas wrapped Dean up in his arms, stroking his hair gently and within minutes, Dean’s breathing evened out and Cas knew he was back asleep. Hopefully a far more peaceful sleep. It was more than Cas was getting. He’d been lying in bed, wide awake most of the night still wondering if they could ever go back to how it had been before Dean started flinching away from him. Before Dean started having nightmares about him.

“I love you so much Dean,” he whispered, holding his beautiful boy close and wondering how he could fix all of this.
Chapter Nineteen

“Sheriff, please come in.”

Sheriff Ellen Harvelle nodded and stepped across the threshold when Cas held the door to the apartment open for her.

“I’m not interruptin’ anything am I?” Ellen asked in her usual gruff tone, when she caught sight of Dean clearing the dinner table, two glasses of red wine still on the table.

“No, it’s fine, we’d just finished,” Dean said, cutting off the water in the sink, plates cleared and in the dishwasher.

“Please, sit down,” Cas said, gesturing to the couch.

“Oh it’s alright, hon, I don’t plan on stayin’ long,” Ellen said.

Dean frowned. “You’re not..?”

“No, I’m sorry, Dean, sweetheart,” Ellen said sadly. “We still haven’t found a trace of Alastair White. But I want you both to know that we are still looking, we’ve got APBs out in a couple dozen states, known associates being brought in, we’re doing everything we can to find him. I wanted to come over and just… let you both know we’re not giving up.”

“Thanks Ellen,” Cas said thankfully, “really.”

“It’s the least I could do to come by and let you know in person,” Ellen said.

She nodded and then moved back towards the front door. Cas opened the front door for her.
“Dean, you alright hon?” Ellen asked, her brow furrowing in concern.

Cas turned and his breath caught when he saw how stricken Dean looked. “Dean?” Cas murmured reaching out to grasp Dean’s hand. Cas’s touch broke him out of his thoughts. He inhaled sharply and his eyes snapped up.

“Uh y-yeah I’m fine,” he stammered.

“Alright son, well stay safe you two,” Ellen said.

“We will, thank you again for seeing us,” Cas said, closing the door behind the Sheriff. He turned around to talk to Dean but his boy was gone, back to the kitchen clearing up - Cas could hear the water running again.

Cas padded softly down the hall in socked feet towards the open plan kitchen/lounge-dining area of the apartment to see Dean standing motionless at the sink, the faucet still on and running. Cas sighed softly. He knew that Dean’s brushoff of his nightmare last night was ingenuine. There was absolutely no way a normal human being could go through what Dean had gone through and not have been affected by it. In fact, Cas would have been more worried if Dean wasn’t having nightmares. He just wished Dean would simply accept the fact that there were going to be some parts of his life with Alastair he was just going to work though, instead of bottling it up, pretending it had never existed.

Dean jumped when he felt soft hands on his upper arms. The touch broke him out of his thoughts and he hurriedly turned the faucet, shutting off the water.

“Sorry Cas, I didn’t mean to let it run,” he murmured quietly, turning around to face Cas but immediately dropping his gaze to Cas’s chest instead of his gorgeous blue eyes - those eyes that Dean longed to simply look at, day in, day out.

“You don’t have to be sorry, I’m not angry at you,” Cas said gently.

Dean felt fingers - Cas’s long, slim fingers - under his chin, lightly pushing his face up and he blinked a couple times before finally locking onto those stunning sea-blue eyes. Cas had kept his hands on Dean’s arms as he turned and was shocked when he realised Dean was trembling.

“Dean, are you alright?” Cas asked, echoing Sheriff Harvelle’s question earlier.

“Yeah, yeah, I’ll be fine,” Dean replied, his eyes dropping away from Cas’s.

“You’re shaking.”

“I… I know, I… think I, uh, I need you t-to…” Dean stammered, biting his lip.

“Talk to me,” Cas gently pressed, “tell what I can do.”

“I need you to tie me up,” Dean said, this time looking at Cas unflinchingly. “I need you to tie me up, make me feel safe and… and I need you to be in control… of me.”

“I can do that,” Cas said, stroking Dean’s face, his fingers moving to Dean’s scalp.

Dean sighed at the touch, his eyes closing for a moment as Cas slid his other hand down Dean’s arm to his belt buckle. Dean gasped as Cas unbuckled his belt and popped the top button of his jeans. Cas could feel his boy getting hard and he palmed Dean’s cock through his jeans, relishing the glorious sounds escaping Dean’s lips. Cas withdrew both hands without warning and Dean practically
whined at the absence of his touch.

“Go to the bedroom,” Cas instructed, his voice deep and gravelly and going straight to Dean’s cock. “Strip and wait for me, kneeling.”

“Yes sir,” Dean whispered, nodding as he quickly departed to the bedroom.

Cas watched him go, his gait slightly different than usual giving away how hard he was. Cas picked up his still half-full glass of wine, draining it and then placing both glasses from dinner into the dishwasher. He retrieved two full bottles of water from the fridge for later on and then finally made his way to the bedroom.

His breath caught in his throat when he entered the room to see Dean on the floor, naked and kneeling, his head bowed in submission.

“Good boy,” Cas breathed. “Onto the bed on your hands and knees.”

“Yes sir,” Dean whispered, feeling nervous but excited, a shiver rolling down his spine.

He was still trembling slightly after the visit from Sheriff Harvelle and he knew from experience there was only one thing that would help him - he needed Cas to dominate him. He needed a master. He thought he’d found that in Alastair but he was wrong - Alastair just hurt him. Cas gave him what he needed. Dean kept his gaze lowered but watched out of the corner of his eye as Cas approached his wrists with leather cuffs in hand. Dean immediately felt his heart rate dropping, his stress leaching from his body as Cas buckled the cuffs on his wrists.

Cas clipped rope to each cuff then looked up at Dean. “Keep your knees where they are but stretch your arms forward when I tie you down.”

“Yes sir,” Dean replied.

Cas started pulling on his wrists and Dean extended his arms out in front of him, stretching as Cas kept gently moving his wrists closer to the headboard. When Cas tied his cuffs to the posts on either side of the headboard, Dean’s chest was flat on the bed, his face turned to the side.

“What’s your colour?” Cas asked softly, stroking Dean’s bare arm.

“Green, sir,” Dean replied.

“Good boy,” Cas said, he walked back down the side of the bed, trailing his hand over Dean’s bare back, feeling Dean shift imperceptibly under his touch.

Cas took the time to inspect the still-healing welts on Dean’s skin. It had been roughly a week since the night at Alastair’s and seven days ago the skin on Dean’s back had still been torn and painful from the whip Alastair had wielded when Dean had first started his four days - Dean had told him about that. The cuts were raw and had been reopened a number of times that evening from Crowley and Alastair’s rough treatment. They’d been treated at the hospital when Cas had been brought in but even now Cas could pick out the marks that would scar - would cause red lines in Dean’s skin that would slowly, over time, fade to white. A permanent reminder of Alastair’s cruelty.

Cas pushed the thought from his mind as he watched Dean grow more and more comfortable and relaxed now that he was tied down and at Cas’s mercy. It was high time he gave this boy some pleasure, Cas thought. He laid out a towel underneath them for the simple fact that afterwards they could jump climb into a clean bed and then get onto the bed himself, behind Dean. He placed his hands gently on Dean’s hips and placed his lips on the rounded left cheek of Dean’s ass, relishing the
excited gasp he heard leave his boy’s lips.

Cas continued kissing him, moving his lips closer and closer to Dean’s hole, feeling the excited movements and hearing the moans that soon became absolutely sinful, until he finally spread Dean’s cheeks and placed a kiss right on his perfect, rosy hole. Dean groaned and Cas poked his tongue into Dean’s hole making him gasp.

Cas tongued his hole, making sure every inch of Dean was covered, poking in and out occasionally and lavishing his hole with much needed attention. He could feel himself growing hard and he pulled one hand away to gently start stroking himself.

“S-sir!” Dean gasped after a particularly prolonged assault on his hole from Cas’s tongue.

Cas leaned back slightly. “Yes, my beautiful boy?”

“S-sir, please, I… I’m getting so close,” Dean stammered, his body starting to tense up.

“Hold off for the minute,” Cas said, squeezing Dean’s ass slightly.

“S-sir, please.”

It was all Cas could do not to come himself at that whimper.

“You’ll come when I say you can,” Cas instructed. “For now, be a good boy and hold off.”

“Y-yes sir,” Dean replied.

“You’re such a good boy for your master,” Cas replied, feeling the waves of pride roll off Dean at the praise.

“I’ll be good for you, Sir,” Dean whispered, his toes curling as Cas moved his mouth back to his hole.

He sucked the skin slightly, swirled his tongue around and pushed it in and out, continuing to stroke himself and hearing Dean’s hitched breaths and almost constant groans of pleasure.

“Sir,” Dean whined and suddenly Cas felt himself on the brink. He pulled away for just a second.

“Come for me when you can.”

And then he plunged his tongue back inside Dean’s warm body and stroked himself frantically - the two of them came simultaneously with Dean letting out a moan that would put a professional porn star to shame.

Cas quickly removed the towel and cleaned Dean and them himself off, before taking a quick gulp of water from one of the bottles he’d brought in, all the while feeling that perfect glowing feeling. Dean whined slightly when he felt Cas leave him to place the towel in the hamper.

“I’m coming right back my boy,” Cas murmured.

“C-Cas,” Dean murmured softly.

Cas was back by his side in an instant, kissing the side of his neck as he unbuckled the cuffs from Dean’s wrists and steadily rolled him over onto his back. Dean looked up at Cas, his pupils blown wide, a slightly lopsided grin on his perfect face.
“Cas… I love you,” he murmured, reaching up to grasp Cas’s face, pulling him down so their lips met.

Cas broke their kiss up for just a split second to gaze down at Dean again. “I love you too,” he replied, before practically covering him with kisses again.
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

An unexpected visitor turns up...

Kinks in this chapter:
None really, maybe a little bit of aftercare?

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long to get out to y'all! Once I got back from overseas I then had about a week at home and then had to fly off for my work conference :( 

But we are back to regular programming now for the long haul and praise Chuck, SPN is actually back on the screen even if it is for the last season (OMG I'm not crying you're crying). Either way please enjoy some lovely Dean angst and a bit of plot development in what became a very plot-heavy PWP haha!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Twenty

The next day found Dean downstairs in the Stairway to Heaven helping Cas - although ‘helping’ probably wouldn’t have been the word Dean would’ve used to describe what he was currently doing. Dean made a terrible bartender, an even worse server and, if he was being honest, Cas would be needing to order more crockery and glassware pretty soon if he kept trying his hand at being a busboy. He just wasn’t cut out for this type of work.

Right now he was crouched down next to the now-empty booth, busily trying to pick up their pieces of a beer glass that had apparently just dropped out of his hand when he’d gone to clear the table. He swore under his breath as a shard sliced his finger, the pieces he’d just collected falling back to the floor when he shoved his finger into his mouth to try and stop the bleeding.

“Dean?”

He jumped slightly at the sound of his name and looked up, relaxing when he saw Cas’s concerned blue eyes.

“You alright?”

Dean nodded. He pulled his finger out of his mouth - it was still bleeding but only sluggishly. “I’m sorry,” he said despondently, “I broke another glass.”

“It’s fine,” Cas said, dismissing the shards of glass and instead crouching down, grasping Dean’s hand. “Are you alright? Did you cut yourself?”
“It’s nothing,” Dean said, shaking off Cas’s concern.

“Let me clean this up,” Cas said, standing up and grabbing the dustpan and broom he’d brought over. “Go put a bandaid on that and then have a look at your phone. Someone’s been calling you nonstop for the last five minutes.”

“You sure?” Dean said, standing up as well and looking down at the broken glass worriedly.

“Really, it’s fine, I’ve got it,” Cas said with a smile. “Go on, take a quick break. It’s been flat out tonight, have a breather.”

“Alright,” Dean said after a beat, giving Cas a small smile in return.

He headed back to the bar, ran his finger under water and dried it with a paper towel before pulling a bandaid out of the First Aid kit under the bar. Now with a bandaid on, he grabbed his phone and unlocked it.

Nine missed calls from Sam.

“Fuck,” Dean breathed.

He ducked out the back of the bar into the kitchen and then further into the quiet parking lot, relishing the fall chill in the air after being in the hot, packed bar. He dialed Sam’s number and his brother picked up on the second ring.

“Dean? Where the hell are you?” Sam asked down the line, his harsh tone making Dean flinch slightly.

“Hey Sammy, I’m good, how are you?” Dean replied but he was tired, his voice lacked all it’s usual verve and just sounded exhausted.

“Where are you? I’m went to Dad’s place and it’s all empty and locked up. I’ve been driving through town calling you”-

“You’re in town?” Dean cut in.

“I bumped into Bobby, he said you work at some bar the…”

Dean froze when Sam trailed off for a moment praying his little brother wasn’t at Hell.

“Stairway to Heaven? Anyway I just walked in and couldn’t see you anywhere so I’m out the front now.”

Dean let out the breath he’d been holding and started to walk around the bar towards the front door. “Alright, wait there then,” he said before hanging up.

“Dean? Dean?”

Dean could hear his brother practically yelling into his phone as he rounded the corner towards the front door. There his brother was, all six foot five of him, dressed in an almost carbon copy outfit to Dean’s - jeans, boots and a flannel shirt, plus a jacket to keep out the cold air.

“Hey Sammy,” Dean called.

“Dean?”
Sam looked up and there were those puppy dog eyes.

“Jesus, I’ve been driving all over town looking for you man!”

“Here I am,” Dean said with a smile.

The brother pulled each other into a hug - it had been way too long since they’d seen each other in the flesh, it had been ages since they’d even spoken on the phone.

“God I missed you Sammy.”

“Yeah, I missed you too,” Sam said, pulling away, ending their embrace. “Why aren’t you staying at Dad’s old place anymore.”

“Ah, it’s drafty, you know I hate the cold,” Dean said with a shrug, wincing a little - his shoulder was still sore. Cas kept telling him not to pitch in so much at the bar with his bad shoulder but Dean wanted to feel as if he was earning his keep by living upstairs.

“Where are you living, Dean?” Sam asked, his tone getting serious.

“Uh, upstairs actually.”

“Above the bar?”

“Yeah with uh”-

“Dean?” The brothers turned to see Cas walking out the front door, quite obviously looking for Dean.

“With Cas,” Dean said. “I’m living upstairs with Cas. Cas, this is Sam, my brother.”

“Hey Sam, nice to meet you,” Cas said, flashing Sam one of those smiles that just lit up a room. It made Dean’s own lips quirk up at the corners just to see it. But he noticed how Sam didn’t reply to Cas or even shake his offered hand. Cas brushed it off and turned away from Sam, his smile faltering slightly. “Dean, are you cold? It’s freezing out here.”

At Cas’s words, Dean immediately felt the cold seep through his shirt, chilling him. “Y-yeah,” he agreed, shivering. “Sammy come inside.”

Sam nodded hesitantly and followed them back inside. Cas gestured to an empty booth near the back of the bar before rushing back to the bar where there was a line of people three deep waiting for drinks. Dean swung by the bar and grabbed two bottles of beer from the fridge, figuring at this point he was off the clock, before settling into the booth opposite Sam.

“So you’re living above a bar then?” Sam asked.

“Yeah,” Dean replied with a grin. “I mean the soundproofing isn’t amazing but hey you don’t have to run out to the liquor store in town if you’re out of beer so that’s a plus.”

“What’s going on with you?” Sam asked, frowning and studying his brother’s face. “I haven’t heard from you in ages, all I get is a lump of money paying off my fees every month and that’s it. What have you been doing?”

“Well damn, a thank you wouldn’t go astray,” Dean shrugged, letting Sam’s comments roll off him and taking a sip of his beer. “I’ve been working. I told you I’d help you with your fees. If only one of us goes to college then I may as well make sure you graduate without a monster debt. I promised
you that."

“Are you still…” Sam trailed off a minute and looked at Dean, really studied him. Dean could tell he was picking up on the healing split in his lip, the way he favoured his left shoulder, the hint of a welt at the junction of his neck and shoulder that his shirt collar didn’t always cover. “Are you still with Alastair?”

“No,” Dean replied quickly, looking away from Sam back out into the bar - it was still busy but the crowd was thankfully starting to thin out. “No, we’re done.”

“Since when?”

“Couple weeks,” Dean said, gazing down at the worn wooden table.

“What and you’ve already moved in with your new boyfriend? Jesus, Dean, you don’t have any shame?” Sam said incredulously, taking a long swallow of his beer.

“No! No, Sammy, it’s not like that,” Dean replied feeling a twinge of pain in his chest at Sam’s suggestion.

“How could this possibly not be like that?” Sam said with a short laugh, rolling his eyes. Dean sighed. Fuck, this was hard. He’d never told Sam what he’d been doing for work. Sam had never met Alastair and Dean wanted to keep it that way. So as far as Sam knew, Alastair was Dean’s boyfriend. A shitty boyfriend who threw him around - there was no hiding that from Sam when he visited with no forewarning - but just his boyfriend. Not the holder of his contract.

“It’s… complicated,” Dean said finally. “It kind of took us a while to finally end it, I guess. We took a break and… and I met Cas and it just happened. When Alastair wanted us to get back together I told him no. And that was a couple weeks ago. Honestly? We’ve been broken up for a while now.”

“Good,” Sam said, nodding. “Alastair was bad news.”

“Sam,” Dean started but was cut off.

“No, Dean, he was. I know I never actually met him in person - which was straight up weird, if you ask me - but come on, I only saw you a handful of times while you guys were dating and every single goddamn time I saw you, you had bruises somewhere. It was messed up.”

“Yeah, well it’s all over now,” Dean said with a sigh. He looked up at his brother and smiled. “Come on Sammy, can we just sit down and have a couple beers and not talk about my fucked up love life? For once?”

“Dean… look, just… Cas better be nothing like Alastair or I swear to God, I’m dragging you back to Palo Alto with me. Bit of sun would do you good, you look too pale,” Sam said with a grin.

Dean felt his shoulders relax slightly as the two of them started to settle into their usual back and forth brotherly banter. It had been so long since they’d shared a few cold ones - another round brought over by Cas when he had a free minute - and it felt so good. Dean realised he was laughing and joking like he hadn’t done in a long time. Sure, Cas made him laugh but this was different, this was laughter over in-jokes that were decades old. You didn’t get that with just anyone, Dean thought, feeling his jaw starting to ache from smiling so much. A couple hours later and the bar was basically empty. Cas waved the last patron goodnight and Dean heard him lock and bolt the front doors. He stood up, ready to pick up a broom and start sweeping when he turned back to his brother.
“Where are you staying tonight Sammy?”

“Well, I was gonna stay at Dad’s, but I guess that’s not really an option, huh?”

“Yeah, not really no,” Dean said, rubbing the back of his neck nervously. “I haven’t really paid the bills over there in ages so, uh, yeah there’s no power or water right now. But you could stay here? We’ve got a spare room upstairs. I can go ask Cas now.” Dean threw a glance over to the bar where Cas was wiping down.

“You sure?”

“Yeah, let me go ask him now,” Dean said with a smile. “How long were you thinking of staying in town?”

“Just a couple days really,” Sam said, “I just wanted to head home and see you, spend some time with you.”

Dean felt his lips parting in a smile. It was nice to know his brother wanted to drive all the way back to Kansas to spend some time with him. He nodded at Sam and then headed over to the bar.

“Hey, uh, Cas?” he ventured, suddenly feeling worried about taking too many liberties with Cas’s home again. Sure, they were living together now but it was Cas’s apartment, not his.

“Yeah?” Cas looked up from cleaning the bar. His ocean blue eyes immediately started searching Dean’s face, he could tell something was up. “Are you alright? Is Sam okay?”

Dean let out a breath and shook his head a little. “God, it’s like you have a sixth sense,” he replied. “You can read me like a book.”

“What’s going on?” Cas asked, wiping the last skerrick of spilled beer and tossing the cloth into the sink.

“So, my brother drove all the way from California and, uh, well he was hoping to stay with me at our Dad’s old place but I… I haven’t really been keeping up with the bills over there, the water and the power don’t work and, so, I was thinking”-

“Come on, spit it out,” Cas said with a chuckle, interrupting Dean’s rambling.

“I was hoping it might be okay for Sammy to stay in the guest room upstairs? It’d just be for a couple nights and I could do a few double shifts to make up for the rent or something I guess, it’s just that there’s nowhere else”-

“Of course that’s fine,” Cas replied. “In fact I kind of thought that might be happening. I already gave your shifts this weekend to Jo so you could spend more time with Sam. She was asking for some extra hours this week anyway. Why don’t we all have dinner together tomorrow night? I’m guessing he probably wants to give me the third degree if he’s as good a brother to you as you are to him.”

Dean was floored as he always was by both Cas’s ability to read a situation and his generosity.

“Oh, wow, Cas you didn’t have to do all that,” Dean breathed, picking his jaw up from the floor. He felt like his heart would burst out of his chest when Cas smiled at him.

“I sure did, just so I could see you smile like that,” Cas whispered, leaning over the bar to place a quick kiss on Dean’s lips.
“Stop it,” Dean laughed, ducking his head slightly. “Thank you Cas, really.”

“You don’t have to thank me,” Cas said. He grabbed the broom and walked around the bar. Dean reached for it and Cas pulled it out of his reach. “No, I’ve got this. Go, finish your beers with Sam and then we can head up to bed, huh?”

Dean smiled, shook his head a little at Cas’s neverending kindness. “God, what did I do to deserve you?”

“You didn’t have to do anything,” Cas smiled. “Now go on back and hang out with Sam, I’m fine here.”

Dean headed back to the booth and waved away Sam’s concerned expression.

“It’s all good. You can stay upstairs for the next few days,” Dean said, taking a long swig of his beer, starting to feel far more relaxed. “Plus Cas wants us all to have dinner tomorrow night. What do you think?”

Sam pursed his lips slightly. “You sure that’s a good idea?”

“W-why wouldn’t it be a good idea?” Dean scoffed, taking a swallow. “I do not have a type.”

“But Dean I know you have a type.”

“Uh, yeah you do Dean,” Sam said, raising his eyebrows. “You do and it’s not the best type and I’ve told you that.”

“Sam, come on I’ve told you that Cas”-

“Dean, I don’t know Cas,” Sam interrupted.

“Exactly. You don’t know him. You don’t know what he’s like,” Dean said.

“Yeah but I know what your history’s like,” Sam countered.

Dean stared his brother down. “And what’s that?”

“Well for one thing it usually ends up with you in the hospital. Or with broken bones. Or bruises everywhere.”

“Sam, it’s not like”-

“Don’t even try and tell me it’s not like that.” Sam said, his tone darkening. “Because I’m pretty sure it’s exactly like that. I bumped into Bobby when I was trying to find you and you weren’t answering your phone earlier. He told me.”

“Told you what?”

“He told me about seeing you in the street, limping or with your arm in a sling or with cuts and bruises,” Sam said with a sigh. “He also told me he’d shared a few beers with Ellen and that she was trying to track down Alastair so she could arrest him for assaulting you,” Sam finished loudly.

“Jesus, Sam, could you keep your voice down,” Dean said, flicking his gaze over to Cas who’d stopped sweeping the floor for a moment to glance over at their booth his brow furrowed in worry.
Dean held up a hand to Cas letting him know that he was okay and Cas nodded, turning back to sweep but casting his eyes over to Dean more frequently.

“What, you don’t want your new boyfriend to know?” Sam asked. “Unbelievable, Dean you know you”-

“He already knows,” Dean cut in.

“What?”

Dean could tell his statement had stopped Sam in his tracks. “Yeah, Sam, Cas already knows about that. In fact he was the one who helped me when all of… all of that happened. He helped me when Alastair hurt me and - you probably didn’t know this bit - he got shot in the process.”

“He got shot?” Sam echoed.

“Yeah, there’s kind of a bit more to the story there,” Dean said, a yawn stopping his own statement halfway through. He glanced over to see Cas putting the broom away and pulling his keys out of his pocket. Cas looked up to see Dean and gestured up, Dean nodded. “I don’t know about you but I wasn’t answering your calls cause I was working all night and I’m beat. We can talk more tomorrow but what do you say we hit the hay?”

Sam nodded in agreement. He looked over to Cas and gave him a small smile. “Yeah sounds good.”

Dean took Sam out back behind the bar while Cas switched off the lights and locked up. Then the two brothers followed Cas up the wooden staircase and into the apartment. Dean could tell Sam was impressed. Dean hadn’t brought much in the way of belongings but there were a few things here and there that sort of complemented Cas’s neutral decorating style sort of perfectly. On the side table where Cas dropped his keys into a cream bowl was leaning a polished chrome hub cap and there was an old photo of Sam, Dean and their dad on the fridge.

“Wow, it’s really lovely in here,” Sam murmured, taking in the living room.

Dean glanced over to Cas, seeing him bite his lip and grin. “You sound surprised,” Dean joked.

“Oh, no, I’m sorry guys, I mean it’s…” Sam trailed off helplessly and looked to Dean for help.

“Don’t worry about it,” Cas replied with a laugh. “Come on, the guest room’s this way.”

Cas showed Sam the guest room and bathroom, gave him a fresh towel and then headed for the main ensuite to brush his teeth.

“You all good in here, Sammy?” Dean asked poking his head into the spare room.

“Yeah I’m good, and hey, thank you for letting me stay here,” Sam said, dumping his backpack on the made up bed.

Dean shrugged. “Thank Cas not me,” he said. “Anyway, see you in the morning.”

“Night,” Sam called.

Dean headed to the main bedroom, hearing Cas showering in the ensuite and pulled his flannel shirt off hissing slightly at the dark bruises covering his shoulder and the healing lash marks on his back.

“Hey Dean, do you have a spare - fuck, what the hell Dean !”
Dean froze and spun around hiding his back from Sam who in his usual Sam fashion had just barged into the bedroom without knocking. He felt his heart hammering in his chest as Sam stood there in the doorway staring straight at Dean.

“Sam,” Dean warned, hearing the shower in the ensuite shut off.

“No Dean, what the fuck, you’re covered in… in welts and bruises and… you told me Cas was different”-

“Sam, he is different, he wasn’t”-

“Dean it doesn’t fucking look like he’s any different. What you leave one abusive boyfriend just to shack up five minutes later with another?” Sam shouted.

“Alright, that’s it,” Dean said quietly. He grabbed his flannel shirt and pulled it back on but left it unbuttoned, wincing as his fast movements aggravated his shoulder. “Sam, come on,” he said, grabbing his brother’s arm and pulling him away from the bedroom even as he heard the bathroom door open. Cas didn’t need to witness this. “We need to talk.”

Dean practically dragged his brother back to the lounge room and sat him down on the couch. He sat down next to his brother and held up a hand when Sam made moves to launch into yet another monologue about Dean’s choice of partners.

“Sam, Cas did not do this,” Dean said, gesturing to his back. “This was Alastair. He… he basically kidnapped and tortured me. Cas broke in and saved me and Alastair shot him. The bastard managed to make an escape while I was trying to stop Cas from bleeding out before the paramedics got there. That’s the Cliff’s notes on why I… why I’m looking a little worse for wear right now, alright? I’d decided to end things with Alastair but he just…” Dean sighed, the fight leaving him as exhaustion was really starting to make itself known, “Alastair just didn’t accept it so he hurt me. Alastair hurt me. Not Cas.”

Dean watched Sam as he processed the information. His brother bit his lip and searched Dean’s face with his eyes, his gaze moving lower to see the fading bruises on Dean’s bare upper body before meeting Dean’s eyes again and nodding.

“Fuck, I’m sorry,” Sam murmured. “I just… I’m worried about you. And you’re… you’re covered in…”

“I know,” Dean replied. “And I’m healing. And I’ll be fine. In fact, I am fine.”

“I should go apologise to Cas, huh?” Sam said after a long exhale.

“Yeah, you probably should,” Dean agreed but his voice was kind. His brother really was just looking out for him, it was just that Sam’s concern sometimes masqueraded as anger and when it was misplaced it never ended well. Dean understood - he did the same exact thing. “Cas’ll understand,” he said before adding, "Oh and, what did you need?"

“Oh man,” Sam said with a laugh, shaking his head. “Just a goddamn phone charger. I can’t find mine anywhere.”

“Alright, I got a spare one lying around. Go say something to Cas before he thinks you’re gonna storm in there, shooting first and asking questions later and I’ll rustle up a charger for you.”

“Alright,” Sam replied with a sigh. He stood up and Dean made sure to leave them some space, dropping the spare charger off in the guest room for Sam and staying in the kitchen putting away the
dishes that had been drying next to the sink until he heard Sam walking down the hallway.

“Night Sam,” Dean called wandering back to the guest room.

“Night,” came the reply and Dean relaxed when he heard Sam sound more chilled out.

Dean headed into the bedroom to see Cas sitting up in bed, book in hand. He put it down when Dean walked in, folding down the top corner of the page he’d been reading.

“You okay?” Cas asked watching as Dean pulled off his shirt for the second time that night, gritting his teeth at the increasing pain in his back and shoulder.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” Dean said, pulling off his jeans leaving him in just his soft boxers - yet another gift from Cas.

“How’s your shoulder?” Cas asked, getting out of bed and heading for the ensuite. “Still sore?” he asked.

“Yeah, but it’s getting better,” Dean said, rolling the shoulder in question and gasping at the twinges of pain. "I'm fine."

“You're not. Here, sit down on the bed, let me make you feel better,” Cas murmured, numbing anti-inflammatory cream in hand.

Dean sat down on the edge of the bed and Cas climbed on behind him, massaging the cream into Dean’s darkly bruised left shoulder. Dean hissed quietly and Cas immediately stopped.

“No, I’m fine, it’s fine,” Dean said quickly. “It’s just sore. This’ll make it feel better.”

Cas kept massaging the cream in, his fingers light and gentle on Dean’s shoulder.

“I’m so sorry about Sam, about what he said,” Dean said when Cas finished. He rolled his shoulder experimentally feeling for the pain - it was still there but starting to dull slightly.

Cas got up and washed his hands, washing the cream off so it didn’t end up numbing his fingers and returned to the bed, sliding under the warm duvet next to Dean.

“Don’t worry about it,” Cas said nonchalantly, flicking off the bedside light and studying Dean’s face in the light cast from the neon sign outside.

“No, Cas, really, I’m sorry, that was so uncalled for. You don’t deserve that, you're the last person who deserves that. I’m sorry, he’s just”-

“He’s just looking out for you, I know, really Dean it’s fine,” Cas soothed, stroking Dean’s cheek. “He’s doing what any brother should do.”

“I just… God, when he blamed you for what that… that bastard did to me I… fuck, I’m so sorry that must have felt awful,” Dean said miserably.

“Well he apologised very kindly to me just before and I accepted his apology, so please don’t worry too much, really,” Cas said with a smile.

“Oh Cas, you’re too forgiving,” Dean whispered. “It wasn’t right what Sam did. I should’ve stopped him before he said all that.”

“And I forgave him and if you still feel bad about it then I’ll just have to put you over my knee when
Sam leaves,” Cas said with a grin.

“Oh my god Cas,” Dean replied with a muffled laugh, his cheeks flushing.

“Come here you lovely boy,” Cas said, grasping Dean and pulling him close, pressing their lips together.

Chapter End Notes

As always, if you have suggestions, comments, ideas, wants, needs, let me know and I will try and facilitate. And yes, I promise there will be loving lovemaking again between our two heroes soon!
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Bit more plot development here... but tons of Dean angst for those that love it! More smut coming soon I promise!

Kinks in this chapter:
None, unless you count Dean angst!

Chapter Notes

Oh and P.S. what Dean fixes in the car happened to my car once and it is the WORST haha!

Sorry for the wait and I hope y'all like it!

Chapter Twenty One

Dean slept in the next morning, his shoulder waking him up when he rolled over onto it in his sleep. He groaned softly and reached out for Cas, his eyes snapping open when all he felt was an empty bed.

“Cas?” he called out sleepily. He sat up in bed, wincing at the tightness in his back and shoulder and looked around the bedroom. The late morning light streamed in through the window illuminating the room - along with a note on the bedside table on Dean’s side. He picked it up, yawning as he read.

Good morning gorgeous. I’ve just popped out to get some supplies for dinner. Sleep in and I’ll see you later on. Today’s your day off so just relax!

xx

P.S. There’s fresh coffee in the pot.

Dean smiled to himself. God he was lucky. He knew he’d probably moved on way too fast after Alastair but they were happy. They spent enough time apart that they weren’t in each other’s pocket too much and they spent enough time together that, well, if Dean was being honest they could actually spend more time together but he wasn’t about to push anything. He was living rent free with Cas and he was already feeling guilty about it. Cas had even decided this week to roster him on for actual shifts at the bar to try to make sure Dean didn’t work from doors open to close each and every day. It didn’t stop Dean from dropping in and just starting to help out regardless.

He ducked into the ensuite to have a shower, biting his lip as the hot water streamed over his back. The welts seemed to be taking forever to heal. Dean had figured it was because he’d been so worn out, in a state of such high stress for so long coupled with the fact that Alastair had been fucking
brutal and whipped him with an actual leather whip designed to cause pain and break skin and nothing but that. The water stopped feeling cathartic and started hurting and Dean turned the faucet and stepped out, wrapping himself in a towel. He pulled on fresh clothes and padded out to the kitchen in socked feet to find Sam at the table typing away on his laptop.

“Morning,” Dean murmured, pouring himself a cup of steaming black coffee, smiling again at how Cas so often made a pot of coffee first thing for him.

“Morning, I made bacon and eggs and there’s a plate for you keeping warm in the oven if you want it. I just found stuff in the fridge, I hope that’s okay,” Sam said slightly sheepishly.

“Yeah that is so, so fine,” Dean said, grabbing the tea towel to protect his hand from the hot plate in the oven. He sat down at the table opposite Sam and started tucking in. “Wow, Sammy this is great, thanks man.”

“No problem,” Sam said, finishing a sentence and saving whatever he was working on before closing the lid of his laptop. “So what are you getting up to today?”

Dean yawned again, rubbing a hand over his face trying to wake himself up further. “I got some work to do on Cas’s car. He mentioned yesterday he heard something rattling in there. Thought I might take a look see if I can’t fix it. Save him a trip to the mechanic.”

“That’s good of you,” Sam said smiling.

“Yeah, well I, uh, I’m kind of living here and not paying rent and I want to feel like I’m doing something here,” Dean replied with a shrug.

“Just as long as he doesn’t want anything else from you in exchange for rent money,” Sam said.

“Huh?” Dean asked, looking up at his brother, swallowing the last bite of what was a pretty damn good cooked breakfast only a little ruined by what Sam was starting to say now. It felt like he was building up to another one of his patented ‘You have to have more self-worth’ monologues. “What do you mean?”

“Okay, I know I said some stuff last night that was kind of out of line”-

“Kind of?” Dean interrupted, raising his eyebrows.

“Okay, I get it, it wasn’t fair of me to blame him for hurting you when I didn’t know the full story,” Sam relented. “But come on, Dean, I gotta say, the kind of guy who takes in someone fresh from an abusive relationship can also be the kind of guy who takes advantage of someone fresh from an abusive relationship.”

Dean winced at Sam’s words. Fuck how could he explain that he goddamn signed up for an abusive relationship? And how could he explain to Sam how Cas and he even met?

“It’s not like that,” Dean said feeling like a broken record. “Sammy, I know you’re looking out for me and I appreciate it, really I do, but it’s honestly not like that at all. Cas is… Cas is amazing, really. He’s one of the best people I’ve ever met and I just, man I just thank whatever brought him into my life every damn day. I mean, do what you have to do, give him the third degree at dinner or whatever will make you feel better but he’s good for me and I’m happy.”

“As long as you’re happy,” Sam said with a noncommittal shrug but Dean knew his brother pretty well - this wasn’t the end of it.
Dean cleared his plate and washed up, popped back into the bathroom he shared with Cas to brush his teeth and then pulled his boots on. He had work to do.

“I’m heading down to the parking lot, you coming?” Dean called over his shoulder as he headed for the door hearing Sam scramble to catch up with him.

“Yeah, I’m coming, hold on!”

Dean pulled the keys to the Impala out of his pocket and unlocked the trunk opening up his toolbox. Sam whistled when he caught sight of the big black Chevy.

“Wow, she looks good. You do this all by yourself?”

“Sure did,” Dean said, popping the hood of Cas’s Crown Vic. He had a fair idea of what was causing the rattle and the jerky acceleration but he wanted to double check. He jumped into the driver’s seat, left the door open and started up the car, grimacing at the rattle and shudder of the engine. Revving it made it even worse and he quickly shut it off - more confident about where the problem might be.

“She looks… amazing Dean,” Sam breathed, admiring the pristine car.

“Thanks Sammy,” Dean said, starting to work on the engine, taking apart the cylinder heads first.

“No really, she was a wreck, last time I saw her. Covered in rust, panels all dented, parts missing. How long did this take you anyway?”

“Few years, on and off,” Dean said, leaning over the engine of Cas’s old Ford. “Had to save up. Parts weren’t cheap. Bobby let me use his gear and helped me respray her but she turned out to be a real cherry, huh.”

“Yeah, you did a great job,” Sam said, leaning against another car parked in the lot. “Hey, you know I told you I bumped into Bobby yesterday.”

“Yeah?” Dean asked, checking out the inside of the cylinders and finding what he was looking for - a broken spark plug resting inside one of them. “Got ya,” he said, pulling it out. He headed back to the trunk of the Chevy and found a replacement.

“Yeah, he told me he’s looking for help at his yard,” Sam continued. “He does the salvage stuff pretty fine but he’s thinking of doing a few repairs here and there. He was telling me, why just sell the parts when he can charge people for the part and the labour of replacing it.”

“Fair enough,” Dean said, fitting the new spark plug and starting to put the cylinder back together.

“He asked me what you were doing for work.”

Dean almost hit his head on the bonnet of the Crown Vic when he spun around to look at Sam. “What?”

“He asked me what you were doing for work,” Sam repeated. “He said he’d seen you pulling beer at the Stairway to Heaven a few times and said you weren’t all that good.”

Dean shrugged, relaxing slightly. “Guilty as charged.”

“He wanted me to ask you if you’d consider working for him.”

“Working for Bobby?” Dean asked, frowning. All of the parts were back in their rightful positions -
he’d checked the other spark plugs and they all looked fine, no blisters or melted electrodes and none of the others were loose. It was time to start up the old Ford and see how it ran. He kept the bonnet up and headed for the driver’s side door.

“Yeah. What do you think?” Sam ventured.

Dean paused for a moment, his hand on the door handle. He pursed his lips for a moment thinking it over. “I suppose it wouldn’t be too bad. I mean, I’m goddam terrible at bartending and I drop every second glass I pick up.”

He got into the driver’s seat and turned the key in the ignition. The engine started fine and idled evenly - no rattle, no shudder. He kept it in park and revved the engine, keeping the door open and rolling the window down so he could hear the sound more easily. The motor revved without a hint of a shudder, smooth but rumbling like a big old Ford Crown Victoria should sound. Dean smiled and cut the engine, rolling the window up and getting out.

“That sounds better,” he said grinning, as he let the bonnet fall back down into place. “God I was worried for a moment he might want to borrow the Impala.”

“You’re not going to let him drive the Impala?”

“Oh, no, Sam,” Dean said, shooting him a look. “I’m not going to let you drive the Impala. Anyway, every time he rolls over that curb he scrapes the undercarriage. I’m gonna have to replace the muffler any day now,” he added, rolling his eyes. Sam laughed at his words and Dean locked up the Crown Vic and gestured to the bar. “Kinda early, but want to have a beer?” He wiped his forehead on the sleeve of his shirt. “I don’t know about you but I’ve worked up a thirst.”

“Look I don’t condone your borderline alcoholism but it is kind of warm out here for November,” Sam said, squinting as he looked up at the pristine blue skies, the sun beating down on them.

“Good, let’s go,” Dean said. He rolled his left shoulder a couple of times as they headed towards the bar. The work on the car was fiddly and was always at a bit of an odd angle. “So Bobby wants me to work with him huh?”

Sam and Dean had spent the afternoon chilling out at the bar while Cas ran errands in town - borrowing a friend’s car since his had been on the blink. When he got back, he put away the groceries then met them in the bar.

“Hey,” Dean said, his face lighting up when he saw Cas.

“Hey,” Cas smiled. “Did you guys have a good day?”

Dean looked over at Sam, waiting for him to reply and Sam nodded. “Yeah we had a good day, for sure.”

“I fixed the Crown Vic,” Dean said.

“You did?” Cas asked, his eyebrows raised in surprise.

“Yeah, it was kind of a no-brainer,” Dean shrugged. “Spark plug broke and was sitting inside one of the cylinders. You want to check it out, see how it runs?”
“That sentence makes absolutely no sense to me but yes, I’d love to,” Cas said, smiling.

Dean finished off the bottle of beer he’d been nursing for the past half hour and slid out of the booth, the three of them heading out to the parking lot. A brisk wind had blown up and Dean rolled down the sleeves of his flannel shirt as they walked over to Cas’s car. He pulled the keys from his pocket and passed them to Cas who got in behind the wheel and started up the old Ford. The engine was sounding smooth and balanced, just like it had earlier that morning. Cas cut the engine and got out.

“You’re a miracle worker,” he said, astonished. “You did all the today?”

“This morning actually, it didn’t take long,” Dean replied with a laugh.

“See this is why I think you should take Bobby up on his offer,” Sam exclaimed, pointing at the car. “You work wonders with engines. Might as well get paid to do it.”

“What’s this?” Cas asked, his gaze flicking from Sam to Dean.

Dean shook his head. “Nothing, just”-

“Dean,” Sam interrupted, getting frustrated.

“Sam, let’s just… talk about it over dinner,” Dean said exasperatedly. He glanced over to the horizon shocked at the fading light - the day had flown by.

“Alright shall we head upstairs then?” Cas asked, his tone gentle trying to placate the brothers.

“Sounds good,” Dean said eagerly, noticing Sam roll his eyes not quite out of sight. He frowned at his brother.

“Sounds good,” Sam echoed with a shrug.

Cas led the way up the wooden stairs with Sam following and Dean trailing behind. He gave a soft sigh as he climbed the steps - it was almost always like this with his brother. They were at once too similar and too different. They butted heads on so many things and when they were together - even though he hated himself for it - Dean often wished they were apart again. As they reached the top and Cas was unlocking the door a car started up in the parking lot. The engine was running rough, there was a fan belt loose or something, it sounding like a whining growl to Dean’s ears. Cas swung the front door and walked in while Dean leaned over the staircase’s railing trying to get a glimpse of the car. He’d been living at Cas’s for a week or so now and the bar had a pretty regular clientele - none of them drove a car that sounded that rack and ruin. Dean caught the tail end of a big old Ford pickup truck, gray and rusted in places shuddering out of the lot, he leaned a little further to try and see the plates-

“Dean?”

Dean spun around to face the open door of the apartment and Cas and Sam staring at him. Cas looked worried, he immediately left the doorway to stand next to Dean, peering down at the lot.

“What is it? What did you see?” Cas asked, clutching Dean’s upper arm gently.

“Uh… nothing, it was nothing,” Dean said, frowning, shaking his head. “Just a bad sounding engine s’all. Hadn’t heard a motor like that around here before but…” Dean trailed off a minute. He shrugged. “I s’pose I haven’t lived here long. It’s not like I know every car in town. It’s all good, I’m fine,” he added quietly to Cas, placing his hand over Cas’s on his arm. Cas looked at him for a long moment trying to decide whether to push the point or not. Finally he let out the breath he’d been
holding and gestured to the apartment.

“Come on, let’s get inside. It’s freezing out here.”

“Yeah, sure thing.”

Cas closed the door behind Dean, the warmth of the apartment enveloping him like a blanket. He still felt cold on the inside though, he couldn’t shake the feeling that there was something up with that car. He shook his head slightly, physically trying to force the thought from his mind. It was just a car. And a shitty one at that. God, he was jumping at shadows. Dean forced a smile and looked over at the kitchen bench piled high with groceries.

“So Cas, what’s for dinner?”

Cas had made them all a roast dinner. An actual, honest-to-God roast chicken with all of the trimmings. Dean was literally in heaven, he decided, as he swallowed a mouthful of perfectly succulent roast chicken.

“Holy crap Cas, this is amazing,” he said, giddy as a kid on Christmas Day.

“Glad you like it,” Cas replied grinning. “I’ll have to make it more often.”

“Oh my god, I’ll do anything,” Dean breathed, scooping another load of honey-roasted Brussels sprouts onto his plate. “I can’t even remember the last time I had a roast dinner. I don’t think Dad would’ve ever made us a roast, you remember him cooking us a roast Sam?”

“Definitely not,” Sam said with a shake of his head. Sam had one more mouthful of sweet potato mash then placed his cutlery down, pushing his plate away. “I’m stuffed. Cas that was next level. You’re an amazing cook.”

“Thanks Sam,” Cas said with a smile. “So, have I passed your test then?”

“Huh? What test?” Sam said, frowning.

“Am I good enough to date your brother?” Cas asked. His tone was kind of joking but Dean knew he was serious. Sam wasn’t exactly subtle about his misgivings and despite Dean’s continuous and effusive apologies he knew it had to have been getting to him.

“Of course you are,” Dean said quickly. He grasped Cas’s hand under the table and squeezed gently, Cas’s fingers stroking his. “Of course he is,” Dean added to Sam. “Sam?” he prompted when his brother didn’t answer.

“Dean, uh… look, Cas, you seem nice,” Sam said, quickly continuing when Dean glared at him, “you seem really nice and, uh, Dean seems happy. It’s just that well… Dean he…”

“Spit it out Sam, what’s wrong with me now?” Dean asked wearily.

“Nothing! Nothing’s… wrong with you, it’s just that well you don’t always have the best… uh, you kind of tend to pick guys who are… you always end up dating bad people. You date people that hurt you. And you’re still kind of covered in injuries from the last guy,” Sam said, holding up a hand when Dean went to argue the point. “No, you are. I’ve seen your back and I’ve seen the way your left shoulder gets fatigued real fast. You did the work on Cas’s car this morning and then you could barely lift your arm for the rest of the day. It get dislocated or something? Who did that? Alastair? Or…?”
Sam trailed off but his eyes slid to Cas who physically recoiled at the insinuation, looking horrified.

“No, don’t you dare even suggest that Sam!” Dean replied angrily. “Alastair dislocated my shoulder. Alastair beat me. Alastair assaulted me. I told you what happened.”

Sam sighed. “I know you told me. But you also used to tell me that you… fell down the stairs, or burned yourself on an overheated radiator, or walked into a… goddamn, fucking door! A door for God’s sake! Come, on Dean. You always lied about Alastair hurting you, always. How do I know you’re not lying now?”

“Sam, that’s enough,” Dean said quietly. “Cas would never hurt me.”

“How do I know you’re not just saying that because he’s going to fucking slap you around later?” Sam pressed, at this point figuring if he was in for a penny, he was in for a pound. “Look, pack your things and come back to California with me. You’ve got the Impala up and running, right? We can drive out tonight.”

“Sam… I…” Dean was speechless for a moment processing what Sam was saying. “Sam, I’m not leaving. I love Cas. He makes me happy and I hope to Hell I make him happy because this is the most contented I’ve felt in… years. And, if you can’t see that then… maybe you should just go.”

Dean stood up abruptly. Cas grabbed his forearm gently.

“No, Cas… I… I just need a minute.” Dean roughly swiped at his eyes, his vision blurring from unwanted tears. “I just need a minute.”

Cas let go of his arm and Dean left, heading down to their bedroom, the door closing softly behind him. Cas sighed and looked down at the table feeling like dinner was ruined.

“Cas.”

Cas looked up, his piercing blue eyes locking onto Sam’s dark brown ones.

“He picks shitty people to date.”

“Thanks Sam.”

“I mean Alastair,” Sam said quickly, realising his mistake.

Cas took a deep breath and nodded. “Alastair was pretty shitty. He hurt Dean. A lot.”

“I’m just trying to look out for him,” Sam said but he was sounding less confident.

“I know,” Cas replied after a beat. “It’s good that he’s got a brother who does that.”

“He constantly makes shitty choices”-

“He’s an adult Sam, they’re his choices to make.”

“And if he chose to pack up and leave with me now? Leave you to go to California? What would you do?” Sam asked, pushing his point.

Cas threw his hands up in the air. “What could I do, Sam? He’s an adult. We’re dating but I’m not keeping him prisoner here, come on, what do you think I am? Some kind of… What, you think I’m
“I don’t know you,” Sam stressed. “You could be. Dean’s had a pretty fucking terrible time of it. Dad hit him. Constantly. He’d always try to hide it, said he just tripped over his own feet or something stupid. But I knew it was Dad cause he hit me once.”

“Yeah, Dean told me,” Cas breathed.

“He did?”

“Yeah. He said it was the scariest thing he’d ever had to go through, seeing his brother hurt when he could’ve stopped it.”

“I didn’t know that,” Sam murmured, staring down at his hands.

“He loves you, he’s worked so hard for you, to make sure you go through college and make something of yourself,” Cas said admirably. “I’m… I’m in awe of him. There’s not too many people who’d put their own future on the backburner like that.”

“I… I didn’t really know that,” Sam said slowly, going over what Cas had said.

“He told me about it, how he wants you to do well. It’s why when… when all of that horrible, fucking… stuff went on with Alastair I just… I just offered up my place for him to stay. I offered him the guest room, I offered to sleep on the couch. I just didn’t want him worrying about money, not while he was still healing from everything Alastair put him through.”

“But he’s… not in the guest room,” Sam stated.

“Nice observation there Sherlock.”

Cas and Sam turned to see Dean leaning in the hallway. He crossed his arms over his chest, his right hand absent-mindedly massaging his sore shoulder. Tentatively he approached the dining table again and sat down.

“I didn’t want to sleep in the guest room,” Dean said, throwing Cas a half smile. “Alastair and I had been over for… for a while when I met Cas. It just felt right with Cas. I wasn’t going to pump the brakes just cause I had a fucked up shoulder and welts all over my back. Sammy, Cas isn’t the bad guy. I know I’ve… fuck, I know I’ve made some stupid decisions over the years and yes, it’s gotten me a little banged up around the edges. But Cas isn’t one of them. Cas is… he’s the best decision I’ve ever made.”

Sam studied Dean and then Cas, watched how Cas reached for Dean’s hand and Dean gladly let him take it, didn’t flinch or lower his gaze downwards submissively like he’d acted last time Sam had seen him - when he’d rocked up to have a beer complete with a black eye and split lip from ‘falling over after seven too many drinks’ the night before. After a long pause, Sam finally nodded.

“Okay.”

“Okay?” Dean echoed. He turned to Cas. “Okay’ he says! I guess I’ve got Sam’s blessing now so we’re not living in sin anymore,” he said, rolling his eyes turning back to Sam.

“I’m sorry,” Sam said sincerely.

“Apology accepted,” Cas replied genuinely with a sigh reaching for the bottle of wine and topping up their glasses. “Reckon we can have a nice, relaxing couple of days now that you’re convinced
I’m not an axe murderer or something?”

“Yeah, we can,” Sam said laughing. “Fuck, I’m sorry guys, really.”

“Forget about it,” Dean said, shaking his head and gulping half his wine in one swallow. After the conversation tonight he could’ve used something stronger.

“Truce?” Sam offered.

“I’ll forget you even said anything,” Cas said with a smile, standing up and clearing the plates. He sat back down with a deck of cards. “Now, Dean says you’re both pretty good at poker. Care to see if you can beat me? I’ve got the best poker face in town.”

“Oh, you’re on!” Dean exclaimed, surprised. He hadn’t even realised Cas had been listening when he’d said that. He loved the way Cas remembered just about everything he said and surprised him like this.

“I’m so ready,” Sam grinned. “Deal those cards.”

“Coming right up,” Cas replied, starting to shuffle.

Dean started to finally feel warm again. The tension in the room dissipated quickly as they threw themselves headfirst into a lively game of poker. All the while, he couldn’t stop thinking about that stupid old pickup. It reminded him a little of the tarp-covered car parked behind Alastair’s home. He’d said it was his father’s, an unwanted inheritance gathering rust. He’d never seen under the tarp but it looked like it was vaguely the shape of a pickup truck. And the mental image of that tarp-covered car kept rolling around in Dean’s head even as he tried to push it away.
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Welcome to the next instalment and we've finally got a bit of smut again! Find out more about Bobby and get a bit of discipline in this one...

Kinks in this chapter:
Spanking, cock cage, vibrating dildo, forced orgasms

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took a while! But better late than never, hope you love it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter Twenty Two

Sam’s eyes snapped open when he heard the scream. At first he had no idea where he was, the room was dark and he almost knocked over a lamp on the bedside table in his haste to find Dean. He’d know the sound of his brother anywhere, anytime. Once he found his bearings, Sam raced into the main bedroom of the apartment to find the light on and both Cas and his brother wide awake.

They were sitting up in bed and Dean had his knees bent, his forearms resting on them forming a pillow for his head as he breathed heavily. Cas was gently rubbing his back and he looked up when Sam rushed in.

“Dean?”

Dean flinched slightly at the sound of his brother’s voice and Cas wrapped an arm around his shoulders.

“I’m fine, Sammy,” came Dean’s muffled reply. “I… I just had a bad dream. It’s nothing.” He drew in a breath and raised his head. His eyes were red rimmed, he’d been crying, and the adrenaline flooding Sam’s veins started to dissipate.

“You sounded… you sounded so scared Dean,” Sam said, still shaken by the terrifying scream. He looked over at Cas and for the first time noticed dark circles under his eyes. “How long has this been going on?”

“Not that long,” Dean said, waving off his concern.

“Nightmares this bad… Dean you’ve probably got PTSD or something,” Sam argued, frowning at his brother’s typical dismissal of his own suffering.

“I probably have but talking about at three in the morning isn’t going to help,” Dean said wearily,
rubbing his eyes.

“Do you want anything? Water or… I could make you, I don’t know, a hot chocolate or something?” Cas offered, still moving his hand in circles on Dean’s back. “To help you sleep?”

“Thank you,” Dean said, turning to Cas and clutching his free hand. “But I’m okay, I’ll be fine. Let’s just all go back to sleep huh? I’m sorry for waking everyone up.”

Sam nodded and reluctantly left the main bedroom and Dean let out the breath he’d been holding when he heard the guest room door creak as Sam closed it over. “I’m sorry Cas,” he repeated. “I didn’t mean to wake you up. You look exhausted,” he added sadly.

They laid back down and Cas switched off the bedside light. “I’m fine, I’m just worried about you.”

“I’m fine,” Dean replied, brushing off his concern. “But you have to work late, maybe… maybe when Sam takes off tomorrow I should sleep in the spare room for a little bit, let you get a bit more sleep?”

“Don’t even think about it,” Cas said sleepily, his voice low and gravelly.

“But Cas, I… this is the third time this week, it’s not fair for”-

“No, you’re staying in here,” Cas interrupted.

“No, you’re staying in here,” Cas replied, throwing an arm over Dean and pulling him close, brushing his lips against Dean’s forehead. “And that’s final. And don’t make me say it again or I’ll be throwing you over my knee and spanking it into you. I might just do that regardless.”

Dean groaned softly. “You’re too good for me.”

“Remember what I said? About valuing yourself more?” Cas murmured. “I thought I’d drilled that one into you.”

“Maybe you’ll have to try harder,” Dean said, the corners of his mouth twitching up into a grin.

“Maybe I will,” Cas replied.

“Yeah I will,” Sam replied, returning to the open plan living room, his backpack slung over his shoulder. “Hey thanks for letting me stay and… I’m sorry again for being such a hardass to you Cas. You seem to make Dean really happy and, well, that makes me happy. I haven’t seen him smile like this in… years.”

“Shut up,” Dean moaned, cringing. “Enough with the chick flick moment… bitch.”

“Jerk,” Sam replied.

Cas looked from one brother to the other, completely mystified until the two of them broke into laughter.
“I’ll miss you man,” Sam said, pulling Dean into a hug, keeping clear of Dean’s left shoulder and his back.

“Yeah you too Sammy, you can always come back and visit though you know? I mean, hell, Christmas is right around the corner,” Dean said before breaking up the embrace and holding his brother at arm’s length, getting a good look at him before he had to head back to California. “And don’t get any freaking taller, alright? You damn Sasquatch.”

“Yeah, whatever, maybe you’re just getting shorter,” Sam replied.

“Drive safe,” Dean said.

“You too. I’ll see you guys soon and thanks Cas for… for everything, for making Dean happy,” Sam said.

Cas nodded. “It was good meeting you Sam, come back soon, alright?”

“Yeah I will.”

The three of them headed for the door and Cas and Dean watched from the staircase railing as Sam headed down to the parking lot and unlocked the old silver Prius - Dean winced at the thought - and got in behind the wheel. Sam gave them one last wave and then he was off, travelling west back to Palo Alto. Dean sighed, wrapped his arms around himself in the cool morning air and then followed Cas back inside into the warmth of the apartment.

“So, tell me about Bobby Singer,” Cas said casually taking a sip of coffee and pouring Dean a fresh, steaming mug. “Something about a job?”

Dean took the coffee and sat down on the couch. He shrugged. “It’s nothing.”

“No, come on, tell me about it.”

“Cas, it’s nothing, I’m happy here, working downstairs,” Dean said. “Really, I am.”

“You’re not,” Cas countered. “I’ve seen the way you beat yourself up every time you drop a glass.”

“You don’t want me?” Dean asked suddenly, his voice shaky, his entire body tensing up on the couch next to Cas. “You don’t want me anymore?”

“Dean, no, no that’s not what I meant at all,” Cas replied hurriedly. “Dean, look at me. Look at me now.”

Dean took a breath and bit his lip for a moment before raising his eyes to meet Cas’s.

“Dean, I love you and of course I want you,” Cas said sincerely. “But I also want you to be happy.”

“Cas, I don’t want you to think I’m just… just freeloading here, not paying rent and… I want to help out, really I do.”

“Trust me you do help out,” Cas said, leaning an elbow on the back of the couch and turning so he was facing Dean completely, frowning and studying his face, his expression. “Every time I see your face in the morning it makes me smile. But bartending… well, it’s not really one of your strengths, and that’s fine,” Cas continued quickly when Dean made to interject, “it’s fine, really, I’ve got plenty of people I can roster on. But the look on your face when you’d fixed my car? The… uh, cylinder plug or whatever?”
“Spark plug broken in the cylinder,” Dean supplied, starting to relax again

“Yeah, that, that’s what you’re good at. Bobby runs the salvage yard right? And Sam told me this morning he’s looking to start doing some repairs? Well, wouldn’t you be perfect for it?”

“Well, I don’t know about perfect …”

“Remember what I said about valuing yourself?” Cas warned but his tone was light.

“I suppose I’d be pretty darn good at it,” Dean finished.

“You sure would be if that Crown Vic is anything to go by,” Cas said confidently. “It’s running better than it ever has before. Call Bobby. See what the job would entail.”

“You’re sure?” Dean asked, raising his eyebrows. “I mean, it’s okay for me to… for me to go and work for Bobby?”

“You’re…” Cas trailed off for a minute, frowning. “Are you… Dean, are you asking for my permission?”

Dean looked away and, after a beat, he nodded, his jaw clenching. “Yes sir,” he replied, so quietly Cas wasn’t even sure he heard it.

“Dean, you don’t need to ask for my permission for this sort of thing,” Cas said gently. “I don’t have… I don’t control you. No one does. You’re not… you’re not a, a slave anymore. You’re not bound by contracts and rules and… pain anymore. You know that right?”

“I… I guess,” Dean replied but the way his words lifted at the end with a slight inflection gave away his thought process.

Cas grasped his chin and softly turned Dean’s face so he could look into those forest green eyes. “Dean you are not a slave anymore. You don’t need my permission to do… to do anything. You’re free.”

Dean nodded and looked down, breaking eye contact and Cas frowned. “Dean, tell me what’s going on. Talk to me, please. Help me understand.”

Dean inhaled and exhaled slowly. He honestly didn’t really understand, but he could try to explain. “It’s just… it’s been a long time since I’ve been able to… I don’t know, choose what to do. Choose what happens to me.”

“Well you get to choose this,” Cas said firmly. “Tell me and be honest. Do you like working downstairs? In the bar?”

“Cas, of”-

“Be. Honest.”

Dean sighed. Fuck, why was it always so hard? All he wanted to do was please Cas. Please him and keep him happy. Because he knew what would happen if his master was unhappy, a twinge in his shoulder reminded him of that right at that very moment. But… no, Cas wasn’t his master. They had no contract anymore. Dean shook his head trying to get his thoughts all in an orderly row.

“Be honest,” Cas repeated, gently stroking Dean’s shoulder. “Do you like working downstairs?”

“No,” Dean whispered. “I mean, I love being with you and helping you, I just… I’m no good at it.”
“And do you enjoy repairing cars? Fixing out of tune engines and all of that?”

“Yeah,” Dean said quickly, nodding.

“And that’s the sort of job Bobby’s got? Well, goddamnit, get on the phone and call him!” Cas exclaimed with a smile. “Go call him, alright?” he added, softer. “For me? I know you want to make me happy but I’m not happy if you’re not.”

Dean nodded. He pulled his phone out of his pocket and scrolled through his contacts - Bobby had been an old friend of his father’s who’d made the decision to lose touch with John after John started drinking too much. But he’d always been there for Sam and Dean growing up and his number was still saved in both of their phones.

“Singer Auto Salvage,” came the gruff voice on the other end of the line.

“Uh… h-hi Bobby? It’s Dean. Dean Winchester.”

“Dean! How’re you doin’ boy?”

“Y-yeah, I’m good, thanks Bobby,” Dean said with a smile, falling into their old routine. “How are you?”

“Been better, my damn back’s playing up again and I got a list as long as my arm of parts to pull out of the cars on my lot, but hey, I’m still kickin’ so I can’t complain. Hey did you end up seeing your brother? I spoke to him just the other day.”

“Yeah, he stayed here for a couple nights. He told me you’re looking for someone to, uh, help out?”

“Sure am, when can you start?”

“Whoa, you don’t want to, I don’t know, give me a trial period or something?”

“Hell no, you idjit. I’ve seen you drivin’ that Impala around and I know what it looked like before you started working on it so, no, I’ll hire you right now if you can start tomorrow.”

“O-okay, yeah, I can start tomorrow,” Dean said, sliding his eyes over to Cas’s, an astonished look on his face. Cas just smiled in response.

“Done. Come over round nine and I’ll show you the ropes.”

“Sure thing Bobby, and, uh thank you.”

“Don’t thank me. Just be here at nine tomorrow ready to get some work done cause I got tons of it.”

“Yes sir,” Dean said, hanging up the phone. He turned to Cas. “I think I’ve just got a job.”

“Of course you do, you’re a genius with a car engine,” Cas shrugged. “Now I think it’s time for a little bit of lesson learning.”

“Huh?” Dean frowned looking up at Cas.

“I’ve told you so many times to get a bit more self-worth, to value yourself. I think it might be time for a bit of discipline,” Cas said. He licked his lips and let his eyes roam over Dean’s body. “What do you think? Will it have sunk in when your ass is the perfect shade of cherry red?”

Dean groaned slightly already feeling himself get hard. He bit his lip and looked up at Cas through
his eyelashes. “You’ll have to be extra strict with me this time.”

“Oh I will,” Cas said. His voice grew serious for a moment. “What’s your colour?”

“Green,” Dean replied instantly. “Where do you want me?”

It was all Cas could do to not grab him right there and then, bend him over the arm of the couch and take Dean completely but he held himself back. “Bedroom. Strip. Kneel. Wait for me.”

“Yes sir.”

Dean immediately got to his feet and headed for the bedroom. Cas gave him a few minutes before he slowly walked into the room. He saw Dean kneeling on the floor, his head bowed. Cas let his eyes trail over Dean’s back. The welts were slowly healing, the cuts closing up and transforming into red lines criss-crossing his back. Cas was hoping they wouldn’t scar - not for aesthetic reasons, simply because he wished for Dean not to have to relive those terrible days with Alastair every time he looked in the mirror.

“God you’re so beautiful,” Cas sighed.

Dean dropped his head, shook it slightly in response. He didn’t dare contradict Cas verbally but the compliment just didn’t sit well, he didn’t feel like he could accept it. Sure he knew he wasn’t bad looking, he wasn’t blind, but… years of his father’s put downs, Crowley’s flat out insults and Alastair’s abuse had left him feeling more than inferior, useless and broken.

“I’ll make sure you believe it one day.”

Cas collected a few implements from the chest of drawers and then sat on the edge of the bed, his legs slightly spread.

“Stand up and come closer,” Cas ordered. Dean quickly got to his feet and stood in front of Cas, his hardening cock within reach. Cas picked up a cock cage, all metal loops and hinges. “No orgasming for you right now unfortunately my beautiful boy.”

Dean practically whined in displeasure as Cas took his length in hand and gently maneuvered it into the cage. It was still trying to harden but the cage was now forcefully stopping it’s progress and Dean winced slightly.

“What’s your colour?”

“Green, sir,” he answered quickly and Cas nodded.

“On my lap now, ass up.”

“Yes sir,” Dean said, scrambling to obey quickly.

Dean laid himself over Cas’s legs and Cas moved him into place so his hardening, caged cock was positioned between Cas’s thighs.

“Now my beautiful boy, I feel like this is the second time I’ve had to discipline you for this,” Cas said, his hand resting lightly on Dean’s perfect ass cheeks. Dean gasped softly at the touch, jerking slightly on Cas’s lap. “So I suppose I’ll have to make this one a bit more memorable.”

Cas heard Dean inhale sharply and he figured now or never. He brought his hand down on Dean’s left butt cheek and then again on his right. He kept spanking Dean, reddening the skin evenly over
his ass cheeks, his hand coming down again and again until the skin on his palm started to smart. He was sure Dean’s ass must be burning by that point. When his palm landed for what must have been the fortieth time Dean gasped. Cas stopped immediately at that point. It had been the first time Dean had made a sound during the entire spanking. He was so used to being quiet, being forced into silence by Alastair and punished so harshly if a sound escaped his lips that meant that Cas had reached his limit.

“Tell me, what are you going to do from now on?” Cas asked gently, placing his hand on Dean’s burning hot ass cheeks and massaging his skin gently.

“Value myself more… sir,” Dean whispered in between laboured breaths, as the pain ebbed away leaving him feeling grounded. His cock was still trying to get hard, the cage stopping it but he wanted to be good for Cas.

“Perfect,” Cas breathed, admiring the bright red shade of Dean’s skin. “Now, if I have to remind you again I’ll make it my mission to ensure that your ass stays as red as this for at least a month. Understood?”

“Yes sir,” Dean replied, his voice still slightly shaky.

“Alright, back up on your feet,” Cas said hesitantly, not wanting to let him go but excited about the next part of Dean’s punishment - which, to be honest, wasn’t really punishment.

Dean slid himself off of Cas’s lap and stood up straight, his hands by his sides. Cas reached forward and unlocked the cock cage. The handling of his supremely stiff length had Dean squirming a little under his touch, biting his lip to try and keep his composure. Once off, Cas dropped it onto a towel he’d placed on the bed to clean up later as Dean’s cock had been leaking precome the entire time. He stood up and studied Dean’s tempting body for a moment.

“Bend over and place your hands on the edge of the bed,” Cas commanded.

Dean obeyed, quickly moving into Cas’s desired position.

“Spread your legs further.”

Dean did so imagining how obscene he must look in this position, head down, ass up, legs spread and his painfully hard cock at attention. He felt Cas behind him, fingers on his ass cheeks, one hand spreading them while the other suddenly pushed into him. Dean’s breath hitched in his throat at the intrusion but Cas’s finger was lubed up and his movements, although torturously slow, felt so good. Cas added another finger, scissoring them inside him, stretching him open.

“Cas, please…” Dean groaned. “I want you… I want you filling me.”

“I know you do but there’s still more of my punishment to be endured,” Cas replied.

Dean whined softly when Cas withdrew his fingers but then tensed when he felt something solid pushing at his entrance. He relaxed and allowed Cas to push the dildo inside. Cas withdrew it and then pushed it back in a few times - the absolutely sinful sounds Dean was making went straight to Cas’s own cock. Cas finally pushed the dildo all the way in so it was pressed right up against Dean’s prostate making him cry out softly at the feeling.

“Stay there a moment,” Cas said.

He straightened up the bed sheets and laid a couple towels over the top of the covers - it wouldn’t do to be changing the sheets every five minutes after all.
“Onto the bed, on your back. Keep your legs spread and your arms up near the headboard.”

Dean climbed onto the bed, his breaths coming in gasps as the dildo jabbed his prostate with each movement. Once he was lying on the bed on his back in the spreadeagled position Cas requested he was flustered, his cheeks flushed at the constant pleasurable pressure in his ass. Cas pulled out padded leather cuffs and within seconds Dean’s wrists and ankles were cuffed securely to the four corners of the bed leaving him stretched out, panting.

“Now this is the fun part,” Cas said, smirking down at his boy. “I’ve got some work to do, orders, rosters, that sort of thing. Should take me an hour or so. You’re going to stay here like this.”

Dean’s eyes widened in surprise. “B-but sir”-

“What’s your colour?”

“G-green sir,” he said reluctantly but Cas could tell he was sincere.

“I’ll make it enjoyable for you though,” Cas added. He pulled something out of his pocket and without warning, Dean moaned as he felt the dildo in his ass start to vibrate.

“S-sir, please,” Dean gasped, his body jerking slightly in his bonds. “I… I’m going to come.”

“Oh you can come, now my beautiful boy, no restrictions. In fact,” Cas said with a devilish grin, “come as many times as you want.”

That was when Dean realised what his punishment actually was and his jaw dropped.

“It won’t be constant,” Cas said shrugging. “The vibrations. I’m not totally evil. But I’m sure by the time I’m finished the roster for the next month you won’t need to come for a week.”

“Y-yes sir,” Dean whispered as another vibration rolled through him.

With that, Cas pulled out his laptop and sat down at the desk near the window and started typing away. He wasn’t exactly sure how much work he’d actually get done, listening to the moans emanating from the bed but he couldn’t quite think of a better soundtrack to doing admin work.

Chapter End Notes

As always, let me know if you have any requests or specific kinks you want! I know some of you want more medical kink - any specific aspects cause I'm sure I can make that happen... :)
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

A surprise visit from an old friend sets Dean into a tailspin...

Kinks in this chapter:
The tail-end of last chapter's punishment so forced orgasms (yay), also getting back into some good ol' fashioned Dean angst which is a kink in and of itself ;)

Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone for sticking with this! I hope you still love it, even if it does have a bit more plot than porn sometimes!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Twenty Three

Dean thanked each and every single god that the patrons downstairs in the bar had decided to put Bon Jovi on the jukebox and turned up the volume real loud when he came for what must have been at least the sixth time. He was exhausted, feeling totally drained but somehow in a good way. He felt like he was paying his dues, doing his time for what was, admittedly, a character flaw that Cas was so right in trying to train him out of. After living so long with his father’s messed up sense of reality and then Crowley and Alastair’s cruelty, he knew his sense of self was completely fucked.

He closed his eyes as he felt another wave of pleasure roll through him and gasped softly. He faintly heard the sounds of furniture moving in the room and then he felt lips briefly brush his own. Dean owned his eyes to see Cas gazing down at him.

“Have you learned your lesson?” Cas whispered, one eyebrow raised.

Dean didn’t quite trust his voice at the moment and nodded.

“Good boy,” Cas said smiling and reaching up to uncuff Dean’s wrists.

Cas uncuffed his ankles as well and pressed a bottle of water into Dean’s hand before he gently eased the vibrator out, taking it to the bathroom to clean. He was back by Dean’s side moments later.

“Have you had some water?”

Dean nodded. “Yes sir,” he said, raising the bottle to show it was only two thirds full now.

“So good for me,” Cas murmured placing a kiss on his forehead.
“I love you,” Dean said looking up at Cas, studying his face, his ocean blue eyes just in case of… he wasn’t quite sure what but just in case.

“I love you too,” Cas said stroking Dean’s face softly. He cast a quick glance at the bedside clock and then turned back to Dean. “I rostered you on for tonight but you don’t have to work if you’re too tired.”

Cas’s words seemed to rouse Dean though and he sat up in bed hiding the grimace when his spanked-red ass shifted over the covers.

“No of course I’ll work tonight,” Dean said. “I’m not tired.”

“Are you sure?” Cas asked frowning. “I mean that was a pretty intense scene. And you’ve got the new job with Bobby starting tomorrow.”

“I didn’t safeword,” Dean shrugged.

“Have you ever actually safeworded out though?” Cas asked, half out of concern but also half out of curiosity.

Dean paused a moment before he answered hesitantly. “N-not really, no.”

“But you know you can, right? With me, you know you always have the option? And I will never, ever be angry with you for using your safeword,” Cas said, resting his hand lightly on Dean’s forearm.

“I know,” Dean said sincerely. “I know, I… I like what you do though.” He looked up at Cas through his eyelashes.

“Well…” Cas started to reply, his mouth going dry at how undeniably gorgeous Dean was right at that moment. “Oh my God, you’re just… sometimes I just can’t concentrate when you’re around. You’re too goddamn beautiful, you know that?”

Dean ducked his head, laughed softly. “Stop it,” he whispered.

“Never,” Cas said. “Now, go have a shower. If you insist on working then your shift starts in an hour.”

“An hour?” Dean echoed.

“Start earlier so you can clock off earlier,” Cas replied simply. “You’ve got your new job in the morning after all. Need your beauty sleep.”

“Shut up,” Dean chuckled but got up off the bed and headed for the ensuite regardless.

“Alright, I got two burgers,” Dean announced placing the piled-high plates down on the table to happy smiles and thanks all round. He picked up the empty beer glasses from the table and wandered back to the bar, picking up empty glasses on the tables in between as he went.

He ducked behind the bar and Cas gave his ass a slap as he passed and Dean groaned shooting Cas a glare before dissolving into laughter. Even though his ass seriously ached after Cas’s spanking, he loved the way Cas made him feel, how he sort of… asserted ownership over Dean without making him feel owned. The bell over the door dinged while Dean was stacking the dishwasher beneath the bar. He looked over to Cas but he was busy serving a line of customers at the bar three-deep so Dean
quickly grabbed a notepad and pen out of his back pocket and headed for the corner booth where he could see the back of a dark haired woman sitting on the bench seat.

“Hi welcome to Stairway to”-

Dean’s voice died when he caught sight of the woman’s face. It was Ruby. From Hell. She’d dyed her blonde hair dark brown and he’d barely recognised her at first but it was definitely her. There was no doubt about it.

“Oh hey there Dean,” she said, winking at him.

She looked him up and down and Dean immediately felt her practically undressing him with her eyes. He suddenly thought that slim cut jeans and a t-shirt was somehow too revealing.

“Cat got your tongue?” Ruby asked, leaning back in the booth and throwing an arm over the back, stretching out and getting comfy - whilst Dean was getting more and more uncomfortable with every passing second.

“What are you doing here?” Dean asked finally, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Well I’d heard such good things about your burgers, figured I’d have to come in and give them a red hot go,” Ruby smirked.

Dean sighed and positioned the pen on the notepad. “So just one burger then?”

“And a beer,” Ruby said, “Anything. Surprise me.”

Dean didn’t even bother writing the order down and he jammed the notepad back into his pocket.

“That’s all for you then?” Dean asked, his gaze firmly fixed on the back wall instead of on Ruby.

Ruby leaned forward and dropped her voice to a low whisper. “I’d love to see you tied down and whipped to within an inch of your life, but I guess I’ll just have to make do with cheesy fries.”

Dean gritted his teeth, the last thing he wanted to do was cause a fucking scene in Cas’s bar because of this absolute bitch. Instead he nodded and added, “Sure thing.”

“You don’t want to write any of that down?” Ruby said with a nasty-sounding laugh. “You might forget it by the time you get back to the bar. You’re no rocket scientist after all.”

“Burger, cheesy fries and a beer - surprise you,” Dean rattled off.

“Wow, would you look at that. You must’ve grown brains,” Ruby said, clapping slowly a couple times.

Dean bit his lip and turned away from the table, walking back to the bar to put the order in at a measured pace even though he wanted to sprint. Cas picked up on it immediately when he touched Dean’s arm and Dean jumped, startled.

“Hey, you alright?” Cas asked, concerned.

“I’m fine, just want to get this order in before I forget it,” Dean said quickly, shrugging off his concern as he wrote down a ticket for the kitchen and started pouring a beer, picking the closest, cheapest-tasting tap for Ruby’s beer and not taking any care while he filled the glass.

“Okay,” Cas murmured, dragging the word out slowly, and Dean could tell he didn’t believe a word
he’d just said.

Dean placed the food order on the counter for the kitchen and then took Ruby’s beer over to her. He placed a coaster down on the table and then the beer on top. She grabbed his wrist before he could pull away.

“You know he’s still out there,” Ruby whispered, her grip tightening on his wrist.

“W-what?” Dean looked up into her ice cold dark eyes.

“He’s still out there and he knows where you are and he’s going to find you,” Ruby said, smiling malevolently at him. “And when he finds you he’s going to keep you chained up as his slave, his actual slave this time, no contracts, no days off, no getting out. His to use whenever he fucking wants in whatever fucking way he wants. You won’t even get a chance to say ‘yes sir, no sir’ because he’s going to stuff your mouth with a gag whenever he’s not using it. No point listening to a whore talk anyway. If I were you, I’d relish the time you’ve got here with your pretty little boyfriend because as soon as you let your guard down, as soon as you think you’re… happy, he’ll find you and your life will never be the same again. You’ll be owned again, property of Alastair. He’s thinking of branding you as soon as he gets his hands on you. A hot... iron... brand. Right on your fucking ass so he can see it every time he fucks your worthless hole.”

With that, Ruby finally let go of Dean’s wrist and he staggered backwards, the blood drained from his face. He took a couple steps backward while Ruby took a sip of her beer.

“Beer’s alright,” she said nonchalantly, shrugging.

Dean felt sick. He felt like he might throw up right then and there. He made a beeline for the door out to the parking lot. He heard Cas call his name but he it was like his head was wrapped in cotton wool - sounds were muffled and his vision blurred. He pushed the door open, bracing himself against the cold outside air and stumbled slightly as he picked his way through the cars - he didn’t want to be throwing up right outside the door. He made it to the very edge of the lot, right near where his and Cas’s cars were parked before he finally lost control of his stomach and vomited violently until he was just dry heaving, holding onto the trunk of a nearby tree to stop from falling.

He staggered away, every ounce of strength leaving his body as he fell to his knees on the ground in between the Impala and the Crown Vic. He placed his head in his hands, shaking from the cold, from the thought of being back in Alastair’s clutches, from the tears that were now rolling freely down his face.

“Dean? Dean... oh my God! Dean!”

He felt arms around him and flinched, trying to move away and failing, instead being held tight, warmed by the body of another.

“Dean, please talk to me,” Cas whispered, holding Dean close to his chest, the cold, wet ground instantly soaking through the knees of his jeans. “What is it? Did… did something happen?”

Dean’s breathing started to even out while Cas’s arms kept the chill air at bay and his chest finally stopped heaving. Cas rubbed circles on his back, the calming motion lowering his heart rate.

“Dean, please talk to me, what can I do? How can I help? Please ,” Cas pleaded and Dean could hear the break in his voice.

Dean heard the crack in the low, gravelly tone that he instinctively knew meant that Cas was at a loss, that he was truly scared for Dean at that moment. Dean pushed the absolutely sickening horror
and fear he was feeling and looked up at Cas. His boyfriend looked miserable and when he caught sight of what Dean knew were teary, red eyes, Cas’s face fell even further.

“It’s…” Dean croaked and decided to begin again, “in the bar… there was a girl with dark hair.”

“Yeah?” Cas murmured, half to reassure Dean and half to keep him talking. He kept rubbing his back, feeling the tension slowly leave Dean's tight muscles.

“She used to work at Hell - at Crowley’s bar.”

Cas felt a ball of ice start to grow in his stomach and it wasn’t just the cold early winter air. “What about this girl?”

“She’s here,” Dean whispered. “She… she was here in the bar.”

“Here now? Inside?” Cas said before he could stop himself.

“She said that… that Alastair was out there,” Dean said, hearing his voice starting to shake. “He’s out there and he k-knows where I am.”

“He what?”

“Cas, he knows where I am,” Dean said, grasping Cas’s hand and holding on for what felt like dear life. “He knows.”

“He will never even get close to you,” Cas said firmly. “I promise you that. That man will never touch you again, he will never, ever touch you again.”

“But Cas”-

“No, he won’t,” Cas said. He shifted so that he was facing Dean and he took Dean’s face in his hands, his eyes laser-focusing on those forest green eyes. “He won’t and I can promise you that. He won’t ever touch you again. If it is the last thing I ever do, I will protect you because I love you.”

Dean searched Cas’s piercing ocean-hued eyes for any shade of doubt and, not finding any, he nodded. “O-okay,” he stammered, after a beat.

Cas leaned forwards and pressed his lips against Dean’s, an intense but restrained kiss joining the two of them together for a moment of peace. “Come on,” Cas murmured, running his fingers down Dean’s face, wiping away the remnants of tears, “let’s go back inside. If she’s still there, we’ll call the Sheriff, we’ll get Ellen down here to bring her in, see if she knows where he is.”

Dean didn’t trust his voice any further and simply nodded, allowing himself to be helped back up to his feet by Cas. The cold finally seeped into his bones as the adrenaline wore off and he started shivering.

“Inside, now, before you catch your death out here,” Cas said, bundling him back inside.

As they moved back through carpark Dean finally started to feel some of the panic, along with the abject terror, wash away. He started to feel safe in Cas's arms. That was a split second before he heard the whining growl of a rusting muffler. He jerked his head up in the direction of the ear-piercing sound to once again see the taillights of the old Ford pickup truck bouncing over the rutted driveway heading out to the main drag. He stopped dead.

“What is it?” Cas asked quietly, casting his eyes around them trying to pick up on what Dean had.
It was just a fucking truck, Dean thought. He shook his head. “Nothing. I’m sorry,” he murmured. He motioned in the direction of the bar’s back door. “Let’s go inside, it’s freezing out here,” he finished, seeing his breath fog up before his face.

“You’ll be alright?” Cas asked. The worry lines on his face etched deeper by the glow of the parking lot’s lights as they snapped on in the early evening, bathing them both in a yellow glare.

“I’m fine, it was… it was just a shock to see her is all,” Dean shrugged, feeling a hot twinge of pain arc up in his shoulder. He wondered if it was the probably damaged-beyond-repair muscles and tendons or if it was psychological - remembering what Alastair had done to him, the memories dragged back to the surface by Ruby’s cruel words. “If she’s still there we can call Ellen.”

“Exactly,” Cas said, pulling Dean close and kissing his forehead before moving the two of them closer to the door. He knew Dean was hiding something from him. This wasn’t the first time he’d noticed something in the car park but he wasn’t ready or willing to tell Cas about it yet. That thought hit Cas right in the heart but he had to trust Dean. After everything he’d been through he was almost definitely suffering from PTSD and being anxious like he was or imagining things that weren’t there, well, they could just as easily be chalked up as symptoms. He would never in a million years accuse Dean of hallucinating but it stood to reason that if Dean wasn’t even sure what he was seeing, he wasn’t likely to fill Cas in on it. Cas sighed softly as the two of them entered the noisy bar again. He just hoped Dean really was just imagining things, that his mind was playing tricks on him - because that was better than the alternative.

Chapter End Notes

As always comment and tell me if you love it! If you have requests tell me those too. Looks like Dean might be in for a bit of a rough time soon so (no spoilers) buuuuuut if there was something you really wanted to see go down between Alastair and Dean well now would be the time to be requesting it... ;)
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Aftermath of the last chapter, plus Cas gives Dean a bit of a challenge - a sexy challenge that is!

Kinks in this chapter:
Blow jobs, butt plugs (woo!)

Chapter Twenty Four

Dean took a breather in the back of the kitchen while Cas pushed through the saloon doors into the main area of the bar. The bar was starting to empty out now and Cas immediately walked over to the booth in the back where Dean had said Ruby’d been sitting. There was a half-eaten burger on the table along with a half-empty beer glass but no Ruby.

“Damnit,” Cas breathed when he saw the vacant booth. He pulled his phone out and dialled Sheriff Harvelle’s direct line. It went to voicemail. “Sheriff, this is Cas Novak. I just had a woman in my bar by the name of Ruby who used to work at Hell. She told Dean that Alastair knows where he is and is planning on kidnapping him. Dean told me Ruby is five foot three, tan complexion, dark brown hair, if that helps. Thank you.”

“Fuck,” Cas murmured under his breath. He took in the number of customers currently in the bar and headed over to talk to Ash one of the bartenders. “You alright down here if we head upstairs? Got some paperwork to finish up tonight and Dean’s starting a new job tomorrow morning over at Bobby Singer’s salvage yard.”

“Sure man, no problemo,” Ash said, flicking the ends of his unfortunate haircut over one shoulder. Cas had tried to talk him out of the mullet to no avail.

“Thanks Ash.”

“Don’t mention it,” Ash shrugged, pouring two beers at once. “Hey, Cas,” he called just as Cas was turning to leave.

“Yeah?”

“Dean alright? He looked a little funny before. Kind of like how I feel when I drink then smoke, you know? Instead of the other way round.”

Cas frowned a moment processing what Ash said before he answered. “He’s okay, just feeling a little under the weather. Do me a favour though, if anyone comes in and asks specifically for him just… just let me know first?”

“Sure thing boss.”

Cas headed back through the kitchen and found Dean pouring himself a rather large glass of whiskey
“I mean I knew you were skilled at swallowing but I didn’t know that included straight whiskey,” Cas said softly but his joke fell flat when Dean looked up at him with glassy eyes. “Hey, come here.” Cas pulled him into a hug, plucking the glass from his hands. “I don’t even know where you found that bottle but”-

“Is she still out there?” Dean interrupted in a hoarse whisper.

“No, she’s gone, I’m sorry,” Cas said with a frustrated huff of breath. “I called Ellen, left a message. I’m hoping she can track down Ruby, see if she can bring her in for questioning.”

“Thank you,” Dean said, his eyes downcast.

“Let’s get you upstairs,” Cas murmured, moving his hand up to Dean’s neck, massaging, trying to relieve some of the tension he could feel there. Dean nodded but nonetheless reached for the glass of whiskey in Cas’s hand. “No, come on, you don’t want to be hungover on your first day with Bobby.”

“Fine,” Dean groaned, giving up on the drink. He let Cas move him out of the kitchen and through the back door of the bar. Just as they started up the wooden staircase a car in the parking lot backfired and Dean jumped.

“It’s okay, you’re okay,” Cas soothed, pulling Dean closer to him.

“Sorry,” Dean whispered.

“Don’t be sorry,” Cas said, helping him up the steps.

The apartment was so warm compared to the cold of the outside and Dean sighed softly as Cas closed the door gently behind them.

“Are you okay?” Cas asked turning to Dean.

Dean ran his hands over his scalp and then hugged his arms around his body. “I… no, I’m not,” he finally said, sitting down on the couch and looking up at Cas.

“What can I do?” Cas asked, sitting next to him, one leg folded underneath him.

“I don’t know,” Dean groaned sadly. “Do you think I should even go to Bobby’s tomorrow?”

“Has he got cameras in the yard?” Cas asked.

“I can ask him but probably, I mean, salvage is pretty lucrative,” Dean said with a shrug. The possibility of there being surveillance at Bobby’s had him feeling a little less rattled.

“Well, why don’t you ask him when you get there?” Cas suggested. “From a loss-prevention perspective.”

“That could work,” Dean said, mulling it over.

“It’ll be okay,” Cas soothed, his hand coming to rest on Dean’s thigh.

“I need you with me,” Dean whispered. “I feel like I need you with me all the time. To make me feel… normal. Make me feel safe, secure.”
Cas nodded, thinking it over. “I think I know what might work. Come with me.”

He grasped Dean’s hand and stood up from the couch, pulling Dean along with him. They moved into the bedroom and Cas wrapped his arms around Dean’s shoulders pulling him into a kiss. He pressed his lips to Dean’s for a long time, not wanting any more or less, until finally he pulled back.

“How do you feel about wearing a plug for me?” Cas asked. “Keeping yourself stretched and ready for me so when you come home from work all tired and sweaty I can throw you down on that bed and take you there and then?”

Dean moaned at the idea as Cas started to place feather-light kisses along his neck. “Oh my god, Cas, that sounds pretty amazing.”

“Now if you were going to do this for me,” Cas murmured, his lips brushing the sensitive skin on Dean’s throat, “there would be certain conditions.” Cas’s hand found Dean’s belt buckle and Dean gasped softly when it was undone.

“A-anything.”

“First of all, you wouldn’t be able to come without my express permission,” Cas said, starting to stroke Dean’s length - he was already hard.

“Yes,” Dean whispered, his head falling back onto the pillows, eyes closed.

“And secondly, you’ll have to do it without the help of a cock ring,” Cas continued, “or a cock cage.”

“Oh, but Cas,” Dean groaned.

“I know, it makes it so much harder for you,” Cas said, unbuttoning Dean’s shirt and starting to trail a line of kisses over his abs. “Why don’t you try it for a couple of days, see if you can survive?”

Dean started making practically sinful sounds as Cas lowered his lips to Dean’s cock and swallowed around it’s length. His fingers fist the bedclothes underneath them as Cas licked one long line from base to tip along the underside. It didn’t take long for Dean to get close and as Cas flicked the very tip he gasped.

“C-Cas,” he moaned, gritting his teeth. “I’m going to come.”

“Then come,” Cas whispered, “but only in my mouth.”

Dean almost came right then and there at those words but he obediently waited until his cock was once again taken into the warmth of Cas’s unbearably talented mouth. Within seconds, his back arched and he let out a gasp and started seeing stars as he came, a wave of pleasure flooding him as Cas licked up every drop.

Dean breathed heavily for a few moments, savouring the feeling until he finally opened his eyes to see Cas grinning up at him. He sighed and dropped his head back to the pillow.

“God you look good like that,” Cas said, admiring Dean, stretched out and blissed out underneath him.

Dean cracked open one eye to look at Cas and smiled. “You’re too good for me,” he said with a laugh.
Dean flinched when the alarm clock went off, bright and early for his first day working at Bobby’s. He rolled over to see Cas walk into the bedroom, already dressed and holding a steaming mug of coffee.

“Good morning sunshine,” Cas said, placing the coffee on the bedside table. “Go have a shower, breakfast in ten.”

“You didn’t have to do all that for me,” Dean said with a yawn.

“Of course I did,” Cas shrugged. “Now go have a shower before your eggs get cold.”

Dean showered and dressed in jeans, plaid shirt and boots, before following the smell of bacon and eggs to the kitchen. Cas slid the eggs onto two plates with a flourish and placed them down on the table, complete with toast, bacon and moe coffee.

“Oh wow, Cas, you didn’t have to do all this for me,” Dean said, his jaw dropping at the spread.

“Shut up and eat it,” Cas said with a grin.

Dean did as he was told and boy was he glad, Cas’s cooking was next level even if it was just bacon and eggs. He polished off the entire plate and drained his coffee before looking up at Cas.

“Thank you,” he said sincerely.

“Don’t mention it,” Cas replied with a shake of his head, unruly dark hair looking all bedhead and sexy - as far as Dean was concerned.

“No really, this was so kind of you,” Dean insisted.

Cas’s lips quirked up in a smirk. “In that case, why don’t you go be a good boy, get ready for work and then call me into the bedroom when your jeans are at your ankles and you’re bent over the bed.”

Dean rolled his eyes at the statement and groaned softly - how the fuck was he supposed to keep from coming if Cas was going to put a plug in him and then say things like that? Nevertheless, he got up from the table, placed his plate in the sink and headed back to the bedroom’s ensuite, brushing his teeth and making sure he had everything he needed tucked away in the pockets of his jacket - phone, wallet, keys. He took a breath and then positioned himself at the end of the bed, bracing himself on the bed, bending over, ass in the air suggestively before calling out to Cas.

“Ready, sir!”

Cas took his time - knowing that Dean had a good hour left before he had to be at Bobby’s which was only a ten minute drive away. He sauntered into the bedroom and pulled lube and the plug he’d put aside for this exact purpose and gazed lasciviously at Dean’s ass. It was still a little pink from the spankings he’d subjected Dean to over the last few days.

“Spread your legs wider my boy,” Cas ordered but his tone was gentle. Dean obeyed, spreading his legs until the jeans pooled at his feet restricted any further movement. “Very good.”

Cas trailed his hands over Dean’s rump, loving the hitched breaths and stifled gasps of anticipation he elicited. He spread Dean’s cheeks best he could with one hand and held the lube over his tantalizingly pink hole, letting drops land on that puckered rosebud. Dean moaned softly as Cas let go of his ass cheeks and covered his fingers with lube before pressing one in. He felt around inside Dean, every now and then brushing past his prostate and feeling Dean’s whole body stiffen and jerk.
with the touch.

“How does that feel?”

“How-heavenly, sir,” Dean ground out, clenching the bed clothes as Cas pushed a second finger in, scissoring to open him up a little.

Cas pulled his fingers out without warning and Dean whined at the loss of fullness in his ass but seconds later he felt something hard and blunt at his entrance. Cas gently pressed the plug in, so slowly, inch by inch. Dean felt it fill him, felt it burn ever so slightly as Cas had only stretched him just enough. It wasn’t an overly large plug but Cas was so torturously slow in inserting it that to Dean it felt a mile long. When it finally situated in place Dean realised with a half ecstatic, half miserable jolt that it would brush up against his prostate on occasion. This little challenge of Cas’s - to wear a plug all day and *not* come without permission - was going to be harder than first thought.

Cas gave the base of the plug a few taps and Dean groaned loudly. “Oh Cas… I don’t think I can… I don’t think I can stop myself.”

“You’re going to have to, my beautiful boy,” Cas said, delivering a couple of smart slaps to his ass cheeks in warning. “No coming whatsoever, no exceptions, until you’re home with me.”

Dean groaned as Cas gave his ass a couple more spanks, the skin instantly starting to redden. He nodded. “O-okay… yes, sir, I can do that,” he said finally through gritted teeth.

“That’s my perfect boy,” Cas said, giving his ass one more, extremely sharp slap that sent vibrations of pleasure straight to his cock. “Now, jeans up. Time for you to get to work.”

Dean groaned again as he straightened, feeling the plug shift in him. This was definitely going to be harder - in more ways that one. He pulled up his boxers and jeans, having to force his painfully hard cock back into place, praying it would soften soon. He pulled on his jacket and then went to walk out to the living room where Cas was - but stopped after only a couple steps. He realised with a shock that with every step almost the plug brushed his prostate sending little flurries of pleasure through him.

“Oh fuck,” he whispered, fully understanding the error of his ways in attempting this. “Oh god, this is impossible.”

“Dean, are you coming out any time soon?”

“Coming now!” Dean replied, wishing he meant something entirely different. He took in a deep breath, held it for a moment, trying to calm his almost-unbearably aroused cock and then walked out to the living room.

Cas studied his face as he walked out, noticing the slightly stiffer gait and pursed lips.

“Little tricky isn’t it?”

“Fuck yeah, Cas!” he said frustratedly.

“You’d better get used to it,” Cas said, nonchalantly. He looked pointedly at Dean’s crotch. “You can take it out to use the bathroom but that’s it. It’ll go right back in when you’re done and it only comes out when you’re back here with me. Understood?”

Dean nodded. “Understood, sir.”
“You are such a good boy for me,” Cas said, pulling Dean into his arms, his hand immediately lowering to squeeze Dean’s ass making him gasp. “And no, I repeat, no coming. All day. You will wear the plug all day and you will not come all day. Understood?”

“Understood, sir.”

“I’m sure you know that if you disobey, you’ll be punished,” Cas continued, kneading Dean’s ass and feeling him harden further - even through the thick denim of his jeans.

“I know, sir,” Dean replied, “although I… I uh…”

“Yes?”

“I do… uh, I do like to be spanked by you,” Dean finished, his cheeks burning.

“Well, I’ll have to keep that in mind,” Cas said with a chuckle pulling back from Dean to see his boy looking delightfully embarrassed. “Maybe we might have to instill a bit of maintenance in our day-to-day. A bit of domestic discipline, if you will.”

“What’s that, sir?” Dean asked, looking up at Cas, his face the picture of innocence.

“Oh, I will have so much fun showing you,” Cas said. “But right now, it’s time for you to get going.” He slapped Dean’s ass through his jeans making Dean grunt at the impact. “Come on. Off to work with you and we might incorporate some maintenance spanking tonight when you get home. If you’re lucky and you behave all day that is.”

“Fuck, I’m so goddamn hard right now already,” Dean sighed.

“Too bad, my love. Off you go now,” Cas said, giving his ass another spank before leaning in to kiss Dean who opened his mouth, deepening the kiss immediately. Cas pulled back, worried that Dean was going to make himself late. “Okay, get going. And don’t forget to ask Bobby about the cameras in his lot, alright?” he added, his tone serious.

“I won’t, I promise,” Dean replied. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Dean smiled at Cas before he headed out the door, biting his lip to keep from gasping as he practically staggered down the stairs - this plug was going to be the death of him today.

End Notes

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