Odds & Ends

by LittleSparrow69

Summary

A collection of prompt or muse driven fills that feature Dean or Jensen in a variety of kinky (or not so) situations. Each chapter is its own work and may have its own warnings as well. These are oneshots that for various reasons I have chosen not to post on their own. More to be added. Chapters with titles are more plot than porn. Primary kinks will be listed in chapter
summary...so if you don't want plot harshing on your porn...you can skip those chapters, or come back to them later, if you so choose :) 

Notes

So. In an effort to get back on track with some updates I have been putting off and completing some longer works that have been shelved for too long I am cleaning out my documents so I can focus on things like updating *Powerless* and some others. This is a place for things I didn't post here or at the kinkmeme for various reasons. Some are finished and some are not. Some are SPN and some are RPF. Some are rather explicit and some are on the softer side. Consent issues may vary so I'll do my best to warn for each particular bit posted.
John made his way back to their room just before midnight. He'd chosen to do the salt and burn by himself because Sam had made a big deal about some history paper he had that was due tomorrow. He opened the door and blinked at the site that greeted him before closing it quickly behind him.

Sam had Dean in his lap with his hand stuffed down her panties and had her shirt wide open as he fondled her bare breasts. At fifteen Sam was bigger than Dean and easily dwarfed her petite frame.

John's cock sprung to life before he could formulate words.

If anything, Sam looked irritated at being interrupted.

"Just a minute, dad," he said.

John watched as Sam's hand moved in a small tight circle inside Dean's panties and his panting daughter keened out her release.

"That's four," Sam said into Dean's ear.

"Sam," John said firmly. "I think you better tell me what's happening here. How long has this been going on?"

John noticed that Sam's hand never stilled, fingers flexing and moving beneath damp pink satin.

"I wanted to touch her and she wouldn't let me," Sam said, managing to sound petulant.

Well something had obviously changed. Dean was not fighting him in the least. She was completely and utterly passive.

"What changed?" John almost dreaded the answer.

"I found a spell in your book," Sam admitted.

John closed his eyes.

"You put a spell on your sister," he stated. "What exactly did you say?"

"That when I asked her to play with me she had to say yes and she had to like it."

Dean looked like she was on the verge of another orgasm, pretty mouth open, head tilted back as Sammy fingered her.

Sam had essentially made his sister into a sex toy.

The kid took the ensuing silence to speed up his strokes and bring Dean off yet again.

"Five," he whispered into her ear.

"What're you counting?" John asked. He suspected but just wondered at the reason behind it.

"I like seeing how many times I can get her to come in a row," he said. "I think its part of the spell but she gets off really easy."

"Just how long has this been going on?" John asked.
Sammy shrugged. "A few days."

"What's the record?" John asked, taking a seat.

"Sixteen," Sam said proudly.

"Well," he said, impressed. "Let's go for seventeen"

John sat back to watch. There had been a growing distance between them for years that had only recently began to manifest in disagreements and regular strife. Perhaps this would ease that tension.

Sam started to show off after a while. Apparently he didn't need to physically stimulate Dean to get her off. He took her mouth at one point, holding the back of her head as he took his time plundering. John watched in amazement as Dean's hips fluttered and she mewled into Sam's mouth as she came from the kiss alone. He never would have imagined the site of them together like this would be so beautiful or arousing to him.

For his next display of skill Sam whispered some surprisingly effective dirty talk into his sister's ear as she squirmed, apple sized tits heaving as she eventually moaned long and low, hips stuttering against Sam's hand as she got off. Definitely spell related. But it was also very obvious that Sam got off on touching Dean in some way. His hands constantly roamed her body, moving over thighs, belly, breasts and of course that wide open cunt.

"Watch this," Sam said as he slapped at her pussy. John just blinked. Sam did it two more times, firm and quick, and Dean came hard and loud, practically surging from his lap. Sam's strong arm around her waist kept her from going anywhere.

"Jesus," John breathed, uncomfortably aroused.

"That was fourteen," Sammy informed him. "I'm gonna finish over here."

John watched as he moved Dean to the bed and took off her panties, pushing her legs back and open as he lowered his mouth to her parted lips.

Dean writhed liked a wanton whore, unembarrassed and unashamed. Also part of the curse no doubt. Sammy took his time, obviously enjoying himself, as she came on his tongue three more times.

When he was done, Sam wiped his mouth and joined John at the table, leaving Dean exposed to them as she caught her breath.

"Seventeen," he smiled at John.

John couldn't help but chuckle and after a brief hesitation he slid a beer across the table to Sam.

Sam looked surprised and then very pleased. "Thanks."

After about fifteen minutes Dean came out of her haze, tugged her clothes into place without seeming to realize they were out of place and demanded pizza for dinner.

Things went back to normal for the most part, except for those times Sam would get bored (or horny) and John would find him playing with an extremely submissive Dean. His favorite times were the long road trips where Sam would take Dean in the backseat. His girl was very vocal and she knew how to show her pleasure. John had to pull over more than once and get out, adjusting himself in his jeans.
On one such occasion Sam offered to have Dean suck him off.

"She's really good at it," Sam informed him.

"Uh, yeah," he agreed. Why wouldn't he? "Sure."

And damn was his little baby talented! It was a real effort not to just give in and fuck her face but he behaved.

Since he'd cast the spell on Dean, Sam's moods were much more stable. They didn't argue nearly as much and it felt as if the kid was no longer pulling away from him.

John didn't want to mess that up, so he let Sam call the shots.

END
John/Dean, Sam/Dean, Toy Dean

Chapter Summary

John has always had his hands down Dean's pants for as long as Sam can remember.

Sam woke in the backseat, a soft moan filling the interior of the car. The salt and burn was textbook and they were now on their way back to the motel. He must have dozed off. He sat up, peering into the front seat.

Dean's pants were open, John's hand slow and lazy on his cock as he drove. It wasn't an unusual thing. His father didn't allow the radio when he was fondling Dean because he liked the noises his brother made. Lately, Sam had begun to enjoy them as well.

Had he not grown up to John's hand in Dean's pants at every opportunity, he may have found it strange. As it was...he considered it normal. Not something they did in front of strangers, but when it was just the three of them. Dean was conditioned to submit without question once John touched his cock.

Sam watched the tip of his brother's dick glisten in the low light of the dash and wondered what it would feel like in his hand.

Dean whimpered when John's hand slowed. Sam automatically put a hand on his head, soothing without thinking, understanding that John was deliberately stringing his brother out.

"Why do you do that?" he asked, curiously. "Get him close and then stop."

John's eyes flicked to him in the mirror. It was 50/50 if his father would respond or not.

"Because I can," he said matter of fact.

Sam thought that was all he'd get, but John continued after a moment of silence.

"I like the noises he makes. Soft and pretty...like your mother used to make."

Sam's brow's swept up in surprise. He'd not heard his father mention their mother in a very long time.

John firmed his grip slightly and tugged on Dean's cock.

His brother mewled, tossing his head, hips hitching but remained otherwise submissive.

"Yeah," Sam agreed. "I can see why you'd like it."

John was quiet for a few miles, just holding Dean's dick. Sam watched as it twitched every once and awhile, still nice and wet at the tip.

"I've noticed you've been watching lately," John finally broke the silence.

Sam's eyes darted to John's; suddenly realizing they'd been glued to Dean's cock the entire time.

"Wondering what it's like to have someone else's dick in your hand?" John asked knowingly, but not
mockingly.

Sam wasn't sure where this was going but decided to be truthful.

"Maybe."

John hummed thoughtfully.

Sam realized that it was the first time in months they'd talked without the edge of antagonism and tension that seemed to come out of nowhere between them.

"He's got really sensitive nipples," John throws out there.

"Yeah?" Sam says hopefully, wondering if that means what the thinks it means.

He waits for the word, for John to meet his gaze.

"Pull up his shirt. You can play with them until we get back to the hotel."

Sam reaches over the seat and finds the hem of Dean's t-shirt, tugging it up over his torso until its rucked beneath his arm pits, chest bared and rising in the limited lighting.

Dean's groan was loud as Sam rubbed the stiff nubs between his fingertips experimentally. He paused, a little surprised by the sound as his brother arched.

John huffs a chuckle. "Oh, he likes that."

Sam was pretty sure he liked it too. His own cock was pressing hard against the denim of his jeans.

"You keep doing that," John ordered. "I'm just going to hold him. See if you can get him to shoot off before we make it back."

He didn't have to be told twice. Sam pinched and plucked at his brother's tits for all he was worth, not knowing if this would ever be allowed again. He was pretty sure John slowed down; giving him the time he needed to get his brother to the edge again.

Dean was panting and writhing in his seat, trying to thrust into a hand that John purposely kept lax. When he keened breathlessly John pulled the car over and switched on the overhead light so Sam could watch that pretty cock twitch and spurt its load all over Dean's stomach and John's hand.

John held his hand to Dean's mouth, and made him lap at his own come even as he tried to catch his breath.

"Dad," Sam looked down at Dean's stomach and asked, "Can I?"

When John shrugged Sam swiped his finger through the opaque fluid and brought it to his mouth.

He couldn't say that he liked the taste, but he didn't not like it. It was just...different.

John shut the light out and got them back on the road after wiping Dean down with a rag from the glove box. Sam went back to playing with Dean's nipples while he still had permission.

It was almost 2 am when they pulled into the lot of the motel. There was only one other customer at the far end. The place was dark and quiet.

John looked at Sam in the mirror, long and thoughtful.
"I'll get the gear," he said. "You take your brother by the cock and get him settled. I'm going to shower. You can touch him until I'm done. Then we're going to have a discussion about rules. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," Sam agreed immediately.

Sam waited until John got the gear from the trunk and disappeared inside. When he climbed into the front seat he took Dean's soft cock in one hand and just held it, giving his father time to get into the shower.

"Come on, Dean," Sam said, holding his brothers cock and tugging it firmly to get him moving.

Once Dean was out of the Impala he led Dean by his dick to the room and shut the door behind them.

He ordered Dean to his back on the bed he normally shared with John and lay down next to him, never relinquishing his hold on the flaccid appendage. Dean was a few years older than him but Sam knew his own recovery time was pretty damn quick.

Sam eyed Dean's nipple, recalling how responsive he was in the car. The shower was still running. Leaning forward he tongued the soft nipple until it pebbled and hardened, covering it completely as his brother's tit rose to meet him.

The flesh in his hand stirred and slowly lengthened as he suckled. When John entered Dean was fully hard writhing on the bed.

"Table, now," he ordered Sam.

He was forced to leave his brother on the bed unsatisfied.

"What about..." he gestured to Dean.

"Roll over, Dean" he ordered, then, "hump the bed."

Dean immediately began to rut, making grateful little noises.

They watched him for a minute before John forced Sam's attention back to the table.

"Don't think I haven't noticed what's been going on between us...the distance, the arguments."

Sam looked down. He knew John had noticed, just wasn't sure if he cared.

"I'm thinking this will help," John gestured to Dean, still trying to get himself off. "I'm willing to share, but there are rules. Break them and we go back to the way things were."

Sam nodded eagerly, willing to agree to just about anything for more access to his brother.

"His cock is mine unless I expressly give you permission," John was as firm and adamant as he was with everything.

"Understood," Sam said, voice firm as well. Then, boldly, he asked, "can I have his tits?"

John considered him closely and Sam felt himself squirm.

"What about his ass?" his father asked.
Sam swallowed, feeling transparent.

"I, uh...I want that too," he said. "I mean...you only seem to want his cock...so I thought; you know...somebody should..."

John smirked at him. Sam felt himself bristle but it was tempered when John's lips softened into a smile.

"Tits are yours," John agreed.

Sam grinned, pleased.

"As for the other, I have two conditions," John said. "One, you need to ask first and two, I get to watch."

Sam's eyes were wide. He wasn't sure how he felt about that, but then he'd been watching Dad fondle Dean's dick for years. He'd get used to it.

"Deal," he said.

"One last thing," John stated seriously. "There will be times when I want him to myself. I don't want to be questioned or argued with. These times are unequivocal. Understand?"

Sam wanted to argue. His father's gaze sharpened. He sighed.

"Understood."

Dean had finally managed to get himself off and was laying there watching them discuss him like a piece of meat.
Jared/Jenny/Harley, lactation

Chapter Summary

Jared has a captive cow he can milk at will.

Chapter Notes

Warnings for noncon and bestiality for this one.

"Stay," Jared said to Harley as he opened the door and stepped into his workshop.

Jenny struggled against her bonds as soon as she saw him, whimpering into the gag. Her tits were so hard and full of milk they barely bounced. She was completely naked except for the pink skirt she wore. It was spandex and form fitting and would normally come down to just above her knee. Her legs were spread a little over shoulder width apart between the two posts he'd tied her to, forcing the skirt up over the top of her thighs, just enough to hide her well manicured pussy. Her wrists he'd secured high over her head to the same posts as her ankles.

"Please," she begged. It was muffled by the gag, but he could make it out clearly.

"I'm not going to hurt you," he said. "I told you; once you're dry I'll let you go."

Jenny looked at him doubtfully; eyes watery, face tear streaked. He knew what she was thinking. Why on earth would he let her go when she could go straight to the cops and turn him in? Jared smiled.

"Here," he pulled the gag out of her mouth and held a pill in his hand. The one that had given her the unforeseen side effect of lactation. She'd had a week's supply and they were getting low. Jenny knew better than to refuse. The first time he'd given her the pill she'd spit it out at him and he'd slapped her. He'd apologized immediately, but she didn't quite dare to cross him again. She opened obediently and allowed him to give her a few sips of water to wash it down.

"Now," Jared said, wrapping his large paws around each firm filled mound and massaging. "Lets get the ducts flowing."

Jenny whimpered again, more at the discomfort than the unwanted touch. Jared worked his way in from the outside, gently massaging each breast until the nipples began to dribble tiny drops of milk. His tongue was quick and sharp as it lapped at her gumdrop sized nubs. They were hard enough to cut glass and she gasped at the sensation.

"Please," she squirmed in discomfort and embarrassment. "Just let me go."

He covered one of her nipples with his mouth and suckled, groaning as small squirts of her sweet breast milk sprayed into his mouth. He took a couple of hits and pulled back. Normally he'd finger her a bit at this point. It seemed to get her milk to drop and she flowed more freely. He had other
Jared walked to the door and opened it, letting Harley into the room. Jenny looked hopeful at first thinking he was done with her already, but then confused as Harley entered. She had no idea.

He walked back to her, coming to stand behind her as Harley explored the room. He covered each breast again with his large hand, kneading the flesh back and forth, could feel his palms grow wet from the bit of milk that dripped from them.

"I won’t say anything, I promise," Jenny continued, "just, please...let me go."

"Oh, I know you won’t say anything," Jared said as he fondled her tits.

After he'd fingered and fed from her he'd let Harley sniff at his fingers each time and lick them clean. It didn't take him long at all to pick up the scent and make his way to Jenny's spread legs.

She cried out, surging as his snout found his way up under her skirt. "Oh god, no, please," she begged.

Jared smiled as her tits pressed more fully into his hand and she began to struggle.

She couldn't move much but she sure gave it her best shot, bucking and bouncing as much as her bound position would allow. Jared held her boobs as they jiggled with the firmness of not only youth but the fullness of milk. Her struggles did nothing to dissuade Harley who only huffed and pressed in deeper.

Her pussy was spread wide open and Jared knew Harley could press his nose right up inside her if he wanted to. Jenny was crying now, twisting and fighting as Harley lapped at her, the sound loud and enthusiastic in the small room. Jared cupped each breast, massaging and milking the cone shaped tits as Jenny fought against Harley's tongue.

It wasn't an obvious or immediate thing, but Jared couldn't help but chuckle as Jenny's struggles slowly abated and she moaned reluctantly, hips fluttering as Harley tasted her.

His already hard cock leaked inside his jeans as he expressed a fine spray of milk from each nipple.

"If I'd have known you were a slut for dog tongue I'd have brought Harley in earlier."

Jenny flushed pink but was too busy panting with her mouth open as Harley laved at her clit. She stiffened against Jared moments later with a high-pitched keen as she came.

She hung her head, blonde hair falling on either side, hiding her shame. Jared let her.

Harley continued to lap at her cunt as well as her inner thighs that were wet with her juice. He moved around in front of her and latched on to her left breast. He was a greedy feeder and she made a noise of discomfort in the back of her throat, but didn't fight him. He stepped over Harley to get to the other one. The dog was fascinated with his new toy, reluctant to give it up.

Jenny's hips began to move again as he drank from her right breast, her whimpers pained and reluctant. He could tell whatever Harley was doing felt good, but that she was embarrassed by it.

When he'd had his fill he walked over to his worktable and picked up the digital camera he'd brought in with him earlier. He kept it out of sight as he turned, sitting on the edge of the table to watch.

The sight turned him on more than he ever would have guessed. Jenny's throat was exposed, head
thrown back as her hips jerked. Her pink skirt was hitched high, Harley sitting on the floor beneath her spread legs with his snout disappearing beneath the fabric. The dogs head moved as he fucked her with his snout and tongue.

Jared unzipped his pants and stroked himself. Jenny burned red as she caught him watching, but couldn't help herself, body rolling and responding against her will.

"Fuck yeah," Jared said with a groan as he came, fist covered in come. As he recovered he said, "I may just have to keep you as a fuck toy for Harley."

Jenny was groaning and writhing, close to coming again. Jared picked up the camera. She opened her eyes as he looked through the lens, auto focus sharpening to perfect clarity.

"No," she begged just before her eyes rolled back and she came hard on Harley's tongue. He took several pictures as she jerked and shuddered.

He cleaned himself up and zipped up his jeans. He tidied up a bit and poured Harley some fresh water in the corner, forcing Jenny to take a few sips from a bottle as well. Harley made his way to his bowl and took a long drink as Jared showed Jenny the pics on his camera.

"This is why I will eventually let you go," he said. "And why you will never say anything. If you do, I will make sure a copy of this finds its way to every person in your address book."

Jenny looked at him and knew without a doubt that he had her book.

"Understand?"

She nodded meekly.

"I have things do to, but I'm going to give you and Harley some time to get further acquainted," he said.

Jared was already shaking her head.

Jared cupped her breast and gave it a jiggle.

"I'll be back when these fill up again," he said.

He stuffed the gag back in her mouth and left the room. He lived some distance from the road, but he kind got off on the gag, the way it muffled her pleas.

Jared looked back at her one more time as he left. Harley was already making his way back to her for more. She was beautiful to him in a classical sense; most men would find her attractive. To him it was not so much her physical beauty that turned him on, but the fact that she was restrained and at his disposal. A cow that he could milk at whim.

Returning to his kitchen to make some lunch he turned on the baby monitor he'd picked up at a yard sale so he could hear her. Jenny was much less inhibited when she thought she was alone. He listened to her moan loudly as Harley lapped at her. She got off again before he could even finish making his sandwich.

He sat down to watch the game, the sound of Jenny panting on the monitor in the background. Maybe he'd give Chad a call. There was more than enough milk to go around.

He cupped himself through his jeans at the thought. A hot mouth on each tit and Harley at her
pussy...he couldn't think of a better way to spend a Saturday evening.

EnD.
Chapter Summary

Jenny wakes to find Santa at her tree and receives a special gift.

Chapter Notes

warnings for underage and extremely naïve Jenny.

Jenny rubbed the sleep from her eyes at the site of the figure near the tree.

"Santa?" she said tentatively. "Is it really you?"

Santa looked her up and down with a lewd smile.

"Well, well, well," he said. "Little Jenny is all grown up."

She stood a bit taller, proud.

"I've got a special gift just for you," Santa said. "Why don't you go try it on for me while I put these gifts under the tree."

Jenny padded off quietly to do as she was told. She returned minutes later.

Santa's mouth nearly fell open at the site that greeted him.

"Uh...Santa," Jenny said tentatively. "Are you sure this is for me?"

Santa's gaze travelled over the gauzy, scant lingerie that barely covered the girl. The panties were crotchless and her breasts poked through the bra that wasn't much more than an underwire and straps.

"Santa picked that out just for you," he assured. "It's a perfect fit."

Jenny shrugged. It did fit her to a 'T'.

She helped Santa place some presents under the tree and arrange them, feeling kind of sad that it was almost time for him to go.

"How about you come sit on my lap before I go?" Santa suggested.

Jenny excitedly made her way to him. She stayed up every year hoping for a glimpse of him, so she was very happy to do anything he wanted.

"Do you like your present?" Santa asked.

Jenny looked down at herself and nodded, "Mmm,hmmm"
She looked at Santa curiously when his gloved hand covered one of her breasts and began to squeeze it gently.

"This gift is not just for you," he informed her. "It's for your daddy as well. I want you to wear it for him often."

Jenny gasped as Santa grazed a thumb over her nipple.

"You think he'll like it?" she asked.

"Oh," Santa assured, "I'm very sure. Does that feel good?"

Jenny thought about it as Santa's hand fondled her and pinched lightly at her nub, arching into his hands as he cupped the other one.

"Oh," she gasped as he tweaked both nubs at the same time. He did it again. "Oh....y....yes. Yes, Santa, it feels so good."

"You've been such a good girl, Jenny," he said. "Santa wants to make you feel real good."

One of Santa's hands slipped between her legs and rubbed at her pussy, softly stroking it.

Jenny's legs tensed as if she weren't sure if she wanted to open or close them.

"It's okay," Santa assured. "When you wear Santa's gift its okay to be touched here," he gave her cunt a small pat, "and here" he said as he kneaded her breast.

"It is?" Jenny asked.

"Of course," Santa said. "I want my sweet little Jenny to feel good."

Jenny looked at him adoringly as if that made perfect sense.

"Santa only comes once a year, so I want you to wear this for your daddy and let him make you feel real good all year."

He let his gloved finger stroke between her lips and played with her nipple until she was breathless and squirming.

"Okay," Jenny agreed, obviously enjoying Santa's petting. "My daddy likes to play with my nipples."

"I know," Santa confided. "And he's a real good dad. He'll make you feel good here too."

Santa lightly fingered Jenny's clit, causing her to jump slightly.

"Oh," Jenny's hips hitched and her entire body shuddered.

"That's a girl," Santa praised. "Such pretty tits, such a responsive twat."

"Is that good?" she asked

"Yeah," his voice honey sweet and low, "that's real good."

Jenny had a firm grip on his suit, but looked entirely comfortable half naked in Santa's lap as he felt her up.
"Now Santa's got a long night ahead of him, so I've gotta get going," he said. "But I've got time for one more gift for my sweet girl."

Jenny perked at the words and Santa chuckled deep and husky at her.

"You want it?" he asked.

She nodded enthusiastically.

"Go on over there to the couch and lie down," he said.

Jenny did so, little titties pointing to the ceiling, flesh full and heavy from his touch.

"Open your legs," he ordered. "There you go, just like that."

Fake beard and all he lowered himself to her snatch and tickled his tongue over her clit, holding her legs open, as she mewled like a kitten and her pussy fluttered against his face. She got off quick and easy, her orgasm startling a surprised noise from her that had him chuckling.

Jenny was boneless and panting as he crouched over her, kissing each nipple before covering it with wet warmth and suckling her gently.

"Back to bed for you," he said, taking her by the hand and helping her to her feet. "Santa's going to be late for his next stop...you wouldn't want that would you?"

Jenny shook her head, looking dazed and young, hair mussed up in the back.

"Remember what I said," Santa reminded her. "Let Daddy touch you...like Santa did. That's daddy's gift from Santa."

"Can I...should I wear it to bed?" she asked. "So daddy can see it in the morning?"

Santa was pleased and made sure Jenny could see it. "I think your daddy would like that."

She turned to go and then paused.

"Will I see you again?" she asked.

"You never know," he winked at her. "I'll be checking my list."

"To see if I'm naughty or nice?" she asked innocently.

Santa felt like a dirty old man for all of two seconds.

"That's right. You end of up the naughty list and I may just have to come back next year and give you a spanking."

That didn't sound half bad. Jenny just nodded solemnly and walked back to her bedroom.

Santa held his breath for a few long minutes before a tall shadow exited the closet in the corner of the room.

"What the hell was that?" Jared whisper-hissed. "You weren't supposed to actually touch her."

Jeff pulled the Santa beard down off his face.

"You're lucky that's all I did," Jeff said, rubbing at his hard on through the Santa suit.
"Well go take care of that somewhere else," Jared said with no sympathy. "I can't believe you got to taste her before I did."

Jeff watched as Jared disappeared down the same hallway Jenny had. He adjusted himself in his suit, standing motionless until he could move comfortably. He walked back to his apartment two doors down and took the suit off, putting it away for next year.

Then again, Jared did tend to work late two to three nights a week. Maybe Santa could visit Jenny off and on just to make sure she was being a good little girl.

END.
Jeff eyed the blueprints for his next project distractedly. He hadn't heard from Jensen in almost a week and it was starting to get to him. Jensen had told him he was going away for a long weekend with Jared but he should have been back by now. While he considered himself pretty secure in the rather unconventional relationship he shared with Jensen, there were moments, like now, when he let himself doubt that he was enough for the beautiful young sprite. Jared was closer to Jensen in age and likely shared more common interests. Before he could let the niggling insecurity, that really just was not at all him, get the better of him he pulled out his cell phone and hit speed dial for Jensen's phone. It went straight to voicemail. Again.

He sighed. It was possible that his long weekend with Jared for his sister's wedding had been extended, but it wasn't like Jensen not to at least drop him a text and let him know. Jensen was really conscious of always letting him know, despite his relationship with Jared, that Jeff was equally important to him. And there were those times when Jensen would send a text to Jared in his presence to give him the same courtesy. It was something early on that he'd learned to accept and let go. If he wanted Jensen in his life, and he did, he'd had to learn to share. Having half of the young man's time and attention was better than having none at all. Jensen had brought a spark of light and vitality into his world that had been sorely missing since his divorce eight years ago. He'd buried himself in his work, built his own architectural firm from the bottom up and thought that he was doing okay for himself until a beautiful young man wandered into his life and showed him how lonely he truly was.

Jensen was a free spirit, making a living off what art he could sell, playing gigs with his best friends Chris and Steve and occasionally picking up a part time job if the need arose. He didn't like to depend on anyone or be nailed down for anything that required a regular schedule of any sort. He tended to change jobs often as some employers just didn't care if his muse was on and he needed to paint through his shift. It just so happened that with that face and the wit and charm that went along with it - Jensen never had trouble picking up another.
Jeff eyed his list of contacts. He had Jared's number and Jared had his. Jensen had insisted - said it only made sense. He'd never even contemplated using it until now. His worry got the better of him. He hit 'Send' and waited.

"Hey," Jared answered cordial but guarded.

Jeff cleared his throat. "Hey, uh, sorry to bother you but is Jensen there?"

The shocked silence was almost deafening and had Jeff on alert.

"He's not here," Jared finally said, noticeable concern creeping into his smooth tone. "I thought he was with you."

"When did you get back from Texas?" Jeff asked, trying to place how long Jensen had been out of contact.

"I got back Tuesday," Jared said cautiously.

"What do you mean when you got back?" Jeff's fear making his voice sharp. "Didn't Jensen go with you?"

"No," Jared said, panic beginning to bleed through. "He called last minute and said something had come up. I...I just assumed he was with you. Fuck. Do you think something's wrong?"

Jeff fought the urge to snap at the kid, held it in check as he had done the exact same thing. Assumed.

"Something's not right. He's not picking up at all and that's not like him. I'm heading over to his place," Jeff said, distracted.

He was already reaching for his keys and snapping his phone shut on Jared's, "I'll meet you there."

Twenty long minutes later he pulled into the small lot adjacent to Jensen's loft. Jared was already there, swinging a leg over the back of his bike and removing his helmet. Jeff lived closer, but apparently Jared drove faster. They shared a look of mutual concern and just the tiniest bit of dread that perhaps Jensen had cut them both loose. Silently they took the stairs to the loft until they stood outside Jensen's door. It was Jared who knocked first. They waited as long as either of them could stand.

"Jensen!" Jeff called through the door and pounded again.

Jared reached into his pocket and pulled out a key at the same time Jeff did. They shared another look. It was one thing to know there was someone else in Jensen's life; it was another to be confronted with the reality.

Deferring to him, Jared put his key back in his pocket as Jeff slid his into the lock and turned it. They pushed through the door at the same time, calling out with growing worry.

The loft was in its usual state of disarray. Not messy really, just lived in. One entire corner was devoted to Jensen's art supplies and stacked canvases with a spattered drop cloth and various finished and unfinished works. It looked like it hadn't been touched it days and that was highly unusual.

"Jen!" Jeff turned at Jared's exclamation and followed his voice to the master bedroom.

Jensen was curled up on the bench seat at the large bay window facing away from them. He didn't
startle or move or in any way acknowledge them. Jared and Jeff glanced at each other again, both unable to contain their worry any longer.

"Jensen?" Jeff spoke quietly, approaching him slowly.

He tried not to let the slight stiffening of those shoulders get to him or the way Jensen seemed to just pull in on himself a little.

"Jen? Baby?" Jared's voice was low and soothing, but scared too.

Jeff eased down on the cushion next to Jensen, noticed how the young man wouldn't meet his gaze.

"What's wrong?" Jeff asked straight out but with obvious concern.

Jared kneeled on the floor behind Jensen, fighting the urge to reach out and touch him. "What is it, Jen?"

If it weren't for the slight tremble in his chin, Jeff would've thought Jensen wasn't hearing them at all. He took a chance, reaching for the stubbled chin and turning the young man's face to meet his gaze. He hissed in surprise at the mottled purple and yellow bruising covering the right side of Jensen's face.

"Jesus," he said in horror as Jared angled around to see what the matter was.

"Oh, my god," Jared's shock was on par with Jeff’s.

"What happened?" they both asked at the same time.

Jensen pulled his chin away and still wouldn't meet their gaze, but it was clear their presence was having an effect on him. He was holding it together, but just barely. Jeff didn't want to imagine that Jensen may have been sitting here like this all by himself for the last five days. His hair was unwashed, his stubble was thick and he smelled far from fresh. It worried Jeff, but he'd always been a man of action. He didn't know what happened, but he knew a few tricks to bring Jensen back, make him feel better.

"I'm sorry we took so long, baby," he said carefully, including Jared in the statement, knowing it would put Jensen at ease. There'd always been that underlying layer of jealousy between them no matter how civilized the arrangement between them had been thus far. "We're here now, and we're going to take care of you."

Jared looked entirely out of his element and very much willing to let Jeff take the lead, for now.

Jensen's chin inched up at the comment.

"Now I know you're perfectly capable of taking care of yourself," Jeff assured, despite evidence to the contrary. Jensen had always been so independent so unwilling to let Jeff take care of him in any way. He'd accept the occasional outfit when an event warranted it, but other gifts were very much kept to a minimum. Jensen wanted to earn his way in the world and not have anything given to him. "But," he continued, "You'll just have to humor us. See, we've gone almost a full week without you and that's just not acceptable. We missed you. Okay?"

Jensen's brows drew together, considering the logic behind the statement. He seemed so out of sorts that it was disturbing. He trusted them though, that much was evident. Looking back and forth between them Jensen finally nodded.
"Good," Jeff took one of his hands, noting that it was swollen and bruised and covered with small cuts. Whatever had happened, Jensen had fought back. The thought terrified him as much as it made him proud. "That's good."

"Hey, baby," Jared cut in gently, drawing Jensen's attention to him. "Can you tell me the last time you ate something?"

Jeff had noticed how gaunt the young man appeared and was wondering the same thing.

"N...not hungry," he said. Jeff winced at the raspy unused voice.

"Okay," Jeff said. It wasn't, but first things first. "Let's get you cleaned up, and then we'll worry about food. Sound good?"

He cut is eyes to Jared to show he shared the young man's concern.

One of the things Jeff hated about Jensen's place was that there was no bathtub, just a shower stall. Granted, it was a good sized one that they'd shared on several occasions, but he very much enjoyed a good hot bath and thought that it was something Jensen would appreciate about now too.

Jensen let them draw him out of the window seat, moving with slow, stiff movements. Jeff kept his hand, leading him into the bathroom. He turned the shower on, knowing from experience that it took a few minutes for the water to warm.

"We need to get you out of those clothes, sweetheart," he informed before making any moves to help divest the young man.

Jensen seemed to shrink in on himself again.

"It's okay, baby," Jared soothed from behind, almost a second skin against Jensen's back. "It's just us."

Thankfully it was as reassuring as it was meant to be, Jensen loosening enough to allow them to help him undress.

Jared hooked the hem of his shirt and shimmied it up, Jensen lifting his arms automatically so that Jared could pull it over his head. Jeff didn't even try to hold back his gasp, it was there and out before he even realized he'd done it. Jensen's torso was as purpled and bruised as his face, only worse. Jeff could tell by the look on Jared's face that there were marks on his back as well. Jensen's head was bowed, unable to meet Jeff's gaze. Jeff cupped the back of his head and kissed soft spikes as Jared whispered again and again that it was okay.

His sleep pants were next, quickly divested to make it as least awkward as possible. Jeff saw a flash of red that was reflected in the helpless rage in Jared's eyes at the hand shaped bruises on Jensen's hips. Jeff crouched to snag the pants as Jensen stepped out of them and caught a quick glimpse of a handprint on the inside of one of Jensen's thighs. He was trembling as he stood - and as much as he tried not to let it, the tremor transferred to his voice.

"I...I'm going to get you something to wear after your shower, okay, sweetheart," he said.

Peripherally he sensed Jared's sudden focus and concern, but Jeff kept his attention on Jensen. Waited for the tremulous nod.

He stuck his hand in the spray and adjusted the temperature so it wasn't too hot.
"Water's ready," he said to Jared as he slipped by.

Leaning against the top of the bureau Jeff felt tears prickle his eyes. You didn't have to be a genius to figure out what had happened. He wanted to kill someone and he wanted to cry. The latter was winning out in lieu of anyone to take his anger out on. He started opening draws, wanting to move, anything to keep the tears from falling. He grabbed a clean pair of boxer briefs and Jensen's favorite grey sweat pants. When Jeff opened the second drawer he saw a navy blue hoodie he didn't recognize. It was well worn and had a soft look about it. He snagged that and a clean pair of socks and headed back to the bathroom.

Jared stood outside the stall with his sleeves rolled up, gently washing Jensen's hair as the small room filled with steam. Jensen stood passively, not assisting in any way.

"I'm going to see about some food," Jeff said in general then to Jensen, "I'll be right out here if you need me."

He opened the fridge first, unsurprised to see a half empty six pack of beer, an almost empty gallon of milk and three eggs. The cupboards weren't much better. An unopened box of protein bars, a jar of peanut butter and three different kinds of cereal. Jensen was a grazer. He bought groceries for 2-3 days at a time because he never knew what he was going to be in the mood for. It was rare that he cooked himself a balanced meal. When Jeff did stay he often arrived with a bag or two full of groceries and lots of fresh fruits and veggies. Jensen didn't like to cook, but he loved being cooked for. And he was adventurous. He'd try anything at least once.

Jeff grabbed the take out menus and found the number for a restaurant nearby. He ordered all Jensen's favorites and as an afterthought some tomato soup as well. He could hear the low bass of Jared's voice in the other room and made his way back to the bathroom.

He paused in the doorway, feeling suddenly uncomfortable, like he might be intruding.

"Shhhhh," Jared was half in and out of the stall, fully clothed, heedless of the water as he held a visibly trembling and fragile Jensen. The kid was huge, his embrace solid but gentle. Jeff could tell Jensen felt safe in those arms.

He felt that familiar tug of jealousy and refused to give into it. Now was so not the time. They'd been playing at this game for a little over three years. If Jensen had wanted one of them over the other he would have made it clear by now. Jensen never had a problem making it clear what he wanted...that was kind of how they'd ended up in this unusual circumstance to begin with. Neither Jeff nor Jared had been willing to give him up.

He moved into the room, pushing inappropriate feelings aside and reached for the sage green bath towel and after a quick check to make sure Jensen was soap free, shut the water off.

"C'mere baby," he said as he opened the towel.

Jensen came easily, head lifting from Jared's chest and turning into the shelter that Jeff provided. He ran the towel over the ginger colored hair until Jensen's customary, if unruly, spikes were in place. Lifting his head, finally meeting Jeff's gaze there was a glimmer of the man he so loved in over-bright green eyes.

"There you are," he whispered, throat tight. Still worried, but reassured at the same time.

*
Jared grabbed another towel and together they dried Jensen very carefully, mindful of his bruises. Jensen was like a large, exhausted toddler, completely biddable and pliant as they tended to him. He held Jensen steady from behind as Jeff crouched down and helped him thread his feet through the legs of his sweat pants. Jared immediately recognized the blue hoodie Jeff gently tugged over Jensen's head as his. He helped thread the arm on his side through and then gave into temptation, embracing the man from behind as Jensen pulled his arms in close to his chest as if to ward off the chill that threatened from within. The sleeves were too long, fingers barely peeking through well-worn cuffs that were beginning to fray with frequent washes, the young man swimming in the soft, voluminous material.

Jared tipped his head back slightly, glancing up at him with an unspoken acknowledgment and a slight, barely there ghost of a smile. Jared returned it softly and kissed the tip of his nose. He loved it when Jensen wore his clothes - and the little bugger knew it. He saw Jeff frown, recognized the moment of realization as he caught the look between them and re-examined the oversized garment. Jared couldn't help feeling a tiny bit smug and territorial, no matter how terribly inappropriate the timing was. It quickly turned to guilt as the look of displeasure on Jeff's face morphed into one of utter tenderness as Jensen turned back to him.

Jeff gave a nod at the counter next to the sink in question. Jensen nodded, moving slowly, lifting up on the balls of his feet to sit on the edge with his feet dangling. Jeff went to one knee and tugged a sock onto each foot, lining up the seam just so as Jensen watched him.

The young man looked like he was coming back to himself, but he was still so unnaturally quiet that it was unnerving. Not that Jensen was normally loud by any means, but he was usually so full of life and quick to smile or laugh. There was such an absence of that light within him that everything just seemed...dim.

Jeff reached carefully around Jensen for the electric shaver. "Ready?"

Trustingly, Jensen let Jeff tilt his chin and angle him for the best position. The cordless, rechargeable razor had appeared in Jensen's bathroom shortly after his last birthday. Jared had known it was a gift from Jeff. An expensive, but practical gift and a sure way to score points with their boy. He may have even used it once or twice when he'd forgotten his. Jared leaned against the door jamb, watching, a little surprised by the intimacy and familiarity of the task...like it was something they did often.

He felt a familiar pang of jealousy. It was one thing to imagine Jensen spending time with Jeff in vague terms, but to see the love and care between them was a little harder to take than he'd imagined. He'd never doubted his feelings for Jensen, but occasionally he did wonder which of the two of them Jensen would pick if he were forced to choose. Jeff may have had first dibs, but Jared had done his best to make a lasting impression.

Fresh, clean shaven and swaddled in warm comfortable attire some of the tension seemed to ease from Jensen's frame. Of course that was the moment that a loud, somewhat harsh knock, sounded at the front door. Jensen flinched, startled and then embarrassed as Jeff soothed him.

"It's just dinner, love," Jeff wrapped a hand around his wrist in reassurance before reluctantly pulling away to retrieve his wallet and get the door.

"Hey," Jared was quick to take Jeff's place, cupping a smooth cheek and ducking his head a little so Jensen wouldn't have to look up at him. "Have you taken anything for the bruises?"

Jensen's thick lashes swept low, hiding his eyes. Jared knew he had to be sore. Some of the bruising looked pretty deep. Sighing softly, he took the response as a 'no.' Opening the cabinet over the sink
he located a bottle of Tylenol, checked the expiration date, and held 2 tablets in the palm of his hand for Jensen. The young man just looked at him.

"Please, baby," Jared begged. "Just take them."

Jensen took them in silence, waiting for Jared to fill the small sink cup with water to wash them down.

"Thank you," Jared acknowledged, aware Jensen took them for him, not because he wanted to. He took Jensen's hand and helped him down, noting how gingerly he moved.

Jeff looked up as they entered the open kitchen/living area of the loft. "Hungry?" he asked hopefully.

Glancing sideways, Jared noticed the grimace cross Jensen's face. Jeff had the entire island covered with open containers of food. All of Jensen's favorites by the looks of it.

Jared led him to the island and took a seat on the stool next to him. They hovered closely as Jensen looked the food over in obvious disinterest.

"You've got to eat something sweetheart," Jeff reminded him.

There was a small bowl off to the side that still had the lid on. Jensen eyed it. They were watching him so closely that both immediately reached for it to show him what was inside. Jared got to it first.

He smelled the rich aroma of tomato soup as soon as he popped the lid. Jensen perked a little despite himself.

Where he would have grabbed a spoon, Jeff took the container and poured the somewhat thick substance into a mug. While he was doing so Jensen surprised them both by eating a couple of french fries.

Jeff pressed the mug into his hands and they both waited. For a long moment Jensen just held it, letting the warmth seep into his hands. When he took his first tentative sip a soft sigh escaped him and his eyes fluttered shut. It was like he had no idea how much his body needed the nourishment until that very moment.

They left him to it, closing some of the containers and setting them neatly aside but within reach. Jared nudged the french fries a little closer and left those accessible, pleased when Jensen took one at a time and dipped them into his soup.

He glanced sideways at Jeff and they couldn't help but share a small affectionate smile.

A handful of fries later and an empty mug and Jensen had some color back and seemed much less shaky. He seemed to sense that his brief reprieve was over and a little tension returned as he stood and took a few steps, facing away from them.

"Are you ready to tell us what happened, baby?" Jared asked.

"I...I don't want to talk about it," he said. "Just...not now."

Jeff and Jared shared another look. They both knew Jensen would have to talk about it sooner or later.

"No matter what happened, love, we're here for you," Jeff said. "You know that, right?"

There was a subtle pause and then a tremulous nod from Jensen.
Jared stood and took a step towards Jensen, easing back when he saw the slight stiffening of his shoulders. The rest could wait, he didn't want to pressure Jensen, but there was something he had to know.

"Jen, can you look at me baby?" Jared asked.

Jensen was hesitant but did as requested, turning to face both of the men in his life.

"Something happened, and I get you don't want to talk about it. We'll wait until you're ready," Jared promised, "but you've been here for days by yourself, hurting and alone. Why? Why didn't you call?"

Jensen looked immediately contrite and guilty and almost like he wanted to cry, fidgeting in place as he found something of interest on the floor to look at.

Both men moved closer, the desire to comfort warring with allowing Jensen his space. Jared was already regretting the question as much as he wanted to know the answer.

"I'm sorry," he said so low they barely heard him.

"No," Jeff said, moving closer, "you don't need to apologize, sweetheart." He glanced at Jared before continuing. "We just want to know why. We're not upset with you"

"No, we're not, baby I promise," Jared agreed. "It's just that, you had to know that one of us would come, right? You didn't have to be alone."

Jensen was the picture of misery, looking smaller than he actually was in Jared's oversized hoodie and suddenly so very vulnerable.

"I...," when his breath hitched Jared felt something break inside of him. "I wanted you both," Jensen said in a very small voice. "I didn't...I couldn't choose."

Jared was there first, wrapping the young man in his arms tenderly, tucking him beneath his chin. The only consolation Jared had was that Jeff looked just as heartbroken.

"You won't have to," Jared looked to Jeff and saw the same resolve in his eyes. "We're both here for you. We're not going anywhere."

"That's right," Jeff chimed in. "If that's what you need...you've got it sweetheart."

Jared eyed Jeff over Jensen's head. He didn't know the man very well. Knew he existed of course and that Jensen was in a relationship with him. He'd seen evidence of Jeff's presence when he stayed with Jensen, but rarely was he ever actually confronted with the man in the flesh. Jensen had long ago stopped censoring himself. He kept pictures of both of them on his mantle and shared stories about them to each other - always tactful when doing so. The young man refused to keep them totally and completely separate from each other when they were both such an important part of his life.

It looked like he was about to get to know Jeff a whole lot better.
Despite what it looks like my intent was that Jensen was not actually raped. Someone did try, very hard, but Jensen fought back and prevented actual penetration but obviously there was a lot more that occurred before that. Ideally Jeff and Jared would be there for Jensen as he healed and work towards a tentative friendship. The original prompt for this did not include an eventual J3 relationship.
Rufus/Dean/Bobby, voyeur John.

Chapter Summary

While crashing for the night at a fellow hunter's home John witnesses something that shocks and arouses him.

Chapter Notes

Warning: Underage. No specific age given but this is the youngest I've ever alluded to. I'll let your imagination choose its preference.

It was before dawn when John woke up. He didn't stay overnight with Rufus often, maybe once a month, but it was cheaper than a motel when funds were running low. He made his way quietly from the guest room, not wanting to wake anyone at such an early hour. The light over the stove was on in the kitchen and John helped himself to a drink of water and used the bathroom and was about to head back to bed when he heard a soft noise, followed by a deeper sound, soothing and low.

Rufus had a room on the first floor, with the guest room upstairs where John and Sam had crashed. Dean usually took the couch. John noticed on his way through that Dean wasn't there. With a niggling feeling in his stomach, John made his way closer to the master bedroom. The door wasn't even shut all the way. He stopped in utter shock at the site that greeted him. Dean was completely naked on all fours above Rufus. The dark skinned man was suckling at Dean's cock like it was a tit that could give him milk, one long, thick finger buried deep inside his boy's ass and wiggling subtly as Dean whimpered into a gag stuffed into his mouth.

Of all the feelings that tore through him in that moment, it was downright unnatural that arousal was what burned the brightest. He all but came in his pants as Dean's hips jerked into the hunter's face...but it was the muffled sound of the boy's soft cry that had John gripping himself hard between the legs and squeezing to stave off the come that suddenly wanted to explode from him.

"Lemme taste that sweet nectar, boy."

A part of John knew he should kick the door open the rest of the way and march in there, grab his son, and lay down a beating on Rufus. Unfortunately, that voice was overridden by adrenaline and arousal so profound that John could do nothing but stand there and watch. He'd not felt such sudden and unbridled lust in years. Literally.

He watched as Rufus reached up with his free hand to tweak a small nipple, Dean responded immediately with a jolt and a whine that had Rufus moan around the boy's junk.

"That's good, Dean, real good, " the hunter praised, letting the spit slick cock and balls slip from his mouth and rub over the stubble on his face. Dean's hips hiccupped at the sensation, his small hairless genitals vulnerable and delicate looking as a large mouth engulfed them get again, sucking and slurping before releasing them with a pop. "Lemme taste that sweet nectar, boy."
The finger in Dean's ass pumped and wiggled as a slick tongue wagged at the penis dangling in the hunter's face. Despite the grip on his privates, John came in his sweat pants at the high pitched mewl that his little boy made into the gag, slim body bucking as Rufus continued to finger his prostate.

Large, dark hands went to pale, slim hips and held him in place once the kid was spent, humming his approval as he suckled the soft penis.

"Come on down, sweetheart," Rufus said, guiding Dean down the length of his body until he could see the boy's face. "You did well this time. I want you to taste yourself."

He tugged the gag out of Dean's mouth and immediately replaced it with his tongue, plundering the young mouth mercilessly as Dean held on as best he could.

"Doesn't that taste good?" Rufus asks as he stuck the gag back in. "That's all you boy. Now climb on up here and lie down."

John watched as his boy was manhandled into place, lying atop Rufus on his back, as the hunter carefully positioned his hard cock between Dean's legs. It protruded obscenely between the boy's legs, the bulbous head slick and flushed, and noticeably leaking.

"You forget you even have these," Rufus ordered as he spread Dean's arms out on either side of him.

John's mess was still cooling in his pants when his balls began to tingle again. It was unheard of for him to take interest in such quick succession. In the low light of the room, Rufus was currently rubbing gentle circles on the boy's nipples.

"Such pretty little nips you got, boy," he commented. "They perk right up at the tiniest touch. You like that?"

Dean started out with a slight squirm that quickly developed into a pant around the gag as his small ninnies were plucked and tweaked. The gag captured every sweet whimper and whine the boy obliviously uttered and John's eyes were glued to the steady rise of the slim winkle as it eventually pointed straight at the ceiling. Eyes closed, head tossing at the gentle, but relentless stimulation, John nearly slipped to his knees as the baby cock began to twitch and spurt, his boy all but sobbing into the gag as he came untouched and trembling.

"Shhhhhh," Rufus soothed. "Don't you worry none, I'll have that sweet cocktit of yours back in my mouth before you know it."

He let Dean recover for a couple of minutes before he was urging him to sit up and pulling his hips back until they were in a rather uneven sixty-nine position.

"Now you just lap at the head and fuck the slit with your tongue, little one," Rufus said as he adjusted the pillows behind his head to support his neck as he eyed Dean's ass. "Well work our way up to more as you get older."

Rufus just enjoyed the tentative stroking of that small tongue for a long time, but eventually the small wiggling ass in front of him was too must to resist. The man was as considerate as one could be, considering the age of his partner, taking his time and making it good for his boy as much as was possible but John soon saw the raw need to tongue fuck the tight hole take over.

The cry Dean made as the long demanding tongue breached him almost had his paternal instincts returning to the forefront but before he could give it a second thought, Rufus took Dean's slim penis between two fingers and milked it in time with the thrusts of his tongue. Dean bucked helplessly, hips bouncing, wild noise escaping him as tiny spatters of come speckled dark abs.
"Goddamn, that Bobby Singer was right," Rufus said in a tight voice, obviously close to the edge himself. "Sweetest fucking piece of ass I've ever tasted."

John felt as if a shock of cold water had hit him. Bobby? It was all too easy to replace Rufus with the image of Bobby in his mind. He left the boys with Bobby all the time. Guilt surged to mix with arousal but then Rufus was coming hard and blowing his load in Dean's face as the boy gasped in surprise.

He made his way back upstairs then with a lot on his mind. His own response to the encounter weighed heavily on him, as did the thought that this may have been going on for some time with Bobby. His hand may have strayed to his steadily stiffening cock as he considered how he was going to handle the situation.

FOUR MONTHS LATER

It turned out that Johns way of handling it was to wait and watch. His boy seemed fine enough. In fact he'd never even know anything was happening behind the scenes if he hadn't witnessed it himself. They'd stayed with Bobby a few different times and try as he might, he never caught anything untoward happening. It wasn't until four months later when Rufus had also had to crash at Bobby's for a night as well that John truly glimpsed the scope of his son's molestation.

They'd all had a few drinks and stayed up late, but John had been stealthily dumping his into the nearest plant pot or any other spot that was convenient. He went to bed and stayed there for an hour before creeping to the top of the stairs. He didn't have to go any further. In the living room beneath him, his boy was nude and writhing on Rufus' lap, pale skin a striking contrast against black with his legs spread wide on either side of the hunter's. Dean's wrists were tied with a scarf of some kind and looped over Rufus' neck. Bobby was between their legs on his knees and dear god, John lost any will to put a stop to anything at the site of Bobby fingering the small cock cage his son wore.

Dean's groan was desperate as he writhed in torment; Bobby gave the cage a bounce and let it hang.

"Where did you even find a cage that small?" Rufus asked as continuously tweaked darkened nubs.

"Special order," Bobby said.

"Let me have one of them tits," Bobby said to Rufus and then turned his regard to Dean.

Bobby covered the nub Rufus relinquished with his mouth, the other still tweaked and pinched over and over again. John couldn't tell what Bobby did but Dean keened loudly and jerked between the two men.

"Shhhhhhh," Rufus soothed the kid but glared at Bobby. "You want to put an end to this before we even get started?"

"Relax," Bobby said, unconcerned. "I put enough of that shit in John's drink to knock him out til morning and Sam sleeps like the dead."

Dean surged against them as Bobby slicked up a finger and pressed inside his hole. He lacked the finesse that Rufus had but was careful enough. Within minutes Dean was bouncing ever so slightly, making a steady stream of whimpering moans as the cage moved with him.

"There's our little slut-boy," Bobby praised.

Between the finger and his ass and the constant tit play Dean was a writhing mess of whines and whimpers as they toyed with him. He had no defenses and was so utterly open and responsive that
John should have felt protective in the face of the boy's vulnerability...instead he unzipped his pants.

"There we go," Bobby said a moment later as he closely examined the cock cage and the small, soft member trapped within. "Got some drool starting."

Dean got a little louder as his need took over, thrashing as the cage thwarted him from actually getting hard. He looked so small and helpless between the two men, squirming on Singer's demanding finger with his mouth open and his lashes fluttering, his nips dark and hard from constant plucking....that adorable little cage flopping between wide spread thighs.

"It's time you learned to beg for your pleasure, little one" Rufus whispered into Dean's ear as Bobby smiled.

John had watched a fair amount of porn in his life but nothing he'd seen on film even remotely touched the hot scene taking place below. He bit his lip to keep quiet as his boy began to beg....and beg and beg and beg. First with guidance and instruction but then just rolling with it as if it came naturally.

"Please, please Uncle Bobby," Dean panted, voice high and desperate as he repeated the words Rufus whispered in his ear, "Suck the drool from my cocktit."

John came so hard he nearly gave himself away as Rufus leaned back slightly to allow for a better angle and Bobby engulfed Dean's cock, cage and all.

The next morning the only one that was bright eyed and bushy tailed was Sam. He spent the day outside playing with Rumsfeld for the most part and with his brother when Dean wasn't napping.

"So I was thinking," John threw out there at dinnertime, glancing at Bobby. "It's a bit late in the day to head out. You mind if we stick around for another night?"

Bobby looked totally nonchalant as he took a sip of his beer but John noticed the slight shift in his seat as if he'd gotten instantly hard.

"Sure," he said, gruff but pleasant. "You and your boys are always welcome here, John. You know that."

John nodded in acceptance and looked over at Rufus, who could have left at any point during the day, but hadn't.

"What about you?" John asked. "Heading out?"

"Well if you boys are gonna hang out and party," he smiled big and friendly, "I may as well stick around for another night myself."

Later that night as John watched his boy lap at Bobby's dick and Rufus tongue his ass, perched naked on the coffee table, he knew that he wouldn't be able to give this up. The only issue was that he had to go where the hunts were and that could take him anywhere. Of course there was a network of hunters across the country he could bed down with. And if Bobby had shared with Rufus...maybe they would be willing to point him in the direction of some likeminded individuals.

Plan firmly in mind for the discussion to be had tomorrow, John bit his lip as Dean jerked in place and came all over the coffee table they'd sat at with a six pack of beer earlier in the evening.

Yeah, his boy was a natural. Best to cultivate such tendencies.
Night was giving way to the pewter gray of pre-dawn as Jared pulled out of Chad's driveway and headed back towards the city. He ran a hand over his face, rubbing eyes that were sore and gritty from lack of sleep. He'd tried to grab some shut eye on his best friend's sofa, but instead had ended up tossing and turning. Of course listening to Chad and Sophia go at it upstairs and Mike and Tom in the guestroom might have had a little something to do with it. Suddenly he'd wanted nothing more than the familiar and comfortable solitude of his own bed.

The chill in the early morning air had prompted Jared to turn on the heat when he'd first set out. Now it was making him sleepy. Not a good idea considering he was less than halfway home. Shutting it off he rolled down the window, instantly alert as cool fall air slapped him awake. Too cold. He almost rolled it right back up but thought better of it. He'd rather freeze than fall asleep at the wheel.

Jared flicked his headlights to low beam as a passed a few cars going in the opposite direction. He couldn't help but wonder what people were doing out on the road this early in the morning. He had a perfectly good excuse. What about these shmucks? Then he recalled the industrial park he passed a few miles back. Oh, man he thought with sympathy. It would so totally suck to have to be to work at this time of day. Just the thought of it made him tired. Poor bastards.

Chad's ringtone was shrill and annoying as it blasted through the silence and startled the crap out of him. The time it took Jared to fish his cell out of his pocket allowed Jared to modulate his tone and not snap at his best friend.

"Yeah."

"Jay, what the fuck man?" Chad sleep slurred.

"Couldn't sleep on that torture device you call a couch. I'm just gonna head home and crash." Jared said.

"Are you even sober?" Chad asked.
"I had two beers, dude."

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Chad sounded annoyed. "I throw myself a housewarming party; supply all the booze and all you have is two beers. Get your ass back here."

"Hey, at least I stayed. Sandy's the one that cut out early," Jared defended.

"She's working a twelve hour shift at the hospital today. What's your excuse?" Chad demanded.

"I could work today if I wanted to." Jared said, sounding a little defensive even to himself.

"Yeah? How's the writer's block?"

Low blow. Jared didn't dignify it with a response.

Chad sighed. "It's too early for this shit, man. You're killing my post coital buzz. Swing by for dinner tonight? Soph's making lasagna."

Jared perked up a little at that. "My favorite."

"I know," Chad responded. "See you around six?"

"Sure." Jared said slowing as he rounded a blind bend in the road. "Tell her I'll bring the...FUCK!"

He grabbed the steering wheel with both hands, the cell phone tumbling to the floor and getting lost under his feet as he instinctively jerked the wheel to the right to avoid the headlights coming straight at him on his side of the road. He had a split second to realize that he wasn't going to get out of the way fast enough. The rear fender impact was loud and jarring, triggering the release of the airbag as he hit the brakes. Despite his seatbelt Jared hit the driver's side door hard. Between that and the airbag he was well and truly stunned. He had no idea how long he sat there before coherent thought returned.

"Holy shit, you okay buddy?" Jared looked at the anxious young man at his window and blinked. His delayed response freaked the guy out even more.

"Okay don't move. I called 911 - an ambulance is on the way."

"No, I..." Jared thought about the initial question. "I think I'm okay. Everything seemed to be in working order and nothing really hurt except his shoulder. When he unbuckled his seat belt and reached for the door handle he thought the guy was going to have a panic attack.

"You really shouldn't move. You might have an injury that you don't know about, you know?"

"I'm fine." Jared assured him.

The guy watched him carefully as he stood, eyes widening as Jared reached his full height.

"How's the other driver?"

"Ah," Nervous guy hesitated and looked across the road and into the tree line where the silver stratus had met its match with a mighty oak. "I don't know. I got to you first."

Jared could already hear sirens in the distance. A couple of other drivers had stopped and were trying to slow and divert any oncoming traffic until rescue personnel arrived. As Jared made his way to the Stratus he realized the vehicle had not hit the tree head on. The impact was to the right front passenger side. The knowledge gave him some hope that the driver was still alive. When he neared
the driver’s side he noticed damage there as well, likely from the collision with his car before
careening into the trees. Jared sat on his haunches to avoid the broken glass littering the ground to get
a good look at the unconscious driver. Even as he reached for a pulse he couldn't help but notice
how attractive the guy was.

*Dude's fucking beautiful.*

"Is he alive?" Jared had forgotten about nervous guy behind him.

"Yeah," He released a breath he hadn't even realized he was holding at the faint fluttering beneath
his fingertips. "He's alive." *Like sleeping beauty, beautiful.*

"Oh, thank God!"

The sincere comment brought Jared's attention back to his companion. It wasn't until then that he
really noticed how young the kid was, no more than eighteen at best. The kid was holding it together
pretty well, but looked freaked the hell out. Jared smiled in reassurance. It seemed to settle the kid
just a little. It was about that time the ambulance hit the scene, closely followed by the state police.

He turned back to the driver as the kid began to fill in the officer in on the accident. There was a
trickle of blood with some swelling and mild discoloration just above the driver's temple. Jared traced
a small splash of freckles with his gaze and admired dark full lashes where they rested upon smooth
if pale flesh. Based on looks alone, shallow though it may be, Jared was completely taken. And the
dude wasn't even conscious.

"Excuse me, sir. Please step back." The paramedic ordered as he approached Jared.

He did so, but didn't go far. The kid informed the second paramedic that Jared had been driving the
other vehicle. The guy gave him a quick once over and told him to stay put. Obviously the other
victim was high priority being unconscious and all. Jared nodded and stepped off to the side to
observe.

"Has he been conscious at all?" The paramedic asked after checking for a pulse.

"No." Jared said, watching as the guy examined a gold chain around the driver's neck.

"Got a medic alert necklace." He informed his partner urgently. "Diabetic. Type one."

Surprised, Jared inspected the necklace as much as he could from his current distance. It looked like
a normal piece of jewelry. As a matter of fact it looked a little on the expensive side, the chain simple
but sturdy. He watched as the second paramedic pulled a small device from the kit he'd set on the
ground outside the car. Reaching through the window he took the driver's hand and pricked the skin
on one of his fingers.

"What are you doing?" Jared asked. He knew little to nothing about diabetes.

"Testing his blood sugar," the first medic responded.

The pair waited for a reading as Jared's gaze crept back to sleeping beauty.

"Christ." The curse brought his attention back to the men in front of him. "Give me a shot of
glucagon."

"How low is it?" The partner asked as he prepared the syringe.
"Any lower and he's going to start seizing." He held his hand out impatiently.

Jared watched in concern as the medic injected the driver with a shot of...gluco-something. Whatever it was seemed to ease the tension back a notch.

When the door wouldn't open the older medic did a cursory exam of the victim and got a neck brace on him while his partner retrieved the rescue unit on standby.

"Just need you to get the door open boys. Should be a clean extraction."

The paramedics stepped back to let the firemen in to do their job. Jared watched as one of them shielded the driver from any dust or debris as they started to cut through the metal.

"Have a seat there buddy."

Jared suddenly realized he was the focus of the two medics. They were thorough and it distracted him somewhat from what was happening with the other driver. Eventually they confirmed what he already knew. He had no serious injuries, but they did suggest he see a doctor for a more thorough examination. Doubtful. While he had the money he wasn't about to blow any on an unnecessary emergency room visit.

"You're gonna have one hell of a bruise there, son." The elder of the two paramedics informed him as he nursed his shoulder.

"Yeah," Jared agreed. "Could have been worse."

"You got that right." The medic said seriously. "That’s a dangerous turn. We've been called to much worse."

Jared's eyes strayed back to the other vehicle. While the driver remained unconscious, he appeared unhurt otherwise. They'd both been pretty damn lucky.

"It's likely he felt the drop in blood sugar. May have had just enough time to take his foot off the gas." The medic said, as if sensing Jared's thoughts. "Only explanation I can come up with for why we're not putting either of you in a body bag."

Jared must have looked as taken aback by the comment as he felt. The paramedic gave him a slightly sheepish smile. "Sorry."

"You're good to go, Joe." One of the firemen approached the back of the ambulance. Jared noticed they'd removed the entire door of the Stratus. "Kid's starting to show some signs of life."

Jared gave the medics room to work but lingered as Joe crouched down to assess the patient. Other than a knitted brow the driver was still pretty out of it. Jared was silently impressed with Joe. The medic's voice was soothing and low as he talked, explaining everything to the young man in his care as if he was aware of what was going on. It was as the medics were transferring the driver to an awaiting stretcher that the patient decided to regain some mobility.

In a neck brace and secured to a back board the semi-conscious man panicked and began to thrash. Joe and his partner picked up the pace in an effort to secure unpredictable limbs, but they weren't fast enough. Jared winced as sleeping beauty's elbow connected with Joe's partner's groin. The man went down hard with a groan that expelled every ounce of air from his lungs.

"Shit," Joe managed as he secured one arm with a Velcro strap on his side of the stretcher. "You okay, Kev?"
Kev was unable to respond. Not a good sign. Joe was doing his best to secure the patient's feet when Jared dropped to his knees and took hold of a flailing hand.

"Hey, hey, hey." He soothed. "It's gonna be okay."

Jared used his other hand to smooth carefully over short sun-kissed spikes. At the sound of Jared's voice, the most amazing pair of wild and confused emerald green eyes opened and locked on him. If he wasn't yet sure he was screwed, this pretty much confirmed it.

"It's okay." Green eyes panicked when he tried to move and couldn't. "You're okay. You were in an accident, but you're okay. Everything's gonna be fine." Jared really wasn't even sure what he was saying, but he could feel the tension slowly ebbing as the guy focused on him. Joe managed to secure the arm Jared was holding without breaking his hold.

"Kev?"

"Yeah, gimme a minute." Kev said, still a little breathless.

The oxygen mask caused another wave of panic that had Jared curling closer to the young man in reassurance.

"Hey," he soothed. "Right here," Jared gestured with his hand for the young man to maintain eye contact with him. "Focus on me."

The hand Jared held gripped his tightly, eyes holding onto him desperately. He offered a soft smile of reassurance as the man's breathing slowed in response to his.

"That's it."

Jared felt the fine tremors that worked their way through the man's body. It was a chilly morning but he suspected it was more likely due to shock. Kev joined his side without displacing him and helped Joe pull the stretcher to its full height, ready to load the patient into the back of the ambulance. As they were doing so 'Save a Horse, Ride a Cowboy' blasted from the inside of the patient's front coat pocket.

Joe fished the phone out and handed it to the nearby state trooper. Green eyes seemed oblivious to everything save Jared's gaze. Jared reluctantly loosened his grip as the paramedics attempted to slide the stretcher into the ambulance. The hand wrapped around his tightened with a surprising amount of strength.

"Ah...." He looked down at his hand and then over at Joe, giving a return squeeze of reassurance. The senior paramedic just shrugged.

"You're welcome to ride along. You seem to be doing a pretty good job of keeping him calm."

It was a little awkward getting into the back of the ambulance without breaking his hold, but he managed. Sleeping beauty was still too out of it to be grateful, but the crease between his brows eased ever so slightly, so it was worth it. He continued to hold Jared's gaze as if it were a lifeline. It was much warmer in the ambulance. Peripherally Jared was aware of Kev climbing into the driver's seat and getting them on their way, of Joe checking vitals and calling them in to the nearest hospital. All of it seemed to melt away as he gazed into emerald eyes.

He wasn't sure if it was adrenaline, happenstance or what...but he'd felt an instant connection to the young man as soon as he'd laid eyes on him. If anything it only seemed to solidify the longer they...
gazed at one other.

"ETA fifteen minutes," Kev called from the front.

The movement and warmth of the cabin soon took its toll as those lovely eyes fought not to roll, long sooty lashes fluttering helplessly.

"Keep him awake if you can," Joe ordered.

"Hey, beautiful," Jared said without thinking, drawing that confused gaze to him once again. "I need you to stay with me, okay?"

His smile grew as green eyes slowly drifted to watch the words form in his mouth. It took almost a full minute for Jared to realize what he'd said. His gaze cut to Joe to gage his reaction. To his credit the man barely paused in his ministrations.

"You know," Jared returned his attention to his patient. "This would be a lot easier if I knew your name."

Green Eyes blinked at him, uncomprehending, an adorably small crease between ginger brows that Jared itched to smooth away with his thumb.

"I may be able to help with that," Joe did a quick search of the faded Carhartt jacket and produced a wallet. He flipped it open, looked at it and then held it at an angle that Jared could see.

"Jensen Ackles," Jared read.

He glanced at the picture and shook his head slightly. No one had the right to look that hot for a DMV pic.

"Jensen," Jared said as he made eye contact with the young man on the gurney. "Nice to meet you, Jen, though I wish it had been under better circumstances."

Jared got the feeling that Jensen wasn't following anything that he said, but that the sound of his voice was soothing all the same.

"I'm Jared," he introduced himself, adding, "Padalecki."

The crease between the patients brow deepened.

"Yeah," Jared chuckled at the adorably confused look, "it's a mouthful, but you'll get used to it."

At least I hope you will.

"You're doing good, kid," Joe said to Jared. "Keep him with us, we're almost there."

Never one at a loss for words, Jared continued his one sided conversation all the way to the hospital. Two minutes from their destination Jensen's eyes began to roll and flutter again.

"Hey!" Jared squeezed Jensen's hand in reassurance when the young man startled at his raised voice.

He softened his tone and leaned forward to be sure Jensen would hear him.

"This crazy ride is just about over, but I'm not going anywhere, you hear me."

Crazy was exactly the right word. Less than an hour ago he had no idea this man even existed. And
now, the thought of being separated from Jensen once they arrived at the ER was upsetting him so much that his stomach was twisting itself into tiny little knots. It was disturbingly exhilarating.

"You let the docs fix you up good," he said, looking into eyes that fought to hang on his every word, "then we'll have ourselves an honest to goodness two way conversation. How's that sound?"

There was of course no response. Jared was pretty sure that Jensen was still too out of it to even understand what he was saying. Still, it made him feel better to say it. Jared felt the ambulance slow and then roll to a stop. He wasn't prepared for the immediate flurry of activity that intruded upon the little bubble of quiet intimacy he'd created with Jensen.

Everyone was talking at once; the stretcher was being pulled away from him. Jensen's hand, if possible, gripped his tighter. Jared was just pulled along with the flow of things as Joe and the emergency personnel whisked Jensen into the hospital. Jared held on as long as they'd let him, but eventually the group came to a set of doors that he knew he could not enter. He looked down into wide green eyes that didn't seem to understand what was about to happen.

"Sir, you need to let him go." A nurse to his right said firmly, but not without compassion.

Apparently the request was a mere formality. Before he could even attempt to comply or reassure Jensen, his hand was physically removed by the orderly to his left and the stretcher was disappearing through the double doors. Jensen struggled weakly against the restraints, a small sound of distress spurring Jared forward. Joe's hand on his arm stopped him. It was small consolation to hear the nurse doing her best to pick up where Jared left off.

"Hey," Joe garnered his attention, watching him closely. "He's in good hands."

The end.

Chapter End Notes

I know. Bit of a sucky place to end. I had big plans for this at one time. I’d always wanted to do a diabetic fic and did lots of research on Type one. It turned out to be fortuitous. I learned more about it than I ever wanted to know when my 14 year old daughter was diagnosed four years ago. It pretty much killed the muse for this. That's how old this is. It was either delete it or post it.

For those interested here is some additional info. The Industrial Park Jared passed is where Jensen was headed for work. The call that came in on Jensen’s phone was from Chris. Jensen is a welder, Chris is his pipefitter. They work as a team and grew up together. Jeff is their boss and also like a surrogate father. He is married to Samantha Smith. They come from different backgrounds but of course Jared and Jensen would have made it work. Chad and Chris would have clashed of course just to make things interesting. Unlikely as it is…anyone inspired to continue is more than welcome.
Uncle Beau/Omega Jensen,

Chapter Summary

Omegas were protected now, but it hadn't always been that way. They had rights. Had to consent to any touch upon their person, sexual or otherwise. Beau was old school though. Omegas were meant for breeding and pleasure, it was instinctual. They wanted it, even if they didn't know it.

Chapter Notes

A variation of the Uncle Beau fill that I posted previously. First time I've ever done the alpha/omega thing. I've never quite dared as, to me, it can all seem so complex at times. I tried to keep it simple here and hopefully didn't botch anything. Someone once told me to just make my own rules up within that world and stick with them. This is short enough so that I think I was able to manage that.

Plus, it just worked well for the soft cock/small cock kink I wanted to explore!

Warning: as with almost everything I seem to post: Consent Issues. Also - underage. I let you decide. I know that for me I automatically and mentally decide as I'm reading what age I want a character to be. Even if the author lists a specific age.

"Uncle Beau!" Jensen exclaimed as he dropped his backpack on the floor and launched himself at the man.

Beau swept the young omega up into his arms as Donna laughed in delight at the response.

It had been two years since he'd seen his favorite nephew. They'd always been close.

"Your mom didn't tell you I was coming did she?" Beau asked.

"No," Donna interjected. "I wanted it to be a surprise."

"I missed you!" Jensen declared with a kiss to the man's cheek.

"Missed you too, Jenny-boy," Beau whispered quietly into the boy's ear.

Donna was distracted but beaming as she sorted through her purse looking for something. Beau sat down at the kitchen table with Jensen in his lap.

"Well," Donna said. "I've got to run to the market. Uncle Beau is a full two days ahead of schedule.
and I don't think left over lasagna is the best way to celebrate his visit do you?" The last was said looking into Jensen's upturned face.

Beau smiled as the boy shook his head.

"You don't have to do that," Beau started, but Donna was having none of it, already make a list to grab a few extra things.

When she was finished she snagged her keys off the hook and hitched the strap of her purse over her shoulder.

"Wanna come with?" she paused, looking at Jensen, eyes going back and forth between Beau and her son. The small smile on her face said she had a pretty good idea what his answer would be.

"Can I stay with Uncle Beau?" he asked.

Donna met Beau's gaze with a lifted brow, silently asking if it was okay.

"We'll be fine," Beau responded. "Take your time."

Donna checked her watch and looked back at them contemplatively. "I have a couple of errands I could run while I'm out. Be about an hour or so..."

"Sure," Beau agreed easily, glancing down at Jensen. "We can keep ourselves out of trouble that long, can't we?"

"I think so," Jensen said in all seriousness, causing the two adults to laugh at his expense. The kid really was too adorable for his own good.

"Okay, then," Donna started towards the door with one final caution. "You two behave while I'm gone."

When Jensen would have hopped off Beau's lap once the door closed behind his mother, Beau caught those tiny hips and held him in place. Jensen didn't seem to mind at all and soon they were off on a discussion on how school was going.

Only half listening to the kid Beau couldn't help but be distracted by the weight of him on his lap. Jensen had perfect, flawless skin, entirely hairless but for the growth on top of his head, like most omegas. His softened nipples were plump and rosy, larger than standard male nipples for easy latching and his genitals....Beau's mouth watered at the site of the small and delicate looking cock as it dangled soft and useless beneath the ruffle.

Omegas were protected now, but it hadn't always been that way. They had rights. Had to consent to any touch upon their person, sexual or otherwise. It was a big part of the reason Donna and his brother decided to try for children. They'd put it off for years, unwilling to take the chance in the event the child presented as an omega and would be considered by society as nothing more than property. They'd wanted more for their offspring.

Less than a year after the new laws had passed, Jensen had been born.

Beau was old school though. Omegas were meant for breeding and pleasure, it was instinctual. They wanted it, even if they didn't know it. As far as he was concerned, omegas were still second class citizens. He was smart enough to keep those opinions to himself around his brother and sister-in-law though...and society in general, though he was far from the only one to feel this way. An underground movement to continue the exploitation of omegas had sprung up almost overnight.
Beau himself was part of it.

Jensen's junk jiggled as he continued his animated discussion on the antics of him and his best friend Jared. Beau couldn't take his eyes from the naked bits as his large hand spanned the small of his nephew's back to keep him balanced on his thick thigh. His thumb absently stroked pale skin. He'd deliberately kept his hands to himself over the years. Jensen was a good looking boy, always had been. Now though, he bordered on pretty, his features hinting at the true masculine beauty he would someday become.

Glancing at the clock, Beau realized he was already ten minutes into the hour that Donna would be gone for. He was wasting time that could be spent doing better things. Always a man of action and very little regret, Beau reached between Jensen's legs as casual as could be and took possession of his nephew's baby smooth genitalia, cradling the limp, vulnerable flesh and fondling it at the same time.

Jensen froze mid word, a gasp escaping him as he looked down in shock at the hand touching him. Omegas didn't even touch themselves there. For anyone else to do so was taboo. It just wasn't done. Sure they'd get hard sometimes, especially when they reached sexual majority, but such things were mostly overlooked - like a dog humping someone's leg. They just couldn't help themselves. Omegas were prized more for their self-lubricating holes and ability to conceive and carry children. Their tiny cocks were all but ornamental, despite the fact that they were very functional.

Beau gave Jensen's little winkie a few tugs while the kid was still in shock, pleased when it began to grow stiff between his fingers. His nephew made a small choked sound and jerked ever so slightly. Very promising considering he'd barely been touched. Beau kept at it, finger jerking the slim penis as Jensen looked at him with wide horrified eyes.

He smiled, smug but reassuring, as the boy whimpered up at him helplessly. A few more gentle tugs and those pretty green eyes were rolling, blonde head falling back as the young omega came for the first time...a small patter of pearly white come flecking the back of Beau's hand.

"There's a good boy," Beau praised, supporting Jensen's back.

The kid was panting softly; face upturned, clearly surprised and confused by what had just happened. Despite that there was a hint of euphoria in his expression from his very first orgasm. Beau smiled and continued to fondle the semi-stiff appendage.

Omegas could have multiple orgasms with little to no recovery time. It wasn't a given, but some could. Beau decided to test the theory and continued to pump the small cock. Sure enough, Jensen's hips fluttered involuntarily, legs going lax as that pouty pink mouth opened wet and pretty. Beau cradled the boy in the crook of his arm as Jensen went all but boneless in his lap.

"Uncle Beau..." he whispered, low and breathless.

It was clear his nephew didn't understand what was happening and why his body was responding the way it was. He blamed that on Donna and Alan. They should have prepared the kid in what to expect in the way of natural omega instincts.

"It's perfectly normal, Jenny-boy," Beau assured. "You were made for this. Your body wants it. Your mind will catch up soon enough."

Jensen didn't look convinced but Beau wasn't overly concerned. It would come with time and repeated exposure. Exposure that Beau was all too willing to provide.
Beau was fully hard himself, dick pressing against the snug denim of his jeans as Jensen's tiny cock twitched between his fingertips again. He milked it diligently, angling his grip to catch the small patters of come across the back of his hand again. He savored each precious drop as he lapped it from his skin with his tongue as Jensen panted up at the ceiling, glassy-eyed and passive.

"There's nothing quite so sweet as virgin omega come," Beau hummed happily to himself as he looked down at his oblivious nephew. It was a delicacy that many alphas paid top dollar for. One he suddenly wondered if he could profit from.

Jensen's dark pink nipples were sharp and stiff, practically begging for attention. While Beau could easily spend the afternoon just jerking on the kid's toy sized penis he was aware of limited time and opportunity and wanted to test just how responsive the omega was.

Carefully grasping one plump nub he gave it an experimental tweak. Jensen gave a weak whine and arched into the contact. Beau brought his other hand up, threading the arm wrapped around Jensen under the boy's arm so that he could grasp the other bud and squeeze them both at the same time.

Jensen's corresponding mewl was almost startling, back arching almost violently as he lifted his chest high, head falling back and exposing his neck in utter submission. Surprised by the intense reaction Beau could only blink down at the rock hard baby hard on pointing straight at him. He plucked the boys nips again, the touch firm and possessive, yet gentle in a way that most young omegas couldn't help but respond to. Jensen didn't disappoint, hips jerking, chest lifting, breathless, high-pitched moans escaping him as his proud winkie began to spurt once again.

As in most things, not all omegas were created equal. Some fought the pull of submission hard. Others resented it. Some embraced it and others, like Jensen Beau was beginning to suspect, had no choice. It was as natural to submit as it was to breathe. They never even entertained the notion they could do otherwise. All gave in eventually, it was a biological imperative, but the ones that never questioned their right to do otherwise were highly valued in the underground.

Not all omegas enjoyed having their nipples played with. They could still get off with constant stimulation and there were some alphas that got off on forcing that but it was always better if the omega enjoyed it. And there was no question that Jensen was enjoying the attention that Beau was paying his breasts.

"Jesus," Beau stared down at the kid, pleased by his response. "You're a fucking titty-whore."

Head lolling over the crook of Beau's arm he watched as Jensen's eyes lost focus and his lashes fluttered - sweet, helpless noises emanating from the back of his throat as tight furls were twisted and pulled with the utmost care. He got Jensen off three times, just tugging on his titties and was tempted to continue. The young one made the most amazing noises. A quick glance at the clock told him that his time was winding down however.

"One more test, little one," Beau said as he lifted Jensen from his lap and placed him on all fours on the kitchen table. The boy was lagging after all those orgasms but managed to maintain the position Beau placed him in.

Jensen was passive and listless, naturally subservient to Beau as the alpha.

"Now if you didn't want any of this that little hole of yours would be dry as a bone," Beau informed. "But I know for a fact that you liked every bit of it because the slick from your ass soaked through my jeans not long after you shot off for the first time."

Jensen made a small noise as Beau smoothly slid a finger right into his ass. The omegas passage was
tight and warm and he took a moment to just savor being the first to touch the young one in such an intimate place. With a fair amount of slick he moved easily in and out, allowing his nephew time to adjust to the foreign feeling before planting his free hand on the small of the omegas back to keep him steady. His next thrust in was deep and angled just right.

Jensen's body sparked to life with a cry as the tip of Beau's finger massaged his prostate. The boy jerked forward only to press back as his hips stuttered randomly at the sensation. Beau had barely brushed the spot again when Jensen came with a deep groan and small flecks of come hit the dark grained wood of the table. The kid was vocal in a way that Beau thoroughly enjoyed. Low and breathless when his tits were played with and deep and desperate when his ass was breached.

Pressing back and all but corkscrewing his hips, Jensen writhed on his uncle's finger and just couldn't seem to help himself from alternating between grunts and whines as the man played with him mercilessly.

"You're a real beauty, Jenny," Beau breathed through his own arousal. "Can't wait to break you in nice and proper. This here is a mere test run."

Beau ducked his head to watch as Jensen came yet again, adding more wet flecks to the table. Omegas blew relatively small loads of come, one of the reasons they could get off so many times, and another reason their jizz was so prized and expensive. The kid had barely caught his breath when Beau reached beneath him and grabbed his cock, tugging it like a small teat, as he continued to thrust into his ass.

Jensen didn't know whether to push back or forward, keening pitifully as he jerked helplessly between Beau's experienced hands. This time when he came the kid collapsed to his forearms, forehead resting on the table and panting harshly. Beau continued to work him until he was satisfied that every last drop of come had been expelled.

Donna was due home in less than ten minutes, unless she ran into someone at the market or some other distraction. Beau couldn't chance that she would be late.

Picking Jensen up he carried his nephew upstairs to his bedroom.

"You're going to need a nap before dinner," Beau said as he placed him on the bed.

Jensen just blinked at him, tired and passive.

"This is between you and me," Beau informed him. "Understand?"

Jensen gave the barest of nods.

"They would be so disappointed in you. Everything they fought for...wiped away in an afternoon as their baby boy proved himself nothing more than a common omega whore."

Jensen looked mildly distressed at that, so very tired after being played with.

"It's okay," Beau assured. "There's nothing wrong with that. They were in the wrong for making you believe otherwise. I could tell by the way you responded how much you wanted it. You can't fight instinct. It's what you're made for."

The boy was still so beautifully submissive just laying there that Beau couldn't help himself. He took both of Jensen's small, birdlike wrists and pinned them over his head.

"Open your legs," he ordered.
It was a measure of how truly responsive Jensen was to him as an alpha that the boy did so without hesitation, pulling his legs up and then parting them somewhat shyly.

Beau wasted no time slipping his middle finger into the kid’s ass and gliding in and out slowly just because he could. He watched as Jensen's nipples tightened in record time.

"See?" Beau pointed out. "You still want more, don't you Jenny-boy?"

The noise Jensen made was still more pleasure than sleepy when Beau lowered his mouth to the perked nub and sucked it. Fuck, he was so ready to come himself as Jensen's legs fell open and that tight little titty arched higher. No sooner was Jensen whimpering through yet another release when Beau released his nipple and took his mouth with a thrusting tongue to match the finger in his ass. The wet mouth remained open and passive, allowing Beau to carefully plunder at will and swallow the delicious sounds of surrender. Unable to stand it no longer, Beau stood, unzipped his pants, pushed them down and took himself in hand. Jensen blinked up at him sleepy and open as the man blew his much more substantial load all over the boy.

Beau had just enough time to head back to the kitchen and lick the dried flecks of Jensen's come from the table, because no way was he wasting that, spray some room deodorizer and change his jeans before Donna was bustling through the door with bags of groceries.

Nine Days Later...

Beau held himself in place behind the camera. As much as he wanted to join in, he could not be linked to Jensen on the off chance one of these underground vids made its way into the wrong hands and back to his brother and his wife.

He thought back over the last week or so and how everything had changed. Jensen had refused to look at him or talk to him after their initial encounter and both Alan and Donna were concerned. They’d both agreed to leave Jensen in his care for an hour or two while they went out to dinner so they could work through whatever the issue was. Neither even remotely suspected that Beau would ever lay a hand on their child. And Jensen had said nothing.

Jensen's refusal to have anything to do with him ended when Beau put him over his knee, spanked his bottom cherry red, and then fingered the fight right out of him. The kid was a limp noodle by the time Beau finished with him.

The next five nights or so Beau snuck into his room and proved beyond a shadow of a doubt just how much Jensen really wanted it. He'd had to gag the kid just to keep him from waking his parents up on the first floor. It was on the sixth night that Beau knew the kid was truly hooked. He didn't go to Jensen, simply stayed in his own bed and waited. It was well past two when his door opened and he heard the light patter of feet, felt the bed dip slightly as the boy climbed up next to him.

He took his nephew that night. Pushed the kid's face into the pillow to muffle his cries, played with his tits until his ass was so wet that Beau could slowly and easily force his way in and knot that sweet virgin hole. Tied together for nearly an hour, Beau soothed the boy as best he could. The kid may be an omega but he was still young and needed reassurance. Hand stroking down sweat slicked skin, he was surprised when Jensen took his hand and brought it to his small, smooth genitals.

Beau chuckled quietly. Jensen didn't want comfort, he wanted to get off. Beau was quick to oblige
and tugged at the small prick until Jensen jerked against him over and over again.

They settled into a routine. Beau was amazed at Jensen's ability to compartmentalize. During the day he was the same well adjusted, well behaved child he'd always been. By night he was Beau's omega whore in training. His parents smiled, satisfied that Jensen had gotten over whatever issues he may have had with his Uncle Beau, and that the two were getting along so well.

If they only knew.

It was just a screen test, to see how Jensen filmed and responded to the camera. Beau was a bit concerned at first as Jensen was shy and obviously scared being thrust into a small room full of strangers. He needn't have worried though. Once his little cock was full and hard and on display the boy opened up like a flower and all but forgot about the camera. Beau watched as two producers and their main investor, all alphas, sampled the young omega. A mouth on each tit and his rump lifted with a tongue in his ass, Jensen was all but incoherent as he writhed in instinctual need and surrender. Beau could have felt a tiny bit disgruntled. Admittedly he was a possessive man by nature and while he did consider Jensen to be his omega, it was better for business if the boy responded to any alpha that touched him rather than just the one who broke him in. It happened occasionally, an omega imprinting on the first alpha they submitted to. While it wouldn’t have necessarily bothered him, Beau saw the potential to make a huge profit from his undiscriminating slut of a nephew.

When all was said and done Beau signed a deal to commit Jensen to ten different underground films and a lucrative agreement where he would receive eighty percent of the profits received from any private come feedings offered on the side. The logistics could be tricky as he'd have to work around Jensen's school as well as Alan and Donna. Still, he was fairly certain he could do it. He’d already made arrangements to move back this way anyways.

And the best part about the whole thing was that even with Donna and Alan known for being such staunch advocates for omega rights, they’d done their best to keep Jensen out of the public eye. Not so much as a baby picture had ever been leaked to the media. No one watching would ever know that the beautiful slut boy on screen was actually the golden prince of the omega equal rights movement.

Beau took a perverse sort of pleasure in that as Jensen bucked into the mouth of the man who was going to make him a star, thighs splayed wide as slim hips stuttered uncontrollably. The boy’s arms were thrown over his head without a hint of resistance as the two producers teased his perked and pretty tits.

If only mommy and daddy could see him now.

End…
Dean/Security Guard - crossdressing/dubious consent

Chapter Summary

Sam and Dean investigate an underground sex club. A security guard takes an interest in Dean.

"Separate them," Liev said to one of his men. "Bring tall, dark and possessive to a holding room. I'll take care of the skirt."

Chapter Notes

This is not new. It's actually the first kink fill I ever did under my original username. While I've left it posted there...I figured I'd post it here as well. My non-sock is not very prolific or well known so it's very possible that it will be new to you. Well, some of you anyways :) My kink stories get so much more love! A couple more will follow! And I'm almost done a follow up to Uncle Beau which will be posted as a 2nd chapter.

Also - a small Powerless update. I needed an objective second set of eyes for what I had written so far. Somersault_j has agreed to give it a read through for me and share her thoughts. It's not complete by any means but a fairly good start for the lactation chapter and also another. So while I can't give any timeline I can at the very least inform you that I have not forgotten about that little verse.

Liev watched the figures on the security screen and gave a cursory glance to the guest list. Dascen paid him good money to make sure these underground events ran smoothly. He wasn't about to lose out on a well-paying gig because of two loose canons.

Whoever they were, they'd made sure to dress the part. The tall one was shirtless beneath a dark chocolate leather vest and matching pants and never ventured far from the shorter one in the plaid skirt and white knee socks. Had they even once stopped to fuck each other or stick their dicks in any of the various willing or unwilling orifices, he may not have taken notice of them at all.

The fact that they didn't seem interested in enjoying any of the festivities, legal or otherwise, was a huge red flag. The place was a smorgasbord for nearly every imaginable sexual kink one could think of. The location was top secret; the entertainment hand selected, and the guest list very much invite only. He was pretty sure these two weren't on it.

"Separate them," Liev said to one of his men. "Bring tall, dark and possessive to a holding room. I'll take care of the skirt."

Aiden smiled knowingly, but said nothing. "You got it, boss."

He did a site check of all security camera locations and observed the doors long enough to figure out
how his two uninvited guests got in. Dascen's personal security was not nearly as diligent as his own. Liev replaced them with two of his men and ordered a check of the perimeter and all possible entry points.

Liev found the skirt by himself, poking around in an area that was a little less secure and a whole lot more secluded. The young man was much more attractive than his tiny security screen had led him to believe. He waited until the kid ventured deeper into a corner of the warehouse and away from the more populated festivities.

Liev took him by surprise, which was likely the only reason he'd gotten the cuffs on him at all. Fucker was strong, but Liev had the element of surprise, three extra inches of height and about twenty additional pounds of muscle. He had just enough time to force the young man's arms up over his head and loop the chain over a broken piece of pipe before pretty boy knew what hit him.

"Sonova..."

Liev cut the curse off with a gasp as he reached under the skirt and wrapped his hand around a fully hard, silk covered dick.

"Whoa," pretty boy tried to slow things down and explain. "You've got the wrong...ungh!"

Obscene lips fell open as Liev jacked him nice and slow, hand as comfortable as if it were wrapped around the stick shift of his jeep.

"Don't think so," Liev breathed. "I know you're not supposed to be here."

Palming his way down between the young man's legs he cupped uncomfortably restrained balls.

"Look...I...I can explain...I..." the kid made a breathless attempt.

"Don't bother," Liev said as he hooked a knee and lifted it. He toed a nearby crate and pulled it close, elevating the kid's foot, forcing the leg open at the knee and holding it in place. "I don't really care."

Liev stroked the underside of silky balls with his fingertips, drawing forth a quiet noise from the back of the kid's throat.

"Here to...to help..." the young man stuttered.

"Oh, you're being very helpful," Liev said with a chuckle, finger slipping beneath an edge of panty and allowing one nut to slip free. Liev tugged, twisted and rolled it between his fingers.

"Fuck...oh, fuck."

Liev smiled as the kid panted, lashes fluttering.

"Nice outfit, by the way," Liev taunted.

Narrow green eyes flashed a delicious warning he'd be foolish not to take seriously... under other circumstances.

"Those white knee socks?" Liev felt obligated to inform the young man, "totally to blame for why you're cuffed to a wall with my hand up your skirt."

It was true. A kink he didn't know he had until now.
He pulled the elastic aside and took hold of the full sac, sliding his hand in and out between the kid’s legs, scraping the tender skin over his calloused palm.

A soft, reluctant moan escaped his captive, hips canting ever so slightly.

"That's it, sweetheart," Liev encouraged, "just enjoy it."

"Fu...uck you," The vehemence behind the statement was lost in a breathless stutter.

Liev pulled his hand back and gave tight balls a slap. His captive cried out, hips jerking. He slapped them again. Panting, the young man squirmed but managed to hold his tongue.

Smirking, Liev took proprietary hold of the hard cock once again, the tip of which was still trapped within the confines of silk panties. He swirled his thumb over the flared head, the fabric slick with precome.

"Damn, boy," Liev praised, voice husky, "I've fingered pussy that wasn't that wet."

He ripped the panties roughly to one side, kid's jaw tightening as his dick bobbed free. Liev fingered the slit with slow, smug deliberation, enjoying the twitch of muscle from clenched teeth and the rolling flutter of lashes as the young man fought his body's instinctive response.

He fucking loved a challenge. It made the surrender so much sweeter.

Liev held the emerald gaze as he brought the come covered finger to his mouth.

“Jesus,” he said, “taste as sweet as you fucking look, kid."

"Look," voice a breathless tremble, "you have no idea what's about to happen. I...I can help."

He gave the kid credit for another try but dismissed the comment. He had the place on lockdown. No one else was getting in or out until the party was over.

Liev looked down at the boy's dick tenting the skirt and raised a suggestive brow. He knew exactly what was about to happen. He reached under and took firm hold right at the base, shifting his stance a little.

"You wanna help, sweetheart?" he asked rhetorically, "fuck my hand like a good little bitch."

Something subtle shifted deep within the glacial gaze as hips stuttered and the young man fought the urge to thrust. Liev knew the look. It was one of his favorites. The kid's mouth opened in a harsh pant as he rolled his wrist, slender hips jutting forward once, twice.

"Be a good boy and I'll let you come when I'm done with you," Liev promised arrogantly.

A faint, desperate whimper lodged in the young man's throat as his hips twitched - a small, shallow thrust into Liev's tight fist.

"There you go," he encouraged, teasing a moan from pouty lips as he pumped the silky smooth shaft with practiced ease.

"Please..."

A ragged plea, one that likely cost dearly, but Liev recognized the latent desire simmering beneath. The kid wanted it, he just didn't know it.
"Too late for that, darlin," Liev informed him as he softened his grip, let it become more of a caress.  

He took the hand that had been holding the boy’s knee open and slipped it beneath the skirt to fondle his balls as he jacked him. A tense line of beautiful muscle, his captive pulled against the cuffs, hips rolling forward of their own accord with a hot, helpless keen as his balls were squeezed and his dick found glorious friction against the palm of Liev's hand.  

"Fuck, yeah," Liev breathed.  

The kid was dripping a steady stream of precome that slicked up his hand, a smooth glide that forced Liev to release him long before he wanted to. He wanted the skirt hot and begging for it, not blowing his load before they got started. He let go, watching as the kid lost his rhythm, thrusting into open air with a bitten off whine as he met Liev’s amused gaze.  

"Don't even know how much you want it do you, pretty boy."

The skirt turned his head, long lashes sweeping low in a modest attempt to distance himself. Beneath the plaid, Liev’s fingers were invasive and proprietary as he fondled his way to the young man’s entrance and probed the tight ring of muscle.  

The kid came to sudden life, thrashing and bucking, renewing his struggle for freedom.  

“No…” as soft as it was lost the word trembled with uncertainty, shimmered with heat.  

Liev braced an arm across his chest, pinning him to the wall, cocked hip trapping the open leg in place as he stabbed the tight ring of muscle and fucked his finger into blessedly tight heat. With a broken cry, the young man stilled, breathing hard.  

"That's it," Liev soothed, "nice and easy, sweetheart. Take it like a good boy."  

An inarticulate noise slipped through slightly parted lips as Liev pushed deeper. He eased off the young man's chest and pushed the knee out wide again, wiggling his buried finger experimentally. Pouty lips parted, going slack as dark, kohl-laced, lashes framed a rolling gaze of conflicted, but undeniable, arousal.  

Smirking, Liev swirled his tongue over a rose-colored nipple as he thrust gently into tight heat. A small, barely there movement. He held in check the urge to stab and roughly fuck the little hole, sensing his captive would continue to fight against him, no matter how subtle. While there was pleasure to be had in that, Liev prided himself on reading people, figuring out how they liked to be touched. His gut told him he could break this one with more careful handling.  

He ran his free hand along the back of the elevated thigh, slipping under the skirt to palm the firm globe of the kid's ass, squeezing and fondling the muscle with circular caresses. Tiny, baby thrusts of his finger wrung hitching breaths from the open mouth as the tip of Liev's tongue grazed a rock hard nub.  

"Come on, baby," Liev coaxed, "let go. I know you want it."

He could feel the fluttery tremble of strain and arousal around his finger as the kid hovered at the edge of surrender.  

A long, slow lazy thrust drew forth an unrestrained moan.  

"That's right," Liev whispered, establishing a rhythm of shallow, shallow, deep penetration that had the kid trembling, hips hitching uncontrollably. "Had you pegged for a finger whore as soon as I saw
Stroking upward from that tight ass, flipping the back of the skirt up as he went, Liev smoothed his way to the center of the broad back.

"Gonna give you exactly what you need," he purred knowingly, "fuck that tight little hole until you beg me to let you come."

Liev flicked at the hard nipple again with the tip of his tongue, mouth hovering. He felt the staccato beat of the kid's heart beneath his splayed hand and dispelled any lingering illusion of choice with a firmly spoken order that chased a shiver down the delicate curve of spine.

"Put your nipple in my mouth."

Hand at his back as a guide only, the kid did as he was told, arching into Liev's mouth with a pained whimper that wasn't nearly so hot as the way his hips jerked and his hole twitched around Liev's finger when his tit was suckled.

"Yeah, baby," Liev praised around the nub, tonguing it, finger hitching in and out, "just needed someone to tell you what to do, didn't you, sweetheart."

Liev sealed his mouth around pebbled flesh, working the nipple, laving and grazing, flicking and stabbing with his tongue. He teased the tight hole with the tip of his finger, barely there thrusts just beyond the ring of muscle that had his captive tilting his hips and wounded, animal-like whimpers falling from his lips.

The cell phone in Liev's pocket vibrated. He ignored it. It stopped for a span of seconds and started in again. The distraction broke through the cloudy haze of forced arousal, green eyes momentarily clearing, muscles tensing.

Cursing, Liev withdrew his finger in one swift movement, stuck two fingers into his mouth to slick them with spit and without preamble or additional prepping shoved them deep into the kid's ass and crooked his finger. The scream that tore free echoed through the hollow, empty space as the young man threw his head back, thrashing against the wall and biting his lush lower lip to keep any other noises from escaping.

Retrieving his cell phone with his free hand, Liev flipped it open as it started to vibrate again.

"Yeah," Liev's voice a curt, a breathless growl.

"Sorry to, uh, interrupt boss, but I'm not sure how much longer we're gonna be able to hold the other one."

"What the fuck does that mean?"

Aiden cleared his throat. "It means he's a fucking handful. He knocked Cutty out, broke Galen's nose and is currently pacing the room like a caged panther. Wants to know where his brother is, and I quote, 'Right the fuck now.'"

Brother, huh?

Liev eyed the beautiful stranger. The kid was a prime piece of ass. He wasn’t about to be rushed. Using the pad of his finger he stroked the young man's insides, felt him shudder and buck, a small helpless keen making Liev's balls tingle.
"Handle it," Liev ordered brusquely, "I don't want Dascen getting wind of this."

He could tell by Aiden's sigh that it was going to be easier said than done. "I may have to tase him."

"Do whatever you've got to do, but keep it quiet." Liev ordered, flipping the phone shut without waiting for a response.

"Now," he said smugly, gliding his fingers in and out of tight, clingy heat, "where were we?"

Liev tucked his hand into the small of the young man's back and pulled him in snug, lips hovering perilously close to that pouty mouth.

"Wanted to do this the second I laid eyes on you," he whispered.

The words weren't even fully out of his mouth and Liev was piston pumping his fingers into that sweet hole with fast, rough strokes, swallowing the cry of surprise and the pleasure-pained mewls that followed.

Liev pressed him into the wall as he surged against the initial intrusion. Whimpering into his mouth the young man finally let go, tension bleeding from the lithe frame as he rocked forward with a fluid thrust. Liev pulled back to watch the wrecked reaction as the skirt opened his leg and just took it, pouty lips bruised and parted, stomach muscles contracting, hips rolling quick and hard.

"Fuck, yeah," Liev breathed, "such a hot little whore."

His captive responded with a deep, guttural moan.

Liev tugged on his tit, felt the jolt in the kid's hips as they spasmed. He played with the tender nub, kneading and tugging until the young man's panting grew erratic and there was a faint flutter of muscles around his finger.

He went from fast and furious to full stop so fast that the kid couldn't control the whine that broke free. Tossing his head back and forth, hips still working he looked at Liev with a vulnerable mixture of dazed confusion as he caught his breath.

Jesus.

This was a game to him. A perk to working a gig like this. Liev enjoyed it. He got off on it. The power, the control, working someone to the point of completion, making them beg and then leaving them unsatisfied...those were his kinks, what did it for him. It was rare that he had the desire to complete the cycle and actually stick his dick in someone. It was there now. The urge to just flip the bitch over and claim him was so strong that Liev had to put his head down and just breathe through it.

He didn't have time for that, nor was it professional. He was still on the clock after all.

The kid was writhing on his fingers, small circular movements and whimpers that were driving him crazy.

"Please..." Emerald green eyes desperate and begging, unable to voice anything more, the whispered plea carried an entirely different meaning than when previously spoken.

Liev scissored his fingers and savored the helpless gasp.

Fuck. There was no way he was going to make his scheduled round of the grounds.
Liev dropped to his knees, free hand pushing and holding the inside of the elevated thigh open in a bruising grip. Hard cock straining against the course material of the skirt, the kid was probably expecting him to suck him off.

Liev prided himself on being a little more unpredictable.

Slipping beneath tented plaid, Liev mouthed at the kid’s balls, licking and bouncing them off his tongue before sucking them into his mouth. He gave a small shake of his head, like a dog with a bone, tugging on the tight sac as he pumped into that sweet hole with short, sharp strokes. The body above him shuddered with a sobbing groan of surrender as he cried out his release, balls pulsing in Liev's mouth.

He took the softening cock into his mouth, humming around the appendage, the tip of his tongue probing at the sensitive slit. Thigh muscle trembled beneath his hand, faint and fine as he suckled spent flesh, drawing forth gentle thrusts and an almost delicate moan.

Fuck, he could play with the kid all night.

Liev thought about cuffing him to a more secure location to come back to later, but he knew all bets would be off once he was free of the pipe. He'd been lucky to pin him down this time. He'd have to give Aiden a call and transfer him to the holding room with his brother. He couldn't let them go until the party was over and the paying customers had scattered. As it was, Dascen was going to be pissed when he realized their current location had been compromised.

Liev released the young man with a sigh, tongue swirling and tasting as he gleaned each honey-sweet drop of come from his genitals. While he'd love to stay and milk another orgasm from the kid, he had to get back to his rounds. He withdrew his fingers slowly, garnering a plaintive whimper from above. On impulse he pulled his personal card from a breast pocket and slid it into the hem of a white knee sock.

If the kid ever wanted to pick up where they'd left off, he'd know how to find him. Stranger things had happened. It wouldn't be the first time someone had tracked him down for more after one of these encounters. Liev ran a hand over his face and through his hair, slicking away stray drops of come, oblivious to the flickering lights as he tugged panties back into place and smoothed down the plaid skirt. They flickered again as he stood but it was an old building with hijacked electricity so he really didn’t think too much of it.

The kid’s eyes flew open as Liev thumbed his lower lip. He jerked away from the touch with a half-hearted glare. Liev chuckled. He looked like an angry kitten. Granted, a wild, potentially dangerous kitten that could do some damage if he weren't temporarily declawed, but a kitten nonetheless.

When the lights flickered yet a gain, a static energy filled air and had him on sudden alert.

"Fuck," his captive cursed quietly.

A loud murmur and then screams were heard from the main room. Liev took a step towards the sound.

"It's too late. You can't stop it," he informed Liev cryptically.

"Stop what?" Liev demanded.

"It's tied to Dascen. It'll happen again."

Liev reversed his direction at the inherent threat and took a step back towards the kid just as his cell
phone vibrated in his pocket.

"Dean!" someone called in the melee of panicked voices.

Liev remembered what the kid was sputtering when he'd first cornered him. "You said you were here to help."

"It's too late for that now. It'll have to run its course."

Unable to ignore the commotion in the main rooms and the non-stop vibration of his phone, Liev took a couple more steps, sparing a final glance over his shoulder for his captive. Bare chested, hands cuffed over his head the young man followed him with an intense gaze. Lips swollen, legs parted with one perched on the crate, he looked ready and willing to be used all over again. Liev could still see his hand print on the inside of the fair skinned thigh. An image that would keep him company for several nights to come.

"What's your name, kid?"

Resignation quickly followed hesitation, voice rough and business like.

"Winchester."

Liev spared him a parting nod, knowing the kid would be long gone before he could return. He disappeared into the flickering darkness, retrieving his cell phone in the process.

He'd barely made it into the fray when a familiar figure in brown leather cut him off. Where tall, dark and pissed off got a shot gun, he never knew, but when the young man caught a glimpse of his security insignia, the barrel took aim at his chest, dead center.

Liev raised both hands in surrender, cell phone held high. No words were exchanged. He simply cocked his head in the direction he'd come from. The kid was too anxious to get to his brother to bother with a stand off.

They ran in opposite directions.

But they would meet again.

End.
Sam/Dean - sleep kink

Chapter Summary

Sam loves a sleepy, aroused Dean.

Chapter Notes

I did a Big Bang once. I needed something sweet and simple after. This was the result. Again, cross-posted from the non-sock.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Sam loves to watch Dean sleep. It surprises him sometimes, that odd mixture of tenderness and longing, protectiveness and arousal, that it evokes within him. There's an innocence to Dean in slumber...when defenses are stripped away and held at bay by whatever dreams fill that stubborn, beautiful head of his.

This time of night, the deepest and darkest hour before dawn is one of Sam's favorites. A quiet oasis within the chaos of their day. A special moment in time when it’s easy to believe that this is the way things are meant to be. Always.

That everything else is what's distant and unreachable.

Dean's on his back next to him, warm and heavy with sleep. He's taking up entirely too much space as usual, clad in a pair of black boxer briefs, and the occasional splash of freckles that are as familiar to Sam as any constellation.

He's pressed close to Dean's side, propped up on his elbow, one of Deans arms effectively pinned and laid out behind him. It's a warm night, and the thin blanket they’d started with has long since been kicked off. Sam draws the pad of his middle finger lightly across his brother's collarbone, unsurprised by the lack of reaction. He draws the same feather light touch down the center of Dean's chest, stopping short at the waistband of his boxers and gets the same result. Deeply asleep, Dean doesn't stir at all.

When he takes the same finger and circles a dusky, rose-colored nipple there's a subtle stutter in Dean's breathing. Sam pauses, disappointed when there’s no other reaction. Slowly gives the other nipple the same treatment, this time allowing the pad of his finger to repeatedly graze the tightened, sensitive nub. Furrowing his brow, Dean takes a deep breath and turns his head away from Sam, the strong line of his jaw outlined by the silvery blue moonlight that paints the room.

Sam waits. Lets Dean sink and settle again.

His next touch is to the shell of his brother's ear. He follows the delicate curve down to the strong column of throat, smiling affectionately at the soft, slightly annoyed snort-snuffle his brother makes. The arm that isn't trapped beneath Sam twitches, sliding upward. Sam reaches over and gently halts Dean's progress to the hilt of the blade beneath his pillow. Lovingly strokes his thumb over the pulse
point of his brother's life in reassurance, whispering words they show each other in a thousand different ways but are too fragile to withstand the light of day.

Lightly nuzzling the patch of skin beneath Dean's ear with his nose, Sam trails the tip of one finger along the waistband of his brother’s briefs, anticipating the slight flinch he gets when he skims a known yet fervently-denied ticklish spot.

Dean's briefs are close fitting, the way he prefers, snug but not tight. Watching his brother's profile for any reaction, Sam trails the pad of his finger along sleepy, easily aroused flesh. When his touch elicits a faint twitch that’s more instinctual than interest, he applies more pressure, stroking downward, cupping Dean's balls through his boxers - teasing with light fingertip caresses.

The stimulation has the desired effect. Dean tosses his head back towards Sam, body beginning to stir, legs parting slightly in an unconscious attempt to allow Sam better access. Sleepy confusion wars with latent arousal as Dean wavers between the welcome oblivion of sleep and the slowly spreading warmth of promised pleasure.

It’s this base, in-between place that Sam loves. Where Dean simply responds to every feather-light touch, unaware of the breathless, barely-there noises he's beginning to make in the back of his throat, and how fucking hot Sam finds the sheer vulnerability of it.

He feels himself hardening against the outside of Dean's thigh, even as the skin he's stroking through the boxers tightens and draws closer to his brother's body. Fingertips dance over his brother’s slowly filling shaft from base to tip, subtle and teasing, luring Dean closer to the surface.

Sam ups the ante a little and leans forward, swirling the tip of his tongue around a peaked nipple and then covers it with his mouth, gently sucking enough blood to the surface to ignite a lifeline of arousal straight to his brother's groin. Dean's panting softly as Sam withdraws, blows a smooth caress of air over moistened, pebbled flesh.

He can feel Dean reaching for consciousness, but it’s sluggish and slow. Sleepy.

Done with subtlety, Sam palms Dean's erection in a downward stroke. His mouth hovers over Dean's and when his brother's lips part in a gasp, its Sam's air he breathes.

Sam dips in for a long lazy sweep of his tongue, pulls back, watches as Dean tilts his head up and back, searching for more. When Sam cups him through his boxers this time, his touch is firm, purposeful. Dean's hips hitch in a slight stutter and a low deep-throated moan fills the space between them. The arm trapped beneath Sam flexes, reaching for him. Dean's hand is a warm heavy weight between his shoulder blades.

"Sssssaaaaammm." His voice is a whisper of breath, body begging for a release that his mind hasn't quite caught up with yet.

"Here," Sam laps at Dean's lips, sensual swipes across the poutiest, sexiest fucking mouth he's ever seen. "Right here, baby," he whispers.

Dean's lips part in anticipation of more, but Sam holds back. He loves Dean like this, compliant, reactive, wordlessly begging Sam to give him what he needs. Trusting him to do so.

"Come for me," Sam's says as his fingers slip inside Dean's briefs and he wraps his large, warm hand around the tip of his brother's erection, sliding slowly downward over velvety, smooth-as-steel skin with the perfect amount of pressure.

Sam swallows the broken whimpery moan as Dean arches his back, bucking sluggishly into his
hand. And that? That hot, helpless sound? More than enough to push him right over the edge as well.

Dean's slick under his hand, chest rising and falling, returning Sam's kiss with lazy focus as his fingers comb through the soft hair at the nape of Sam’s neck.

Sam reaches for the towel next to the bed, not like he'd planned this or anything, and wipes them both down. Dean somehow manages to keep his briefs dry and Sam gently tugs them back into place before cupping Dean's jaw, thumb settling in the dip beneath Dean's lip. His brother has yet to fully open his eyes, but Sam knows he's mostly awake.

"Decent people are trying to sleep,” Dean chides tiredly, turning on his side, back to Sam.

Sam takes it for the invitation it is and spoons behind him. "I'm sure they are...somewhere."

Dean snorts and grabs the arm Sam has wrapped around his waist, tugging it over his heart and lacing their fingers together. "Sleep freak."

"Shut up," Sam's voice too affectionate to be taken seriously. "You love it." Dean indulges his sleepy orgasm kink just as Sam indulges his brother's shower stalker kink.

In response, Dean takes his time bucking and squirming his way to a more comfortable position, in the end pressing himself impossibly close to Sam and readjusting the pillow under his head several times.

"You done?" he asks in mock annoyance when his brother finally gives a contented sigh and actually snuggles into Sam's warmth.

"Fuck off," Dean says.

Sam smiles, 'cause tired and pissy as the words are, there's also a definite undercurrent of *I love you* there that his brother doesn’t even try to mask.

“Go back to sleep,” Sam whispers into the back of his neck.

“Why? So you can molest me again?” Dean’s already half out, but can’t resist being contrary.

“Sleep,” Sam croons, stroking the skin over Dean’s heart with his thumb until his brother’s breathing evens out once again.

End.

Chapter End Notes

There is no shower stalker follow up...I apologize.
Sam smiled as he took another sip of his beer. And if it didn't quite reach his eyes, well, no one really seemed to notice.

The evening had started off well enough, but had taken a decidedly unexpected turn. One that he wasn't happy with at all.

It had happened once or twice. He'd run into some old friend from Stanford, have a beer or two, do a little reminiscing and call it good. Dean would usually excuse himself and head back to whatever motel they'd landed in, even when Sam invited him to stay. Dean just didn't do Stanford in any shape or form. He was cordial, but cold, and excused himself almost immediately. To say that it put people off was putting it mildly. So maybe it was just as well that he didn’t stick around.

When they'd run into Sam's freshman year roommate, Jayson, in a little bar just outside Seattle, Washington, it had been a genuine but pleasant surprise.

At least that was how it had started.

Most of Sam's friends didn't take to Dean. Not that he gave them much of a chance. Their eyes would flicker over him in polite interest when introduced, but for the most part, they dismissed him. Dean was fine with that. Sam was not.

Jayson, on the other hand, had met and held his brother's gaze, smiled at him in a way that should have given Sam some indication as to how the evening would progress. When Dean accepted Jayson's invitation to join them, well, that should have been his second clue.

Turned out Jayson graduated with his masters in education last year and had snagged a teaching position at Bellevue College. The fact that he wasn't a lawyer definitely scored some bonus points with his brother, Sam could tell.

They had a few beers, discussed the good old days, which ultimately only consisted of their first year at Stanford in which they'd shared a dorm room. While they'd been friends, Sam had lost touch with Jayson when he moved off campus and since they hadn't shared any of the same classes they just
hadn't crossed paths much.

The lack of history actually made things easier. Jayson included Dean in the conversation, making frequent eye contact. With their road tripping cover firmly in place, both Sam and Dean were able to contribute equally to the discussion so that no one was left out.

It wasn't until Dean excused himself to the restroom that Sam got his first inclination that something else was going on.

He took a long swallow of beer and just happened to notice Jayson's head swiveling to follow Dean with a lingering gaze. And as if that didn't settle heavily enough in the pit of his stomach, the arched brow that silently implied, *dude, your fucking brother is hot* was more than enough clue him in.

Sam's beer didn't taste so good after that. And if he had a lot less to say and seemed a lot less invested in the conversation, well, no one seemed to pay any mind to that either.

Around eight o'clock, a few of Jayson's non-traditional students showed up at the bar. It was perfect timing and a good excuse to head their separate ways. Sam had opened his mouth to say just that when Jayson invited them back to his place for pizza and more beer, maybe some PS3 if they wanted to get their asses kicked.

Sam watched them eye each other. Saw the heat spark between them as Dean carefully considered the offer. Felt his heart drop to his stomach when Dean shocked the hell out of him by responding with, "Sure. Sounds good."

They ordered a couple of loaded pizzas from the bar, their treat, and followed Jayson to his house, stopping to pick up more beer along the way. During the ride Dean finally seemed to notice Sam's silence.

"Hey, you okay?" he asked.

*Yeah, I'm great. In love with my clueless brother who's being hit on by the first man I ever kissed. But yeah, I'm good. Whatever. You?*

"Why wouldn't I be?" Sam asked. It came out a little more sulky than he'd intended and Dean gave him a sideways glance.

"Look, I thought...I just assumed you'd be okay with this. We don't have to..." Dean trailed off as Sam sighed.

"No, I...it's okay, Dean," Sam felt vaguely guilty. Dean didn't do stuff like this. And while it may have started out as a favor to Sam, he was pretty sure that his brother had picked up on the fact that Jayson had been shamelessly flirting with him all evening.

Dean was having a good time and was as relaxed as Sam had seen him in a long while. He didn't want to ruin that. Besides, as of yet, he had no romantic or sexual claim to his brother. He'd been working through his feelings for years. And to be honest he'd been sitting on the fact that he was in love with his brother for some time now. Sam had every piece of Dean he wanted, save for one. And now was not the time to play that particular card. He owed it to Dean to let this run its course.

They ended up playing poker because Dean just didn't do video games. Jayson was cool with that and didn't bat so much as an eyelash when Dean won game after game with a devilish grin and a 'sorry, man.' Dean didn't even try to tone it down and Sam wondered how much of what was going unsaid between the two of them was actual foreplay.
It got harder for Sam as the evening progressed and the beer continued to flow. Jayson's smile grew a little more intimate and surprisingly more affectionate because really, a tipsy Dean was downright adorable. And despite the obvious mutual attraction, the two had thus far done an admirable job of not making him feel like a third wheel.

Had Sam not known Jayson to be a genuinely decent guy, the whole scenario may have bothered him. And okay, who was he kidding? Of course it fucking bothered him. But he wasn't about to cockblock his brother for purely selfish reasons - and he knew that he could if he wanted to.

Dean had a nice loose-limbed beer sprawl going on by the time Jayson finally got around to putting a hand on his brother's knee. Dean's gaze turned smoky, Sam felt the energy in the room shift and knew it was time to clear out.

Jayson's hand slid up the inside of Dean's thigh.

"Okay," Sam stood, speaking a little more loudly than he'd intended. He feigned a yawn. "It's getting late. I'm gonna head back to the motel." Thankfully, it was only a couple of miles down the road.

"Oh, ah..." Jayson seemed to realize that things had turned a little awkward for Sam. He stood, looking momentarily apologetic, his tone genuine as he held out his hand. "It was great to see you again, Sam."

Sam glanced at Dean, met his brother's gaze. Dean was more than a little buzzed but fully consenting. Sam shook Jayson's hand with a firm grip and a you mess with him and you'll deal with me glint in his eye. Jayson firmed his grip, giving Sam a nod.

Apparently, it hadn't gone unnoticed that Sam had stopped drinking some time ago. "Here," Dean offered the keys to the Impala.

"Nah," Sam said. "I'm good, dude. I could use the walk."

Dean shrugged and tuck ed the keys back in his pocket. Jayson walked Sam to the door but before he left, Sam met and held Dean's gaze one last time, leaving with a final warning glance at Jayson.

When the door closed behind him all Sam could do was lean back against it, heartsick.

The porch was dark and cool, a single chair parked in the corner. Suddenly wanting nothing more than to just sit, Sam made his way over and sat down heavily, head in his hands. He could still hear the music that had been playing all evening in the background, was startled when it abruptly shut off.

"Are you sure, I mean..." Sam looked up as Jayson hesitated, realized he had a clear view of the living room and Dean standing against the door that Sam had just left through. "Did I read this wrong?"

Jayson was easily as tall as Sam. He wasn't crowding Dean, but he was standing pretty damn close, so much so that Dean had to look up at him. He didn't sound upset, just legitimately curious and disappointed.

"No," Dean looked a little sheepish, one hand rubbing the back of his neck - a sure sign of discomfort to Sam. "You didn't. I'm interested, it's just..." Sam watched as Dean came to some decision and apparently just decided to be honest. "...I've never really done this before..." Dean trailed off looking uncomfortable.

"With a guy you mean?" Jayson asked, then for clarification, "ever?"

Dean blushed beautifully, determination evident as he maintained eye contact. It was in complete
contrast to the overconfident flirting that had been taking place just before Sam excused himself. "Just some kissing. A hand job or two..."

Jayson softened, regarding Dean fondly before cradling his face with one hand, running his thumb along a perfectly sculpted cheekbone.

"Stay with me," carefully whispered words, filled with promise. *Let me show you...*

No demand or expectation. Just a genuinely sincere and patient offer.

In the back of his mind Sam knew he shouldn't be there, shouldn't be privy to what was a very private moment for his brother. He had just enough beer in his system to not give a fuck. Besides, if he fled the premises now he would totally give himself away as the voyeur he was turning out to be. He may have been seated in the shadows but the window was wide open to let in the cool evening breeze - and he could hear *everything*.

He watched as Dean searched Jayson's gaze for *something*. Dean was used to being in control, setting the pace. But he was out of his element here. For this first time he would be required to surrender that control to another with more experience. It was daunting. It made one feel vulnerable. Sam knew this well. Attraction was a plus, but when it came to this first time - feeling safe enough to expose yourself was the deal breaker.

And Sam could tell. Dean felt that with Jayson.

The jacket that Dean had been holding slipped from his fingers and hit the floor, hands slowly finding their way to Jayson's hips.

"Thought you'd never ask," Dean said with an overconfidence that Sam immediately recognized as a defense mechanism to gain some control over the situation. He was equally relieved and irritated when Jayson seemed to recognize it for what it was and let it go.

A guiding caress on Jayson's part brought their lips together in warm exploration. Sam felt a possessive curl of jealousy coil in the pit of his stomach as he stroked Dean's jaw with his fingertips and gently tipped his chin up to deepen the kiss. They hadn't even gotten started yet and it was already a whole lot more intimate than Sam had anticipated. He'd expected them to go at it like animals as soon as he was out the door.

What he hadn't expected was Dean's lack of experience. Or Jayson's tenderness. Or the sudden protective urge to barge right back in there and take his brother back to the hotel with him. He'd seen Dean flirt with guys before, had even seen him disappear out the back of some random bar with one or two. Sam had just assumed that his brother was as into men as he was women - or at the very least that he was equally versed with either sex. He couldn't help but wonder what if anything had happened to prevent Dean from exploring that particular inclination.

"Can I ask you something?" Jayson broke the kiss but kept Dean close, continuing when Dean gave a vague sound of permission. "Is there a reason you haven't done more? Did something happen..."

Jayson broke off when Dean noticeably stilled before pulling away. Sam was sitting on the edge of his seat, eyebrows raised as Jayson voiced the question that he'd just been contemplating.

"Hey," Jayson soothed running a hand down Dean's arm. "I didn't mean to make you feel uncomfortable."

Dean had turned his face away and even from his place on the porch Sam could see the hard, tight line of his jaw.
"C'mere," Jayson gave Dean a slight tug and pulled him back in, tucking him under his chin. "It's none of my business. I shouldn't have asked."

Sam watched Dean fight to relax, refusing to give in to his first instinct, which undoubtedly involved fleeing the scene. Jayson held him, patient and supportive, waiting it out. It took a few minutes, but eventually Dean melted against him, slowly returning the embrace. Jayson couldn't see Dean's expression, but Sam could. It was obvious that Dean wanted the contact, the comfort, but felt vulnerable and exposed by giving in to it.

"I'm sorry," Jayson repeated carefully as if he were aware how fragile a hold Dean had on his emotions.

It was hard to resent the guy when he was doing and saying everything right. The same things Sam would be saying if he were the one holding Dean.

"Don't be," Dean's voice was rough but steady, dismissive. "It's not what you think."

"What do I think?" Jayson asked in that same careful tone.

Dean tensed, ready to pull away again, defensive belligerence creeping into his tone, "The fuck should I know? Why don't you tell me?"

Surprisingly, Jayson didn't respond to the tone at all, just soothed a hand down Dean's back.

"Okay," Jayson's calm demeanor seemed to quell Dean's sudden tempest, and while Dean didn't relax back into the embrace, he didn't break it either, which said a lot. "I think something happened that scared you," Jayson continued, “maybe you were with someone you didn't feel safe with."

Sam was practically holding his breath at this point. He wouldn't have been surprised if Dean punched Jayson and stormed out the door. What he didn't expect was for his brother to surge up on his toes and practically tackled the man's mouth with his own.

More than a little surprised at the vehemence of the kiss, Jayson went with it, giving as good as he got as the two dueled for dominance in an aggressive, tooth-clashing kiss. It took a bit of wrangling but eventually Jayson took control of the pace, slowed it down, and gentled it bit by bit, until Dean finally broke for air.

"Do you always talk this much?" Dean asked breathlessly, resting his forehead on Jayson's shoulder.

"Yes," Jayson deadpanned, large splayed hand going to the small of Dean's back as the other forced his chin up to meet his gaze. He kissed Dean softly, almost chastely. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hit a nerve."

Dean sighed and finally pulled away. Jayson let him go, reluctantly.

"When I was twenty-two, my dad and I stopped at this dive to hustle some pool," Sam wasn't sure what surprised him more, the fact that Dean was talking or that he didn't even attempt to cover the hustle part.

"We'd enter separately, pretend we didn't know each other, then clean house. It was pretty standard MO." Dean had his back to Jayson, but Sam kept a close eye on his former roommate's expression, saw no signs of recrimination.

"Dad and I did what we did, scored about $500 between us. He left first. I was supposed to wait fifteen to twenty then meet him back at the hotel." Dean gave a self recriminating little laugh. "There
was a guy at the bar. I'd caught him watching me a few times."

When Dean shivered Jayson took a step toward him but didn't touch. Sam almost wanted him to, sensed that he didn't want to hear what his brother was about to say anymore than Dean wanted to say it.

"He offered to buy me a beer. I declined. There was just something about him, you know? Creeped me out."

When Dean didn't continue right away, Jayson finally asked, "What happened?"

"I don't know how he did it without me noticing, but he slipped something into my drink."

Sam was a tightly wound ball of tension at this point. That anyone would dare do such a thing at all, but to his brother...well, it was a goddamn good thing he didn't have a name and a location 'cause he'd have already been halfway there.

Sam looked to Jayson, saw his nostrils flare and the overwhelming desire to touch and comfort.

"I was so out of it, I don't even remember leaving the bar," Dean's voice had gotten smaller, quieter. "He was all over me...there was nothing, I...I couldn't even fight back."

"Jesus," Jayson finally stepped forward and wrapped his arms around him. "Fuck, I'm sorry." And he truly was, Sam could tell.

"Yeah, well," Dean got all gruff again but didn't pull away. "Like I said, don't be. Apparently someone else noticed the creep eyeballing me all night."

Dad. Oh, thank God! Sam knew it to be true even before Dean confirmed it.

"Lucky for me, Dad hadn't gone very far." Dean huffed a humorless little laugh and ducked his head. "Fucking embarrassing to say the least, but I...he...he got there in time. Kicked some serious ass, too."

Good!

"Thank God," Jayson echoed Sam's thoughts emphatically, chin resting over Dean's shoulder.

"The whole thing just sort of put me off, you know?"

"Yeah, I can see how it would," Jayson said. They lapsed into silence for a moment until Dean turned in Jayson's arms and looked up at him.

"This whole conversation," Dean said emphatically with raised brows, "total buzzkill, by the way."

Jayson kissed him with a soft chuckle.

Dean sighed and pulled back, but not away. "It's different with women. Even when it's temporary, and it always is, they still want a connection. Something beyond the physical."

Jayson was quietly curious as he waited for Dean to say what he wanted to say.

"The few times I tried hooking up..." with men Dean continued, "it's like it wasn't really about me. It was all about the packaging."

Sam and Jayson both frowned.
"I mean, who wouldn't want to tap this?" Dean stepped back with is arms out to the side, customary bravado back in place.

Sam shook his head affectionately, though Dean's words made him sad. There was so much more to his brother than just his looks.

Jayson stepped back into Dean's space, wrapping his hand around the back of his neck with careful deliberation and pulled him in for another kiss. Long, slow and thorough. He kept at it until Dean melted against him, hands finding his hips and gripping tight once again.

He pulled away long enough to say, "I'm not gonna deny that the sizzling hot packaging is what caught my attention."

A few more kisses, Dean following Jayson's mouth with his own as he pulled away again. "I want you. All of you. Hell, if I thought I could have more than tonight..."

Dean cut the thought off with a kiss that was less gentle, more demanding, done with the talking. Jayson got the drift, his hand going to the small of Dean's back, pulling him closer.

"Stay with me," Jayson whispered between kisses, the request so much more intimate than the first time he'd asked. "Let me show you how good it can be."

At Dean's, "Fuck yeah," Jason turned them slightly and pinned Dean against the door, large hand cradling the back of his skull as they hit.

It probably shouldn't have aroused Sam as much as it did, but it was so easy to imagine himself in Jayson's place. Dean wasn't a small guy, but he looked it next to Jayson, looked like he could be easily overpowered - even if it was just an illusion.

It looked like they were finally done talking. Without breaking the kiss Jayson unbuttoned Dean's over-shirt and slid it from his shoulders, leaving Dean in just his t-shirt. No sooner had it hit the floor than he'd slipped his hands under Dean's tee, above his hips, and slowly smoothed the fabric up over his torso. His thumbs deliberately grazed both nipples.

"Like that?" Jayson whispered as his mouth moved to the line of Dean's jaw and down his neck. Dean barely had time to respond with an affirmative whimper before Jayson ducked his head and covered one hardened nub with his mouth.

Dean's head slammed against the door at the same time his back arched into the touch. He cradled Jayson's head, holding him in place, seeking to increase the contact. Needy, breathless noises filled the room, the long vulnerable expanse of Dean's throat begging to be kissed as he wretched, confined against the door. Jayson made his way to the other nipple, laving it with equal attention, before slowly working his way up Dean's throat and capturing parted lips in a gentle open-mouthed kiss, hand settling on the side of his throat.

Jayson slid his leg between Dean's, cupped his ass and pulled him in close. Dean broke the kiss with a gasp, tossing his head with a groan at the friction.

"Dude," broken, scratchy voice, "not gonna last very long here..."

Jayson nudged Dean's arms up to slide the rucked up t-shirt free, trapping his arms over his head as he plundered Dean's mouth, pinning him to the door.
"You think I'm faring much better?" Jayson breathed against Dean's jaw. "I've had a hard on for you since the bar. Wanna fuck you so bad."

Dean seemed a bit startled by that, response delayed through the haze of arousal, gave a less than eloquent, "Oh."

Jayson chuckled against his skin and pulled back, releasing Dean's arms and cupping the side of his face. He kissed Dean again. The kind of kiss that twisted Sam up inside and made him want to grab Dean and run. A kiss filled, not so much with desire, but with an intimacy and affection that he had no right to. The kind that burned all the more when Dean responded openly with a rare vulnerability so few ever witnessed. It hinted a closeness, an unexpected connection that was as hard to watch as it was beautiful.

"What'dya say we take the edge off a little?" Lacing their fingers together Jayson pulled Dean away from the door. "Get the preliminaries out of the way so we can take our time."

He tugged Dean to the center of the room before releasing him and disappearing into the kitchen. Dean stood in the center of the room wearing nothing but his jeans and a small smile as Jayson returned with several small candles, turning lights out as he went. He placed them at various intervals and heights in a semi-circle about two feet in front of Dean. Some on the floor, some on the coffee table. Dean watched curiously, finally speaking as Jayson lit each one.

"Ah...you do know I'm a sure thing, right? I mean you don't have to, like, woo me or anything..."

Dean cut off when Jayson glanced quickly up at him with a smile and a twinkle in his eye. He set the lighter down and walked around the outside of the circle until he was standing behind Dean. Still fully clothed he wrapped his arms around Dean's waist, chin resting comfortably on a bare, freckled shoulder.

"What if I want to...woo you, that is?" He kissed Dean's neck low and Sam saw a flicker of tongue as Dean shivered, tipping his head to allow for better access. "It's all about ambiance, Dean." Jayson's voice dropped lower, lips brushing the shell of his brother's ear, "I wanna see you come undone...by candlelight."

Dean made a noise that went straight to Sam's cock, letting his head fall back against Jayson's shoulder, voice unsteady.

"Far be it from me to screw with ambiance," he said.

Smiling again, Jayson just held him, rocking gently from side to side until Dean relaxed back against him, eyes closed.

"Can you go to your knees for me, baby?" Jayson asked with a whisper.

Like a flipped switch, Dean was a hard line of tension, a hint of betrayal in his eyes as he looked up at Jayson. Sam saw the same curious concern he felt flicker across his friend's features and had to wonder what had happened to cause that type of reaction. Sam was pretty sure it had more to do with the request than the term of endearment.

"Hey," Jayson soothed, "trust me." Meant as a request, it was perhaps the little lilt at the end that made it sound more like an uncertain question that had Dean subsiding, lowering his head in submission.

Jayson brought them to the floor without breaking contact, kneeling behind a semi-tense Dean, straddling his legs. Stroking up the inside of his throat with a large, careful hand, Jayson forced
Dean's head back against his shoulder. He kissed the skin beneath his ear, soft and sensual, caressing with his lips, roaming lower to find each shiver-inducing spot. Thumbs stroking the sensitive skin above the waistline of his jeans, hands resting on slim hips, Jayson eased the tension away with deft, worship-filled touches.

When Dean was once again lax and pliant, Jayson began a more thorough exploration of fair, freckled skin. Skimming over abs that danced and trembled beneath playful fingertips, skirting hard, peaked nipples, trailing the ridge of collarbone and along the very edge of spots that hinted a vulnerable, ticklish nature. Teasing. Testing.

Firming his touch before frustration could mount, Jayson raked the length of Dean's torso, nails catching sensitive buds and drawing a moan from the man in his arms. Dean tossed his head to the side, exposing a beautiful expanse of throat that Jayson was quick to take advantage of. In the spirit of his earlier promise, taking the edge off, Jayson turned his attention where Dean had thus far been the most responsive. The edge of his thumbs grazed just beneath each nipple, teasing back and forth, before swirling up and over each nub and flicking back and forth with an intense focus that had Dean surging into the contact, surprised whimpers slipping free as he turned his head, hiding his face in Jayson's neck.

"Yeah," Jayson encouraged, "so hot, baby."

And okay, the 'baby' was starting to chafe Sam a little. All the more when Dean didn't so much as bat an eyelash for it. He was so painfully hard from watching that he had to cup himself, pressing hard between tight balls to stave off the impending pressure at the base of his spine.

Changing it up a little, Jayson lightly pinched the outside perimeter of pebbled flesh, alternating between each nipple, squeezing the aroused flesh with teasing tweaks that had Dean right on the edge, panting and arching into each and every touch with complete abandon.

"You know," Jayson's voice is heavy with arousal, "under the right circumstances I think I could get you off just by doing this."

"I..." Dean groaned as Jayson nipped his neck and continued to stimulate his nipples. "I think...you're right. Fuck..."

"Mmmmmm, but right now," Jayson said, one hand sliding lower. "I've got something else in mind."

In anticipation, Dean's breath quickened, legs parting as far as his position and faded denim would allow.

Dipping his fingers just inside the waistband, Jayson unbuttoned Dean's jeans, drawing Sam's attention to the hard line of cock straining against the fabric. He took great care to touch no more than the metal tab as he slowly drew down the zipper. Given a little extra room, Dean twitched beneath his black boxer briefs.

Splaying a possessive hand low on Dean's stomach, Jayson wrapped a hand around Dean's jaw with the other and carefully forced his head back, the golden, candlelit expanse of his throat on vulnerable display. A playful finger tickled at the waistband of boxers before slipping just inside.

Dean's body was a rolling wave of desperate tension, chest rising and falling as he whispered a broken plea, "Please."

Jayson actually moaned into Dean's neck, hips twitching against Dean's ass. "You have no idea how fucking beautiful you are like this, do you?"
On the verge of coming himself, Sam could only agree. *No fucking idea.*

Dean met Jayson's gaze, beyond answering, as deft fingers slipped beneath black boxers and grasped hardened flesh. Jayson's mouth hovered close in anticipation, swallowing the pornographic moan in a claiming kiss that had Sam hating his fucking guts at that very moment. It gentled as Dean bucked into his hand, keening his way through the kiss before finally breaking away.

"Stop, Jesus..." Dean placed his hand over Jayson's stilling him, breathing heavily, "Give...give me a sec."

"Take your time, baby," Jayson looked steady, but his voice betrayed him. "We've got all night."

"I just...can we..." Dean flushed with color, "can we slow it down. I want to enjoy this."

They both took a couple of deep breaths, Dean looking entirely too comfortable in Jayson's arms for Sam's liking.

"You're strung pretty tight, not sure how long you can last," Jayson said honestly.

Dean huffed a laugh, "Don't think I've ever been this keyed. I don't expect to last long, just don't wanna blink and miss it either."

Jayson pressed his lips to Dean's ear and whispered something Sam couldn't hear. Whatever it was brought a surprised smile to Dean's face that rivaled the candlelight. He turned his head, looking up, shared a secretive smile and a tender kiss that had Sam gritting his teeth and tensing his jaw.

"Set whatever pace you need," Jayson said.

Dean brought his left hand up, wrapped it around the back of Jayson's neck and grabbed a handful of hair before pulling him in for another kiss.

A sinuous roll of his hips and Dean fondled the hand wrapped around his cock through the denim, guiding Jayson's movements.

"How's that?" Jayson asked.

"..S perfect," Dean practically slurred as he pumped into Jayson's hand, setting a slow, almost lazy pace, "just like that, yeah..."

Sam wondered if Dean had any control over the barely there noises he was making or if he knew the effect it was having on anyone with a freaking sex drive within hearing distance. Fuck, this was twisted. But he honestly didn't care. He couldn't leave now if he wanted to.

Dean's mouth fell open, perfect lips parted and panting. In the glow of the candlelight Sam could see a fine sheen of sweat glistening on the surface of exposed skin. Jayson's hand, the one not wrapped around Dean's dick, skirmed up his left side, middle finger tracing a tight circle around a cherry dark nipple.

Dean's hips stuttered and he drew a half breath, "Not...not playing fair."

"You know what they say," Jayson drawled low and deep, "all's fair in sex and orgasms, baby."

Dean's laugh turned into a moan as Jayson grazed the nipple with the edge of his nail and did something with his wrist that had him crying out and bucking with abandon, completely surrendering to the sensations rippling through him.
Jayson held him, lightly stroking him through the trembles that followed until Dean was lax in his arms.

"Okay?" he asked with a kiss to Dean's temple

It took Dean a moment to formulate a response, then finally, "Fuuuck me."

Jayson smiled, Sam frowned at the implied _oh, I intend to_ look in his friends eyes.

They stayed where they were a while longer until Jayson snagged the towel he'd brought in with the candles earlier, and gently cleaned the come from Dean's stomach. Together they blew out the candles and stood, Jayson pulling Dean in with a hand to the small of his back and sharing a soft kiss before disappearing into the kitchen. Dean stood comfortably, jeans undone, low on his hips as he waited. When Jayson returned it was with two bottles of beer. He handed one off to Dean and both took long swallows, eyeing each other as they did so. Despite the rather charged encounter Sam just witnessed, the heat continued to spark in the silence between them.

"Shall we take this somewhere a little more comfortable?" Jayson asked, holding out a hand in invitation.

Dean took another drink and accepted, placing his hand in Jayson's. Sam watched them leave the room, hand in hand, and make their way up the stairs. He waited until he heard the closing of the bedroom door before letting his head fall back against the chair.

Fuck. This wasn't the best idea, but at the same time he couldn't really regret it either. It was an invasion of his brother's privacy, but to see Dean like that, so hot, so trusting, so open, so fucking vulnerable...it was a rare and beautiful thing. One that he'd treasure. Privately.

Standing, Sam grimaced at the cooling mess in his pants. While he'd managed not to get off on watching his brother and Jayson, he'd been so turned on that he'd leaked a fair amount of precom all over himself. Quietly he padded to the door and carefully closed the screen door to the porch behind him. The two mile walk to the hotel would do him some good.

Once there, he undressed and immediately climbed into the shower. While the walk had taken care of the immediate urge to stroke himself to completion, it returned full force beneath the soaking warmth of the spray. He tried...he really tried not to think of Dean, but for Sam, Dean was all there was. It was like telling yourself not to look down when crossing a bridge. The more you tried not to think about it, the more impossible it was. One flash of memory, the look on Dean's face, the sound he made as he spilled into Jayson's hand, was enough for Sam to come hard against the tiles. Leaning forward, supporting himself with one hand, he let the water run cool and the tension bleed from his body.

It was close to 2 A.M when Sam slipped under the covers. It was a long time after that before sleep finally claimed him. At times, his mind wandered to Dean and in graphic detail imagined what he was doing, but for the most part he focused his thoughts on their relationship. Much as he hated to admit it, it was a good thing for Dean to gain some experience and confidence. When they finally did come together, and Sam knew they would, it had the potential to go much more smoothly if they did so as equals.

Sam briefly remembered his own experimentations in the days prior to Jess and the few he'd had since. He brought some knowledge to the table and it would be good for Dean to do the same. Not that he in any way planned on Dean getting it on with anyone other than him after they blew this popsicle stand. He'd waited long enough, and if anything, this whole scenario had shown him that Dean was ready. Dean loved him, that was without question. But this move would always fall to
Sometime before dawn, Sam finally fell asleep. It wasn't restful, and it was only for a few hours, but it killed some time. When he woke around nine he had a slight headache, a dry mouth, and most noticeably, Dean had still not returned. He took another shower, more to wake himself up than anything, and walked across the street to the diner. He ate, took a walk, did some window shopping - anything to give Dean more time to be there when he got back. It was just shy of checkout when Sam made his way back to the motel. There was no sign of the Impala in the lot. He let himself back into the room with a sigh, powering up the laptop as he packed their things. Their bags were sitting on the bed nearest the door and he was actively searching for another hunt when he heard the familiar rumble of the Impala.

At the sound of the door slamming, Sam did his best to look engrossed in his research, feigning disinterest as Dean opened the door and stopped short.

"Hey," he said, looking surprised to find all of his things packed.

"Hey yourself," Sam said, finally making eye contact. "I wondered if I was going to have to pay for another night or not."

He cringed inwardly at the tone of his voice when Dean stopped short, head tilted as he met Sam's gaze. Confusion and concern threatened to unbalance the truly beautiful and relaxed glow his brother brought back with him.

Sam checked himself, letting go his resentment. It wasn't Dean he was angry with, or even Jayson. If he'd been honest about his feelings sooner, the whole scenario could have been avoided. Theoretically he understood that in the long run, the encounter with Jayson was likely a good thing. And really, for Dean's first time, Sam couldn't have hand-picked a better candidate that wasn't him. It didn't change the fact that it hurt in ways that few things ever would.

"So I take it you two managed to hit it off okay after I left?" Sam asked, outwardly playful, knowing.

"You might say that," Dean actually blushed a little as he turned away. "Nice to know all your Stanford pals weren't complete douchebags, Sammy."

He passed Sam on the way to the bathroom, making a check that nothing had been left behind. Sam got a whiff of soap or shampoo that wasn't standard motel fare. Dean had that freshly showered look about him. And if Sam was not mistaken, and he knew he wasn't, Dean was wearing a t-shirt that did not belong to him. The last was confirmed when he caught a glimpse of the 'Bellevue College' stenciled across the back.

Huh. Shame that was going to turn up missing the next time he did laundry.

Making a customary circuit of the room, Dean lifted his chin in Sam's direction. "Find anything?"

"Nothing solid," Sam admitted, "few missing hikers in Wyoming."

"Hmmm," Dean looked thoughtful, then decisive. "Let's check it out. Either way we can swing by Bobby's when we're done."

Sam nodded, closing his laptop. Then said something that surprised both of them. "You know, Dean...if you wanted to stick around for one more night..."

"Nah," Dean cut him off before he could finish, looking both grateful for and embarrassed by the
suggestion. "I'm good. Let's hit the road."

And if every once in awhile he smiled for no apparent reason and gazed off into the distance, well, Sam would allow him his secrets.

Lord knows, he had his.

End.
Jared/Harley/Landlord!Jenny

Chapter Summary

"Bet you never thought when you showed up with your silly little lease and your perfect hair that you'd be flat on your back with your tit in my mouth and my dog's snout in your snatch, did you?"

Chapter Notes

This was part of a much longer piece that I likely won't finish, though there is an unfinished fill kicking around my documents that features Girl!Dean and Landlord!Bobby that is much closer to completion. We'll have wait and see if the muse returns to that one.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"You can't change my lease without notice," Jared argued.

"This is your notice, Mr. Padalecki," Jenny said smoothly. "My grandfather has turned the property over to me. You have 30 days to either vacate or get rid of your pet."

It was the third time his new bitch of a landlord had stopped by with a new demand or last minute inspection of the property. He thought she was hot until she started fucking around with his lease. Well, he had a plan to nip that in the bud. He just had to bide his time for the right moment, snap a few pictures and he was pretty sure he could blackmail her into leaving him (and his dog) alone. Jared reached out to scratch behind Harley's ears reassuringly.

She sat at his table with her hair in a perfect bun, an ivory blouse and a questionably short beige skirt. Legs crossed she went down through the updated lease point by point without one iota of concern as to how much it would affect him. He was looking forward to putting her in her place.

"Sign here please," Jenny said.

Jared considered her thoughtfully for a moment before leaning over to sign the updated lease. Jenny looked surprised, as if she hadn't expected it to be that easy.

"Well," she said, pleased. "I'm glad you were able to see reason."

"That's me," he said. "Mr. Reasonable."

The change in his demeanor had her frowning. Jenny eyed him curiously and he tried not to let his smile turn smug.

Turning in her chair, bringing her legs from beneath the table, she parted them in preparation to stand. At the same time, Jared gave Harley a one word order that had the dog's head slipping between her legs and pushing them further apart.
Jared pulled his cell phone out as Jenny gasped and then just blinked in shock for a few seconds. 

"Smile," he said as he leaned back and took a picture.

Jenny looked up at him in frozen mortification as the digital sound of the picture snapped. Harley was well trained and immediately nosed for her clit, nuzzling at it insistently as Jenny sat there dumbfounded with her legs still open, pen still held in her hand where it was braced against the table. He had her pegged for freaking out and stumbling out of his apartment in embarrassment, lease long forgotten, and was just as surprised as she was by the small moan that Harley's snout wrung from her. The noise seemed to snap her out of her shock.

"Call him off," she ordered shakily. He noticed that her legs were tense, but remained open.

Jared eyed her contemplatively, recognizing the look in her eye and the tone of her voice. His gaze fell to her breasts, nipples hard and poking through the thin layer of her blouse. He laughed outright. He couldn't help it. She liked it...but she didn't like that she liked it. He could work with that.

"Why?" he asked, settling back in his chair. "Looks like he's enjoying himself."

"Please," her voice shaky.

Jared didn't think he'd ever heard her be so sincere. If he called it off now it could still fall part. He needed to break her down a bit more.

He raised an eyebrow, unsympathetic. She'd threatened his dog. It was only fair that Harley got a go at her.

To Jared's utter amazement Jenny began to pant, catching his gaze with a desperate plea just before her head fell back and dainty hitches of her hips heralded an obvious if understated orgasm.

"Well, damn," he said, surprised at how quickly she got off. "You're a natural."

Jenny was a pretty pink color, refusing to look at him as Harley eased off her clit and began to lap at her snatch. Jared had to admit, the dog looked mighty fine between his new landlord's legs. He could just imagine Jenny's sopping wet panties sticking to her parted lips and had a moment to wonder what it would be like to peel them free and taste her himself.

Jared took one more picture of her and picked up the lease on the table and very deliberately and slowly ripped it in half. Once she finally met his gaze, looking ashamed, guilty and debauched, Jared called Harley to heel.

She blinked at him again, legs still open. Jared could see the shine of slick on the inside of her thighs.

"I..." she said slowly. "I should go."

"Harley stays," Jared stated, making himself clear by holding up his phone. "I'd hate for these to end up on Facebook or accidentally making their way to your grandfather."

Jenny paled eyes bright.

"You know the way out," Jared said as he got up to do the few dishes that were in his sink. He was hard but he wouldn't give her the satisfaction of thinking it had anything to do with her.

He was aware of her sitting there for a time as he turned his back to her. It was an effort to ignore her. She'd responded so beautifully to Harley. He wasn't kidding when he'd said she was a natural.
Harley had sampled many of his conquests over the years - their reaction to his dog often dictating just how long term the relationship would be. Some were disgusted, others intrigued, but a very select few were so turned on that they would do anything for more. Those were always his favorites.

Jenny got to her feet and he watched out of the corner of his eye as she left the room, heading for the small entryway that led to the front door. She still seemed a little dazed and in shock as to what had just happened. He couldn't help but feel a little bit smug. She'd been bitchy and condescending since he'd met her. There was a certain pleasure in seeing her humbled.

Jared rinsed the dishes and wiped down the counters before glancing out the window and noticing that Jenny's car was still in his yard.

*What the...*

He heard her as he rounded the corner, stopping in surprise at the site that greeted him. Arms braced on either side of the doorframe he found Jenny shuddering and whimpering where she stood, Harley sitting between her spread legs, head tipped and hidden beneath her skirt as he prodded and snuffed at her.

Jared leaned a shoulder against the wall and watched. "Thought you were leaving," he said.

Jenny didn't respond. She looked almost desperately helpless - like she wanted to leave but... *couldn't* and was just beside herself with humiliation and arousal.

It was a good look on her.

Jared smirked at his landlord in anticipation.

"Well, then," he said. "I think we should take this someplace a little more comfortable and spread you open so Harley can really get at you."

Jared put his hands on her hips and ordered Jenny to grip his arms for support. He could have called Harley off and made the journey easier but instead he made her edge backward bit by bit, stance wide, as Harley stayed all but glued to her cunt. It was awkward and slow going, but hot as hell to see her so owned by his dog's tongue.

She was always so prissy and well put together that it was a damn near privilege to watch her unravel before him. Jenny's grip on his arms was strong, her body tense and trembling as she panted unevenly. She was so into Harley's nose in her pussy that Jared wondered if she even noticed where he was leading her.

When the back of her knees hit his bed Jared gave her a firm push that sent her sprawling. Jenny's back arched, legs spreading, as Harley nudged in at a different angle. She was completely pliant as he wrapped the silk bindings around each wrist and secured them to either side of the headboard. It wasn't until he had to call Harley off temporarily that some of the lust-like haze cleared and she looked a little confused about her predicament.

"Time to get rid of these," Jared had slid his hands up the outside of her thighs, beneath her skirt, and had his fingers hooked in the waistband of her panties. Then, as if she needed the incentive, he said, "It's gonna feel so much better."

Jenny didn't give him permission, but she didn't balk either, so he eased them down her thighs and then tugged them off almost roughly, tossing them over his shoulder.
"Pull your legs back," he said.

She was back to being uncertain and nervous, appearing somewhat vulnerable and fragile about the whole thing without Harley's tongue wagging at her so he ordered the dog back between her legs. She went limp almost immediately as skin met skin, a baby soft groan escaping her as the dog lapped at her exposed pussy.

It was enough to keep her distracted while he secured the strapping behind each of her knees to keep them bent, spread and lifted. Jenny gasped as her lips opened wider and Harley was able to slide his tongue right up the center of her. It was a set up Jared used often for guests that were okay with Harley joining the party. Hell, he'd even used the stirrup straps himself and let Harley get him off more than once.

He took Jenny's heels off and watched as her toes immediately curled. Jared couldn't help but stand back and appreciate the view. With her legs pulled back and open, Jenny couldn't hide beneath her skirt. She was wide open with her skirt bunched around her waist as Harley tasted her.

He went ahead and gave Harley the clit command and watched as Jenny fell apart, eyes rolling as she arched and writhed against the bed with a high-pitched mewl that had Jared's dick twitching against the inseam of his jeans. Her hips hitched, pussy fluttering against an insistent snout for endless seconds as her orgasm peaked.

Jared climbed onto the bed next to her, as she caught her breath, chest rising and falling as she came down. Her blouse was askew and partially untucked, the top button undone. He could see the swell of her breast and the white lace of her bra.

One handed, he undid the remaining buttons and opened Jenny's shirt to reveal plump and perky mounds, the underwire pushing them up and out, putting them on luscious display as they heaved up and down before him.

Per his orders, Harley continued to lave at her, swathing Jenny with saliva and running his tongue up and down her pussy.

His fingertips traced the scalloped edge of her bra where lace met skin, slipping just inside. He waited until she met his gaze before tugging the material down and exposing her breast. The fair skin of her mound was creamy and flawless, topped with a strawberry colored button nipple that pebbled under his scrutiny. It jigged with enough natural movement as Harley worked her that Jared was certain that Jenny hadn't had any enhancements done.

"Bet you never thought when you showed up with your silly little lease and your perfect hair that you'd be flat on your back with your tit in my mouth and my dog's snout in your snatch, did you?"

Jenny swallowed and looked away, vulnerable in the face of his smugness.

Jared licked her nipple, flicking his tongue lewdly around the hard nub and getting it nice and wet but nothing more. Jenny's breath stuttered involuntarily. Her nips had been rock hard since Harley first stuck his head up her skirt. He figured they must ache pretty bad by now. Her other breast remained covered, the hard point of her nipple still covered by snug lace. Jared ignored it for now. It was time to show his landlord exactly what Harley was capable of.

At his order, Harley shoved the tip of his nose right into Jenny's cunt. She arched sharply with a cry, pulling against the wrist restraints as Jared latched on to a bouncing tittie. Whatever inhibitions she had left evaporated as Harley treated her to an invasive if shallow snout fuck. Hair a loose mess around her face, Jenny writhed against the mattress and moaned like the reluctant pooch whore she
was.

No novice when it came to suckling a breast, male or female, Jared all but ravished her pretty little mound. Nipping and sucking he took what he wanted without regard to her pleasure, finger tips stroking the soft underbelly of her tit one second only to give it a slap the next - watching the spit covered flesh heave and jiggle. By the time he swirled his tongue around her nipple and tugged it back into his mouth like it belonged to him, Jenny was rising to meet him. He wasn't even sure she was aware of doing so.

Jared rewarded her by pulling off long enough to give Harley the clit order. His landlord keened, body stuttering and seizing between dog and human as they mouthed hungrily at tit and twat. Jenny's neck was bared, arched back as she came. For a long suspended moment her body was strung tight as a bow as she crested the intense wave or her orgasm. And then slowly, silently she relaxed in increments with her mouth open, eyes glazed as she came down, twitching through half a dozen small aftershocks that left her trembling and dazed.

She didn't pass out but was boneless and sleepy as they continued to lave at her, lids heavy, breath deep and even once it returned to normal. When Jared was certain she'd slipped into slumber he called Harley to heel and walked to his dresser and opened a small box. Her pussy was pink and moist, splayed open to him due to the stirrup straps. He took the small device between his fingers and used two fingers of his other hand to frame her swollen clit. Jenny flinched slightly but didn't wake as he attached the clamp to her button.

Jared left her bound and exposed, closing the door behind him. He gave Harley a treat and some fresh water and then looked at his laptop. He didn't feel like working so he turned on the TV and powered up the X-Box. Less than a half hour later he heard sounds coming from his room. She was struggling against the restraints. He let her go for another ten minutes or so while he finished his game, hoping she'd tire herself right out again.

Jenny was flushed with her effort and looking positively mutinous.

"Untie me," she ordered.

"Soon enough," he promised. "We've got one last thing to settle."

Jenny glared, but it was vulnerable. She was at his mercy and she knew it.

"You threatened Harley. You need to be punished for that. You also need to apologize to him and to me."

Her eyes widened in alarm.

"I'm willing to bet it’s been a long time since you've had a good spanking."

She looked at him again, like she wasn't sure if he was kidding or not.

He wasn't.

He knelt between her legs and fingered the clit clamp. Jenny gasped, lifting her head to look at him. She hadn't figured out that it wasn't her ass he planned on spanking.

Jared removed the clamp. He could practically see her clit throbbing. He covered her pussy with his large hand, rubbing gently. Jenny's jaw tightened. While she was okay with Harley between her legs, apparently that courtesy didn't extend to Jared.
He waited until she opened her mouth, likely to say so, before he lifted his hand and gave her pussy a sharp slap. Jenny cried out in shock, bucking and trying to pull her legs together. He spanked her again, feeling how hard her clit was beneath his firmly woven fingers. She yelped like a small dog, squirming and breathless, embarrassed and aroused.

Jared slapped her again, pleased when she continued to grow louder in her yapping, and legs no longer trying to pull inward. He was glad that one neighbor was out of town and the other was at work. She was loud.

He spanked her until she came. It was hard and fast and unexpected and he almost lowered himself to Jenny's cunt and tasted her himself as she panted through it.

Climbing onto the bed next to her instead, Jared took hold of her exposed tit and fondled it. He was curious about how easily she'd submitted to Harley's tongue.

"You've done this before," he stated. Pretty sure she had some experience if not the full range of what he'd given her.

Jenny was facing away from him, exhausted and compliant. He fingered her nipple, not really sure if she'd answer him.

"I had a puppy once," she said quietly. "He...he liked to lick me there."

Jared nodded, more to himself. It's kind of how it started with him too.

"What happened?" he asked, sensing that something had.

"My uncle walked in on us one day," she said.

Ah. There were several ways that could have gone. Jared was lucky; no one had ever discovered him.

"You lose the pup?" he asked.

Jenny nodded, still facing away.

"He told me it was dirty and wrong and if that was what I wanted that he could do a better job."

Jared was quiet for a moment, caressing her breast.

"And did he?" he asked. "Do a better job?"

Again, Jared thought Jenny would not answer.

"It...it wasn't the same."

It was all she would say.

Jared suckled her tit again but it wasn't the same without Harley's tongue spurring her on. He freed her legs first, easing each foot to the floor and then untying her hands. Jenny sat up slowly, her shirt falling to catch on the crook of her arms. It was a wrinkled mess. She slid it back up over her shoulders and pulled it closed.

"Leave it open," Jared ordered when she reached for a button.
Taking her by the hand, Jared led Jenny back to the living room. Harley sat next to his recliner like a good boy.

"It's time for you to apologize," Jared informed her. "Harley first, then me."

Jared took a seat as Jenny stood before him awkwardly for a few moments before dropping to her knees and meeting Harley at his level. She pet him with one hand for a moment, and then braced his large head with both and scratched behind his ears as he looked at her with those soulful eyes of his.

Jenny smiled. "I'm sorry, boy," she said so quietly that Jared barely heard it.

Harley lapped at her face, right over her mouth at one point and Jared was pretty sure she would smell and maybe even taste herself on the dog’s breath. And because Harley was so well conditioned, he made his way directly to her bared breast, nosing aside the thin veil of her shirt, sniffing and then licking at her boob. The dog had little to no finesse and her tit bounced and jiggled as he lapped at it.

Jenny closed her eyes, head tilted back as one hand continued to work and scratch behind Harley's ear.

Jared unzipped his pants and took his cock in hand.

"My turn," he reminded her.

There was no doubt as to what her apology to him would entail. Jared opened his legs wide in invitation.

"Pull your skirt up so Harley can lick your ass," Jared ordered as she crawled between his legs.

Jenny did as she was told, tucking the hem in at the waist so it wouldn't slide down and get in the dogs way.

When she was done Jared zipped himself up and stood. Jenny looked up at him from the floor with her boob hanging out and his jizz on her chin.

"Meet me in the kitchen."

He was taking a long swallow of beer when she entered.

Jenny looked thoroughly and beautifully debauched. Her hair was tousled beyond repair, makeup was smudged and faded, and her clothes were a wrinkled mess. He rather liked the look.

Walking over to her he adjusted her shirt and began to button it, leaving her bared breast exposed beneath the material. He fingered her nipple and watched it harden and poke through.

"When you come back," he said, stating it as a foregone conclusion, "make sure you leave your panties at the door."

Jenny dropped her eyes and remained quiet.

"You can go now."

His new landlord gathered up her papers and purse and left without a sound.

It didn’t surprise him at all when she showed up in person to collect his rent check the following month. Jenny tried to play it off like she wasn’t there for Harley’s tongue but the moment he stuck
his snout up her skirt her knees gave out. Jared carried her to his room and put her in the sling once again…wondering how much of a discount on his rent he could push for. After all, Harley was providing a rather pleasurable service and it was only reasonable that Jared in some way benefit from that.

End….

Chapter End Notes

The uncle that Jenny refers to here is actually Uncle Beau. This is where he made his first appearance, further on in this fill. However, since I've explored that bunny rather thoroughly in its own separate fill I saw no reason to continue with it here. Thanks for reading. As you may have noticed...I'm not posting as frequently. I believe that I am a bit kinked out and its time to explore some other things. That said, I have many items in my documents folder that is at various stages of completion. I often return to add more so this is not the last you have heard from me by any means.
Chapter Summary

Jensen has a bit of a thing for Jared. A night out at the bar has Jensen temporarily disappearing to take care of a rather insistent erection. He gets some unexpected but not necessarily unwanted assistance.

Chapter Notes

I'm avoiding the last of my BB edits. I needed a distraction.

Jensen excused himself to the bathroom. He had a nice buzz going and just being around Jared all evening had made him pleasantly aroused...or not so pleasantly as he had to keep readjusting himself and be careful to stay seated so no one would notice. He couldn't take it anymore, he had to get away long enough to shoot one off and get it out of his system.

The bar was busy and Jared and a few crew members were in the midst of a game of darts that had taken on a decidedly competitive edge. They could be awhile so it was a safe time to sneak off and take care of his little problem. Unfortunately, there was a line for the restroom. Jensen considered ducking outside into the alley but that was too unpredictable, anyone could come upon him. Wandering into the employee area he bypassed a storage room and took the stairs down into a cool but quiet basement filled with kegs and various boxes of supplies. Perfect.

He'd just undone his pants and zipper and slipped a hand into his boxer briefs when he heard footsteps on the stairs. Jensen froze, hidden from view around a corner and decided to wait it out, thinking whoever they were would grab a box of something and leave. They didn't. He heard two distinct male voices.

"I thought you said you saw someone come down here?" one of them said.

"I did," the other responded, voice sounding closer as he moved about the room. "Looked like he had a pretty impressive boner, too."

Jensen flushed pink in the dark. His pulled his hand quietly from his pants but made no other movement to alert the men to his presence.

"Hoping to get a piece were you?" the first man asked with a snort.

" Fucking right," the other man said. "You would too if you'd seen him. Prettiest man I've seen all night...maybe ever."

"Well," the other scoffed. "He obviously ain't here now, so..." there was some rustling and shifting before the sentence was finished. "...either blow me or let's get the fuck out of here."

Jensen would never be sure if the noise he made was purposeful or not. At that very moment it didn't
matter as a hand shot into the darkness and grabbed him by the wrist, pulling him into full view of the two men.

"Look at what we have here," a voice said and then the other, "I knew it!"

One was about his size but the other was bigger and more muscular, possibly even taller than Jared. Jensen cleared his throat.

"Ah, look," he said reasonably and willing himself not to blush again. "I was just looking for a little bit of privacy, but hey, it’s all yours if you want it."

He gestured to the room in general and took a step towards the stairs.

The smaller of the two men stepped purposefully into his path, eyes drawn to Jensen's open jeans.

"You sure?" he asked. "We can help you with that?"

Jensen was still hard and working on not being embarrassed about it.

"No thanks," he said almost dismissively, ready to flee but trying not to look like that's what he was doing.

The bigger of the two men was behind him and gripped his arms above the elbow, pulling them back slightly and holding him in place firmly. It shocked Jensen just enough for him to freeze in place. It was only seconds and he was just getting ready to throw his head back and kick out with his foot when a hand slithered into his pants and gripped his cock in a nice tight grip.

His resulting response was a loud hiss and bitten off moan as he thrashed against his captors, half in an attempt to free himself and half in gloriously aching agony as his dick twitched with each squeeze and release of the stranger's hand.

"Man, you were right," the guy fondling him said to the one holding him. "He is pretty. Like, GQ pretty. Dude could be a fucking model."

Obviously they weren't familiar with the show.

"Let go," Jensen’s voice wavered, torn between fighting his way past them and letting the guy get him off. He was still so fucking hard. "My friends will be wondering where I am."

"Well they aren’t gonna find you down here," said the deep voice behind him.

Jensen keened and bucked his hips involuntarily as his cock was slowly stroked from root to tip, damp head fondled through his boxers by talented fingertips that feathered over his slit.

"Feels good don't it?" the smaller man asked, though it wasn't really a question.

"Don't," Jensen warned, the lack of authority not lost on any of them. "I can't...I can't do this."

He didn't have sex with strangers in dingy rooms beneath a bar. That was not him. That was Chad and probably Chris but it definitely wasn't him. Then why was he so fucking hot for it? Christ, the feel of their hands on him felt like a pulsing brand and Jensen had the sudden, unsettling realization that he actually liked being restrained. He struggled mildly and ineffectively to test the theory, moaning like a complete whore when the man gripped him tight and pulled his arms back snug and secure against a broad chest.
“You know what I think?” the smug man in front of him said. "I think you like it…you just don’t want to admit it."

He pushed Jensen’s jeans down over his hips and slipped two fingers into the waistband of his boxer briefs, his obvious intent to peel them down as well.

“No…” but then all he could do was hiss as the heat of his erection met the cool air of the basement and a finger smeared its way across the sticky tip.

Jensen’s mouth was open and he panted, cock bobbing and thrusting in the open air as the stranger sucked the finger into his mouth and tasted his come.

“Mmmm, sticky sweet” was all he said as Jensen’s head fell back against the big man’s shoulder.

“Please, I can’t do this,” he tried again, but it was weak and he was so very aroused. “This isn’t me.”

Both men chuckled at that. “Oh, but you are doing it. Look at that gorgeous cock. You want it so bad you’re ready to blow. Bet we won’t even need to touch it again to set you off.”

Jensen shook his head in denial even as his hips hitched back and forth in baby small movements.

His struggle was a little more real when his t-shirt was shoved upward beneath his pits and the jeans and boxers at his thighs were pushed below his knees.

“Jesus,” the man before him breathed. “Look at you. So goddamn pretty.”

Pretty. Normally he hated having that word directed at him. It was too feminine, too degrading. It embarrassed him. And on some level it still did, but he was so utterly desperate for release that the reverence in which it was spoken, and the obvious desire to defile him that came along with it, shot straight to his traitorous cock.

He was oblivious to the whimper that escaped him, breathing hard as the man at his back took more of his weight. Christ. He wanted, he needed, but he couldn’t ask for it. Wouldn’t. It wasn’t him. He didn’t do this. He may as well have been fully naked for as exposed and vulnerable as he felt.

“Think we can get him off if we play with his titties?” the question was directed at the man behind Jensen.

“I say we make him beg for it,” the man’s hips canted forwarded and a rather impressive hard on pressed against Jensen’s ass. “He wants it so bad he’s trembling. Ain’t gonna take much.”

Jensen flushed hot with shame but that only fueled his arousal as well. What the fuck? He’d never been turned on by the idea of begging…or, well, okay…so maybe he hadn’t quite been able to admit that one to himself. He liked to make people beg in bed…but the thought of him doing so made his skin feel tight and uncomfortable, like he was exposing a part of himself that was too private to share. And not once had he ever had even the smallest inclination that he would remotely be turned on by the humiliation he felt as the two men discussed him like his thoughts on the matter were completely irrelevant.

He wouldn’t beg. He’d never…not here, not like this.”
A mouth descended upon his nipple, greedy and slick as it alternated between suckling at his nub and flicking and teasing over the tip. Jensen cried out, surprised and needy as his knees gave out and he sagged in the big man’s hands. They lowered him to his knees, following him down as his head spun and his body tingled, nipples and cock both painfully erect and throbbing.

His eyes were watering, head thrashing on the shoulder behind him, the skin of his dick pulled so tight that it bordered on painful. Close, so fucking close.

“Touch him,” the smaller man said on his knees in front of Jensen. “I want to watch.”

The larger man threaded his arm behind Jensen’s back and was able to secure both of Jensen’s arms with only one of his…leaving the other free to wander and feel.

Surprisingly it was his t-shirt that was pulled aside as the larger man’s mouth latched onto the skin at the juncture of Jensen’s neck and shoulder. He shuddered as the man teased his sensitive skin with his tongue and alternately suckled and nipped at the highly erogenous zone. Jensen was so distracted by the sensation that it took him by complete and utter surprise when his nipple was grasped like a tiny teat and milked with firm but gentle precision. He mewled pitifully as his back arched in offering, hips bucking once and then twice, on the precipice of coming but not quite able to tip over the edge. His eyes stung with frustration.

A wet finger pressed at his entrance, the man in front of him unable to watch without touching for very long. The finger disappeared almost as quickly and Jensen heard the unpleasant sound of the man spitting into his hand from deep in his throat, the finger returning with a thick layer of slime as it worked its way into Jensen’s ass. Between the milking of his tit and the insistent thrusting at his rim, Jensen was a keening, aching mess as he writhed in blissful agony between them.

“Jesus, fuck, he’s loud,” one of them said. “Put something in his mouth before someone starts nosing around.”

The hand milking him drifted to his throat but didn’t linger, sliding upward instead to grasp his chin, tilting him just right before a hot mouth covered his and began to fuck into Jensen with his tongue. He whined but it was muffled, responding to the kiss out of instinct more than anything as his nipple throbbed. He arched his back hoping one of them would take the hint. Fingers, mouth, he didn’t care…he just needed…

“Please,” he whispered into the mouth intent on devouring him. “I need…please…”

“Yeah,” the voice was cracked deep and satisfied, “beg for it sweetheart. Tell me exactly what you want.”

“Just…please…” high pitched and desperate and feeling oh so very vulnerable.

“You gotta say it,” the man teased, gazing down at him with dark eyes. “Goddamn, those lips…”

The kiss was easily the hottest and dirtiest he’d ever experienced. Hands secured behind his back, a finger fucking into his ass between parted legs, his fucking nips throbbing in time with his heart and his cock so dark and swollen that he wasn’t sure he’d survive the fall out when he actually blew his load.

Suddenly his pride didn’t matter so much anymore. It was surprisingly easy to let go when one was being consumed by fire. He’d never been so turned on in his life…not even the few times he and Chris had tumbled into bed together, and that boy was adventurous in a way that Jensen was just now beginning to appreciate.
“Oh, fuck…oh, please…” Jensen begged shamelessly. He couldn’t take it anymore, it was just too much. “Touch me, please…milk my tit…suck my cock…anything…please, anything…nnngggghh.”

They made him work for it…teasing with feather light touches of tongues and fingers until he was literally sobbing out his release and exhausted and pliant in their arms. Jensen didn’t pass out from his orgasm, but it was a near thing. He did however fall asleep for all of seven minutes. He expected the two men to be gone when he woke up but they weren’t. His pants had been pulled up and buttoned, shirt back in place and he was leaning back against the chest of the big guy, the other sitting next to them as they waited for him to wake up.

“Ah…um…” Jensen cleared his throat, not really sure what to say.

A huge hand gasped his chin, lifting again to press a kiss to his mouth. Jensen surprised himself by opening his mouth and kissing back.

“Don’t overthink it,” the other dude said. “It was a good time. Maybe we can do it again sometime.”

He handed Jensen his phone. “I’m James, this is Steve. I added us to your contacts.”

Jensen just looked at them as if they were crazy. They smiled at him indulgently.

“Do me a favor,” Steve said. He was the kisser. He had a very talented mouth and was still holding Jensen. “Wait at least 24 hours before you make any decisions about deleting it. No hard feelings either way.”

Jensen wanted to feel angry or upset…and he was, but it was more at himself than anything. He wasn’t a push over. He hadn’t put up much of a fight at all. If he hadn’t wanted what had just happened, it wouldn’t have happened. Looking at these two now he believed that if he had even remotely put any conviction into his voice they would have backed off. They watched him silently, giving him time to process.

“I should go,” he finally said. “I really do have friends that are probably wondering where I am.”

“Yeah, there are about 22 texts from someone named Jared,” James said, gesturing towards Jensen’s phone.

They all got to their feet, Steve making sure Jensen’s stance was good before letting go.

“I…ah,” Jensen hesitated but only for a second. “Thank you.”

He had discovered something about himself tonight that may have taken years to uncover had it not been for these two men.

It was a weird tableau but he truly meant what he’d said. He’d wanted it, he just hadn’t known until it was happening.

Before things could get awkward he gave them both a sharp nod and headed back to the stairs and upward to the bar. He saw Jared before Jared saw him. His group was still playing darts, but Jared was fidgety and distracted, casting constant glances around the room or at his phone. The relief on his face when he caught sight of Jensen was palpable.

“Where have you been?” he all but demanded. “And why didn’t you answer your phone?”

Jensen’s eyebrows went up at the same time and Jared seemed to realize that yes, Jensen was an adult and could go off by himself without Jared’s permission. Still…there was a lot to be said for
courtesy and Jensen wasn’t getting off the hook completely even if Jared did tone it down a bit.

“Sorry,” Jensen apologized. “Just needed some air. Phone was off I guess.”

Jared gazed at him for a long time and for a second Jensen almost felt as naked and exposed as he had with James and Steve. A subtle head tilt and a few more seconds of that curious gaze and Jared put his arm around Jensen and led him back to the table.

“Next time give me head’s up will you,” Jared asked, with a huff of laughter added, “you know how I worry.”

Jensen glanced at the clock above the bar and realized he’d been gone for approximately thirty five minutes. Longer than he’d anticipated. Had their situations been reversed, he’d have been worried as well.

“Sure thing,” he agreed, snagging the beer that had warmed considerably in his absence.

Mid swig he glanced over to see Steve and James working their way towards the exit. They were hand in hand and both looked over at him with a small head tip of acknowledgement as they left. Jensen returned it.

“You know them?” Jared asked, appearing at his side and being more observant than usual.

“No, not really,” Jensen admitted. “Bumped into them outside. Shared a smoke.”

That distracted Jared. “I knew it!” he scolded. “I knew there was something off about you when you came back.”

As Jared launched into all the dangers and side effects of smoking, Jensen merely steered him back to their table and listened to him with a small smile.

The following day was a low key Sunday. They lounged around the house, ordered in pizza and watched movies. Both had an early set day and were tired from the previous late night out. Jensen excused himself to his room as Jared called Sandy to say goodnight. They were nearing the end of season two and had already been picked up for season three.

Jensen turned on his phone and scrolled through his contact list, pausing on James & Steve listed as one name. He couldn’t help but think about last night. He’d thought about it a lot actually. Even Jared’s presence hadn’t managed to distract him entirely.

Maybe he’d stick around for a few weeks after filming and see what happened. Explore. Have a little fun. See what else he could discover about himself.

Any maybe he’d give Chris a call.

He still had all these feelings for Jared that refused to go away, but Jared had Sandy. For the time being, Jensen wasn’t bound to anyone. He shut his phone off and left the number in his contacts. When he got himself off that night it was the first time in a long time that he did so without Jared’s name on his lips.

End.
Jenny/other, Uncle Beau AU-ish

Chapter Summary

A bit of an AU tag to Uncle Beau with Girl!Jensen and a bit of a crossover reference to another fill that some of you will catch at the end.

Jenny has an interview for a summer job that Beau has arranged for her. It involves a bit more than your standard interview questions...and a lot less clothing.

"Hey, Beau," Donna said as she and Alan walked into the small repair shop. "I didn't realize you were going to be here as well."

"Well, it's a big day for our Jenny. First job interview and all," he said. "Just wanted to show my support for our girl."

"How sweet of you," she said sincerely. "Isn't that nice of your Uncle Beau to take time off from work to be here for you?"

"Yes," Jenny nodded. "Thank you."

She watched as Beau and Alan shook hands and they all waited for Mr. Allen to call her into his office.

"It was nice of you to put in a good word, Beau," Alan commented. "I know Jenny was hoping for some office experience rather than cashiering or scooping ice-cream over the summer."

"Well, she'll certainly get that here. Bob's a real nice guy too. Patient. Loves to teach. She'll be in good hands."

"Just gotta get past that interview don't you sweetheart," Donna encouraged, then looking at Beau continued with, "we've been looking up tips and doing mock interviews all day."

"Nothing wrong with being prepared," Beau agreed. "Bob does believe in the whole experience. He'll interview her same as he would anyone else. Should take a half hour or so."

"As it should be," Alan agreed. "We're not looking for any special treatment."

"Well that's good to hear," Robert Allen said as he opened the office door and entered the small waiting area. "Nothing in this world is worth having unless you earn it fair and square," he said.

"Couldn't agree more," Beau responded and they all chuckled and did a round of introductions.

"Well, Miss Jenny," he said. "Why don't you come on in and we'll get started."

Alan and Donna stood back proudly as Jenny passed by Mr. Allen and entered the office.

"Beau?" he asked. "Would you like to sit in as a reference and maybe help soothe the young ladies nerves?"

Beau looked a tad uncertain, considering what had just been said about no special treatment.
"It's a courtesy we offer all of our high school applicants with minimal to no experience with job interviews. No preferential treatment I assure you," Bob explained. "Just helps to make them a little more comfortable."

Alan and Donna looked at Beau encouragingly and so he nodded and followed Jenny into the office.

"We'll be right outside, honey," Donna said just before the door closed.

"Okay, then," Bob said. "Let's get started."

In the other room they could hear the low bass of Donna and Alan's voices but there was a radio playing and a fan in the background that masked anything more than the tone of their voices.

It was the end of May and already quite warm for the season. Jenny had worn a simple short-sleeved, pale yellow wrap dress in a lightweight material that fell mid-thigh - a matching sash tied at the waist is all that held it in place. Her hair was pulled back in a twist and clipped in place and her shoes were a high-heeled wedge that gave her a couple extra inches in height.

Once the door was closed Beau wasted no time releasing her sash and letting her dress fall open. Bob eyed her beautiful body hungrily as Beau eased the material from her shoulders and hung it on a nearby coat rack so it wouldn't wrinkle. Jenny was left in her wedges and matching bra and panty set in soft ivory. It was a beautiful contrast to the golden hue of her skin.

"Go sit on his lap, Jojo," he ordered.

Jenny did as she was told, Bob's hands immediately roaming the contours of her body before a hand settled at her breast and the other slid down to cup her crotch, curled fingers stroking against the thin lace barrier of her underwear and tickling at her parted lips.

"Tell me," Bob spoke against her temple, eyes hooded as he stroked at her. "Do you have any job experience, sweetheart?"

"A little," she answered truthfully. "I worked at my dad's office last summer and during winter break."

Jenny was proud of the fact that her voice never wavered. She knew her mother in particular would be listening for the faint sound of her voice through the door.

Beau sat in the seat across the desk from them, watching.

"Good, that's good," Bob agreed. "So you won't need any training for the phones or for filing."

"No, sir," she agreed as he palmed at her tit and his middle finger began to rub back and forth between her legs. It tickled the tiniest bit and Jenny shifted slightly.

"You know your way around computers?" he asked as a finger lifted the lace panel of her bra and slowly peeled it down to reveal one plump breast lifted high by the underwire.

Beau smiled at her in approval as the exposed nipple tightened, as if she were some trained puppy putting on a show.

"I helped my daddy with payroll and ordering supplies for the office," Jenny offered.

A soft hand with no callouses cupped her breast, kneading at the firm flesh and enjoying the heavy weight of it before skimming over the tight point of her nipple.
Jenny gasped at the sensation, lifting her breast and arching her neck with a small, helpless whimper. "Oh, you like that do you?" Bob asked as he skinned over her nip again with his palm.

Jenny bit her lip to keep from making any noise but the way she squirmed in Bob's lap was answer enough.

"Jojo here's a nipple slut," Beau stated flat out. "Like a cat in heat if you play with 'em just right."

Bob couldn't resist testing the information, his fingers latching eagerly to Jenny's naked nub and fondling it as Jenny surged with a gasp and turned her head to bury her face in his neck to muffle her mewls.

Bob looked over at Beau as Jenny panted into his neck. "How well trained is she?" he asked.

"Extremely," Beau said with confidence.

"Enough to not make any noise?" he asked with a sense of lust so palpable that it filled the room.

Beau had barely nodded when Bob ripped the other lace panel away and grasped Jenny's nipple between this thumb and finger, pulling at both titties back and forth with small, gentle tugs. Jenny arched into the contact, head tossing wildly against Bob's shoulder as her hips hitched helplessly at the stimulation. The clip in her hair came free and hit the floor next to Bob's foot, blonde hair free and loose as she writhed against him.

Jenny's mouth was wet and open, panting heavily but near silent as Bob toyed with her, the occasional soft whimper barely loud enough to be heard.

"Arms up, Jojo," Beau ordered. "Lace your hands behind his neck."

Jenny complied without thinking, following Beau's orders instinctual. It lifted her bosom higher and arched her back vulnerably, her pointed nubs aching and pulsing and on glorious display as Bob took possession of them once again. His breath was harsh in her hear, his tongue slick as he licked at her neck and the side of her face. All the while she could still here the fan, the radio and the bass of her parent's voices in the next room.

Bob ignored her rocking pussy, content to play with her nipples and feel her squirm against him. Therefore, he was somewhat surprised when her body seized and she shuddered for a long moment against him as the force of her orgasm tore through her. He immediately slipped one hand into her panties and blinked in surprise at how sloppy wet she was.

"Christ," Bob said. "If I didn't know any better I'd think she was hot for this."

Jenny startled as he grazed at her clit, so he did it again, and again.

Beau watched on as his girl hitched and trembled in the other man's lap, knowing she was good for another if Bob kept at it.

"What makes you think she's not?" he asked.

Bob just glanced at him and kept fingering the slippery pussy at his disposal. It's not like the man really cared one way or another anyways. In no time at all Jenny was coming again, just as quietly as Bob's hand worked it's magic inside her panties. When he was done enjoying the feel of her cunt he pulled his hand out and grasped Jenny's chin, forcing her to look at him.
"Do you know why you're here sweetheart?" he asked her.

She really didn't, beyond the obvious, so she remained quiet. Bob took no offence.

"You're here because your Uncle Beau owes me a favor," he informed her. "You working with me here for the summer is going to square that favor. Understand?"

Jenny nodded.

"Good," Bob said. "Because that means that today is a mere appetizer. You'll do a fair amount of actual work but your tits will be in my mouth or my hands more often than not and I'll eat your pussy and your ass whenever I feel like it. Got it?"

Jenny nodded again.

"One more thing," he added. "You on birth control?"

"Yes," she said.

"Good. Because I don't much care for condom's. I'm clean and I'm assuming you are too..." Bob trailed off and looked at Beau.

Her uncle gave a decisive nod. Of course she was. She'd only ever slept with Jared and she knew for a fact that she had been his first.

"Now," Bob glanced at the clock quickly. "We've got just enough time for me to taste this pussy before your parent's start wondering what's taking so long."

Manhandled to her feet Jenny's damp panties were stripped from her body and tossed in the direction of her dress. Bob pushed her back against his desk so that she was lying across the top. It wasn't that big of a desk so her head hung over the other side and she gazed upside down at her Uncle Beau as Bob parted her legs and guided her feet to the arms of his chair. The underwire of her bra was snug and tight and her breasts were on full luscious display, pointing plump and young and firm at the ceiling.

Beau barely spared her face a glance, though her tits garnered plenty of attention. Large hands pressed against the inside of her thighs and she felt the warmth of Bob's breath before the pad of his tongue licked a stripe right up the middle of her. Jenny gasped as both her clit and her nipples tingled, just loud enough to not be heard outside the room. And then his mouth was on her, hot and demanding the swirl of his tongue maddening as she squirmed against the oak of his desk. He hummed and moaned quietly into her muff as he savored her, pulling back to lick at her like a Popsicle as her pussy quivered.

It was good. Satisfying. She would get off again and she knew that was what Beau wanted. But it wasn't until her Uncle leaned forward and sucked one of her nipples into his mouth that she realized that it was lacking. Beau had a tendency to devour her - no matter how he touched her, whether it was with his hands or his mouth...he was possessive and all consuming. Jenny arched into his mouth instinctively; her legs falling wide open as her pussy fluttered against Bob's face. When Beau released her spit slick tit, Jenny angled her torso and lifted the other one to him. Beau took it almost roughly but his hand came to the back of her head and cradled it, easing some of the strain on her neck.

Together it took no time at all for to get her off; her pussy pulsed against Bob's insistent tongue as her hips twitched involuntarily, legs lax and loose as twat and nipples continued to tingle beneath their combined mouths. She had no more energy to move and could only pant in exhaustion as they
finished with her. Three orgasms in just under a half hour had taken their toll.

Jenny wasn't sure exactly how she was going to pull herself together and present herself to her parents because she could do little more than shift uncomfortably on Bob's desk at the moment. She only half paid attention to what was being said above her until she opened her eyes and Beau was moving towards the door. It opened into the office and was at an angle that she could not see out and her parents would not be able to see in. Beau ducked out quickly and shut the door behind him.

"It's going well," she heard him say. "Better than expected. Bob's very impressed. Jenny's got some good questions so it's taking a bit longer than expected."

The radio and the fan were turned off it and it made it easier to hear her mom's softer spoken voice.

"Well, we did our research so she could be prepared." Donna sounded so proud.

Back in the office Bob was helping Jenny to her feet, hands on her hips, comfortable in his chair as he pulled her in to suck on her tit.

"I really do think it's a done deal," Beau confided. "Pretty sure Bob's going to offer her the job, but he's gotta, you know, put her through the process and make her work for it. You should be proud...she's handling it very well."

Jenny listens as her father actually thanks Beau for the opportunity and they make plans for a celebratory dinner. Bob releases her nipple and takes a quick lick at the other before he spins her around.

"Why don't you two head home," Beau advises. "Get started on dinner. I'm not sure how much longer it's gonna be but I can drop Jojo off when she's done here."

There is some discussion about that, Donna not wanting to leave, but in the end Beau convinces her that Jenny will appreciate the autonomy and that is all it takes to get them moving.

In the office Bob is lifting Jenny up onto the desk. She's on her knees and his hand in the middle of her back presses her forward until her chin rests on the desk and her fingers grip the edge. Her ass is high and she feels vulnerable as Bob taps at the inside of her knees in an unspoken order to spread them. She does so, tilting her hips just so as she settles into the position.

Jenny can hear her parent's voices fading; Beau's placating as he promises to deliver her home safely. She startles at the first kitten lick over her hole, jumping slightly. The eager tongue returns over and over again, just lapping and licking until she forgets to be quiet and soon her hips are churning as she keens into the desk. In the distance she hears the sound of a car starting and understands that her parents are leaving her there. The tip of a tongue spears into the tight heat of her ass and she feels the need to rut, to hump, to press back for more. Fingers work at her, pulling and stretching as the slick muscle in her backside probes deeper, wet mouth open and kissing at her as she moans loud and unrestrained.

"Fuck, I didn't think they were ever going to leave," Beau said as he enters the room and closes the door behind him. "Building's all locked up. Just us here."

Jenny's too busy moaning into the desk and Bob is too busy moaning into Jenny's ass. Not one to sit by on the sidelines when he doesn't have to, Beau unzips his pants and releases his cock. He grabs Jenny by her hair and guides her mouth to his dick. She suckles him like the champ that she is as he muffles the wild and pleading noises she only ever makes when someone plays with her ass.

Bob gets himself off under the desk and Beau blows his load all over his sweet Jojo's face before
they both take turns ravishing her clit. It's hard as a rock and so sore that she cries through her last climax as Beau relentlessly tongue fucks it.

Jenny is swaying on her feet as they clean her up. Beau licking his come from her face, Bob using a wet wipe over her tits and genitals. Her panties are a bit stiff but mostly dry and they help her into them before slipping the dress back over her petite frame and tying the sash.

"I expect you here the Monday after school lets out, Miss Jenny," Bob announces. "Bright and early."

She just stands there looking at him, beyond exhausted. "I...I got the job?"

Bob glances at Beau in askance. "You sure did, sweetheart," he said. "Best damn interview I ever had."

Beau's hand is at Jenny's back as he guides her.

"Don't worry about it," he says to Bob. "She gets a little out of it sometimes. She'll sleep it off."

Jenny fell asleep on the way home and Beau ends up carrying her into the house. Donna concludes that Jenny worked herself up over the interview more than she let on so no one is the wiser as to why the girl is out like a light. They have dinner without her but save her a plate for when she wakes up.

Six weeks later...

Beau is catching up on paperwork in his office when the phone rings just after lunch. He answers it distractedly, unprepared for the whine of need that filters through the intercom and settles heavily in his groin. He knows that particular whine like the back of his hand.

"Jojo?" he asks.

More whining, heavy breathing and the unmistakable sound of slapping flesh.

"Bob?" he ventures. "How's everything going over there?"

A breathless chuckle. "Fan-fucking-tastic," is the response. "I just...I just had to call to say...th...thank you."

"You couldn't wait until after you were done fucking her?" Beau asked, more amused than anything.

"No, I really couldn't," Bob agreed with a sudden grunt and Jenny cried out loud and desperate, her breathing fast and heavy.

"You're fucking her ass aren't you?" Beau asked, knowing very well that was the case just by the pitch of Jenny's voice.

"Fucking right I am," Bob admitted. "I let the rest of the staff go early and then bent this one over my desk."

"She being a good girl for you?" Beau asked.

"You being a good girl, sweetheart?" Bob panted his way through the question.
"Yes, Uncle Beau," Jenny was barely understandable through her intermittent mewling, "I'm a good girl, I promise."

"Yeah, you are," Bob praised.

Beau listened while they finished and Bob sent Jenny on her way to whatever it he had her doing with his come still dripping out of her hole. He heard the door to Bob's office close.

"Look Beau," the man said. "I'm not gonna be able to finish out the summer. Consider us square, man."

It didn't happen often, but Beau was speechless.

"Your girl is just too much of a distraction," Bob continued. "I can't get anything done. Playing with her is all I can think about. The rest of the staff, small as it is, is starting to bitch about being let out early two to three days a week."

Beau was still blinking in surprise, mouth open in a gap that no one was there to appreciate.

"I haven't touched my wife since that goddamn interview," Bob admitted. "She's starting to get suspicious, thinks I'm having an affair."

"You're firing her?" Beau asked straight out and incredulous.

"I can't...I can't have her around no more," Bob confessed. "I'm not going to lose my marriage or my business for a piece of ass...no matter how fine that ass is. She can finish out the day but that's it. Come pick her up around five thirty."

"She didn't drive herself in?" Beau asked.

"No, her mom dropped her off this morning. Alan's having her car tuned up and inspected today."

"Yeah, okay," Beau agreed. "I'll be there."

Due to traffic, Beau was running a bit late. When he got to Bob's small office the 'CLOSED' sign was flipped and the lights were off but there was a delivery truck parked out front. The door was also locked, but he had a key. He could hear his niece from outside, muffled but clearly audible. He looked around but the lot was deserted. Beau let himself in and made his way to Bob's office.

His cock began to fill and grow as he listened to Jojo's breathless mews and high pitched pleas intermingled with two distinct male voices, deep and low, as they cursed and moaned and praised her. Beau stood at the door and leaned against the jamb to watch as Jenny thrashed between them, lost in a sea of intense arousal as they took liberties with her body that Beau had allowed.

She sat naked on Bob's lap, legs spread wide over his, cock buried deep in her ass. Her hands were locked behind his neck forcing a slight arch away from his chest, beautiful mounds thrust outward with a clamp on one nipple and a delivery guy attached to the other. Bob's hands gripped her hips tightly, simply hanging on as the girl squirmed on his prick. Delivery guy had two fingers thrusting in and out of her pussy and his pants down around his knees as he jerked his own cock. Jojo was the first to get off and it set in motion a chain reaction that had all three of them gasping and jerking out their releases as her pretty blond hair tossed about shoulders and she whimpered and whined like a puppy.

It took nearly five minutes for them to untangle and short themselves out, Bob coming to join Beau at the door as the young delivery man replaced his fingers with his mouth and settled in to eat Jenny's
pussy where Bob had left her sprawled across his desk.

"Leave that clamp on her twat," Bob ordered. "She likes it."

Beau raised an eyebrow and watched as Jojo's clamped tits heaved and her thighs cradled the stranger's head.

"Likes the clamps does she?" Beau inquired.

"Put it this way," Bob smirked. "She started bringing spare panties in her purse. She's soaked by the end of the day."

Hmmm. He'd clamped her titties before but never her clit. Interesting.

They let delivery guy have his fun while they grabbed a beer in the break room. It was nearly 7:00 by the time he and a very docile Jenny made their way to his vehicle. She curled up in her seat away from his for the twenty minute drive. The house was empty and dark when they arrived.

"Where is everyone?" Beau asked as he turned off the ignition.

Jenny looked up and blinked a few times, confused before memory reasserted itself.

"Dinner and drinks with the Henderson's," she responded. "Mom had asked Mr. Allen to give me a ride home."

Jenny sniffled slightly.

"What am I going to tell them?" she asked. "I've never been fired before."

"Don't you worry about that any, Jojo." Beau said confidently. "I'll handle it."

It wasn't really her fault. Well, it was, but not for anything that had to do with her office skills. It wasn't her fault that she had a body to die for and was as submissive as a lamb.

"Now, get on in there and let's get you ready for bed."

It was still early but she was obviously wiped so he followed her up the stairs to her room after making her drink some water.

"Lay down," he ordered. "On your back."

He watched as she did so, without hesitation.

"Bind your wrists for me."

At each corner of her bedframe hung decorative and silky soft scarves. They matched the décor of her room and looked purely decorative...until she looped her wrists through and wrapped the excess slack around her wrists until there was no give. She could release herself doing the same thing in reverse, but wouldn't do so until Beau gave the order.

She was wearing a wrap dress again, she had several in various color, this one white. They were cute, easy and apparently in style. Beau appreciated the ease of access it provided. He undid the sash and opened the material. Her bra and panties had been stuffed into her purse; he hadn't allowed her to put them back on before leaving Bob's. The clamps on her nipples remained, as did the one at her cunt.
"Do you like those?" he asked, fingering the one on her pussy.

Jenny gasped sharply at the contact, mouth falling open. It was a good enough answer.

She was tired, that was obvious. It made her even more docile, more reactionary, and more helpless.

It turned him on like nothing else ever managed to. He'd been with trained women who had experience in submission and not a one of them compared to his Jojo.

He pushed her legs back and open, her entire body open and on display for him. Her hole was pink and puffy and she smelled of sex. The bite of the clamps looked almost painful on her nipples, those beautiful mounds perked and heavy as they rose and fell with each breath. Beau slipped a finger into her ass and his eyes fluttered closed as she clenched around him with a faint noise of surprise, her passage still slick from come.

"I know you're tired, sweetheart," he said gently, but pushing her for more all the same. "take your time."

He gave a few preliminary thrusts but then stilled so that she could do all the work. She didn't disappoint, she never did. Using her feet as leverage on the bed she rocked her hips with small and careful movements, barely hitching on his finger. Her expression was as open and vulnerable as her nude body, too tired for any sort of pretense. She looked so young and helpless, lashes fluttering as she fought the pull of sleep even as she did her best to obey.

Beau enjoyed her like this. Well, he enjoyed her all the time but there was something sweet and cloying about the submissive nature of her innocence at times like this. He’d gotten to her young. It was instinctual. She would never question his self-imposed right to her.

Jenny fell asleep with her mouth open, Beau’s finger still inside of her. He removed the clit clamp long enough to run his tongue over her folds and tickle the tip at the firm rise of hardened flesh that had been pinched by the clamp. She awoke with a startled gasp, jerking against the bed as he pushed his finger deeper into her ass and her pussy exploded with a burst of juice the covered the lower half of his face as he continued to eat at her.

Beau hummed his approval, because his Jojo tasted damn fine and it was always a pleasure when she squirted for him. It was something she only did for him and he took great pride in it. Gazing up her torso between her heaving breasts he watched as she tossed her head to the side, moaning as he mouthed at her and then promptly fell asleep again.

He let her sleep, content to just suck at her beautiful body. He’d worked his way up to her plump mounds and was teasing his tongue around a toothed clamp when headlights skimmed across the ceiling of her room and he heard the sound of tires in the pebbled driveway. With a sigh he removed the nipple clamps and slid them into his pocket with the clit clamp.

“Don’t you worry, Jojo,” Beau assured. “I’ve got plenty of friends that I owe a favor or two. We’ll have you working again in no time."

He brushed the hair back from her face, pulled the covers up over her nude body anduntwisted her wrists from the scarves. Beau could still taste her on his tongue as he joined Alan and Donna downstairs to explain the loss of Jenny’s job and that it wasn’t her fault. As a matter of fact he’d have another interview lined up for her by the end of the week.

“Beau, you don’t have to do that,” Alan insisted. “She can always join me at the office.”

“And how’s that going to look on her resume, Alan?” Beau countered. “Working for daddy isn’t
going to do her any favors when it comes to college applications and applying for jobs in the real world."

Alan agreed with a nod, knowing Beau was right. “What did you have in mind?” he asked.

“I’ve got a buddy that owns a motel over on Route 26. Plan on giving him a call tomorrow. Last I knew he was in need of a receptionist.”

“The Little Sparrow?” Donna asked. “That place is kind of seedy isn’t it? I’m not sure I want her working there.”

“Now Honey,” Alan spoke up before Beau could. “It’s a business just like any other. Besides…it may do some good to expose our girl to those that are a tad less fortunate than we are.”

“Couldn’t agree more,” Beau said.

Donna didn’t look convinced, but she didn’t object any further either. In the end, she only wanted what was best for Jenny. Beau couldn’t fault her for that.

He was already picturing the girl tied to one of those motel beds with a patron or two paying extra to defile that manicured pussy or play with that slutty ass of hers.

Now if he could just get Ronnie to agree to it. The man had a taste for boys, but his Jojo was more than enough to tempt anyone.

End.

Uncle Beau/Jenny origin fic
Chapter Summary

He'd been in love with Jensen for a better part of a year. He suspected Jensen had feelings for him as well, but for reasons beyond Jared's understanding Jensen wasn't ready to take their relationship beyond simple friendship. Jared was fairly certain it had something to do with Jensen's past and that kinda scared him, but he was too far gone now for it to matter.

Chapter Notes

More of the story behind the oneshot I posted separately for If I Touch the Sky. It comes with 2 warnings. One - it is not complete. It's about 3/4 of the way done. Two - there are 2 scenes in which consent is definitely questionable, but by now anyone who reads my writing should be familiar with that ;)

I debated on posting but I really wanted to get it out there instead of wasting away in my documents. I'm feeling a bit of a shift towards another fandom and though I am always drawn back to this one - just having it out there may inspire me to finish eventually. I know some people absolutely abhor WIP's. If that is you - I'd advise you not to read. For me - I've read plenty of things left unfinished that I was glad to have stumbled across. It's not always about the end...but the journey. For those who do read - enjoy! It's a bit on the classic side, the type of fic I loved to read when I first found my way into fandom and RPF.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hey, can we get another round over here?" Chris yelled over the music, hand raised.

He got a nod from the waiter in return.

It was almost closing time and while the place was packed earlier, the crowd had dwindled slowly over the last hour or so. Chris and Steve had finished their set about thirty minutes ago and were kicked back enjoying the final band of the evening out of professional courtesy.

Jared looked over at Jensen, smiling at the loose-limbed sprawl and beautiful beer buzz glow he had going on. He hadn't known Jensen very long, but he knew enough to know that Jensen didn't let his guard down very often and when he did it was usually in Chris's presence. Though more and more it was happening with him as well.

Steve and Jared had some of the same circle of friends and had been acquaintances for a few years before Jared ever got around to coming to one of his shows. It actually wasn't until Steve hooked up with Chris, both personally and professionally, that things started to happen and more and more gigs came their way.
Appearing with a round of drafts their waiter placed a cool, frosted mug in front of everyone but Jensen.

"This," he said, placing a bottle of house micro-brew in front on him, "is courtesy of the gentleman in the corner."

It was the same drink Jensen had started with earlier in the evening. It was his favorite brew and he often ordered one or two to start before switching to tap offerings. For this guy to know that, he'd have to have been watching when they'd first arrived a couple hours ago.

Jensen's was the only head that didn't swivel to the corner in question.

"Thanks," he said expression closed and neutral and Jared wanted to get up and punch corner guy right in the face. "But no thanks."

The waiter paused, uncertain if he'd heard correctly. Jared was willing to bet that not many refused a free drink at these prices. "Ah..."

"He said no thank you." Chris reiterated in no uncertain terms. "Get rid of it."

"Not a problem, sir," Recovering smoothly the waiter removed the bottle and immediately withdrew.

The silence that followed wasn't awkward so much as filled with an undercurrent of something Jared wasn't privy to. He shared a glance with Steve and immediately understood that his friend wasn't quite as out of the loop as he was.

Jared learned early on that Chris was very protective of Jensen and vice versa. They grew up together as best friends but were more like brothers. Mess with one and you'd deal with the other sooner or later. He didn't have a lot of background info. Jensen didn't talk about his past at all and Chris had gotten awful touchy on the few occasions in which Jared had tactfully tried to bring it up. And one place Jared didn't want to be was on Chris' bad side. Dude was a sawed off little fuck and was as ferocious as a pit-bull when it came to Jensen.

The waiter returned with Jensen's draft, assuring him that it had been added to his tab. "Last call's in fifteen, gentlemen."

Jensen wrapped a hand loosely around the mug, the tip of his fingers trailing through the frost on the side.

"Drink up, Jenny," Chris encouraged, holding his friend's gaze. Don't let one asshole ruin your evening.

And that's all it took. Jensen shook it off, warmth returning to his eyes and his smile as he looked at Jared -filling Jared with an entirely different kind of warmth.

Peripherally, he'd been keeping an eye on corner guy and noticed Chris doing the same. The guy didn't look pleased by Jensen's blatant refusal - the beer likely a precursor to an offer of an entirely different kind. Didn't look like he was too used to being refused at all. When he stood, glaring in their direction, Chris set his beer down forcefully and straightened in his chair, challenging. The guy was obviously irritated but smart enough to walk away. Thankfully.

They finished their drinks as the band announced last call and then waited for the place to clear a bit. Chris and Steve needed to retrieve their guitars from backstage and get their cut from tonight's show before leaving.
Jensen leaned into Jared's space, "I'm gonna hit the head before we clear out."

Jared frowned at the slight slur but didn't have time to ponder it much when Jensen stood, swaying slightly. Jared reached out with a steadying hand on his hip as Jensen's hand gripped his shoulder. "Whoa."

Chris eyed him critically and asked Jared, "How much has he had to drink?"

"HE is right here," Jensen glared, "and no more than usual," he answered.

Jensen turned carefully, switching hands on Jared's shoulder before taking an experimental step.

Chris looked mildly amused. "Need a chaperone, Jenny?"

Jensen didn't pause, gave him the finger over his shoulder. "Fuck off, Christian."

It wasn't often the nickname rankled Jensen, but apparently this was one of them. Normally it was a term of endearment more than anything and one that was specific to Chris. And Jared had noticed they were both a little territorial about it. Jared learned just how much so not long after he'd started hanging with them when an idiot who'd had way too much to drink kept hitting on Jensen despite repeated brush-off's. The guy had picked up on the name from Chris and tossed it out casually -like he had every right to do so.

Jared wasn't sure who moved first but Chris, Jensen and the idiot had all gone down in a tangle of limbs. Even Steve had been a little surprised at that. They hadn't even known Jensen could fight up until that moment. And he could, they'd both held their own when the idiot's friend's decided to join in and tip the odds in their favor. Then they'd all been kicked out.

He turned his head, half expecting Jensen to be heading back to the table. Instead, Tank showed up to pay Chris and Steve their cut. He shook their hands and invited them back for another show later in the month.

"Jared," Chris was already heading backstage for his equipment. "Go make sure he didn't fall in. We'll meet you out front."

He made his way to the restroom, pausing as he entered the seemingly empty room. "Jen?"

It was too quiet, he knew Jensen wasn't there even as checked both stalls.

He walked back out, concern turning to something else in his stomach as he looked back to their table, scanning the room for any sign of Jensen. He saw Chris and Steve enter the room from the opposite side near the stage. Chris met his gaze, frowning at the look on Jared's face.

Jared turned, drawn inexplicably down a short corridor and the emergency exit that was marked for employees only. Someone had accessed the door recently; he could see a sliver darkness, felt a ghost of cool night air slide over his skin. He pushed it open...

Jensen was pinned against the side of the building in the narrow alley way, hands held in place over his head while someone Jared couldn't immediately identify groped and explored places he'd only dreamed of touching.

"You've been asking for this all night haven't you?" The voice was vaguely familiar. "Can't wait to get you out of here. The things I'm going to do to you..."

Jared's split second of shocked hesitation dissipated the moment he recognized that Jensen was not a
willing participant and was in fact struggling, unsuccessfully, to free himself from his assailant. Jared grabbed the guy by the back of his shirt just as he covered Jensen's mouth in a bruising kiss.

He pulled the guy back with such force that when he let go the man continued backward into the opposite wall, hitting with enough force to knock the wind out of him. Jensen lost his balance with the sudden release and Jared caught him, lowering them both to the ground. Panicked, Jensen fought against his hold.

"It's me," Jared reassured in a voice that wasn't nearly as calm as he was trying to project. He cupped Jensen's face and forced him to look at him. "It's me, Jensen, it's me. It's okay. It's me."

"What the fuck...?" Chris and Steve appeared at the open door just as Jensen stopped fighting.

There was too much confusion in Jensen's expression, too much concentration as he tried to speak, eyes glossy and unfocused. Jared remembered with renewed clarity the slur and stumble at the table earlier.

"Holy shit," Jared said part of him unable to believe this was even happening. He looked over at the man he'd pulled off Jensen, surprised to see the waiter they'd had all evening. "You drugged him."

The man had enough sense to realize how much trouble he was in and just enough recovery time to take advantage of everyone's shock. He took off like a bat out of hell.

"Sonova..." Chris took two steps of pursuit, Steve right behind him, before pausing in conflict. "Jared?"

"I've got him," Jared had his arms around Jensen, who in turn had a death grip on the front of his shirt. "I've got him," he whispered again.

"Don't leave him," Chris ordered before taking off with Steve in the same direction as the waiter.

"Don' leave," Jensen said, sounding more like he was repeating Chris' words rather than actually making a request. It was all the same as far as Jared was concerned.

"Not gonna happen," Jensen was leaning against him, head pressed to Jared's shoulder, holding on for dear life.

Jared didn't know what to do, so he just held him, rocking gently. Thinking about all the times he'd wanted to hold Jensen like this and how much he would give anything for it to not have happened this way.

"You're okay," he said, knowing it wasn't true but vowing to make it so with his next words. "Everything's going to be okay. I promise."

"Promise..." It wasn't a question, just a rote response, a repeat of Jared's final word. Jared closed his eyes.

He'd been in love with Jensen for a better part of a year. He suspected Jensen had feelings for him as well, but for reasons beyond Jared's understanding Jensen wasn't ready to take their relationship beyond simple friendship. Jared was fairly certain it had something to do with Jensen's past and that kinda scared him, but he was too far gone now for it to matter.

A fine tremor was beginning to work its way through Jensen's body. Jared knew it was probably more trauma related than anything having to do with the crisp October air, but shrugged out of his jacket anyway. Luckily, the handful of fabric Jensen had was all t-shirt and button down, but when
Jared pulled back to slide the coat off his shoulder, Jensen gripped him tighter, a soft sound of panic at the back of his throat.

"Sssshhhhhhh," Jared wrapped the coat around him and pulled him back in tight, the line of his jaw settling atop Jensen's head. "I'm right here."

He heard pounding foot falls, looked up in time to see Steve and Chris return, sans the waiter. Steve disappeared inside, as Chris crouched next to them.

"Jensen?" Despite the murder in his eyes, Chris' voice was gentle. A rare phenomenon that Jared had only ever seen Jensen inspire. He placed a careful hand on Jensen's shoulder, pulling back immediately at the pronounced flinch. Jensen pressed closer to Jared.

"It's okay," Jared repeated his mantra, meeting Chris' assessing gaze over Jensen's head.

Steve appeared with Tank moments later and he and Chris both fill him in on what happened.

"You've gotta be shittin' me!" Tank's voice was loud. Jensen flinched away from it, hiding his face in Jared's chest. Jared covered his ear with the palm of his hand. "Brenden did this? Are you fucking shittin' me?"

"Does it look I'm messing with you here?" Chris asked his voice hard and ready to fight the man in front of him that was twice his size if necessary.

"No," Tank seemed to realize Chris was getting the wrong idea. "It's just... The look of disbelief that crossed the man's face was not directed at Chris.

"What?" Chris demanded.

"This isn't the first time this has happened. The police have been by a few times, searching for leads. There've been several assaults in the area."

Chris's face was a thundercloud. "I'd say this is a pretty strong lead."

"Yeah," Tank was more shell-shocked than anything. "Fuck...I just can't...Brenden...He's like pre-fucking law, man. Working his way through school."

"Look, dude," Chris was getting pissed with all the chit-chat. "I could give a rat's ass about how well you thought you knew the prick. You gonna call the cops and give him up or am I gonna have to do it. I'm a little fucking busy here."

Tank cleared his throat, seemed to realize he was rambling a bit. "No, I'll do it. Take care of your friend."

A little more diplomatic, Steve made arrangements to leave their equipment for the night and disappeared inside with Tank. He returned with Jensen's jacket a few moments later.

Jensen was quite adamant about not losing his heat source, in both Jared and his jacket. Jared decided it wasn't worth upsetting him over and helped Chris thread Jensen's arms through the long sleeves.

"Kay," Chris said, "let's get him up."

While Jared was perfectly fine with Jensen's proximity, he was finding the clinging a little
distressing, mostly because it was just so uncharacteristic. Jensen didn't seem inclined to move at all and was in fact rather intent on burying himself in Jared's embrace.

"Come on, man," Chris was being very patient with him. "Help me out here, Jense."

Jared wasn't willing to force Jensen to do anything so he just held him, willing to wait until he was ready.

"Jensen," Chris' voice was firm but still gentle, as he sat down on the pavement in Jensen's direct line of sight. "It's time to go. I need you to come with me."

"Chris?" Jensen responded to his friends voice, but his confusion remained evident as he whispered, "You're not supposed to be here. He doesn't like you."

Chris paled slightly; Jared could see it even in the dim, crappy lighting of the alley. Unsettled, he tried to shake it off. "Since when has that ever stopped me?"

"I don't want him to hurt you. He said he'd hurt you if..." Jensen's voice was small and afraid and it made Jared want to cuddle him close and tear something to shreds at the same time.

"He's not here, Jensen," Chris interrupted firmly. "That bastard will never touch you again. He's gone."

"Gone?" It was uncertain, hopeful.

Jared met Steve's gaze, knew they were both getting a glimpse of history between the two friends that would never be shared under any other circumstance.

"Gone." It was final. Chillingly unequivocal. "You're safe. You're with me."

"Safe." Jensen repeated, but it was only a word with no conviction.

Chris reached out, tilted Jensen's chin up to meet his gaze. "You're always safe with me."

Chris waited until there was some measure of understanding or at least recognition before giving Jared the go ahead. "Let's get him up."

It was easier said than done. Jensen's legs were like rubber, refusing to support any of his weight. Jared and Chris each took an arm over their shoulder just as Tank reappeared with an update.

"Ah, it's gonna be awhile. There's only one unit in the area and they've got another call," he said.

"Whatever," Chris was straining a little under Jensen's weight. "We're not waiting around. There's a clinic on Sixth Street. We'll be there for however long it takes, and then home. You've got my number."

"Yeah, I'll make sure they get it. I've already given dispatch Brenden's information."

Chris gave him a nod, leading them out of the alley. Steve was the one to shake the man's hand and offer a thank you.

"You need a ride?" Tank asked.

Both Jared and Steve deferred to Chris who didn't stop. "No thanks," he said to Tank, then more softly to Jensen, "we're just gonna keep moving. See if we can walk some of this off, right dude?"
It took nearly twenty-five minutes to get to the clinic. Jensen couldn't walk so much as barely shuffle. He was uncoordinated and all over the place. It was whispered encouragement and dogged determination more than anything that got them there.

It was a twenty-four hour clinic but the doors were locked after midnight so they rang the bell and waited. The doctor on duty was friendly, and surprisingly sympathetic. He'd seen this before and assured them that the drug would wear off over the course of the night. A urine sample was standard procedure. It would identify the drug and could also be used as evidence if need be.

Despite being pretty out of it, Jensen was able to take care of business with some assistance in the balance department from Chris and the doctor. There was a bed available and they were welcome to spend the night there if they liked, but there wasn't much they could do. The drug had to run its course. Chris looked over at Jensen, who'd gone and curled up against Jared again, a warm and sleepy weight. They opted to take him home.

"Don't leave him alone," The doctor advised. "Get him to drink as much water as he'll take and wake him every hour. By morning most of the drug should have worn off. It's normal to feel tired and lethargic for up to twenty-four hours, but otherwise he should be completely with it by morning. If not, bring him back in."

Chris nodded, "Anything else?"

When the doctor sighed and looked pensive, Jared pulled Jensen closer wanting to shield them both from whatever was coming.

"The streets are full of some pretty sophisticated drugs for those willing to pay. Dealers are mixing their own cocktails and the results are a little more...unpredictable."

"What the hell does that mean?" Chris asked.

"If it's a simple roofie, your friend will be in and out for the next few hours and that's about it. If it's not, you may have to deal with some other symptoms."

"Just spell it out, Doc." Chris said tiredly, as if he knew he wasn't gonna like what he was about to hear. "What kind of symptoms?"

The doctor looked over at Jensen, whose eyes were distant and fluttering against Jared's chest. "Look, I'm just gonna be blunt here. There are some perps out there who aren't satisfied with just knocking someone out so they can have their way with them. They want a little more...action."

"What kind of action?" Steve asked warily.

"A little aggression, maybe some reciprocal arousal. Some are turned on when their victims fight back. Some just want them so out of it they have no idea what's real and what's not."

Chris eyed Jensen with a new level of concern despite how docile he currently was. "So what are we supposed to do if that happens?" Jared heard controlled desperation in his voice.

"It's pretty low key. He'll be easy to subdue... The doctor almost trailed off at the look of horror on their faces,"...if necessary."

Chris looked conflicted. Jared was sure he was rethinking the decision to take Jensen home.

"I'm sorry," the doctor said sincerely, "I couldn't let you leave without at least warning you."
Chris was still looking at Jensen as he responded to the doctor. "There's no way to tell if he got one of those designer roofies?"

"Nothing immediate. The tox screen on the urine will be in tomorrow. But if I had to guess?"

Chris's intense gaze slid back to the doctor with a raised brow.

The man confirmed with a nod what they were all dreading. *Fuck.*

"But how do you know?" Jared asked, hoping against hope that the doctor would be wrong.

"I don't for certain," he admitted, "but he fits the profile."

"What profile is that?" Chris demanded.

"Look, whoever targeted your friend has a type. I've treated at least 4 different young men over the past six months. Men that share similar physical attributes with your friend and were brought in under similar circumstances."

Jared recalled what Tank had said about the reports of other assaults in the area. Was Brenden some kind of serial rapist? It just sounded like something you'd hear about on the news, not something that actually affected you personally in any way.

"Those men weren't so lucky. You got to your friend in time. The others were brought in...after. All had been given the same cocktail."

Chris sighed wearily as Jared and Steve awaited his decision. He walked over to Jensen, studying him for a moment, "Come on, Jenny, let's go home."

Jared was doing his best to help Chris get Jensen to his feet when Steve appeared at his shoulder.

"Are you sure about this, Chris?"

"Yeah," Chris said firmly. "I am. He wouldn't want to stay here."

The walk to the loft that Chris and Jensen shared was shorter than it was to the clinic but took nearly as long. Jensen's feet were dragging and it was obvious he just wanted to stop. They took a shortcut through the park.

"Okay," Chris said angling towards a bench. "Let's take five." While Jensen was still on his feet, they were doing most of the work. Jensen wasn't as tall or as heavy as Jared, but he was no lightweight either. He immediately curled up next to Jared, using his leg as a pillow. Jared's hand settled on his shoulder as Chris paced back and forth in front of them.

"I'm gonna kill him," Chris's voice was low, like he was talking to himself more than anyone. "If I ever get my hands on that sonofabitch, I will end him." He ranted back and forth, blowing off steam that currently had nowhere else to go. Jared wouldn't dream of getting in his way, and apparently Steve knew better as well. He stayed back, letting Chris have his space.

Once he'd ranted out some of his excess energy Chris tried to rouse Jensen for the home stretch, crouching down in front of him. "Come on, bro. Time to go."

Jared and Chris jostled him into a seated position before Jensen finally, reluctantly opened eyes that were far more aware than they'd been just moments before.

"Hey," Chris said softly, still crouched in front them.
The wash of emotion in Jensen's eyes told them that he had a vague understanding of what had happened and the gaze he shared with Chris screamed a *why*? so helpless it made Jared ache. Made him want to pick Jensen up and take him home with him. Not to his apartment and Chad, but home to his mama in Texas where there was safety and warmth and love. He wanted that for Jensen, wanted to be the one who could give it to him. A single tear slipped from beautiful emerald eyes and Chris swiped it away with a quick but tender gesture.

"We're gonna be fine," Chris said with determination, "We'll get through this."

It was always 'we' with Chris and Jensen - the two of them a package deal of such prickly issues they'd likely send most people running for the hills. Apparently he and Steve weren't most people.

"We always do," Chris continued, acknowledging Jared's thoughts with his next words. "And check this out," he gestured to Steve and Jared with a smile more for Jensen's sake than anything. "We've got back up this time. Imagine that."

Jared gave Jensen a slight squeeze and Steve was a solid, if silent presence behind Chris. It wasn't much, but it was enough to quell the sudden emotional tempest that none of them were quite ready to deal with. Jensen closed his eyes with what looked like intentions of returning to sleep, but Chris had other plans.

"Almost there, Jenny," he coaxed as they got him to his feet and moving once again. "Just a little bit further. You're doing good."

Jensen really was on his last legs by the time they reach the loft. The small lobby was empty as Chris keyed them in. However, when they headed for the freight elevator that would take them to the third floor, Jensen dug his heels in, halting their progress. There wasn't much strength behind it, but it was obvious that he didn't want anything to do with the elevator. Jensen's entire body was tense and Jared could feel muscle tremble as he resisted their forward motion.

He looked to Chris who seemed just as confused. Unwilling to force the issue they both said at the same time, "Stairs."

Jared could already tell they weren't going to fit. With he and Chris on either side and Jensen in the middle, there just wasn't enough room. That didn't stop Chris from trying, making it harder than it needed to be.

"Chris," He raised his voice to get the man's attention, but reigned in his frustration. "Dude, I got this, back off for just a sec."

Chris narrowed his eyes but took a step back. It gave Jared the space he needed to adjust his hold and sweep Jensen into his arms. He knew it was the right decision when Jensen melted against him, eyes slipping closed with a soft sigh.

Chris didn't miss the reaction, but watched Jared regardless. He wasn't used to handing Jensen off.

"Back up, remember?" Jared said.


They were all relieved as the door to the loft closed behind them. Chris opened the door to Jensen's room and stood back so Jared could enter. Jensen woke up long enough to grab another handful of Jared's shirt as he was lowered to the bed. Jared really didn't have a choice but to go with him. Chris helped him adjust the pillows and find a comfortable position for both of them before tugging off
Jensen's sneakers and then his socks. They got an unexpected struggle however when trying to remove Jared's jacket.

"It's okay, leave it," he said to Chris while soothing Jensen, pulling him closer and tucking him against his side. Jensen's hand relaxed its grip on his shirt, the tip of his fingers barely visible at the cuff of too long sleeves.

Steve entered with a bottle of water just as a knock sounded at the door. He shared a look with Chris who took the water and gave him a nod.

"You okay with this?" Chris belatedly asked.

Jared smiled. You'd have to be blind to miss the fact that he was in love with Jensen. Chris wasn't blind.

They heard voices in the other room. "Cops are here," he said.

"Yeah," Chris set the water within Jared's reach. "Get him to drink some of this if you can." Then, "Don't worry. They're not getting anywhere near him tonight."

It was such a novelty just to be able to hold Jensen like this that Jared took a moment to enjoy it. Usually by now he'd be home in his own bed imagining what it would be like to be here holding Jensen in his bed. And despite the fact that his imagination all too often conjured up images of other things he'd like to be doing with Jensen, this was often where his thoughts started.

He reached for the bottle of water, grateful to Chris for already removing the cap. Jared shifted them both into a better position and tried to rouse Jensen. All he got was a partial, if adorable pout for his efforts. Trying a different tact he brought the bottle to Jensen's mouth, tipping it enough to wet his lips and allow for a small amount to trickle into his mouth. Jensen swallowed convulsively, but noticeably perked. Jared kept at it and was pleased when Jensen slowly realized how thirsty he was, opening his mouth to take more of the cool liquid. He wrapped a hand around Jared's forearm in an almost childlike effort to help, tipping the bottle to take more.

"Easy," Jared eased it back again, forcing Jensen to sip rather than guzzle. He drank for a long time and Jared couldn't help but wonder if Brendan would have made sure that Jensen was properly hydrated. He resolutely shied away from thoughts of what could have been happening to Jensen at that very moment.

When he'd had enough, Jared returned the bottle to the bedside table. As he was doing so, Jensen wrapped an arm around him and snuggled his way into a sprawl across Jared's chest, the spikes of his hair tickling the skin beneath his chin. Jared stilled as Jensen tangled their legs together and then relaxed with a small trusting sigh. Jared slowly wrapped his arm around him and pulled him closer just as Chris poked his head back inside the room.

"Everything okay in here?" he asked taking in Jared's predicament with a raised brow.

"We're good," he said with entirely too much emotion in his voice.

Chris hesitated before finally saying, "We'll be right out here if you need anything."

Jared nodded, letting his eyes slip closed, enjoying the solid warmth of a sleepy, safe Jensen. It took some time and was rather against his will but eventually the slow rhythmic breathing of the man in his arms lulled him into a peaceful, if light, surface doze. The last hopeful thought he had was that perhaps the doc at the clinic had been wrong and that Jensen would just sleep this off and be perfectly fine in the morning. Unfortunately, such hope was short lived.
Jared tensed momentarily, uncertain as to what woke him.

His large hand stroked down Jensen's back in an automatic soothing gesture. He could still hear Chris and Steve in the other room and was pretty sure he hadn't been out long. Jensen shifted against him, barely noticeable. Jared closed his eyes again. Let himself drift back towards sleep. Was almost there when Jensen shifted yet again, warm breath stuttering over Jared's collar bone. Jared opened his eyes, sensing that something was off just as Jensen moved again, gently thrusting against the outside of his thigh.

It took much longer than it should have to permeate, but when it did Jared's embrace tightened.

"Jensen?"

The only response to his query was the soft unintentional graze of parted lips low on his throat and a more defined thrust.

Jared untangled himself as quickly and carefully as possible, landing on his ass next to the bed for his efforts. Jensen made a noticeable sound of distress at Jared's sudden absence.

"Jared?" He got up and made his way to the door at the sound of Chris's voice. "Everything okay?"

"Uh, no," he said whipping the door open in panic mode. "I'd say we've got a little problem."

Chris looked past him to Jensen on the bed, jaw tight and something dangerous in his eyes as he suddenly understood the issue at hand. His nostrils flared and Jared hoped he wasn't going to go into all the ways he was going to kill Brendan again, 'cause as onboard as he was with that shit, it wasn't going to help Jensen, or him, right the fuck now.

"Fuck," Chris said, delicate as ever, running a hand through his hair. Steve stepped back out of his way, gave Chris room to pace. "Okay," he said finally, meeting Jared's gaze decisively. "You can do this."

Whoa. What? Jared just blinked at him, certain he hadn't heard right. It didn't go over well.

"Don't give me that deer in the headlights look like it hasn't crossed your fucking mind." Chris accused. "You've had a hard on for him since day one. What's the fucking problem?"

"Chris..." Steve tried to intervene.

"What's the problem?" Jared repeated incredulously. "Are you out of your mind? I'm not going to take advantage of him like that."

"Look, I know you have feelings for him," Chris said frustrated. "In a perfect world you could take all the time you needed, but this is what we've got. You gonna man up or not?"

In the ensuing silence there was restless movement and small involuntary noises from the bed behind him. Jared knew that Jensen's need for release would become uncomfortable and eventually painful if it wasn't taken care of soon.

It just felt...wrong. Jared was out of his depth on so many levels. He knew if he did this he wouldn't be able to live with himself come morning. Didn't mean he wasn't conflicted about it though. "I can't."

"What?" Jared didn't completely understand what Chris was telling him.

Chris stepped back and said, "Get out."

When Jared just blinked at him again he said, "The room, Jared. Get out of the room."

Jared stepped past him, turning around as Chris crossed the threshold to Jensen's room. Steve grabbed his arm just as Jared asked him with a sinking feeling, "What are you doing?"

Chris shook off Steve's hand and wouldn't meet his gaze. "I'll take care of it," he said.

They both looked at him incredulously with stricken expressions on their faces. It pissed Chris off.

"If this is too much for you then maybe you should just leave," Chris kept is eyes trained on Jared, but it was clear he was speaking to both of them. He was angry, but there was a note of resignation in his voice as well, like it was going to become clear real soon how fucked up they were and it was just a matter of time before Jared and Steve bolted anyway.

"This is what we do. We take care of each other. No matter how fucking messy it gets."

Jared didn't intend to verbalize his next thought, but it slipped out anyway. "What the hell happened to you two?"

When Chris took a menacing step forward, Steve caught him and soothed, “It’s okay.”

It wasn't but at least one of them was trying to diffuse the situation. Chris didn't respond, but he didn't pull away either.

"You want the cliff note version?" Chris sneered, "Why the hell not? It's pretty obvious how fucked up we are anyway, right?"

Jared didn't say anything. It was easy to sense that Chris was at a breaking point and that despite the inappropriate timing and the manner in which he was dealing with it - it was something that needed to happen.

"My mother died when I was two. My father used me as punching bag until the day I pulled one of his hunting rifles on him and told him I'd kill him if he ever touched me again. So yeah, that sucked. But I had it pretty easy compared to Jensen, see his ma was nice enough but oblivious as hell. She worked third shift at the VA hospital as a CNA and his step father liked to sneak into his room at night," he said.

Jared was horrified and was sure it was mirrored on his face. It seemed to spur Chris on, like now that he'd started, he couldn't stop. He still wouldn't look at Steve.

"Only it seems one night Jensen's mama wasn't feeling so hot and she decided to come home early. Imagine her surprise when she walked in on her husband fucking..." Chris's voice faltered for the first time. "Well, you get the idea."

Steve's hand stroked carefully up Chris's arm. Surprisingly, it seemed to calm him.

"Like I said, nice enough woman, but oblivious. Instead of taking Jensen and leaving the prick, what's she do? She grabs a fucking knife and stabs him. Twenty-six times."

"Oh my god," Jared said, feeling sick now. "Jensen..?"

"Yeah," Chris confirmed, "right there. Saw the whole thing. You wanna know where he disappears
to every other Saturday?" he asked Jared, knowing full well it had been a source of curiosity for him for quite some time. "He goes to Fentonville to visit his mama. She's serving a life sentence for murder."

"Jesus," Steve said quietly.

"Jensen stayed with me for a few days until someone from child protective services showed up with some bullshit about placing him in foster care or a group home while his mama awaited trial," Chris scoffed, "like that was gonna happen. Not on my watch."

"What'd you do?" Jared asked, growing more aware of Jensen's increasing agitation in the background.

"We grabbed everything we could pawn between his house mine and took off." Chris finished.

Christ. No wonder they were so close. All they've ever had was each other. Jared was willing to bet the unabridged version was a whole lot messier.

"Look, this has been real fun and all, but..." Chris took a step back and prepared to shut the door in their faces. He paused and somehow managed to look at them without meeting either of their gazes. "If you’re gone when I...if you're gone...I'll understand."

Jared stopped the door with his foot at the last second. "Wait."

It didn't feel any less wrong for him to do what he was contemplating doing, but he felt that it would be less of a wrong than if Chris had to do it. If this was a line in their friendship they'd never had to cross, then Jared wanted to preserve that for them somehow...though really, if he thought about it, he had no idea if that was the case or not. And okay, not something he wanted to contemplate.

"I'll do it," Jared said. "I'll take care of him."

The challenge in Chris's gaze was obvious as he stared Jared down. He didn't say anything verbally but it was as clear as day what he was thinking. You do this, you damn well better do it right. No backing out like some pansy-assed bitch. Take care of him or I will seriously kick your ass, you got it?

He got it.

He traded places with Chris. Jensen was becoming increasingly agitated, making small pained noises that needed to be addressed now. Jared felt guilty about about making him wait, but this wasn't a decision to be made lightly. He closed the door; not in the least bit certain he'd made the right decision but committed to seeing it through. Jared didn't think he'd ever been so conflicted in his entire life.

Jensen was restless, flushed and overheated inside Jared's oversized coat. This time Jared got minimal fuss in his attempt to strip it free. He'd just tossed it aside and after a moment's consideration undid the denim button down as well when there was a sharp knock at the door. Already on edge he startled at the sound. Reigning in his irritation he opened the door.

"Yes?" he asked with the most placid expression he could muster. This was hard enough as it was and he seriously hoped Chris didn't plan on interrupting every five minutes to see how things were going.

"Here," Chris said handing Jared a bowl with a dry towel over the top. "Take it."
Jared waited until Chris had closed the door behind him before peeking inside to find a warm damp cloth as well. Christ...

How did hell did he end up in this situation?

Jared recalled the look in Chris's eyes earlier.

Right. No second guessing.

Jared set the bowl on the floor next to the bed and returned to Jensen, undoing the last two buttons of his shirt and easing it from his shoulders. Barefoot in his favorite faded denim, white t-shirt rucked up around his ribs, hair mussed and one arm tossed over his head, Jensen was disarmingly vulnerable and breathtakingly sensual. The small, rolling movements of his hips, the slight arching of back and neck as he writhed in need had Jared's body responding in traitorous and conflicting ways. The surge of protectiveness was nothing new, but the overwhelming desire that came with it brought a corresponding wave of heat and shame that made for a nauseating combination.

Jared's mind flashed back to Brendan in the alley and how he just took and touched what he wanted, how powerless Jensen had been to prevent it. There had been a sliver of awareness then though, Jensen had struggled, however ineffectual. Now that was gone too, and while he knew better, Jared couldn't help but feel that he was violating Jensen just the same.

Jensen whimpered, soft and helpless, the hard line of his cock straining against the inseam of his jeans. Jared responded in the face of obvious distress, pushing his reservations aside for now. Sliding into the bed on his side Jared tugged the t-shirt into place and pulled Jensen into his arms, tucking him under his chin. Jensen came willingly, arms wrapping around him and fisting a handful of shirt at his back. Trailing his hand down Jensen's side to his hip and along the length of his thigh, Jared curled his hand behind Jensen's knee and gave a small tug, slipping his leg between Jensen's. The resulting groan was deep and stuttering as the man in his arms finally found solid purchase to thrust against. Jensen's grip on him tightened. Jared's hand splayed across the small of his back, pulling Jensen flush against him. Head tilted, whisper soft caress of parted lips against his throat, Jared held him close. Let Jensen control the pace and take what he needed

In the next room the stereo blared to life and allowed for a modicum of privacy. Jared silently thanked Chris. This was hard enough without feeling as if he were being scrutinized through the door.

Jared tried not to react to the body in his arms, but he was only human. The solid, warm, thrusting weight of a sleepy, aroused Jensen woke every latent desire within him. He held them ruthlessly in check, giving only what Jensen needed, taking nothing for himself. Yet while he was determined to derive no pleasure from Jensen against his will, his traitorous libido had no such qualms. There was nothing to do for the swelling in his own jeans but to ignore it.

It became evident all too soon however that his lack of active participation was not going to cut it. He'd hoped to be as minimally invasive as possible, holding Jensen close as instinct took over, giving him a warm, safe haven in which to do so. Apparently that was too much to hope for. Initially
satisfying thrusts were becoming increasingly frantic and erratic, gasps of pleasure turning to breathless mewls of helpless frustration. Jared closed his eyes, drawing a deep breath with the realization that while the drug may have provided the driving need for release - *he* was going to have to provide Jensen with the means to get there.

He hovered on the edge of indecision.

*Fuck.*

Jared gently pushed Jensen to his back, large hand spanning the flat of bared stomach that rose and fell with too fast breaths. T-shirt wrapped and twisted around his ribs again, Jensen's hips fluttered and hitched entire body restless with the need for release.

Jared unbuttoned his jeans and drew down the zipper, whispered a plea, soft and reverent against Jensen's temple.

"Please don't hate me for this."

He slipped beneath the black boxer briefs and wrapped Jensen in the warmth of his hand. Hard as steel and silky smooth, Jensen bucked and groaned, thrusting eagerly into curled fingers, scraping gently against a calloused palm. Employing every ounce of skill he had, Jared alternated between short quick strokes and a slow root to tip caress. He put long fingers to good use, coaxing a shallow breathless pant from pretty lips as he dipped low, ghosting over a full, tight sac.

Jensen whimpered, restless, desperate for a release that hovered just out of reach.

"Almost there, baby," Jared soothed, scooting lower on the bed.

Jared wasn't sure if it was the drug or the fact that he'd waited so long, but he knew it was going to take a little something extra to push him over the edge. With his free hand he eased Jensen's other arm up over his head. T-shirt snug and twisted where it pulled across his chest, Jared wrapped his lips around a stiff nipple, tonguing it through the thin fabric. He felt the corresponding jolt in Jensen's hips and couldn't help the soft moan that escaped, vibrating through the tight nub. Leg open, bent at the knee, Jensen arched into his mouth, jerking into his hand with the hottest, sweetest sound of surrender he'd *ever* heard.
Jared stroked him through it as his hand slicked with come and the t-shirt grew damp with warm, gentle suction. He ignored his own throbbing need as every ounce of frustrated tension bled from Jensen's muscles and his hips hitched weakly with the random tremble of aftershocks.

Suddenly thankful for Chris's foresight, Jared reached for the bowl and used the wet cloth to clean them both up. Unfortunately, it was no longer warm. Jensen tossed his head with a plaintive noise, but Jared was quick and efficient, already tugging the black boxers back into place and pulling Jensen into his arms. It brought them flush with one another and reminded Jared that his own need had not been met. A quicksilver image of Brenden cupping Jensen through his jeans as he pinned him to the alley wall was enough to solve that little problem. Jared pulled him closer and tried not to think about what he'd just done and how it was any different.

"S'okay," he ran his hand over Jensen's hair, wrapping it around the nape of his neck, thumb stroking the velvety short growth there. "Everything's gonna be okay. I promise."

He had no idea how he was going to keep that promise, but he was going to do his damnest to try. Jared couldn't help but think of Jensen's family. For him, family was a safe haven to turn to when the world, or someone in it, knocked you on your ass. It was a foundation of love and acceptance and support that was as essential to him as breathing. Jensen didn't have that, hadn't in a very long time, and Jared's heart ached for him. So much so that his throat burned and the corners of his eyes itched with the prickling of tears.

Jensen had been through so much. More than Jared had ever imagined. He hadn't been sheltered as a child; he knew that bad things happened, but that knowledge existed in a vague sense of awareness outside his own personal experience. Bad things happened to 'other' people. People in the news and to kids at his school that he didn't know. Never had it affected him so personally. Until now.

It was scary and a bit overwhelming, but it didn't change anything. He'd never met anyone who could unbalance him so easily, or undo him so thoroughly, often with nothing more than an occasional glance or a quirk of those lovely lips. He'd felt a connection with Jensen almost from the very beginning. It was something that was there, but they'd never talked about, because even then Jared had sensed the subtle but fragile vulnerability lurking beneath what he'd come to recognize as a beautiful strength of spirit. It was a strange and shifting paradox that was sometimes hard to navigate. Especially in the beginning.

He remembered the one and only time he'd left one of Chris and Steve's gigs with a slight buzz and his arm wrapped around someone else. Jensen had tossed him a crooked smile from the table and held his beer up in salute, but there was something in his gaze that followed Jared out into the night and haunted the entire experience - a sad sense of longing and a gentle understanding that did nothing to erase the undercurrent of hurt that lingered for days after.

He'd never left with anyone else again.
Jensen stirred, sluggish and restless. Jared did his best to soothe him back to sleep. It wasn't until Jensen's body rolled and the hard line of his arousal pressed into Jared's thigh again that he realized what the problem was. He froze in shock that quickly turned to anger as Jensen began to move against him in an all too familiar rhythm.

He was going to dismember that son of a bitch. Slowly. Chris would have to wait his fucking turn.

Twice more in the course of the next hour Jared was forced to cross the boundaries of his friendship with Jensen. He brought him to the edge and gently pushed him over, cradling him close in the wake of each fall. It was just shy of 4:00 am when Jensen mumbled something sweetly, sleepily nonsensical and drifted into what Jared hoped was a more natural slumber. He closed his eyes in relief and took a few deep cleansing breaths. He never intended to slip under himself, but it had been a long and emotional night. He was only aware that he had fallen asleep when he startled suddenly awake. Again, it felt like he hadn't been out very long. He could still hear the stereo in the next room. Something had him on alert however.

Jared sat up quickly when he realized Jensen was no longer curled against him. The light was on in the bathroom, the door slightly ajar. He relaxed slightly, scooting to the edge of the bed, rubbing sleep from gritty eyes.

"Jen?" He waited, not wanting to interrupt any business, but worried his friend may be sick from the drugs.

The lack of response or any distinct movement at all had him immediately on edge. Jared opened the door half expecting to find Jensen passed out on the floor. He frowned when he found nothing but an empty room.

"Jen?" Jared raised his voice, heading for the living area where Chris and Steve had both fallen asleep on the couch. "Jensen?"

They woke at the sound of his voice.

"I can't find Jensen," Jared blurted.

Reserved in his panic, Chris asked, "Did you check my room?"
Jared shook his head, trying not to think about Jensen leaving him to seek comfort from Chris. Try as he might, though he had no claim to Jensen, he was more than a little jealous of the bond they shared.

They were both moving in that direction when Steve said, with a bit of foreboding, "Ah, guys..."

He was staring at the door to the loft that they'd entered earlier. Jared and Chris followed his gaze. It was unlocked and partially open, dim light spilling in from the hall. For a second, maybe two, they stood in stunned, disbelieving silence.

Chris speared Jared with a venomous, accusatory glare.

Emotionally twitchy, Jared exploded. "Fuck you, Christian, he had to practically step over you to get to the door!"

In other words, this wasn't his fault.

It felt like his fault. *Fuck.*

Chris looked like he'd been punched in the stomach at that, but Jared spared it little thought. He was out the door and into the hallway, uncertain as to which direction to go until he spotted Jensen's t-shirt at the top of the stairs. He picked it up, taking it with him as he bounded down the stairs, Chris and Steve hot on his heels. Finding the small lobby empty they burst out of the front entrance and onto the sidewalk, into the frigid early morning air.

"Jensen!" They looked back and forth, uncertain as to which direction to search. Jensen was nowhere in sight.

Chris ran a hand through his hair, looking more than a little frantic though his voice was steady. "Jense!"

"Okay," Jared couldn't stand remaining still one minute longer, "let's split up. I'll take right, you take left. Steve, you stay..."
"Oh my god," Steve interrupted; his voice was low and horrified as he gazed upward, towards the night sky.

Jared felt a quicksilver flash of dread as he followed Steve's gaze. He may have stopped breathing.

Jensen stood on the corner edge of the roof with his arms spread, as if ready to take flight.

Jared was racing back up the stairs before he even realized he was moving, fear spurring him to an almost inhuman speed. Heart in his throat he had barely enough presence of mind to not go barreling through the door. He didn't want to startle Jensen, but he had a moment of blind panic, just before he carefully opened it, in which he feared he would find an empty roof. He released a soft, broken breath of air, relief sweeping through him as he caught sight of Jensen's moon blue silhouette, pale against the dark, starless night.

He heard Chris and Steve making their way up the stairs behind him. He'd propped the door and taken a few cautious steps towards Jensen when Christian all but flew through the door, Steve right behind him. They both froze as he raised a hand to stay them.

_I've got him._

Steve wrapped a hand around Chris's bicep as he stepped unconsciously toward Jensen. Jared saw his shoulder twitch, as if he thought to shake off the hold. He didn't. Instead he looked to Jared with naked, helpless desperation. Scared and uncharacteristically vulnerable, the need in Chris's eyes could have been a whisper or a scream. _Please._

The bond between the two friends was nearly tangible, despite Jensen's obliviousness to the goings on behind him. Jared spared a brief moment to wonder if Jensen slipped over the edge if there would be some invisible thread tied to Chris that would pull him over as well. They were so tangled and mixed up in each other that their relationship was sometimes hard to define. The devotion and fierce loyalty was akin to the love Jared felt for his own brother, though admittedly not nearly as intense. But it was the intimacy born through shared history and the knowledge and acceptance of one another's deepest secrets that was so similar to the unconditional love his parents shared that Jared often found difficult to reconcile. They fought like an old married couple sometimes...but they often made up the same way, sans the sex. No matter how fiery the battle, forgiveness was quick and absolute - given with a look or a touch. They simply couldn't stand to be mad at each other.

Jared edged closer to Jensen, feeling the urgency of the few precious seconds it had taken to gain Chris's compliance.
It was as quiet as it ever got, the deep darkness before dawn settling over the city like a blanket, peaceful and still. Clad only in his jeans, Jensen had climbed the four foot safety barrier that lined the perimeter of the roof. The ledge was wide enough for his whole foot and his center of gravity looked good. Despite the somewhat solid balance, he swayed precariously as he reached for the sky, trailing his fingers through the air above him as if it were thick like Jell-O, mesmerized by whatever it was that he could see. Jared circled wide until he reached the wall, drifting carefully into Jensen's peripheral field of vision, a few feet separating them.

It was a few agonizing seconds before Jensen caught a glimpse of him and then did exactly what Jared had tried to avoid by approaching him quietly. Jensen smiled wide, turned to face him and almost lost his balance in the process. Jared's heart may have stopped beating. Chris gasped, surging against Steve's hold as Jensen's foot lifted from the ledge and one arm extended parallel to the ground in an almost graceful flourish to right himself.

"Whoa," Jensen said in almost comical understatement, wide-eyed and beautifully boyish, he met Jared's gaze. "Did you see that?"

Jared wasn't sure if it was the near fall or the recovery to which he was referring. It really didn't matter. He wanted Jensen the hell off that ledge. Now.

"Whatcha doing up there?" he asked with feigned nonchalance, fighting the terror filled urge to just snatch Jensen by the waistband of his jeans and pull him backwards, away from open air. If it came down to it, he would do exactly that, but his instincts encouraged him to tread a little more carefully - to give control rather than take it. Something that by the sound of it few people in Jensen's life, save Chris, had ever done for him.

"I," Jensen said emphatically, spreading his arms again, "am going to fly."

Jared felt his heart rate pick up again.

"Oh?" his mind raced with all manner of possible responses to such a statement. He settled on semi-practical. "Don't you have to have wings for that?"

Jensen looked at him fondly, as if he were a 'special' kind of dense. "You don't need wings to fly in a dream." Silly.
Slightly startled by that Jared asked, "Is that what this is? A dream?"

Jensen shrugged and lowered his arms, unconcerned by the logistics.

Bathed in the blue light of the moon, crisp October air carving his features to sharp clarity, Jensen's beauty was almost ethereal.

It occurred to Jared suddenly that Jensen didn't seem surprised to see him. He hoped that implied what he thought it did.

"And..." Aware that he was slipping into some potentially dangerous territory Jared asked, "Do you dream of me?"

Jensen lowered his eyes shyly, glancing at him sideways. "Sometimes."

"Do we fly?" Jared asked. "Together?"

"No," Jensen said after a soft hesitation, "we do...other things."

Jared's smile was gentle, his insides warm. God, he so loved this boy. He knew that whatever distraction he used would have to rival whatever urge had brought Jensen to the roof. He hoped what he had in mind would be sufficient.

"Do you remember that night at Jake's a few months ago?" he asked, following his instincts and forming a tentative plan.

Jensen cocked his head.

Chris and Steve hadn't been playing that night and they'd all gone out together for a few drinks. It had taken Jared all night to gather his nerves enough to ask one simple question.

"I asked you to dance with me."
Jensen dropped his gaze.

"You said no," Jared didn't let any of the disappointment he'd felt color his voice, “but I could see it in your eyes... you wanted to say yes, didn't you?"

Jensen peeked at him through a fringe of lashes.

Jared edged forward and held out his hand, taking a chance. "Dance with me now."

Jensen's eyes widened, startled by the request. "I don't...I can't..."

"Ah," Jared had been prepared for this, "but it’s a dream. You can do anything in a dream."

Jensen blinked in consideration. He'd forgotten. The smile that followed was young and hopeful, carefree in a way that settled deep into Jared's heart.

Then, as if Jensen were unfamiliar or uncomfortable with the expression, it slipped away as if it didn't belong there.

"You don't want to dance with me," he said sadly, looking away.

Jared kept his arm extended. "I'm pretty sure I do."

"No," Jensen said with certainty, "you can't. You don't know...if you knew..."

"Jensen," Jared interrupted him before the agitation that was beginning to permeate his voice presented in other ways. "I can, with all honesty, inform you that there is absolutely nothing you could tell me that would change my feelings for you."

His declaration had the desired effect. Jensen turned back to him. Tentative. Hopeful.
He wasn't about to tell Jensen he loved him while he was perched on a four story ledge and strung out on drugs, but it was all right there in his voice, shining through his eyes.

"Take my hand," Jared encouraged, arm steady, never wavering. "Dance with me."

He held his breath, could feel Chris and Steve doing the same behind him as Jensen made an abortive movement with his hand, caution warring with a visible longing to accept what Jared was offering.

_Trust me._

Jared knew he was asking for something that didn't come easily, that his side of the ledge required a leap of faith as clearly as the other. Jensen held his gaze like a lifeline, weighing the risk.

_I'm scared._

Jared waited, steady and patient.

_I know..._

Jensen's gaze flickered to the horizon one last time in fleeting regret before falling to Jared's open palm in a suspended moment that stretched impossibly slow, seconds passing more like minutes until he finally, and ever so carefully, placed his hand in Jared's.

"I've got you." _I won't let go._

Jared felt some of the coiled tension in his body ease as he protectively curled his fingers around cool flesh. He resisted the urge to tighten his grip and pull Jensen from the ledge and was rewarded with a small smile, cautious but genuine.

He responded with one of his own, felt it spread wide and free across his face in relief. Jared stepped closer, free hand going to the outside of Jensen's thigh and Jensen's going to his shoulder as he hopped from the ledge with the carefree exuberance of someone who had no idea they were ever in any danger at all.
Jared heard a *whoosh* as Chris expelled all the air in his lungs and a sound that may have been his knees hitting the hard surface of the roof. He kept his eyes trained on Jensen, lacing their fingers together and guiding him to the middle of the roof, away from the edge. Once there, Jensen’s uncertainty began to creep back in. Jared didn't give him time to overthink it, just pulled him into his arms.

"Jesus," Jared whispered, "you're like ice." He was mildly alarmed that Jensen didn't seem to notice.

He had the urge to drag him back inside and wrap him in blankets or whisk him into a warm shower, but he'd promised a dance and Jensen had tucked himself carefully against him, wrapping his arms shyly around Jared's waist. He enveloped as much of Jensen as he could, hands roving, rubbing quickly up and down over chilled skin to generate some heat. Jared held him close, swaying slowly to a nonexistent beat, save his heart, splayed hand settling in the small of Jensen's back.

Peripherally aware of the others, Jared glanced over as Steve whispered something in Chris's ear and gave Jared a quick nod before disappearing down the stairwell. On his knees, Chris was still getting over the shock of almost losing his best friend. He was as wrecked as Jared had ever seen him, uncharacteristically silent and nearly trembling in the aftermath.

Mindful of Jensen's naked, defenseless toes, Jared shuffled his feet, barely lifting them from the ground. He'd wanted to hold Jensen like this for so long. It felt every bit as good as he thought it would and he couldn't help but pull him closer, reveling in the feel of solid muscle and the natural way in which they fit together so perfectly. Resting his cheek atop Jensen's head, they danced.

Face tucked into Jared's neck, Jensen's voice was dreamy. "This feels real."

Jared laughed softly at the reminder that to Jensen this was all just a dream.

"It's as real as you want it to be," he said, throat tight. "I'd dance with you forever, baby."

Jensen stilled, pulling away just enough to look up at Jared, drug-laced confusion warring with cautious hope. How anyone could look into those eyes and not offer everything they had to give was beyond him. Jared smiled gently and cupped the back of his head, smoothing away lines of stress between closely drawn brows with a touch of his lips. The small peaceful moment ended when Steve returned in a bit of a flurry and draped a blanket over Jensen's bare shoulders. A little rough in his haste to return to Christian, Jensen startled at the unexpected and sudden contact.
Jared soothed him with the deep timbre of his voice and pulled him close, bundling him in the soft material and wrapping him in a protective cocoon-like embrace. Steve spared him an apologetic glance as he made his way to Chris.

Steve knelt before him on the ground, hand wrapped around the back of his neck, lips grazing the whorls of his ear as he whispered whatever words Chris needed to hear. A second blanket was pulled snug around the distraught man and held secure in Steve's free hand. The fall of Christian's hair hid his face from Jared's view. Steve met his gaze with a light of fierce protection, softening as he saw the same fire in Jared's eyes. They'd stepped into one hell of a mess with these two, but there was an acknowledgement there between them that the men in their arms were more than worth fighting for.

Jared had no idea what daylight would bring for his relationship with Jensen. He'd done what he'd had to do and had done it with the best of intentions. It didn't set well with him, but he could only hope that Jensen would understand. The future of their friendship uncertain, Jared did his best to take solace in the moment. Jensen was warm, safe and in his arms. It was more than he'd dared hoped for when the evening had started.

It didn't take long for the warmth of the blanket to soak into chilled skin. Jared widened his stance to take on more of Jensen's weight as the man melted into him in slow increments, sleepy as Jared continued to sway gently. Though he was loathe to do so, Jared was on the verge of suggesting they head back inside when Jensen sluggishly attempted to free one arm. Jared stilled, loosening his embrace entirely when the fight began to turn frantic, Jensen trapped within the confines of the blanket.

"Whoa," he steadied the young man with a hand to hip and bicep as Jensen threw off the blanket and stumbled back a step. "Okay. Easy there...take it easy," he said calmly.

Jensen rubbed at both eyes like an adorably overgrown toddler, listing precariously to one side as he did so, forcing Jared to step closer and take him in his arms to keep him upright. Jared immediately released his hold when Jensen pushed away from him, swaying but managing to maintain his balance.

Blinking, lashes fluttering too fast, Jensen took in his surroundings. Jared caught a brief flash of confusion just before his eyes rolled back and he crumpled.

Jared caught him beneath his arms before he could hit the ground. Steve was there a second later, both of them going to their knees, carefully guiding Jensen's fall. In an effort to keep bare skin from making contact with cold concrete, Steve angled Jensen so that he reclined against his thighs.

"Jen, hey," Chris patted the side of his face firmly in an effort to rouse him before tilting his chin upwards and peeling back an eyelid.

Jensen was completely pliant, offering no response at all. After a moment Chris sighed and dropped his hand tiredly.

"He's fine, I think he just passed out," he said. "Let's get him back inside."

Chris and Steve helped lift Jensen, draping him over Jared's shoulder in a fireman's carry for the trip back downstairs. It made the stairs a little easier to traverse as the trio made their way back to the loft.
Once inside Jared headed directly for Jensen's room. He heard the door close behind him and the latch slide into place. Chris followed him, turning down the bed, bracing Jensen with a hand to his back as Jared eased him to the mattress.

Jared was already reaching to pull the covers over the chilled body when Chris stopped him.

"Wait."

Pawing through the top drawer of Jensen's bureau Chris grabbed a pair of thick socks and dropped them on the bed as he quickly stripped Jensen of his jeans with an efficiency that had Jared blinking in surprise.

Jensen was left in his black boxer briefs as Chris tugged one sock on and then the other, eyes flicking up to Jensen's face as if daring him to wake and call him on the ridiculous attire. Jared's eyebrow rose but he wisely remained silent. Jensen tended to putter around the loft barefoot, shedding his work boots and socks as soon as he crossed the threshold on most days. It was one of his simple pleasures, one of the few that Jared knew about anyways. Chris of course was well aware of that fact. They both knew Jensen would hate having those socks on his feet right now, if he were aware of them, no matter how cold his feet were.

"Let's get him on his side," Chris said, already moving around to the side of the bed. "Not sure if this shit will make him sick or not, but better safe than sorry."

Jared couldn't agree more. Jensen was dead weight, entirely non responsive as they moved him and pulled the soft, thick fleece blanket and quilt up over him.

At this point it was a foregone conclusion that Jared would stay with him. He was toeing off his sneakers as Chris made his exit, turning back to him at the door.

"I'm locking you in, just so you know," he informed Jared.

Jared paused, one shoe on, one off as he remembered the panic he'd felt earlier when Jensen had slipped away from them.

He looked Chris in the eye.

"I'm okay with that," he said. "Just so you know."

Jared half expected a look or a word from Chris that indicated he really didn't give a shit if Jared was okay with it or not, but instead he got a steady, almost grateful gaze and a sharp nod in return.

Chris glanced at Jensen for a long moment before closing the door behind him as he left. A second later Jared heard what he assumed was the kitchen table being dragged, then lifted as Steve assisted, and placed in front of Jensen's door. There was no lock on Jensen's door and it opened into the room instead of out, but Jared wasn't about to argue with Chris when he'd mentioned locking him in. He'd had no doubt Chris would find a way.

He listened for a second as various other items were stacked on top of the table and slid underneath to butt against the door. Jared was just beginning to think it was a bit overkill when he noticed the window on the other side of the room. He looked to Jensen, sleeping soundly and innocently on the bed, and then back to the window. It looked like Jensen was down for the count...but he'd thought that before.

Yeah, not taking that chance again.
Following Chris' lead he made sure the window was locked, pulled the blinds, and then dragged Jensen's bureau over until it was in front of the window. The attached bathroom had a window but it was small and too high to be a concern. When he felt confident that any attempt Jensen made to get out of the room would at the very least wake him, Jared climbed into bed next to Jensen. As much as he wanted to curl around the sleeping man, he kept to his own side. Too many decisions had been taken away from Jensen during the course of the night. He didn't want this to be one of them.

With all that had happened Jared wasn't entirely sure he'd be able to sleep. His eyes were drawn to the fine hair at the nape of Jensen's neck. He idly wondered how it would feel against his lips. It was the last conscious thought he had.

He wasn't sure how much time had passed the first time he woke. At least a few hours. The room was still shadowed and dim but the lighting had changed. The gentle patter of rain on the fire escape and a distant roll of thunder had him burrowing deeper into the bedding. Jensen had shifted in sleep, sprawled on his stomach, still facing away from him. One loosely curled fist rested about six inches from Jared's face. Still sleepy and without thinking he covered Jensen's hand with his own, thumb brushing over the silver ring the man always wore. He'd noticed early on that Chris wore a matching band on his right hand as well.

The pair was notoriously private when it came to the meaning of such things. After last night Jared found he could not begrudge them the intimacy of their connection. They'd been through some serious shit together, had been abandoned and abused by those most responsible for their wellbeing. While Jared longed for a connection of his own, he knew that it would take time, commitment and continued patience. Jensen didn't trust easily. Jared may have had his foot in the door but he knew it would be a long time before he earned the trust that was allotted to Chris.

A very small part of him, a part that sounded a lot like Chad, questioned the wisdom of investing so much of himself in someone who may never be able to give as much of themselves back. Then again it may be a moot point when Jensen woke up and realized what had happened last night, what Jared had done to 'help' him work through the effects of the roofie.

Chapter End Notes

End. For now. I think we all know that Jensen is a forgiving soul and would be able to move past what Jared did to try and help him. A happy ending was definitely in the planning and I'm sorry that I was unable to complete it at this time. For those who enjoy extra tidbits...Jensen's mom in this I had planned to be Sam Farris. JDM as Chris and Jensen's boss with the two as tradesmen he'd taken under his wing and married to Samantha Smith. For me this was more about Chris and Jensen's relationship than Jared and Jensen's but I loved exploring them both. Until next time ya'll!
Chapter Summary

Jared and Jensen have a few beers, smoke a joint...get a little turned on when Harley sticks his nose where it doesn't belong...

Chapter Notes

I don't have a lot of time to write these days but do have a few unfinished oneshots in my Documents that I dabble at when time allows and I need a break from RL. This is one of them. Couple others not far from done so I may even post more before Christmas, who knows?!

He didn't do this often and when Jensen had agreed to do it with him - he was shocked to say the least. When Chad had called a day or so after his visit to let him know he'd left a surprise in the guest room in the bedside table...Jared had no idea what he'd find. Could've been anything from a used condom to a dildo. Instead he'd found a neat, tightly rolled mega - joint. Good quality too by the smell of it. Jared had looked around all shifty eyed as if he'd half expected someone to come barging in the room and bust him. He'd almost thrown it out. Almost.

He and Jensen usually got together on Friday nights and had a few beers and played some X-Box. He waited until they'd had more than a few and pulled it out. He smiled when Jensen's eyes widened and crinkled at the corners. "Light it up, dude!"

"You serious?" he'd asked, surprised. And okay, yeah, he'd expected Jensen to be a bit of a prude.

"Hell, yeah," his friend said. "'s'been a fuck of a week."

That it had. Long days and hours and not much in the way of down time.

He took the first hit, pulling the smoke into his lungs and holding it, doing his best not to cough as he passed it to Jensen.

The man could make just about anything look sexy. He held the joint comfortably, completely familiar with the concept and took several small hits, holding his breath each time. They exhaled slowly at the same time and smiled at each other.

The energy between them flared. There were times when Jared thought he'd imagined it, but there were other times, like now, when it was impossible to ignore. There was something there...a slow building ember of possibility that would eventually spark or be snuffed out. He wasn't entirely sure which option he preferred. It was as thrilling as it was terrifying. The attraction was undeniable, yet the consequences of giving into it could be disastrous. They each had significant others.

Jensen grew quiet, more introspective as they smoked. Just the opposite, Jared babbled about everything...and nothing. He loved the way Jensen's lips would lift and curl, one corner pulling
higher than the other. Ooops, he may have said that out loud. Jensen didn't seem to notice.

Jared startled at the sound of Harley scratching at the back door, he'd let the dog out earlier to roam the backyard when Jensen had arrived. While it had only been a couple of hours, it felt like more and he suddenly felt guilty, as if he'd neglected Harley somehow. He overcompensated by kneeling and scratching behind the dogs ears with some doggie-baby talk that he didn't even register that he was doing.

He returned to the living room and found Jensen just where he'd left him, sprawled sexy and low on the couch.

"Look who's here," Jared announced unnecessarily.

Harley went straight for Jensen, tail wagging, paw on his leg as he awaited the obligatory pat on his head.

"Heeeey," Jensen drawled with a lazy smile, hand heavy as it settled between the dogs ears.

Sniffing and excited it wasn't unusual for the dog to stick his nose in someone's crotch, especially when the access was just so...there. Harley had done it more than once and then settled there to explore a little more before delayed senses caught up with Jared and he realized how rude Harley was being.

"You're dog's a perv," Jensen said, nonplussed, before Jared could scold.

Jared almost laughed, would have, if he hadn't caught the outline of Jensen's cock suddenly straining against denim. A sudden surge of heat had every inch of Jared's skin on fire. The semi hard on he always seemed to have in Jensen's presence sprung to full and aching attention.

"Maybe he just wants a taste," came out of Jared's mouth before he could think.

Jared met his gaze, bold and challenging and completely baked.

Jared watched as his eyes slipped closed and a small uninhibited moan escaped.

_Jared thought to himself._

"Why don't you unbutton your pants..." Jensen responded.

"Oh, fuck. He'd said that out loud. Wait...what? Oh, hell yes!

Consequences and moral/ethical obligations weren't even a blip on the radar. Only desire and heat and a suspended moment in time that may never come again.

Harley moved easily at Jared's prompting and he went his knees between Jensen's legs with clumsy fingers. He undid the button and eased down the zipper, got a peek at the band of black boxer briefs.

"Probably be easier if you took these off," Jared said casually, implying he was okay either way.

Jensen watched him for the span of several heartbeats before shrugging. Lifting his heels, Jensen allowed Jared to remove his foot wear. Leaning in to the 'V' of his legs, Jared hooked his fingers into the waist band of Jensen's jeans and boxers and met his gaze.

_You sure about this?_

Jared was game either way...but he really hoped Jensen was as on board with this as he was.
Jensen lifted his hips.

Slow, but smooth Jared eased the denim from muscular legs, doing his best to avoid ogling Jensen's junk.

Tossing the jeans to the side he ran his hands up the inside of Jensen's thighs, but stopped short at the crease of his leg, looking him straight in the eye.

"Can I sit behind you?" he asked.

"Please," Jensen said, grateful. The first flash of emotion that this was really happening.

Jared was a big guy and he had purposefully ordered furniture to accommodate him. Never had he been more grateful than he was now. He slid effortlessly behind Jensen, one long leg on either side of him as he leaned forward - his chest to Jensen's back.

"Okay?" he asked.

"Yeah," Jensen leaned back, letting Jared take his weight.

"Can you lift your knees, over mine? Yeah... just like that. Perfect."

Jared opened his legs, spreading Jensen wide. It was a vulnerable position and he felt a shudder of breath go through Jensen, even as his pretty cock curved hard and proud, tip wet against his stomach.

As if he'd just been waiting for them to get settled, Harley made his way back between Jensen's legs, slow and inquisitive. Jared could feel Jensen's breath quicken in anticipation as the dog sniffed without touching at first.

"So beautiful like this, Jen," Jared thought...or maybe said...he kept losing track.

Jensen made a small noise in the back of his throat as Harley nosed his balls, whimpering delicately, helplessly, as the dog lapped at his genitals.

"Fuck," Jared said as Jensen's hips gave an involuntary jerk. "So fucking hot, Jen."

He slipped his fingers beneath the hem of Jensen's t-shirt, nudging it up a few inches before thinking to ask.

"Can I?"

Jensen's head rolled on his shoulder and he groaned as Harley bathed his crotch in saliva and prodded his erection. Jared took that as a yes and smoothed the t-shirt up over Jensen's chest until it was tucked snugly beneath his pits. Dark rose colored nipples stood hard and erect, rising and falling with each breath. Jared grasped Jensen by the hips as he surged with a sudden cry, Harley's nose pressed to his hole, sniffing and snorting.

"Jay," Jensen's voice breathy and high-pitched.

"Right here," Jared assured. "Let him scent you, Jen."

Jensen panted his arousal, submitting so beautifully to Harley's snout. Jared smoothed his hand up Jensen's flanks, spanning his ribcage and tweaked tender nipples without warning. Jensen bucked and mewed in surprise, hiding his face in Jared's neck as he pushed outward for more.

"Jesus," Jared breathed, unbelievably turned on by the reaction.
He cradled the plump buds between his fingertips, just holding them as Jensen breathed open-mouthed against his neck. Jared looked down at the swollen head of Jensen's dick as he gently pinched them back and forth. Jensen keened low, hips hitching, slit weeping as Harley placed a paw on a patch of sofa and reared up on his back legs so that he could lower his head and lap directly at the leaking tip.

Jensen's cock bobbed against his stomach as he writhed with soft noises, breath coming shorter and faster. "Oh...oh, god."

Jared reached down and wrapped his hand around the base and held it at an easy angle for Harley and a comfortable one for Jensen, the fingertips of his other hand plucking and pulling on Jensen's stiff nub.

"Unnnnggggh!"

Body restless and rolling, ass grinding into him, Jensen felt wild and unrestrained.

"So fucking sexy, baby," Jared said in all honesty. He saw flash of pink and looked down at Harley's unsheathed cock. His skin felt tight and hot all over. He'd never been so turned on in his life.

Jensen's movements were getting more desperate and erratic, the base of his cock throbbing in Jared's hands. Boldly, Jared swept his fingers over Jensen's balls and cupped them. Pushing into his hand Jensen lifted his head, lips parted and seeking.

Jared didn't think, just leaned forward and slipped his tongue into Jensen's mouth. The man in his arms surged with a desperate cry, opening up to him, surrendering to both man and beast. Jared felt a thrill of ownership and possession spark through him at the thought and then Jensen's body was seizing and keening loose and unfocused into Jared's mouth.

Jared pinched the nip between his fingers and slapped Jensen's sac lightly, over and over again. Jensen gasped in breathless shock as his body continued to jerk and spurt in Jared's lap, Harley a large furry presence between his legs as he lapped at Jensen's slit.

"Yeah, baby, yeah," Jared whispered hotly against lax lips before thrusting his tongue between them to plunder sweeter depths.

Without giving Jensen much of a chance to recover, Jared ran his fingers through the come on the man's abdomen and circled his entrance with it. Harley was lapping all around him trying to get every last drop and pretty insistent on getting Jared's hand out of the way. Jared wasted no time slipping a finger inside Jensen and hitching it in and out slowly.

Jensen hissed in surprise and arched against him.

"He wants to mount you, Jen," Jared said. "You've got him all hot and bothered. Not gonna leave him hanging are you?"

Jared pressed a second finger past the ring of muscle, the veins in his arms straining as he pumped them a little faster.

Jensen was spread and panting, still a little baked and dazed.

"I can't believe we're doing this," he said, head lolling on Jared's shoulder.

"Like it though, don't you?" Jared said knowingly, still more than a little turned on himself. "God, you look so fucking hot with Harley between your legs."
"Feels..." Jensen's hips rolled as Jared fingered him and Harley nudged his balls roughly, "...so good, Jay. Fucking amazing."

Jared finally withdrew his fingers. The small disappointed whine was replaced by a sharp intake of breath as Harley prodded Jensen's hole, restless and excited.

"He wants you," Jared scooted forward slightly and guided Jensen's arms up and over until his fingers were laced behind Jared's neck. "You gonna let him have you, Jen?"

"I...I..." Jensen floundered, eyes nearly closed in heavy lidded bliss from his orgasm as Harley moved into position, seeking to align his long, slim doggie dick with the seemingly willing hole on display. "I don't...I shouldn't..."

Jensen seemed oblivious to the sticky tipped prodding of the dog's cock as Harley attempted to mount him. Jared may have absently, as in really wanting it to happen, but not consciously seeking to override Jensen's consent, guided the man's hips until the perfect alignment occurred and Harley slid home with a triumphant whine. It didn't quite seem to sink in until Jensen arched sharply with a pained gasp and froze, one hand gripping the hair at the base of Jared's neck and the other falling to grasp at his wrist. Jared didn't even remember moving his hands to Jensen's knees to keep his legs spread.

"Jen?" Jared had a moment of panic that pierced the haze of his high, the enormity of the situation suddenly making itself known.

Unaware and uncaring of his epiphany, Harley began a series of rabbit like thrusts that were quick and deep, the shiny pink of his cock spearing with relentless determination into Jensen's ass.

Strung tight, Jensen made a noise that would follow Jared into his dreams for weeks to come. A sound of pure, helpless need as his lithe body stuttered against Jared's before writhing in unabashed pleasure.

"Oh, fuck...oh...oh, god...please," Jensen babbled in strained desperation. "Tell me...tell me I'm not the only one getting off on this. Jay..."

*Tell me I'm not alone here, tell me this isn't going to change anything between us, tell me...*

"You're not," Jared assured firmly. "I'm right here with you, Jen. I'm not going anywhere. So hot, baby. Such a good boy for me."

A surprised groan met those words and Jared filed the information away for later.

Shifting and squirming in his lap, Jensen must have positioned himself just right for Harley's next thrust. Gasping for air, Jensen bucked his hips, mouth open in a silent cry, as Harley nailed his prostate over and over again. Trembling in his arms, Jared held Jensen secure, even as he saw Harley's knot begin to form. By the time Jensen's cock began to rise to the occasion, lifting stiffly from his nest of curls, the discomfort of Harley's growing knot was making itself known. Jared tweaked Jensen's pretty nipples, eliciting a hiss and a whimper as he teased and rolled them in distraction.

"You've got this, Jen," Jared said, soothing with his confidence. "So fucking gorgeous, baby."

Jensen whined and thrashed as he was knotted, panic swirling with arousal, breath stuttering as his body stiffened in Jared's lap.

"I've got you, Jen," Jared promised. "I'm right here, sweetheart. You're taking it so good."
There was a final high-pitched cry as Harley’s knot caught and Jared almost had a moment of panic himself, but then Jensen went limp in his arms with a whimper of surrender, hips rocking and tugging against the knot.

“Oh….oh, god…” Jensen pleaded helplessly.

“You like that baby?” Jared asked. “You like being knotted?”

“Oh, fuck…fuck, yes,” Jensen responded with no hesitation, back arching as Jared tugged and rubbed his sharp nipples mercilessly. “You…you’ve got to try this…”

Jared chuckled into Jensen’s neck as the man lost track of his thoughts and submitted to the pleasure both Harley and Jared were lavishing him with.

“Next time,” Jared promised as his mouth latched onto the juncture of Jensen’s neck and shoulder, wringing a cry of a different kind from the man.

By the time Jensen got off again Harley was pretty much done filling him with come and pulled out without preamble, turning to lap at the dripping hole. Due to the beer, the pot and two pretty spectacular orgasms, Jensen was pretty out of it by that point, though he did respond with a sound of approval at the feel of Harley’s insistent tongue.

Jared waited until Harley had lapped both his come and Jensen’s clean from the man in his arms.

“Jen?”

A faint hum of response interrupted steady, quiet breathing.

Smiling, Jared held Jensen until he was sure he was fully asleep, and then slowly extricated himself, stretching Jensen out comfortably on the sofa. Harley sat watching nearby, ears perked, and tongue hanging out. Jared couldn’t help but give him a ruffle, pat on his head as he grabbed a nearby blanket.

“Yes,” he acknowledged happily. “You’re a good boy too.”

He covered Jensen with the blanket, debating for a moment as to whether he should put Jensen’s jeans back on. In the end, he did not. One, Jensen was sleeping soundly and adorably and he didn’t want to ruin that. Two, when Jensen woke up Jared wanted him to remember what happened and not be able to play it off as if it were just some weird dream.

Jared gave Harley some fresh water, filled a glass for Jensen and set it on the end table, before making his way upstairs to his room. He was still pretty hard and had some business to take care of. It didn’t take long with the feel of Jensen’s body against him still fresh in his memory.

It was late when he woke the next morning. He went downstairs, pulling a fresh t-shirt over his head and yawning as he walked into the living room. The couch was empty. Jensen’s jeans that had been on the floor the night before were gone, the glass of water untouched, the blanket Jared had covered him with tossed haphazardly aside. In the light of day, Jared had a twinge of worry that they’d seriously fucked their friendship. He picked up his phone and after a moment’s indecision called Sandy. They talked for over an hour about nothing and everything, it didn’t change anything that happened the night before, but it set him back on solid ground.

Jared didn’t hear from Jensen that day. The following week Jensen was different…distant, but was not actively seeking to avoid him. Jared did his best to let it go, hoping Jensen would come around when he was ready. And he did, eventually. A month or so later it was like nothing had happened.
and neither of them mentioned their one night encounter with Harley.

Months later, when he’d finally stopped thinking of and hoping for a repeat, Jensen showed up at his door. Leaning lazily against the jamb he pulled a joint out of his pocket and pointedly looked Jared in the eye.

“Your turn,” he said.

The End.
Benny/Dean Rescue h/c

Chapter Summary

Every once in awhile Dean is reminded that human monsters are every bit as dangerous as the supernatural variety...perhaps even more.

Chapter Notes

I needed some Benny/Dean and some h/c. This is the result. First oneshot I've written in one go in a long time. I know this pairing is not everyone's cup of tea but for those who love them as much as I do, Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What about this one?” A voice asked. “He’s awful pretty.”

Dean paid the visitors no mind; he floated comfortably in a haze of drugs and warmth, locked in his cell. His was more extravagant than most, certainly more so than where he started, but it was a cage all the same.

“That he is,” a decidedly in charge voice agreed. “Very popular as well. Not sure you could afford him. He’s double the price you were originally quoted. “

“Not a problem, I assure you. How much for a full night?” There was a sound of shuffling and fabric as money was produced, a large wad of it by the sound of the sudden silence that followed.

“Ah, I’m afraid he’s taken for the night. Perhaps tomorrow?” The more familiar voice informed the other. As I’ve stated, he’s very popular.”

“How so? I mean he’s very easy on the eyes, but surely you’ve got lots of pretty boys in stock.”

“That we do, but Dean here was made for pleasure. He’s one of our most responsive pets. Unfortunately he’s also one of our most unpredictable. Docile as a lamb one minute and damn near take your head off the next. He requires a steady dose of a special cocktail to keep him biddable.”

“That so?” the other voice hardened and was less friendly.

“ ‘Fraid so,” the boss replied, unconcerned with his customer’s ire. “Let’s move on shall well. I have a…”

“I want this one. Now.” Well that was final.

The smug man that often taunted and touched Dean without his permission suddenly screamed, a spray of blood spattering across the wall and into the cell.

There was yelling and screaming, fighting as others arrived and a deep, possessive growl. Sleepy and not very curious about the whole scene Dean ignored it all in favor of the interesting pattern that had
appeared on the wall.

Eventually there was silence. Mostly. The jingle of keys, the loud squeal of the hinges as the door to his cell was opened. Suddenly, someone was there, in front of him a kind and gentle face that he felt he should know.

“How you doing, Sugar?” The voice was sad but the expression the man wore was relieved. Happy. “I’m so sorry I didn’t get here sooner.”

He reached out to touch Dean, but hesitated, like he might hurt him if he did. Dean reached out instead; his arm heavy and off target as his fingertips met the stranger’s cheek, the trim of his beard and then silky smooth lips. When his arm would have fallen, the stranger gently caught and held it aloft so that he could explore. Dean tried to focus his eyes but it took too much concentration. There was something about the man in front of him, something familiar and safe.

Dean smiled without knowing why, pleased when the stranger copied him, a spill of tears suddenly falling and disappearing into his beard.

“I’ve got you, Darlin’,” the man sniffled as he cupped Dean’s cheek. “I’ve got you.”

A loud noise pierced the silence. Dean startled and curled into himself as the bear of a man tried to both soothe him and reach into his coat for the offending device.

“Shhhhhhhh, easy there, Sweetheart,” hands touched him without his permission but they were gentle and touched him in places that did not hurt or violate.

Another voice filled the cell through the phone that was answered.

“Benny?” Dean perked at the distressed voice, somewhat aware that he should recognize it. “You got him?”

“Yeah, I got him,” Benny responded, eyes never leaving Dean’s. “He’s pretty doped up. Not sure he’s going to be walking out of here.”

Nothing was making sense. He could hear words but they didn’t mean anything to him. The voices though…there was something…

“Get him out of there and back to the bunker,” Sam ordered with a fair amount of relief. “Jodi and I will take care of the other cells and the stragglers and call the Sheriff’s office. We’ll meet you there.”

Dean made a noise, brows drawn together as he attempted to focus on the phone.

“Dean…?” Sam hesitated.

“He recognizes your voice but he ain’t up to forming words just yet,” Benny informed as he took Dean’s hand and gave it a gentle squeeze.

“It’s good to have you back, man,” Sam’s voice was full of emotion that Dean was still too out of to appreciate. “I’ll see you soon.”

The next several minutes were confusing and blurry to Dean. He had a faint sense that he should be helping, not hindering, not fighting but it came and went. He struggled one minute and retreated deep into his mind the next, waking to find the gentle man cradling his face.

“Come on back to me, darlin’,” in that worried southern drawl. “That’s it. There you are. Stay with
me. We’re almost there. That pretty baby of yours has missed you.”

It was still nonsense to Dean, but the man’s soothing voice was more than enough for now. Eventually he was bundled into a space that smelled familiar…like leather and home, and he jumped slightly at the sound of a door slamming.

“Right here, brother,” the voice continued to ground and anchor him as Benny climbed into the driver’s seat. “Let’s go home.”

Dean felt and heard a familiar rumble all around him. A sense of peace enveloped him for the first time in weeks. There’d always been something there in the background, a feeling that something was wrong or missing, even with all the drugs, that he couldn’t quite place…that was just out of reach. It melted away with the familiar purr of the Impala and Dean found himself sliding down in the seat until his head rested on Benny’s thigh. Just before the drug finally pulled him under he felt Benny’s hand in his hair.

“Sleep, Love.”

Dean curled one hand around Benny’s knee and did just that.

His sleep was long, deep and dreamless, clinging to him in a way it was hard to shake. At some point Dean had the vague impression of voice and hands, of sluggishly fighting an endlessly patient hold, of being lifted and carried before darkness fully claimed him again.

The next time Dean woke his mouth was dry and his head ached. He’d lost all sense of time but it felt late. Usually they drug him again before he has any real chance at clarity. His limbs still felt heavy and he was slightly nauseous but it was the first opening he’d had for any type of reconnaissance so he was going to take it. He knew he wasn’t the only one being held, and that they’d been moved several times but…

“Dean?”

His eyes flew open at the sound of that particular familiar voice and he scrambled away from the sound of it, not really noticing that he was no longer in his cell. His legs gave out as soon as his feet hit the floor and he crawled backwards until his back hit the wall.

“Easy, brother…easy….”

“No. No. This isn’t real. You’re not real.” What the hell did they give him this time? Eyes wide, voice slurred, he could only gape at the apparition of the vampire before him and grab his aching head. Dean closed his eyes, rocking in place on the floor as he tried to clear his mind.

A door opened, the dim light behind his lids turned brighter.

“What’s going on? Is he awake?” Sam’s voice. “Dean?”

“Turn down the lights, Sam,” Benny suggested. “Yeah, woke with a bang. He’s just a tad bit confused.”

Dean closed his eyes tighter and repeated, “You’re not real.”

“I’m as real as you are, Sugar,” Benny responded. “I promise”

“It’s true, Dean.” Sam’s voice was careful in that way that only ever happened when Dean was injured. “I needed his help. Pulled him out of Purgatory kicking and screaming until he heard you
were missing.”

Dean opened his eyes again and looked back and forth between Sam and Benny and then around the room that he now recognized as his in the bunker.

“It’s real, Dean,” Sam responded to the question he hadn’t even asked yet. “We got you out.”

Dean’s mind shied away from that. He wasn’t ready.

Benny sat next to him on the floor, Sam squatting in front of him. Dean’s gaze fell to the bottle of water his brother was holding and his mouth would have watered had he enough fluid in his body to make spit.

“I want that,” was all he could say, reaching for it even as Sam twisted off the cap.

“It’s all yours,” Sam handed it over, all three of them ignoring the tremble in Dean’s hand as he brought it to his lips.

While he’d intended to take only a sip or two, and knew that was probably best until he could determine how his stomach was going to handle it, Dean’s body had other ideas. The drugs they gave him made him thirsty and they’d never given him enough water. The liquid was blessedly cool and once it hit his throat it awakened the powerful thirst that had been dormant as the slept. He tipped the bottle up with a grateful noise and drank deeply, uncaring of rivulets that escaped and ran down this chin and neck.

Dean ignored the budding protest he sensed more than heard, lifting an arm to ward them off, prepared to fight for every last drop. He almost, almost managed the entire bottle, but in the end he’d needed to take a breath. Swiping the back of his hand across his mouth, Dean cradled the bottle to his chest, head resting against the wall.

Dean ignored the budding protest he sensed more than heard, lifting an arm to ward them off, prepared to fight for every last drop. He almost, almost managed the entire bottle, but in the end he’d needed to take a breath. Swiping the back of his hand across his mouth, Dean cradled the bottle to his chest, head resting against the wall. Still feeling some effects of the drug he’d been given, Dean was oblivious to the concerned yet fond and indulgent looks he was receiving respectively from his companions. While he was always glad to see Sam, he’d never thought to see Benny again. Dean could not help but openly gaze at the man in wonder. The vampire appeared just as taken

It took Sam clearing his throat delicately to remind them that they weren’t alone.

“Looks like you two have a lot to catch up on,” he said. “I’m just gonna…”

When Sam stood to leave, Dean’s attention snapped back to his brother, wordless distress evident.

“I’m right outside the door, Dean,” Sam assured and then knowing his brother’s concern better than Dean did at the moment, added,” We’re at the bunker. I’m perfectly safe. We all are.”

Sam waited for Dean’s acknowledgement in the form of a small nod before leaving the room and closing the door behind him.

Unerringly, Dean’s gaze went back to Benny. He trusted Sam with his life, but he was still having a hard time believing that his vampire buddy was truly back from Purgatory. He reached out a hand and was relieved almost to the point of tears when Benny met him halfway, enveloping Dean’s hand with both of his.

“You ready to get up off that cold floor, darlin’, and get back in your nice warm bed?” Benny’s eyes were just as bright and shiny but they both did a heck of a job of not letting any tears fall between them.

It wasn’t until then Dean noticed he was shivering and that he desperately wanted nothing more than
to be warm. He let Benny help him back under his covers, waiting for the familiar bulk to curl around him as he’d so often done in Purgatory to keep him warm and safe. Instead, Benny had taken a chair next to the bed and was fiddling with Dean’s covers, making sure they were pulled up beneath his chin.

Dean was not happy about this and must have made a noise to indicate so as he pulled the covers back to expose the space next to him.

Quick to pick up on the hint, Benny still made a point of asking, “You sure about this, Dean?”

Aside from his mother no one had ever spoken his name with such unconditional love and acceptance.

More than a little choked up and emotional after all he’d been through; Dean could only utter one word.

“Now,” it was more plea than order but it conveyed his need most appropriately.

Benny tilted his head with more than a little indulgence and offered a quick, two finger salute. “You got it, boss.”

Slipping off shoes, hat and button down, Benny climbed in next to Dean in his pants and t-shirt. Dean immediately gravitated to the vampire, tangling their legs together and tucking his head under Benny’s chin. Benny’s embrace had always been a safe place for him, a barrier between him and everything beyond. Dean took a deep breath and breathed in the vampire’s sent, releasing it slowly and allowing his body to relax.

They had a lot to talk about. They’d never really discussed the feelings that had been growing between them in Purgatory and once out…so much had happened in such a short period of time and before Dean knew it Benny was gone. He didn’t know where to start. All he knew was that with Benny’s hand at the small of his back and the other wrapped protectively around the nape of his neck, Dean hadn’t felt so cared for and protected in a very long time.

He slept uninterrupted for six hours before something woke him up.

Gasping into the darkness and struggling against an unknown embrace, Dean had a vague sense of phantom voices and touches fading into the ether as his nightmare slipped from the grasp of his memory.

“Easy, darlin’,” arms loosened their hold but did not withdraw. “I’ve got you. Take a minute. Remember where you are.”

Dean did just that, breathing heavily as a shadow paused outside his door, waiting. Oblivious to that, Dean took in the sound of that voice, the familiar feel of the body surrounding him.

“Benny?” Small, hopeful and so full of sudden relief that Dean all but melted against the vampire as the shadow of his brother moved on.

Tilting Dean’s chin up, Benny kissed his forehead. “I’m here, love. I’m here.”

With no windows it was hard to tell what time of day it was or how long he’d slept. Dean didn’t know and didn’t particularly care at the moment, his only concern where and who he was with. And thirst. The thirst had returned with a vengeance. They rearranged themselves enough for Benny to reach for one of the water bottles Sam had left on the night stand. It wasn’t pitch black, more a blue darkness, enough for them to make each other out and the placement of the furniture in the room.
Benny controlled the water this time, tipping it to Dean’s lips several times.

“There’s plenty more where that came from, Sweetness’” the vampire reminded him.

Dean didn’t even blink at the term of endearment; it was just how Benny talked. Not with everyone, but always with Dean.

When he’d had his fill of water, Dean had only one question that mattered in that moment.

“How long?”

Benny paused, a little confused by the question.

“You’re here,” Dean reminded him, tensing unconsciously, “but for how long?”

Cradling the hunter’s jaw, Benny tenderly caressed the line of bone with his thumb.

“For as long as you’ll have me,” Benny responded.

Dean swallowed. Uncharacteristically vulnerable he whispered, “What if that’s forever?”

Arms tightened around him, pulling Dean in to that broad chest and holding him close.

“I can’t promise you forever, Love, but I can give you all I have.”

Dean closed stinging eyes and clung tightly. When he could breathe easily again he tipped his head back, Benny withdrawing slightly to look down at him in askance.

The vampire stilled as the hunter ever so slowly closed the distance between them and pressed a chaste and careful kiss to his lips. Benny responded with just enough pressure to assure Dean that the gesture was more than welcome.

“I’ll take it,” Dean sniffed, quickly ducking beneath Benny’s chin again.

As first kisses go it wasn’t romantic or sexual in any way, but it was a promise based on friendship that would carry them both to the end of their days.

End.

Chapter End Notes

Timeline: sometime after Benny ends up back in Purgatory but before Mary returns. Cas is...busy. To be honest I didn’t even consider him until this was written. I do not dislike Castiel at all...but as a pairing I do not care for Destiel. Just a personal preference.
Dean/Crowley/Cain DubCon/Spit Roast

Chapter Summary

Dean is hit with intense supernatural arousal as he takes the Mark of Cain. Cain and Crowley help him out with that.

Chapter Notes

This scene was in my head following the episode where Dean got the Mark. I started this way back then but didn't finish it until recently.

Also - It is my head canon that everyone is just a little bit in love with Dean Winchester <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Fire shot through Dean's veins, burning more brightly at his forearm as the brand of the mark sealed tight and hot into his skin. It wasn't the pain that brought him to his knees...it was the white hot arousal that flared from his groin and spread outward through his fingertips. Cain's grip on his arm was still there, holding him steady as he swayed with it, joining him on the floor as Dean gasped at the intensity.

"Don't fight it," Cain warned. "It'll only get stronger."

Dean couldn’t imagine the possibility. He was filled with an almost insatiable lust for touch and release that nearly had him dropping face first to the floor and humping the hardwood. He was oblivious to the needy whimper that escaped him.

Cain released his arm only to grab him by the crotch and squeeze his dick firmly. Dean hissed loudly, pressing into the grip, bucking once and then twice.

"You'll learn to control it but first it will control you," Cain explained as he rubbed at the hunter's swollen, denim clad cock.

Mouth open, Dean couldn't even begin to articulate a specific desire. He wanted, needed it all with an urgency that was alarming in its intensity. He had barely enough frame of mind to give a heated glare of betrayal in the Knight's direction.

Cain gave a rueful smile. "Would it have made a difference if I'd told you?" he asked.

It wasn't fair that the question was accompanied by a knowing squeeze of the man's large, capable hand. Because no, ultimately it would not have mattered but he would have preferred a heads up on the matter.

"How...how long?" Dean breathed through the heady, almost overwhelming arousal.

"Before it settles?" Cain asked as he maneuvered around behind Dean, never releasing the hold on
the hunter's cock. "It will take months for you to manage it fully, but all you need is a good fuck right now to sate the mark enough so that you can at least think beyond the urge to present yourself like a bitch."

Dean wasn't so far gone that he didn't color at that, true though it may be, but it was barely noticeable in the pink flush of heat that was already suffusing his body. Cain's broad chest pressed tight to his back, the big man engulfing Dean with his larger frame. The hand at his crotch was sure and firm, applying pressure and just enough movement to tantalize and infuriate. Cain's other hand slipped beneath his t-shirt,spanning wide across his abdomen.

"Don't worry," Cain assured. "I'm going to help you through it this time. Each time you give in it will get less intense."

Stomach trembling beneath long fingers, Dean fought the urge to give in, to relax against the hard body behind him. His entire body was screaming for him to submit and the mark throbbed in time with his heart, in desperate need of relief.

"Well count me in, love," a sardonic voice piped in from across the room. "Anything to help a friend in need."

Crowley. Dean had momentarily forgotten about him when the Mark had torn through him.

"You," Dean put every ounce of threat he could muster into his words, "lay one hand on me and I'll..."

Cain smoothed his hand upward and palmed Dean's sharp, tight nipple, gripping his peck like a breast.

Gasping and arching, Dean lost his train of thought as his body surrendered to the need coursing through him.

"That's it son," Cain encouraged as he unbuttoned Dean's jeans. "Just give in. It's bigger than you."

Dean couldn't resist if he'd wanted to. Cain was right. The need was too big, too strong. He didn't stand a chance.

Lost beneath a wave of sensation as Cain took him in hand, skin to skin, Dean was oblivious to the pleasure-pained cry of relief that escaped him as the knight stroked his painfully hard cock. His nipples ached with need and he'd no sooner given it thought when Cain's palm was replaced by strong fingertips that grasped the tight furl of his nub and rolled it back and forth.

Dean bucked hard, whining and writhing, against Cain's muscular body. The man adjusted his body to accommodate Dean's thrashing, keeping the hunter within the circle of his arms and held hostage by both cock and tit as he expertly manipulated aroused flesh.

It felt unbelievably good, but at the same time not quite enough. He needed, wanted, had to have more. His hole spasmed, feeling suddenly and unacceptably bereft. Mouth open, Dean panted with a need he was too far gone to verbalize.

"We'll get to your ass soon enough," Cain said as if reading his mind. "You're going to need the demon, Dean."

While a part of his mind rebelled, Dean could already feel a deep craving to suck on a fat, leaking cock. It wasn't an average craving for like pizza or Chinese, it was a bone deep, I-need-a-cock-in-my-mouth-right-the-fuck-now-or-I'm-going-to-die craving. His mouth was all but watering.
He needed to get off first though. Now. Now, now, now, now, now, now....

As if he knew precisely when and how to take Dean over the edge, Cain released Dean's dick and took possession of both nipples. He milked the small teats back and forth with an almost detached finesse as Dean froze and all but stopped breathing as his seizing cock exploded with a powerful burst of come that had jizz almost hitting the ceiling before it landed on the hardwood floor with a small wet pat. He'd never gotten off so hard in his entire life and he instinctively knew that his orgasm had been supernaturally enhanced by the Mark that was currently controlling him. He could feel it beneath is skin, coursing through his veins.

"Breathe, hunter," Cain's hand was on his face, coaxing him back to the moment. "The Mark is not yet done with you."

He was pushed forward on his hands and knees, jeans tugged down over his hips. Dean lifted each leg as Cain eased them from his body and tossed them aside. The Knight placed a hand on his lower back and while it was meant to be soothing, to Dean it felt more like the man was trying to comfort a spooked horse. There was a disconnect there as if to Cain, humans really were nothing more than animals of a sort.

"You, demon," Cain addressed Crowley as he circled Dean's hole with his thumb, rubbing and caressing the ultra-sensitive nerves maddeningly, "Get your cock in his mouth."

Crowley's eyebrows rose. Dean glared daggers at him but said nothing. The demon unzipped his pants and sauntered over to the hunter before letting the material fall to his knees. The smell of Crowley's arousal had Dean opening his mouth without thought, surging forward and swallowing the sticky swollen demon cock before the man could shove it in his mouth. Dean heard a choked noise from above but paid it little mind as he slurped and sucked at the meat in his mouth like it was his last meal.

Behind him Cain's fingers were slick and invasive, opening him up clinically and efficiently as Dean pushed back for more. Crowley gripped his head with both hands, not forcing or guiding, merely holding on for dear life as Dean ravished the silky steel length of his leaking hard on.

When Cain's tongue slicked into his starving hole Dean lost it - bucking and humping in desperation as he all but sobbed around Crowley's cock. Cain wrapped a large hand around him, giving him something to thrust into. There was no teasing, no making him beg for it and if Dean had been in the right state of mind he'd have been grateful.

Slurping and sucking at Crowley with abandon Dean barely registered the endless litany of filthy praise spilling from the demon's lips as he fucked Cain's hand shamelessly. One of the hands on his head shifted downward, briefly cupping his cheek before insistent but gentle fingers applied pressure beneath his chin in an unspoken request.

Dean obeyed, allowing a slight tilt of his chin and looked up at the king of hell through a fringe of long, dark lashes, green eyes alight with the flame of supernatural arousal, lips and shaft slick with the shine of spit and drool. Crowley's gaze was dark and deep, filled with alternating hues of awe and desire and an undeniable hint of ownership.

In turn, Dean's gaze burned with a FUCK YOU so strong it all but shimmered in the air around them. It said, I don't want you, I don't need you, bite me you sonovabitch!

He choked when the tip of Crowley's dick jerked forward and hit the back of his throat. His eyes watered and he looked up to find a smug smile on the demon's face...but it didn't mask the naked want in his eyes.
Dean's plans to wipe that smug smile off the demons face by tongue fucking his slit fell by the wayside as Cain's tongue and hand disappeared without warning. Whining like a puppy around Crowley's dick Dean wiggled his ass, tilting his pelvis up and down desperately as he spread his knees as wide as they would go.

"Easy," Cain's deep voice soothed, hand gripping Dean's hip. "I'm going to take you now, hunter. My seed will sate the deepest part of your need but the insatiable hunger for more will last another couple of days before you can manage on your own."

The words were barely out of the knight's mouth when Dean felt the naked tip of Cain's cock prod at him. It was slick and slippery with come and while a part of him balked at the idea of unprotected sex...a bigger part didn't give a fuck. He just wanted it inside him right the fuck NOW!

As if hearing his thoughts yet again the full length of Cain's hard on slammed into him in one swift and jarring thrust. Dean gasped as his entire body froze in shock and pain and he struggled to adjust to the sudden intrusion. Both knight and demon paused to give him the necessary time to adjust as he trembled between them on a knife's edge of pleasure and pain, torn between fighting and rutting, obliviously panting and whimpering around the cock in his mouth. The hands in his hair gentled, the one spanning his lower back patient as he breathed through it all. He didn't want their consideration. He wanted to be fucked. Hard.

Dean pushed back against Cain with a bounce of his hips and all but growled around Crowley's dick. They got the message. Dean gave as good as he got, at least he tried to, being in the more vulnerable position of the spit roast. Crowley came with a pleased groan, exploding in Dean's throat, pulling out just long enough to allow Dean to swallow, come dripping from the corner of his mouth, before shoving his still very hard cock back in. Cain had narrowed in on Dean's prostate with deadly precision, stabbing at it relentlessly as he spoke just once to praise the hunter for his rather tight passage. Hips gripped tightly, there was nothing for Dean to do but take it. The orgasm that ripped through him came without warning and was nearly as strong as the first. He bucked against Cain's hold, almost blacking out at the intensity. Luckily Crowley came again and the demon's seed was enough to make him focus as he sucked every last drop with greed and eagerness that would embarrass him days from now when he thought back on it. Cain never missed a beat and continued to hammer into him. Crowley's dick never seemed to soften. Dean figured it must be a supernatural quirk for both of them because his stamina was already beginning to flag a little bit. That didn't stop his cock from twitching to life again and slowly stiffening to almost painful hardness as his prostate was stimulated over and over again.

Dean's eyes watered at the forced pleasure, lost in need and arousal as Crowley pet at him and pulled out to blow his next load all over Dean's face, tapping the head of his meaty cock against Dean's tongue when the hunter tried to follow it. Cain's thrusts continued unabated as Dean wiggled ineffectually on his length, cock bobbing and hard again, the motion enough to ring yet another untouched orgasm from him that rivaled the first two. It left him no doubt that the arousal was enhanced by the Mark, otherwise he'd be damn near coming dry by now. And still, Cain continued to pound away. Dean felt himself drooping, physically drained from both the fucking and the orgasms. His cock began to firm once again.

The soft mewl of helplessness didn't register with Dean, but it did with Crowley. Mouth suddenly empty, Dean couldn't help but drop his head as Cain continued to slam into him. He couldn't talk, couldn't form words, he could only wrap his consciousness around the pleasure that pulsed through
his body and coalesced in his groin. The only thing that mattered was getting off, even to the
detriment of everything else.

There was shouting above him.

"He can take it. The Mark..." Cain.

"He's human you arse," Crowley. He sounded pissed. "He can only take so much."

A slight shift in position behind him as Cain blanketed him, reached under and took Dean's sausage
sore cock in hand and picked up the pace of his thrusts. Dean bucked weakly and cried out but the
sound was drowned by the sudden roar of completion behind him as Cain finally blew his load,
plunging deep into Dean, hips stuttering as he emptied himself. The heavy weight of Cain's balls
slapped lightly against Dean's for a long endless moment in which Dean floated in temporary,
blissful relief from the immediate intensity of the arousal brought about by the Mark.

Despite that, Dean heard himself whine as Cain withdrew, cock no longer rock hard, but far from
soft. Dean wasn't sure whether to curse or envy the apparent lack of recovery time between demon
orgasms. He was pulled back against Cain's broad chest, t-shirt stretched across his shoulders and
rucked beneath his pits. The rim of a water bottle touched his lips. Dean turned his head away.

"He craves fluid of a different kind, demon," Cain pointed out. “He’ll not eat or drink until the Mark
has been sufficiently sated. “

Cain took him again and again until Dean was so exhausted and overwhelmed that he passed out
from the sheer number of powerful orgasms forced from him. He was barely aware of being lifted
from the floor and placed somewhere much more comfortable, the scent of Cain permeating the
sheets and pillowcase.

“The demon is at your disposal, hunter,” Cain ran a hand over Dean’s sweat spiked hair. “Use him
until your hunger abates. I must take my leave now. I’ve warded the cabin. You’ll be safe and
hidden for as long as you need to remain.”

When Cain would have simply slipped away, Dean grabbed his large hand before he could leave.
He wasn’t sure what he wanted to say. He’d been given the Mark, it’s what he wanted, what he
came for but it almost seemed like it was too much to bear, too much responsibility in his weakened
state. There was also a level of intimacy Dean hadn’t expected but which was probably unavoidable
when you have mind blowing sex with someone for hours at a time. He was lost as to what words to
use but apparently none were necessary. Cain’s face softened imperceptibly, hinting both sadness
and an apology as he pressed a chaste but heartfelt kiss to Dean’s forehead.

“Farewell, hunter,” Cain gave Dean’s hand a brief squeeze before disengaging. “May we meet again
one day.”

He was gone before Dean could even begin to contemplate a response.

Dean lost track of time. He’d fallen asleep but wasn’t sure for how long. It could have been hours,
could have been days. It didn’t seem to matter in the secluded bubble of the cabin. What he noticed
first upon waking was glorious wet suction engulfing his cock, his balls alternately tugged and rolled
in a careful hand. He must have made some sound indicating that he was awake because a deep,
happy hum vibrated through his dick. Dean gasped at the feeling, hands grasping the wooden slats of
the headboard as his legs parted without permission, hips stuttering as he thrust into Crowley’s warm
and willing mouth.
It was another three days before Dean could see beyond the insane arousal that suffused his body when the Mark took hold. For most of it he took Crowley’s presence for granted. The demon had been more than willing to fuck his mouth or his ass, pounding into him hard and fast like Dean needed him to. But as his head began to clear Dean also recalled quiet moments when his human body had been so totally exhausted that he could barely move, even as his dick remained supernaturally hard and wanting. He remembered Crowley giving him small sips of water, prattling on about God knows what, the demon’s calm, steady voice keeping him from drifting too far, from losing himself in the insatiable pull of the Mark. During those moments his cock was so oversensitive that the smallest touch caused his eyes to water…but he still needed something. Crowley seemed to understand and had spooned in behind Dean, nuzzling at his throat, slipping one arm beneath him and the other around him to gently knead and pull at his nipples. Dean was too far gone to be embarrassed by the mewl of pleasure that escaped him, one hand finding its way to the back of Crowley’s head and gripping a handful of hair as he instinctively turned his head in the same direction, mouth wet and open in invitation. Dean didn’t register the small, surprised pause before Crowley’s lips met his, tongue thrusting and seeking in time with the pulsing pinches of Dean’s pert nipples.

Dean could only whine and writh in tired ecstasy as Crowley toyed with him, swallowing each sound he made with the occasional growl of pleasure or possession. Many of the details of their time together wouldn’t surface until days later, one of them being the fact that Crowley never once made him beg or plead for anything. And he would have. In a second. That’s how far gone he was.

Of course the recovery process didn’t take nearly as long as it normally would have so there was plenty of rather enthusiastic fucking as well – all over the cabin in as many positions as well. One encounter stood out in Dean’s head for the sole fact that Crowley had thrown his head back in genuine laughter and delight as they grappled for dominance, rolling off the bed and across the floor in more wrestling match than foreplay. That particular instance had ended with Dean buried deep inside Crowley, spearing him doggie-style as the King of Hell came untouched in record time all over the hardwood floor.

When Dean woke up late in the afternoon on the third day he felt…mostly normal. He could feel a buzz of arousal simmering under the surface but it was manageable. Not the all-encompassing need of the last few days. He was alone in the bed when he woke, but as if on cue Crowley exited from the attached bath fully dressed and with his usual air of superiority.

“Well Squirrel, it’s been nice,” he started. “But I do have other business to attend to.”

Dean rolled his eyes, but didn’t move much otherwise. He was sore and achy all over.

It was obvious they were both trying to ignore the awkwardness of the moment after the supernatural lust of the last few days had worn off.

“You’ve missed several messages from Moose,” Crowley informed him. “I may have taken the liberty of responding on your behalf. He’s rather annoyed with you but at least he’s not panicking at your rather unexpected absence.”

Dean was tempted to say thanks but doesn’t. It’s not like Crowley didn’t benefit from the last few days.

Crowley did not look surprised at Dean’s lack of response but there was a moment of fleeting uncertainty as the demon stepped forward and took the small onyx pinky ring off his finger. Approaching the bedside table he put the ring down next to the lamp with measured purpose and then stepped back. Dean looked at the ring, back at Crowley and quirked a brow.
“This mean we’re going steady now?” he asked with a raspy voice he barely recognized.

It was Crowley’s turn to roll his eyes.

“More like a supernatural booty call,” Crowley drawled. “If you ever need that ass tapped again I’m more than happy to oblige. Just give the ring a full turn on your finger and I’m at your service.”

Dean was surprised by the offer and was still tired and weak enough to let it show. If the arousal caused by the Mark flared suddenly it would be convenient to have someone handy at the drop of a hat and with no explanations needed. It was a generous offer.

“Don’t let it go to your head. It’s mutually beneficial,” Crowley added, not meeting Dean’s gaze as he walked around the bed and toward the kitchen.

“Don’t count on it,” Dean felt the need to say. He didn’t like feeling as if he owed the demon anything. Calling on Crowley would be a last resort.

A huff of laughter, nothing like before. “Wouldn’t dream of it, sweetheart.”

Crowley smirked as Dean’s eyes narrowed.

“You need to eat,” Crowley mentioned casually as if he didn’t care one way or another. “There’s food on the table.”

Then he was gone without so much as a farewell, disappearing into thin air.

For a long moment Dean didn’t move. He may have even drifted off for a little bit. Eventually though his bladder could not be ignored and he carefully made his way to the bathroom, leaning into the wall with one hand for support as he relieved himself. There was no one else there but out of habit he put on his boxer briefs and staggered into the kitchen where he came to an abrupt halt.

“Whoa…”

The entire table was filled with his favorite foods - cold water and beer, warm burgers and fries, piping hot coffee, eggs, bacon and toast. Bagels. Anything he could desire and all at the perfect temperature.

Dean wandered closer, still gaping and grabbed a bottle of water, chugging it down as his eyes took in the feast of food before him…gaze freezing on one particular item.

Pie.

The hunter wasted no time grabbing a fork and digging into the flakey crust and fruit filling. The happy moan that escaped him was every bit as satisfying as the ones coaxed from him by a certain demon.

~ * ~

And if Crowley smiled as that sound followed him into the underworld…no one was ever the wiser.

Certainly not Dean Winchester.

The End.
Yes, Dean does put that ring on and wear it when he leaves. Of course he does!!
Chapter Summary

Jensen is home alone from school because his milk has come in. Alan's boss stops by to pick up a report and things happen.

Chapter Notes

A/N: I had started this before the 300th episode that announced Kurt Fuller would be reappearing and had hoped to post around the same time. Work and the flu put the kibosh to that but I did end up finally finishing. I kept Kurt as Kurt…even as his depiction is actually more in line with that of Zachariah.

Jensen had been allowed to stay home from school today because his milk had come in. His chest ached and his nipples felt raw and wet. Even now the t-shirt over his breasts was soaked through with milk; the material stuck to the hard nipple and darkened areole. The pads helped with the leakage but when his nubs were this sore, he could barely stand to wear them with his nursing bra. It wasn’t always this bad but for some reason his entire body both ached and tingled at the same time. He couldn’t get comfortable and was generally restless, unable to concentrate on anything. He’d tried filling his time with Netflix but his body just buzzed with too much energy. When the doorbell rang sometime mid-morning, it was the perfect distraction, never mind the fact that he was absolutely forbidden from answering it in his current condition.

Jensen was a pampered and protected Omega. His parents were well to do and kept him away from much of the harsh realities of the world that many omegas had to deal with. They’d even hired a well referenced wet nurse to help Jensen with his monthly milking. The only reason Jared wasn’t here now was because he’d gotten married and was on his honeymoon. Jensen couldn’t begrudge him that, even as he cupped his heavy tits to ease some of the pressure. He’d tried expressing some earlier but he just couldn’t get the hang of the breast pump and decided he’d call his father. Alan would come home at lunchtime and suckle him if Jensen asked him to. They’d had to do it a time or two before when Jared had been unavailable for some reason or another.

Opening the door without a thought, Jensen was surprised to see his dad’s boss looking somewhat annoyed and impatient. The expression changed to one of outright shock as he glanced down at Jensen, eyes trailing deliberately over every inch of the teenager’s body.

“Hi Mr. Fuller,” Jensen said politely, wondering why the man was here. His father left for work over 2 hours ago.

Recovering quickly, the man’s entire demeanor changed to one of congeniality.

“Jensen, how many times have I asked you to call me Kurt?”

He blushed slightly. It just didn’t seem appropriate or respectful. “Sorry.”
Kurt walked in without waiting for an invitation and headed towards Alan’s office. Jensen shut the door and trailed after him.

“Did you get your dad’s message?” Mr. Fuller asked over his shoulder. Without waiting for an answer he continued. “Your sister went into labor and he had to leave work. He went to pick up your mother and they’re on the way to the hospital.”

Jensen vaguely remembered hearing his phone ring earlier when he was in the shower. He checked it now, seeing a missed message from his father.

“Unfortunately I really need this report,” Kurt held it up for Jensen to see. “It wasn’t due until next week but your dad said it was mostly done and he’d bring it in tomorrow. Figured I’d save him the trip.”

“Oh,” Jensen said. “Okay.”

He didn’t care one way or another but was hoping Mr. Fuller would be leaving soon because he it wouldn’t be polite to massage his breasts in front of the other man and they were really, really sore. Some of his discomfort must have shown in his expression.

“Are you alright, Jensen?” The hand holding the file gestured at Jensen’s chest. “You look pretty full.”

“I’m fine,” Jensen lied. He’d have to figure out the pump after all as his dad was not going to be available. “Nothing I can’t handle.”

“You shouldn’t have to ‘handle’ it, kid,” Kurt said, leading Jensen by the shoulder into the closest available room, the kitchen. “Not when there’s someone here to give you hand.”

Kurt set the folder down on the table and without asking lifted Jensen up to settle him on the island. His feet dangled and the surface was cool.

“I don’t know, Mr. Fuller,” Jensen’s uncertainty was palpable. Only Jared and his father had ever milked him.

“Nonsense,” the man said, one large hand going to Jensen’s firm mound and kneading at it without asking.

Gasping at the sensation, Jensen pulled his shoulders back instinctively as the large hand of his father’s boss gently massaged his swollen mound, allowing his milk to come down and dribble freely from his raw nipple. The already damp shirt was now sopping with milk that dribbled down the underside of his breast and torso.

“Oh,” Jensen whimpered the relief of pressure so terribly wonderful that his head dropped back and he lifted his chest. “The other one, please do the other one.”

Kurt chuckled. “Of course.”

Once both nips dribbled freely, Jensen sagged and Kurt put a hand to his shoulder and applied pressure until he was lying on his back. Jensen still wasn’t looking forward to the pump but with his milk let down it should go much easier now. He was expecting nothing else from Mr. Fuller so he was surprised when the man lifted his shirt and exposed his wet chest.

“I have a pump,” Jensen explained, innocently informing the man that he could take it from there. He was grateful for the assistance but milking was an intimate procedure and the man was practically
stranger to him beyond a few gatherings.

“Do you now?” The man asked. “How very clinical. Why use a piece of plastic though when you’ve got a willing mouth?”

Jensen was given no time for a response as the man latched on to his hard but sore nipple with a hum of pure pleasure and suckled greedily. A cry of pained surprise left him as his body reacted by both attempting to buck upward and into that mouth and to pull away at the same time. Mr. Fuller reacted by finger milking his other nipple, expressing small sprays of milk as he happily drank from the other.

There had always been a measure of pleasure that came from being milked. It felt good. It was comforting. Both Jared and his father were so tender and affectionate as they drank from him. What Mr. Fuller was doing was different though. His tongue and fingers swirled and flicked at Jensen’s sensitive nubs, teasing small mewls and whimpers from him. A totally foreign feeling replaced the comfort that he was so used to, a spark of heat that flickered in his groin when his nipple or breasts were touched a certain way. It felt very good, but a little wild and scary too…like he had no control over it.

“There you go, little one,” Kurt smiled at him, lips and chin wet with Jensen’s milk. “Feeling better now?”

A good milking always made him lethargic and sleepy. It was tempered this time by the fire he was feeling inside but Jensen still felt a bit out of it as he nodded.

“Good, that’s good,” Kurt said, looking down at him with a peculiar smile. It wasn’t the same kind of smile that his dad and Jared gave him. The moist, furled nub that the man had been suckling was gently twisted between those large finger tips and Jensen’s mouth dropped opened with a whine that had Kurt’s eyes darkening. “What an unexpected treat you are, my boy.”

Jensen really didn’t have time to ponder what that meant before Kurt moved to his other sparrow sized mound and covered that with his mouth, sucking at him hungrily. The fire in Jensen’s groin came in waves, causing him to keen and his hips to flutter when his nipples were caressed by the man’s rather invasive tongue.

“Never been milked like this before have you?” Kurt asked knowingly, gazing down at Jensen as he hovered just above him with a pleased expression as he rolled the nipple he’d just released.

Jensen could only shake his head to the negative.

“What…”Jensen panted. “What are you doing to me? Why does it feel so…”

“Good?” Kurt finished for him.

“Different,” Jensen clarified. “It feels good, but wrong.” Like Mr. Fuller shouldn’t be the one touching him like this.

The man tugged at Jensen’s plump, wet nub and chuckled as he practically arched off the table with a sob.

“Tell me you don’t want it, boy,” Kurt all but dared him. “Tell me to stop and I will.”

Jensen whined pitifully, hand on the man’s shoulder but not actively pushing him away, as Kurt relentlessly continued to toy with his tit. He wanted to say ‘stop’, but every molecule in his body was straining for the tantalizing pleasure being offered.
“You’re programmed for this sweetheart,” Mr. Fuller informed him. “I’m an alpha, your mind and your body want to obey me.”

“I… I didn’t want to do this with you,” Jensen bit out feeling very strung out and horny but also used. “You didn’t ask.”

Kurt laughed.

“I tend to take what I want little one,” the man continued to loom over Jensen, reminding him how much bigger and stronger he was. “And as soon as you opened that door with those dripping wet baby titties, I knew I wanted you.”

Jensen’s eyes rolled as Kurt swirled this thumbs over the tip of both nipples, over and over again, barely aware of the smug and predatory gaze that catalogued Jensen’s every reaction as if it were the most beautiful thing in the world.

“Please… please…” Jensen didn’t even know what he was begging for. Only that the fire in his groin was growing painful. Something had to be done. “I… I can’t… I need…”

“There it is,” Kurt praised. “I knew we’d get there. You all beg eventually.”

“Please… please…” Jensen wasn’t even aware he was saying it over and over again, so aroused he was on the verge of tears.

Kurt pulled the boys shorts down so fast and hard that they were sent halfway across the kitchen. He lifted the dangling legs and pushed Jensen further up on the island as he bent and then spread the omegas legs wide, dipping his head to engulf the small sausage sized penis and tight balls and suckle them much like he had the milk filled mounds moments before.

Jensen bucked hard against the countertop and made a noise he’d never heard himself make as his toy-sized cock exploded and he came for the first time in his life. Darkness danced at the edge of his vision even as Mr. Fuller’s greedy tongue continued to lap and suck at him. Jensen floated, whimpering in pleasure, as Kurt hummed around his genitals and savored the sweet, fleeting taste of omega come.

By the time Kurt released Jensen’s privates in a plop of spittle, the kid was completely relaxed, knees open and lax, arms resting over his head, gaze hooded.

“First orgasm, kid?” he asked.

Glassy eyed, Jensen could only nod. He hoped that Mr. Fuller was going to leave now. The weird part was that he wanted the man to touch him some more but at the same time he didn’t want the man anywhere near him.

Jensen could almost feel Mr. Fuller’s gaze as it slid over his body. It made him feel dirty but at the same time his tits tingled tantalizingly and his spent little cock was lifting and firming again yet again, soon it would be pointing right at the man.

“Just look at you,” Kurt’s voice was more lust than praise but Jensen had no experience with lust so his mind focused on the praise. Out of instinct he preened for the Alpha, his body pink and openly vulnerable, begging for something he didn’t understand and wasn’t sure he really wanted. “Such a good boy.”
Panting and helpless, Jensen wasn’t sure what to do. Kurt solved the problem for him by dropping his head and pressing a kiss to the tiny head of his cock, slick pink tongue lapping at the slit. “You’re hard again already boy,” Kurt pointed out, swirling his tongue around the petite flared head.

Jensen gasped loudly, his nipples plump and sensitive as his cock twitched. He wanted, needed to be touched. He wanted to beg and writhe and lose himself in the submissive nature of his body, but he didn’t want it to be with this man. He wanted to feel safe and loved and protected. Jensen knew he wasn’t going to get that from his man.

“I think you need to leave now, Mr. Fuller,” Jensen breathed. His voice was steady, no tremble in the words though he felt it in his bones.

Kurt actually stopped lapping at the tip of his penis and looked up at him. Jensen very aware he was splayed open and naked but for the damp shirt rucked up beneath his neck.

“How why would I do that?” he asked. “I know you want it. You may not want it from me but you’ll give it up just the same. See when it comes right down to it, you omega bitches just can’t help yourselves.”

Kurt lifted himself so that he was hovering over Jensen again, laid out like a small sacrificial lamb on the island in this mother’s kitchen. The size difference between them made Jensen shiver in a mixture of anticipation and dread.

“Please don’t do this, Mr. Fuller,” Jensen pleaded.

Kurt considered him for a moment, looking down at his chest. “Tell you what Jensen,” he said, one fingertip barely grazing a tight circle around the outside of the omega’s swollen nub. The touch so light, so delicate that Jensen could feel only the prickle of skin left in its wake. It was enough to make his eyes roll with pleasure. With purpose Kurt did the same to the other tit, swirling in the opposite direction in a slow, unhurried motion, as if he had all day. “You tell me to stop right now and I’ll be more than happy to oblige.”

“Hnnngggggg….nnngggghhhhh….?” Jensen was at a complete loss to form anything coherent.

Kurt’s face was smug as he watched Jensen closely, leaning in closer to Jensen’s space.

“What’s that now? Did you say something little one?” Kurt asked as Jensen continued to whimper and whine.

Jensen was completely helpless to the demands of his body. While his mind rebelled at Mr. Fuller taking liberty with him, his body was all but begging for more.

“Just give in, Jensen,” Kurt advised. “You think it feels good now? All you have to do is submit and it’ll feel so much better. I’m going to play with your body whether you want it or not…you may as well like it.”

Jensen arched with a cry, his slender hips jerking in place as Kurt teased his titties. He was young but Jensen knew that he was being used, being taken advantage of. Unfortunately his body didn’t give a flying fig who was touching him so long as they didn’t stop.

All at once the touching did stop and the haze cleared just enough for coherent thought to return. Jensen was trembling with need so strong that he was almost frightened by the intensity.

“You ready to be a good boy now,” Kurt asked.
Jensen’s entire body lifted as if in offering to the alpha, but that wasn’t quite enough.

“I want you to say it Jensen,” Kurt instructed. “Tell me that you’re going to be a good boy.”

“I’m a good boy,” Jensen panted, desperate to please. “I’m a good boy, Sir. Please…please…”

Jensen whined long and loud as the edge of Kurt’s thumbs rubbed back and forth over his nipples, no longer teasing but offering some satisfaction.

“Are your nips always this sensitive or is it just because your milk is in?” Kurt asked.

“I…I don’t know. No one touches them except for milking,” Jensen responded truthfully, but distracted as Kurt fingered his nubs.

“Next time you visit the office with your father, sneak into my office and we’ll find out.”

“Yes, sir,” Jensen responded to the Alpha’s authority without any hesitation. He knew without giving it any real thought that he would do as he was told, the pull of this alpha all but demanded his compliance.

Without further ado Kurt lowered his mouth to Jensen’s cock and began to suckle it even as he continued to manipulate the omegas nipples. Jensen was a live wire of sensation, obliviously thrusting his hips as Mr. Fuller’s tongue slithered around his erection. The warmth of the man’s mouth, the talented tug of his nips had Jensen keening, his body lifting and opening, wordlessly begging for more. He didn’t care who was touching him at this point, he just needed it to continue.

When Jensen came this time his entire body seized with his release, lips parted with no sound emerging, lashes fluttered uncontrollably as his nips sharpened almost painfully between the large invasive fingertips of his dad’s boss. But it was his small, twitching cock that finally, finally had Jensen crying out in ecstasy as Mr. Fuller flicked the tip of his tongue aggressively and relentlessly at Jensen’s slit as it wept.

His young body and mind was not yet ready for such primal and forced submission. Jensen had not yet reached the age of consent and many, many lessons about his rights and his desires had just been violated without his knowledge. Exhausted, Jensen fell asleep even as his body continued to respond to Mr. Fuller, dozing as his breasts were fondled and began to fill again, whimpering in his sleep as Kurt’s mouth brought him to orgasm again and again with no sign of stopping.

When Jensen finally did wake, his body was still exposed and both his cock and tits tingled with drying saliva. Kurt stood nearby with a bottle of his father’s beer in hand, just watching him. Jensen could feel the man’s gaze on his exposed body. He wanted to look away but found he could not. He found himself blushing as his cock firmed of its own volition ever so slowly and pointed at the ceiling. Kurt smiled predatorily as he gazed in that direction.

It was like now that he’d been ‘turned on’ so to speak that he couldn’t shut off. Jensen didn’t know what to do about that.

“You want help with that?” the man asked.

Jensen shook his head no, even as he wanted to say yes. Now that the man was no longer touching him the need, the pull to submit wasn’t nearly as strong. It was still there but he could think more clearly.

Kurt tipped the bottle back and drained the last of the beer. “You sure about that little one?”
Jensen didn’t answer. Not only was he very much not sure, he really didn’t think Mr. Fuller cared what he wanted one way or another. A part of him was okay with this. It made things easier. He didn’t have to think…just feel. Another part of him wanted to be treasured and touched the way Jared and his father said that he deserved. And then none of that seemed to matter when Mr. Fuller turned the beer bottle upside down and aligned the opening with Jensen’s stiff winkie. The man lowered the bottle slowly until his little toy cock was fully encased in the brown glass of the long-necked beer bottle. It fit perfectly, not too tight, nor too loose.

The urge to rut was instantaneous and Jensen’s mouth fell open in shock as his hips jerked. His eyes watered and he mewled helplessly as his tits tightened in response. His hips jerked again, a wild need clawing its way free from the base of his spine.

“That little cock of yours isn’t good for much but even sweet little bitch omegas like you can’t help but fuck a willing hole when it’s offered. Let’s see what you’ve got Jenny – boy.”

With that Kurt held the bottle steady with one hand as he not so gently pinched one of Jensen’s swollen nubs. The effect was instantaneous. Jensen’s small pliant body surrendered to the demands of the alpha as his thighs opened wide, hips jerking as he fucked the bottle with small inexperienced hitches of his hips. Nothing else mattered but the hole he jutted into, the feel of the smooth glass against his hard dick, precome slicking the way as he fucked rabbit like into the bottle.

“Christ, kid,” Mr. Fuller said, gazing hungrily down at him as Jensen writhed in need, tiny tits bouncing, hands over his head as if his entire body was an offering to the alpha. “I haven’t had the pleasure of playing with someone so needy and responsive in years.”

Jensen heard Kurt’s voice but not what he said. Nothing mattered until his hips began to stutter and small flecks of come began to dot the inside of the beer bottle. Jensen sobbed as he came, keening intermittently as Kurt turned the bottle back and forth, fucking with his oversensitive cock.

“Please,” Jensen panted, eyes tearing with the pleasure pain as his body trembled. “Please…more…I need…”

Kurt carefully pulled the bottle away, Jensen’s semi-stiff cock sticky and wet as he lifted his hips in an attempt to follow the bottle.

“Maybe later,” Kurt smiled at Jensen’s dazed yet displeased look. “If you’re a good boy.”

Kurt looked at his watch and seemed to come to some sort of decision as Jensen lay there feeling both debauched and oddly satisfied. He listened as Mr. Fuller called the office and informed his receptionist that he would not be returning today. Then he looked at Jensen and told him it would likely be some time before his parents returned as labor could take a long time. Jensen wasn’t sure what Mr. Fuller meant by this until he picked him up off the island and started towards the bedrooms.

Hours later Jensen found himself knotted for the first time. Jensen naked and tied to the man while Kurt remained fully clothed, nary a wrinkle in his expensive suit as he violated the young omega.

Weeks later he found himself in Mr. Fuller’s office alone, his father distracted, as the man and Jensen both discovered that yes, Jensen’s tits really were that sensitive all the time.

Years later, Jensen found himself following in his father’s footsteps in working for Mr. Fuller. The exception being that Alan had been promoted to a company across town and Jensen found himself as the afterhours boardroom slut where Kurt rewarded his best performing CEO’s with access to Jensen’s very responsive body. And if Jensen eventually found himself in Kurt’s bed after the man’s wife left him…well it was because no other alpha dared challenge his unequivocal claim on the
beautiful young omega.

Jensen, for his part, may not have been happy with the way things turned out but it was easy to forget about that once his stomach began to swell with his first pup. And if he was rather insatiable throughout his pregnancy, Jensen was never more content than when his tits and petite cock and balls were suckled at the same time. Sometimes, if he was a really good boy, he’d also get a tongue in his ass as a reward. On those days he could forget about how different his life may have turned out if Mr. Fuller hadn’t stopped by his house on that fateful day.

The End.
Jenny Padalecki/Janitor, Uncle Beau, brief Jake

Chapter Summary

Jenny Padalecki is working late one night at her non-profit when Dennis, the janitor, hears a curious noise from her office. He finds his boss in a compromising position and is introduced to her Uncle Beau who invites Dennis to join them. Dennis POV.

Chapter Notes

I decided to post this here instead Uncle Beau simply because of the POV and because it's more about Jenny and Dennis than Jenny and Beau. Genderswap, GirlJensen! I know, not everyone's cup of tea but the muse writes what the muse wants and I personally adore Jensen as either male or female. And I love pairing him with those who would otherwise not have a chance with his/her beautiful young self. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dennis was working later than usual this evening and was just finishing up when he heard a noise from Mrs. Padalecki’s office. He knocked first but then pushed the door open, stopping in shock at the sight that greeted him. Mrs. Padalecki was sitting on the edge of her desk with her blouse open and a man that was not her husband attached to one of her breasts. A dog that did not pause at his entrance was between her legs, his head not visible, moving obscenely beneath the drape of her skirt.

“Dennis,” Mrs. Padalecki spoke breathlessly, startled. “What are you still doing here?”

The man at her tit continued to mouth at her but glanced over at him.

“I…I heard a noise,” Dennis was still in shock at the site. “I’m sorry to have disturbed you…I…sorry.”

When Dennis would have closed the door the man lifted from Mrs. Padalecki’s breast with a congenial smile and waved him in.

“Dennis!” The man said. “Please do come in!”

“Uncle Beau,” Mrs. Padalecki warned but the man ignored her completely and stepped away from her to take his arm and guide him into the office, closing the door behind them.

“Janitor, huh?” Beau asked, looking down at his tag.

“Yes, sir,” Dennis answered. “Been here a little over a year.”

“Is that right?” Beau said. “Well it’s a good thing you stopped by Dennis because my dirty little girl here could use some cleaning up.”

Mrs. Padalecki was panting and squirming. Whatever the doggie was doing under her skirt it must have felt some good.
“Oh, I…” Dennis was at a loss. He looked over at Mrs. Padalecki but she just looked so pretty with her hair all mussed and her blouse wide open. Dennis hadn’t seen tits like that since he was a teenager. They were so pert and plump, pointing straight at him as her chest heaved.

Beau cupped the breast nearest to him and fondled it until Mrs. Padalecki’s head dropped back and she pressed into his hand.

“My niece is a bit of a slut, Dennis. I have to come take her in hand occasionally. Why don’t you help me out and grab her other tit.”

“Dennis,” Mrs. Padalecki’s started. “You don’t want to do this.”

The thing was Dennis has been fantasizing about this woman since he’d started this job. She was his go to masturbation material. He’d even thought of her while fucking his wife. He was fifty-two, over weight and balding. He very much knew that Mrs. Jenny Padalecki was way out of his league.

“Go ahead Dennis,” Beau invited. “Your job is not in jeopardy. Consider this an extra perk for working late.”

“Dennis…” his boss panted.

“Lift your tits nice and high, Jojo,” Beau ordered. “Show Dennis how perfectly perky they are.”

Mrs. Jenny did so before her Uncle Beau even finished talking. Beau had his large hand wrapped one as he talked, casually fondling the fleshy underbelly and occasionally sweeping a thumb over her nub.

“Jake here,” Beau indicated the dog,” is getting her cunt ready for me. You play your cards right you may just get a little taste of that twat.”

Dennis moved closer even as Mrs., Padalecki began to breathe faster at his approach. His mouth was watering.

“You’re wife, Dennis,” Mrs. Padalecki reminded him. “You don’t want to do this.”

“Your wife got tits like this, Dennis?” Beau asked.

“No, sir,” Dennis said as he watched her perfectly firm mound rise and fall, wanting nothing more than to ravage the pretty nipple with his tongue and teeth. His wife hadn’t let him nibble on her nipples since she’d hit menopause, said they were too sensitive for it.

“Think you’ll ever get another chance like this, Dennis?” Beau asked.

It was a reminder Dennis needed, because no, he was pretty sure this was a once in a lifetime deal for him. Even in his prime he hadn’t had access to a body like this. Dennis had also ascertained exactly who was in charge and it wasn’t Mrs. Padalecki. He only hoped that what Uncle Beau said was true, that his job wasn’t in jeopardy.

“Dennis…don’t…”

Mrs. Padalecki cut off with a gasp and an arch as he finally cupped her mound and gave it a gentle squeeze to test how firm it was. Her breast was heavenly in his hand, so perfectly plump and ripe as it lifted into his palm.
“Please, Dennis,” Mrs. Padalecki repeated. “You don’t…you don’t…”

Her words faded as he finally, finally grasped her gorgeous bud between thumb and forefinger and just rolled it back and forth over and over again. Her pink mouth opened in a whine that almost had him coming in his pants as she looked down at his hand in betrayal.

Beau chuckled off to the side as Mrs. Padalecki’s lashes fluttered at his stimulation. “Jojo likes the janitor at her tit it appears. What else can those chubby fingers do, Dennis?”

Dennis had watched a porno once where a man pretended a woman’s nipple was the dial to a safe he was trying to crack and twisted it back and forth depending on how she responded. He’d tried it once with his wife and she’d slapped his hand away. He wasn’t sure what made him try it again now other than that he was feeling bold with such a hard and responsive nipple at his fingertips.

“Dennis!” Mrs. Padalecki cried out, surging upward as he twisted twice to the left and then once to the right. “Oh….oh my god….nnngghhhhhhh….you can’t do this…your…wife…please…”

Dennis might have thought that Mrs. Jenny didn’t want really want it based on her words, but her voice…her voice was another story.

“What exactly are you doing, Dennis?” Beau asked, just watching as niece squirmed.

Dennis was too involved in what he was doing and Mrs. Jenny’s reaction to it to be anything other than honest. “Cracking a safe.”

Beau laughed and then released her other breast. “Well then by all means, have at it.”

Dennis lifted a leg to straddle the dog and quickly began to twist the other nipple. Mrs. Padalecki’s legs opened wider to him, head thrown back as nipples lifted to meet his every twist and turn. He’d never touched someone so innately responsive before, never knew women actually responded this way outside the numerous pornos he watched.

He was vaguely aware of Beau ordering the dog back, Mrs. Padalecki’s skirt being pushed upward. Dennis got a tantalizing view of transparent panties stuck to a sopping wet pussy just before Beau hooked the crotch with a finger, pulled the material away from delicate skin and then cut them in half with a pair of scissors from the desk. His boss was wide open and wet, small manicured triangular patch of hair at the top of her cunt all but pointing at her snatch.

Dennis was so busy with her tits he didn’t realize that Beau was unbuttoning his pants, pulling down his zipper and all but guiding his leaking cock to her until Mrs. Jenny mewled like a cat in heat as he entered her.

Dennis thrust automatically, dialing both nipples in opposite directions as Jenny’s elbows slid outward and she collapsed to her back. Beau pressed in close behind Dennis and pushed her knees back, lifting Jenny’s feet from the floor, her thighs wide open to his bulk as he fucked her.

“Keep ‘em nice and wide, Jojo,” he ordered.

For his part, Dennis could hardly believe he hadn’t blown his load as soon as he entered the sweet heat of Mrs. Padalecki’s pussy. She was so pretty beneath him, firm and tan and writhing like she wanted it. Her luscious mounds jiggled with each thrust and she kept saying his name over and over again like she was out of breath and it was the only word she could manage.

Beau had circled around to the other side of the desk and proceeded to pin his niece’s wrists to the desk as he watched her.

“You’re needy tonight, Jojo,” Beau informed her. “I’ll be sure not to wait so long between visits next
Mrs. Jenny didn’t respond to that at all and Dennis had to wonder if she was even hearing the man.

“Hubby must not be doing a very good job of keeping you satisfied if having your muff stuffed with a janitor is doing it for you.”

That brought a frown and discontented noise from the woman beneath him. Dennis figured she was paying attention after all. He didn’t like the subtle dis to his profession; he was an honest working man after all, so he may have twisted the nubs in his possession a little too hard.

Mrs. Jenny bucked hard against the desk, voice high and strident as her hips began to jerk against him in small hiccups of movement. The very idea that he was the one to get her off was enough to set off his own orgasm and Dennis couldn’t help the grunt of supreme satisfaction that escaped him as he filled her with his seed. He got off so hard that he lost a couple of seconds, coming to with his hands planted on the desk on either side of his boss, head hanging over her body as her tits heaved in his face.

He wanted to mouth at her mounds so badly that his poor spent cock, still softening inside Mrs. Jenny’s spectacular cunt, gave an internal twitch at the thought. He may have licked his lips.

“Looks like Dennis is still hungry, Jojo,” Beau pointed out. “Maybe you should offer him a titty.”

“Dennis,” Mrs. Padalecki said in a small but reasonable tone of voice. “Please go home. Nothing you’ve done can’t be overlooked this one time.”

Dennis chanced a glance at Beau who merely shrugged content with whatever decision he made. Looking down at her breasts Dennis knew he wouldn’t be able to leave without knowing how they tasted...how they felt in his mouth.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Padalecki,” he said sincerely. “But I’d really like a go at them pretty titties.”

“Can’t blame you there, Dennis,” Beau piped in. “They are pretty exceptional.”

Dennis waited to see if she would offer before dipping his head to take one. It took a few seconds but a polite cough from her uncle had Jenny lifting her bosom to Dennis. Her hands were still held in place by Beau and her legs still spread at his hips but she managed an impressive arch to meet him as he enveloped one gloriously tight nub with his eager mouth.

He may have moaned in ecstasy at the liberty that his boss was allowing. Granted, he didn’t know the dynamics of the relationship between her and her uncle, but if this was the result, Dennis decided he really didn’t need the specifics. He could tell that her nipple was a little sensitive from the rough fondling he’d given it moments ago as he’d fucked her, but her whimpers as he stroked the tip with his tongue seemed genuine. He played with it a little more until he was certain she was enjoying it and then moved to the other. When both were wet, dark and extremely hard Dennis did what he’d wanted to do since he first laid eyes on this woman. He nibbled hungrily at her pointed nips with his teeth.

Mrs. Jenny yelped like a pup but he was already soothing the nub with warm swipes of his tongue and doing it again. The petite woman thrashed delicately, pinned as she was, and if possible lifted her tits higher. And the noises she made...if Dennis had been in his teens again he’d already be hard, just from that. He had no idea how long it took but it didn’t seem like a lot of time had passed as he went back and forth between her peaks until her hips were hitching against him again. Dennis brought her...
As he was tucking himself back into his pants, Beau had helped Mrs. Jenny sit up and settle her feet on the floor before walking her over to the closed office door. Once there he took his tie off and bound her wrists, turned her to face the room and then hooked her tied hands to the coat hook above her head on the door. Her skirt had fallen back into place covering her snatch but her blouse was open and the cups of her bra hung unclasped beneath each pit. Beau walked back to Jenny’s desk and took a seat before giving Jake the go ahead to slip under Mrs. Padalecki’s skirt again. The dog had been extremely well behaved; Dennis had actually forgotten he was there while he’d been inside his gorgeous boss.

“She’s a real piece of work isn’t she?” Beau said, distracting Dennis from his thoughts. “Doesn’t take much to get her off when she lets Uncle Beau take charge.”

There was a bottle of scotch in the corner and Beau poured them both a healthy drink as they watched. It was a site to behold, watching the young beauty submit to the beast between her legs like she’d been bred to do so, taking dog tongue like a pro. Little did he know.

Eventually Beau had called off Jake and put his Jojo’s clothes to right before dismissing her to the attached bathroom to clean up her hair and make-up.

“I’ve got to get this one home, Dennis.” He said. “Hubby is out of town but her mother is watching the little ones and will be expecting her soon.”

Dennis shook Beau’s hand and gave him a nod. He left before Mrs. Padalecki reappeared but spotted them crossing the lobby of the building as he did a final sweep of the floor. He’d been running late due to the mess in the conference room he’d had to clean up. Why so called professionals couldn’t pick up after themselves was beyond him, but he had to admit, if it hadn’t been for that he never would have heard that noise from his boss’s office and gone to investigate. Dennis didn’t notice that he was whistling as he worked.

The next day was as if it had never happened. Mrs. Padalecki didn’t go out of her way to avoid him, but neither did she act any differently, addressing him politely if they happened to pass in the halls. For weeks, just the sight of her and the scent of her perfume would give him a hard on. Dennis hadn’t popped this many boners since high school. Still, no matter how he tried, Dennis was unable to find himself alone with his boss until one day she appeared out of nowhere in the basement where his office was located. Dennis was just about to lock up when he heard a startled voice behind him.

“Oh,” Mrs. Jenny exclaimed genuinely startled. “Dennis. I thought you’d left for the evening.”

“Just leaving now,” he informed her while subtly listening and looking around behind her to see if she was alone. “Anything I can help you with Mrs. Padalecki?”

“Well, I just happened to notice the rest room near my office is out of paper towels on my way out…
figured I’d refill them before I left so I wouldn’t have to bother you in the morning.”

When Dennis didn’t say anything, Mrs. Jenny looked uncomfortable. It was just on the verge of getting awkward when Dennis said, “Pretty sure I have a few rolls on the shelf inside,” he indicated his office and pushed the door open. “Come on in.”

Jenny entered after a moment of hesitation, looking around at the dingy, cluttered space, her immaculate attire at odds with the dust covered surfaces. His boss turned quick and startled as the closed the door and then locked it behind him.

“Dennis,” she breathed, already starting to pant.

“You’re Uncle Beau told me you might come looking for more,” Dennis informed her. “Said you were a real whore for it. Told me to make sure I tongue your tits and your twat real good and you’d spread those pretty legs for me on the regular.”

“No, Dennis,” Mrs. P informed him. “That’s not what this is about. I don’t know what my uncle told you but…”

“He said,” Dennis interrupted, crowding Mrs. P against his desk. “Not to listen to what you say with your mouth but to what your body says.”

With that Dennis cupped both of his boss’s breasts and used his thumbs to stroke her already hardening nipples to sharp peaks.

Her arms came up to push him away but her head dropped back at the same time and Dennis held her to him with a firm hand at her lower back as his other hand pulled at her blouse and her bra to get to bare skin. Her pretty nipple was barely visible before he ducked his head and had it in his mouth. Mrs. Padalecki gasped loudly and surged against him, struggling sluggishly. Dennis smoothed the hand at her back upward until he had a handful of her blonde hair and forced her to meet his gaze as he unbuttoned the wreck of her blouse and took his time exposing her other breast. One was already pink from his attention and slick with his spit. The other perked beautifully under his attention, the nipple tightening as it hit the air.

“Did you come down here hoping I’d suck on these for you?” Dennis asked, curious.

“No, Dennis, “Mrs. Jenny continued to deny. “I would never. Your wife will be wondering where you are, please…”

Dennis mouthed the dry mound in front of him, flicking his tongue over the tip of Mrs. Jenny’s tit until she was a whimpering mess. Still, sucking her titties over his desk was a little too reminiscent of their first encounter. The janitor eyed the filthy cot in the corner left by his predecessor. He’d had more than a few daydreams about Mrs. Jenny Padalecki spread out on that cot as he worked her over at his leisure. Dennis had no idea that it was about to become a reality. She squawked as he picked her up and carried her to the cot and dropped her on it. Her expensive clothes clashed with the rust and dust of the old cot but he rather liked the contrast.

When she made to get up Dennis pinned her hands over her head firmly.

“I didn’t really get to explore those nice tits of yours to my satisfaction last time with your uncle hovering over me, so I’m going take my time and feel you up real good this time.”

Dennis had very large, meaty hands and he learned real quick what Mrs. Jenny liked…what made her eyes flutter all pretty like, what made her bosom heave, what made her lift and beg for more. He’d never seen such beautiful breasts in person and was thrilled by the way Mrs. Jenny responded
to his touch, like she couldn’t help herself. Dennis watched her mouth open and close as she lifted her left breast to his hand, subtly asking for him to twist her nub. She was so young and pretty beneath him, so submissive as he took advantage of her, hands limp above her head as he fondled her. The sight made him feel dirty and almost guilty, but not enough to stop by any means.

Dennis lost track of time as he finally gave in to his game of ‘crack the safe’, twisting her nips back and forth until she was all but mewling and rocking her hips desperately. He’d been so distracted with her breasts he’d completely forgotten about her twat. Dennis went to his knees next to the cot and pushed Jenny’s skirt up her thighs until it was wrapped around her waist. Her ivory panties were soaked and translucent as her hips hitched under his gaze.

Remembering Beau’s move with the scissors last time, Dennis quickly grabbed some from the desk and carefully peeled the material away from Jenny’s body. He cut the material in half and his mouth watered at the glistening pussy before him. Her clit stood out hard and cute as a button, her snatch clean smelling and wet as she writhed. Dennis wasted no time pushing her legs back and slipping his tongue into her folds. He looked up as she arched with a cry, cone-shaped titties jiggling and bouncing as he suckled and flicked at her clit. Her cunt fluttered into his face like she actually wanted him between her legs and he got her off at least 4 times before she passed out on him.

Dennis took a break for a bottle of water as she laid sprawled open and unconscious on the dirty cot. Her mouth was open, tits pointed at the ceiling and her cunt was stubble burned and splayed open to the room, clothes mussed and twisted around her. He took a picture and sent it to Beau as per the man’s request if he did manage to connect with his niece again. The response was almost immediate.

_Kids are with grandma. Hubby working late. Take your time. Enjoy._

Dennis almost came in his pants at that moment. He sent a message off to his wife that he’d be home late and went back to his boss. Her nipples were sleep softened despite the pink of her skin where he’d fondled and sucked her previously. Dennis laved at them until they were wet and blew cool puffs of air over each nip until they began to pebble and harden. Jenny stirred sleepily but did not wake. In a moment of inspiration Dennis went back to his desk. The drawer was filled with a variety of office supplies including paper clips and clamps. He grabbed two of the clamps and made his way back to his unsuspecting boss. They weren’t nipple clamps per se but they would certainly do the trick. He tested one, prying it open between his fingers and releasing it. It closed tight and quick with a small click. The bite of the paper clamp would be significantly more pressure than a standard nip clamp. Dennis decided to give it a try anyways.

He tweaked her nubs at the same time, bringing them to pretty little points. Mrs. Padalecki took a deep breath as she began to rouse, lifting her plump breasts nice and high for him. Dennis took the opportunity presented and let one of the clamps pinch her delicate nipple nice and tight. Jenny woke with a cry, thrashing against the cot as Dennis latched the other clamp into place. She whined loudly, bucking and panting in place but kept her hands over her head as she writhed. Dennis worried for a moment about how loud she was being but there was no one else in the building so he let her go. His hand wrapped around the base of one breast, thumb stroking the pale underbelly as her chest heaved. Eventually she quieted, lips pressing together as she hummed and mewed at the discomfort, eyes watering as she gazed up at him.

“That’s a good girl,” he praised. “Now turn over and put that gorgeous ass of yours in the air so I can have a taste.”

Mrs. Padalecki did as she was told, whimpering as her clamped tits rubbed against the surface as she lowered her shoulders to the cot without being told. Dennis straddled the cot and sat behind her, pushing her wrecked panties out of the way and tucking the material beneath her skirt to keep them
out of the way. He did his best to savor her, laving at her pretty little starburst entrance slow and teasingly until he could feel it throb and flutter as his tongue pressed to it. Mrs. P whined and wiggled as he did so, her hips hitching slightly as he teased her. When he finally breached her with the tip of his tongue she cried out again, loud and needy, hips jerking hard as she pushed back against his face. Dennis grabbed her hips and pulled her in, tongue stiff and seeking as he pressed in as far as he could go and held her as she thrashed against the intrusion. His boss screamed as he alternated between thrusting into her hole and sealing his lips to her ass, sucking at her, nonsensical words spilling from her lips as he ate her out.

She was so fucking hot for it, so responsive that Dennis shot off in his pants so suddenly that he had no time to even attempt to prevent it. He let a finger slip into her pussy as he got off, rubbing at her slick clit so that she would come with him…and she did with a howl that he would fantasize about for weeks as his hand soaked with her juice. Both were left panting and glistening with sweat for long moments.

Dennis had plans for getting off inside of his boss but he knew it would take time for him to get hard again. Usually he was good for one orgasm with his wife, but with Mrs. Padalecki he knew he’d be able to get there again. It would take a while but they had time. Until then he undid his pants and had Jenny clean his flaccid cock and then suck on it while he checked his phone messages and played a few games. He took another couple of pictures of her looking up at him; her lips wrapped around his dick and sent those to Beau as well. The man didn’t respond but Dennis could tell the pictures had been viewed almost instantly.

It took almost two hours, and Dennis may have dozed a bit but that sweet mouth on his cock and the picture of Mrs. Jenny on her knees for him eventually had him stiff and ready again. She’d been really good about her clamped nips, only whining or whimpering when they brushed against something or when Dennis occasionally cupped her mound as she blew him. He had Jenny climb into his lap and position herself to take him, guiding her hips slowly down his length so he didn’t immediately blow. Once she was fully seated he leaned forward slightly, forcing her back, his splayed hand between her shoulder blades until he supported her weight. Dennis marveled at her flexibility and the beauty of her lean body as both her head and her arms hung limply, her beautifully clamped tits lifted at just the right height for his mouth. The janitor released one clamp and then the other as Mrs. P hissed and shuddered in his arms. The pink furls were rock hard and tight, a noticeable divot on each nub where the clamp had pressed tight.

The moment Dennis latched onto one of her nipples his boss bucked against him, barely able to move due to his bulk, and gave a broken sob as he soothed the burn caused by the pinch of the clamp. Mrs. P arched instinctively, pushing her tit into his mouth, seeking warmth and comfort. Dennis was gentle and careful even as he was dying to nibble on the abused nubs. He hoped to corner her in a day or two when they were still sensitive and chew on them a bit. But for now she couldn’t get enough of his mouth, her hips hitching against him as he sucked at her luscious mounds.

Mrs. Jenny came in record time and the feel of her coming undone on his cock had Dennis shooting off a rather impressive second load as she clenched around him. She was completely submissive as he grunted and shifted in place, filling her with his seed. It felt so good to be inside of her that Dennis decided to stay right there until his dick slipped out of its own accord. His hand smoothed upward from her back to cup and lift the back of her head so that he could see her face. Fuck, she was gorgeous with her smeared make up, messy hair, glazed eyes and parted lips. Dennis stuck two fingers in her mouth with a small thrusting motion, pleased when she sucked on them, her tongue swirling around the digits.

When they were nice and wet he pulled them out and circled her pointed nubs, blowing on them to dry the spittle. Mrs. P’s lashes fluttered and she lifted her bosom slightly at the sensation.
“Dennis,” she whispered, obviously tired by their late afternoon encounter. “I’m going to have to let you go. This can’t keep happening.”

The janitor cupped one of her breasts, the edge of his thumb barely brushing the outside of her nipple. He smiled as Mrs. Padalecki pushed into his palm.

“Your uncle told me if you tried to fire me that he would invite me to his place to meet Lenny and that we could play with you together,” Dennis informed her.

Silence met this information.

“Who’s Lenny?” Dennis asked.

Mrs. Jenny hesitated before answering. “Lenny is my Uncle Beau’s landlord.”

Dennis absorbed that one as he continued to fondle her.

“And does he get to touch you like this?” Dennis asked.

His boss pinked at the question but answered him. “Yes. Beau gets a discount on his rent.”

Dennis couldn’t help but admire the man’s control over this niece.

“So?” he asked her. “Am I still fired?”

“No,” Jenny lowered her eyes. “You can stay.”

“Thank you,” Dennis said, kissing the tip of her nipple and then grasping it gently and giving it a small tug.

Jenny mewled at him helplessly as he continued to toy with her nub.

“I expect you’ll find you way down here every few weeks and we’ll continue our relations,” he said.

“Dennis…”

Mrs. Padalecki cut off with a gasp as Dennis added a firm twist to the pull and she could only writhe in his lap at the contact, words escaping her so long as he milked her pretty little nub like a teat. Her squirming eventually had his limp dick slipping out of her and Dennis made his boss lick him clean before they both put themselves to rights. Jenny was an absolute mess but he gathered she’d make it home before her hubby so she could take care of that. He walked her to the main floor and to the exit and unlocked the door for her. Dennis stayed to finish the work he hadn’t gotten to when Mrs. Jenny showed up with her needy tits and ass. She’d wanted him to touch her but just couldn’t admit it.

Three days later he hauled her into a supply closet, slapped a hand over her mouth, rucked her skirt up and slid the other one into her panties. He nibbled hungrily at Jenny’s sore nipples as she humped his hand and did her best to keep quiet.

Dennis worked for Mrs. Jenny another thirteen years before he retired. He’d had to replace the little cot in the basement once during that time but nothing pleased him more than defiling his beautiful boss in the filthy corner of his office after everyone else had gone home for the day.

The End.

Uncle Beau/Jenny origin fic
Chapter End Notes

Three new one shots in three weeks. A complete coincidence! Just happen to work a bit at a time on whatever the muse demands and these last three all came together very closely. This is probably it for awhile but I'll be back! Can't seem to stay away!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!