A Rude Awakening

by ShadowBiscuit

Summary

Dean Winchester was popping boners like he was getting paid for it, a courtesy of the Mark of Cain. They were persistent and much more intense than normal erections, and it wasn't long before he was pretty much driven mad from them.

He had to be crazy, a fucking monster, because why else would he, in the middle of the night, feel the need to open a sleeping Sam's mouth and do some unforgivable, downright nasty things to him...?
Chapter 1

Dean was a man, so jerking off was a normal thing to do. Of course it was—he has been doing it since the day he put two and two together and found out that his hand on his dick meant all sorts of good feelings for him. He didn’t do it on a daily basis, but still indulged in it somewhat regularly, many times ruining his little brother’s laptop with his guilty pleasures and then needing to listen to an oversized man-child stomping around the library, nostrils flared like an angry puppy as he held the laptop pumped full of viruses and lectured Dean on his indecent activities. Sammy wasn’t a prude, though, or some Holy Mary virgin, because it wasn’t once that Dean found the sites his brother forgot to delete from the browser history, and they weren’t innocent little websites about hair growth or salad recipes.

That being said, doing it every second day was maybe a bit too much.

It wasn’t his fault, it really wasn’t. It was the Mark. Ever since he got it, it was like his testosterone level skyrocketed, along with some of his more primal feelings and emotions. Anger was the most frequent, followed by a strange bloodthirst and restlessness. He only tried a few drugs when he was a teenager, but he could still compare this feeling to that of being high on something strong, something that sinks its hooks deep inside your body and soul and holds on, influencing many of your actions without you even realizing it.

Under the constant need of wanting to strangle the life out of something, however, he felt hot. Hot and bothered, but not in a bad way. Sudden waves of pure lust hit him at the most unexpected of times, literally forcing his hands. Seriously, his erections that were as abrupt and stubborn as the ones you get while growing up gave zero shits about where he was or what he was doing, they let themselves be known with a vengeance, whether Dean wanted them or not. And usually he did, because stroking his cock was in itself a pleasant feeling. Doing it in the shower, while warm water ran down the back of his neck and lit his body afire, or in his bed, lying on his back with his eyes closed and feeling at ease for those long minutes, those were all fine. More than fine, really—they were fucking great.

Popping a boner while driving, while eating at a diner, while chopping a goddamn monster’s head off, now that wasn’t so enjoyable.

And they wouldn’t go away. Oh no, they were stubborn as an ox and the only way to get rid of them was, well, by taking care of them. That obviously posed some problems, especially in important and dire situations, it really not serving any good to get distracted by how horny he was when a demon was about to gut him like a Halloween pumpkin. So somehow, he always had to find a way to jerk off, which usually ended up with him doing so angrily and nearly ripping his cock off in frustration, and the speed he was moving his hand. Spending his days masturbating quickly and angrily like some nutjob was not how he envisaged this part of his life, but he guessed it could have always been worse. Which obviously did not mean that this was any fun.

Another fact to show how unlucky he was, and how his rather unfriendly relationship with the Fate sisters might have managed to doom him for eternity, was that Sam was beginning to get suspicious, which was understandable. Dean wasn’t disappointed in his evading and “pretending that everything was fine and dandy and the world was filled with rainbows” techniques, because even he had to cringe from how obvious he was from time to time. Though there really wasn’t an appropriate way of sneaking off and doing a hurried round with his hand, no “How to get rid of that persistent boner easily and efficiently for dummies” book. At least he thought there wasn’t.
Anyway, it was hard—pun intended. The tent was clear and visible in his pants, no matter how much he tugged on his shirt and jacket, when he stood up from a table and told his little brother the same half-assed excuse that he needed to take a leak after which he stayed in the restroom for a suspiciously long time, and then had to come up with something that was usually him having sudden and explosive diarrhea. His struggle with his downstairs brain was also quite evident whenever he sent Sam ahead after a hunt, told him to wait in the car while he took care of the bodies, which always ended with him taking care of himself instead with a twisted mix of disgust and arousal, since he was pretty much jerking himself while surrounded by bloody corpses. That fact didn’t stop him, Dean successfully reaching a new point of low and hating himself a bit more each time he did it, all the while feeling forever grateful to his lucky star that he has never been busted by Sam.

Getting discovered jackin’ off next to a bunch of corpses by your own little brother would have made for a very interesting conversation with their future trauma therapist.

So while he had a good relationship with his dick, nowadays he often found himself glaring at it, seething quietly and wondering what he did to deserve such cruel torture. He couldn’t even predict them, as they were completely random, the possibility hanging thick and threatening in the air every second of every day and making him cherish the times he wasn’t undertaken by an unrelenting lust that, unfortunately, never failed to cloud his mind and judgment.

Lying in his bed, Dean shook the thoughts out of his head in fear of somehow summoning his boner by thinking of it. Today was a relatively boner-less day, which was why he was extra suspicious and on edge, why he made sure to lock the door to his room as soon as he entered. And while locked in his room like that, he should have felt safe and relaxed, shouldn’t have even minded if he had to stroke himself for a bit, he was still uneasy, cursing himself for the stupid mistake he made.

He left his pie in Sam’s room.

They came back from a supply run a few hours ago, Sam carrying most of the bags because Dean had more important things to keep a hold of, namely his apperry pie. He came up with the name, it suitting the food perfectly as it was half apple, half cherry, the flavors separated in the middle with a thin line of sugar which was drawn in an X shape on top of his surely delicious, and soon-to-be in his stomach pie. So of course he refused to part from the delicacy, keeping it even when they went to Sam’s room to look something up about which they have been arguing all the way back. When it turned out that Dean was right, he was so proud and smug that he couldn’t help but tease his brother about his victory, which resulted in them engaging in a petty brawl before he got kicked out of the room. Still too drunk on triumph, he completely forgot about the pie he put on the bedside table when they started fighting, only realizing what he has done when it was too late.

They were both very tired, especially Sam, the poor kid having to stay up the other night researching because Dean had managed to fall asleep halfway through the night, too drunk and grumpy to keep looking at books, the black ink words seemingly swimming and merging together before his eyes when he tried to keep them open. So it was highly possible that his brother was fast asleep in his own bed, which meant there was an even higher possibility that Dean’s pie was locked in the room, a prisoner until morning. Dean was hungry now, however, and he couldn’t be sure of the apperry pie’s quality after as many hours as he knew his giant moose of a brother would end up sleeping either, so he needed to get the pie. How, he wasn’t quite sure yet, two problems making it difficult to get out of bed—the probable locked door of Sam’s room, and the ticking bomb in his pants.

He frowned at the ceiling, brows furrowed so deeply he could see them at the top of his vision, but the more he thought, the clearer the answer became, making him feel a slight relief. He really shouldn’t be so worried. If the door was locked just as he expected it to be, then that was it. He would just have to wait until tomorrow, that is, unless he was desperate enough to use a lock pick on
Sam’s door. On the other hand, if it was actually open, all he needed to do was creep in there, grab his prize, then shimmy out as quietly as possible. Or he could always just barge in. So many possibilities, making him more and more excited as the seconds trickled by, and then he couldn’t stay still any longer, hopping out of bed and, before his mind could’ve caught up to where his body was taking him, Dean was standing in front of his brother’s room, feeling like some hungry predator.

Hand hovering above the door handle, he decided to use the good older brother approach and turn it quietly, surprised and glad when it turned obediently. He stood there for a moment, silently listening to his brother’s even breathing, before opening the door and slipping inside the gloomy room, needing a second for his eyes to get used to the darkness and spot the bedside table on which he left the pie. However what he dreaded happened after he took a few steps forward, the excitement apparently not only getting to his head but to his dick also, gradually filling it with blood, the pressure hot and heavy against his thigh. But this was fine, there was no need to freak just yet. This wouldn’t have been the first time he got hard with Sam in the room, plus this time his brother was sleeping soundly, completely unaware of what was happening.

Dean nearly let out a gasp as that thought sent a violent shiver down his spine and made his suddenly fully hard dick twitch, needing to brace himself against the wall if he didn’t want to fall to his knees from the rush that left him dizzy.

What the fuck? Did he just get harder from the thought of his little brother sleeping while he sported a raging boner? No way, that was majorly fucked up, even more than anything he has done before. But the proof was right under his eyes, screaming to be touched and freed from his underwear, and Dean was supposed to feel sick, feel nausea, but he was only horny. Hornier than ever, really, his hands shaking as he stared with wide eyes at the sleeping form of his brother, seeming all innocent and peaceful, unsuspecting. It was thrilling, in a completely fucked up way, but as he gave a tentative stroke to his clothed erection, all doubts of how wrong and just vile what he was about to do was flew right out the window, and then the thick haze of lust was taking over, and Dean couldn’t stop even if he wanted to anymore.

The Mark pulsed on his forearm as he quietly unbuttoned and unzipped himself, panting and licking his lips as he pulled out his throbbing cock, the tip already glistening with pre-come. He really was doing this, but he couldn’t care, something in him snapping and instead of revolting, he suddenly found this situation hot as fuck. Leaning his head against the wall, he fought the urge to close his eyes and kept them on Sammy while he wrapped his hand around the burning flesh, then quickly raised his other hand to cover his mouth when that made him let out a groan. He felt something deep, something feral trying to escape from his chest as he began stroking himself, the Mark of Cain as if taking control over his body and mind and turning him into a beast as he growled, the rumbling sound muffled by his hand but still there. He sped up, pumping his leaking cock and gritting his teeth as one animalistic sound left him after the other, then had to bite down on his hand when he saw Sam stirring in his sleep, the possibility of getting caught like this only turning him on that much more.

He was jerking off while watching his own brother’s sleeping face, and it was the best feeling ever.

It didn’t take long before he was coming, his orgasm slamming into him like a bulldozer and punching the air right out of his lungs, Dean tasting blood on his tongue as he bit down so hard on his hand that teeth broke skin, but in a way, that pain only made him come harder. Removing his bleeding hand, he planted it against the wall behind him, keeping himself upright as he slowly came down from the afterglow of such an intense orgasm.

Then he found a tissue box, cleaned himself and the dirty floor, grabbed his pie and went back to his room, feeling exhausted and sweating. He felt no remorse, though. It was odd, how what he just did wasn’t creeping him out. If anything, just remembering it turned him on like a light switch, instead of
the expected self-pity and guilt, the only feeling drifting around in his head being an awed want and a carnal high.

It seemed like the monster the Mark had set free in him had caught scent, and Dean wasn’t about to stop it from claiming its prey. Not when the prey was his sweet, beautiful Sammy…
He couldn’t stop thinking about Sam.

His little brother was on his mind almost all the time, which wasn’t helping with his surprise erections at all. It only made them worse and even more obstinate, now keeping his voice in posing a problem as his mind was filled with fantasies about Sam while jerking off. Sammy kissing him, Sam getting down on his knees for him or bending over, begging for it good and hard.

Then Sammy crying, screaming, his pleas for it to stop choked-off by dirty curses and Dean’s name.

He wasn’t sure when his imagination turned so dark, so merciless and unforgiving, but he wasn’t bothered by it. It was like the Mark had sucked every shred of gentleness and adoration he had toward his little brother, only leaving a twisted sort of love, poisonous and lethal and so fucking bad it was good. His own little brother, whom he never once thought of hurting like that, was the only thing on his mind, driving him into a sexual frenzy, making it that much harder to control himself around him; especially at night.

Because Dean didn’t stop there. That one night he fucked his hand in Sam’s room was just the first of many, Dean always waiting until his baby brother was sound asleep before entering the room and going wild. He got more and more daring, carefully removing the blanket from Sam and watching him like that, imagining him opening his eyes and wrapping those sinful lips around his cock, sometimes that thought alone managing to push him over the edge and making him blow his load. At times, he wondered if what he was doing was wrong, then laughed because of course it was, but he loved it, relished in it and needed more.

His sweet Sammy had no clue of what was going on, which just made everything that much more fun. Dean grinned inwardly, wicked and corrupt, when his brother mentioned feeling like he was being watched at night, poor clueless idiot having no idea that it was Dean whose famished eyes he felt on himself.

However no matter how much fun it was, everything had to come to an end at one point.

Tonight, too, he found himself in his brother’s room, pajama pants already discarded, lying somewhere on the floor next to the bed. He was groaning in one hand while the other massaged the thick, veiny flesh full of blood, ready to start pumping his cock like there was no tomorrow, but he felt like something was missing. He has been getting needier the past few days, sadistic fantasies flashing before his eyes nearly each time he saw Sam now, and just jerking off wasn’t satisfying his savage needs anymore. He did try to fuck girls he picked up at bars while thinking of Sam, but that was obviously not enough. No, he needed something more, no matter how risky.

An idea hit him, the rush and thrill sending a gush of pre-come leaking from his cock, but no, that was too much. He couldn’t do that unless he wanted to say goodbye to these late night visits, along with his relationship with Sam. And while he wasn’t ready to lose his little brother simply because he turned into a monster, the more he thought about it, the less he cared about the consequences, and it wasn’t long before he was standing in front of the bed, chest heaving in anticipation and a possessive desire.
The room was dark, but there was enough light spilling in from the hallway—since he left the door wide open to illuminate his baby—to cast a faint glow on Sammy’s body hidden under a blanket and his face, relaxed and gorgeous as always.

And Dean couldn’t wait to claim those lips as his.

Gently and cautiously, he turned his sleeping brother on his back, before pulling off the blanket from his body and slowly climbing on the bed, where he moved the straddle the other’s chest, pinning his biceps down with his legs. The pressure on his arms and shoulders made Sam stir, a hint of a frown crossing his face when he couldn’t move, but then he was back to sleeping while, unbeknownst to him, Dean was biting down on his lower lip and squeezing the base of his cock, excitement nearly making him burst.

He didn’t think, didn’t plan ahead, just did it. Reaching out, he ran the back of his fingers down Sam’s cheek, caressing as he moved his thumb to the soft lips, a crooked grin stretching across his own as he lifted his thumb and sucked on it, wetting the digit thoroughly before bringing it back to his brother’s lips and sliding it across the enticing flesh, coating it with his saliva until it was shining prettily, inviting him to do some real nasty things.

Pressing his thumb down until he had it between Sam’s teeth, he gingerly opened the other’s mouth and inched closer, the tip of his cock brushing against his brother’s chin and making him suck in a sharp breath at the feeling. He kept Sam’s mouth open as he slowly, almost meticulously slid the head of his dick inside the warm cavern, hissing when teeth grazed against sensitive skin, but that didn’t stop him from pushing until he was halfway in, groaning and cursing when he heard the small gagging sound coming from his brother, before snarling, hand flying to Sam’s jaw and pressing down hard when he noticed a pair of wide, hazel eyes staring at him.

“Hey, Sammy,” he purred lowly, fingers digging further into the other’s jaw when he tried to move his head. “Tsk tsk, bad boy. No wiggling around.” He narrowed his eyes at Sam warningly. “And no biting.”

It was astounding, beautiful, his Sammy’s reaction much better than he expected. The poor, frightened and confused man’s eyes were wide open, broadening impossibly more as the realization of what was happening sunk in, and then he became frantic. Immediately going to move his arms, Sam’s shouts and screams were muffled by Dean’s dick—the miserable sounds as they vibrated around him fucking amazing—as he tried but failed at freeing his arms from where they were trapped under the other’s legs. He then moved on to his body, desperately trying to kick and shove him off, but Dean was too far up for that to work, the older man simply laughing in his face and at his useless efforts to break free. Finally, he ignored Dean’s warning and tried to bite him, forcing his jaw to close, but then he stopped and let out a muffled groan instead as he got slugged in the face.

“Told you not to try anything funny,” Dean said with a small growl, smirking at the pained sound his brother made when he pressed down on the spot which he hit, before moving his free hand to the smooth hair on Sam’s head and gripping a handful of it. “Now, I’ll remove my other hand, but if you bite me again…you will seriously regret it, I can promise you that.”

He regarded the other with meaningful eyes, letting him know he wasn’t kidding, but the look of bewildered fury never left his brother’s eyes, and as Dean slowly pulled the hand keeping his mouth open, he quickly regretted trusting him so soon, because the little bitch bit him right away.

“Son of a…” His exclamation trailed off into a deep growl as he moved his fingers back to the younger man’s jaw, squeezing it tight enough to make him wince, the pain and anger just riling Dean up, and he couldn’t help but laugh wickedly when he rolled his hips and Sam gagged. “Yeah, fucking told you I’d make you regret it. Should’ve been more obedient, baby, coz now I’m gonna be
even less gentle, rip that rebellious mouth of yours open.”

He found a sadistic joy in the flash of horror in Sam’s eyes as those words made sense, a vicious smirk plastered on his face as he tightened his hold on both the other’s hair and jaw before sinking forward and burying his cock deeper inside his little brother’s mouth. Sam couldn’t handle it, throat convulsing as he writhed and tried to spit him out, push the intrusive flesh out with his tongue, but all that did was make Dean groan loudly, the wet tongue pressing and prodding, sliding around him fucking driving him insane with lust.

“Fuck yeah, Sammy,” he panted as he began thrusting in and out of his brother’s mouth. “Jesus fuck, you feel so good. Should’ve done this way sooner, damn baby.” He moaned and groaned, cursing under his breath at the addictive feeling of fucking his baby brother’s mouth, feeling like he could explode any second as he watched Sam struggle uselessly, move his head while glaring daggers at him, and listened to the pathetic noises leaving him, the protesting growls and muffled shouts, the panicked gags and chokes when Dean forced his fat cock down his throat.

This was his baby, his Sammy, completely at his mercy. He was so adorable like that, with his face and eyes red, nostrils flared as he took loud, hasty breaths, and Dean couldn’t wait to fuck that pretty face for real.

Chapter End Notes

Up next:  
Then it all took a turn for the worse when his brother moved forward and placed both his hands on Sam’s head, however before he could’ve bit him, he heard the man’s warning voice whisper, “If you try anything, I will tie you up.”
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Sam wanted to scream and cry in agony, in intense rage and frustration, but he was too busy choking on his own fucking brother’s dick to do any of that.

Well, no—he was freaking the hell out.

When he woke up to something in his mouth, then realized just what it was, he was more than a little startled and confused. His brain instantly short circuited, the situation one of those when it was so unbelievable his mind simply shut down, refusing to deal with the shit before his eyes, however it was pretty hard to ignore the pain in his jaw and the forceful, foreign body part muffling his screams. His mouth was filled with a salty taste, Sam feeling terribly nauseous as the smell of sweat hit his nose, the feeling worsening when he realized he couldn’t move his arms. He was completely trapped, couldn’t even push Dean off, couldn’t wrench his head away or spit his brother’s dick out, and he could barely even breathe.

Rage and desperation, misery. Denial. He felt them all as he glared at his brother, something in the back of his mind snapping and laughing because it was Dean, his own goddamn big brother who was shoving his giant cock down Sam’s throat, making him cough and gag uncontrollably. He tried everything, really did, the helpless state he was in driving him into a frenzy, but all he achieved with his relentless wriggling and bucking like some wild bull was to get punched in the face each time, Sam having no choice but to stop and lie still after a while, his face now throbbing with a dull ache. And each time he inhaled, needing to take deep breaths through his nose, the thick and intoxicating smell of sex, of musk hit him, making him want to cry out in exasperation.

What the hell was going on? He would have loved to know, but wasn’t really in a position to ask, what with his mouth stuffed. This couldn’t be Dean, that much was for sure. At least he wanted to believe that, needed to believe it, or else he might actually break down and go mad because why? How?

Why would his Dean rape him like this?

He could see the Mark of Cain on his brother’s arm that was holding his hair and decided that, for now, he was going to put the blame on that wretched thing.

“That’s it, let it in,” Dean purred, deep voice a low rumble in his throat, and suddenly Sam’s glaring eyes lost all their intensity as they widened, his body jerking as Dean snapped his hips forward and turned the slow pace with which he was fucking his mouth into a faster and rougher one. “Yeah, take it all, baby.”

It was excruciating, He gasped, could barely breathe and made some very interesting sounds as the tip of his brother’s huge cock kept bumping against the back of his throat even though it wasn’t even all the way in, Sam’s eyes watering against his own will when Dean yanked on his hair and pulled his head toward, and into each brutal thrust. His shoulders hurt where the other’s knees were pressed into them, but the pain was nothing compared to the feeling of hopelessness as utter submission was forced out of him, Sam humiliated beyond words as he gagged around his brother’s cock, as saliva dribbled down his chin, and he couldn’t make himself keep looking at what was happening, feeling
and hearing everything already enough to have him in tears. So he screwed his eyes shut, the action pushing some more tears out of his eyes, and tried focusing on breathing, on anything else that weren’t the sloppy, wet sounds of the slip and slide, the push and pull of Dean’s thick erection in his mouth, or the low groans, the unbelievably lustful growls coming from the older man.

He tried to please his brother turned rapist as little as possible, hoping he would get bored, but with all the spit gathering and leaking from his mouth, and with the way he was choking like he was being strangled, he had to swallow now and then, cringing each time that made Dean curse sweetly and speed his already unforgiving thrusts.

Then it all took a turn for the worse when his brother moved forward and placed both his hands on Sam’s head, however before he could’ve bit him, he heard the man’s warning voice whisper, “If you try anything, I will tie you up.”

So he stayed still, hating but unable to do anything about it, because he really didn’t want lose even more control over his body than he has already. Panting heavily through his nose, he slowly opened his eyes and looked up at Dean, suddenly feeling like a small, cornered little animal with a dangerous predator looming over him as they made eye contact. His brother looked like a wolf starving for meat, fresh and juicy, which to him was probably Sam; his eyes were dark and dancing with a lecherous, alarming fire, so ready to ravish him in the most disturbing and obscene ways, and the ferocious grin stuck to his lips wasn’t helping with the deadly image painted on his face either.

“So pretty…” he said in twisted adoration, the tender way he caressed Sam’s hair turning all his remaining rage into nothing compared to the sudden fear those touches promised, the imminent aggression they held, and he couldn’t stop the tiny whine that escaped him, along with a frightened little shudder. He couldn’t take this, not this, and with panic taking over, he gazed at Dean with a pair of teary eyes, silently begging him to stop.

Instead of taking pity on him, though, his brother merely chuckled, his misery apparently amusing the other. “Aw baby, those adorable puppy eyes only want me to fuck you more, you know,” he purred, rolling his hips teasingly and causing Sam to flinch, before tucking a few sweaty strand of hair behind his ear and grinning down at him with narrowed eyes. “Been wanting to do this for a while now. Fuck you and make you scream, the fact that we’re brothers only making me wanna claim you that much more. Sammy, you’re everything I want and need, and I can’t control myself anymore. I don’t want to,” he whispered, fingertips brushing against Sam’s lips that were wrapped around his dick. “And I’m gonna make you mine tonight, in every single way possible…”

The words stung, for they were full of lust and emotions, Sam believing that his brother meant every single one of them and he wasn’t sure how to react, though not like that mattered, since in the next moment Dean was moving again—and this time, he didn’t stop when Sam began choking.

Tears were streaming down his cheeks and his jaw ached as he tried to keep his mouth open, as every time his teeth grazed too much against his brother’s skin, the man hissed and gave a sharp tug to Sam’s hair. He gripped the sheets hard, hands shaking as he curled his fingers in the white fabric, his face burning as Dean pounded it with his cock, and then it wasn’t long before he was gagging and making some horrible, wounded sounds, many times barely managing to stop himself from heaving and throwing up when his brother slammed forward and kept his head in place, forehead pressed against Dean’s stomach. He fucked Sam’s mouth rough and fast, his thrusts unrelenting, deep and forceful, groaning louder and chuckling when the other began whining.

It was extremely humilitating and frustrating, embarrassing, but Sam couldn’t keep his voice in anymore. He was forced to deepthroat his brother, and while showing weakness in a situation like that was the worst possible thing he could’ve done, when his nose became stuffed with snot, causing
breathing even more difficult, his eyes widened and he whined. He simply couldn’t care anymore, this was too much, his mind overflowing with emotions and his mouth so damn full, his dignity crumbling and turning to dust as he let out tiny sobs, this whole situation just so fucked up his brain quit and bailed on him, leaving him hopeless, wishing for this nightmare to end.

Reluctantly, and with a sickly, dreadful feeling in his gut, Sam shut his eyes and swallowed, before starting to suck his brother’s cock, hoping to get him off faster and put an end to this. When Dean’s hold on his head tightened and his thrusts became more erratic, he knew he was doing something right, so he continued, feeling nauseous as he swirled his tongue around the thick length and sucked on it while hollowing his cheeks.

“Jesus fucking Christ,” Dean groaned, drawing in quick breaths through gritted teeth as his balls kept slapping against the other’s chin, the miserable whimpers Sam made making him curse in delight. “Oh yeah, fuck! Gonna come, baby—” He gasped, then suddenly his hips were jerking as he buried himself deep inside the choking man’s mouth, growling out something that sounded suspiciously like “Sammy”.

He could feel it all, every single second making him shudder and force more tears out of his eyes. He felt Dean come, felt the warm fluid hit the back of his throat in short bursts before filling his mouth, fucking exploding in it, Sam’s neck tensing as the overflowing come slipped past his lips and trickled down his chin, dripping down onto the top of his upper chest. And even with it seeping out, a lot has managed to go down his throat, causing him to cough, wondering for a brief second if this was how he was going to die, choking on his big brother’s load. But then thankfully Dean was pulling out and let go of his head, Sam immediately turning it to the side and coughing harder, while taking deep, panicked inhales.

When he finally stopped feeling like suffocating, he slowly cracked his eyes open, panting for air and swallowing, then grimacing when he did so, the aftertaste of Dean’s cock and his come a lingering sweet-saltiness all around his mouth and tongue. He was exhausted and dazed from shock, sniffing and trying to blink the cool tears clinging to his eyelashes away, then was quickly pulled back to reality when he felt the heavy, hot weight of his brother’s dick on his chest, Sam’s eyes widening when he saw what was happening. Dean had a hand braced on the pillow on one side of the other’s head, while using his other hand to guide his lazily softening dick all the way up to Sam’s throat, gathering all the come that spilled out with the tip before pausing at his mouth and flashing a dirty smirk at him.

“Stick out your tongue,” he said with a slightly hoarse voice, it being more of an order than a plea, but Sam managed to find the strength to narrow his eyes and clench his jaw, glaring defiantly at his brother.

Dean’s smirk widening into a grin was not the reaction he was expecting, and he winced as his brother dug his knees further into his shoulders, then did so louder and with more pain when his hair got grabbed again, this time Dean yanking his head so far back that his neck stretched uncomfortably, making it harder to keep his mouth closed.

He still bared his teeth at the man hovering over him, a weak snarl twisting his lips, however Dean didn’t seem too fazed by any of it. If anything, he just looked amused, that sick motherfucker. “Come on, Sammy,” Dean coaxed, hand tightening in the other’s hair as he nudged the tip of his come-coated dick against Sam’s bottom lip, making him pull a face. “This ain’t gonna work out if you keep acting like some brat. I’m not asking much, am I? Just lick it clean.”

Sam snorted, and now that his mouth was empty, he wasn’t going to keep quiet. “Not asking much? Dean, you…you’re completely insane! I don’t know what’s gotten into you, why you did what you
did, but it has to stop. Now,” he hissed irately, stomach twisting in apprehension as his brother let out a laugh.

“Why? Would you hate me any less if I stopped now?” Dean asked, raising an eyebrow at him before shaking his head. “You wouldn’t. But that’s fine, I knew what would happen from the moment I crawled on this bed, and I didn’t care then, don’t care now. Quite the contrary… The look of fear in your eyes is the most fascinating thing I’ve ever seen in my life.”

Sam stared at him for a moment, so angry at so many things, but then his features softened, a part of him defeated. “You…why? Dean, why are you doing this? I just don’t get it, this is not like you at all. It can’t be you, because I know you. You would never do something like this, rape someone, especially not…me.”

“How would you know?” his brother sneered, glancing at his forearm before looking back at Sam. “We both know that the Mark has changed me, but only I know how much. This is not something you can fix, Sammy. It’s not something you talk about, something you can ignore and forget it’s there, believe me, I tried. But you just can’t beat this, and I’ve stopped trying to. And I’m glad I did, because honestly, I’ve never felt better. Oh, and as to why I’m doing this…” He trailed off, licking his lips wantonly. “Let’s just say I finally realized how fucking hot you are, and I feel it’s my duty to have you before anyone else could put their dirty hands on my baby brother.”

“Dean, no,” he warned, definitely not begged. “Listen, man, stop. Just as you said, this is the Mark, not you. Hear me? This is not you. Don’t do this, just… If you stop now, I won’t hate you. I promise, I understand that you can’t control your urges, so I’m not mad, but—”

His brother’s contemptuous laugh cut him off, making the words get stuck in his throat. “God, you really can’t get past this, can you? Always naïve, always in denial, hiding behind your hopeful little lies, thinking that everything will be alright in the end, if only I stop, if we talk about it,” he spat with a mocking grin, which quickly turned into something sweet and venomous. “But that’s fine, that’s exactly the way I like you. Hopeful and forgiving, all of which I can’t wait to crush, until nothing remains. Until you’re completely, body and soul, all mine.”

Before he could’ve reacted, lashed out or something, Sam once again found himself unable to speak as Dean shoved his flaccid dick down his throat, keeping it in for a long moment until all the dried come peeled away from his skin, then it was gone. Sam was sputtering and coughing, but also readying himself to jump as soon as Dean crawled off him; however to his horror, it didn’t seem like his brother was finished just yet.

“De—ow! Let go!” he yelled, struggling franticly as he was flipped onto his stomach, Dean now moving down to straddle his hips, Sam letting out a pained and frustrated grunt when his aching arms were seized and twisted behind his back. “For fuck’s sake, get off!”

“No can do, darling,” his brother drawled lowly, a shiver running down Sam’s spine when he felt the other’s warm breath on his neck. “We still have a long night ahead of us.”

The hidden meaning of those words immediately paralyzed him, and he quickly turned his head away with a repulsed shudder when Dean licked his ear, squeezing his eyes shut and panting as instead of fury, fear coursed through his veins. He heard and felt his brother going through the drawers of the bedside table, Sam still unable to move with Dean’s weight pressed down on him, then felt even worse when the loud sounds of fabric being ripped and cut apart reached his ears, not needing to be a genius to know his blanket was probably in the process of being shredded by the knife he kept in the top drawer. He cursed and hoped to move his hands away in time, but wasn’t so lucky, the long piece of fabric wrapping around his wrists and tying them together before he could’ve done anything aside from making protesting sounds. Tugging on his binds, he noted with
disappointment that they were tight and unrelenting, with the potential of leaving some nasty bruises on his skin when this would all be over.

*If* it will ever end, he had to remind himself dejectedly.

He felt horrible. This wasn’t supposed to happen, but here he was, lying face down in his own bed while his brother slithered down his body and stroked his sides. Sam’s efforts in trying to pull away from the gentle yet firm touches proving useless, because Dean was everywhere. His hands were roaming Sam’s upper body as if they would wither away if they couldn’t get to every inch of skin, his brother caressing and massaging his arms, back and neck, everything, all the while saying how gorgeous he was, praising and complimenting him, it all just fuelling his terror. Dean has completely lost it, he had to realize, and no amount of reasoning or shouting would get him to stop now. His brother was going to keep touching him no matter what, and while there was definitely still some anger in Sam, irritation and the bitter feeling of betrayal, he was mainly frightened.

Because Dean was horny, powerful and completely unpredictable, and no matter how much Sam loved his big brother, he wasn’t sure if he was going to be able to survive tonight with his mind intact, let alone his body…

Chapter End Notes

Up next:

“*O-Oh god…*” The words slipped past his lips before he could’ve stopped them, immediately causing his face to burn with the power of a thousand suns, especially when he felt Dean’s satisfied chuckle against and inside his ass.
He was counting in his head. Each of them, each time it happened, he counted and hoped for the numbers to finally reach twenty, while at the same time he didn’t, because the closer he got to it, the more unbearable the sting on his goddamn ass got.

Sam had put up a fight when Dean tried to remove his pajama pants, but when he received an especially painful twist to his arms, he stilled, and was soon lying completely naked on the bed. The air on his warm body was cool, but not unpleasant, but he was quickly shivering when his brother began stroking his thighs and ass.

“Now, I think you’re in high need of some punishment,” Dean had said, and Sam already knew back then that whatever his brother had in mind, it couldn’t be any good. “You defied me and struggle too much. Let this be a warning for the next time you try to ignore one of my orders.”

And then he began spanking him.

Sam had cried out in surprise and told him to stop, that it hurt, but Dean just said that it was supposed to hurt and, if he could keep quiet until he delivered all twenty strikes, he’d get a reward. And while he didn’t care much for the reward his brother was talking about, he still shut up, refusing to let any of the pathetic, wounded sounds escape him and humiliate him even further.

That, however, did not mean that keeping quiet was easy.

No, it was one of the hardest things he had to do, plus Dean wasn’t being a peach either, what with hitting his ass cheeks so hard one would think he wanted to flatten them or something. Ten on each cheek, the older man had told him, and to make it even worse, he didn’t hit each once, but rather focused on one before moving onto the other. Which meant that by the time Dean started spanking his right ass cheek, the left one was burning and stinging, hurting so bad that Sam had to bite down on the pillow to keep his voice in, secretly hoping to lose consciousness from lack of air as he buried his face in it.

“Good boy. You did surprisingly well,” he heard Dean praise him as they got to the twentieth hit, Sam pushing the wet fabric out of his mouth and turning his head, panting while swallowing thickly around the lump in his throat, then hissing when two firm hands caressed his searing skin. “So pretty and red. You can even see my handprints.”

He eased away from the groping hands, then received a painful scratch on his ass for it. “Dean,” he panted, his own nails digging into his palms in hopes of distracting himself from the hands on his ass. “Enough, please.”

“Begging now? I like that,” his brother purred deeply, Sam’s breath hitching when he felt Dean’s lips on his stinging cheeks, kissing them. “Soon you’ll be begging for more.”

“Like hell,” he hissed, moving his shoulders and trying to squirm away from his brother’s kisses, then was gasping, eyes widening when his cheeks were spread and, before he could’ve even thought to protest, Dean was licking him, wet tongue circling and poking at his entrance greedily, making all of Sam’s muscles lock up in pure shock. “Dean, stop!” he cried, a soft whimper escaping him as the
tongue began lapping at his hole and lighting his body on fire, the kind he really wasn’t supposed to feel in a situation like this.

“Oh yeah? Your pretty, pink little hole is totally loving this though, you fucking slut,” Dean mouthed against his quivering entrance, sinking his nails into Sam’s cheeks and spreading them further apart when he tried to force them closed.

“No, I’m—” He tried, the degrading words making his chest ache, then let out a wretched sob as a wave of fucking pleasure rushed through him, Sam wanting to puke from his own body’s reaction. Instead, he just pressed his face into the pillow, groaning painfully when he received a fierce bite each time he moved around too much for Dean’s liking.

“No?” he scoffed with a laugh, then nuzzled the cleft of the other’s ass, making Sam shudder from the twisted parody of the affectionate act. “I wanna hear you say that when I’ve got my tongue in your ass.”

“What?!” Sam demanded, whipping his head around to look at Dean as much as he could, which was pretty impossible and useless in the position he was in, and then his jaw dropped and head fell back onto the pillow when, just as promised, his brother shoved his freaking tongue past the ring of muscle and into his ass.

His body and mind fought and intense battle, all the while Sam tried to keep his gasps and pitiful sounds to the minimum. It was disgusting, his own brother eating him out like there was no tomorrow and burying his face in his ass, licking and sucking away happily, the pleased hums he made making Sam’s stomach flip in revulsion. Another part of his body, however, had other opinions, because the bundle of nerves there were sensitive and didn’t care what was touching them, so the way Dean’s warm tongue twisted and turned, curled and prodded, licked inside him, slipping as deep as it could, and the way he sucked on the fluttering hole, placing wet, sloppy kisses on it, made his body think something amazing was happening.

“Oh—Oh god…” The words slipped past his lips before he could’ve stopped them, immediately causing his face to burn with the power of a thousand suns, especially when he felt Dean’s satisfied chuckle against and inside his ass.

He withdrew his tongue long enough to say, “Told you, baby. Can’t say no to my tongue, can you? To your big brother’s tongue fucking your greedy little hole. Bet you’re gonna love my cock even more, will suck it right up, won’t you?”

Then he was back to devouring Sam, stabbing his tongue right back into his hole, going so deep one would think Dean wanted to impale him on the slippery flesh. He stilled, then went back to squirming around, pressing his face against the pillow and taking deep breaths, eyes staying shut only for a few minutes before flying open when an eager finger joined his brother’s tongue, sliding past it and reaching a lot further inside him, poking and pressing down against places he’s never been touched before.

“Stop,” he whispered, shivering when Dean removed his tongue again, replacing it with a second finger, the digit forcing its way inside way too soon and fast, making him grunt. “Dean, stop!” Sam whined, raising his strangely weak voice as much as he could, but instead of listening to him—which shouldn’t really have come as a surprise—his brother just shoved his fingers harder in him, beginning to turn and thrust them, the dull, burning pain worse than anticipated.

“You really don’t want me to stop,” he said somewhat warningly, massaging and kneading Sam’s stinging ass as he fingered him faster than necessary. “If I do, then the next couple of minutes will be excruciating… But maybe you’d like that more. Is that it, Sammy?” Dean purred teasingly, voice
dropping an octave as he hooked his fingers inside Sam’s ass before leaning down, crushing the other’s hands under his chest as he nipped at his shoulder, the frightened man holding his breath as his brother whispered, “Would you like it better if I ripped your ass open? If I made you bleed like a fucking faucet by driving my cock so far up your ass it would be poking out your belly? Feeling every single inch of me, tearing and stretching your skin as I fuck you so hard you won’t even be able to move when I’m done with you—is that what you want?”

Immediately, Sam shook his head, unable to believe the filth that was pouring out of his brother’s mouth. “No, I…no,” he answered quietly, swallowing nervously as his words were followed by a tense silence, and just as he began playing with the idea of turning his head and locking eyes with Dean, the man was speaking again with an audible smirk in his voice.

“Well, I don’t know… I don’t think I believe you,” he stated plainly, obviously lying and just taunting Sam. “I think maybe we should just move on to the more juicy part.”

He sucked in a sharp breath when Dean removed his fingers from his hole, the brief feeling of relief at the absence of the digits quickly replaced by horror as he realized what would happen now, and then he was turning his head, eyes somewhat mad as he strained his neck and stared at his brother, who was still hovering over him with a dark and dangerous look on his face.

“Don’t, Dean. I mean it; I don’t want this, please.” He kept his eyes on his brother, brow slightly furrowed to at least try to appear less miserable than he felt right now, then could’ve sworn his heart stopped for a moment as the corner of Dean’s lips curled into a crooked grin.

“Oh, but you will get it nonetheless. Question is, should I prepare you first? Or should I fuck you raw and bloody? Which one do you think you’d deserve, Sammy?” he asked tauntingly, and while Sam would have loved to chose the third option, which would’ve been him kicking his brother’s ass before locking him in the dungeon and figuring out a way to remove the Mark from his arm, he guessed going against Dean in a situation where he was completely at his mercy wouldn’t have been such a brilliant idea.

So, grudgingly and with more than a little embarrassment, he fought himself and whatever remained of his dignity as he forced the next few words out. “Prepare me…”

“Prepare me…?”

“Please,” he whispered.

“How?” Dean asked, tilting his head as his grin widened.

“What how?” he countered the question with one of his own, frowning at his brother, feeling more and more exasperated, and a bit cold. Not being able to shout at him—because there was a high chance getting visibly angry would only do more bad than good—was also pretty annoying, making it seem as if he was a willing participant here, which he most definitely wasn’t.

Dean let out a little puff of air in a way that kind of resembled a laugh, before raising his eyebrows at the other. “Don’t play dumb, you know what I mean. So tell me, how would you want me preparing you? Should I use my tongue, or my fingers? And what should I do with them?”

Sam gaped at his brother for a short moment, hoping that he was joking, which he obviously wasn’t. Then he blinked and blurted, “You can’t be serious.”

“I’m deadly serious,” Dean told him with a wink, licking his lips as he rubbed two fingers against Sam’s hole and making his body jolt. “I give you one minute. If by then I don’t get a satisfying and
very detailed answer, I will conclude that you want none, and will fuck you the way you are like this."

Eyes widening incredulously before lowering and staring instead at a random spot on the bed, and lips pressed together tight as Dean’s fingers moved from his wet entrance to ghost over the curve of his ass, fingertips tracing stray, lazy patterns on the still overly sensitive skin, Sam thought hard. He didn’t want any of it to happen, but Dean going in without any preparation whatsoever would have been worse than all the other options. He couldn’t possibly choose one, let alone start describing it in details like his psycho pervert brother instructed, however it’s not like he had that much of a choice, really. Plus he was wasting precious time here, hesitating and hating on the situation instead of using his remaining seconds to come up with something.

Tongue or fingers? First of all, what kind of messed up question was that? No, he didn’t have time to debate this situation’s sanity. Dean’s tongue felt…nice. Just thinking about having a tongue licking his ass made him sick, because not only was it unsanitary, dirty in every single way, but also odd. Incredibly weird, the feeling of something wet lapping at his hole not at all pleasant for his mind. For his body, however…well, that was a completely different story, about which he was not going to think of right now. Moving on to the fingers, Sam was pretty sure he’d have to end up choosing those, for two reasons. First, they might have hurt more than the tongue, but at least they weren’t making him feel in a way he really didn’t want to by his own big brother’s hands—or more precisely tongue. And second, he was quite certain that a few fingers would do a better job at stretching him, making the inevitable less painful.

“Sammy?” He heard Dean’s impatient voice from somewhere over his shoulder, the hand playing with his ass halting. “Time’s up.”

He had to do it, say it now or never, but the words were stuck, clinging to his tongue and refusing to let go, pressure building in his chest as he tried to speak, but instead of words, all he managed to push past his lips was frightened silence.

“I see, so you want me to break you,” his brother said with an amused chuckle, sadistic glee audible in his voice, which was what broke the dam in Sam’s mouth and let the words come pouring out.

“No, no please, I want your fingers,” he rambled pleadingly, eyes darting around wildly, knowing that Dean’s own, cruel ones were watching him without needing to look and see for himself, as he could feel his penetrative gaze right on his face. His face, which was burning in humiliation. “Please, I want them to…stretch me open. Thoroughly.”

“Yes, nice, but not enough,” his brother remarked as he tapped his fingers against the other’s ass. “What else?”

Sam wanted to disappear, get swallowed by the bed, but that wasn’t going to happen, so he just gulped and tried to think of debauched, warped things he believed this version of Dean would love hearing. “I…want your fingers inside me, want them until my hole is gaping o-open. I need them deep, Dean, just please. Want you to fill me with them, prepare me like that…”

What was he doing? Why was he trying to please this monster that his dear brother had become? His whole face was red and his stomach hurt, voice wavering and heart hammering in his chest as he said those nasty words, tiny shudders of self-hatred along with complete and utter embarrassment tightening his abdomen before rippling through his body as he laid there, listening to his own breathing. Seconds trickled by like that, with the deafening silence eating away at Sam as he waited for his brother’s reaction, each passing moment just making him feel worse, then finally Dean was talking.
“That’s right, you do,” Dean drawled, the satisfaction along with a perverted derision in his voice making Sam miss the silence. “Can’t wait for your big brother to finger you, work that slutty hole of yours open.”

He wanted to protest, to deny and refuse, but really, what good would that have done? So instead he just stayed impossibly still, trying to place himself somewhere else in his mind as Dean crawled back and positioned himself between the other’s legs, which were brutally spread, Sam unable to stifle the gasp that left him when his hips got yanked up, and after his brother barked out an order, he slowly got on his knees and lowered himself on them until they were nearly touching his chest, so as to lessen the pressure in his neck. He only just got into the position, but it was already becoming uncomfortable—ass up in the air, while forced to lean on his shoulders and the right side of his face, Sam felt even more naked than he was, stripped of everything.

Not bothering with starting with one, his brother pressed two cold, wet fingers against his hole, before pushing them inside, the prodding and burning feeling as Dean began moving them right away making him want to curl in on himself. “Mmm baby, what a sight,” he heard his brother purr from behind him, Sam turning his head and pressing his forehead into the pillow when the wet sounds of the fingers thrusting in and out of him hit his ears. “God, you’re swallowing my fingers right up, never wanna let go, do you? Such a hungry little hole, damn.”

“Sh-Shut up…” Sam groaned weakly, voice breaking at an especially hard jab and legs starting to tremble with barely visible spasms. It was really bad now, the painful drag of skin as the saliva dried making an already uncomfortable sensation that much worse, hurting each time Dean forced his fingers apart and moved them in scissoring motion, before suddenly withdrawing them, only to shove them right back in, along with a third finger and making the other let out a pained wail.

“What’s wrong, Sammy? Not enough?” he asked tauntingly while giving a vicious twist to the digits he had up Sam’s ass and earning something that was close to a yelp from him, the pathetic sound making Dean laugh. “Want so much more, don’t you? Like a bitch in heat, you just need a cock to fill you up and keep you warm, s’that right?”

He groaned wretchedly. “No, please no…”

“Yes? Gonna be my little bitch?”

“No!” Sam cried, he couldn’t take this anymore, then his eyes flew open when Dean pressed down on something, on what had to be his prostate, because the act sent an electric bolt of scorching pleasure up his body, leaving it shivering and Sam whimpering.

“There you go, don’t fight it,” Dean cooed and stroked the other’s thigh with his free hand, all the while massaging the spot inside Sam that made him crazy. His breath hitched, hips jerking and bucking uncontrollably, eyes wide and terrified because it was good, felt so damn good, and his brother knew it.

“O-Oh…Dean,” he moaned, panting harshly as he tried to lean more on his forehead so he wouldn’t smother himself with the pillow, eyes stinging with fresh tears and making his head hurt. He fought the tears, he fought them until the very moment he couldn’t anymore, couldn’t because Dean suddenly took a hold of his dick which was already hardening from the prostate massage, a generous amount of pre-come leaking out when the fingers pressed down hard at the same time Dean gave a long stroke to his pulsing dick, and that was it. Sam was sobbing, snapped and broke, shoulders shaking as he took in hurried, uneven inhales, grieving tears seeping through his closed eyes and landing on the pillow as his brother pumped his cock while going back to fingering him roughly.

“Perfect. Fuck, baby you’re so perfect,” Dean breathed in twisted admiration, keeping up the sweet
torment until he cursed and abruptly removed both hands from the trembling man, who made an
unidentifiable sound at the loss. “I can’t wait any longer, Sam. Need to be inside you, need to feel
you, need you to feel me…”

The sounds of more fabric ripping followed, Sam only half-aware of hearing them, still too lost in
what just happened, in the sudden pleasure that grabbed him and took his body on a joyride, leaving
his mind behind. He would have both liked and loathed to think over what happened, but he never
actually got the chance, as in the next moment his legs were grabbed from under them, and the haze
that descended over his mind left at the same time as Dean’s fingers wrapped around his ankles.

Because if he was done with playing with Sam, that meant things were about to take a turn for the
worse.

They were going to have sex.

Oh god, no.

He freaked. Right away, without a care for the consequences or any possible punishments he might
receive, Sam immediately began struggling and kicking, trying to turn on his back or roll off the bed,
anything, but it was no use, and he felt like he was going to have a heart attack when he got dragged
all the way down to the foot end of the bed.

“No! Dean, fuck, nonononono!” he screamed, going totally batshit as his brother released his legs
and let them fall to the floor, now only his chest remaining on the bed, making it seem as if he was
bending over. But like this, with his feet off the bed, he could maybe stand up and make a run for it
—that idea turning out to be a complete failure when he tried but got shoved back down right away
by a growling Dean.

“Easy, kitten,” he growled warningly, pressing his knees into Sam’s ass and hands down on the
small of the other’s back. “It’ll only be worse for you if you keep moving around like that, trust me.”

But too far gone, filled with horror, Sam just kept writhing desperately. “I don’t care, let me go!
Dean, please, don’t do this please!” he howled, struggling even as his wrists burned, before crying
out in both surprise and pain when the skin on his back got nicked, mouth clamping shut when he
felt the blade glide to his ass as Dean took a step back.

“Stay,” his brother ordered sternly, poking one of Sam’s cheeks with the tip of the sharp blade, “or I
might just decide to carve my name in the plump, ripe flesh of your ass, make sure it belongs to me.”

He sniffed desolately, letting out a tiny sigh of relief when the knife vanished from his ass, however
immediately froze up again as his legs got spread. Sam wanted to run so bad, escape this ridiculous
nightmare. He didn’t want to get raped by his own brother, but he also didn’t want to get tortured,
cut and decorated. There was no need to experience even more pain than what he knew he would
feel anyway, but still… Standing idly by and shaking in panic as Dean tied his ankles to the wooden
legs of the bed wasn’t an ideal reaction either.

Was this really it? Did he really, honestly have no other choice but to let Dean fuck him? He didn’t
want to believe it, hoped he could stay in denial for a little while longer, but when he felt his
brother’s once again hard cock sliding teasingly against the cleft of his ass, Sam had to face the facts
that this was going to happen, whether he wanted it or not, was ready for it or not.

That didn’t mean he was going to roll with it, though.

“Dean, damn it,” he panted, the odd feel of his brother’s warm, hard flesh thrusting unhurriedly
against his ass sending a frightened and squeamish chill down his spine. “You can still stop. Please, stop.”

“Stop?” His brother laughed. “You really expect me to stop now, Sammy? I mean, you must be joking, right? After all we’ve done, stopping right at the best part would be such a waste,” Dean said as he caressed the other’s ass, fond and adoring, and utterly unnerving. “And I don’t plan on wasting an inch of you.”

Then he stopped, placed the head of his erect cock against the puckering hole and began gradually pushing inside, and Sam stopped breathing, his mouth hanging open in a silent scream as searing pain washed over him.

And as he felt his hole tear open, he also shattered.

Chapter End Notes

Up next:
Sam was perfection, and he belonged to Dean, all his to love and hurt, to use as he pleased.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

This was the best fucking night of his entire life, Dean realized.

Better than alcohol, better than any sex with women, even better than pie. Sammy was better than anything he ever felt, ever craved, and as he heard his baby brother scream under him, he couldn’t help but grin, the Mark pulsing hotly on his forearm and encouraging him to push forward—literally.

He prepared his darling, but poor little Sam was still so goddamn tight that Dean’s dick kept slipping out of him. “Come on, let it in baby, be my good boy and keep it inside,” he coaxed soothingly, stroking his brother’s hip while using his other hand to hold onto his dick, pressing the head against the shining, delicious-looking hole, the sight alone as it quivered just for him making his dick harden and mouth water.

“N-No, please…please stop,” Sam begged so pretty, shivering and trembling like a sweet little puppy, the whimpering figure on the bed only a memory of the tall, strong man he used to be. And it was all because of Dean. He was the one who managed to render the great Sam Winchester into a pitiful mess, and he was incredibly proud and happy about that achievement.

When he finally managed to get the tip of his cock inside, Dean let out a deep sigh and looked down at the body writhing in front of him, marveling at it. His Sammy was truly beautiful. Sweaty hair hanging shaggily around his head and sticking to the back of his neck, broad shoulders tensed, sun-kissed skin glistening from sweat and body assaulted by tiny, barely visible trembles with each panting exhale, his baby boy was truly a rare creature, born to please and molded just to his liking, Dean unable to find one flaw in his precious little brother.

Sam was perfection, and he belonged to Dean, all his to love and hurt, to use as he pleased.

He sucked in a sharp breath as he continued pushing inside, the way his brother’s impossibly tight hole clenched around him, enveloping his thick cock in a possessive warmth as if trying to squeeze the life out of him, making Dean throw his head back and growl, low and animalistic and full of lust, the feral sound followed by Sammy’s wounded whine, the miserable sound only turning him on some more.

“Oh fuck yes. Can you feel it? Feel me inside?” Dean purred teasingly as he moved the hand he had wrapped around his dick to the other side of his brother’s hips, holding onto them while slowly and gradually sinking deeper into the panting man, listening to him hold his breath before letting it out as a whine each time another inch of Dean’s cock entered him.

“D-Dean…!” he sobbed, so broken and delicate, so adorable, knees bending weakly as he tried to ease away from the surely piercing, agonizing feeling. “God, ow…fuck. Hurts, Dean, no please, stop —”

Grinning wickedly, he didn’t even try to fight the sadistic urge to snap his hips forward and bury himself balls deep inside the other in one go, his groaning and cursing when he was all the way in barely audible over Sam’s shocked scream that was ripped out of his chest.

“Please…” he wailed, then just stopped speaking coherently, the only things leaving his mouth being
sounds of pain and discomfort, suffering grunts and groans, along with whimpers that rose an octave when Dean began moving.

“Please what, baby? Please fuck you?” he taunted with a low chuckle, before groaning loudly. “Oh my fucking god, this feels so much better than your mouth. Sammy, fuck you’re amazing!” Dean gasped as he slowly pulled out, eyes widening slightly with desire and hunger as he watched Sam’s gaping hole desperately trying to clench around thin air, then quickly leaned down and drove his tongue inside, a satisfied smile tugging at his lips as that made his brother cry out, the confused and needy sound music to his ears. He quickly fucked the hot, empty hole with his tongue, loving the strong taste and the way Sam unconsciously fluttered around and pushed back against the flesh penetrating his entrance, unaware just how much his own body was asking, no, begging to be taken.

When he was positive Sammy’s hole was filled and covered with enough of his spit, Dean pulled back and slammed right back in, both men groaning loudly at the feeling. His hands went back to grip at the other’s waist, digging his fingers in the soft skin and making sure to leave their marks behind as he began thrusting, going from zero to one hundred real fucking quick and only laughing when he heard Sam’s high-pitched scream at one especially hard thrust, Dean knowing he must have ripped him open.

“Sammy, Sammy. God yes, this is the fuckin’ best,” he moaned in delight, licking his lips as he glanced down and hissed from the obscene, pornographic view. His cock, hot and red and bulging with veins, kept disappearing all the way in Sam’s ass, the impatient hole wrapped so tightly around him and sucking him in, so wet and sparkly, so eager and insatiable. And then there were the sounds, another major turn on. Skin slapping against skin, his balls smacking against Sam’s perineum, the nasty squelching sounds as he fucked his brother rough and merciless, and of course his baby’s pleading whines and tormented sobs, his screams and anguished gasps, all of these filling the room stinking of sweat and sex making Dean lose it.

He sped up, putting all of his weight on Sam as he leaned his hands on the other’s waist and rammed his throbbing cock into his body, fucking him savagely and with so much force it was beginning to hurt even him, but he didn’t give a shit. He was running out of breath but he kept going anyway, pushing as deep as anatomically possible before pulling out, in and out, in and out, sometimes keeping it in and rolling his hips, but then always going back; and all the while he fucked the living hell out of his Sammy, the man was crying, shaking and wailing, screaming hoarsely, unless he was whimpering and moaning when Dean hit his prostate dead-on.

Loving the screams and those defeated sobs, but really wanting to hear more of Sam breaking, of him going against his own words, Dean angled his hips so he’d reach and hit Sammy’s sweet spot more times than not, milking his prostate and, after several long minutes, the results were apparent.

“Ah?! Dean! Oh f-fuck, oh god, Dean…!” Sam mewled, whole body trembling now, his poor baby sounding so confused, probably not expecting such pleasure. But Dean was giving it to him, good and hard, and not even Sam could resist this, his little brother writhing in pleasure and humping the mattress while getting fucked from behind, his groans and tiny sobs muffled as he buried his face in the sheets, but Dean wouldn’t have any of that. He wanted to hear everything, hear his brother falling apart by his cock, so he removed his hands from the other’s waist and moved one of them forward, taking Sam off guard and making him let out a strangled cry when he grabbed a hold of his hair and yanked his head back.

“Scream for me, Sammy,” he ordered huskily, the rapid movement of his hips never stopping, merely faltering a little as he tugged on his sweetheart’s hair, forcing him to arch his back, a pained sound slipping between his moans as Dean’s hold tightened. “Show me how much you love this.”
He shouldn’t have been that surprised when Sam whined out a little protesting sound. “N-No, oh please...Dean!!” he cried out as the rhythm of Dean’s thrusts went back to ruthless, the man deciding to simply fuck what he wanted to hear out of his brother. It only took him a few more brutal thrusts to have Sam screaming like he wanted, his vocal brother panting harshly, trying to form words but failing miserably as the only sounds coming from his mouth were loud, drawn-out moans and mewls, along with whines of disbelief and hopeless, startled gasps.

Cursing as he could feel his orgasm nearing from those lewd sounds and the dangerously addicting feeling of Sam’s body, his tight, squeezing hole, Dean pulled on his brother’s hair until he was in a more or less standing position, quickly wrapping his other arm around the man’s waist and keeping him upright, all the while never letting go of his hair. “Sammy, you… Fuck, gonna come so deep inside you, make you feel every drop of it,” he groaned against the other’s shoulder, before wrenching his head back and biting down on a spot on his neck, nibbling and tugging at the skin before smirking against it. He then lowered his hand to Sam’s bouncing cock and took a hold of it, making his baby’s breath hitch shakily. “Like that? Hard as a rock, baby. Is it ‘coz you want to be filled with my come, hmm? Is that what your thirsty little whore hole wants? Will you come from just the feeling of me filling you so hard you’ll be leakin’ with it for days? Come on, tell me. Tell me how much you wanna be bred like a good little bitch by your big brother.”

Sam was screaming and moaning nonstop now, mouth wide open and eyes sealed shut, face twisted in an amalgam of emotions and sensations, his only answer being a weak shake of his head. Impressive, Dean had to admit. He apparently underestimated his baby brother’s stubbornness, but that was fine.

They still had the whole night ahead of them.

After several more relentless, violent thrusts of his hips, he reached the point where he couldn’t take it anymore. So he gave his brother’s burning cock a few rough pumps before squeezing it with an excessive force and making the whimpering man cry out, then let go of him completely and shoved him forward and back onto the mattress, all the air forced out of Sam’s lungs as his body landed on the bed, rebounding once before Dean’s firm hands held him down. He snapped his hips wildly, body sweating and aching from the workout fucking his brother speechless meant, then the liquid fire in his belly grew and expanded, burst at the same time he did, Dean coming with a long groan and a choked off mumble of Sammy’s name as he shot his hot load inside his brother, fucking his come further and further in as he kept moving, didn’t even stop when his cock was done spurting come deep into the other’s body.

Panting, he slumped down, cock still inside Sam as he collapsed on his back, ignoring the way his bound hands dug into Dean’s chest. Sam was whimpering, crying. His body was shaken with silent, weak sobs, so Dean began showering his back with kisses, loving and reassuring, but that only seemed to make his brother cry harder, sounding like he was about to go into hysterics, then yeah, just as he expected, a few moments later Sammy began hyperventilating.

“Hey, hey baby,” Dean whispered against his brother’s skin, running his hand through the shaking man’s hair. “It’s okay, calm down.”

When it still didn’t seem like Sam was going to stop sounding like a kicked puppy, he quickly crawled off the other, grabbed the knife and cut the fabric binding his brother’s ankles to the bed, then rolled Sam onto his back and crawled on top of him, forcing him to look at Dean when he turned his head.

“Shh…” He caressed the other’s wet cheek, watching as Sam tried to lean away from the touch with a sniff, failing when Dean’s hand followed him. After a long while, he finally stopped trying and just
lay there, shivering quietly as the flow of tears subsided, both of them silent. Dean continued stroking and caressing his baby, who was obviously refusing to even look at him, eyes averted and staring desolately at the wall, chest heaving as he tried to catch his breath.

A long time passed like this, with Dean touching and stroking him until it seemed like his brother calmed down, after which he slowly crawled off him and pulled the silent man up the mattress so that those long legs of his weren’t dangling off the bed any longer. He then rolled next to him, propped on an elbow while trailing his fingertips up Sam’s chest and enjoying the way the light, ghost-like touches made goosebumps break out across his skin.

“Not that talkative anymore, are we?” he asked teasingly, a sly grin spreading across his face when he flicked his brother’s nipple, successfully making him flinch. “Where’s all the spunk, huh?”

After many seconds of nothing, he was sure Sam wasn’t going to answer, so he was surprised when he heard a weak voice say, “Doesn’t matter… whatever I say. You wouldn’t care.”

“That’s not true. I do care,” he pointed out with a smirk, splaying his hand over Sam’s chest. “Well, unless you say something unimportant.”

His brother turned his head to look at him, brow furrowed in sadness and something else. “Unimportant? Like me begging you, my own brother, to stop? Screaming and pleading, not wanting to get raped—does that mean nothing to you?”

Dean’s features hardened. “No. No, because you might not get it, but I do. I know that what I’m doing is right. You are my birthright, Sammy, and claiming you is only natural.”

Sam let out a humorless laugh. “Seriously? Is that what this is? Are you… are you just taking ownership of me?”

“That, too.”

“What else?” he asked, voice almost breaking.

“I’m making you mine,” Dean stated, then noticing the frown on the other’s face, quickly added, “in more ways than one. I don’t just want your body, Sam. That was never it. What I want, what I need… It’s much stronger than just marking your skin. I need to leave my mark on your soul, too. Your heart. It’s you what I want, what I wanted all along.”

His brother blinked at him, incredulous, then shook his head. “That’s, no, that’s not how that works. That’s not how any of that works,” he said in bewilderment. “If you… if you want something, you can’t just take it by force.”

“Oh really? Are you saying you would have given it to me, if only I asked first?” Dean snorted, narrowing his eyes at the other. “No, you wouldn’t. It would have been useless, trying to get your consent, because you would have never agreed to this. So of course I took it.”

“Of course?! What was going down in your head that made taking me by force the most logical option? ‘It doesn’t seem like he wants this, even though I never asked, so let’s just rape him, fuck the consequences’?” Sam spat bitterly, nose flaring. “You say you want me, but don’t you think you forgot something? How are you going to get my ‘heart’ if I despise you for what you did to me, huh?”

Dread, something he hasn’t felt in a long time, showed its first sign, making Dean feel like he was falling off a cliff, but he quickly collected himself. “I just need time. In time, you will understand what’s good for you. You will get it too, that we’re meant to be together, that this was our fate all
“So, what? Stockholm syndrome? Is that your great plan on making me accept this?” Sam scoffed, shooting a glare at him.

“Maybe.” Dean shrugged. “I take whatever I can get. And anyway, you can’t tell me you hated it. You cannot, because I saw you, Sammy. I felt you, clenching down around me and moving, body begging for more. You might say you don’t like it, but…that’s not completely true, is it?”

Actually, he was just teasing Sam. He would have loved to believe that his brother enjoyed the sex just as much as he did, but it was pretty obvious that wasn’t the case. Not that that mattered, because Dean could always make his baby learn to love it.

Anyway, he was merely joking, so when he saw the faint blush on Sam’s cheeks, his heart skipped a beat.

“Of course I hated it, Dean, how could you even think I didn’t?” he reproached, swallowing loudly before looking away, revealing that the blush had spread to his ears. “It hurt. You called me names. Hell, you even made me bleed. You raped me…and there’s no way I could’ve found any enjoyment in that, even if I tried.”

“I’m not so sure about that,” Dean remarked, feeling a glimmer of hope, the possibility of Sammy becoming truly his not so far away all of a sudden. He smirked, devious and promising, when his brother turned his head back to scowl at him, eyes widening and lowering to Dean’s hand as it slid down the other’s body until it reached Sam’s half-hard dick resting on his stomach. “I think I can change your mind on that. I think,” he purred, fingers swiftly wrapping around the warm flesh, “that you’re lying.”

Sam hissed, quickly back to panting as he glanced from Dean’s hand to his face. “What are you doing? Haven’t you had enough?!”

“I did,” he said, fingers tightening and smirk widening as his brother gasped. “But you clearly haven’t.”

Chapter End Notes

Up next:

And Sam wanted it all as well.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Um, so yeah! Last chapter. Enjoy...~

“No, fuck,” Sam whined, throwing his head back as his brother began stroking him, jerking him off with fast, rough pumps, and it was the worst and best feeling ever.

Especially since he was a dirty little liar, and was totally loving it.

He wasn’t sure when it happened. Couldn’t have pinpointed the exact moment even if there was a gun held to his head. He guessed it all happened gradually, the feelings washing and merging together while his brain was fucked into a mush by his brother. All he knew was that he started off hating every second of it, felt disgusted, but now the only hatred and revulsion he felt was toward himself, and toward the tiny little voice in the back of his head, screaming at him to move, to buck his hips and open his mouth, to beg for more.

He wasn’t suppose to like it. Oh hell no, he was supposed to be hurling and thrashing around. But all he felt was desire, a sick sort of want. Dean’s tongue was just the beginning. When he fingered Sam, it hurt, when he entered him, it was even worse. At that time, he was still himself, could still comprehend what was going on in his mind. It was when Dean started fucking him, talking dirty and making those pleased, deep growls, that something in Sam snapped, something hidden even to himself, and suddenly, it wasn’t as bad. The pain as his ass tore was still unbearable, but Dean hit his prostate so many times that the burning ache in his ass was only a feeble whisper compared to the thrumming pleasure coursing through him.

Pleasing Dean felt good. It felt somewhat satisfying, and that, along with his own pleasure, had Sam making some really unmanly and wanton sounds while his brother fucked him. And the rougher he got, the more something deep inside Sam unraveled, showing its fangs and the darkness he had hidden inside, his own twisted side that wasn’t awoken by the Mark, but by his brother. It took him a while to realize what his darkness was, what his little monster was, but as soon as he did, he went into complete denial.

He cried in pain and pleasure, in self-pity. Dean must’ve thought he was sobbing, wailing like some pathetic little infant because of the rape, but that wasn’t it anymore. Well, not completely. Sam tried to keep up his act, keep refusing everything that his brother offered, going against orders and moving away from touches he secretly craved. He lied, remembered how he felt at first and used the memory of that anger and betrayal as he spouted bullshit, sometimes actually meaning it. Not the hating part, but the one about consent. Because Dean did go too far, forcing himself on and in Sam, and he was pretty sure that asking first could have actually worked out, no matter how much this new side of him preferred it the other way.

This new, sick side of him… It scared him. Frightened and embarrassed him, made him nauseous. The things it wanted were dirty, horrible, something nobody should ever want. When Sam let it out just a bit, let it come to the surface while his mind was blank from the sex, he realized he wasn’t that much different from Dean, because his monster also wanted rough, among other things.
It wanted to be used, fucked like a slut. It wanted to be ravished, possessed and owned, wanted to be loved in all the right ways.

And Sam wanted it all as well.

But he was afraid. He didn’t want to give in to this temptation, or else who knew what would happen? What his relationship with his brother would turn into? True, whatever they had has already gone to hell, shattered as soon as Sam woke up and realized what was happening, but he was still desperately trying to cling onto the past, not wanting to leave his normal self behind and embrace what he had become.

That was easier said than done, especially with Dean jerking him.

“Aw, look at you,” he heard the man’s teasing voice say, Sam unable to open his eyes and look at him in fear of losing it, however listening and feeling him was making it pretty damn difficult to keep it together too. “So hard in my hand, and trembling like a leaf. Is it too much, Sammy? Can’t take it anymore? Wanna come?”

Dean has been pumping his cock for at least five minutes now, and yeah, Sam was quite certain he was going to blow up if he couldn’t come. And that shouldn’t have been such a hard task, letting go and coming, but there was a problem. His brother, his ever sadistic, rapist brother kept removing his hand each time it seemed Sam was about to come, quickly making a whimpering mess out of him, and declared that he wouldn’t grant him any release until he was begging for it prettily.

Sam was not going to beg. At least that’s what he told both Dean and himself at first, when he was still too busy being in denial to realize his mistake. Now, minutes later, he was honestly considering shedding some puppy tears and starting begging shamelessly, because fuck, he was getting blue balls.

He was getting close again, this time trying so damn hard not to let his nearing orgasm show as he writhed on the bed, hands still trapped and sore behind his back and toes curling, Sam throwing his head from one side to the other and clenching his jaw to stop himself from making any facial expressions that could give him away, but nope. Dean must have noticed, because again, moments before the pool of warmth in his belly could’ve expanded and swaddled him in ecstasy, his brother’s fiery strokes sped up and then disappeared, hand removed abruptly and ripping a miserable mix of a whine and a moan from him.

“Dean…” he panted, pretty sure he was going to go crazy if this was to continue. His eyes fluttered half-open and he blinked at his brother, who was just watching him with a Cheshire cat grin stuck to his face.

“Sorry baby, but I need the magic words,” Dean said with an amused shrug, fingers trailing up and down the other’s thigh. “It’s not that hard. Certainly not as hard as you are right now.”

“Ugh,” was Sam’s answer, his eyes closing again as he took deep breaths, feeling the edge of his denied orgasm slowly fading, his dick so confused and angry with him, but it wasn’t his fault that his brother was a cruel jerk, damn it. Still, he knew he couldn’t go on like this for much longer, gasping and moaning again when Dean’s hand was back, stroking him nice and slow, prolonging his torture.

“Just say it, Sammy. Beg for release and tell me how much you want it,” Dean’s low voice whispered in his ear, Sam’s eyes flying open and breath hitching from the sudden closeness, and he mewled, needy and pitiful, to which his brother let out a small chuckle. “That’s it baby, wanna fuck my fist so bad, don’t you? It’s okay. I want you to.”
He wasn’t thinking when he bucked his hips, snapping up and thrusting in Dean’s tightly clenched hand. It was amazing, Sam whining and keening, unable to stop his voice no matter how much he tried as his hips gained a life of their own and continued moving, thrusting up and into his brother’s wonderful fist.

Then he was removing it only after a few seconds, and Sam couldn’t shut up before a desperate “No” left him.

Dean laughed, then thank god, he was moving his hand back and wrapping his fingers around the base of the other’s twitching cock. “No? Do you want me to stop? What a stupid question, I’m sure you do, since you hate this, right?” he teased, his hold tightening hard around Sam’s cock as Dean leaned in and licked a wet stripe up his neck.

“No please, just let…please,” he choked out the plea, resolve gradually slipping away, and when Dean began stroking him again, all the while nibbling and fucking nuzzling his neck and whispering encouragements against his skin, that was it.

Screw righteousness, screw dignity and morals, Sam was dying and he needed to come, needed his brother, god, he needed him so much.

“Dean!” he cried out, tilting his head back and baring his neck for the possessive teeth and tongue there. “Please, let me come. I’m begging you, fuck, Dean! Need it so much, pleasepleaseplease Dean…!”

He could feel his brother’s grin against his skin, felt as he licked along his ear before growling, “Yeah? Think you deserve it? Think you’re a good boy?”

“Holy shit,” Sam whimpered, then was nodding, was willing to admit to anything at this point. “Yes, yes please! I’m a good boy, I really am, Dean… Please, I deserve it, deserve to come, please let me come, just—”

He mewled loudly and obscenely as Dean bit down his ear, hard enough for it to hurt, but Sam was getting used to pain. “Whose good baby boy are you, Sammy?” his brother demanded, his hot breath in the dazed man’s ear sending violent shivers down his spine, the words going straight to his aching dick.

“Yours!” he blurted, half-scream, half-whine. “Yours, Dean, your good boy! Oh Dean, please lemme come, just wanna come, let me let me, Deaaaa…” He bucked wildly, mouth hanging open as he turned into a babbling mess and leaned into every single touch, bite and stroke, needed them more than a drowning man needed a lifeboat.

“Yeah, that’s it. My baby, mine,” Dean purred hoarsely, nibbling on the skin behind his ear. “Now come for me.”

And Sam did, as if on command. A few more pumps and licks, the soft feel of Dean’s lips on his skin, and Sam was coming harder than ever, his orgasm slamming through his and leaving him breathless, come shooting onto his stomach as he cried out in intense pleasure, so good and overwhelming he passed out for a moment. Blissed-out and coming down from the high, Sam opened his eyes to find his brother lapping at his come coated fingers before moving onto the other’s stomach and cleaning him up, the sight so weird but hot. Too weak to move or even try to protest, he let his brother lick up every drop of come from his skin, then groaned when he was rolled on his stomach, tensing briefly as he felt the cold blade against his wrists.

After Dean was done cutting away the piece of blanket keeping Sam’s hands together, the younger
man rubbed his wrists then winced, deciding that touching the oversensitive and aching flesh wasn’t such a good idea. Instead, he thought about sitting up, but that option got also discarded pretty quick when a sharp pain shot up from his ass, making him lie back real damn fast. So he just stayed there, in the bed, a strange mix of nervousness, shame, embarrassment and slight fear washing over him as he saw Dean kneeling next to him, regarding him with a pair of curious, and very smug, eyes.

“How was that? Still gonna say you didn’t like it?” he taunted, a cocky grin crossing his face as he placed one hand next to Sam’s head, the other under his arm on the other side, and leaned in. “You know, you coming is the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen in my entire life.”

Sam was speechless, but he could feel his face burning more and more as Dean got closer, as if his brother was made out of pure fire, his flames licking at Sam’s body and making it hard to think, or breathe. He felt strange, sated but not, unsure of what to do next, but then Dean closed the distance between their lips and he freaking licked him playfully, before flashing him a pompous grin.

Fuck this.

He caught Dean’s tongue between his teeth when he leaned in and tried to lick his lips again, feeling an odd but not unwelcomed satisfaction at the look of surprise in his brother’s eyes, then grabbed the back of his head and pulled him into a kiss. Passionate and tender at first, it rapidly turned rough as Dean caught on and deepened the kiss, literally pushing Sam’s head into the mattress as he pressed his lips harder against his, biting and sucking and licking greedily, eager and needy in a way he has never seen his brother before. Little groans and growls, even moans escaped Dean as they kissed, but Sam wasn’t silent either, digging his nails into the other’s back while his other hand stroked the back of his brother’s neck, his own moans and keen whimpers muffled by the plump, hungry lips in the middle of assaulting his.

It was only when it felt like he was going to suffocate that he pulled away for air, a clear blush tainting his cheeks as Dean smiled at him, a real smile.

“What was that?” his brother asked, raising his eyebrows and appearing to have a hard time not staring at Sam’s lips.

“A kiss…” he mumbled shamefully, averting his eyes and feeling as his heart hammered in his chest.

Dean chuckled. “Oh yeah, I realized. Trust me,” he said cockily, before his voice softened. “I just didn’t expect you to kiss me. Not after what you said, after what I did.”

That had Sam looking right back at his brother, his chest tightening when his gaze was met by a pair of hopeful eyes. “I thought you didn’t care about what I said,” he mentioned. “You seemed pretty satisfied, believing that I was enjoying it all, whether I truly was or not. So you can’t tell me you’re feeling remorseful now.”

“I’m not. I don’t feel guilt,” Dean said with a sigh, then frowned. “I don’t. But…” He rubbed his temples. “I wasn’t a hundred percent sure you were enjoying it, you know. I was just teasing you, I knew you didn’t actually like it. I did believe that I could make you like it though, but that was supposed to happen…well, not now. So you kissing me, it just, it…”

“Surprised you?” Sam asked, and his brother nodded with a small smile.

“Guess so,” he answered, before tilting his head and curling his smile into a smirk. “Anyway, does that mean that I was right? That you’re actually okay with this?”

Sam hesitated. “Well,” he said, not sure if he should say it, but then said it anyway, “being okay with
it is kind of an understatement…"

Dean’s reaction was pretty hilarious, with eyes widening before the man let out a happy, incredulous laugh. “You serious?” Then his eyes darkened and he leaned closer, until they breathing the same air. “Did you enjoy it all, Sammy? When I took you from behind?” he asked deeply, teasing tone making Sam’s heart go crazy, then nibbled on his chin. “When I made you mine?”

Flustered tears stung his eyes, but he didn’t let them out. He swallowed them back and forced himself to breathe, wanting to know what would happen if he told the truth. “I…y-yes,” Sam admitted, inhaling sharply at the lecherous look his brother gave him.

“You did?” Dean chuckled lowly, before licking into his ear and making him let out a tiny sound. “Gotta say, your damsel in distress act was good. Was it coz you’ve always been fantasizing about rape? About me takin’ you by force, making you my own personal whore?”

“I wasn’t acting,” he managed to say without his voice wavering—at least not too much. “I was really scared and confused, and very angry…at first.”

“Hmm, you were? When did that change?” his brother asked as he nipped at Sam’s cheek, that serving as quite the distraction, so it took him a moment to answer.

“Um, I…well, when you…”

“When I?”

God, Sam really didn’t want to say it, but at the same time, he totally did. “When you were fucking me.”

He knew that Dean would be satisfied by the answer, but that didn’t stop him from shivering as he watched his brother pull away and flash him a nasty grin, along with a carnal, wicked look. “S’that so? You got into it when I stuffed your tight ass with my cock?” he teased with a voice alarmingly close to an animalistic growl, fervent eyes never leaving Sam’s as he spoke. “When I held you down and made you take it?”

“God, Dean, do you ever shut up?” Sam groaned, his face probably the shade of a fucking fire truck by now. “Yes, I did. I liked it, loved when you took me by force like that, when you made me your bitch. Now can we move on, please?”

He was going to start sulking, he swore he would, but then Dean was laughing and wrapping his arms around Sam, who needed a few seconds to realize they were cuddling. “Never. Gonna make you admit to it over and over again,” he whispered playfully, chuckling when Sam rolled his eyes and turned his back to his brother; however that didn’t really help, because now Dean was nibbling on his shoulder and raking his nails down Sam’s chest, the fond and rough touches making him sigh in pleasure.

Damn it, he was being way too easy now.

“Got you now,” he heard Dean whisper between kisses which he was littering Sam’s shoulder and neck with. “All mine, and never letting you go. Never.”

“You possessive, sick bastard,” he mumbled, biting down on his lip when Dean hummed in agreement, and then couldn’t help but add, “I love you.”

His brother froze, then relaxed right away, pulling Sam so close he thought he was going to get crushed by the strong arm wrapped around him. “I love you too, baby,” Dean whispered while
burying his face in the back of the other’s neck. “You have no fuckin’ idea how much I do, how much I need you.”

“I can guess, what with you unable to stop yourself from raping me,” Sam commented, before smiling to himself. “Though I guess I shouldn’t call that rape anymore, huh…?”

Dean smiled against his skin. “Mhm, you loved it.”

“I did,” he said and turned around, facing his dominating brother and flashing him a coy smile. “And I…want more.”

The flash of roaring lust was apparent in Dean’s eyes as he grinned and pushed at Sam’s chest until he could crawl back on top of him, before stating, “We’re not gonna leave this room until I’ve got all of your dirty, hidden little kinks figured out.”

And staying true to his word, like always, they stayed there for a very, very long time…

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