Dominance Issues

by keerawa

Summary

A Sam without a soul is convinced he should be in charge. Dean's prepared to do whatever it takes to prove otherwise.

Notes

A/N: Written for the slaveexchange challenge. Thanks to my beta, randomstasis, and my fabulous artist, phantisma.

Warnings: *takes a deep breath* This is BDSM porn with splashes of plot and angst. It features a variety of kinks and edge play, including pain play, power dynamics, orgasm denial, cbt, breath play, wax play, knife play, blood play, bare-backing, come play, marking, and branding. There are events that may be triggers for rape and domestic violence. I could write a loving, happy story with this set of warnings, but this particular fic is about some very fucked-up boys.
Chapter 1

Dean dragged himself out of the driver’s seat. Every square inch of his back lit up with Technicolor aches as he grabbed his duffel out of the back seat and shuffled to the motel room door. He unlocked it, left arm clenched against his side. He might have torn some of the ligaments, catching himself when the poltergeist tried to throw him down the stairs. Sam had calmly finished the banishing ritual upstairs while the poltergeist kicked the crap out of Dean downstairs.

Two years ago Dean would have been impressed with Sam’s professionalism. Now it was just another sign that this thing that was all Dean had left of his brother didn’t give a shit if he lived or died. Dean got the door open and fumbled the key back into his pocket. Sam hip-checked him out of the way and tossed his duffel onto the far bed.

“I call first shower,” Sam said, unbuttoning his shirt.

“Seriously?” slipped out of Dean’s mouth. He was bruised and beat-up, covered in plaster and itchy pink insulation from the wall the poltergeist had tossed him through. Sam didn’t have a hair out of place, and he was calling dibs? “No way – first shower’s mine.”

Sam kept stripping down. “Why do you get to decide who gets the first shower?” he asked, words half-muffled in his t-shirt as he pulled it over his head.

“Because I’m older,” Dean answered automatically, wincing as he crouched down to salt the door.

Sam sat on his bed and untied his boots. He pulled them off, wrinkled his nose at the smell, and then set them at the foot of the bed with the military precision Dad had drilled into them both. He rolled
his socks down his ankles and then tossed them into a pile with his dirty shirts. Sam stood up to
unbutton his jeans and then paused, eyes assessing Dean as he limped across the room to pack the
salt away in the duffel.

“You know, Dean,” Sam said. “I’m bigger than you. I’m stronger then you. And I’m a better hunter.
I think …” he tilted his head thoughtfully. “I think I’m done letting you boss me around.”

Dean straightened up. This wasn’t Sammy at four years old insisting he could tie his own shoes. It
wasn’t Sam at sixteen, all sullen silences and frustrated rage, accusing Dean of taking Dad’s side in
everything.

This was a Sam-shaped thing with his brother’s face and all of his training, but none of his heart.
This Sam would’ve pulled the trigger on Samuel without a second thought. He’d fed his own brother
to a vamp to get to their alpha. Sam was a hunter, sure. He killed things, but he didn’t give a damn
about saving people. Dean didn’t know if Sam was hunting out of force of habit, thrill-seeking, or
pure blood-lust.

Sam was riding the adrenaline edge, taking stupid risks like the werewolf he’d taken down hand-to-
hand with a silver knife, when Dean was a hundred yards out with a rifle and silver ammo, unable to
get a clean shot because Sam was too busy playing Rambo. Dean watched through the scope as Sam
stood up after cutting the thing’s throat, covered in its blood and grinning. He’d wondered if maybe
he should take the shot anyway.

Dean had tried to find the differences between this Sam, the one missing a soul, and the things they
hunted. The only one he’d come up with was that Dean was holding this particular monster on a
very tight leash. And if that leash happened to snap …

Sam sauntered closer, wearing nothing but jeans and a smile. Dean took a sharp breath, combat-
readiness shoving his aches and pains into the background. Whatever happened next, they weren’t
settling this with words. When Sam kicked out to try and sweep Dean’s legs, he wasn’t even
surprised.

Dean ducked inside the zone where Sam’s crazy-long arms could reach but his own couldn’t, and it
was on. Fists and elbows, strikes and blocks, like a thousand sparring sessions over the years in fields
and backyards, in tiny apartments and seedy motel rooms with the furniture pushed back against the
walls.

Sam caught Dean’s bad arm, leveraged it up and out against the joint. Dean’s torn ligaments
screamed; he let out a grunt of pain. Sam smirked. Dean gouged at his eye, and reclaimed his arm
when Sam jerked his head back.

The two of them circled each other, Sam snug and feral, Dean stiff with rage. They weren’t sparring
anymore. Dean tackled Sam into the TV. It fell over with a smash and they rolled across the floor, no
finesse, bodies pressing for advantage, elbows and nails and teeth searching out weak points. Sam
was stronger than the last time they’d taken a fight to the ground, a wall of solid muscle, and Dean
could already feel his own muscles starting to shake with exhaustion. Dean was on top, but Sam’s
hands were around his throat, choking him out. Dean hardened his fingers and dug into the radial
nerve bundle below Sam’s elbow. Sam gasped at the pain as his hand spasmed and went dead. Dean
grinned when Sam went limp beneath him. Sure, Dad taught them both everything he knew. But
Dean learned that one from Alastair.

“Hurts,” Sam said huskily. Somehow, it didn’t sound like a complaint. Dean tightened his hold,
extpecting a trick. Sam moaned, his eyes gone wide and dark. Dean dropped the hold like it burned,
using just his weight to pin Sam down. When he sat back, he felt Sam’s dick press up against his ass,
hard as a rock.


“Looks like your little brother and I do have a few things in common,” Sam said breathily.

“Sam wasn’t like that,” Dean denied.

Sam chuckled. “You can’t really believe that. Sam wanted this so bad he could hardly breathe. You seriously never wondered why, every time you stitched him up, he’d run straight to the bathroom afterwards to rub one out?”

“Adrenaline …” Dean said uneasily.

“Bull-shit. Sammy-boy had a thing for pain. And so do I.”

“There are people you can, uh, pay to help you out with that,” Dean offered. “Professionals.”

“Yeah,” Sam said, licking his lips. “I tried that a few months ago. She cuffed me to her bed and hurt her hand trying to spank my ass. When I laughed at her, the cunt got pissed off, pulled out this electric chain, and started hitting me with it. I didn’t like that,” Sam said with a long, sensual shrug of his body under Dean, “So I broke the cuffs and hit her back.”

Dean swallowed. He’d never even heard Sam use the c-word before. He could picture it. Could see Sam towering over the woman, the broken cuffs hanging from his wrists, as she cowered away from him. “Did you hurt her?” he asked.

Sam shrugged. “Not too bad,” he said cheerfully.

Dean knew Sam well enough to know he was lying, but this wasn’t his Sam, and so he wasn’t sure how much of it was a lie. Maybe Sam was just low-balling it a little, and he’d hit the woman once and left her bleeding and crying on the floor. Maybe he’d put her in the hospital. Or it could be that hooker was lying in a shallow grave somewhere because Sam had an itch she couldn’t scratch.

“But you,” Sam continued. “You could hurt me real good, couldn’t you, big brother,” he purred.

Dean could. He really could. He’d been Alastair’s most gifted student. Even with the limitations of being above ground. Just using the tools he had in the room right now, a few items from his duffel and the first aid kit, maybe the broken bits of glass from the TV; he could give Sam all the pain he could take, and more. If that’s what it took, to keep Sam under control, he could do it.

“I could hurt you,” Dean agreed evenly. “You gonna make it worth my while?”

“Yeah,” Sam breathed out. “Anything you want, Dean, I swear.”

Dean stood up and didn’t let a hint of what he was feeling show on his face or body. “I’m taking a shower. When I get out, I expect to see you naked and on your knees for me.”

Sam nodded. He looked eager, but there was a glint of calculation in his eyes that made Dean wonder if he was being played.

Dean closed the bathroom door behind him, took off his clothes, and turned the shower as hot as he could stand it. His shoulder throbbed with every heartbeat. He really needed to ice it, but Dean couldn’t afford to show any weakness to Sam right now.

The hot water pounded down across his sore muscles. Dean stared down at his dick, half-mast from
wanting … from wanting *that*. Dean’s gut lurched. He bent over and spat bile. Spat again; not quite puking, but close. He’d wondered sometimes, over the past few years, if when he finally kicked it he’d end up back in Hell. No need to wonder anymore. He was buying a first-class ticket straight down.

When Dean got out of the shower he grabbed a thread-bare motel towel, ran it over his hair, and dried himself off quickly. He started to wrap the towel around his waist, but hung it up on the bar instead. No point in pretending this wasn’t going where it was going.

He stepped out into the cool air of the room and found Sam kneeling naked on the carpet, as instructed. The glass from the TV had been cleaned up, and the duffels were off the beds, piled in the corner by the door.

Dean walked around Sam, inspecting him. Sam was built, miles of warm golden skin over solid muscle marred by a few scratches and red marks from their fight, his dick lying thick and limp on his thigh.

“If we do this, you’re mine,” Dean told him. “No other guys, no women, no freaking hookers.” No one else in the monster’s den.

“If we do it,” Sam agreed, but his voice was cool, and Dean recognized a challenge when he heard one. He had to prove he was man enough to get the job done.

“What do you want out of this?” Dean asked.

Sam smirked and tilted his head. “I don’t know. What’ve you got?”

Dean stepped close, grabbed Sam’s hair, and jerked his head up, throat curved back and exposed. Sam’s nostrils pulsed, but he stayed on his knees. “That’s not how this works. I’m gathering intel here. So you’re gonna tell me what you want, and then I’ll decide what you get.”

He dropped Sam’s head and took half a step back. “Electricity. You said the chick used an electric chain on you. You didn’t like it?”

“No,” Sam said cautiously, looking up at him. “It hurt, but not the right way. And I got Tasered a year ago. It didn’t put me down. Just made me mad.”

Dean nodded, mentally crossing the Taser in the trunk off the list of possibilities if Sam went rogue. “And when she spanked you, that didn’t work for you.”

Sam shrugged. “I barely felt it.”

Dean reached out a hand under Sam’s jaw and gently tipped his head to the side. There was a red mark there, where he’d caught Sam with a solid elbow strike. Dean rubbed his thumb over the mark. Sam’s breath caught. He pushed into Dean’s hand, pressing Dean’s thumb harder into what would be one hell of a bruise by morning.

“You liked it when I hit you, though,” Dean said. “You like the bruises, being marked up. You want them under your clothes, or where everyone can see them?”

Sam flushed. “Where people can see them,” he said softly.

Dean barked a laugh. “Poor little Sammy. Left a trail of hickies on every girl you touched in high school. I thought you were a possessive little bitch, and all along you were just begging for someone to come along and mark you up, show everyone who you belonged to.”
There was a spark of anger in Sam’s eyes. “Do I get a safe word?”

Dean reminded himself that this wasn’t Sam. It was a monster that looked like him. “Why, you gonna pussy out on me?”

Sam glared up at him.

“No, you don’t get a safe word. You can tell me no; scream for me to stop, if you want.” Dean bent over to whisper into Sam’s ear. “That was my favorite part, in Hell,” he confided, and felt Sam shudder. Dean stood back up. He checked out Sam’s dick, hard and ready for action, and smiled. “I might stop, if you beg me. Might keep going. Depends on my mood.”

Dean reached for Sam’s face again and thumbed the red scratch under Sam’s eye from the eye-gouge Sam had barely dodged. Sam closed his eyes. Dean ran his thumb over the vulnerable eyelid, applying just a little pressure, watching the pulse leap in Sam’s throat. “I won’t permanently damage you,” he said conversationally. “Won’t do anything that would put you out of commission for more than a day or two. You’re useful, as a hunter, and I’m gonna keep on using you for that.”

Dean suddenly felt like he couldn’t breathe with Sam so close and defenseless under his hands. He stepped back a little further. Sam’s eyes opened gradually, pupils huge and dark.

“You like to bleed?” Dean asked him eagerly. “Want me to cut you?”

Sam blinked. “Yeah,” he croaked. “Yes, please.”

Dean flashed on his Bowie knife, the balance so much like his favorite blade back in the Pit, and he shivered. They were playing with fire here. “Fire?” he asked.

Sam looked confused.

“Do you like playing with heat and cold?” Dean said.

“I don’t know,” Sam said. “Probably?”

“Bondage,” Dean said, impatient to get to the main event. “Being held down, ropes, cuffs. You like that?”

Sam hesitated. Dean eyed him, still kneeling exactly the way he had been when Dean came out of the bathroom. “No,” he concluded. “You like having to control yourself. You want me to put you in a position and make you hold it, no matter what I do to you.”

Sam nodded, eyes on the carpet, a red flush staining his face all the way down his chest.

“You’re going to do whatever I say,” Dean told him, because that was the whole point of this thing, wasn’t it? Making sure Sam didn’t slip his leash.

“I’m not into, uh, humiliation,” Sam said.

Dean stepped behind him, placed a hand between Sam’s shoulder blades and shoved hard, slamming him face down into the carpet. Sam turned his head to take the impact on his temple rather than his nose, but didn’t fight back.

Dean gripped the back of Sam’s neck, hard enough he knew it would leave a mark. “No, see, this part isn’t about you. I happen to like being in charge. So your only job, from now on, is to do exactly what I tell you. And as long as you do that, I will make every one of your twisted little dreams come
true. Understood?"

Sam nodded, face still mashed into the dirty motel carpet. Dean hummed approvingly and ran his hand along the sweaty slope of Sam’s back to his ass, pushed up into the air by this position. He was massive. All hard muscle, with not an ounce of fat. Spanking was out, definitely. You could break a two-by-four over Sam’s ass and he wouldn’t feel it. Too bad – watching Sam squirm around in the passenger seat the next day would’ve been fun. Dean would just need to get a little creative.

Dean traced over Sam’s crack and down to his balls, hanging heavy and full between his thighs. He tested the weight of Sam’s balls in his hand. Rolled them around between his fingers, making note of Sam’s quiet moan. “You like that?” he asked.

“Um,” Sam said.

Dean squeezed them. Sam yelped and started to pull away. It must have hurt real bad when he tried to pull his balls out of Dean’s grip, because he immediately moved back with a whimper. Dean gradually released the pressure. “Did you like that?” he repeated.

“No,” Sam said instantly. “No, I didn’t.”

Dean chuckled. “Now, here’s the problem. You say you didn’t like it, but your dick is sitting up and begging for more.” It was rock-hard and curving up towards Sam’s stomach. “So which should I believe? Your lying mouth or your slutty dick?”

Dean started squeezing again, rhythmic little touches with barely any pressure at all.

“I, uh …” Sam’s voice trailed off in a groan and his legs spread a little more to allow Dean better access.

“I think that settles it,” Dean said, amused. “So let’s find a better use for that mouth. Up on your knees,” he ordered.

Sam scrambled to obey. When Dean pointed his dick, full and leaking, at Sam’s mouth, Sam leaned forward enthusiastically to lick it like a popsicle.

“Yeah,” Dean moaned. “Yeah, that’s –” Sam took Dean’s dick in his mouth. “Watch the teeth!” Dean hissed. Sam tried to deep-throat him and gagged hard, tearing up. It was the first time Dean had seen tears in his brother’s eyes since he threw himself into the Cage. Dean realized, with a guilty lurch of his stomach, that Sam had no clue how to give head to a guy.

“Hey, stop,” Dean said as he pulled his dick out of Sam’s mouth. Sam rubbed his mouth with the back of his hand and stared at the carpet, tense and embarrassed. There was nothing Sammee hated more than failing at something.

“Hands behind your back,” Dean said.

Sam sullenly locked the fingers of his right hand around his left wrist at the small of his back and took a breath to speak.

“No talking,” Dean interrupted him. “Close your eyes.”

Sam did. Dean pushed the damp bangs away from Sam’s forehead and reached down to massage the tight muscles at the hinge of his jaw. “Open your mouth and relax your jaw,” he said quietly. “Use your lips to cover your teeth.”
Dean cupped Sam’s face in his hands and slipped his dick back into Sam’s warm, wet mouth. “That’s it,” he said as he started thrusting shallowly. “I’ll show you how. Teach you all the tricks. Train that gag reflex right out of you. Get you sucking cock like a pro. But this – fuck, this is good, just like this, you letting me fuck your mouth. Lift up your tongue a little, so I can – yeah,” Dean gasped, rubbing his dick against Sam’s tongue. Sam moaned, and Dean could feel it, all around him, Christ.

Dean pulled out of Sam’s mouth and jerked himself a few times before his orgasm hit hard, come shooting out of his dick to splatter over Sam’s face. Dean dropped to his knees, feeling the impact echo through his bad shoulder even through the endorphins.

“You did good, Sam. So good for me,” he murmured, brushing his hand over Sam’s face, wiping away the white drops that clung to his eye lashes. He pressed the palm of his hand to Sam’s lips. “Here, lick it clean. Get it wet,” he said.

Sam’s lips and tongue drifted over his palm and Dean’s dick twitched. Fuck.

“I’m gonna take care of you,” Dean said, wrapping his wet hand around the head of Sam’s dick as his other hand cradled Sam’s balls. “But you’ve got to be honest with me. Tell me - how much of a pain slut are you, Sam?” He tightened both of his grips a little, heard Sam gasp, and started pumping Sam’s dick.

“Cause a normal guy, he’d be nervous about me handling the family jewels this way.” Dean lifted Sam’s balls and pushed them up high against the base of Sam’s dick, trapping them there. His other hand, the one working Sam’s dick, started moving faster. Hard over the head of Sam’s dick on the up-stroke, it slammed into his balls on the down-stroke.

Sam made a sound, a stifled groan, and swayed.

“A normal guy, I don’t think he could come like this. He’d be hurting too much. But you?”

Sam’s eyes were still closed, hands clasped behind his back. He panted, open-mouthed, as Dean jerked him, every stroke punishing his balls.

“I think you’re going to come because of the pain, aren’t you? You gonna come for me, Sam? Gonna cream yourself because you finally got your big brother to hurt you like you always wanted?” Dean made a fist, crushing Sam’s balls. With a hitching sob, Sam came, his dick spurting in Dean’s hand, the come arcing up to spatter over his belly and chest.

Sam crumpled forwards. Dean caught him and eased him down to the ground. He pulled a pillow off the bed and tucked it under Sam’s head, then went to the bathroom to fetch a warm washcloth. He gently wiped his come off of Sam’s face, and then wiped Sam’s off both their bodies. He tossed the washcloth towards the bathroom.

Sam looked completely blissed-out. The kid always did zone after a jerk-off session. It was the closest he’d ever seen this version of Sam get to actually sleeping. Sam still had his hands locked together behind his back. “C’mon, let go,” Dean said, pulling them apart and into a more natural position. Dean covered Sam up with a blanket and stood up.

Fuck, his shoulder was killing him. Dean threw on some jeans and shoes, not wanting to deal with putting a shirt on. He grabbed some ice from the ice machine. When he got back to the room, Sam was still curled up on the floor. Dean packed ice into a towel for his shoulder, got his Walkman out of his bag, put in his earbuds, and listened to Led Zeppelin II while keeping an eye on Sam. When the album ended he dumped the wet towel in the sink, dried himself off, and brushed his teeth.
Dean checked that his knife was in its usual spot under the pillow when he settled into bed. He considered keeping his .45 under there too, just in case Sam was pissed when he came out of the afterglow.

Screw it. He was beat. Best case scenario, his pet monster was happy performing for treats. Worst case, he’d never hear Sam come for him in the night. Either way, there was nothing he could do about it.

Dean saw a gleam under Sam’s eyelashes as he drifted off to sleep. That night, Dean dreamed of Sam, naked and lounging at his feet like a cat, bound with a single length of black iron chain.

Dean woke up the next morning to the smell of coffee. He blurrily checked the floor. The blanket and pillow were back on the other bed.

Sam was sitting at the table, working on his laptop. The mark on his jaw had turned into a deep purple-blue bruise overnight. There were two cups of coffee sitting on the table.

“One of those for me?” Dean asked hopefully.

Sam closed the laptop, turned towards Dean and leaned forward in his chair with a little smile. “Yes. And I got some more ice for your shoulder.” His smile crumpled at the edges as a worry line creased his forehead. “I’m sorry about last night.”

Dean pulled the sheet up a bit higher.

“I mean,” Sam said hurriedly, “I’m not sorry about most of it, last night was amazing. But I’m sorry I hurt you.”

For a second, just a second, Dean believed he had his brother back. He took a sharp breath, and felt his heart grow inside his chest, like the Grinch, three sizes too big.

He stood up, but Sam was just sitting there with a funny little smile on his face, and that’s when the stupidity of it hit him. What, he thought he’d pulled Sam’s soul out of the Cage with the power of his dick? Yeah, right.

“Don’t pretend to be him,” Dean said coldly.

Sam sat back in his chair and his face smoothed out to neutral. “Yeah,” he said. “Okay. I meant it though.”

Dean snorted. “You’re not sorry.”

“No,” Sam agreed. “But last night was amazing. The ice bucket’s over by the TV.”

Well, Dean decided, at least now he knew the monster was willing to jump through hoops for his treat.

Sam had always been a picky eater. The soulless version was just as particular about his food, and
felt no need to be polite about it.

Dean listened to him order, all ‘egg-white omelet,’ ‘red peppers, not green,’ ‘dressing on the side,’ ‘Was that pie baked this morning?’ and ‘You better write this down. If you screw up my order, you’re not getting a penny of a tip.’

He meant it, too. The real Sam always left a tip, no matter how crappy the food or service was, and always in cash, in case the owner was the kind of douchebag who took a percentage off the top. When Dean complained, Sam would give him an earful about how tips were a part of a living wage for people in the service industry.

"You might get better service if you’re nicer to the waitress,” Dean said as the girl scurried off, looking ready to burst into tears.

“No, I tried that,” Sam said. “I get better service when they’re scared of me. Or when they want to fuck me,” he said with a little leer that looked completely wrong on Sam’s face.

“Not anymore,” Dean said sternly.

Sammy used to hate that voice. This version seemed to like it, because the leer turned into a full on ‘fuck-me’ grin. “Oh, they can want me,” Sam said. “They can look all they want. They just can’t touch.” He rubbed the bruise Dean had left on his jaw and stretched his arms up, then out, and left them hanging over the back of the diner booth, completely filling the space, huge and somehow obscene. “I’m all yours,” he purred, looking Dean right in the eye.

Dean shifted in his seat, his dick sitting up and taking notice. His knee knocked into Sam’s leg, intertwined with his under the table. “Keep it in your pants, man,” he muttered, looking around to see if anyone was watching. “This is Ohio, not San Francisco.”

Sam smirked.

Jesus. How the Hell was Dean going to make this work? He had no clue how to even …

Eight months ago, Lisa had stood up from cleaning the oven after he’d accidentally set it on fire, and had declared that the romance was dead. She’d been kind of joking, but mostly not.

Dean’d had plenty of sex in his life. Lots of sex. Sex on tap whenever he wanted it, because the U.S. of A. was full of bars with women who wanted to spend the night with a good-looking bad boy. If he was in a city, there were the other kind of bars, too, and men were even easier.

He knew how to seduce someone. How to talk them into a quickie in the bathroom, a hummer in the back seat, a hook-up at their place. And he could deliver, too. Dean could make a guy shoot his load in three minutes flat. Could make a woman come a dozen times in a night. But he was never sure what to do when they called the next day, looking for a repeat performance. New positions, get a little kinky, suggest a threesome?

He had a pretty good bag of tricks, when it came to sex, but when the shiny newness wore off, and you’d tried everything once, what the Hell did you do after that?

Lisa’d had all these expectations. Dean tried to do his share of the chores, and play catch with Ben, and work a 9 to 5, and cook dinner when she was teaching an evening yoga class. But his lasagna caught on fire, his boss wanted a social security number, Dean kept leaving the toilet-seat up, and he got falling-down drunk on Ben’s birthday, but it was only twelve days after Sam’s, and how the Hell was he supposed to deal with that sober?
He’d been a crappy boyfriend, so what had made Dean think he could possibly pull off being Sam’s … what? His Master? It was the stupidest fucking idea. Sam would get bored within a week, kick Dean’s ass, and go on some American Psycho rampage.

The waitress, Cindy, delivered their meal. Dean’s fries were soggy, but Sam’s meal looked perfect. When Sam nodded approvingly, she gave a little half-curtsy before scampering off.

Dean was no good at this stuff. Relationships. Only thing he’d ever been any good at was hunting. Well, that, and Hell. He’d been good at his job in Hell. Could torture those souls better than demons with a millennia’s practice. ‘A natural’, Alastair had called him. If he had Sam on his rack, fuck, he could make him beg for it. He was an artist with a blade, a brand …

Dean’s eyes focused slowly on the silverware. There was a soup spoon sitting on the table, metal with a black ceramic handle. That would make a decent insulator. Hmm. Dean picked up the spoon. He looked at Sam until he looked back, and then glanced at the spoon.

Sam tilted his head and narrowed his eyes questioningly. He checked out the spoon, and then shrugged at Dean.

Dean let a slow, wicked smile spread over his face. He winked, and tucked the spoon up his sleeve.

Dean smothered the laugh building in his chest with a sip of coffee. This Sam wouldn’t recognize romance if it bit him on the ass. He just wanted lots of pain and plenty of orgasms. Dean could keep him on the hook the rest of their natural lives.

As they left the diner, Dean noticed that Sam’s gait was a little off. He grinned. Time to make sure that leash was nice and tight. He followed Sam around to the passenger side of the Impala, got behind him, and leaned in, his hips trapping Sam up against her. He grabbed Sam’s hair and pulled his head back, just a little. Sam tensed, then relaxed back against him.

“That a gun in your front pocket, Sam, or you just happy to see me? ‘Cause that better not be for that waitress groupie of yours back in the diner.”

“No,” Sam said, sounding out of breath. “I was thinking about last night, and … Dean,” he demanded. “What are you going to do with that spoon?”

Dean chuckled. “You’ll like it. Or maybe you won’t. Either way, I’ll have fun. Get in the car.”

Once they were both sitting inside, Dean said, “Now take your dick out.”

Sam turned to look at him for a moment. Then he unzipped, reached in, and pulled his dick out through the slit in his boxers. It was already chubbed up, and got thicker as Dean watched. He wondered how much of that was from Sam getting off on being ordered to expose himself in a diner parking lot in broad daylight, and how much was just being looked at.

“Not bad,” Dean approved. “Your nuts still sore from last night?”

Sam swallowed. “Yeah. They’re aching.”

“Good. I want them real full by tonight.” Dean started the engine, checked over his shoulder, and reversed out of the parking space. “We’ve got a long drive today. Whenever I look your way, I want to see your dick nice and hard. If you can keep it up with just that big brain of yours, awesome. If not, you can give yourself a hand. But you’re not coming until tonight. Understood?”
Sam took a deep breath and let it out. His dick was even harder now. “I understand.”

“Glad to hear it. I’ll ask, every now and then, what you’re thinking about. It better be about me, and I’ll want details. I said I’d make all your dreams come true, so I need to know every filthy fantasy you ever jacked off to about me. Every way you ever wished I would hurt you.”

Sam spread his legs, breath ragged.

Dean maneuvered out of the parking lot and onto the highway. The traffic was pretty light, so he eased into the slipstream of an eighteen-wheeler.

Sam was slouched down in his seat, lip between his teeth, staring into space while his dick stood up, curving towards his stomach.

“What you thinking about?” Dean asked. Whatever it was, it must be good.

“You. You fucking me,” Sam said quietly. “And you’re choking me; won’t let me breathe until you’re done.”

Dean’s dick twitched. Christ. Well, that answered the question of whether Sam was willing to bottom. “You ever done that before?” Dean asked, his voice slipping deeper.

Sam shook his head.

“The choking part, or getting fucked?” Dean asked, just to be sure.

“Jess and I tried a little breath play, but she always stopped too soon.” He cleared his throat. “Never been fucked.”

“But you want to?” Dean asked. When Sam nodded, he let himself imagine it, pictured his dick sliding into Sam’s tight, strong, gorgeous ass. And – shit.

“Condoms,” Dean realized. “We didn’t use condoms last night.”

Sam shrugged. “Do we need to? It’s not like we don’t get covered in each other’s blood on a regular basis. You have any reason to think you’re not clean?”

“No,” Dean answered, feeling kind of offended. “I always had a ‘no glove, no love’ policy, and Lisa and I both got tested before bare-backing it. But I have no freaking clue where that’s been,” Dean said, nodding at Sam’s dick, which had wilted some since Dean got side-tracked.

Sam huffed. “Please. Like I’d let any of them near my naked dick. I’m clean.”

“Good,” Dean told him. “’Cause I owe you a lesson in cock-sucking, and I hate the taste of latex.” He licked his lips, slowly. “You ever jerk off to the thought of me sucking your dick, Sam?”

Sam was staring at Dean’s mouth.

“Well?” Dean asked.

“Uh, yeah. Kind of a lot,” Sam said, and his dick was saluting the flag again.

Dean winked. “Keep thinking, Butch. That’s what you’re good at.” Then he put his attention back on the road, pulled out into traffic, and put his foot down. They had 600 miles to go, and Dean wanted to stop early tonight.
As they drove, Dean shuffled through his spank bank of kinky porn and his memories of Hell, looking for things Sam might want to try. He remembered this one particular soul. He’d sliced her skin away, one even, bloody strip at a time, and the sounds she’d made …

A horn blared, and Dean realized that A) he was drifting out of his lane, and B) he was getting a stiffie over memories of flaying someone alive. Jesus Fucking Christ. What the Hell was wrong with him?

Yeah, the question kind of answered itself.

Dean twisted away from Sam in his seat. He took one sweaty palm off the wheel and wiped it dry on his jeans, shame twisting with the heat in his belly. It wasn’t like he wanted to do those things to people. Or, even if he did want to, he wouldn’t. Not unless they wanted it too, like Sam did. And most of it, not even then. It was just … he’d liked it. He’d really, really fucking liked it.

Dean sorted the memories of the things he’d done down there into three boxes, based on how much Sam would enjoy them and how much damage they’d inflict: ‘Try with Sam’, ‘Possible’, and ‘Don’t even think about it, you sick fuck.’

To be on the safe side, he’d avoid blades. For now, anyway.

So maybe there were two monsters in the car. And if that was true, this little arrangement between them was a public service. They wouldn’t even need to hunt. Keeping the rest of the world safe from the Monsters Winchester could be a full-time gig. Dean’s magnum fucking opus.
They stopped at a pizza place for dinner. It was a local place, full of big, noisy families and groups of high school kids. Dean couldn’t take his eyes off of Sam. After a day of being able to check out how hard Sam was anytime he wanted, reach out and touch him, and demand a full report on whatever crazy-hot fantasy was behind that moment’s hard-on; it was frustrating to settle for watching Sam’s flushed face for hints of how turned-on he was. The table was small, but the two of them kept their legs carefully separate under the table. Sam avoided Dean’s eyes and bolted his meal, with just a handful of words about the case in Missoula.

Not that Dean remembered what those words were, or even what kind of pizza they’d eaten, once it was cleared away. He hustled Sam to the car. This drive needed to be over, pronto. Once they were both in their seats, Sam fingered his zipper and looked at him inquiringly. Dean shook his head and stuck a Metallica cassette in the player. Sam made a face, but didn’t say anything. Dean would need the distraction to keep from driving them off the road.

On the way out of town Dean spotted a tiny sign for fishing cabins, rented by the week or the night. He swerved across a lane of on-coming traffic and into the parking lot. They’d have another seventy-five miles to drive tomorrow to reach Missoula, but if Dean had to wait another hour, he’d end up doing Sam on the side of the road.

Ninety bucks got Dean the key to a cabin with a king-size bed and no neighbors within a quarter-mile. Sam could make as much noise as he wanted.

Gravel rattled against the Impala’s under-carriage, and Dean had to force himself to slow down. The headlights slid over the tired off-white clapboard siding of cabin #12, and they were home for the night.

Dean pressed the key into Sam’s hand. “Get inside and take a shower. I’ll be in in a minute.”

Sam looked at him, jaw set in a way that Dean meant knew he was past confused and on his way to pissed off. Then Sam shook his head, opened the door, and folded himself out of the car.

“And Sam,” Dean called to him just before the car door closed. Sam ducked down to look at him. “Don’t bother putting any clothes on after the shower. You won’t be needing them tonight.”

Sam’s jaw relaxed. “Okay,” he agreed.

Dean took his time going through the tools and supplies in the trunk, placing anything he might want in his duffel. He felt a little bit of performance anxiety – tonight he had to prove to Sam that this, their deal, was worth his time.

The cabin was pretty nice inside. There was a kitchenette, a newish TV, a good-sized arm-chair, and a breakfast table with two chairs in addition to the king-sized bed. Dean took a couple of the white candles they used for rituals out of his duffle, lit them with his lighter, and placed them on the bedside table before turning off the over-head light. That was a little too dark, so Dean flicked the reading lamp on next to the arm-chair. Sam would probably assume he was mood-lighting.

Dean sat on the bed and bounced a little. Not too hard, not too soft. No headboard, but you couldn’t have everything. He untied his boots, pulled them off with his socks and placed them by his side of the bed, the one closest to the door. Dean pulled a coil of rope and his bowie knife out of his duffel. Dean measured off about nine feet of length, and cut it with the knife. He put the knife down
carefully on the table and stored both duffels under the bed, leaving plenty of uncluttered floor space.

Dean dragged the mattress down the bed, exposing the box spring, laid the length of rope down on it, near the head of the bed, and then pushed the mattress back up. There. That would give him some options, if he needed them. Dean checked out the kitchenette. There was no food in the cupboards, but the freezer had an ice-maker and there was a coffee pot with some packets of coffee grounds for the morning. Not bad. He filled a bowl with ice from the ice-maker and put it on the bed-side table.

He spread out a few other items on the table. Some he intended on using tonight. Some were just for show, when Sam got out of the shower. Speaking of which, Sam had been in there for a while. Sammy used to take half-hour showers, but the soulless version didn’t usually need more than five-minutes. Was he … oh hell no.

Dean slammed open the bathroom door and stepped into the sauna-hot room. He pulled back the shower curtain. Sam was leaning his head against the shower wall, body curved under the hot water, his right hand working his dick.

“Seriously?” Dean asked.

Sam turned his head slowly towards him. “What?” he asked, voice deeper than usual. “You been telling me to all day.”

“Yeah, when I was there to watch,” Dean said.

“You’re watching now,” Sam said, with a hitch in his voice that Dean knew meant he was almost there, based on close-quarters living when Sammy was a teenager.

“Stop,” Dean ordered flatly. “I didn’t have you work up a nice big load all day long just to waste it on your own right hand.”

Sam’s head stilled on his dick. He turned off the water and turned to face Dean, six foot four of toned body on display for him. Sam shook his head like a dog, sending water flying all over the bathroom. And all over Dean.

“Bitch,” Dean commented mildly, wiping the water off his face.

Sam tilted his head with a hint of a sneer on his face, little brother for, ‘What you gonna do about it?’

Luckily, Dean had a really great answer to that question. He grabbed all the towels off the rack and threw one at Sam. “Get out of there and dry off,” Dean said, backing out of the tiny bathroom and unbuttoning his now-damp shirt.

Sam stepped gracefully out of the shower stall onto the bathmat. He brushed the towel over his head a few times, then started rubbing it slowly down his torso, staring straight at Dean. The towel dragged down Sam’s treasure trail, drawing Dean’s attention to his dick, standing flushed and tall. He bent over and worked the towel slowly down his thigh, around his calf, all the way down to his toes, and then back up. Sam should be starring in pornos, because strippers taking off their clothes had nothing on Sam with a towel.

Dean turned away. He spread out one towel over the seat of the arm-chair, and the other over the bed. “Sit in the chair,” Dean told Sam, quickly peeling out of his own clothing. Sam padded across the room and settled into the arm-chair.

Dean glanced over at him at saw that Sam was craning his neck to look at the stuff he’d left on the bed-side table. “Further forward. I want you sitting right on the edge,” he ordered. “Legs spread
wide, hands on the arm-rest.” Sam did as he was told. “That’s better,” Dean said. “Now stay there, just like that.”

Dean sank to his knees between Sam’s thighs. Sam took a breath. “I told you I’d teach you how to suck cock,” Dean reminded him. “So pay attention.” Dean carefully wrapped his left hand around the base of Sam’s dick. His left shoulder still wasn’t in great shape, but it would do. “Always use your hand. It feels good for the guy, and lets you keep control. Your other hand you can use for balance, or to feel him up … me, I like to give the boys a little play while I’m sucking somebody off.”

Dean started gently fondling Sam’s balls. Sam tensed up at the first touch, then gradually relaxed. “Still aching?” Dean asked.

“Just a little,” Sam answered hoarsely, staring down at him.

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Dean said, flicking one of Sam’s balls with his fingers. Sam jerked. “Now, when you blow somebody, you can either go for suction, or movement.” He wrapped his lips around head of Sam’s dick and sucked, hard.

Sam whimpered. Dean let the dick slide out of his mouth. “Suction,” he informed Sam.

Then he worked up some saliva in his mouth, slipped Sam’s dick back into his mouth and slide down the shaft, slowly, steadily, until he bumped into the fingers of his own hand. He pulled back up, then started bobbing up and down. Slow at first, then faster and faster, Sam’s dick and his hand slick with saliva. “Dean,” Sam groaned.

Dean popped off with a wet sound, enjoying the salty bitter taste of Sam’s pre-come. “Movement. The wetter, the better. Those are the basics. Now, for the more advanced student, there’s deep-throating – which you won’t be trying for a while, with that gag reflex,” he told Sam. “And then there’s teeth. I’m not personally a fan, but some guys go off like a rocket with a little bit of pain there.”

Sam swallowed, hard.

“I’d bet good money you’re one of them.” Dean leaned back down to take Sam’s dick into his mouth. He went down until his lips were pressed into his hand and then drew back, letting his teeth scrape up Sam’s shaft, then back down again. Sam’s thighs tensed hard, resisting the urge to thrust up into Dean’s mouth. Dean hummed around Sam’s cock.

“Oh fuck,” Sam moaned. Dean went further up this time, letting his teeth catch on that bundle of nerves just under the head, grazing over the sensitive head. He started using his hands now, moving up and down Sam’s shaft and softly squeezing his balls while he focused just on the head of Sam’s dick, steam-rolling Sam towards an orgasm.

“Dean, fuck, I’m close, I’m gonna …” Sam gasped.

Dean pulled off, holding tight around the base of Sam’s dick to make sure he didn’t go off. Sam let out a wordless whine.

“Now, see, Sam, you were so good for me today. I’d planned to let you come in my mouth, like this. But then you pulled that stunt in the shower. Touching what’s mine – I can’t just let that slide. So if you want to come tonight, you’re going to have to earn it.”

Dean wiped his hand on the towel between Sam’s legs and stood up. “Well?”
Sam sat there in the chair looking up at him, eyes dark, mouth hanging open. Then something seemed to click. “I want to,” he said, with a kind of urgency Dean hadn’t heard from this version of his brother even in life or death situations. “Please, please let me earn it. I want to.”

“Lay down on the towels on the bed, on your back,” Dean ordered him.

Sam scurried to obey in a way that would have looked ridiculous if it wasn’t so hot. Dean picked up the end of the rope that was dangling on the floor. He straddled Sam’s legs on the bed, pinning them down, and pressed the rope into Sam’s left hand. Sam held onto it, watching Dean for any hint of what to do as Dean reached across his naked body, for the other end of the rope. He tied an identical loop and pressed it into Sam’s right hand.

“I’m not gonna tie you,” he told Sam. “But I expect you’re gonna hold on to these, and not let go.”

Sam nodded. Dean picked up one of the lit candles from the bed-side table and held it over Sam’s stomach. Dean took a moment to admire the view, candlelight on golden skin, the flame reflected in Sam’s dark eyes.

“You weren’t sure if you wanted to play with fire,” he said to Sam. “Let’s find out.” He tilted the candle until the pool of hot wax spilled over the edge. Sam inhaled sharply as the wax hit his sternum, skin twitching. The white wax ran down his stomach, outlining the edges of that crazy-perfect six-pack he’d developed over the past year. Sam sighed softly.

“You like that?” Dean asked.

“Yeah,” Sam breathed out.

“Good. It’ll be hotter when the wax is fresh melted,” Dean warned him. “Close your eyes.” Sam did, and Dean decorated his stomach and chest with drips and dribbles of hot wax, watching Sam’s flinches and jerks, listening to the little gasps and moans and sighs for hints on when to bring the candle closer to Sam’s skin to amp up the intensity. When to let the wax drip from higher up so it, and he, could cool off a little. When a drop spattered directly onto Sam’s nipple, he twitched, then groaned long and low. Dean was impressed with how hard-core Sam was, and decided to step up his game.

“I wonder how that’d feel on the head of your dick,” he wondered out loud.

Sam’s entire body tensed. “No, Dean please, that’s too much, don’t,” he begged with his eyes scrunched closed, writhing under Dean in the most perfect way.

Dean put down the candle and grabbed a piece of ice out of the bowl and pressed it to the tip of Sam’s dick. Sam shrieked, trying to curl into a ball. Dean was still sitting on his legs, so Sam ended up sitting up, staring at his unharmed dick, hands still wrapped tight around the rope.

Dean shoved him back down, hard.

“Now Sam,” he growled. “I said I wouldn’t damage you. And this?” Dean scooted a little further down Sam’s legs so that he could lick a strip up Sam’s dick. Sam whimpered. “This happens to be one of my favorite parts of you.” He moved back up Sam’s body, pressing his own eager, hard dick into Sam’s thigh. “Don’t you trust me?” Dean asked with a smile; it was his most dangerous smile, the one he only let the monsters see.

Sam swallowed and didn’t answer. Dean picked up another piece of ice and ran it over the warm wax coating near Sam’s nipple. Sam arched into it and then winced as Dean pulled the wax off with his fingernails, pulling on the fine hairs there. Dean frowned down at him. There was a lot of wax.
It’d be easier if he … Dean picked up his Bowie knife from the bed-side table. He hadn’t intended to use it tonight, but as long as he didn’t draw blood, there shouldn’t be a problem. Sam’s eyes were huge and dark as he watched Dean handle the combat-sharp blade.

“Don’t move,” Dean said.

Sam shivered and closed his eyes. Dean leaned forward and scraped the knife’s edge delicately along Sam’s pecs, scraping away wax and hair with maybe a single layer of dead skin. He wiped the blade on the towel and went for the next bit of wax, the one that had spilled down Sam’s side. Within minutes he’d cleaned all the wax off of Sam’s skin, leaving it dappled pink from the heat and his blade; exquisitely sensitive. When he ran his nail along the pinked up skin, Sam moaned, hips thrusting up under Dean’s ass. There wasn’t a speck of blood, he realized, pleased with both his self-control and his precision knife-handling. Alastair would be impressed with his skill, if disappointed at how he was using it.

“In Hell, we didn’t use wax,” Dean said.

Sam’s eyes fluttered open.

“We used brands,” Dean told Sam, trading his Bowie knife for the spoon he’d picked up at the diner. He held it in the candle flame for a moment, and then held it in front of Sam’s face.

Sam’s eyes focused on it.

Dean pressed the spoon to the inside of his wrist, testing it like he had Sammy’s bottle when he was a baby. “Can barely feel it,” he complained. He held the spoon in the flame for longer. This time, he held it against the inside of his wrist for only a moment before jerking it away. “That’s more like it,” he said mildly.

“What do you think, Sam? You liked the bruise where everyone could see it, but it’s already fading. That bruise’ll be gone in a day or two. You want me to mark you up for real? Want me to burn you, brand you as mine where everyone can see, so you can’t forget for a second who you belong to?”

Sam breathed out hard through his nose. “Do it,” he said.

“Mmm, but where,” Dean murmured. “Not the face. You’re too pretty to scar up. Not the throat. The hand,” he decided. “Back of your left hand won’t slow you down while it’s healing, and I’ll be able to see it when I’m driving.”

Sam made an eager little noise. Dean grinned down at him.

Dean picked up Sam’s left hand, clenched tight around the loop of rope, and placed it palm down on the bedspread. Then he held the spoon in the candle flame for a good long time, knowing that he’d never get it glowing cherry-red like his brands in the Pit, but wanting it hot enough to burn deep and scar. Sam was breathing light and fast, close to hyper-ventilating.

“Hold still,” Dean said. As he pulled the spoon out of the flame, he added, “This is gonna hurt like fuck.”

He pushed Sam’s hand down, leaning his weight on it, and then pressed the spoon against the skin at the back of his hand. There was a sizzle as the heated metal touched skin. Sam hissed at the sensation and then started taking the deep, controlled breaths Dad had taught them to deal with pain. The smell of singed flesh teased Dean with memories of Hell, of monster corpses charred beyond recognition, of a girl on the ceiling and Dad wrapped in a shroud.
Jesus, what the fuck was he doing here, burning his little brother, branding him and getting off on it? The smell was nauseating, filling the room. But this wasn’t his brother. And if Sam didn’t know Dean was in charge, didn’t believe it down to his bones, there’d be no way to control him.

Sam’s fingers clawed into the mattress and his feet started scrabbling weakly against the bedspread. That was enough, right? Fuck, that had to be enough.

Dean pulled the spoon away and tossed it onto the bedside table. Sam collapsed limply against the bed, taking deep, shuddering breaths. His hard-on had wilted. They’d found Sam’s pain threshold, smashed right through it, and Sam had done that for him, to be marked as his.

Dean had to finish, had to play this out. He couldn’t give Sam any reason to think he wasn’t into this, couldn’t do whatever it took. He crawled over Sam, wrapped his hand around his own dick and started to jerk it. It wasn’t hard. Or, no, his dick was hard. It wasn’t difficult. Dean shot his load over his brother’s exposed body and hated himself a little more than he ever had before.

Sam’s breath was still ragged, he realized, and no wonder. Dean knew what a bad burn felt like; it hurt with a muscle-clenching insistence like no other pain, throbbing with every heartbeat. Dean forced himself to move. He picked up a washcloth from the bathroom and ran cold water over it while he pulled the first aid kit out of his duffel.

The burn was deep red, and the skin around it was splotchy. Second-degree, Dean decided, not third, as he laid the cold compress over it gently. Sam was whispering something. Dean leaned closer and heard, “please, please, earned it, please.”

Dean chuckled hollowly. When Dad told him to, ‘Take care of your brother,’ somehow Dean didn’t think this was what he meant. Still, the monster had jumped through one hell of a hoop for his treats, and Dean better deliver.

“You earned it, alright.” Dean blew over the sensitive pink, fresh skin of Sam’s stomach, pearled with his own white come. Sam shivered and moaned, his dick already starting to stiffen up for Dean. He sucked Sam off slowly, stroking back and forth across his stomach and chest until Sam’s hips hitched up and Sam came hard and long with a strangled groan. Dean swallowed it all down.

He pulled the now room-temperature washcloth off of the burn on Sam’s hand, used it to wipe the sweat and come off Sam’s skin and taped some sterile gauze down over the burn. Sam’s eyes were closed, his breath deep and even. Dean liked this part. Wished he deserved it. The afterwards, puttering around the room, taking care of things while Sam lay there in bed with his eyes closed. He could almost believe he had his brother back.

That night, Dean dreamed of Sam again, kneeling naked and bound with a single length of black iron chain. The light of a dozen candles danced over his golden skin; over the dark burn on his hand that marked him as Dean’s.

The Missoula job was a bust. Sam thought he’d spotted a wendigo’s feeding pattern, but three of the
four hikers were brought in by a search team their second day in town.

Just in case missing hiker #1 really was wendigo-chow, Sam insisted that he and Dean spend the night wandering around the wilderness area where the guy had disappeared, sporting flare guns and looking lost and tasty. It was a freaking stupid idea, but Dean didn’t want to jerk Sam’s leash too hard, not over something like this, so out into the woods they went.

The guy back at the hunting lodge had warned them the weather was ‘too warm’. It sure didn’t feel too warm in what passed for winter weather gear in the Winchester family. Dean was wearing a pair of thin shooting gloves, insulated jeans, four shirts and a jacket, and day-dreaming about one of those hats with the built-in ear flaps. They stepped out from under the trees and walked across what looked like a clearing, snow gleaming white in the moonlight.

Sam yelled. Dean turned to see him fall into the ground. No, the water. This wasn’t a freaking clearing, it was a lake, and Sam was gone. The ice groaned under its cover of snow. Dean froze for a breathless, silent eternity of a moment and then Sam resurfaced, gasping and scrabbling at the splintering edge of the hole he’d made in the rotten ice, trying to get out.

Then it was a nightmare of Dean ignoring every instinct in his body to back away; to turn and walk slowly away from Sam, listening to the groan of the ice under his feet, until he made it to shore and could break off a long, sturdy branch. Sam was bellowing his name, calling for him to come back as if he really believed his brother would leave him to drown. Dean edged back out onto the ice, dropping to his knees and crawling when he got close, spreading out his weight.

“Sam,” Dean yelled.

Sam didn’t hear him. The asshole was thrashing in the water, trying to drag himself out onto the ice and busting the hole open even wider.

“Sam!” Sam looked around, frantic, and caught sight of him. “Calm the fuck down and grab onto this!”

Once Sam had hold of the branch, Dean pulled with everything he had and they were scrambling backwards, both of them, the ice collapsing out from under them, until Dean was lying on the shore with Sam on his hands and knees beside him, gasping and choking.

It was only a half hour hike back to the car, but it was a bad thirty minutes. Sam had an arm around Dean and Dean was half-dragging him along, the whole right side of his body soaked through with the icy water dripping off of Sam. He couldn’t stop thinking about the moment Sam was gone, lost under the ice, in the cold.

Back at the Impala, Dean got Sam into the passenger seat. He gunned the engine, turned the heat up high, and pointed the vent at Sam. Then he got into the back seat and started rooting through Sam’s duffel. “Let’s get you out of those wet things,” Dean said, his voice rough and strange in his own ears.

“Wait, I’ve seen this porno,” Sam joked through chattering teeth.

“Shut the fuck up,” Dean snarled. “You almost died. You would have died, if I wasn’t there.” He almost did anyway, because this wasn’t his brother, didn’t trust Dean, didn’t listen, wouldn’t follow his lead on a hunt.

“Huh,” Sam said thoughtfully. He gave a little half-laugh. “You know, I think you’re right.”

Shivering so hard it was a full-body shudder, Sam peeled his icy-wet clothes off in front of the
heating vent, layer by layer, with the ungraceful twist and shimmy they had both mastered over the years as they grew and the car didn’t.

Dean found the thick, fleecy towel he’d stolen for Sam from some hotel in Maine five years ago. He tossed it up front. He gave Sam a minute to dry himself off. Sam handed the towel back and they traded wet clothes for dry. Dean bundled the wet clothes up in the towel and stowed them on the floor. They were both silent, the rattling whine of the Impala’s heater pushed to high the only sound.

Once Sam was fully dressed, Dean hopped out of the back and into the driver’s seat. He drove them back to their motel. Sam falling into the icy water replayed in his head, over and over. Sam lost in the cold, trapped down under the ice where Dean couldn’t reach him, couldn’t save him. Sam was still and cold, shivering in his seat. Dean was shivering too, flashing between cold and furious-hot, ready to explode at a single touch, white-knuckling the steering wheel.

He realized he’d driven all the way back to the motel on auto-pilot. He slid the car into a parking spot outside their room, shifted into park, and slammed out of the car and into their room. Inside, he turned on the light and then found the heating controls and turned them up full blast. The radiator clanked uncertainly.

Sam appeared in the doorway, pale and shivering, carrying both duffels. Dean nodded him inside. Sam dropped the bags and carefully double-locked the door behind him.

“Strip down and get in the shower,” Dean barked out. “Turn the water up as hot as you can stand it. I’ll be right in.”

Sam nodded and disappeared into the bathroom. Dean salted the doors and window. He was shaking, and not only from the cold. Dean placed his duffel under the bed, so he could reach whatever he needed later. He took his clothes off and followed Sam into the bathroom.

“Dean,” Sam began as Dean got into the shower.

Dean shoved Sam against the wall of the shower and pointed the shower nozzle directly at him, then tuned the temperature up a little hotter. He inspected Sam, every inch, rubbing his hands over his brother’s chilled flesh until it was flushed a warm red, both of them gasping for breath in the sauna-like shower stall.

“Dry off and lie face down on the bed,” Dean said, turning off the water and grabbing a towel from himself. He didn’t watch his brother leave the bathroom. Couldn’t. Because the last time Dean felt this much hot rage and, and hunger there’d been vampire blood pumping through his veins and a machete and a dozen dead vamps had barely taken the edge off. Dean was right on the brink of completely fucking losing it, and he knew it.

Control. He had to control Sam. Had to control himself, first.

Sam was up on his forearms, watching him warily, when Dean came out of the bathroom. Dean stared at him. Sam took a hitching breath and lay the rest of the way down, face turned away from him. That was better. He spread Sam’s arms and legs out further, giving himself full access, and examined the body before him with a connoisseur’s eye. Nice. Very nice. Almost unmarked, aside from the small burn on his left hand and the single, deep scar at the base of Sam’s spine. Dean spun and pulled his Bowie knife and flask out of his bag.

“Don’t move,” he instructed, pouring whiskey over the blade.

Sam gripped the covers and lay perfectly still.
Dean settled on top of Sam and started to cut with all the eagerness of an artist starting a fresh canvas. Neat, shallow lines down Sam’s back, outlining and highlighting the beauty of each muscle group as they minutely tensed and relaxed; reclaiming what the ice tried to take from him. He was precise and controlled, cutting no deeper than a cat scratch, tiny drops of blood beading along each cut as Sam sighed and gasped and held so, so still for him.

Dean reached the scar at the base of Sam’s spine and scratched across it with the point of his blade. He didn’t like that scar. No one else’s mark belonged on Sam. Dean wanted to cut deeper, further, take it all for himself. But. No. He was in control.

Dean knelt at the side of the bed. He took Sam’s left hand, brushed a kiss across the burn mark, and then spread it out on the bed in easy reach. “Sam,” he called out softly. “Look at me.” Sam’s head turned slowly, his eyes dazed and dark. Dean smiled at him. The blade slashed down and slammed hilt-deep into the mattress between Sam’s out-stretched fingers. Sam flinched and gasped.

“You’re mine now,” Dean said. “No more stupid risks. You do what I say, when I say. I can’t lose you again. I can’t lose any more of you. If I do, I don’t know…”

“What you’d do?” Sam whispered.

“What I wouldn’t do,” Dean told him. Sam blinked slowly in acknowledgement. Dean wrapped Sam’s fingers around the hilt of his blade, still buried in the mattress. “Hold onto that for me, and don’t let go.”

Dean climbed back up onto the bed. He leaned down and licked down the nape of Sam’s neck until he reached one of his cuts. He chased the taste of Sam’s sweat and blood, and just a hint of Jack, all the way down Sam’s back. It wasn’t enough. He wanted more. But Sam was holding the knife, and that was good. Dean didn’t need to shove a knife deep into Sam. He didn’t want to damage him. And this – this would feel even better.

“Hands and knees,” Dean ordered. Sam shuffled onto his knees, uncoordinated, still clutching the knife. Dean spread his cheeks open and licked down into Sam’s crack, around and across his hole. Sam moaned. Dean did it again and again, until Sam pushed back against him. Then he thrust his tongue in, tasting this part of Sam, making it his. Sam groaned, then cursed, and begged for more. Dean gave him more, licking and sucking and tongue-fucking Sam until he went wild and wordless, muscles gleaming with sweat and need.

Dean threw himself off the bed and grabbed for the lube in the front pocket of his duffel. “Gonna fuck you now,” he told Sam, slicking up his dick. “That’s not enough prep, not for a virgin little hole like yours, so it’s gonna hurt,” he said, sliding his dick along Sam’s crack, the head catching on Sam’s hole. Sam whined and pressed back against him. “You can thank me later,” he said, shoving inside.

Sam groaned, pain and pleasure all tangled up together. Dean pulled part-way out, Sam’s hole a tight, frictiony drag, and then slammed back in, deeper this time. Sam yowled. Dean put an arm around Sam’s throat and hauled him backwards, pulling him back onto Dean’s dick until Dean was buried balls-deep inside his brother. Sam’s back was pressed against his front, skin on skin, tacky with sweat and blood. Dean reached around and started jerking Sam off.

“Need it all,” he panted into Sam’s ear. “Everything. Come on. Give it to me.” Sam could barely move, pinned against Dean by the arm around his throat and the hand on his dick, but he worked his hips frantically, up into Dean’s hand and down onto his dick, until he came with a wail.

Dean pushed Sam down onto the bed while his dick was still twitching with the aftershocks. “On
your back, come on, wanna see,” he said, grabbing Sam by the shoulder and hip and turning him over. He got his shoulders under Sam’s long legs and muscled himself into position. Sam’s face was flushed, eyes closed, his lips red from where he’d bitten them. “Look at me,” Dean said. Sam’s eyes met his, and Dean shoved back inside.

Sam threw his head back and moaned. “Jesus,” Dean groaned. “So hot inside, Sam. Not cold. Not anymore. I got you.” He was hammering into Sam now, fucking him so hard that Sam had to use his arms to brace against the wall. “Gonna keep you. Keep you safe. Keep you … keep you mine. Oh fuck, Sam!” Dean came, hard, but he kept pushing into Sam, even when he got so敏感 it hurt, needing it, needing to be inside, until his dick softened and slipped out. Dean collapsed next to Sam, breathing hard.

Sam murmured something.

“Mmmm?” Dean asked, half-asleep.

Sam murmured again.

“Oh, yeah. You’re welcome,” Dean slurred. He tugged at the blankets, and couldn’t move them. He shuffled closer to Sam and threw an arm and a leg over his brother. Sam had almost got hypothermia tonight. Sharing body warmth was good.

Dean woke up a while later with a light shining in his eyes. Sam was sitting up in bed, reading. He was wearing his boxers, and Dean was curled around him.

“It’s safe. Go back to sleep,” Sam said quietly.

Dean slid his other hand, the one that was resting on Sam, under the pillow. His Bowie knife was right where it should be. He burrowed his head down into the pillow, away from the light, and drifted back to sleep.

That night, Dean dreamed of Sam again, naked and bound with a single length of black iron chain. Sam was standing facing away from him, proudly displaying Dean’s marks. His back was covered in cuts and burns, welts and bites, all spelling out Dean’s claim in a language that no one, not humans or monsters or angels or demons, or even the Devil himself could pretend to misunderstand.

Two weeks later, Dean was leaning back against a motel room door getting his brain sucked out his dick when his phone chirped out, ‘Stack Shot Billy’, Bobby’s ring-tone. Sam ignored it; kept going down on Dean like he was going for the gold.

“Jesus,” Dean swore, jerking Sam away by his hair. “Stay,” Dean ordered, pulling out his phone. Sam grinned up at him, locking his hands together behind his back.

“Hey Bobby, what’s up?” Dean asked, holding his phone with his shoulder while he pulled up his pants. They’d barely made it into the room this time, and Dean was glad he didn’t have to talk to
Bobby naked. That would be weird. “Yeah, we’re all good here,” he said, petting Sam. Sam arched into his hand like a cat. Dean smiled and held up a finger. Bobby rambled around his point for a while, until Dean wondered if he was drinking more than usual, or just exhausted.

“I’ve got no clue what circle of Hell the Cage is in,” Dean eventually answered, once he figured out what Bobby was after. He looked inquiringly down at Sam, still kneeling at his feet. Sam shook his head. “Well, demons have been thin on the ground since Cas took out Crowley, but I’ll see if we can find one, shake him down, see what pops out. We’ll get Sam’s soul back, don’t you worry, Bobby,” Dean told him as ended the call.

Sam’s hands weren’t locked behind his back anymore. They were poised on the ground, like a sprinter, like a fighter, ready to move him in any direction. His face was blank.

“What?” Dean asked him.

“I told you I don’t want it back,” Sam said. He stood up suddenly, towering over Dean where he was still slumped against the door. “Castiel and Crowley both agreed it would smash me to bits, but you don’t care, do you?”

“You need your soul,” Dean said, reaching to pull Sam in closer.

Sam shook his head. “Well, demons have been thin on the ground since Cas took out Crowley, but I’ll see if we can find one, shake him down, see what pops out. We’ll get Sam’s soul back, don’t you worry, Bobby,” Dean told him as ended the call.

Sam stepped back, tossing his head like a skittish horse. “You don’t even want me,” Sam said. “You never did. You only want him. Your little brother.”

“Don’t be - ”

Sam cut him off. “What, are you just fucking me so that I’ll follow you around like a puppy until you can stuff that thing back inside me?”

Dean shrugged, not sure what to say. It’s not like Sam was entirely wrong.

Sam stared at him, thumb rubbing over the burn scar on the back of his hand. He took a deep breath and let it out, straightening his shoulders, and then picked up his duffel from the corner near the door. “I’m leaving,” he said abruptly.

Dean stood his ground in front of the door.

“Either get out of my way,” Sam said calmly, “Or I will go through you.”

The Hell-born part of Dean surged up to meet the challenge. “You’re mine,” he told Sam. “You really think I’m going to let you walk away?”

“I’m not giving you a choice,” Sam said tightly, putting his duffel on the floor.

Dean lunged at him. Sam jerked away from the fist that would have broken his nose and stumbled backwards. Too bad. Would’ve been so sweet; two black eyes and a broken nose, no way to breathe while choking on Dean’s dick. Sam fell over his bag.

“Clumsy, clumsy, little brother,” Dean gloated, advancing on him with a grin.

Sam was bending strangely, reaching for – was that an ankle holster? When did Sam start carrying a backup weapon, like a cop?

Sam pointed a snub-nosed .38 at Dean. It looked like a toy in his hands.

“Back up,” Sam said crisply. “Against the wall.”
Dean backed away with his hands up, waiting for his chance to get the drop on Sam.

Sam kept his eyes and weapon trained on Dean as he found his duffel and rummaged through it by touch. He pulled out a pair of cuffs and tossed them to Dean. “Cuff yourself to the bed,” he ordered.

“Kinky, Sammy,” Dean commented, snicking the cuff into place around his wrist and crouching down to hook the other onto the bed frame.

“I know you can get out of that in under a minute,” Sam said, “but don’t come after me.”

“Of course I’m coming after you,” Dean said. “You’re mine. I’m gonna find you, and I’m gonna drag your little bitch ass somewhere no one will hear you scream, and then I’m gonna make you pay for this. Everything we’ve done so far? That’s just been the foreplay, sweetheart.”

Sam stared at him, face pale, and swallowed. He raised the gun, and Dean thought he might actually pull the trigger.

“No,” Sam said, shaking his head. “You’re never getting your brother back. And you’re not getting me back, either, not that you give a shit about that. If I see you again, I will shoot you in the head. You’ve got nothing to gain, and everything to lose by following me,” Sam concluded, picking up his bag with his left hand. He pulled his phone out of his pocket and tossed it in the trash. “Don’t bother trying to track me with it. But I might call someday, if I need something.”

“Screw you, Sam,” Dean said.

Sam glanced back at him and smiled tightly. “I’m not into break-up sex,” he said, and walked out the door.

Dean pulled a lock pick out of his sleeve and got to work on the cuff. He heard breaking glass. Twenty seconds later a car engine revved. By the time Dean got outside Sam was gone, just a little pile of broken safety glass left from a car a few spaces down. He spun around, trying to remember what kind of car had been parked there. He could knock on the nearby doors, get a make and model from the owner, and be on the road in a couple of minutes. And when he found Sam, oh, the gloves were coming off. He’d carve the bitch up; see if he was as pretty on the inside as he was on the outside. There was this one trick Alastair’d taught him –

Wait. No. He wasn’t … Sam wasn’t his brother, but he was still Sam, and Dean wouldn’t hurt him, not like that. Dean pulled the flask out of his jacket pocket, examined it, and decided to go for the bottle of Jack in his duffel instead. He forced himself to walk back into the motel room, slowly, every moment Sam getting a little further away. Of course Sam didn’t trust him. He shouldn’t. Dean didn’t trust himself.

Dean closed the door behind him and pulled the liquor out of his bag. He placed the bottle carefully on the nightstand, unlaced his boots, and kicked them across the room before settling down on the king-sized bed with a sigh. He’d polish off the bottle. That way, even if he lost it and decided to go after Sam, he wouldn’t get far.

Sam had walked out on him yet again. He’d managed to hurt the feelings of something that all the experts agreed had no feelings, so, hey, way to go Dean Winchester.

He’d well and truly screwed the pooch.

That night, Dean dreamed of Sam, naked and bound with a single length of black iron chain. Sam was standing facing away from him, back covered in Dean’s claims, hands wrapped around the chain. He strained against the chain, muscles flexing. Shadows flickered, like candles guttering in the
wind, and Sam’s back was smooth, unmarked. Sam strained again. Dean heard the creak of distressed metal, and Sam’s hand was un-burned, untouched. Sam let the chains go slack, panting, and then pulled against the chains one more time. The veins stood out in his forearms as the muscles of his back and arms bulging with inhuman strength. Sam let out a grunt of effort and a single link of the chain - snapped. Sam spun and dropped into a crouch. He looked up at Dean, face splitting in a wide grin that showed his teeth, red with blood.

Dean gasped awake, mouth foul with whiskey and bile, and groped for his phone on the bed stand. He had to call Bobby. Warn him. Let him know … let him know that the monster was loose.

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