Sammy's Time at Stanford

by ZoyciteM

Summary

Sam goes to Stanford. His new roommate, Castiel, turns out to be very interesting indeed.

Notes

This one I'm posting a chapter at a time. It's not going to be like my other stories - it shouldn't ought to make anyone cry (regularly). Hopefully. There's no abuse here between the main characters, everything is completely consensual.

If anyone has a particular scene or kink they'd like to see, drop me a line or a comment. This will be a multichapter fic.

Read the tags, folks.

Also, I'd like to send a very special thanks and a shout-out to cr0wgrl, my Grand High Inquisitor, without whom this story would not be what it is. And to SharpieStael8200 - my occasional beta, my sounding board, my own personal cheer squad, and my dear friend - I'm so, so lucky to have her.

And another very special thanks to Tipsy_Kitty, without whom I would not have had the courage to begin writing again, after a 30 year hiatus.

All of this is all your fault. All three of you.
First Meetings

Sam showed up to his assigned room at Stanford with his backpack, and nothing else. He put his key in the door, opened it, and walked in.

There was a boy sitting on one of the beds, the one closest to the door – a shock of dark, messy hair, and brilliant blue eyes. The boy looked up at him and smiled shyly.

“Hi. I'm Sam. I guess you're my roommate?” Sam dropped his pack onto the other bed, and sat down across from the blue-eyed boy.

“I guess so. My name's Castiel. Most people call me Cas.” Cas dropped his gaze and rubbed the back of his neck. He sneaked a look up at Sam's backpack. “Where's all your stuff?”

“I don't really have a lot. I travel light.” Sam looked at Castiel's side of the room, where he had already set up a desktop computer with a huge screen, fridge, microwave, and television. There was a gaming system of some sort, hooked up to the TV. All Sam had was his laptop, a couple of changes of clothes, and the few hundred bucks he'd managed to scrounge up, until his scholarship paperwork came through.

Sam pulled his laptop out of his bag, and powered it up.

“So what're you studying, Cas?” Sam's hazel eyes glanced at Castiel, who, for some reason, blushed prettily pink before answering. Sam thought the blush was just about the cutest thing he'd ever seen.

“Fine arts.” Sam took another look at the boy. He really did look a whole lot more like he belonged at Stanford than Sam did. The sleeves of his dress shirt were rolled to above his elbows, and his jeans must've been by some designer Sam had never heard of, to look that good. Sam wondered how good they made his ass look, when he stood in them.

Sam felt distinctly underdressed, in his plain t-shirt, threadbare flannel, and ripped jeans. Most of Sam's clothes had come from thrift stores.

“How about you?” Castiel's voice was a little tremulous.

“Pre-law. Then law school, hopefully.” Sam smiled broadly at Castiel, and heard Castiel's breath catch in his chest. Sam watched him flush a little more pink.

Sam forgot the condition of his battered clothes. This has the potential to be very, very interesting.

“Can... can I get you a soda or something? Water?” Castiel stood, and moved to the fridge. Sam thought his ass really was phenomenal in those jeans. Sam set his laptop aside and stripped off his flannel, while Castiel's back was turned.

“Soda would be great.” Castiel turned back to him, choked, and nearly dropped the cans of soda.

Sam stood, noticing that Castiel was a good five inches or so shorter than him. Sam walked the few steps to where the boy was standing, leaned down a little, and plucked the cans from Castiel's hands, before they could fall. He set one on Castiel's desk, and popped the tab on his own.
Sam drank, and watched Castiel watch his throat working. He lowered the can.

“So. Are we gonna talk about what's happening here?”

Castiel's eyes darted up to Sam's, wide. Sapphires, they're like sapphires.

“What... what do you mean?” Castiel took a step backwards.

Sam, knowing his 6'4” frame could be intimidating, sat back down on his bed, smiling up at Castiel. Castiel sank, weak-kneed, to sit on his own bed. “Are you out, Cas?”

Sam saw a fine shiver run through Castiel, and filed it away for future use. He took another sip of his soda, his eyes locked on the other boy.

Castiel nodded a little, reaching for his own soda. “S-sort of. I... I like girls, too. My... family, doesn't really approve.”

“I hear ya. I like girls and guys, too. My dad and brother don't care who I fuck, though. What they had a problem with was me coming here.”

Castiel frowned, a cute little wrinkle appearing between his eyebrows. “They didn't want you to go to college?”

“Nope.” Sam took another sip. “They wanted me to follow in the family business. Dad's a mechanic, and Dean's a mechanic, and they expected me to join them.” It wasn't as if he could tell Castiel that his family lived on the road, moving from motel to motel, hunting things and saving people.

“Well... it's good that you're doing what you want to do, and not what they want you to.” Castiel opined.

“You got any siblings, Cas?” And there's that little shiver again, I don't even think he realizes he's doing it.

“A twin brother. He's premed at Yale.” Castiel sipped his own drink.

“Wow, you're a continent apart. Is that hard? Are you identical?” Two boys, as cute as Castiel was? Maybe the world's not such a bad place after all.

Castiel nodded. “Jimmy and I are identical. It... it's been a little rough, but we talk and text and Skype a lot.”

Sam grinned. “They called you Castiel and called your brother James?? That doesn't seem fair.”

Castiel frowned a little. Apparently, it was a sore spot for him. Sam felt a twinge of guilt. “Sorry, I didn't mean to upset you.”

Castiel shook his head. “No, it's all right. It's just that I've been picked on my whole life for my name.”

Sam lowered his voice deliberately. “Well, I like it a lot, Castiel.”

Castiel bit his bottom lip, perfect white teeth denting the soft-looking pinkness.

“I'm pretty sure I like you a lot, Castiel.” Sam watched Castiel's pupils dilate, keeping his voice low and calm. “Do you like me, Cas?”
Castiel nodded, his teeth sinking into his bottom lip a little harder. *How can anyone's eyes be that blue?*

Sam set his soda aside, slipped to his knees, and shuffled across the floor towards Castiel.

“OhmyfuckingGod.” Castiel shuddered violently.

Sam froze, sitting back, his ass on his heels. “Are... are you okay, Cas?”

Castiel clenched his eyes shut, his hands balled into hard fists. “You... you're very attractive. You're hot. And on your knees, you're *impossibly* hot.” Castiel peeked, a flash of brilliant blue, before closing his eyes tight again. “Like, make me come in my pants, hot.”

Sam grinned. He shuffled a little closer, and put a gentle hand on Castiel's knee.

Castiel groaned. “The... the things I would do to you, on your knees, Sam.”

*It's like that, is it?* Did Sam luck out, and find a kinky one? Vanillas were *so* hard to convert. Sam decided to give Castiel a little nudge.

“What would you do to me, Castiel, *sir*?” A half-smile quirked on Sam's face. Sam was a switch – he didn't mind subbing. He actually quite liked it – all of his power, strength, and lethality, collared and chained and neutralized for someone else's pleasure. Sam gave a little shiver of his own.

Castiel's eyes flew open and locked on Sam's. He was breathing heavily, and moved one hand to press against the crotch of his pants.

*Definitely a kinky one.*

“Jesus, Sam. Just... just slow down, okay?” Castiel didn't sound angry or upset, just overwhelmed.

“Okay, okay.” Sam raised his hands in surrender, climbed gracefully to his feet, and retreated to sit on his own bed. He knew Castiel's eyes were on his ass. “Sorry about that.” Sam sipped his soda.

“No, no... it... it's okay. It... it's great. You just... gotta give a guy a heads up, before you do something like that.”

“Duly noted.” Sam inclined his head, with a smile and a wink at Castiel. “So, are you a Dom or a switch? Do you top or bottom?” Sam's voice was conversational, as if he was asking about the weather.

Castiel choked on his soda. He coughed, licking the stray drops off his lips with a perfect pink tongue. Sam knew he was staring, and didn't care.

“I don't... I don't usually talk about stuff like that.”

“It's okay, Cas. You don't have to answer me. I just figured that, if we were going to fall into bed with one another, that we might want to work out the details beforehand.”

Castiel blinked. “Is... is that what's going to happen?”

Sam smiled. “I'm game if you are. You're hot, too. Your eyes are phenomenal, and you've got an amazing ass.”

Castiel blushed crimson. “Thank you.”
Sam grinned at him, he really was the cutest thing Sam had seen in a very, very long time.

“It's just... where I'm from, that's not the sort of thing you discuss, in polite company.”

Sam stopped cold. Of course, that's why Castiel was shy and reticent. Him and his family were probably from a socioeconomic stratum that Sam was barely aware existed. Castiel's shirt was probably worth more than everything Sam had ever owned in his life.

Now it was Sam's turn to lower his gaze and flush with embarrassment. He felt like an idiot.

“Sam? Sam, no... it... it's okay. It's not a bad thing. I'm just... not used to it, is all.”

There was a pause, and Sam didn't look up.

“I'd... I'd very much like to fall into bed with you.” Sam glanced up through his hair, and saw Castiel smiling shyly at him, the pink flush high on his cheeks. Sam couldn't help but smile back.

“I... I'm a Dom. I've had a number of partners, male and female. I'm fairly experienced. And I top... and... and bottom.” Castiel struggled a little to get the words out.

Sam grinned hugely. Yes!!! “I’m a switch. I top and bottom, too.”

“So, you'd let me dominate you, would you, Sam?” Castiel quirked an eyebrow, and fixed Sam with a stare of such intensity that it made Sam's heart stutter. Sam mouthed soundlessly for a moment, pinned by Castiel's eyes, stunned by the change in his demeanour. Sam remembered to nod.

Castiel blinked, and smiled, and the killer stare was gone. “We should compare our interests. See if we're compatible.”

Sam nodded wordlessly, his mouth still dry. He tried to work some spit up, and said, “B... bdsmttest.org.”

Castiel blinked. “Excuse me?”

“It... it's a really comprehensive test, showing you the activities and roles you find most enjoyable.”

Castiel pulled an incredibly sleek laptop from his backpack, opened it, and pressed a few keys. He chuckled. “What kind of sexual deviant am I? Let's test the kink out of you??” Castiel gave Sam a grin.

Sam's heart stuttered again. Jesus, he's beautiful. He reached for his own laptop, which was a lot older and clunkier than Castiel's, and loaded the page. It had been a while since he'd done the test himself, so he decided to do it again, so that they could compare results.

It took a while, as there were a lot of questions, but eventually, both boys finished. Castiel came and sat beside Sam, and they swapped laptops, so that they could compare results.

Sam's heart leapt into his throat, when he saw Castiel's results. He heard Castiel's breathing quicken, as he looked at Sam's. Jesus Christ.

The amount of meshing overlap was almost eerie. Castiel scored very high on sadism, and Sam very high on masochism. He wasn't surprised to see that Castiel had scored 100% dominant, to Sam's 98% switch, and 89% submissive. He felt his dick twitch in his pants, when he saw Castiel's 95% rigger, to Sam's 97% rope bunny. They both scored very high on experimentalist. The one that made Sam shiver was seeing Castiel's 90% primal – hunter to Sam's 94% primal – prey. He noticed that
Castiel scored very, very high on master, as well. Sam's result for slave was a little higher than he recalled it being last time.

*Well holy fuck.*

Sam glanced a little lower, and let out a soft groan, when he saw Castiel's degrader number was right up there, as well, with Sam's degradee number.

Both boys were silent for a long moment.

Castiel spoke first. “I... I guess we're compatible.”

“It doesn’t get a whole lot more compatible than that, Cas.” Sam tried to will down the erection pressing hard against his zipper.

“So...” Castiel sounded thoughtful. “You want me to tie you down, tan your hide, and use you like the slut that you are, Sam?”

Those words, coming from Castiel's sweet mouth - Sam choked, gasped, and came in his pants. He froze, eyes wide, mortified. Castiel saw the spreading dampness on the front of Sam's jeans.

“Think of that as payback for that little stunt that you pulled earlier, on your knees and calling me sir.” Castiel smirked at Sam.

“T'm... I'm gonna go change.” Sam hauled a fresh pair of jeans from his pack, and hurried to the bathroom. He closed the door behind him, and leaned against the counter.

Sam's time at Stanford had very definitely just gotten a whole lot more interesting.

After Sam had cleaned up and changed, he returned to his bed, looking at Castiel's laptop, which he had taken back, and seeing a list of limits. *He's very definitely experienced.*

“Hard limits, Sam?”

“Scat, golden, Roman, bestiality.” Sam paused, and nodded. He was pretty sure those were the serious ones.

Castiel nodded. “Me as well. And also, exchange of bodily fluids before testing.”

“Oh, yeah, of course.”

“And if you want exchange of bodily fluids after testing, I'll have to demand monogamy.” Castiel's eyes were wide and serious.

Sam licked his lips and swallowed hard. “Yes. Yes, I'd want that very much.”

Castiel groaned, pressing a hand against his crotch again. “Jesus, Sam.” It took Castiel a minute before he was able to speak again. “Soft limits?”

“None. I'm pretty adventurous. There aren't a lot of things I won't try at least once.”

“I’m beginning to get that impression. Safeword?”

“The green/yellow/red system works for me.” Sam shrugged.

“All right. It works for me, as well, as it lets me monitor your condition a little better than one-word
systems. Are you thinking that we should scene, or try 24/7?”

Sam moaned, and felt himself harden again. “I... I don't know. Maybe... maybe some scenes, to start, and then... then see if both of us want... more?” Sam shivered.

“That sounds like an excellent plan. Do you...” Castiel suddenly blushed furiously, and Sam wasn't quite sure why. “Do you maybe want to go out for dinner, and we can stop at Health Services for our testing, on the way out?”

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*A date. Castiel asked me on a date.* Sam grinned and nodded, blushing as well.

The boys walked in silence from their dorm to the health office, and then to one of the cafeterias on campus. Sam was relieved to see that he didn't appear to be the only under-dressed person there – lots of people were in casual, worn-in clothing. Sam straightened a little.

As they walked, the boys were mostly silent, shooting each other furtive smiles. Sam couldn't believe how incredibly lucky he was. He felt like he should be pinching himself.

They chose their meals, Sam had lasagna and Castiel some sort of fish. Sam pulled out some cash to pay, but Castiel waved it away. “My treat. I've already got my meal card.”

“Thanks.”

The boys moved to find a table in the corner, where they could talk a little more privately.

“So... when did you want to start?” Castiel put a small piece of fish in his mouth, closing plush lips over his fork. Sam forgot the forkful of lasagna half-way to his mouth, in favour of staring at Castiel's lips.

“Sam?” Castiel smiled.

“Wha??” Sam blinked, came to himself a little, and shoved the lasagna into his mouth.

“I asked you when you wanted to start. In the future, you'd do well to listen a little more closely to me, and answer when I ask you something.”

Sam's eyes widened. He nodded, his mouth still full of food. He swallowed hard. “Any... any time you want.”

“So, if I tell you, that after we're done dinner, we're going to walk back to our room, and you're going to strip, and kneel, and wait for me, then you'll do it?” Castiel's eyes were piercing.

Sam groaned. “Y-yes.”

Castiel's correction was gentle. “Yes, Sir.”

“Oh my God. Yes, yes, Sir.” Sam shuddered, wondering if there was ever going to be another time when he didn't have an erection.

Castiel shifted in his chair a little, and somehow Sam didn't think he was the only one with that
Sam was barely aware of what he was eating, only that he was eating it quickly, in a bid to get back to their room as soon as possible. Castiel seemed to feel the same.

It didn't take long for the boys to hurry back. When they got in the room, Castiel pulled out the chair from his desk, and turned it to face the middle of the room. He sat in it, his legs spread wide, his erection plainly visible through his jeans. He pointed at a spot a few feet in front of him. “Come here and strip, Sam.”

Sam moved to where Castiel had pointed, and pulled off his flannel, tossing it onto his bed. He pulled his too-small t-shirt up and over his head, and heard a small moan from Castiel. He kicked off his shoes, and pulled off his socks. His fingers worked on his belt, fumbling a little with nerves. He managed to get it open, and popped his fly, pulling down his zipper. He eased his tattered jeans down over his hips, his hard cock slipping free to slap against his belly. He kicked them away, and dropped to his knees, breathing a little heavily.

Castiel leaned forward in his chair. “Spread your knees a little wider. Butt on your heels. Back straight. Chin up, eyes down. Left hand grips your right wrist behind your back.” Sam complied without hesitation. “This is your display position. If I tell you to display, this is what you do. Do you understand?”

Sam felt precome leak from him, and down his shaft. “Yes, Sir.”

“Christ, Sam, you're beautiful. You know that, right? And so good, so obedient for me.”

Sam smiled a little, but otherwise didn't move.

Castiel stood, moving to his bed, and pulled a large black duffel bag out from under it. “You never touch this, unless I specifically tell you to fetch something, all right?”

Sam nodded, wondering what could possibly be in it.

Castiel began to remove items from the bag, showing each one to Sam, before depositing it on his bed. He showed Sam an astonishing array of gear. Leather cuffs and collars, some harsh, and some softly padded. Blindfolds and gags. Leashes. What seemed to be some sort of lycra hood. A huge amount of rope. There were a variety of floggers, canes, and crops, and a whip that scared Sam a little. There were wooden and leather paddles. Sam's breath caught when he pulled out a steel cock cage. Castiel smiled.

And then there were the plugs, easily half a dozen of them, some rubber, some metal, some vibrating, in all different sizes. There were prostate massagers, dildos, vibrators, and cock rings. Sam thought he was going to have an aneurysm.

Castiel chuckled as Sam's eyes got wider and wider.

“I'm guessing you like my collection. Do you like my collection, Sam?”

“Yes, Sir.” Sam's head turned to ogle the collection, spread neatly across the bed.

“Is there anything there that scares you, Sam?” Sam felt Castiel's hand brush his hair back.

Sam nodded mutely, his eyes on the whip.

Castiel followed Sam's eyes, and picked it up. “This isn't really so bad. It can be dangerous,
absolutely, in the hands of someone who doesn't know what he's doing, but I've had it for years now, and I assure you, I know how to use it.” Sam glanced up at Castiel, wide-eyed.

Castiel touched Sam's cheek, and Sam shivered. “I promise, Sam, to never hurt you, in a way that you don't want to be hurt. I would never do that.”

Sam, despite only knowing Castiel for a single day, believed him absolutely. “I... I know.”

Castiel smiled, and slipped from his chair to kneel in front of Sam. Castiel shifted forward, so that the two were almost chest-to-chest. “Would it be all right if I kissed you, Sam?”

Sam finally broke from the position that Castiel had put him in, bringing his hands to the sides of Castiel's face, and pulling him in for a kiss. Castiel opened against him, and Sam felt Castiel's tongue against his own. The kiss wasn't hard, or passionate, or rushed, it was an exploration. It was sweet and gentle and perfect, just like Castiel, and it went on and on. The boys broke apart after a while, both panting a little, forehead to forehead.

“Wow.” Sam said, a little breathless.

“Indeed.” Castiel grinned at Sam, having caught his breath a little more quickly than Sam did. He pulled backwards out of Sam's grip, and moved to Sam's bed. He sat on the edge, roughly in the middle. Sam returned his hands to behind his back, his left hand gripping his right wrist tightly.

“Come over here, Sam, and lie across my lap. As fun as my toys are, I think I'd like to get a feel for how your skin responds under my hand, first. Come.” Castiel patted his thigh.

“Oh my sweet Christ on a camel.” Sam stood, moving to Castiel, and, somewhat awkwardly, owing to his extremely long legs, draped himself across Castiel's lap. His hard cock was pressed against Castiel's jeans. Sam was worried about staining them.

“Cas... Sir. I... I'm worried I might... make a mess of your jeans.” Sam blushed furiously.

Castiel laughed, delighted. “That would be incredible, if you were able to do that, to come from my hand against your ass. I'll even give you permission. This time.”

Sam groaned, feeling a spurt of precome leak from him. Sam kind of had a... thing, about orgasm delay and denial. He thought of the bright metal of the cock cage that Castiel had shown him.

Sam felt Castiel's hand, warm and soft against his ass cheek. It trailed down his thigh, and Sam closed his eyes, concentrating on the sensations.

“So beautiful.” It was barely a murmur, and Sam wasn't sure he was even supposed to hear it. Castiel pressed a hand against Sam's lower back, pinning him in position. It forced Sam's butt up and out a little. Castiel's other hand stroked back up Sam's thigh, to rest against his butt cheek. “Are you ready?”

Sam nodded eagerly, and Castiel chuckled. “Safewords?” Castiel asked.

“Greenyellowred.” Sam gasped out.

“And what colour are you right now, Sam?”

“The greenest green that ever existed, Sir.” Sam's heart was racing in anticipation. He wondered how harsh Castiel was going to be.
Castiel chuckled. The hand lifted from Sam's ass – the one pressing against his lower back stayed. Sam liked it, it felt grounding, a solid connection to Castiel.

Sam gasped as Castiel's hand smacked down against his ass cheek. It hadn't been really hard, just hard enough to sting a little, but it had been a long while since Sam had been spanked. He heard Castiel groan softly.

“That really is lovely.” Castiel's hand glanced across the warm patch on Sam's ass. Sam blushed furiously.

Castiel's hand came down against Sam's other cheek, equally hard. The heat rose to Sam's skin, and the sting went straight to his cock. Castiel set up a steady pace, alternating cheeks, until Sam was certain his entire ass was glowing pink. Sam groaned softly, his cheek pressed against his blankets.

Castiel paused, and ran his fingertips across Sam's glowing skin. Sam squirmed against Castiel's lap, rock-hard against him.

“Be still, Sam.” Castiel pressed a little harder against Sam's lower back, and Sam tried to settle. “Now that you're warmed up a little, I'm going to go a little harder. I want to get a feel for what you can handle. Do you want me to stop, if I make you cry, Sam?”

“God, no!” Sam gasped out. The gentle touch of Castiel's fingers against his reddened, sensitive skin was incredible.

“And should I stop, Sam, if you beg me to stop?”

“N-no, Sir...” Holy hell, Castiel was serious about pushing me...

“When should I stop, Sam?” Castiel pressed a warm palm to Sam's ass.

“When... when I safeword.”

“Or when I feel you've had enough. You're always free to safeword, Sam. I'll never judge you or punish you for safewording. Understood?”

“Yessir.” Sam wiggled his ass a little, wanting Castiel to start again.

“Eager, aren't you?”

“Yessir!”

“Well, now you get to wait, because I told you literally less than a minute ago to be still.” Castiel's hand tightened on Sam's tender skin.

Sam would never, ever admit to the whine that came from him at Castiel's pronouncement.

True to his word, Castiel made Sam wait, fingers brushing over Sam's skin. His touch was worshipful. Sam tried as hard as he could to be still. He breathed hard through his nose, keeping his eyes clenched tight, and tried hard to be patient.

“Better. That's better. I'll be the one who decides, Sam, what you get, and when you get it.”

“Yes, Sir.” Sam felt a little ashamed of his blatant attempts to get Castiel to spank him more. He should've known better. He blushed.

“It's all right. Now you know. Are you ready to begin again?” Castiel's warm palm found its way
back to the tingling skin of Sam's ass.

“Yes, Sir.” Sam fought not to react, to lie still.

“Much better, Sam.” The hand lifted, and slammed back down against Sam's ass, hard enough to rock him forward on Castiel's lap. A guttural groan slipped from between Sam's lips.

“Jesus. Keep making noises like that, Sam, and you won't be the only one who makes a mess.” Castiel's hand smacked against Sam's ass over and over again, like a metronome.

Sam knew his ass must be cherry red, and knew that sitting in his lectures was going to be... uncomfortable. It was really starting to hurt, and it was getting harder to stay still, and his cock was still diamond-hard against Castiel's thigh. He didn't think his cock had ever been that hard in his life.

“Cas...” Sam whimpered, after a particularly brutal strike.

“Hush, Sam. No words, unless they're your safewords. What colour, Sam?” Castiel punctuated the question with a vicious smack.

“Gr-green, Sir.” Sam locked his desire to plead behind his lips.

“Good.” Castiel kept swinging his hand. The pain was starting to cause tears to prickle in Sam's eyes. Suddenly, one of his strikes moved a lot lower, and labelled the untouched skin of the back of Sam's right thigh. Sam yelped and Castiel paused.

“Colour?”

That one against Sam's thigh had hurt, a lot. It had been hard, and with no warmup or prep. And Sam loved it.

“Green, Sir.” Sam panted out.

“Interesting.” Castiel sounded mildly impressed, and hit the other thigh just as hard. Sam groaned. Soon, the backs of his thighs were as red as his ass, and sitting in his lectures was definitely going to be a pain in the ass. Pun absolutely intended.

Another yelp was forced from Sam when Castiel nailed the tender crease between Sam's butt and thigh, and the first tears were forced from him. Castiel hit the same spot on the other side, and Sam came against Castiel's thigh with a moan and a shudder.

Castiel's hand paused, and Sam heard, “Jesus Christ.” He felt Castiel's hand tremble above his ass, before Castiel began to lay into him again. Sam's moan caught in his throat, and more tears were squeezed out. Everything was ten times more sensitive.

Castiel didn't even pause when a sob was pulled out of Sam's throat. He didn't pause when Sam whimpered, and cried, and tried to squirm. He increased the pressure against Sam's lower back, and kept on going, until the tears were pouring down Sam's face.

It hurts, it hurts, oh God it hurts. And it was glorious. Sam couldn't believe Castiel was still going, that he hadn't stopped when Sam had come against his thigh. Sam was still sobbing, his cheek pressed against damp blankets, when Castiel finally stopped.

“Colour?” Castiel's voice was very soft.

“Gr-green, Sir.” Sam's voice hitched.
“I think you're done, for now, Sam. Come on. Come lay down on your tummy.” Castiel helped Sam to lie down, still sniffling, on his tummy. He handed Sam one of his own pillows to tuck against his side, which Sam did, wrapping an arm around it.

Sam was so grateful that Stanford provided large, comfortable beds for its students. He closed his eyes. He felt a warm, damp cloth smooth the salt from his tears away.

Sam jumped when he felt a very cool touch on his searing hot ass. Gentle fingers, and some sort of soothing cream. “It's all right, it's just a cream. It'll help you feel better.” It tingled a little, and felt really nice, and Sam didn't want it.

“Don't want to feel better.” Sam muttered mulishly into his pillow.

Castiel chuckled. “You've got lectures tomorrow, Sam, and those seats in the lecture halls are hard. You've got to be paying attention, not squirming all over and getting hard because your ass hurts against the chair. This is me still deciding what you need. This is me taking care of you.”

Sam felt Castiel shift on the bed, and when he opened his eyes a little, Castiel was right there in front of him, almost nose to nose. Castiel snuggled close to Sam, wrapping an arm around him, and pulling a soft blanket up over him. Castiel pressed a kiss to Sam's cheek, to his forehead, and to his lips. Castiel smiled.

“You did amazingly, Sam. Amazingly. I'm so proud of you. Will you drink a little for me, please?”

Sam blinked, a little out of it, and a little confused. He wasn't used to being told that he was good for much of anything. Usually, with his Dad and Dean, Sam did the research, the other two used what he found, and Sam backed them up. He wasn't thanked, or told that anyone was proud of him. It was just his role. He lifted the water bottle to his lips, drinking deeply. Here, all Sam had done was lie there and take it. He shook his head a little. “I... I didn't do anything.”

“You did everything that I asked you to, Sam. I was testing you, and you aced nearly every challenge I threw at you.”

Sam heard that 'nearly' echo in his head, and knew that it was the butt-wiggle that he had done that caused 'every challenge' to become 'nearly every challenge'. He was disappointed in himself.

Cas seemed to know what he was thinking. “Please, Sam, don't beat yourself up for not being perfect. No one's perfect. You were simply eager. Has it been long, since you played?”

Sam paused. He wanted to be as truthful as he could. “It's been a while, and I've... I've never played that hard. Most people get freaked out and stop when the tears start, you know?”

Sam paused. He wanted to be as truthful as he could. “It's been a while, and I've... I've never played that hard. Most people get freaked out and stop when the tears start, you know?”

Castiel nodded. “I understand completely. That's why I asked you, before we began, if you wanted me to stop if I made you cry.” Castiel ran his fingers through Sam's hair, and Sam thought it felt amazing. Sam's eyes flickered closed. Sam felt sated, sore, drained, and... forgiven? He wasn't sure what he needed forgiving for, but whatever his debt was, it felt paid. It felt peaceful.

Castiel watched Sam closely as he drifted into sleep, stroking a hand through his hair and down his back. The tension that he had felt running through Sam since he had first opened the door to their dorm room seemed to have vanished. He seemed to be completely at ease, at rest. Castiel was glad, and honoured, to have been able to help him achieve that level of peace. Castiel moved to withdraw back to his own bed, but Sam frowned and let out a small whimper, reaching for Castiel's arm. When he had it, he held tight, and slipped back into his light doze.
Well, all right, then. Castiel smiled, reaching to turn the light off. He closed his eyes, snug against Sam. Castiel slipped his arm across Sam's back, and Sam gave a happy little sigh. Castiel grinned, closed his eyes, and tried to find sleep.
Losing Control

Chapter Notes

Filling a kink prompt for the wonderful crOwgrrl.

Hope you guys like it. :)

(Accepting kink prompts. :))

Sam woke, and groaned softly. He ached perfectly, in all the right places. His eyes flickered open, and he saw Castiel laying in front of him, still asleep, an arm still loosely over Sam's back. Sam used the opportunity to stare unabashedly. Castiel really was beautiful, with the dark, messy hair and pale skin. His lips were parted a little in sleep, and he looked so peaceful. Sam lifted a finger to touch his bottom lip, gently. Castiel murmured something, shifted, and pulled himself a little tighter against Sam. Sam grinned.

Castiel woke shortly after that, and Sam smiled shyly at him. Castiel smiled, gave him a pat on his rump, stretched, and yawned. “Was last night okay, Sam?”

“Last night was fucking phenomenal, Cas. Thank you.” Castiel sat up, and Sam saw that, while Sam had been naked, Castiel had slept in the clothes that Sam had made a mess of. Sam blushed.

“Sorry... sorry about your pants, Cas. You should've changed before bed.”

“I tried, but you wouldn't let go.” Castiel chuckled, grinning down at Sam. Sam hid his face in the pillow.

“It's fine, you needed me, and I wouldn't have left for anything in the world.” Castiel rubbed Sam's lower back. “Is it okay if I look at your backside, Sam?”

Sam nodded into the pillow. He felt the blanket pulled down, and cool air against his skin.

“Not too bad. Some bruising. Sitting will probably be painful. Speaking of which, when do your classes start?” Castiel pulled the blanket back up, and climbed off Sam's bed.

“Nine.”

“Better get up then. If you're quick, we can grab breakfast together. I have a class at nine, as well. Do you want first shower, or second?” Castiel unbuttoned his shirt, and pulled it off. Sam sat up and stared as he shucked his undershirt, as well, watching the muscles move in Castiel's back. Castiel wasn't as big as Sam, not by a long shot, but he was lithely muscular, and well put together. Sam wanted to know how his skin tasted. He licked his lips.

Castiel turned. “Sam? First or second shower?” Sam thought he looked even better from the front. It didn't look as though there was an ounce of fat on him. The abs that Sam was staring at seemed to get closer and closer. Sam felt gentle fingertips on his chin, lifting his head up. Sam pulled his eyes up, to see Castiel's sparkling down at him, above a grin. Sam couldn't help but grin in return.

“I'm flattered, I really am. Do you want the first or second shower?”
“Could... could I watch you shower?” Sam tried on the hopeful puppy-dog eyes, that sometimes helped when he really wanted something.

Castiel full-out laughed. “You can. You can even join me, if you ask politely.”

“Please, Cas, Sir. Can I please join you in the shower??” Sam added just a hint of a pout.

Castiel laughed again, and Sam thought it was one of the most amazing things he'd ever heard. Sam lowered his gaze, and saw Castiel's fingers on his belt. He watched Castiel slide it from its loops, double it over, and slap it against his palm. Sam's eyes widened.

Castiel dropped the belt with a mischievous smile, and his fingers worked at his fly. Sam swallowed as he pushed down his jeans, revealing snug black boxer briefs. Sam didn't know up until that moment that he had a thing for boxer briefs. Or maybe it was just Castiel in boxer briefs. His eyes locked on Castiel's hard length, beneath the fabric. He licked his lips again.

He was on the verge of asking Castiel to let him suck him off, when Castiel spoke again. “After we get out test results back, all right?” Sam nodded. Castiel peeled off his boxer briefs, and Sam groaned softly. Sam thought Castiel's cock was perfect – long, thick, and just slightly curved. Castiel pulled Sam to his feet so that they were chest-to-chest, lifted his face, and pulled Sam into a kiss. It was heated and messy, teeth clicking and tongues probing, getting both boys more hot and bothered the longer it went on.

Eventually Castiel pulled away, grinning at Sam, taking his hand and pulling him into the spacious bathroom. He started the shower, and they both stepped into the full-sized tub.

Sam was a little chilled as Castiel stood under the water, but couldn't take his eyes off of him. Castiel was just so perfect. Castiel shampooed and conditioned his hair, and was pouring body wash on a cloth when Sam finally worked up enough nerve to speak.

“Can... can I help?”

“Sure.” Castiel passed Sam the cloth, gripped his upper arms firmly, and moved Sam under the water. Castiel stood at the end of the tub, watching Sam with a smirk. “Be sure to get every inch.”

Sam's mouth dropped open, before he remembered to close it. He ran the cloth across Castiel's shoulders and chest, his neck, down and under his arms. Castiel turned, bracing himself against the wall, and Sam shuddered. He washed Castiel's back and (cute, perfect, so sexy) butt, and slipped to his knees, washing the back of Castiel's legs. Castiel turned again, and his hard cock was inches from Sam's face. Sam swallowed hard.

Sam soaped down the front of Castiel's legs, and did his feet. The only part he hadn't washed was the part Sam wanted in his mouth. Sam slicked his hands with more body wash, and wrapped long fingers around Castiel's cock. His other hand came up to cradle and roll Castiel's balls. Castiel fell back against the wall of the shower with a moan. Sam felt his own hard cock leaking as his slippery hand worked up and down Castiel's shaft. He ran his thumb over Castiel's slit. Sam was entranced by Castiel's twitches and shivers, the tensing of his muscles, and the little noises he made. Sam slipped his lower hand back a little farther, smoothing across Castiel's perineum, and brushing against his hole. At the touch, Castiel bucked in Sam's grip, coming hard, painting Sam's face, neck, and chest in come.

“Jesus fucking Christ, Sam.” Castiel panted against the wall. “Don't lick. Rinse.”

It was a good thing that Castiel had said it, too, because Sam was just about to. He turned into the
spray, climbing to his feet, scrubbing his face with his eyes closed. Sam felt Castiel's hands close over his hips, and the heat of Castiel pressed up against his back. One of Castiel's hands moved to grip Sam's aching cock, and he groaned, lowering his head, water streaming down his face.

Castiel gave Sam a few firm, long strokes, before releasing him. Sam whined, and Castiel chuckled. “Don't think for one second that I didn't see your reaction to the cock cage, Sam.”

*Oh God.* Sam shuddered.

“I know you'd like to come, wouldn't you?” Castiel trailed his fingers up Sam's shaft, but it wasn't enough, it wasn't nearly enough.

“Y-yes. Please.” Sam fought the urge to find his completion, rutting forward into Castiel's hand. Castiel's hand moved back to his hip.

“But it'd be so much better, don't you think, if you waited until tonight?” Castiel's voice was friendly, but laced with something poisonously dark.

“OhmyfuckingGod.” Sam almost came, untouched, on the spot. “Y-yes, Sir.”

“I'm glad we're in agreement. Go stand at the end of the tub, I'll wash you.” Castiel positioned Sam's hands high on the wall, and washed Sam's hair. He used the same cloth to rub across Sam's skin, touching everywhere except Sam's cock. Castiel lingered, warm, slick fingers rubbing against Sam's hole, and Sam thought he would die. He reached between Sam's legs to soap his balls, and Sam's legs nearly collapsed when Castiel gave them a short, sharp tug.

“All right, rinse off. We'll head out and grab a quick breakfast.” One firm smack to Sam's butt, and Castiel left the shower.

Sam stood, trembling, his hands where Castiel had put them, for a long moment, before lowering his head to rest against the cool tile. *Jesus fucking Christ.*

“Sam!” Sam glanced over, and Castiel was watching him, toothbrush in one hand, toothpaste in the other. “Rinse. Now. Or you don't come for a week. We're short on time.”

Sam's heart rate spiked, and he pushed off the wall. He moved under the spray, rinsing, resisting the urge to take his cock in hand and splatter the tiles. He nudged the temperature down, shivering, and it helped to back him down from the edge of his orgasm.

Castiel was gone from the bathroom as Sam towelled off and finished his morning routine. He walked naked back into the room to find Castiel sharply dressed in a pale blue dress shirt and fitted slacks. Sam narrowly managed to avoid the urge to drop to his knees.

“If you continue gaping at me, rather than dressing yourself, there won't be any breakfast.” Castiel smiled, rolling up his sleeves.

Sam threw on some clothes from his pack, emptying the rest of its meagre contents into one of his drawers. He stuffed his laptop back into it, and snagged one of Castiel's bottles of water from the fridge.

“You can think of some way to repay me for the water after dinner tonight.” Sam swallowed, and watched Castiel run his hands, damp with some sort of product, though his hair. When he finished, it was messy and glorious and perfect. He grinned at Sam in the mirror.

The boys left their dorm, and had a quick breakfast, mostly silent, before standing to leave for their
respective days of classes. Sam was just about to say goodbye when Castiel grabbed him by the front of
the shirt, and dragged him down for a brief kiss.

Castiel's voice was soft. 'See you back in the room after class. Do try not to rub one out between
classes. I wouldn't want to have to punish you.” Castiel kissed Sam's cheek and let him go, taking a
step back and grinning at him. Castiel winked, turned, and was gone.

Sam was frozen for a moment, before realizing that he, too, had to hurry to his first class.

*

Overall, Sam thought, walking back to the dorm late that afternoon, he was really happy with the
classes he had chosen, and the professors he had been assigned. He was excited to be where he was,
doing what he was doing, rather than chasing monsters all over the continental US.

And the incredibly hot, kinky roommate helped a lot with that conclusion, as well. Sam had had to
focus intently on what his professors had been saying, around the lingering ache in his ass and
thighs. He'd been semi-hard all day, but mindful of Castiel's threat of punishment.

Sam checked the mail slot on the way into the dorm, finding two identical envelopes, one with his
name and one with Castiel's, from Health Services. He brought them up to the room, letting himself
in with his key.

Castiel was at his computer, intently working on something, his tongue peeking out from between his
teeth. Sam grinned and walked to him, placing the envelope on the desk in front of him. “Test
results.”

Castiel and Sam opened their envelopes, read, and swapped letters. Both of them, clean, right across
the board.

“So I guess this means...” Castiel stretched and rumpled his hair. “That if you want some come as an
appetizer, before dinner – that can be arranged.”

Sam blinked, stunned, and dropped hard to his knees, beside Castiel's chair. Castiel turned to him,
rolling the chair forward a little, so that Sam was snug between his thighs. He ran his hands through
Sam's hair, and smiled down at him. “So. What do you like on your pizza?”

Sam swayed on his knees, and Castiel's hand closed on his shoulder, steadying him. His cock
twitched at the thought of Castiel's cock in his throat, Castiel's hands sunk into his hair, forcing his
face down into Castiel's groin...

Did he say something about pizza?? Sam tried to bring himself out of his reverie. He heard Castiel's
soft chuckle.

“I know I'm not being fair. I'm sorry. But I'd really like to know what you'd like on your pizza.”
“Vegetables...? All... all the vegetables. No... no hot peppers, no olives.” Sam tried his best to answer coherently.

“All right, then. Get to work.” Castiel leaned back, glanced down at his belt, and then meaningfully at Sam. He picked up his cell phone.

Sam undid Castiel's belt and opened the fly of his pants. Castiel paused his dialing. “You get come on my pants, you're licking it up.”

Castiel shivered a little as Sam pulled his cock out. He held the base loosely, and took Castiel all the way into his throat, holding his breath. Even after a day of classes, Castiel smelled delicious. Musky, with a hint of the body wash they had shared that morning. Castiel's dark, curly hairs tickled Sam's nose.

“Jesus Christ!! No... no, it's fine, sorry... no, that was a large, with... pepperoni, and mushrooms, and... nnnnngh... to-tomatoes...” The hand that wasn't holding the phone was clenched, hard, around the arm of Castiel's chair.

Sam grinned as well as he could, eyes watering, his tongue pressing and brushing against the underside of Castiel's cock. He pulled off a little, gasping, chest heaving. He ran his tongue under the head and over the slit, tasting Castiel's precome.

“Twenty... twenty minutes. Okaythanksbye.” Castiel hung up and groaned. “Fucking hell, Sam. Your... your throat...” Castiel tossed his phone onto the desk, and sank both hands into Sam's hair. Castiel pulled him hard, ramming his cock down Sam's throat and holding him there.

Sam choked a little, not expecting it, and fought to stay still, swallowing against the length in his throat. Tears leaked from the corners of his eyes. Castiel seemed to like it, a lot. He moaned, and his hands tightened in Sam's hair.

“Fucking slut for it, aren't you, Sam? Fucking slut for my cock.” Sam tried to nod, but Castiel had his head held too tightly. “Taking it so beautifully. No gag reflex on you at all, is there? Had that fucked out of you, did you, whore?” Castiel nodded Sam's head up and down, just a little, on his cock, still not letting him breathe. “Yes. I thought so.”

Sam was starting to get a little panicky, and his hands came up to clench on Castiel's thighs. Sam blinked up at him, through watery eyes, and saw a hard, vicious smile on his face. “How long can you hold your breath, slut? Long enough for me to finish in your throat, and give you a stomach full of come?”

Sam's vision was greying out as he groaned and came in his pants. Castiel choked, his hips thrusting hard against Sam's lips. The vibrations from Sam's moan set him off, and he came hard, straight down Sam's throat. He pulled Sam off, and Sam gasped and coughed, his throat feeling wrecked in the best possible way. The greyness faded from his vision.

Both boys panted in silence for a moment. Sam felt Castiel's hands against his cheeks, lifting his face up towards Castiel's. Castiel brushed away his tears. “What colour was that, Sam?”

“So green. All the green. Jesus Christ. I... I need to change my pants again.” Sam's voice was gravelly and rough.

Castiel blinked. He looked down, and saw the spreading wetness on Sam's jeans. “You... you came from me choking you on my cock??” Castiel looked and sounded gobsmacked.

Sam nodded, grinning, and climbed shakily to his feet. He tottered to his dresser, and pulled out
some fresh jeans. He was going to need to do laundry every couple of days, if this kept up. He got cleaned up in the washroom, put on fresh jeans, and stared into the mirror. He thought he looked awful – eyes red from his tears and lips swollen and puffy. He grinned at himself. *Debauched, that's the word you're looking for.*

Sam was just emerging as the pizza arrived. He watched Castiel pay for and accept the delivery, sitting down cross-legged on his bed.

Castiel handed him one of the boxes, and returned to his own bed with the other. Sam opened his box, and sure enough, it was piled high with what looked like every vegetable imaginable. It looked awesome, and Sam ate hungrily.

“So.” Castiel said around a mouthful of pizza. He swallowed. “I'm guessing you enjoyed that.”

Sam nodded, his face full of pizza.

“Which parts, Sam, did you enjoy? And what did you not enjoy?” Castiel's eyes were on Sam.

Sam put down what was left of his slice, and took a second to think about it. “All of it, honestly, I liked. I loved making you screw up the pizza order.” Sam grinned widely. “I loved taking you into my throat, but I loved it more when you made me take it.” Sam shivered. “And I loved it when you called me a slut and a whore. And... and the breathplay... I liked it, being... being afraid that you weren't going to let go.” Sam looked down. It had been harder to get that out than he thought it would, and he hadn't ever had a play partner ask him those sorts of questions before. He felt painfully self-conscious, and felt the blush rising on his cheeks.

Castiel set his food aside, and came to Sam's bed, sitting beside him and pulling him into his arms. Castiel kissed his cheek. “You were amazing, Sam. Thank you for being so open with me. This is going to be a learning process for both of us, for the first little while, until we get a feel for each other. And your honesty isn't just deeply appreciated, it's critically important if we're going to make this work. There's no shame in liking what you like. Understood?”

Sam pressed his face into the crook of Castiel's neck, nodding. “Thanks, Cas.” His voice was muffled against Castiel's skin. Sam's arms cam up and clutched handfuls of the back of Castiel's shirt. He squeezed Castiel tight, and released him. Castiel put another kiss on Sam's cheek, before retreating back to his own bed, and picking up his pizza.

Once both boys had eaten as much as they could, they closed the boxes, and Sam stacked them on the top of the fridge. He was feeling unaccountably nervous. He perched on the edge of his bed, elbows against his legs, and peeked from under his shaggy hair at Castiel.

“So... did you... did you have something that you needed to work on, tonight? My classes were mostly intros, syllabi, stuff like that. I was thinking... if... if you didn't have anything to do, that we could, I dunno, go out? Or... or stay in...” *Smooth, Sam, fucking smooth. You sound like a thirteen year old asking out the boy he likes.* Sam winced internally.

“I do have some work that I need to get started on, actually. But it can wait until I get the cock cage onto you.”

Sam's eyes widened and his heart stuttered.

“Fetch it from the bag, please. Strip, and lay down on the far side of your bed.” Castiel got up from his bed, moved to his desk, and powered up the computer. He didn't even bother to watch what Sam was doing.
Sam moved stiffly to the side of Castiel's bed, kneeling and pulling out the duffel. He unzipped it, and saw the bright metal cage sitting on the very top. He doubted, somehow, that it was there by chance. His hands shook a little, as he lifted it out and zipped the duffel back up.

"The cage comes with an optional, removable urethral sound, Sam." Sam glanced over, and saw Castiel was working intently on something. "If you want it, grab the gloves, lube packets, and alcohol wipes from the side pouch."

Sam had watched porn with sounding, feeling equal parts fascinated and horrified. He was pretty sure he wanted to try it. Well, reasonably sure. Kind of sure. Sam swallowed hard, as he saw the smooth, hollow tube that ran up the centre of the cage. "If... if I don't like it..."

"Beg me to take it out, and it stays in. Safeword, and I'll remove it immediately." Castiel's mouse and keyboard clicked intermittently.

Sam sighed shakily in relief. He found the other items Castiel had asked for, and laid them all out on the edge of his own bed. He stripped, dropping his clothes into a messy pile near the foot of his bed.

"Fold those, please." Sam jumped. Either Castiel had superb peripheral vision, or he had eyes in the back of his head. Sam picked up his pile of clothes, and neatly folded each item, stacking them tidily in a pile on his dresser. He laid down on his bed, feeling nervous and turned on and excited and fearful, all at once. His fear of the sound seemed to be preventing him from getting hard. He folded his hands on his stomach, crossed his feet at the ankles, and closed his eyes.

The clicking from Castiel's computer seemed louder, now that Sam wasn't moving things around and rustling fabric. He wondered how long Castiel was going to make him wait, and it struck him suddenly that the waiting was probably a test. A repeat of the test that he had failed so abysmally last night.

It was hard, really hard for Sam to lay still and quiet, as he'd been told, while knowing what was coming. His heart was pounding in his chest. Sam knew that working himself up wasn't going to help, and tried to employ some of the meditation techniques that he knew. He managed to relax himself a little, slowing his breathing and heart rate to something a little more comfortable.

"Good. Good boy." Sam blushed, warming at the approval in Castiel's voice. The clicking from Castiel's computer had stopped, and Sam wasn't entirely sure when that had happened. The bed jostled a little, and Sam opened his eyes.

Castiel was sitting, still fully dressed, cross-legged on the bed beside Sam. He was pulling the latex gloves on, and smiling down at Sam. Sam couldn't help but smile back up at him. Sam watched as Castiel disinfected the gloves, the cage, and the sound, which he had separated and set aside. The alcohol was cool against the tip of Sam's soft cock.

"Do you know why I'm doing this, Sam? Caging your cock?" Castiel's voice was soft as he slipped the metal ring around Sam's balls and the base of his cock. The cage came next, and Castiel locked the two together with a small padlock. Something shifted in Sam, as he heard the soft snick of the lock.

"N-no, Sir..." Sam's voice was a whisper.

"Because, as amazing as it is that you can come from my hand against your skin, or my cock in your throat, our respective positions in this developing relationship mean that I, and I alone, get to decide when and how you come." Sam's eyes had shifted to Castiel's, watching as Castiel focused on his work, getting Sam situated in the cage. The sudden coldness of lube against the tip of his cock
startled him, and he jumped a little.

“Apologies, I should have thought to warm it first. This is probably going to feel a little strange.” Sam's eyes widened as Castiel carefully spread his slit, easing the cool metal tube inside of him. The sensation took Sam's breath away, and just as he decided that he really, really liked it, the tube stopped moving. Sam looked down, and saw Castiel fastening the end of the sound into the cage.

Sam panted. “Jesus!”

Castiel grinned wolfishly. “That didn't sound, at all, like a safeword to me. I'm sure that you noticed that this particular sound is hollow. That's because it's made for... long term wear.” The emphasis that Castiel put on the last three words made Sam quiver, and he felt himself try to harden against the cage.

Both boys watched Sam's cock swell, reaching the confines of its metal prison. Sam whimpered. It hurt, a lot, and it felt... Sam wasn't even sure. The line between pain and pleasure had never been so blurred. The cock that should have been erect against Sam's belly was small, forced downwards in its cage. Sam collapsed back against his pillow, eyes closed, breathing heavily. He groaned as he felt Castiel's hand grip his caged cock and squeeze.

“Sam.” Castiel's voice called, and Sam looked at him. Dangling from his hand were two necklaces, each bearing an identical key. Castiel draped one over his own head, and Sam lifted his head off the pillow so that Castiel could pull the other over his head. The metal of the key was cold against Sam's overheated skin.

“My key decides when you'll be released. Your key is only for emergencies. Understood?”

This got 24/7 real damned quick. Sam couldn't be happier about it. He nodded. “Yes, Sir.” He supposed that he hadn't really given Castiel a lot of choice, what with coming in his pants repeatedly. Sam knew he wouldn't be able to come like that any more, but that Castiel could... manipulate him into a release of sorts, if he chose to. Sam shuddered.

“Now. I have work to do, and seeing as you have no work of your own, I'd appreciate it if you'd be so accommodating as to curl up under my desk there, and keep my cock warm for me. Have you ever served as a cockwarmer, Sam?” Castiel's hand trailed up Sam's abs, and pinched lightly at his right nipple.

“N-no, Sir.” Sam trembled, just a little.

“It's nothing onerous, I assure you. You keep my cock in your mouth, and stay as still as possible. Swallow as little as possible. Feel free to drool, it's almost inevitable. Your job isn't to get me hard, or get me off, it's simply to keep me warm. Is that clear?”

Sam nodded, pushing himself up on the bed. Castiel resumed the seat at his computer, and pushed the chair far enough back that Sam had a path to where Castiel wanted him. Sam eyeballed the space under the desk. He thought he'd fit, but with not a whole lot of room to spare. He dropped to his knees beside his bed, gasping at the strange sensation of the cage shifting. He crawled under Castiel's desk, feeling Castiel's eyes on his skin. Sam curled up, kneeling, breathing a little heavily. It was a pretty tight fit.

Castiel rolled forwards, spreading his legs and boxing Sam in. Castiel unfastened his belt, unzipped his pants, and pulled the waistband of his briefs down below his balls. Sam heard his voice from above the desk. “Colour, Sam?”
“Gr...” It came out as a croak, and Sam cleared his throat. “Green, Sir.” Sam leaned forward, hands on his thighs, and nuzzled at Castiel's semi-hard cock. He got a sharp tap on his head, for his troubles.

“Put it in your mouth. Warm it, don't play with it.” Sam opened his mouth and took Castiel's cock inside, the warmth and weight against his tongue somehow soothing. Sam closed his eyes.

“You should know, Sam, that this is an exercise on a couple of fronts. Mostly, it’s testing your self-discipline and ability to follow orders. Your ability to hold position, and your desire to please.” A gentle hand stroked through Sam's hair. It was very reassuring, and gave Sam the confidence that he could do this. “Tap my ankle twice, if you need to stop. There’s no time minimum on this, Sam, I just want you to do your very best.”

*My very best.* Sam focused on trying to be still and peaceful. He succeeded, for a few minutes, as Castiel resumed whatever it was that he was doing on his computer. The first problem that Sam noticed was that his mouth seemed to be watering an inordinate amount. Sam felt a few drops of drool slip uncontrolled from the corners of his mouth, and felt self-conscious about it. He blushed. He wanted to swallow, but Castiel had said not to, not unless he had to. And he had said that drooling was inevitable. Sam flushed a little darker, as more drops slid to wet Castiel's skin. Castiel didn't reprimand him, so he figured it was all right.

Sam tried to find a calm place in his mind, the one he went to when meditating. He wasn't quite able to reach it. His jaw was starting to hurt, and his knees, and his neck and back, from the awkward, hunched over position. Bracing himself on his thighs seemed to help for a little while. Sam had to swallow, a couple of times, and tried to keep his tongue as still as he could. The second time he did it, Castiel hardened a little in his mouth, but there was no reprimanding tap. Sam let his drool fall a little more freely, after that, and Castiel softened again.

More time passed, and the pain began to ramp upwards. Sam's knees were aching, his back was tightening into knots, and the muscles in his jaw were searing. Tears started to burn in the corners of Sam's eyes. Sam swallowed, a little uncontrolled, and his tongue pushed Castiel's cock against the roof of his mouth. Castiel jolted, and Sam knew he had screwed up.

Suddenly, Castiel's cock pulled from Sam's mouth as he pushed his chair away. Sam blinked, the tears sliding down his face. When he could see, Castiel's face was right in front of him, and Castiel cupped his cheek.

“Sam. Come on, come out.”

“I... I'm sorry, I didn't mean...”

“Hush, Sam. Come out.” Castiel took Sam's hand, guiding him out from under the desk. Sam moved slowly, his stiff muscles protesting. Castiel led Sam to his bed, sitting him down on the edge, and taking a seat beside him. He turned Sam to face him, and rubbed gently at the hinges of Sam's jaw.

It felt so good that Sam groaned softly. The tension and pain faded.

“Come on, lay down. I'll get your back.” Sam obliged, lying down on his stomach. Castiel straddled him, and massaged the knots and kinks from Sam's neck, shoulders, and back.

Sam felt strangely floaty. The massage felt glorious, but he wasn't entirely sure he deserved it... he thought he had failed pretty spectacularly at Castiel's task.

“Just so you know, Sam, you did amazingly well. You lasted much longer than I expected you to,
and much longer than I've ever seen anyone last, the first time.” Castiel's fingers dug deep into the tense muscles of Sam's lower back. “You let it carry on a little too long, though. Simply from the tension in your muscles, I can tell you must've been in considerable pain. Are you listening, Sam?”

“Yes...” Sam murmured.

“Please don't allow yourself pain like that again, in one of our exercises. That one wasn't meant to be a test of your pain tolerance. If I'm testing your ability to handle pain, I'll advise you ahead of time. Do you understand the differentiation?”

“I... I should've stopped when it started to really hurt. I'm sorry.” Sam buried his face in his pillows.

“No, Sam, the fault is mine. I should have been more clear. You have nothing to apologize for.” Castiel lowered himself, so that his chest was flush with Sam's back, and Sam could feel Castiel's warmth seeping though his dress shirt. It almost felt better than the massage. It was calming, grounding, to have Castiel draped over him. Castiel kissed the nape of Sam's neck, and Sam smiled into his pillows.

Castiel continued in a whisper. “The amount of sheer willpower you have is astounding, Sam. You're amazing. I'm very proud of you.” Sam squirmed a little bit, and Castiel slid off, to lay beside him. Sam flipped to his side to face him. Sam was blushing pink, and didn't want to meet Castiel's eyes.

It took Sam a few moments to speak. He peeked at Castiel from behind his hair. “You... you mean it? I did okay?”

Castiel's smile was brilliant, and he leaned in and kissed Sam, hard. “You did phenomenal.”

Relief swept through Sam, and he smiled back at Castiel. “Thanks.” In the sudden absence of the worry that Sam had failed, he felt drained and tired. And strangely satisfied that he had pleased Castiel's eyes.

“An early night, I think. We've got classes tomorrow. Would you prefer to sleep alone, or have me share your bed?”

“Share, please.” Sam pulled the blankets out from underneath himself, preparing to settle in.

“Nuh uh. Get up. Go wash your face and brush your teeth.” Castiel gave Sam a nudge, as he crawled out of Sam's bed, and began to strip out of his clothes.

Sam groaned, flopping onto his back and throwing an arm across his eyes. “Please don't make me.”

“Then don't make me make you.” Castiel chuckled, as Sam dragged himself to the washroom to get ready for bed. Sam wasn't gone for long, before he returned, face scrubbed and mouth minty. He collapsed back onto his bed.

Castiel rolled his eyes at Sam's theatrics, pulling on a pair of soft sleep pants. “Take the side closer to the wall. I'll be up before you, and climbing around you is a pain.” Sam grumbled under his breath, shuffling closer to the wall, his back to where Castiel would be sleeping.

Castiel seemed to be gone for a while. Sam drowsed, but roused when Castiel's arm slipped around his waist, and Castiel pulled himself snug against Sam's back. His breath was warm against the base of Sam's neck. He felt Castiel give him a squeeze, and press a kiss to his skin. Sam only had a moment to wonder how he had ever managed to sleep without Castiel's warm presence, before drifting off.
Shenanigans

Sam woke and rolled over to kiss Castiel good morning, only to find that the bed was cold, and that the room was empty. Sam stood and stretched, feeling pretty good, all things considered, after his time spent under Castiel's desk the night before. Sam didn't hear the shower, and padded off to the bathroom to see if Castiel was there. He wasn't.

Frowning, Sam got in the shower, and proceeded to get ready for his day. He washed gingerly around the steel cage, which felt strange against his skin. He thought that maybe it felt strange not because of the unfamiliar touch of warm metal, but because of what it represented. He'd never *not* been able to jerk off in the shower if he wanted to. It felt strange to hand that control over to someone else. Strange, but not bad – definitely not bad. Sam wondered how long it was going to be before Castiel would let him come again. He shivered a little, under the warm water.

Sam wasn't entirely sure why he was trusting Castiel so much. He had had a lifetime of reasons not to trust anyone or anything that wasn't family. And yet, everything Castiel had done, he had ensured that Sam was okay with, and enjoying, which hadn't always been the case, in the past, for Sam. And Castiel's aftercare, making Sam feel safe and cared for, was phenomenal. Which, again, hadn't always been the case in Sam's past. Sam shivered again.

Sam stepped from the shower, towelling off. He shaved and was just finishing brushing his teeth when Castiel came back to the room. He turned to Castiel and grinned, his mouth covered with minty foam. Castiel was laden with delicious-smelling containers in brown paper bags. He grinned at Sam.

Sam hurriedly finished with his teeth, and walked naked into the main room. Castiel, who had been arranging containers on his desk, glanced over, and stared, his eyes fixed on Sam's cage.

“You know, if you keep on gaping at me, you're not going to have time for breakfast.” Sam smirked.

Castiel quirked an eyebrow. “And seeing as you want to be a smartass, and run your mouth, now you get to eat your breakfast from my hand, or not eat it at all.”

Sam blinked, the smirk sliding off his face. Castiel was serious. He settled himself comfortably in his chair, and opened his own breakfast. Scrambled eggs, bacon, sausage, toast... Sam's mouth started to water.

“Well? Get over here. Kneel, smartass.” Castiel gestured with his plastic fork to a spot on the floor beside his chair.

Sam hesitated. “I'm... I'm sorry? Could I please just eat at my desk? Sir?” Sam looked longingly at the containers on his own desk.

Castiel spoke around a mouthful of bacon. “Last chance, Sam. Kneel, or starve.” Castiel levelled that piercing stare at Sam again, and Sam couldn't stop the whimper. He walked slowly to Castiel, lowering himself to his knees beside Castiel's chair. Sam stared at the floor and blushed.

Castiel's hand squeezed Sam's bare shoulder. “Colour?”

“Green.” Sam sulked, a little resentful.

“Then stop pouting. Here.” Castiel held out a forkful of eggs and sausage. Sam reached to take it.

“No. With your mouth. From my hand means from my hand.”
Seriously?? Sam leaned forward a little, opening his mouth, and taking in the mouthful of food. It was amazingly delicious. Sam was beginning to feel that he'd missed out, growing up, eating crappy diner food for most of his life.

Sam chewed and swallowed, and looked up to Castiel, who had another forkful in front of Sam's face. Sam took it. After he had swallowed, he pouted up at Castiel. “Could I please just go eat at my desk? Sir?”

Castiel gave Sam another piercing look. He sounded slightly annoyed. “What did I literally just tell you, Sam?”

“Kneel or starve.” Sam looked down at the floor.

“And you're not doing a very good job of listening. I was going to let you come tonight, as a reward for being so very good last night, but I'm not entirely certain you deserve it now. This morning, you're being a sullen, pouty little brat.” Castiel ate more of his own breakfast.

Sam stared at the floor, thinking. He supposed he was being a brat. Castiel had gone through the trouble to get up early, get ready, and bring breakfast back to the room, the least Sam could do was to be grateful. And he had been lippy, right off the bat. He hadn't even greeted Castiel first, much less thanked him for breakfast.

Sam started to feel progressively worse. Castiel seemed to be letting him stew. There were a long couple of minutes, as Castiel ate and Sam's mind churned. “Look.” Sam burst out. “I... I'm really sorry. Sir. I know you went out of your way to bring breakfast, and I was ungrateful and... and I shouldn't have said what I did. I'm sorry.” Sam swallowed, his eyes still on the floor. “Thank you for breakfast.” Sam added, in a small voice.

“Thank you, Sam. And you're welcome. Grab yours. You can eat it on your own, kneeling where you are.”

Sam knee-walked over to his desk, snagging his takeout container, and returned to kneel at Castiel's side. He opened it to find the same meal Castiel had just finished. Sam ate ravenously, feeling Castiel's fingers trace gently up and down the back of his neck. He closed the container when he was done. “That was really delicious. Thank you.”

Sam was rewarded with a gentle squeeze on the back of his neck. “Dress. We have class.” Castiel lifted the empty container from Sam's hands, and rose, depositing them both in the garbage.

*

Sam was sitting in class a little later that day, when he received a text from Castiel. They had exchanged numbers, in case they needed to communicate when they weren't together.


Sam's heart raced, staring down at his phone. *Hell yes.* Sam texted his reply, 'Of course.'

'You good with getting fucked, slut? Used?'
Sam choked on the spit in his mouth, coughing. He glanced around, hoping none of his classmates had noticed. He felt himself harden in his cage. *At least I don’t need to worry about anyone else seeing my hard-on.* His fingers trembled as he typed his response. 'Yes, Sir.'

There were no further texts, and Sam had a very hard time concentrating in class for the rest of the afternoon.

*

Sam unlocked the door to the room, after finishing his classes for the evening. Castiel was there, working on his computer. He gave Sam a brief smile, before returning to his work. “Hey.”

“Hi.” Sam closed and locked the door behind him, completely on edge. He was still hard, against his cage. Sam dropped his bag onto his bed, sat down on it, and moved to take off his boots.

“You might want to leave those on. I thought we'd go out for dinner.” Castiel's mouse clicked repeatedly.

*How does he even do that??* Sam sat back up, hands gripping the edge of his bed. His breathing was rapid and shallow.

“Calm down. It's just dinner.” Castiel threw a smirk back at him. Sam made a concerted effort to slow his breathing. “Just give me a second to finish this.” Sam glanced at Castiel's huge monitor, and saw what he was working on – it was a portrait of Sam's face.

Sam blinked. It was him, all right. It was a shot of him in profile, his eyes closed, and his mouth open, just a little. His hair was messy, covering part of his cheek. It looked as if he were asleep. It was phenomenally well-drawn. “C-Cas...”

Castiel looked back at Sam, and saw him staring at the monitor. “I hope you don't mind. It's for an assignment.”

“Not at all. You're... you're really good.” Sam was a little overwhelmed, that Cas thought he was worth drawing.

Castiel smiled. “You're beautiful, Sam. You deserve to have tributes made to you. Even if it's only by me.”

Sam blushed furiously. “Thanks.” His voice was a little strangled.

Castiel stood, shutting the computer off. “Shall we go?” He held out a hand to Sam, who rose from the bed, taking it with a smile.

*

Sam relaxed a little over dinner, and thought that maybe Castiel had changed his mind. Sam barely noticed what he was eating, focused much more on Castiel's eyes, on his smile. They ate quickly, and Castiel suggested they go for a walk.
The sun was setting, as the boys walked hand-in-hand across the campus. Castiel led them to a truly magnificent building, one that Sam hadn't ever been in, as he didn't have any classes there.

Sam loved architecture, loved old buildings. He loved the detail that the builders put into them, the graceful lines and flourishes that nobody seemed interested in building any more. He stared up at it, open-mouthed.

“It's even better inside. I've got a couple of classes here. Want to see?” Castiel pulled him up the stairs. Sam went willingly.

Just inside the entrance, there was a beautiful split staircase, leading to the upper floors. Same gaped at the checkerboard marble and dark, beautifully carved wood. Castiel tugged him up the stairs, to the right. There was a long hallway, with a number of doors leading off both sides. Castiel paused before one, and opened it, ushering Sam inside.

The lights were off, but there was plenty of light pouring in through the huge mullioned windows. Sam was feeling very much like the country mouse; he knew places like this existed, but hadn't ever seen them, much less been inside them.

Suddenly, Castiel shoved him, hard, both hands against his back. Sam stumbled forwards, crashing onto his knees in front of an oak desk. “Ow! What...”

“Shut the fuck up. Fucking whore.” Sam glanced up at Castiel, hurt. Castiel's entire demeanour radiated anger, disgust, and... lust. Sam swallowed hard, and made no movement to get back up.

“Getting fucked in the privacy of your room wasn't good enough, was it?? Wanted to get fucked where anyone at all could walk in, at any time.”

What the hell?? Sam frowned, shifting to stand, and Castiel kicked him in the stomach, knocking the air out of him. Sam choked, trying to breathe. Castiel crouched before him, a sneer fixed on his face.

“How much, Sam? I've had your fucked-out mouth. How much to fuck that sweet ass?”

“No... not a whore.” Sam gasped out.

“Of course you are.” Castiel hauled Sam to his feet, and shoved him face-down over the large desk, bent over, his ass in the air. Sam pushed at the glossy wood, trying to stand, but Castiel shoved him back down, hard, with a hand on the back of Sam's neck. “Fucking stay there.” Sam stilled under Castiel's hand. He heard a soft rustle, as of paper, and Castiel put a hundred-dollar bill on the table, right in front of Sam's face. He set bill after bill there, until there were five, carefully fanned. “That ought to cover it, don't you think, whore?” Sam flushed red and clamped his mouth shut.

Castiel reached under Sam, fumbling his belt and fly open. He pulled Sam's jeans down sharply, leaving them bunched at his knees. Sam gasped, and the hand on the back of his neck tightened.

“I probably don't even need lube, do I, Sam? You've probably been bending over for your classmates to fuck all day. Do you fuck your professors, too, Sam?”

Sam whimpered and said nothing as Castiel's hand slid down the crack of his ass, brushing across his hole. The other was still clamped on Sam's neck.

“Huh! Looks like you cleaned yourself up for me. Thanks.” Castiel dropped another bill on the pile, before forcing the tip of a dry finger into Sam's hole, and Sam bit his lip, stifling his sounds. Castiel's finger withdrew.

“Dry! That's surprising. Here.” A small packet of lube hit the money on the desk in front of Sam's
face. “I'll give you fifteen seconds to get yourself ready for my cock.”

Sam paused for a heartbeat, staring at the packet of lube. Castiel was serious. Sam grabbed for it, ripping it open with his teeth. He slicked his fingers as best he could, bringing his hand back to press against his hole. It was awkward, trying to twist with Castiel still pinning him to the desk. Sam slipped a finger inside. He heard a soft groan, and a zipper behind him.

“Ten seconds.” Sam slid a second finger inside, and it burned a little as he tried his best to stretch himself. The third finger burned a little more, and Sam took a few precious seconds to re-lube his fingers, before shoving three back inside himself.

“Time's up.” Castiel's free hand pulled Sam's arm away, placing it palm-down on the wood near his head, just below where the money lay. Sam felt the blunt head of Castiel's cock nudge at his opening, and tried his best to relax. Castiel slid in, slowly, moving his hands to Sam's hips. He kept pressing in until his hips were flush with Sam's ass.

Sam groaned. It had hurt a little, with the hasty prep, but he liked it. He liked a little burn, a little pain. And the sensation of fullness was amazing.

“Jesus Christ. For a whore, you're fucking tight.” Another rustle, and another bill pressed to the pile in front of Sam's face. Sam had never been more humiliated, and more turned on, in his life. His cock ached against the cage, hanging off the edge of the desk. He trembled against the wood, filled with Castiel's cock.

Castiel pulled back until he had nearly withdrawn, before reaching under Sam and gripping his cage. Castiel's hand withdrew quickly. “Well, look at you go.” Sam felt Castiel's hand smear wetness across his ass cheek. “Leaking precome like a fucking faucet. I ought to make you lick it up off the floor. Guess the whore really does need a cock up his ass.”

Sam thought he was going to lose his mind if Castiel didn't start fucking him, hard, and soon. He was on the verge of begging when Castiel slid back into him. “Y-yes. Please.” Sam whispered against the wood.

“What was that?” Castiel thrust agonizingly slowly, in and out of Sam's body.

“N-need...” Sam whimpered.

“Tell me you're a fucking whore, and that you need my cock fucking your pretty ass. Tell me, and I'll fuck you the way you deserve.”

Sam's breath caught in his chest. “I... I'm a fucking... whore. I... I need your cock in... in my ass.”

“Fucking my pretty ass.” Castiel enunciated carefully, with a soft groan and a slightly sharper thrust.

“N-need your cock... fucking my...” Sam swallowed hard. “P-pretty ass.”

Castiel slammed his hips forward, hard enough to ram Sam's thighs into the front of the desk, and to shift it, screeching, a couple of inches across the floor. Sam and Castiel both groaned, and Castiel set a brutal pace, fucking hard into Sam.

Castiel was hitting Sam's prostate with every hard stroke, and the pleasure was overwhelming, twisted up with the strangling pain of the cock cage. Sam wanted nothing more than to stroke himself to completion as Castiel used him. Without the stimulation to his cock, the pleasure was more diffuse, and somehow more intense. It spiralled higher with every thrust that Castiel made into him.
Suddenly the wave of pleasure seemed to fracture, a million glittering shards, and Sam shuddered violently on the desk, not entirely certain what had happened. Castiel's hands closed bruisingly tight against his hips, and he slammed in one last time, before splashing his release inside Sam.

Castiel panted above him, as Sam panted, dazed, against the table. Castiel lowered himself to press his chest against Sam's back, his forehead against Sam's neck. “Jesus Christ.” Sam felt Castiel start to soften, still within him. “C-colour, Sam?”

Sam couldn’t stop the laugh that bubbled up within him. “Green. Jesus. What happened??”

Castiel stood, pulling out of Sam slowly and gently. Sam felt a nudge against his hole – something pressing in. “It's just a plug. Don't want you leaking my come all over your jeans.” The plug wasn’t very large, by the feel of it. He felt Castiel pop the plug into place, give it a tap, and wipe up a few stray drops. Castiel took a step backwards.

“Holy hell.” Castiel sounded stunned.

“W-what??” Worry spiked through Sam, and he pushed himself to standing. Castiel's hand came around his side, pointing at the floor. There was an astonishingly large puddle of come on the floor, and streaked down the front of the desk. Sam blinked. “Did... Did I...”

“You did. That was supposed to happen a little later, when I massaged your prostate after we got back to the room. I guess I did an adequate job of massaging it with my cock.”

Sam was blown away. He hadn't even known he had come, there was just that strange, sweeping, breaking wave of pleasure. He'd never experienced anything like that before. He felt Castiel tugging his pants back up, and he reached down to zip and button them absentmindedly.

Castiel pulled Sam away from the mess, sat on the edge of the desk, and pulled Sam in between his legs. Sam was still a little out of it. Castiel stared up at him, a half-smile on his face. “I'm guessing you've never experienced that.”

Sam shook his head, no. He was still trying to sort through the sensations.

Castiel pulled Sam's face down, and kissed him. “I'm glad I was able to give that to you. A first. Thank you.”

Sam was in the process of figuring out how language worked. It came back to him slowly. He was pretty overwhelmed, still, by the whole scene. He ran through it again, in his head. “You... you kicked me.”

“I hope it wasn’t too hard. You're okay, right?” Castiel's hands pulled up Sam's shirts and ran over his skin. He examined the spot where his boot had contacted Sam's stomach. Sam looked down, too. It was hard to tell, in the semi-darkness, but Sam didn’t think there was even a mark. It didn't hurt, at any rate.

“It's fine. I'm fine. I'm... I'm great. Th-thank you. Sir.” Sam suddenly blushed hard enough that Castiel could see it, even in the low light.

“What's that blush about, then?” Castiel smiled up at him, dropping his shirts, and ran a thumb across Sam's pink cheek.

“It's... it's just...” Sam ducked his head. Castiel lifted it gently, looking at him.
“Tell me. Please.”

“It's just... I'm a big guy, right? There's not much that could come at me that I couldn't drop before it even got within two feet. People see a guy like me, and they assume that I... that I want to be the one doing the pushing and shoving and manhandling.” Sam rubbed the back of his neck. “When you shoved me to the floor, that was the first time someone's got the jump on me since I was six. And the kick... that... that was good. Good aim. Enough to daze me. Enough to knock me off my game. And when you slammed me across the desk...” Sam shivered and shot Castiel a shy grin.

Castiel rolled his shoulders and grinned back. “Took me a bit of time to figure out how to make that happen. You're not kidding that you're a big guy, and I had to figure out how to neutralize that. But you are fucking heavy, man.” Castiel chuckled, and Sam laughed.

Sam glanced around at the beautiful room again. “Why here, Cas?”

“I've got one of my most boring lectures here. Now, when I get bored, I can just envision you spread over the desk, pouring come from your caged cock.” Castiel's grin was predatory. Sam flushed. “Speaking of which...” Castiel slipped off the desk, pulled a wad of napkins from his pocket, and moved to begin to clean the mess Sam had made of the desk and the floor.

“Don't... I can get that, Cas...” Sam moved to help, but his knees wobbled, and he caught himself on the desk before he fell.

“You sit. Get your bearings back. If my experience was anything like what you just felt, you'll feel a little weak and disoriented for a bit, yet.” Castiel crouched, cleaning up the mess. Sam perched on the edge of the desk.

“You... you've felt that?” Sam looked over at the back of Castiel's bent head.

“Sure have. Prostate orgasm. They can be pretty intense.” Castiel finished cleaning up the mess, and tossed the napkins into the garbage bin. He returned to the desk to stand between Sam's legs, resting his hands on Sam's thighs. “There's very little that I'll ever do to you, Sam, that I haven't experienced myself.” Castiel gave Sam's thighs a gentle squeeze.

Sam took a moment to think about that. It made a lot of sense. But it begged the question... “... with who?” Sam blinked – he hadn't meant to ask that out loud.

“A number of people.” Castiel shot a look at Sam, as though deciding how much to share. “Mostly with Jimmy, to be honest.”

Sam blinked. Jimmy... Castiel's twin, Jimmy? The shock must have shown on his face.

Castiel smiled. “We've always been very, very close. We never really had any other friends, and we shared everything, so we explored together, as well.”

That struck a chord within Sam's heart – he had been the same way with his brother, Dean. It had only ever been the two of them, but their relationship had never evolved in that way. Yet Sam could see how it could have, if Dean weren't always chasing anything in a skirt. Sam nodded and smiled.

“Jimmy's a switch, as you are. I discovered pretty early on that there wasn't a submissive bone in my body, but we had agreed that anything I did to him, he'd do to me, so that we could both learn.”

“Sounds like a good setup.”

Castiel nodded. “It worked really well, for both of us. It works, rather. Jimmy texted me this
afternoon – he doesn't like Yale, doesn't like to be so far away. He's transferring here at the end of the week.” Castiel got a dreamy look in his eyes. “God, how hot the two of you would be, you domming him and me domming you…”

A spike of fear rose through Sam. “He... am I going to have to move out?”

“No! No, no. He's got a room in our dorm. A single, as he doesn't like anyone in his personal space. We've always had our own rooms. We didn't sleep together, unless we were... sleeping together. I'd never kick you out, Sam. You're too important to me.”

This time is was Castiel's turn to flash Sam a shy smile. Sam blushed.

“Does he... does he know about me? About us?” Sam asked curiously.

“Of course. You're my boyfriend.” Castiel smiled.

Sam blinked, a little taken aback. And then he realized that this was exactly what Castiel was to him. He'd just never really had one before. It was a really nice feeling.

“How're your legs? Feeling a little less wobbly? We should head back before security finds us.”

Castiel reached behind Sam to snag the money, and pulled Sam to his feet.

Sam froze. “Security?” Did that mean that there was actually a chance that someone could have walked in?? Jesus Christ. Sam felt his cock twitch in its cage.

“Of course. Let's go.” The two boys hurried back through the dark halls.

“Does this mean I get to keep the seven hundred?” Sam asked Castiel quietly.

Castiel burst into laughter, and so did Sam, and they narrowly avoided being caught by security on the way out.
Sam and Castiel were fairly busy for the rest of the week, with work assigned by their professors. Mostly, they worked at their respective desks. One time, as a break for Sam, Castiel had him warm his cock for half an hour, which ended up evolving into an enthusiastic blowjob. Castiel let Sam out of his cage, and returned the favour, before locking him away again. Sam's orgasm had been incredibly intense, and he had sat panting in his chair for another half an hour, unable to stand. Castiel had been all smiles.

It was Saturday morning when Jimmy finally arrived from Yale. There was a knock on the door, which Castiel answered. The door opened, and the boy outside flung himself at his brother, kissing him hard, his eyes filled with tears. Sam stared open-mouthed as Castiel and Jimmy kissed and murmured softly, each holding the other's face.

Sam felt a little like an intruder, watching the twins' reunion, so he sat quietly at his desk, trying to make himself small, at which he failed abysmally. He couldn't deny that seeing the twins together was hot. He pressed the palm of his hand against his cage, which gave absolutely no relief to the rigid flesh beneath it.

Eventually Castiel turned, and gave Sam a brilliant, watery smile. He held out his hand, and Sam stood, walking to him and taking it. Sam kept his head down a little, smiling shyly at Jimmy, who was grinning.

Jimmy reached up, put his hands on Sam's cheeks, pulled him down, and kissed him. Sam's eyes widened as he felt the tip of Jimmy's tongue pressing at the seam of his lips, but he opened, and Jimmy nipped his lower lip, before licking into his mouth. Sam was a little too stunned to kiss back properly, and Jimmy pulled away, chuckling.

"Thanks for making my big brother so happy, Sam. You're all he ever talks about. It's nice to meet you."

Sam glanced at Castiel, who was smiling warmly at him.

"It's... it's good to meet you, too." Sam tried on a shaky smile. He noticed that Castiel's other hand was entwined with Jimmy's, as though they couldn't bear to be apart. "I'm... glad you're here. I know Castiel's missed you terribly."

And Castiel had, too. Sam had seen how sad and withdrawn Castiel had been, after a call or a Skype with Jimmy. Sam hadn't known what to do or say to help him.

Jimmy shot Sam a grin. "Really! And here I thought he was all wrapped up in having you to play with." Jimmy gave Sam a long, appraising look, up and down. He licked his lips, and Sam blushed.

Castiel rolled his eyes and laughed. "I know you want to sink your teeth into him, Jimmy, but take it easy, all right?"
Jimmy stepped right into Sam's personal space, looking up at him with those same spectacular blue eyes, and Sam felt Jimmy's hand close over his cage. “Gonna be a little tricky to get my teeth in, with this on.” Sam's blush darkened, and he thought he must be brick-red. Still staring at Sam, Jimmy asked, “Do you ever take it off, Cas?”

“From time to time. I don't need it off, to use his holes.” Castiel's dark amusement was plainly obvious, and both Jimmy and Sam groaned softly.

“I bet you're saving on laundry, though, huh, Sam?” Jimmy's hand tightened on the cage, and his eyes sparkled with mischief. Sam thought he'd die of embarrassment. Had Castiel told Jimmy everything?? Sam nodded, just a little.

Both twins laughed, and Sam covered his burning face. Gentle hands pulled his hands down, and he felt Jimmy's lips on his left cheek, and Castiel's on his right.

“It's all right, Sam. Jimmy's just giving you a hard time. Did you maybe want to give him a spanking, in retaliation?” Both Jimmy and Sam froze, staring at one another. Sam saw Jimmy's throat work, watched his lips part a little. Both of them were silent for a long moment.

'I... I wouldn't want to do anything Jimmy didn't...”

“See that face, Sam?” Castiel's thumb touched Jimmy's plush lower lip, and his mouth seemed to open automatically. Jimmy's eyes still hadn't left Sam's. “That's his, 'Oh, God, yes, please, Sir!' face.”

Jimmy nodded up at Sam, his mouth still open, and Sam felt an overwhelming urge to shove his cock into it. Sam had to close his eyes, grinding his palm against his crotch. Castiel's hand tightened on Sam's.

“I know you want to use his mouth. I mean, look at it. And he's just the best cocksucker, Sam. Maybe I'll let you, a little later.” Sam shuddered. Castiel pulled him to his bed, and sat Sam down on the edge, in the middle. He sat down beside Sam, wrapping an arm around his waist. “Strip, Jimmy.”

Jimmy moved to stand in front of them, pulling his jacket off and dropping it on the floor. Sam heard Castiel's annoyed sigh. Jimmy had his hands on the hem of his t-shirt when Sam spoke up. “Could you hang your jacket up, please? And... and fold your clothes in a pile on the desk.”

Jimmy groaned, rolling his eyes, and bending over to scoop his jacket off the floor. “Please tell me, Sam, that you're not one of those damned neat freaks like my beloved brother.” Jimmy hung his jacket, and kicked off his boots.

“Sam is my good boy. He knows I don't like messiness. If you want to live in a sty, like you did at home, Jimmy, do it to your own room.” Sam blushed, but felt a little pleased nonetheless.

“I will!” Jimmy stuck his tongue out at Castiel, and pulled his shirt up over his head. Sam stared. Jimmy was slender, slim, narrow through the hips and a little less muscular than his brother. Sam was a little embarrassed to feel his mouth watering. He swallowed hard.

“He's beautiful, isn't he?” Castiel murmured into Sam's ear. Sam's eyes widened as Jimmy dropped his ragged jeans, and Sam saw the distinct outline of something in his boxer briefs. Jimmy slipped them down, revealing the exact cage that Sam was currently wearing.

“How long have you had that on, then?” Castiel asked.

“Since just after I got off the plane. Would've set the metal detectors off. It's been a while.” Jimmy smirked, pulling off his socks. He gave the cage a tug and shivered.
“Well, I guess you don't need to worry about Jimmy coming on your pants, which would have been a very real possibility. He'll probably leak, though – he likes a good, hard spanking almost as much as you do.” Castiel kissed Sam's cheek, and walked into the bathroom. He returned with a towel, which he draped across Sam's lap.

Sam was a little shellshocked. He wasn't entirely certain this was happening – that it wasn't just a dream. Was he really about to spank his gorgeous boyfriend's gorgeous twin brother?? Castiel moved to perch on the edge of the other bed, as Jimmy laid ass-up over Sam's lap. Jimmy had a cute butt. It wasn't quite as full and round as Castiel's, but it was cute. Sam laid one huge hand across it, and Jimmy shivered.

“What're your safewords, Jimmy?” Sam asked, stroking a hand down the back of Jimmy's thigh.

Jimmy snorted. “I won't need them.”

“Jimmy...” Sam could hear the warning in Castiel's tone.

“Green, yellow, red.” Sam had a sneaking suspicion that Jimmy had rolled his eyes again, though he couldn't see, as Jimmy's face was turned away, towards his brother on the bed opposite.

“Warmup?”

Jimmy snorted again, and Sam lifted his arm back, bringing his hand slamming down against the meat of Jimmy's ass.

“Jesus Christ!!” Jimmy yelped, and tried to squirm off Sam's lap. Sam pinned him to the bed by the back of his neck. When Sam's hand touched Jimmy's neck, the boy stillled immediately. “Who even hits that hard??” Jimmy complained. Sam watched a perfect handprint rise on the pale skin of Jimmy's ass.

“You're the one who didn't want a warmup.” Sam said, reasonably. He hit Jimmy, just as hard, on the other cheek. Sam's hand covered most of Jimmy's butt cheek. Jimmy stiffened and groaned, but didn't try to get away, Sam's hand still firm on the back of his neck.

Sam worked on Jimmy until he was in tears, his ass and the backs of his thighs bright, cherry red. Sam's hand was sore, and his shoulder was starting to ache. It was a particularly hard strike towards Jimmy's inner thigh that made him croak out, “Y-yellow...”

Sam stopped, and rested his hand against Jimmy's glowing skin. He lowered his other hand, rubbing circles on Jimmy's lower back. Jimmy's sobs subsided into hiccups, and he wiped an arm across his face.

Castiel walked to where the boys were, and slipped to crouch before his brother's reddened face. He brushed away a stray tear. “Are you going to make fun of Sam again, Jimmy? Of the pleasure he takes in pleasing me?”

“No, Cas.” Jimmy sniffled. “I'm sorry for making fun of you, Sam.”

“It's all right.” Sam moved his hand down Jimmy's ass, down his thigh. Sam heard Jimmy's breath hitch.

“Now. Would you like to suck Sam off, Jimmy, or have Sam suck you off? Only one of you is having an orgasm today.” Sam's heart stuttered.

Jimmy blinked up at Castiel, and then pouted. “Both. I want both.”
“Greedy. Choose. Or neither of you gets one.”

Sam wasn't entirely sure which way he wanted Jimmy to decide. He'd love to come, sure, but Jimmy could probably use a little relief after the spanking.

“Come on, Cas.” Jimmy whined, squirming a little on Sam's lap. “It's been, like, forever.”

“Corner, Jimmy.” Castiel's voice was cold. Sam was grateful that it wasn't directed at him. He felt a shiver run through Jimmy, who pushed himself off Sam's lap wordlessly, and shifted to his feet. Jimmy walked to the corner of the room nearest to the door, and stood in it, his forehead pressed into the juncture of the walls, his arms loose at his sides, the skin of his ass and thighs bright, flaming red.

Sam stared, his mouth a little open. He didn't even see Castiel walk to him, he only felt the gentle finger on his chin, closing his mouth. Sam's eyes flickered up to Castiel, who was standing in front of him, smiling.

“So, Sam, how would you like to come? I'm not going to hold my beloved brother's disrespect against you.” A quick glance at Jimmy showed another shiver run through him. “This is both your reward, and his punishment. He's dying to be able to join us, or at the very least, to watch. But he was warned, so now he'll stand with his nose in that corner until I tell him otherwise.” Sam heard a small whimper from the corner.

Castiel pulled the necklace bearing Sam's cage key over his head, and ordered Sam to strip. Sam did, his eyes occasionally moving to Jimmy's back and bowed head. Castiel moved to stand before Sam, hands on Sam's hips, staring up at him. “How would you like to come? My hand? My mouth?” Castiel licked his lips. “My ass?”

Sam choked and nodded, not really believing that Castiel would offer that. Castiel's fingers were quick and clever, removing Sam's cage. Sam groaned softly, feeling his cock swell and harden.

“Go lay down on your bed, Sam. On your back.” Sam heard a pitiful whine from Jimmy.

“Quiet.” Castiel shot at his brother, unbuttoning his shirt as Sam laid back, watching him. When Castiel was naked, he straddled Sam's abdomen and reached for the bottle of lube, slicking his fingers and reaching behind himself. Sam stared wide-eyed at Castiel as he worked himself open on his own fingers, eyes closed and mouth open a little, panting softly. Sam wondered what he could possibly have done to deserve the incredibly hot boy above him, writhing and rocking on his own fingers, lube dripping to slick Sam's stomach. Castiel's rigid cock bobbed as he moved, and Sam longed to wrap a fist around it. He tightened his fists in his blankets, to try to resist the urge.

Sam gasped and jolted as Castiel's slick fingers gripped his cock. Castiel gave it a couple of long, firm pulls, before positioning himself over Sam, with the head of Sam's cock at his opening. He began to lower himself down, impaling himself, hands pressed against Sam's chest. Sam felt Castiel's thigh muscles tremble as the head of Sam's cock breached his rim, and all Sam was aware of was slick, velvety, burning heat, and vice-like tightness. Sam clenched his eyes and couldn't help but groan. He tried his best not to arch up and plunge himself into that delicious pressure.

“Jesus Christ, Sam, you're fucking huge.” Castiel gasped from somewhere above him. Sam's eyes opened, and found Castiel's, wide and sapphire blue and staring into Sam's. Both of them panted as Castiel continued to lower himself onto Sam, inch by inch, their eyes seemingly fixed on one another.

It seemed to take forever until Castiel was finally, finally seated against Sam's pelvis. He panted, nails digging into Sam's chest. “I... I need a minute.” Castiel trembled, and Sam couldn't figure out how he
hadn't already come. Castiel felt fucking amazing.

“P-please, can... can I touch you? Please? Sir?” Sam begged, hands flexing against the blankets. He was going to lose his mind if Castiel said no. He was going to lose his mind if Castiel didn't move, if Castiel didn't ride him hard, if Castiel didn't come all over him and let Sam fill him with come.

The best Castiel could manage was a nod. Sam's hands, stiff from their death grip on the blankets, touched Castiel's thighs lightly, running up to grip his hips. Sam was awestruck. Castiel was all soft skin, coiled strength, and power. He felt so, so good around Sam's cock. Sam's hands ran up Castiel's abs, and he felt the tension there. He touched Castiel's chest, palms brushing his nipples. Castiel shuddered, and Sam brushed fingertips over them, feeling them harden. He pinched them lightly, and Castiel groaned.

Sam heard the tiniest sob from the corner of the room, and then Castiel started moving above him, and every thought fled Sam's head in the intense rush of pleasure. Sam's hand fell to Castiel's cock, tightening around it, stroking as Castiel rolled his hips against him. Sam thought it was the hottest thing he had ever seen, Castiel grinding against him, chasing his own release in Sam's palm.

Castiel came in Sam's hand in a rush, with a gasp, painting Sam's abs and chest with his release. The tightening of his muscles yanked the orgasm right out of Sam, who groaned, spilling deep inside him. Both boys stilled, panting.

Sam released Castiel's cock, lifting his hand to his own mouth, licking off Castiel's come. He moved to gather it from his abs, but Castiel's hand on his wrist stopped him.

“I'm sorry. Please. Please?” Jimmy's eyes moved to Castiel, who nodded.

Jimmy bent over Sam at once. Sam watched and felt as he licked up his brother's come from Sam's skin. It was searingly hot, watching Jimmy's pink tongue lap up the whiteness. Jimmy lingered at Sam's nipples, licking and sucking, and the sensation made Sam's breathing hitch. Unbelievably, he felt himself hardening again, still inside Castiel, who shifted a little against him, and threaded a hand into Jimmy's hair.


“Jesus!” Sam breathed out, hardening further as Jimmy soothed the sting with his tongue. Castiel sank his hand tightly into the hair on the back of his brother's head, and moved his mouth to Sam's other nipple.

“Again. Harder.” Castiel was rolling his hips as Jimmy bit harder, and the twisted pain and pleasure forced a hiss out between Sam's teeth. Castiel pulled up, off of Sam's hard cock, slowly. Sam whined a little with the loss, but another sharp bite distracted him.

“Stroke him, Jimmy. But don't let him come.” Sam felt Jimmy's hand close around his cock, slick with lube and his own come. “Carry on with his nipples, while I prep your ass.” Jimmy's moan
vibrated against Sam's skin.

Sam was dazed with pleasure, oversensitive under Jimmy's ministrations. Jimmy moaned and gasped against his skin, as Castiel worked behind him. Sam's eyes met Castiel's, which were a stormy, dark blue.

“You should know, Sam, that Jimmy showed up on our doorstep with clean test results, as well. Which is why, if you'd like, I'll let you fuck him. He was bad, of course he doesn't get to come, but you can, again, if you want.” Jimmy whined, and his hand tightened and stuttered in its smooth movements along the length of Sam's cock.

Sam's concern must have shown in his face, because Castiel smiled. “Jimmy here.” Castiel accompanied the sentence with a hard thrust of his fingers, hard enough to rock Jimmy forward with a groan. “Is a cock slut. And a size queen. My fingers aren't nearly enough for him. I'm sure he'd just love to have that huge cock of yours pounding his slutty little hole. Wouldn't you, Jimmy?”

From the way Jimmy shuddered, Sam thought that he was somehow coming, despite the cage. A glance down, though, showed him only dripping precome.

“Y-yes! Yes, please, oh God, yes. Please please please please...” Jimmy whispered senselessly against Sam's skin.

“Would you like to fuck my brother, Sam?” Castiel's eyes were alight with a dark sort of pleasure, his lips curved in a crooked smile. Castiel gave Sam a tiny nod, as though of permission. Jimmy was still murmuring his quiet pleas.

Sam's mind whirled, flooded with endorphins from pleasure and pain. He nodded. “Fuck yes. I... I mean, please, yes, Sir. Yes. Thank you.”

“Up, Jimmy.” Jimmy stood, releasing Sam, and Castiel stepped up behind him, wrapping his arms around his brother's waist, watching Sam over Jimmy's shoulder. One of his hands dropped, stroking the rigid flesh of Jimmy's cock, between the steel rings of the cage. Jimmy's eyes flickered shut, and his head rolled back against his brother's shoulder. Jimmy's lips were still moving, but Sam couldn't hear what he was saying. “How would you like him, Sam?”

Sam needed a moment to understand the question, and another moment to decide what he wanted, distracted by the sight of Castiel stroking his brother's caged flesh. Jimmy whimpered and squirmed.

“On... on his hands and knees...” Sam offered, and watched Castiel's hand tighten on Jimmy's cage at his words. He pushed himself up, a little shaky, and moved to the end of the bed.

“You heard him. Go.” Castiel gave Jimmy a shove towards the bed. Jimmy stumbled, just a little, before recovering and crawling onto the bed. He shifted to his knees and elbows, legs spread, and Sam moaned at the hot, reddened skin, and glistening wetness at his hole.

Sam felt Castiel's hand on the back of his neck, and the kiss Castiel pressed to his cheek. The hand urged Sam up, to kneel behind his brother. Sam's hands looked huge, wrapped around Jimmy's slender hips, his cock resting against the crack of Jimmy's ass. Jimmy thrust backwards a little, and Sam stared, transfixed.

“Do it. Hard and fast. He likes the stretch and burn.” Castiel's voice was soft in Sam's ear.

Sam thought he might come, just from the sight of Jimmy underneath him and Castiel's words. He pulled back a little, nudging the head of his cock at Jimmy's hole, and thrust in, hard, all the way to the base, in one long, smooth movement.
Jimmy howled, shuddering underneath Sam, and Sam kept his hands clamped on the boy's hips, keeping his cock deep inside him. It was hot and tight and glorious. Jimmy choked out a sound that was half laugh and half sob.

“Is it good, Jimmy? Just what you like, that huge cock up inside you?” Castiel's voice was heavy with lust.

“God! Jesus! Yes!” Jimmy panted out.

Sam pulled his hips back a little, and used his grip on Jimmy's hips to move him forward a little, only to yank him back and thrust forward, hard, at the same time. Jimmy keened. Sam did it over and over again, feeling Castiel slip up to kneel behind him on the bed.

Castiel's hands stroked and pinched at Sam's nipples, as he fucked hard into Jimmy, who was an incoherent mess on the bed, steadily dripping precome. Sam knew he must be hitting Jimmy's prostate, and was determined to give Jimmy the same orgasm that Castiel had given to him.

The decision was taken out of his hands, though. Castiel slid two lubed fingers inside Sam, pinched his nipple viciously hard, sank his teeth into the side of Sam's neck, and Sam came with a snarl, emptying his release into Jimmy's shuddering, twitching form.

Half a second later, he felt Castiel's release, hot and slick against his ass and lower back. Castiel's head dropped to Sam's shoulder, and his fingers withdrew. Sam pried his hands off Jimmy's hips, and Jimmy collapsed against the bed. Sam knelt, trembling, Castiel pressed up against his back, Castiel's hands loosely on his hips.

“You're incredible, Sam. Incredible.” Castiel's voice was soft. His lips trailed a series of kisses from the bite mark on Sam's neck down his right trapezius, almost to his shoulder.

“I... I'll say.” Jimmy laughed weakly from the bed, his face mashed into Sam's pillow.

“Colour, Sam?” Castiel squeezed Sam's hips.

“Green.” Sam said simply, dazed, feeling Castiel's release sliding down his skin.

Jimmy gave a thumbs up, still sprawled face-down across Sam's bed. “Green for me, too. Though I'd have liked an orgasm.”

“Behave, and maybe I'll let you have one.” Castiel chuckled.

Jimmy rolled onto his side, pouting up at Sam and Castiel, big blue eyes puppy-dog wide. “Could I get a milking, then, please, Sirs?”

Sam, upon hearing that, was reasonably sure that his brain had imploded. It had been a long time since anyone had called him Sir.

“What do you think, Sam? Should we milk our little fucktoy here? He did take your cock like a fucking champ. Do you think he's earned it?” Castiel kissed over the bite mark on Sam's neck.

Sam nodded, and Jimmy's face split into a brilliant grin. Cas climbed to his feet behind him, and pulled Sam up. Jimmy clambered up afterwards, and Castiel led the way to the bathroom. He turned on the shower, and hustled Sam and Jimmy into it, turning Jimmy face to face with Sam. He climbed in behind, sinking to his knees behind his brother.

Jimmy turned his face up to Sam, and Sam bent down, kissing him softly. Jimmy's arms reached
around his neck, his fingers interlaced. Sam's hands rested on Jimmy's hips.

“Don't let him fall, Sam. His knees are probably going to drop him when I do this.”

Sam almost slipped as Jimmy lurched and fell against him with a groan. Sam wrapped his arms tightly around Jimmy's waist, as Jimmy's fingernails dug into Sam's shoulders. Jimmy's breath was harsh and ragged against Sam's neck.

“Look at you, baby brother.” Castiel's voice was low and dark. “All fucked open from our Sam's huge cock. Dripping his come all over yourself. All over me.” Sam felt the shiver run through Jimmy's body.

Jimmy's fractured pleading started up again against Sam's skin. “Please, please, please, oh God, yes, please...” Sam pressed a kiss to Jimmy's wet hair, holding the limp boy tight against him. Jimmy's cage pressed against Sam's thigh. He was rocking a little against Sam, under the force of what Castiel was doing to him from behind. His words tapered off to soft whimpers, and suddenly Jimmy spasmed in Sam's arms, and Sam felt a rush of liquid heat against his thigh. Sam winced, just a little, as Jimmy's teeth closed, hard, over his collarbone.

Sam watched as Castiel stood, his eyes fixed on Sam's over his brother's shoulder. Castiel smiled, leaned in, and gave Sam a lingering kiss. Jimmy's head came up, his eyes glassy and dazed, Sam's blood on his lips.

“Got anything to say, Jimmy?” Castiel stroked a hand down the back of his brother's neck.

“It... it's good to be home.” Jimmy blinked slowly. “Thank you, Cas. Thank you, Sam.”

“You're welcome.” Castiel kissed Jimmy's neck, below his ear.

“My... my pleasure.” Sam croaked out.

Castiel and Sam helped to get Jimmy cleaned up, and quickly washed themselves. The three boys piled out of the shower, towelling off. Jimmy was still a little out of it, and the other two did most of the work. Castiel tsked as he saw the broken skin on Sam's neck and collarbone, and insisted on dabbing at it with an alcohol-soaked pad. Sam didn't complain.

Afterwards, the boys climbed into Castiel's bed, as Sam's was in desperate need of fresh linens. Jimmy laid in the middle, on his back, with Castiel and Sam snuggled up on each side. Castiel and Sam's fingers were interlaced, against Jimmy's tummy.

“That was... that was good.” Jimmy opined, his voice wavering a little. Sam pulled his hand free from Castiel's, and wrapped his arm around Jimmy's ribs, hugging him tight. Castiel's arm wrapped around Jimmy, a little below Sam's, and he held Jimmy tight, as well.

“This... this works, too.” Jimmy chuckled softly. “You... you guys spoil me.”

“Always.” Castiel murmured, half way asleep, his head on his brother's shoulder. Sam pressed a kiss to Jimmy's shoulder, his head against the pillow, and his eyes drifted shut.
Every day, Sam was astonished that he had not one, but two incredibly, impossibly hot, sexy, amazing boyfriends. For the life of him, he couldn't seem to stop wondering how he could ever have accumulated that much positive karma.

Despite being identical, it became abundantly clear pretty damned quickly that the twins were incredibly different. There was their respective majors – premed and fine arts. Sam would’ve thought that the tidier one would've been the premed one, and the messy one the artist, but it was the opposite. Sam had flinched, the first time he saw the mess that Jimmy had made of his room. It looked as though a tornado had hit. Castiel refused to even set foot inside. Consequently, the boys spent nearly all of their time together in Sam and Castiel's room.

Jimmy and Sam were quite different, too, with regards to the style of their submission to Castiel. Sam was obedient and polite, and always looking to please. Jimmy, on the other hand, was the embodiment of sass and attitude. Castiel had no qualms about putting Jimmy in his place, which Jimmy seemed to absolutely love. It seemed to Sam as though Jimmy also enjoyed having a bright red ass. Sam knew that the real punishment for Jimmy, and he earned it often, was the corner time. Sam hadn't done anything to warrant punishment – yet.

Jimmy seemed to acknowledge that Castiel had the greater claim on Sam. Jimmy never just barged into their room, he always called ahead. He gave them plenty of time to themselves, as well. There were many nights that Sam or Castiel had felt a little lonely, though, and asked Jimmy to come over.

Which is how they ended up this evening, sitting on the bed and propped up on pillows, watching a movie on Castiel's large computer screen. Sam was in the middle, with a twin curled against him, under each arm.

Sam wasn't really watching the movie. He was thinking. He was still in chastity, it had become an almost-permanent thing for him. Mostly because he loved giving that control to Castiel. Jimmy, on the other hand, tolerated the chastity, and accepted it as a punishment, but didn't get off on it like Sam did. He knew Jimmy wasn't caged right now.

Sam drifted into an intensely vivid fantasy, imagining what it would be like to be dominated by Castiel and Jimmy, at the same time. His eyes flickered closed, and random images shot through his head. Castiel, wielding the whip. Jimmy, his hands in Sam's hair, fucking his throat. Castiel, pounding into him from behind... Sam shifted, just a little.

Castiel, his hand resting on Sam's cage, as it often did, felt not only the shift, but felt Sam harden against it, though his thin sleeping pants. Castiel pushed himself to sit upright, his eyes on Sam. “What's this, then?”

“Hmm?” Jimmy asked from Sam's other side. He had clearly noticed nothing.
Sam blushed. “It's nothing, Sir. Just... just a little uncomfortable.”

“Really.” Castiel's eyebrow shot up, and he levelled that stare at Sam, the one that melted Sam's insides. Castiel's hand tightened on the cage. “Doesn't feel like nothing. Clearly your focus was elsewhere. What were you thinking about, Sam?” Jimmy sat up, too, rubbing his eyes.

Sam blushed a little darker. “Nothing! It was nothing.”

Castiel paused. He nodded. “All right. Take off your pants, and go and stand in Jimmy's corner.”

Sam blinked at him. “W-what?”

“Go. Strip. Corner. Now.” That coldness slipped into Castiel's voice. Sam only hesitated a moment, before slipping off the bed. He pulled his sleep pants down and stepped out of them, leaving himself completely naked. He walked, a little stiff-legged, to the corner that he'd seen Jimmy spend so much time in. He let his arms hang loose, and touched his forehead to the corner.

It was awful. It was humiliating. He felt like... like a misbehaving child, on time out. It was cold and lonely, after being snuggled between the twins in the cozy bed. Sam wasn't entirely sure why it was happening. He envisioned Castiel and Jimmy, snuggling together on the bed in his absence. He blushed crimson.

“Sam. What's the key to any good relationship? The most important key. The one I've always emphasized.” Castiel had muted the movie, or paused it, because his voice was the only sound Sam could hear.

“C-communication. Sir.” Sam's voice sounded small, even to himself.

“So. When we're sitting watching a movie, and your mind wanders to something that gets you hot and bothered, and I ask you what made you that way, what would be the proper answer?”

The proverbial lightbulb went off over Sam's head. That's why he was cold and lonely, and in the corner. “To... to tell you... what I was thinking about. Sir.”

“And did you tell me, when I asked, Sam?” Castiel's voice was gentle.

“N-no, Sir.” Sam whimpered.

There were no further words from Castiel, and Sam heard the movie restart. Sam clenched his eyes shut. He couldn't believe that he had screwed that up. He wanted so desperately to apologize, to be forgiven, but he knew the rules of the corner, and wouldn't dream of breaking them. Corner time was for stillness and silence, repentance and reflection. Tears were allowed, but not the noisy, attention-seeking ones.

Sam tried hard not to beat himself up over such a stupid mistake, but he lost the fight. Tears burned in his eyes. He blinked rapidly, trying to dispel them, the corner blurred and shadowy before his eyes. His breathing hitched, and he swallowed, trying to calm himself. He tried to deepen his shaking breathing.

He wasn't sure how long he had been in the corner for, before he felt gentle hands on his hips. He jumped a little – he hadn't even known anyone was behind him. The hunter in him berated him for his abysmal situational awareness. The hands turned him gently, and he sniffled, opening teary eyes and seeing Castiel staring up at him.

Sam let out a tiny sob, and dropped to his knees, hard, before Castiel could catch him. “I'm sorry! I'm
“Hey, hey, hey hey hey, Sam.” Sam felt Castiel's hands on his cheeks, lifting his face. Sam opened his eyes, and saw Castiel's right in front of him, filled with concern. “It's all right. It's forgiven. It's over. You're still my good boy, all right?” Castiel's thumbs wiped at Sam's tears.

Sam was aware that Jimmy had dropped to his knees beside Sam, as well. A warm, soothing hand touched his lower back. Sam sniffled, calming a little. He calmed even more when Castiel kissed him sweetly. “My good boy,” Castiel murmured against Sam's lips, brushing Sam's hair back. Sam's tears stopped, and he rubbed hard at his eyes, blushing with embarrassment. “Gentle.” Castiel's hand pulled Sam's arm down, and he brushed his fingers across Sam's eyes. “You're all right.” Sam's eyes flickered open as he felt Castiel kiss the tip of his nose.

Castiel was smiling, just a little.

“And now you know why corner time sucks so much.” Jimmy spoke from beside him, rubbing Sam's lower back. “It gets easier, I promise, but it still sucks. It's hardest the first time. But Cas will always forgive us, as long as we learn. And he'll never love us any less.” Jimmy kissed Sam's cheek.

Sam blushed, feeling foolish. He felt he should've known that once his time in the corner was over that Castiel would forgive him. That making a mistake wasn't going to change how Castiel felt about him. Sam nodded a little, shooting Castiel a small, shy smile.

“Now, up. Jimmy, fetch a water, please?” Castiel stood, pulling Sam to his feet, and tugging him back to the bed. Castiel laid on his back, and Sam curled his large frame against Castiel's side. Jimmy passed him a bottle of cool water, and he drank some. He passed the unfinished water back to Jimmy, who put it on the desk. Jimmy made quite the exhibition of having to climb over Sam and Castiel to get to his spot on Castiel's other side, before flumping down and curling up, his head on Castiel's other shoulder. Sam couldn't help but smile.

“My good boy.” Castiel kissed the top of Sam's head. “And my incorrigible brat.” He kissed the top of Jimmy's.

“Hey!” Jimmy protested, pouting. “I can be every bit as good as Sam is.”

“No, no, you really can't, but I wouldn't have it any other way.” Jimmy grumbled and Sam smiled. Castiel squeezed them both fondly. “So, Sam. What was it that you were thinking about, before your lapse in judgment?”

Sam flushed crimson and felt himself harden. “I... I was thinking of... both... both of you, dominating me.” He tried to continue, but only a croak came out. He tried again. “U-using me.”

Jimmy sat up abruptly, staring down at Sam, every iota of sulkiness vanished. “Really.” Even Jimmy's voice had changed. It had deepened, and had that Dom-edge that Sam had only ever heard from Castiel. It was like a switch had been flipped. Sam nodded, hiding his face against Castiel's shoulder.

Castiel's hand stroked softly up and down Sam's back. “That's something you want, hmm?” Castiel's words and tone were kind.

“Yessir!” Sam squeaked out, still hiding his face.

“Were there any specifics that you wanted? Any particular toys?”

Sam whimpered, trapped somewhere between arousal and fear. “The... the whip...” Sam twisted,
hiding his face against Castiel's side, under his arm.

Castiel gave Sam another squeeze, not trying to pull him from his hiding place. “That's very brave of you, Sam, to make these requests. To ask for the one toy that scares you. Have you ever been dominated by two at once?”

Sam's voice was muffled, “No...” He shook his head, too, in case they couldn't hear him.

“That makes you doubly brave. I'm proud of you.” Sam blushed again, a sort of absurd joy filling him, a bubble of happiness, pleased that he had made Castiel proud. He lifted his head, just a little, peeking at Castiel with one eye. He saw Castiel smiling warmly down at him. He looked over at Jimmy, and saw a darkly predatorial smile on his face. Sam's heart stuttered.

“Jimmy's seen your lists, I showed them to him before we even began. And his is so close to yours that there might as well be no differences at all. So he knows what you're comfortable with. Are you sure this is what you want, Sam?” Castiel's voice was even.

“So much.” Sam whispered, lifting his head a little, his eyes flickering back to Castiel.

Without the slightest change to his warm tone or expression, Castiel asked, “You want us to tie you up and whip you? Make you cry and scream and beg and bleed? You want us to use your filthy, slutty, holes, stuff your throat and ass with cock, and cover and fill you with come, like the whore that you are?”

The noise that escaped Sam was a deep, guttural groan. The last time he'd heard anything make that noise, it was a djinn dying on a silver blade.

“Answer me, Sam.” Castiel's voice was velvet-covered steel.

“Yes. Yes!” Sam managed to gasp out.

Castiel's vicious slap across Sam's cheek caught him off guard, and made him reel backwards. If he'd been any closer to the edge of the bed, he'd have fallen off. Sam blinked, flat on his back. A moment later, Castiel loomed above him. “Yes, what, slut?” Castiel's eyes were cold, furious.

“Yessir. Yes. Sir.”

“Better. Get on your knees, on the floor.”

Sam slipped off the bed immediately, kneeling, his legs spread, head upright, and eyes down. His left hand had a death grip on his right wrist, behind his back. He knew both of the twins were moving, but couldn't see what they were doing. He heard a rustle of fabric, and a long zipper.

Sam heard a low, appreciative whistle. “Well, isn't that just lovely. Your pet slut knows his positions.” Jimmy, that had been Jimmy.

“Well, he knows that one. We haven't gotten around to the others yet.” Sam felt fingers brush the back of his neck, before a strip of leather was fastened snugly around it. A finger slipped inside, testing the tightness. Sam's breathing wasn't hindered, but the collar choked him just a little with every swallow. Sam trembled, his eyes on the floor.

One of the twins crouched right in front of him, and fumbled with something against the front of his collar. There was a soft click, and the boy stood, holding a long, black leather leash. Sam choked a little as the leash was pulled up, hard. It pressed against Sam's jaw, twisting his head a little. Sam straightened his back, trying to relieve the pressure at his throat. It didn't really help.
“Ever been leashed, slut?” That had been Jimmy, too, his tone cold and mocking.

“No... no, Sir.” Sam's voice was a little garbled. Jimmy chuckled. Sam's fear spiked as he heard the door to the room open behind him, but it closed again almost immediately.

“It's useful.” The leash was yanked sharply forward, and Sam nearly fell on his face, getting his hands in front of him at the last second. He scrambled towards Jimmy's feet, settling back into position, his arms behind him. Sam's breathing was a little heavy, with fear and anticipation and lust.

Jimmy crouched down in front of him again. “Maybe I should take you for a walk, naked, crawling, down the hall. See what your classmates think of you. Show them your caged cock, and what a good bitch you are. Maybe let them have a go at your holes.”

Sam whimpered softly, staring at the carpet between Jimmy's bare feet. Jimmy chuckled and stood, dropping Sam's leash.

“Your left wrist, Sam.” Castiel's voice was somewhere to his left. Sam held out his wrist in what he thought was the right direction, and felt a soft leather cuff fastened around it. He waited for Castiel to ask for the other, before extending his right wrist for the same treatment. Sam liked the touch of the soft leather against his wrists and his throat very much.

Someone bent and picked up Sam's leash, pulling hard on it, straight up. “Up, Sam.” Sam choked a little, before managing to get to his feet. Castiel pulled him by it to the door to the hallway. Sam looked, and saw two straps at the top of the door, ending in steel rings. His leash was dropped again, and Castiel grabbed the cuff on his wrist, clipping it to the strap at the top of the door. He walked around Sam, and clipped the other one, too.

“You can pull on those as hard as you'd like.” Castiel's voice was soft. “They're suspension cuffs, so they won't cut off circulation or damage you. And the straps are rated for more weight than you could possibly exert. Basically, you're there until we decide to take you down.” Castiel stroked a hand down Sam's bare back. “But if I were you, I wouldn't move around too much. The whip requires you to be pretty still, to avoid any... unfortunate accidents.”

Sam froze, barely daring to breathe. He really, really wasn't very sure of this. Castiel placed Sam's palms against the door, and backed his feet up a little from it, spreading them shoulder-width apart, and bending Sam a little at the waist.

“If you're going to go hard, you should probably gag him and give him a drop signal. We don't need a nosy RA interfering.” Jimmy offered.

“Good point. These rooms are pretty soundproof, but who knows what's gonna get through the door, if he's screaming against it.”

Sam whined, a high-pitched, panicked sound, but he didn't move. A soothing hand stroked down his flank. “It's all right. You'll be just fine. If you need him to stop, just drop the ball, okay?” Sam heard a soft jingling sound, and something small, round, and rubbery was pressed into his right hand. He looked up at it. It seemed to be some sort of cat toy, sparkly orange, and containing a bell. That's clever.

“Any last words?” Castiel spoke from behind him, with a soft laugh. “Open your mouth, Sam.” Sam did, and a purple rubber ball was forced between his teeth. It tasted like... grape? That was very definitely grape that Sam was tasting, as the buckle was cinched against the back of his head. Sam was grateful that it wasn't an awful rubber taste. A hand had smoothed his hair, careful not to trap or pull any with the buckle.
“Drop the ball, Sam.” Jimmy instructed. Sam loosened his hand and let the toy fall. The jingle of the bell was loud in the quiet room. The toy was pressed back into Sam's hand. Jimmy whispered, “No one will ever judge you for safewording.” Sam nodded his understanding. Jimmy kissed the corner of Sam's lips, spread by the purple ball and leather strap, before withdrawing with a final pat to Sam's bottom.

“Ready?” Castiel's voice was soft, but all Sam could do was tremble.

Sam heard the whip cut through the air, a terrifying whoosh, before a strip of fire was laid across his left shoulderblade. He groaned softly, the sound caught behind the rubber in his mouth. It hurt – it *burned*, but Sam had had so much worse in a lifetime of hunting. Some of his terror left him, and he relaxed, ever so slightly. He was still focused tightly on trying to stay still.

Sam breathed carefully as Castiel laid line after line of pain across Sam's upper back. The lines began to intersect, as Castiel ran out of untouched skin to bring his whip down on, and low groans were forced from Sam. Sam arched away under a strike that had been harder than the others, but Jimmy pulled him back into position. The next strike had been the same – Sam flattened himself against the door in an attempt to get away, a whimper escaping him.

Sam felt Jimmy pull him back, and move to stand in front of him, pressed against his front, between Sam and the door. It took Sam a moment to realize that Jimmy was speaking. “... two choices here, stay still, stay in position, or safeword. If you can't stay still, I'll make you stay still. Even an inch of movement is going to change how the whip falls.”

Sam nodded, his head feeling loose and heavy. He stiffened as Castiel struck him again, Jimmy's hands pressed hard against Sam's chest. Sam's moan cycled upwards into a hoarse scream, muffled behind his gag, as Castiel set a punishing pace with the whip. Tearing sobs wrenched themselves out of Sam's throat – his back was a mass of agony.

Sam was only peripherally aware that one of Jimmy's hands had moved, and that Castiel was no longer hitting him. His arms were lowered, and the gag removed, which made it easier for Sam to choke out his gasping sobs. He was lowered to one of the beds, on his stomach, and a moment later felt cool, blissful relief across his back. He pulled in a deep, shuddering breath, and his sobs subsided into the occasional soft whimper.

He heard murmured voices, but the words didn't seem to be making it from his ears to his brain. Gradually, the words resolved themselves.

“... Health Services?”

“No, he'll be okay. It's superficial. There isn't even really any bleeding, just a couple of small spots.”

“I can't believe he didn't safeword. I safeworded out before you gave me a quarter of what you gave him.” Jimmy sounded awestruck and horrified.

“I think I know why he didn't, but that's not my story to tell.” Sam felt the bed dip beside him, and a gentle hand stroke his hair. Upon discovering that he had control over the muscles in his neck, Sam turned his face towards the person sitting beside him. He peered upwards through blurry eyes, and saw Castiel smiling down at him. Sam gave him a small smile in return.

“Hey. Are you okay?” Castiel's hand in Sam's hair felt amazing. Sam nodded, and shifted a little, trying to wrap himself around Castiel. “Hey, no, just stay put, I'll lay down with you.” Sam returned to his position on his tummy, and watched as Castiel pulled his t-shirt off and laid down close beside him. Sam felt Jimmy lay down on his other side, and was glad he was there. There was a warm hand
against Sam's lower back, and Castiel cupped his cheek.

Castiel kissed him softly. “Sam. I don't know what it is from your past that you're seeking redemption for, and I'm not asking you to tell me, but whatever it was, it's eating you alive. You need to separate it from what we do together. You're not going to find forgiveness for it at the end of my whip.” Castiel kissed him again, a little harder.

Sam's breath stuttered. Dad. Dean. 'If you walk out that door, don't you ever come back.' But... but Sam didn't need forgiveness for that. He didn't need forgiveness for trying to build himself a normal life, a life away from hunting. For trying to find some happiness.

Sam failed utterly at convincing himself of that. He did want his family's forgiveness, so desperately, for abandoning them, for leaving them to go to school. But punishing himself for it by refusing to safeword, even when he needed to, wasn't fair to anyone – not Castiel, not Jimmy, and especially not to himself. Sam nodded, limp against the bed, between the comforting presences of the twins.

Gradually, he realized that his right hand was still clenched, white-knuckle tight. He brought his hand up, and forced himself to open his fist. Castiel watched, too, as the squashed, flattened remains of the glittery orange toy fell silently to the bed. He said nothing as Sam scooped it up, holding it tight against his chest.

Sam was so grateful to Castiel for not making him tell, for just being there and being supportive and caring. For understanding. Sam squashed his face against Castiel's bare chest. He felt Jimmy get up from behind him, as Castiel kissed the top of his head, and resumed stroking his hair.

Something moved against the dull ache in his back. Sam thought it felt like fabric... wet fabric? And something wonderfully cool was laid back across it. Sam sighed. Castiel murmured, “We'll keep the cool towels on your back for a bit longer, it'll help. Then we'll put some cream on it. It's going to be sore for a while, you might have to sleep on your side or tummy. But there won't be any permanent damage.”

Sam nodded. He wasn't terribly worried about permanent damage. He already had an assortment of ugly scars marring his skin. He thought it'd be nice to have some, maybe, that he actually wanted on him. He felt Castiel trace his fingers down the row of parallel scars on Sam's shoulder. Those ones had been a gift from a werewolf that had nearly killed him, before Dean had taken it down.

Sam was grateful, too, that Castiel had never asked how he got them. He didn't ever want Castiel and Jimmy to know that monsters were real, and would kill you in a heartbeat.

Castiel held Sam close on the bed, as Jimmy puttered about the room. The towels were removed, and after the cream had been applied, Sam was feeling well enough to sit up. He had a little water, and some pizza that Jimmy had ordered. He was almost back to his usual self, if a little quiet and subdued.

Sam tucked the ruined toy safely into a pocket of his backpack. He knew it was just garbage, but it represented something to him – something that he didn't want to forget, ever again. Castiel watched him do it, watched the care he took with it, and afterwards, pulled him into a crushingly tight hug, his arms low around Sam's waist. Sam buried his face in Castiel's neck, whispering apologies.

“No, Sam.” Castiel's voice was a whisper, as well. “It's not a crime to be damaged, to have baggage. We all do. Just... when we play, try to stay in the present with me, all right? Stay with me. I love you.”

Sam froze, for just a heartbeat. No one, outside of his family, had ever told him that and actually
meant it. “I... I love you, too, Cas. Thank you.”

Sam couldn't express his gratitude to Castiel, ever. He didn't have the language for it. He just held onto Castiel for dear life.
Pin Drop

Sam was a little nervous, in the days afterwards, but everything seemed to be fine – there were no indicators that Castiel and Jimmy had plans to carry out what Castiel had threatened. Sam wasn't sure how that made him feel – he vacillated between relieved and disappointed. As his back healed, and the days passed, he became progressively more impatient.

He went to his classes, and did his work side by side with the twins. Jimmy had taken to working on his laptop in their room, after completely destroying Sam's neatly-made bed, rendering it into a comfortable nest of pillows and tangled blankets. A muscle in Castiel's jaw twitched every time he did it, but he tolerated it because Sam remade the bed neatly once Jimmy returned to his own room.

Sam returned from his classes on Friday afternoon, and walked into their room, looking forward to the long weekend ahead of him. Jimmy was in his nest, and Castiel was working on something on his computer. Both twins smiled, but said nothing, returning to their work.

“Did you guys see there's a mandatory floor meeting tonight?” Sam waved the piece of paper he'd found in their mailbox. Castiel seemed to have some sort of mental block about picking up the mail.

“Mandatory??” Jimmy whined.

“Mandatory is mandatory, Jimmy.” Castiel shot him a look. “I would've thought you'd realize that.”

Jimmy made a face at his brother, and stuck out his tongue.

“All right, then. When does it start?” Castiel turned to Sam.

“Four.” Sam read the letter. “In the common room. We have to do... introductions.” Sam groaned.

“Well.” Sam glanced back at Castiel, who had a positively devilish smile on his face. Sam froze, feeling like a deer in the headlights, in the face of the stare Castiel levelled at him. He slipped to his knees without even thinking about it.

Jimmy made a soft, disgusted noise from where he was huddled in his nest. Sam knew he didn't really approve of Sam's unthinking, unwavering obedience.

“And just for that, Jimmy, you can get down there, too.”

Jimmy groaned and rolled his eyes, before extricating himself from Sam's blankets, and kneeling beside Sam.

“We're going to go ahead and make this meeting a great deal more... interesting. And fun, for me, at least. Maybe not so fun for you two. Both of you can go ahead and drop your pants to your knees.”

Sam and Jimmy looked at each other, bewildered. Castiel dragged his gear bag out. He heaved it on his bed, unzipped it, and looked back at the two boys on the floor, who hadn't moved. “Now.”

Sam jumped, his hands fumbling at his belt. Jimmy was a little slower to get moving. Soon, both boys had their pants and underwear down to their knees. Sam was staring at the floor, but Jimmy was watching Castiel.

“You are fucking kidding me. There is no way I'm wearing that to the stupid meeting.”

Wearing what?! Sam saw, from his peripherals, Castiel crouch before his brother. Sam's eyes
widened as he saw Jimmy's head forced down to the floor, cheek against the carpet, Castiel's hand hard on the back of Jimmy's neck.

“Would you like to revise your last statement, Jimmy?”

Jimmy spoke through gritted teeth. “I'd... I'd be happy to wear that to the meeting, if it pleases you, Sir.”

Wear fucking what?!

“It would. Stay there. Sam, prep my brother, and insert this into him.” Castiel held out a small bottle of lube, and a heavy, medium-sized rubber plug to Sam.

“Yes, Sir.” Sam awkwardly knee-walked to behind Jimmy, who was bent over, with his cheek still pressed against the carpet, flushed crimson. Sam gave his rump a reassuring pat, before slicking his fingers and working Jimmy open.

“Christ, Sam, is every part of you as big as your dick??” Jimmy asked, squirming, as Sam slipped a second finger inside. His muttered complaints devolved into moans, as Sam found his prostate, rubbing deliberately against it.

“Sam...” Castiel warned. Jimmy whined.

“Sorry.” Sam stopped, and focused on stretching Jimmy enough for the plug. When Sam thought he was ready, he slid the plug into place, and gave the base a gentle tap. Jimmy grumbled under his breath.

“Come here, Sam.” Castiel was sitting on the edge of his bed, in the middle, and patted his thigh. Sam knew exactly what he wanted, and draped himself across Castiel's lap, hobbled a little by his jeans, which had fallen to his ankles when he stood.

Castiel stroked the skin of Sam's thighs, ass, and lower back, and Sam smiled contentedly, his head pillowed on his folded arms. He looked over at Jimmy, who still had his cheek pressed to the carpet, and was looking mutinous.

“Do you need some time in your corner, Jimmy, to adjust your attitude?” Sam watched the malcontent drop from Jimmy's face, leaving it blank.

“No, Sir.” Jimmy closed his eyes. So did Sam, under Castiel's soft caresses.

Up until he had met Castiel, Sam had had no idea of how touch-starved he was. Of how good it could feel. Other than the occasional pat on the shoulder, or fingers stitching him up, neither Dad nor Dean had really touched Sam much at all. And his past partners, well, most of them had expected Sam to be the one doing the touching. Or the touching was done with paddles or crops or closed fists.

Now, Castiel used any excuse he could find to touch Sam in loving, kind ways. And Sam drank it up like it was the oxygen he needed to live. It was heaven. It was happiness.

Sam gasped as he felt cool lube slip down the crack of his ass. He made a small, unhappy sound, and heard Castiel chuckle. Castiel's fingers were there a moment later, pressing at his hole, rubbing and breaching him with a slender fingertip.

Sam still struggled not to take, when he was with Castiel. And he struggled not to do it now, not to thrust his ass back towards Castiel's hand, to get as much of that finger inside him as he could. It was
hard for him, to just passively accept, and be grateful for, whatever Castiel should choose to give
him. It was kind of the opposite of what he'd been doing his entire life – it wasn't like a rugaru was
just going to walk up to him and politely wait for him to trigger his flamethrower. He was used to
taking whatever opportunities presented themselves. It was a lot of control for Sam to give up.

Castiel knew, though, that it was something Sam struggled with. He knew, and he was incredibly
patient. He was generous with his praise, when Sam managed to succeed, and gentle, but firm, with
his rebukes when Sam failed.

“Good boy.” Sam could hear Castiel's smile, even if he couldn't see it. Sam thought he could happily
be Castiel's good boy for the rest of his life.

_Holy shit, where the hell did that come from??_ That had been a dangerous, dangerous thought. Even
out of the hunting life, Sam was still a Winchester, and Winchesters didn't get happily ever afters. It
was best just to... enjoy it while it lasted.

Sam didn't feel Castiel slide the plug in, lost in his own thoughts, but he did feel the tap on his butt,
letting him know to get up. He climbed to his feet, wincing a little, as the plug was a little bigger than
what he was used to. Sam moved to Jimmy, kneeling again beside him.

“Better, Jimmy?” Castiel stood in front of the two boys, wiping his hands on a towel.

“Yes, Sir.” Jimmy's voice was soft. Sam liked it a lot, when Jimmy was in his headspace. Jimmy was
softer, less belligerent, more likely to follow orders and not end up in his corner.

“Good. You can straighten up, then.” Jimmy straightened with a soft groan. Sam couldn't imagine
that kneeling with your cheek on the floor felt really great. He wanted to reach over and rub the
discomfort from Jimmy's back, but knew better than to do so. Maybe Castiel would let him give
Jimmy a backrub a little later.

“All right. Both of you paying attention?” Castiel got a pair of, “Yes, Sir”s in return. “Good.” He
held out a pair of identical black remotes, and showed them to Sam. (Jimmy didn't even bother to
look, he clearly already knew what was coming.) They had a number of small buttons, and writing
too small for Sam to make out. He pressed the same button on both remotes, and Sam groaned as his
plug started to vibrate, hearing Jimmy make a nearly identical noise.

“Now, now. It won't do to be making noises like that in the meeting. You'll have to be a great deal
more quiet that _that_.” Beside him, Jimmy's moan cut off abruptly. Sam's eyes widened, and he
looked up at Castiel, panting a little as the vibrations continued. Castiel had a delighted, sadistic grin
on his face. “You can do that for me, right, Sam? Be quiet while that plug stimulates you?” Sam tried
to speak, and choked as the vibrations got harder. He clamped his mouth shut, and settled for
nodding.

“You're not going to be able to nod your way through an introduction, Sam. Why don't you go
ahead and tell me about your favourite colour, and one of your childhood pets.”

Sam gasped as the plug began to pulse within him. There was a sharp tap on his cheek. “Sam?” Sam
tried to pull his scattered thoughts together.

“Y-yellow. My favourite... colour is yellow. I had... I had a dog, once, for a couple of days, when I
ran away from home one time. H-his name was Bones.”

“That was pretty embarrassing, actually, Sam. Way too much hesitation. Almost like you were trying
to talk while being _fucked_. I know you can do better than that. How about... your dream car. If you
could have any car in the world, what would it be?”

Sam groaned, impossibly hard against his confining cage. He tried to push down the mounting pleasure, to focus on his answer. “My... my dad's '67 Impala. He still drives it. I grew up in that car. It... it'll go to my brother, when my dad dies.”

Castiel paused, and Sam glanced up at him. Castiel wasn't quite able to hide the slightly stricken look on his face quickly enough. Sam looked back down, blushing. The pulses from the plug tapered off and stopped.

“Jimmy? Favourite colour, a pet, and dream car?”

Sam saw a shiver run through Jimmy, but his voice was steady. “Red. Our first cat, Muffin. We were five. And the 2016 Lotus Evora 400.”

Castiel grinned. “Jimmy and I have played this game before. He's pretty good at it. I'll go a little easier on you, Sam, as it's your first time.” Castiel glanced at his computer. “It's almost time for the meeting. Stand, dress. We have to go.”

Sam climbed to his feet, helping Jimmy up, who was a little stiff from his time on the floor. Sam fixed his pants, and his belt. He pulled his boots on. Shortly after, the three of them made their way to the central common room.

When they walked in, Sam flanked by the twins, every eye turned to them, and every conversation stopped. There were a few uncomfortable moments, before the faces turned away, and resumed their chatting.

“That was awesome.” Sam heard Jimmy mutter beside him.

The three of them made their way to an empty couch in the back corner of the room. Castiel sat a little stiffly, but Jimmy tuckered himself under Sam's arm, against his side. Sam sat and watched the girls' faces drop, while a couple of boys' eyes lit up.

Sam rolled his eyes. He didn't want to be here. He didn't want to know or make friends with these people. And he didn't care what anyone thought of him and the twins.

One of the boys approached the trio, a nervous smile on his face. Here we go. Sam tried to plaster on a smile, but the boy's eyes widened, and he turned abruptly on his heel and walked away. What the hell? Sam glanced at Castiel, who was shooting daggers at the boy's retreating back.

Looks like Cas is a little possessive. Sam tried not to smile smugly, but didn't quite manage it. The plug pulsed, hard, against his prostate, and Sam coughed, to cover the gasp.

“I saw that.” Castiel murmured.

“Hi! Hi, everyone! Welcome to Stanford!” The floor's bubbly, bouncy Resident Assistant greeted the assembled students. She smiled warmly at them all. “I hope you guys are all settling in okay.”

Sam snickered, and got another throb from the plug for his troubles. He caught his moan behind his teeth.

“So this meeting is just to introduce you all to each other. Help you make some new friends! We'll go around the room, and I want everyone to tell me their name, where they're from, their major, and something interesting about themselves.”
Sam frowned. *Something interesting?? How about, I'm having hot, kinky sex, with twins, on the regular?* His frown morphed into a grin, which he tried to hide.

But seriously, what the hell was he supposed to say? 'I hunted monsters before I bailed on my family to come here.'? 'The things that go bump in the night are real.'?

Sam heard Castiel speak from beside him. His voice was flat and even. “Castiel Novak, Chicago, fine arts.” Castiel stopped.

“And something interesting about you?” The RA smiled at him.

The look he gave her shut her up. “Okay! Next!”

*Shit, shit, that means me.* Sam cleared his throat. “Uh... Sam Winchester.” The plug pulsed, and Sam pulled in a shaky breath. “Lawrence, Kansas. Pre-law. I'm from a family of mechanics, and want to be a lawyer.” Sam trembled under the vibrations from the plug. The RA stared at him.

“Are you okay, hon? You don't look very well.”

The vibrations ratcheted up. Sam nodded. “I'm fine,” he croaked out. He heard Castiel chuckle.

She looked at him worriedly for a moment, before turning her attention to Jimmy.

*Jesus Christ.* Sam begged in his head for Castiel to turn the plug down, but he left it where it was.

“Jimmy Novak. Chicago. Pre-med. And I'm fucking my brother's hot roommate!”

A ringing silence fell. Sam's face flushed crimson.

The RA's somewhat hysterical giggle broke it.

“Uh... all right! Next!”

Sam heard Jimmy choke off his groan. He glanced at Castiel, who looked stony-faced. Well, that was it – Jimmy was going to spend the rest of his life in his corner.

Sam turned his head slowly back to look straight ahead. Jimmy whimpered and shifted against Sam. Sam's plug stopped vibrating, and he held in his sigh of relief.

Jimmy, on the other hand, was in ten kind of distress, and doing a poor job of hiding it. “Cas... Cas, please...” Jimmy whimpered.

Sam pulled Jimmy against himself a little tighter. Sam turned his head a little, to whisper into Jimmy's ear, a grating undertone. “What the hell did you say that for?”

“I... I thought it would be fuh-uh-uh...” Jimmy stiffened against Sam, and shuddered. Sam knew he had come in his pants. And that there were a few curious people, still watching them. Sam prayed it hadn't been too obvious.

Jimmy *whined*, and Sam leaned in quickly to kiss him, blocking the sound. It seemed as though Castiel hadn't turned Jimmy's plug off.

"*Quiet!*” Sam pleaded, against Jimmy's lips. Jimmy turned his head into Sam's neck.

“P-please, Cas, please...” Jimmy whimpered. “I'm sorry...” Jimmy suddenly fell limp against Sam, breathing heavily. Sam thanked whatever gods existed that Castiel had shown his brother a little
mercy.

There was a lot of movement around them. The meeting, apparently, had ended, and people were trickling out and back to their rooms. The trio on the couch got interested stares from quite a few of them.

“Back to the room.” Castiel stood and strode off, not looking back.

Sam helped a shaking Jimmy to his feet, an arm around his waist. “Dude, you are in so much trouble.” Sam murmured. He led them back to their room.

“I know.” Jimmy replied. “But you gotta admit it was funny.” Sam looked at him, to see him looking back, a crooked smile on his face, even though he was a little pale. Sam kissed his forehead as they reached their door.

“Good luck.” Sam whispered, and opened it. Castiel was sitting in his desk chair, frowning over at them. Sam closed the door quietly behind him. By the time Sam turned back around, Jimmy was already on his knees, staring at the floor.

Sam hesitated, not certain where Castiel wanted him. “Sit where you like, Sam.” Sam kicked off his boots, and padded to the edge of his bed, pushing Jimmy's nest aside and sitting cross-legged on it.

There was absolute silence in the room. Sam's eyes flickered between the brothers. Castiel seemed calm. Jimmy seemed to grow progressively more agitated under Castiel's gaze.

“Look, I'm sorry. I just... I thought it would be funny.”

“What goes on in this room, between us, is no one's business but ours.” Sam shivered at the ice in Castiel's tone. Jesus Christ.

“I... I know that, I just thou...”

“Quiet.”

Jimmy's mouth snapped shut.

“Get the gear bag. Open it.”

“Cas, please...” Jimmy's lip trembled.

“Keep on talking, Jimmy. See what happens.”

Castiel and Sam watched Jimmy pull out the gear bag, and place it onto Castiel's bed. He undid the long zipper with shaking fingers.

“Bring me the cane.”

“Cas, no, please, no! Anything but that. Please!” Jimmy turned pleading eyes on his brother.

Castiel raised an eyebrow. Jimmy shut his mouth. He turned back to the gear bag, and extracted a long, thin, bamboo cane. It didn't look like he even wanted to touch it. He set it on the bed, zipped the bag, and tucked it away. Jimmy shivered before picking it up, and walking to Castiel on his knees. He knelt, and held out the cane, balanced across both palms. To Sam, it looked oddly formal.

Castiel took it, and Jimmy dropped his arms and his gaze.
“How many, Jimmy, for sharing something that should never have been shared?”


“And for speaking after being silenced?”

“F-five.”

“And for speaking again, after being silenced?”


*Jesus Christ.* Sam watched, frozen, from his bed.

“For a total of...”

“Thirty five.” Jimmy's voice broke.

“On the bed.”

Jimmy stood, pulling his pants and sticky boxer-briefs off. He laid face-down on Castiel's bed, legs spread, clutching a pillow to his face.

Castiel rolled his shoulder, and started in on his brother.

Sam watched, unable to look away as Castiel left welt after welt across Jimmy's pale skin, careful never to overlap them. Jimmy bore the first few with grace, before dissolving into tears, sobbing into Castiel's pillow.

Sam honestly didn't think the welts looked that bad. Jimmy's skin hadn't been cut, he wasn't bleeding. It must be that he just really hated the sensation of the cane.

When Castiel finished, he set the cane aside, and pulled his brother up from the bed with a harsh hand around his bicep. Jimmy went, still choking out little sobs. Castiel pulled him to the corner, pushing his forehead against the juncture of the walls. Jimmy stayed there, trembling.

Castiel returned to his chair.

“Do you have anything you need to work on, Sam?”

Sam nodded mutely.

“Do it, then.” Sam moved to his desk, sitting down and pulling out his laptop and textbooks. He had a hard time concentrating, knowing Jimmy was in the corner, and hearing him sniffle occasionally. He didn't really make any progress with his work, and was staring blankly at a page in one of his books when Castiel finally moved.

He stood. “Jimmy, come here.” Sam watched as Jimmy left his corner and walked to his brother. Castiel enfolded him in a hug, murmuring into his ear, as Jimmy cried against his shoulder. “Sam?”

Sam walked to the two boys, and Jimmy turned to him, clutching him tight. “I'm... I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said it.” Jimmy sniffled.

“It's okay. You're okay.” Sam kissed Jimmy's temple. Sam smiled down at him, and Jimmy gave a watery chuckle.

“I... I guess I messed up the plans.”
“Plans??”

“No, you didn't.” Castiel smiled. Jimmy blinked, wiping away his tears. “We'll start after dinner.”

“Start what?” Sam asked, confused, watching a smile identical to Castiel's spread across Jimmy's face. Sam's heart skipped a beat.

“You'll see. Do you want pizza or Chinese?” Castiel picked up his phone.

“Start what?” Sam repeated.

“Shush. Pizza or Chinese?” Jimmy asked, dom-edge creeping into his voice. Sam stared.

“Chinese.” Sam said, faintly.

Castiel ordered the food, and Sam sat back down on his bed, stunned and a little worried about what was going to happen after dinner.

The boys ate mostly silently, and once everything had been cleaned away, Castiel sat back down in his chair. Jimmy perched on Castiel's desk.

“Come here, Sam. Kneel.” Sam hurried to kneel between Castiel's spread legs. He heard the drawer of Castiel's desk open and close. Castiel's fingers under Sam's chin lifted his head, and Sam saw the soft leather collar in Castiel's other hand. Sam swallowed.

“Here's what I'd like to happen, Sam. I'd like for you to be our toy. For you to be ours for the next three days. Ours to use and abuse and torment and pleasure.” Castiel's finger trailed down Sam's jawline. His eyes were piercing. Sam's mouth opened soundlessly.

“There would be rules, ones that you wouldn't normally have. Toys don't speak, unless asked directly to. They don't walk, they crawl. They don't wear clothes. They don't belong on the furniture. They sleep warming the cock of whoever wants them, or on the floor, if no one does. They ask politely for anything they need.” Castiel's finger tapped twice on Sam's jaw as a reminder. Sam nodded his understanding. “And they do nothing without permission. When they're not in use, they wait quietly in the corner, on the floor.”

Sam thought that if it had been possible for him to come in his pants, he would have.

“Toys don't have Sirs.” Castiel continued, his eyes narrowing slightly. “Toys have Masters.”

*Jesus Christ on a fucking camel.* Sam groaned, pressing his palm hard against his cage. He was so hard against it that he thought it might actually break. *Masters. Oh my God.*

Never, in his life, had Sam ever called anyone Master. Sam nodded shakily.

“I'm hoping you understand. Toys don't beg to come, they beg to *serve.* The pleasure of their Masters should always be first and foremost in their minds. If someone asks a toy what they want, do you know what the answer should be?”

Sam shook his head, no.

Castiel leaned in close, his lips brushing Sam's ear. “The answer, the only *correct* answer, is 'Whatever pleases Master.'”

*OhmyfuckingGod.* Sam swallowed hard again, and nodded.
“Colour?” Castiel kissed Sam's cheek.

“G-green, Sir.”

“This could get rough. Please, please safeword if you need to.” Castiel begged.

“I... I will. I promise.” Sam pressed his cheek against Castiel's.

Castiel withdrew, leaning back in his chair, the collar held loosely in one hand.

“Beg, Sam. Beg for the collar. Beg to be our toy.”

Sam froze, not entirely sure what to say. “P-please, Sirs, please let me wear the collar. P-please allow me to serve you. To please you. P-please make me your toy.” Sam knew it wasn't eloquent, but it was from his heart, and he hoped that was what mattered.

“Jesus Christ.” Jimmy whispered, from his perch on the desk.

Sam bowed his head, and Castiel fastened the collar around his neck.

“We accept.”

Sam trembled.
A Little Push

Sam immediately started pulling off his shirt, still on his knees. He hoped he was able to remember all of the rules. He folded it neatly, and crawled over to his desk, placing the shirt on it. He wrestled his way out of his pants, and pulled off his socks, folding them and adding them neatly to the pile.

He paused once he was naked, sliding back to a kneel, legs spread and wrist clasped behind his back. He wanted to lower his head, but he kept it high, and kept his eyes lowered. His breathing was a little fast and shallow.

One of the twins moved to stand right in front of him. Sam was pretty sure it was Castiel. He risked a glance upwards at him through his bangs, and got smacked, hard, across the face. Sam blinked, his eyes watering in pain. He was pretty sure he tasted blood.

All right, I should've known better. I deserved that. Sam stared resolutely at the carpet between Castiel's feet. That wouldn't be a mistake he made again.

“Toy.” Sam was stunned at the disdain Castiel could pour into one short word. Sam said nothing. “We're thinking we'll use you now. Would you like that?”

Sam had the 'Yes, Sir.' formed in his mouth, before his brain kicked in. “Whatever pleases Master.”

“Good! Get on the bed, in the middle, on your hands and knees.” Castiel gestured towards his bed. Sam crawled to it, feeling the twins' eyes on him. He pulled himself up on it, and assumed the position he'd been told to. He fixed his eyes on the blanket between his hands, and tried to be calm. He heard the twins having a softly murmured conversation, and the sound of zippers.

The bed moved, in front and behind him. Oh my God. A shiver ran through him. He lifted his head, and there was a very erect cock, right in front of his face. Someone's hand touched his ass, and he felt fingers working the plug free.

There was a hard grip on his chin, forcing his head to stay still. “Beg for use, whore.”

Sam blushed, feeling his skin heat. “Please use me. U-use...” In for a penny, in for a pound. “... my holes, p-please. Masters. F-fuck me.”

There was a groan from the twin in front, and Sam choked as a cock was shoved hard into his mouth. Cold lube dripped down the crack of his ass, and rough fingers penetrated him. Sam's groan came out garbled.

The twin in front chuckled, feeling the vibrations from Sam's groan. Is that Jimmy? I think it's Jimmy.

“You like that, hmm? Like having your slutty holes filled? Open up your fucking throat.” The cock in Sam's mouth pushed, hard, and Sam gagged as a cock slammed into his ass. He was rocked forward, and Jimmy's cock was forced into his throat.

“Jesus.” Hands sank into the back of Sam's hair, holding him there. He tried to gasp in a breath, but his breathing was completely blocked. He tried to stay calm, but the cock in his ass slid out smoothly, only to ram back in, forcing Sam's mouth hard against Jimmy's pelvic bone. It happened three, four, five more times, before Jimmy finally pulled out of Sam's mouth to let him breathe.

Sam hauled in a breath, coughing and choking. His tongue darted out, and he tasted blood – he was
pretty sure his lip had split. Castiel continued to pound into him from behind.

“Make him choke, Jimmy, it tightens him right up.” Castiel's voice was like gravel. Sam thought the voice alone could make him come, much less Castiel's words. Sam had time for one hurried breath before Jimmy was forcing his cock down Sam's throat again.

Jimmy seemed to like it when Castiel's thrusts shoved him down Sam's throat. Sam choked and gagged and tried to stay calm, swallowing around the length in his throat. Jimmy seemed to like that, as well, his hands tightening in Sam's hair.

Sam, for his part, fucked hard from both ends, jaw aching, throat searing, lip bleeding, had never been happier in his life.

“Fuck. Fuck! Swallow, bitch.” Sam tried his best to swallow around the cock in his throat as Jimmy came. Sam was starting to panic a little, running out of oxygen when Jimmy finally pulled back a little, filling Sam's mouth with the rest of his come. Sam swallowed quickly and coughed, pulling in raspy breaths. Castiel slowed his thrusts.

“You missed some. Open.” Sam's head was wrenched back by his hair, and Jimmy's finger scooped up some stray drops of come from his chin. Sam opened, and Jimmy wiped them on his tongue. Sam sucked Jimmy's finger, before swallowing again.


Sam whimpered. “Y-yes, Master.” Castiel's hands tightened on his hips, and his thrusts got a little erratic.

“Say it.” Jimmy shook Sam's head, his fist tight in Sam's hair.

“I'm... I'm your come-hungry little b-bitch, Masters.” Sam knew, even if he couldn't feel it, that he was leaking precome all over Castiel's bed.

“Fucking hell.” Castiel growled, yanking Sam's hips back, hard, and Sam felt him spill inside him. Castiel leaned over his back a little, trying to catch his breath. It took a moment, before Castiel withdrew sharply, pulling a whimper out of Sam. The plug was shoved back into him roughly.

“Get down.” Castiel yanked a spare blanket from his closet, and threw it into the corner. He followed it with a pillow from Jimmy's nest. “Go.”

Sam wavered on his hands and knees for a moment, before sliding off the bed and onto the floor. He crawled slowly to the corner, sore and stiff. He wrapped himself up in the blanket, and sat on the pillow, as his ass was hurting against the hard floor. It helped a little.

Sam closed his eyes, relishing all of the little aches and pains. He moved his sore jaw, just to feel it hurt, reliving why it felt that way. The burn in his throat made his cock throb against its cage. His mouth tasted of blood and come, and his ass, stretched by the plug, was slick with come and lube.

He let his head fall back into the corner of the wall, not even realizing a smile was spreading on his face.

He didn't see the twins watching him closely, smiling, and turning to grin at one another. All Sam heard was the twins playing a video game and arguing with each other about it. He assumed he was ignored, for the time being. He couldn't have been farther from the truth.
Sam must have dozed off, because the next thing he felt was a foot nudging him awake. He managed to fight his gut instinct to reach for the nearest gun or blade. He dropped the blanket, shifting to his knees, palms on his thighs, and his head bowed a little.

“That’s pretty, too. Get in the shower, clean yourself up. I don’t want come and lube on my bed sheets. You can stand in the shower. Take the collar off - don’t get it wet. Use the facilities, brush your teeth, reinsert the plug, and put the collar back on. Kneel by my bed when you’re finished. You have ten minutes.”

After a lifetime in crappy motels, getting in and out of the shower, and ready for bed in ten wasn’t really an issue. The twins had already showered, if the damp towels (one hanging tidily on the rack, and one bunched into a ball on the floor) were anything to judge by. Sam picked up the crumpled towel and hung it neatly. He timed himself as he worked quickly, and was kneeling by Castiel’s bed in less than seven, by his reckoning. Jimmy, he had noticed, was already curled in his blanket nest, seemingly asleep. Sam waited patiently for Castiel to acknowledge him.

Castiel was sprawled on his bed, legs akimbo, looking at the laptop on his stomach. After a few minutes, Castiel snapped the laptop shut and placed it on his desk. “Between my legs.”

Sam crawled up onto the bed, curling up between Castiel’s legs. Castiel grabbed his hair, pulling his face down to Castiel’s groin. “You’re going to warm my cock, all night. You may take occasional breaks, to rest your jaw. If it slips from your mouth while you’re asleep, that will not be punished, as long as you rectify the situation as soon as you wake. Understood?”

“Yes, Master.” Sam whispered.

“Settle yourself, then.” Sam rested his head against Castiel’s groin, and took his soft cock into his mouth. He curled up on his side, between Castiel’s legs. Castiel closed them around him, and pulled a light, breathable blanket up over both of them.

“Goodnight, Toy.” Sam didn’t respond.

It was really quite soothing, if Sam could get past the burning ache in his jaw. Somehow Castiel always managed to smell amazing. Sam, who had spent most of his life smelling of stale sweat, blood, grave dirt, and acrid fear didn’t know quite how Castiel managed it. It was more than the expensive bath products, it was something underneath, something sweeter, and all Castiel.

Sam fell asleep quickly, lulled by Castiel’s skin against his own. He didn’t feel Castiel reach under the blanket and stroke his hair. Maybe he did, on some level, because his dreams were filled with loving touches, enveloped in a smell like home.

Sam jolted awake, and felt Castiel stir beneath him. Sam moved to take Castiel’s cock in his mouth, to find him hard. He did it anyway, lifting his head a little, taking as much as he could, pulling back a little when it hurt his throat. Castiel murmured something, clearly not awake, and Sam felt a gentle hand on the back of his head. Sam lowered his head again as Castiel stilled. If Castiel wasn’t getting up, then neither was Sam.

The problem was that Sam was very definitely awake now, and he could see a little light filtering through the blanket. Castiel softened in his mouth, and Sam’s saliva pooled on Castiel’s skin, dripping from the corner of his mouth. Sam swallowed, nervously, a couple of times. He tried to be still, but after the pounding his face took the night before, his jaw seemed to get very sore, very quickly.

*Breaks, he said I could take breaks.* Sam remembered suddenly, and moved his head back a little,
stretched and rotated his jaw. Suddenly, the blanket was pulled down off of him.

Sam froze, still stretching his jaw, staring up at Jimmy, who was grinning down at him. Castiel grumbled, and his hand moved, reaching for the blanket.

“Morning, whore.” Jimmy saw the puddle of drool. “Looks like you've been busy.”

Sam closed his mouth, watching Jimmy with wide eyes. Jimmy stared right back, until the “no eye contact” rule popped up in Sam's head, and he lowered his gaze, blushing.

“Jimmy, whatthefuck...” Castiel grumped, frowning. He propped himself up on his elbows, seeing Sam blushing and the wetness on his skin.

“Our little bitch just stared me right in the eyes for a solid twenty seconds.” Jimmy said, gleefully.

“Twenty seconds. Really.” Castiel dropped back against his pillows, rubbing his eyes. “Is there breakfast? Did you bring coffee?”

“Yes and yes and yes.” Jimmy bowed with a flourish. Sam kept his eyes down, worried about what his slip was going to cost him.

“Get on the floor, Toy.” Castiel nudged Sam, who slid to the floor and knelt. Castiel sat up, rumpling his hair, yawned hugely, and thanked Jimmy when he handed him a cup. After a few sips, Castiel stood, and moved to sit at his desk.

“Do you want your punishment before or after breakfast?” Castiel sounded tired and annoyed.

“What... whatever pleases Master.” Sam whimpered.

“After, then. I'm starving. Kneel beside me, and I'll feed you.”

Sam crawled silently to kneel at Castiel's side. He could hear Jimmy stuffing his face, over at Sam's desk. A fork appeared in Sam's line of sight, bearing part of a crepe with some sort of filling. Sam took it between his lips without complaint and chewed. Apple, some sort of spiced apple and... caramel? Sam licked his lips – it was phenomenal.

Sam refused to let the memory of his behaviour the last time Castiel had tried to do this ruin his delicious breakfast. He ate every bite without hesitation or complaint, and drank the water he was offered. Jimmy was done long before Sam and Castiel had finished eating, and Sam heard him pull the gear bag out and open the zipper. It closed again shortly after, and Sam heard it slide back under the bed. Jimmy walked right in front of Sam, pajama pants slung low on his hips, and placed something Sam couldn't see on Castiel's desk. It made a small, precise sound when it touched.

Sam couldn't fathom what had made that sound. It clearly wasn't a heavy paddle or anything, and a flogger wouldn't have made a noise at all...

Sam was cuffed upside the head, just hard enough to pull him out of his thoughts. *Shit, Castiel was speaking. Shit shit shit.*

“A little distracted this morning, Toy?” Castiel's fingers brushed the back of Sam's neck.

Sam froze, not certain what the right answer was. “I... I'm sorry, Master.”

“We'll add five for your lack of ability to pay attention. How many do you think you deserve, for looking one of us in the eye for twenty seconds?”
The answer that Castiel wanted now was painfully obvious. “Twenty, Master.”

“For a total of...”

“T-twenty five, Master.”

“Bend over your desk.”

Sam tried to blank his mind, as he turned and crawled to his desk. He didn't know what was going to happen, he only knew it was probably going to suck. He pulled himself up, bent at the waist, and laid himself across his desk. The surface was a little cool, and Sam shivered. He deliberately placed his hands against it, near his head. There wasn't any comforting hand on his lower back this time.

Sam heard a whoosh and a line of fire seared across his ass. *The cane, it's the fucking cane. Fucking fuck.* Sam had felt a lot of impact toys, and the cane was one of his absolute least favourites.

Sam clenched his eyes and his teeth, as welt after welt was laid across his skin. He had tried to count, but lost track. His eyes filled with tears, which dripped to the table as Castiel finished swinging. Not one noise had escaped Sam's mouth.

“Crawl to the bathroom. Use the facilities. Brush your teeth. Stand in the tub, facing the far end, with your hands braced on the wall.”

Sam pushed himself up off the desk, not even trying to hide his tears. He dropped to his knees and crawled, the welts on his ass and thighs stinging and pulling. He did as instructed, and braced himself against the end of the tub enclosure.

It felt to Sam like he stood there for a long time before one of the twins entered the washroom. Someone used the toilet, and it flushed. Water ran in the basin. Sam heard whispering, but couldn't make out any words. The shower started behind him, but Sam was out of the reach of the water. Someone stepped behind him, and kicked Sam's feet as far apart as they would go. A hand wrapped around Sam's hip, and the other worked at Sam's plug. It was pulled out part way, only to be shoved back in, over and over. Sam shivered and bit his lip.

The plug was pulled out, and something blunt pushed at Sam's hole. Breath puffed warm against the base of his neck, and a cock was shoved up, hard, inside him. Sam groaned at the stretch and burn. The twin behind him panted, but said nothing, fucking into him hard. The second hand touched Sam's other hip, slick with lube.

Sam exerted all his willpower just to stay still, trembling as his prostate was stroked with every thrust. He thought it ought to bother him more that he wasn't sure which twin was fucking him, but it just felt too amazing. The crest of pleasure was rising within him, and he could feel the razor edge approaching. The twin behind him stuttered and stopped thrusting, spilling deep inside of him. A forehead touched between Sam's shoulders, and the panting breaths were hot against his skin.

*Goddamnit... ten more seconds...* Sam whimpered. The softening cock withdrew from him, and was replaced with the plug.

Sam felt his arousal wind slowly down as the twin behind him showered. He smelled the shampoo, conditioner, and body wash, while occasionally being splashed by water, which cooled and chilled his skin. Sam tried not to shiver.

The twin stepped out, and the other stepped in, gripping Sam's hip in exactly the same manner. *Jesus Christ.* The plug was pulled out, and Sam was again filled, hard, with one of his Masters' cocks. The lube-slick hand gripped his other hip.
Deja vu all over again. Sam fought down the laughter bubbling up inside him. It turned to soft moans pretty damned quickly, as his prostate was again stroked with every thrust.

Maybe... maybe this time... Sam stiffened, willing that peak of pleasure to rise within him. But again, again, the thrusts stuttered to a stop and Sam felt the come flood inside of him before he could reach it. He whined, actually whined as the twin pulled out, replacing the plug, and had his shower.

Sam shivered, miserable, cold and unfulfilled. He rested his forehead against the cool tiles and tried to calm himself. It's not about your pleasure, dumbass. It's about your Masters'. You signed up to be a toy, bloody well act like one.

Sam forced himself off the wall, resuming his stance and bracing himself. He hadn't been told to do anything else, so he did what he was told. The twin behind him finished his shower, and stepped out. The water stayed on.

After a moment, Castiel called from the other room. “Shower. Turn the water off when you're done. We have a question for you, afterwards.”

Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. Sam knew what the question was going to be. Which one had been which? And Sam had no way of knowing what would be riding on the answer. If only he could have seen them, it would've been easy. If one of them had even spoken, Sam could probably have known. If one had called him whore, it would've been Jimmy. Toy would've been Castiel. Sam scrubbed shampoo through his hair and fretted. He wasn't any closer to having an answer after he had dried and reaffixed his collar. He dropped to his knees, and crawled out of the bathroom. He crawled to the middle of the room, and saw jeans hems and a pair of bare feet in front of each of the office chairs. He knelt, shaking a little.

“How was your shower?” Castiel's voice was cordial.

“It... very nice. T-thank you, Master.”

“And I'm sure you know what I'm going to ask.” Sam could hear the smile in Castiel's voice.

“Yes, Master.” Sam's voice was tremulous.

“So tell me. Which one of us fucked you first? And which of us had to settle for your sloppy, fucked-out hole?”

Sam blushed furiously. Nothing to do but guess, I suppose. “C-Castiel was first. Jimmy was... was second.”

Castiel sighed. He almost sounded disappointed. Fucking FUCK, I was wrong, fuck fuck fuck... Sam lowered his head and closed his eyes.

“Well, overall, that was a pretty poor guess. After all, I had your ass last night. Don't you think I'd have let Jimmy have it first this morning?”

Sam's eyes snapped open. Now that he heard it, that sounded perfectly logical. Why hadn't that occurred to him?? Sam was in the middle of berating himself for his own stupidity when Castiel spoke again.

“So here's what you've lost, by guessing poorly. We were going to milk you, if you had guessed properly.”
Wait... 'were going to'?? What did that mean? Sam frowned.

“But then, your behaviour in the shower eliminated that possibility.”

What?? What did I do?? Sam opened his mouth to ask, before shutting it abruptly.

“When Jimmy didn't fuck you for long enough to give you a prostate orgasm, you whimpered. And when I didn't fuck you long enough to give you one, you whined. And then you broke your form.”

Sam's head dropped a little lower. Oh. Oh God.

“It seems to me that you were a great deal more concerned with your own pleasure than with ours. Would you say that was a fair assessment?”

“Yes, Master.” Sam's voice was small.

“And that's not the way this works, is it?”

“No, Master.” Sam whimpered.

“So, instead, we'll play a different game. You'll spend a great deal of time over my lap, and I'm going to stimulate you, by rubbing your prostate. And you're going to tell me when you're on the edge of coming. And then I'll stop. We'll wait for a little while, and then we'll do it again. And again. And again.”

Oh my God. No, no, no no no no no no no.

“You'll appreciate this, I'm sure, seeing as how you're so very focused on your own pleasure. So we'll spend the morning focusing on your pleasure. Perhaps afterwards, you can express your gratitude to us.”

Sam, unable to apologize or beg for forgiveness or beg Castiel not to do this, crunched over on the floor with a sob, pressing his forehead to the carpet.

“As much as I appreciate your completely nonverbal obsequiousness, it's not going to get you out of this. Fetch a clean towel from the bathroom.”

Sam lifted his head, and crawled to the bathroom, berating himself for his utter failure. He pulled a towel off the shelf, holding it against his chest with one hand as he hop-crawled back to where the boys were.

Castiel was sitting on the edge of his bed, in the middle, because of course he was, in jeans and a t-shirt. Sam handed him the towel. Castiel folded it in half, and draped it over his legs. He patted his thigh. Sam stood briefly, before lowering himself across Castiel's lap. His cage pressed between Castiel's thighs.

“Jimmy, could you get the back of his neck, please? He's not going to be able to stay still for this,” Sam heard the click of the lube cap, and felt Jimmy sitting on the edge of the bed, placing a firm hand on Sam's neck, pressing his cheek against Castiel's blanket.

Sam couldn't stop the whimper as his plug was removed, and replaced with long, graceful fingers. They settled inside him, and stilled.

“If you come, you'll spend the next three days in the corner. Do you understand?”

“Yes, yes, M-Master.” No, no, FUCK no.
Castiel began to rub, and it felt absolutely fucking amazing. The pleasure seemed to start higher – maybe because of how close he'd been in the shower. It seemed like no time at all until Sam could feel that edge approaching. He wanted it so badly...

_No, no, no no no... don't come, don't come..._ Sam tried to clamp down on it, but it crept closer and closer...

“P-please!” Sam begged.

Castiel's fingers slowed, but didn't stop. “Please what, Toy?”

_Please don't stop, please let me come, please... “S-stop, please...”_

Sam could've sobbed when Castiel's fingers withdrew, just a little. He shook on Castiel's lap, tears filling his eyes. He couldn't do this. He couldn't.

“Shhhh, shhh shhh. You're doing beautifully.” Castiel's hand stroked Sam's back. “That was good, very good.” Castiel's fingers withdrew completely, and he rubbed gently at Sam's hole, which Sam knew had to be puffy and pink from the fuckings in the shower.

Castiel gave Sam a few minutes to calm down, before inserting his fingers again, and rubbing mercilessly. Sam was right there again, right on the edge, almost instantly. He clenched every muscle he had, in an attempt to stave it off, before bursting into tears and begging.

“S-stop, please, God, stop...”

Castiel withdrew his fingers as Sam shook. There was a hand on his back, and a hand stroking his hair, but all Sam could do was sob. It struck Sam suddenly why this was happening, and apologies fell ceaselessly from his lips.

“Shhh, shhh. We know you're sorry. We know. We know this is hard. Shhh. But you have to learn, don't you? Are you learning, Sam?”

Sam nodded, choking out sobs, unable to answer.

The twins stroked Sam reassuringly, and gave him a little longer to calm down. He had devolved into sniffles before he spoke again. “I... I'm sorry I'm... I'm a failure.” It tore something, inside Sam, to admit that.

Jimmy gasped, and Castiel's hand tightened against Sam's back. “No. No, Sam, you're not a failure. You're not a failure.” Castiel leaned down and kissed Sam's shoulder. Sam felt Jimmy's lips against his temple. “We know you're doing the best you can. We know how hard this is. We've been there, and we can see you're doing your best. You haven't failed at anything. You're doing so, so well.” Sam turned his face into the blankets.

Castiel shot Jimmy a look that clearly said, 'What the fuck do we do? Do we stop?'

Jimmy returned one, after glancing at Sam and shrugging, that said, 'He didn't safeword.'

Castiel raised his eyebrows, shot Jimmy a look, as though he was doing this against his better judgment, and carried on. “Sam? I know this is asking a lot, but can you go one more time for us? One more time, and we'll stop.”

Sam stiffened, and was silent for a long moment. He didn't know, honestly, if he could. But he wanted so badly, _so badly_ to prove to Castiel and Jimmy that he could be good.
Sam nodded. He reached up blindly with the hand closer to Jimmy, groping for Jimmy's hand. Jimmy gave it to him, and Sam held it tightly.

Castiel inserted slick fingers into Sam's body, finding Sam's prostate and rubbing against it.

Sam groaned and shook and whined as the pleasure grew. He tried to arch off the bed, but Jimmy's hand on his neck kept him pinned. Sam was shredded, torn between the overwhelming desire for release after so much stimulation, and the overwhelming need to show Castiel and Jimmy that he could be good.

The pressure built and built and built, and Sam was on the very edge. He was there, he was right there, and giving in would be as easy as falling...

Sam gritted his teeth. “Stop...” His voice was garbled, barely intelligible.

Castiel did, immediately, withdrawing his fingers as Sam collapsed, limp, against him, sobs tearing their way from him.

Sam didn't even know what he felt. Bereft? Relieved? Both, maybe. Angry? Sad? He wasn't even sure why he was crying. Everything was massively overwhelming. He realized slowly that Castiel was talking to him, in a low, soothing voice.

“... so good. My good boy. I'm so proud of you. Jesus, Sam. Jimmy, help me out here.”

Sam felt himself lifted off Castiel's lap, onto his knees on the bed. “Come here, Sam.” Castiel held his arms wide, and Sam swung a leg over him, straddling his lap. Castiel's arms wrapped around him, and Sam wrapped his arms around Castiel's neck, burying his face in the crook as best he could, despite being too tall for it. He pressed himself as close as he could get to Castiel, and never, ever wanted to let go. Castiel's hands stroked his back, and he calmed a little.

“You're amazing.” Castiel pressed kiss after kiss to Sam's neck and shoulder. “Amazing. You did so well. We're so proud. My good boy. The things you give me, Sam.” Castiel sounded awestruck, and Sam felt him shiver.

Sam dried his eyes, and pulled back a little, just enough to see Castiel's face.

Sam knew that no one, in Sam's entire life, had ever looked at him the way Castiel was looking at him now. Like Sam had hung the moon for him. Sam blushed and looked down.

“No. No, you look at me.” Sam did, feeling painfully self-conscious. He knew he must look a wreck, nose red and eyes swollen from his tears. “You have no idea, none whatsoever, of how phenomenal you are. How special you are.” Castiel pulled him close, and kissed him sweetly. Sam rested his forehead against Castiel's and closed his eyes, content in his arms.

Sam let his mind wander. He thought it was kind of amazing that Castiel thought so highly of him, despite his mistakes. He supposed that, up until meeting him, any mistakes that Sam made were harshly addressed, and perpetually held against him. Mistakes weren't acceptable – mistakes could mean death. But in Castiel's care, mistakes were something else. They could be punished, sure, but afterwards, there was forgiveness.

Sam sighed deeply. Forgiveness felt fucking amazing.
Okay, guys. The fact that there are 56 of you waiting for this chapter is simultaneously mind-blowingly flattering and utterly terrifying.

I hope it's okay. :)

Castiel held Sam close for a very long time. Every touch and every kiss was a balm for Sam's soul. Every murmured 'good boy' shored up something in Sam that he hadn't even known was broken. Jimmy was there, too, of course, with kind touches and kind words.

Sam's stomach growled loudly.

"I guess that raises a good point." Castiel brushed Sam's hair back. "This can go one of two ways, Sam. I know that was a lot for you. Probably too much. And if you want to stop, I understand completely. We can just have a normal weekend. You can even have the cage off." Castiel kissed the corner of Sam's mouth. "But if you want to continue, we could do that, too. I can't promise it won't be difficult, at times. You did agree to three days of being our toy, after all."

Difficult. That was putting it mildly. But God, it had been so worth it, in the end. And Sam couldn't deny the surge of lust that he had felt when Castiel reminded him of the promise of three days.

Sam was in the process of opening his mouth to answer, when Castiel spoke again. "You know that however we treat you, whatever names we call you, no matter how badly we hurt you, or if you make mistakes and we punish you, that we will never care for you any less, right? We love you, Sam, and nothing you could say or do in this room with us will ever make that change."

Sam blinked. He had known that, right? Of course he did. Sam felt that dark little corner of worry in his mind – the corner that thought that if he wasn't perfect, that Castiel and Jimmy would end things – be flooded with white light, and vanish into nothing.

They didn't need him to be perfect. They just asked him to try.

Sam smiled shyly and nodded. "I... I know now. I love you guys, too." Sam leaned over to kiss Jimmy, and then back to kiss Castiel. "Can... can we keep going?"

Castiel smirked. "Can you get on the floor, where you belong?"

Sam groaned softly, hardening instantly against the cage. He scrambled down from Castiel's lap and knelt, head lowered, breathing a little hard.

Castiel leaned over, and ran a hand through Sam's hair. "So you have a blank slate. No punishments earned that you haven't already paid for." Sam loved the feeling of Castiel's hands in his hair. His eyes flickered closed. "I wonder how long it's going to take you to screw that up." Sam's eyes shot open, and he stiffened.

"I'm betting he doesn't make it to bedtime." Jimmy chuckled.
“I'm betting he doesn't make it to dinner.” Castiel replied.

Sam frowned a little, staring at the carpet. He could, he could make it, without being punished.

And even if I don't, it'll be forgiven. Sam felt a lightness in his heart, at the thought, and his frown turned into a small smile. Now that he wasn't so worried, now it was a challenge, rather than a potential loss of everything he had found with Castiel and Jimmy.

And nobody would be dying, because he screwed up.

“Jimmy, would you mind terribly grabbing some lunch for all of us? I have something that I want to do with our toy sooner, rather than later.”

“Oh, right! I almost forgot! Yeah, absolutely.” Jimmy pulled on some shoes, and left.

“On your stomach, in the middle of the bed, Toy.” Castiel moved to his desk, and Sam heard drawers opening. Sam crawled to Castiel's bed, and laid down on his stomach. He waited, staring blankly at the opposite wall. Castiel sat down on the bed beside him, but Sam couldn't see what he had in his hands. He stiffened a little, worried.

“Relax. This isn't going to hurt.” Castiel laid a soothing hand on Sam's rump. Sam relaxed into the bed.

Castiel leaned over him, and shortly after, Sam felt something... odd, touching his skin, his back, right above his ass. It felt like thin lines, wet, and faintly... cool? What the hell??

Sam was baffled about what was going on. Castiel didn't offer any explanation, and worked for some time, applying... whatever it was, to Sam's skin. Jimmy returned a little later, bearing lunch, and walked to stand beside Castiel and Sam.

“Jesus, that's nice, bro. I have no idea how you do it. I mean, I'm good with a scalpel, but I'm no artist.” Jimmy set the food down on Castiel's desk.

“I guess... that explains... our majors.” Castiel answered, distracted by whatever it was he was doing to Sam's back. He worked a little longer, before sitting back up. “All right. Stay. That needs to dry. I'll come over there, and feed you.”

Sam laid on his stomach, trying to stay as still as possible, silent as Castiel fed him bites of sandwich. It was a damned good sandwich, too – warm chicken and crispy bacon. Spoiled rich kids and their amazing food. I bet Cas and Jimmy don't even know what Spaghettios are.

After they were finished, Castiel sprayed something onto whatever he had done to Sam's back, and instructed him to stay. Sam was perfectly happy to do so, closing his eyes and squashing his face into Castiel's pillow. It smelled a little like him, and it made Sam smile.

Sam had had a very rough morning, and before he knew it, he had fallen asleep.

“You don't think he's going to flip out, or anything, do you?” Jimmy asked, speaking softly so as not to wake Sam.

“I don't think so.” Castiel sipped his drink. “It isn't anywhere obvious, and he's always wearing at least two shirts. It'll wear off fairly quickly, if he wants it to. It's for him, and for us, and no one else needs to know.”

The twins stared at the beautiful boy lying naked in Castiel's bed, his mouth open a little, snoring, but
quietly.

“Fuck, Cas, but we lucked out finding him.” Jimmy's voice was fervent.

“We really did.” Castiel murmured, smiling.

*

Sam woke with a start, some time later. He wasn't sure how long he had slept, but he felt refreshed. He was able to see Castiel and Jimmy's legs, sitting at the desks. He shifted, just a little. There was still something strange on the skin of his lower back.

“Awww, our little Sleeping Beauty Slut has awakened. Did you have a nice nap, princess?” Jimmy's voice was mocking. Sam flushed pink.

“Y-yes, Master.”

“Would you like me to fuck you into that mattress, princess?”

“Whatever pleases Master.” Sam answered softly. *Absofuckinlutely.*

“Let's hear you get...” Jimmy paused, as though looking for the right word. “Vulgar, with your request to be used. Convince me you want it.”

*Jesus. Vulgar.* Sam blushed darker and took a deep, bracing breath. “P-please, Master. Please fuck my slutty b-bitch-hole. I need a cock in me, fucking me hard and deep, sh-showing me who I belong to. Make me yours. O-own me.”

Both twins groaned identically. Sam fought to keep the smug smile off his face.

“Oh, we'll own you, all right. You have no fucking idea.” Sam saw Jimmy stand, moving to the bed. “On your knees. Keep your face in that pillow.”

Sam shifted his knees underneath him, his ass in the air, knees spread. He couldn't think of a position that left him more exposed. One of Jimmy's fingers stroked Sam's ass - right along one of the welts from Sam's caning. The sensation made Sam's breath catch in his throat.

Sam heard the cap from the lube click open. Coolness slid down the crack of his ass, and Jimmy's fingers rubbed at his hole.

“So. Our little whore wants something in his ass.” Sam could *hear* the mischief in Jimmy's voice.

“Apparently so.” Castiel commented, neutrally, from over at his desk.

“I wonder how *much* our whore wants in his ass. How much he can take.” A finger slipped in, carefully avoiding Sam's prostate.

*JesusFuckingChrist. How much?? Did they have some sort of monster plug, or something, that they wanted to use?* Sam shivered.

“Quite a bit, probably.” Castiel mused.
A second finger slipped in. Sam tried his hardest to stay still.

“I bet, if I stretched him, he could take a lot.” Sam whimpered as Jimmy’s fingers scissored, stretching him open. “I bet...” A third finger slipped in. “I bet he could take both of us.”

*Both... of them? Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ.* Sam didn't quite manage to stop the longing groan from slipping from his lips. Sam had done a _lot_ of things, but he'd never done _that_. It was on his bucket list, actually.

Jimmy chuckled. “I think he likes the idea. Gonna have to stretch him out good, though.” Jimmy rocked three fingers in and out of Sam's hole, before slipping in a fourth. “Maybe fuck him open some, so you can slip right on in beside me, brother.”

Sam shuddered and his eyes rolled. He was certain he was going to break his cage.

“Ever taken two cocks, slut?” Jimmy rubbed Sam's welted ass with his free hand.

“N-no, Master.” Sam gasped out.

“Better put on a cock ring. You wouldn't want to come before I can force my cock up in there with you.” Castiel... Sam thought Castiel sounded completely unaffected. Like he was talking about the weather, or the _traffic_, rather than double-penetrating his boyfriend with his twin brother.

“Good point. Could you grab me one? I'm a little busy here.” Four fingers worked in and out of Sam.

Castiel huffed, annoyed.

“Fine!” The fingers were pulled abruptly from Sam, and he whimpered. He felt Jimmy slide off the bed, heard a zipper and fabric rustling. The gear bag slid across the floor, was opened, and closed after a moment. There was an impact, and the gear bag slid again.

“Kick my gear again, and I'll kick your head.” Castiel didn't sound amused. Jimmy's response must've been non-verbal. “Let me know when he's ready. I'm a little busy here, myself.”

Jimmy grumbled under his breath. Sam heard a snap and a soft groan, and Jimmy was climbing back on the bed behind him. The fingers returned, four of them, slick with more cool lube. Sam groaned.

“I bet... I bet, with just a little more practice, I could fist our little fucktoy.” Jimmy nudged at Sam's stretched rim, slipping his thumb inside.

“OhmyfuckingGod.” It was barely more than a whispered breath against the pillow, but the twins heard him. Sam froze.

“All right, Toy. Up on your knees.” Sam raised himself on shaking arms. Jimmy slid around him, lying down. Sam shifted a little, so that Jimmy could move to the middle of the bed. Jimmy laid down with a sigh and a grin, interlacing his fingers behind his head on the pillow.

“Ride me, bitch.” Sam glanced at him, careful to keep his eyes from Jimmy's face. He had a tight leather ring around the base of his cock. Sam was glad to see the lube coating it – he had a feeling he
was going to need it. Sam shifted closer and threw a leg over Jimmy's hips. He guided Jimmy's cock to his hole, and slipped down on him slowly, with a soft moan that Jimmy echoed.

“Here.” Sam hadn't heard Castiel move, and jumped a little when Castiel's voice was behind him. “This will help you avoid another caning. Close your eyes, Toy.”

Sam did, instantly. He felt something soft, silky, cover his eyes and be tied at the back of his head. He opened his eyes, and saw nothing but darkness. “Do try not to cry on that. It's Hermes.” Castiel's voice was soft in his ear.

Sam swallowed hard and nodded. *The tie Castiel is using as a blindfold is probably worth more than everything I own.*

There was a smack across Sam's cheek, hard enough to sting. “I said, 'Ride me, bitch.'” Sam kept his hands on his thighs, not having been given permission to touch. He lifted up, and slid back down on Jimmy's cock, grinding a little against him. Sam tried to angle his hips, to get a little stimulation against his prostate, and got another slap across the same cheek for his troubles. “No. This isn't about you. Unless you're looking for another lesson about your own pleasure.”

*Jesus, no.* “N-no, Master. Sorry, Master.” Sam resumed his slow slide up and down Jimmy's cock, grinding against him on the downstroke. He felt Jimmy's hands touch lightly near his waist.

“Harder and faster, slut. You know you want it. Fuck yourself loose on my cock, so my brother can just slide right in.” Sam groaned, lifting himself faster, and dropping back down harder, pulling a groan from Jimmy, as well.

Sam was starting to feel a bit of burn in his quads when Castiel finally spoke. “Looks like you're having fun, Toy. Are you enjoying fucking yourself on my brother's cock?” And there was that nonchalance again, as if he were a waiter, asking 'Soup or salad?'

“Y-yes, Master.” Sam was a little out of breath. Jimmy's hands had tightened on Sam's waist.

“And would you like my cock inside you, as well?”

“What... whatever pleases Master.” Sam gasped out. *Yes, yes, Godpleaseeyes.* He wasn't sure he could take it, but Christ almighty, did he want to try.

“Good answer. I think what would please me is to ram my cock up your ass, into what's got to be incredible tightness, and feel my cock slide against my brother's.”

Sam whimpered at the exact time Jimmy said, “Jesus Christ, Cas.” Jimmy spread his legs a little wider, to make room for his brother, and Sam's, around Jimmy's hips, were spread, as well.

Sam felt the bed move behind him, and gentle fingertips on his upper back pushed him down, until he was almost chest-to-chest with Jimmy. Jimmy kissed him, hard, and turned Sam's face so that it was over his shoulder.

Sam felt cool, slick fingers at his rim, sliding across the stretched skin. A slender fingertip forced its way inside him, alongside Jimmy's cock. And a second. Sam shuddered, and Castiel wrapped a hand around Sam's hip.

“Do you want more, whore? Two fingers and a cock not enough for you?” Castiel curled his fingers and tugged at Sam's rim. Sam tried to answer, but all that came out was a choked gasp.

“Of course it's not. Because you exist to be used.” The fingers withdrew, and Sam felt hard, blunt
pressure where Jimmy's cock was stilled inside him.

*Oh Jesus, it's... it's not gonna...* Sam whined as the head of Castiel's cock breached him. It hurt and burned and stretched and was fucking spectacular, and *Castiel wasn't stopping.*

“Cas... oh my God...” Jimmy choked out.

“I know, little brother.” Castiel's voice was rough and dark.

Sam shook as Castiel slid in to the hilt beside Jimmy. Never, never ever had he felt anything like it. And then Castiel started to thrust, and Jimmy rolled his hips, and Sam thought he was going to die. He'd never felt so used, like he was simply a vessel for Castiel and Jimmy's pleasure. Never felt so dominated and owned.

And not having his vision simply made everything feel a hundred times more intense. The stretch and the fullness and the slip of the cocks within him were all he could focus on. The pressure against his prostate was astonishing.

“Our... our little fucktoy is making a fucking mess of me. He's... ngh... pouring precome.” Jimmy was breathing hard. Sam felt Jimmy's hand worm its way between them and stroke the flesh of his caged cock. Every circuit in Sam's brain whitened out with pleasure.

“Good... that's good. That's our toy telling us he loves being our toy.” Castiel's speech was choppy, between harsh pants. “That he... loves being used...” Castiel groaned, thrust hard and stilled. Sam felt the rush of hot liquid inside him, pouring out of his stretched hole, sliding down the cocks impaling him. Jimmy groaned at the sensation. Castiel pulled back just a little and Sam heard a snap pop open, and Jimmy was coming as well, groaning, coating Sam's insides and his brother's cock.

All three of them were frozen for a long moment, breathing hard. Sam couldn't believe that it was possible to experience that much pleasure and *not come.* He was aching and longing and dying to come. If the cage were removed, even the lightest touch would do it.

Sam shivered as Castiel withdrew slowly and carefully, sitting back. There was no more movement, and Sam had no way of knowing that Castiel was staring at his gaping hole, and the flood of come coating his brother's softening cock, still inside Sam.

Sam also didn't know about the henna tattoo that Castiel had applied so carefully, which was darkening and pigmenting his skin even now. Beautiful script letters, with curled flourishes, leaves and flowers. “Property Of”, it read, and below, two sets of initials - “C.N.”, “J.N.”, in the same steady, flowing hand.

“Sit up, Toy. Slowly. Carefully.” Sam did, and Jimmy's cock slipped free. Sam felt fucked-out and used and oddly fulfilled. Castiel pulled the blindfold from his eyes, and Sam blinked against the light. “Stand up. Into the tub, and assume your position at the far end.”

Sam climbed off Jimmy, who was panting, limp, against the bed. He tried to stand, and his knees wobbled dangerously. Castiel was there in a heartbeat, pressed up against Sam's side, and supporting him with an arm around his back. Castiel helped him to the bathroom. When Sam was in the tub, he was able to stand, bracing himself against the wall.

Sam heard the medicine cabinet open and close. Castiel stepped into the tub behind Sam. “Be still.” Castiel warned. Sam felt Castiel's fingertips brushing at the skin of his lower back, and felt something flaking away, falling into the tub. Sam looked down, it looked like... mud? Tiny flakes of some sort of greyish mud. Sam was too far gone, really, to question what any of it might be about. Castiel's
nails seemed to pick at a couple of spots, and then he was rubbing something into Sam's skin. An oil of some sort. It had a peculiar smell – like pine and mint. It wasn't unpleasant, by any means, and any time Castiel wanted to touch him was A-OK with Sam.

Sam closed his eyes as Castiel rinsed him with warm water from the waist down. The water felt nice, and Castiel's hands felt really nice. The towel felt nice, too, when Castiel patted him dry. Castiel maneuvered Sam so that his butt was on the bathroom counter, with his back to the large mirror. Sam's eyes were closed, and he was smiling, just a little.

“Open your eyes, Toy. I have something to show you.” Sam's eyes opened, and found Castiel's, very briefly, before he remembered to drop his gaze. Castiel tilted his chin up. “You can look at me, for now.” Sam did, of course he did. Castiel was so beautiful, and his eyes so bright in the unforgiving light of the bathroom.

“This isn't permanent, all right? It's going to last two to three weeks. Less, if you scrub it with soap and water often. More, if you rub the oil into it, and keep it dry when you shower. It'll get darker, for the first two days, until it's a very dark brown, and then begin to lighten.”

Sam stared at Castiel, completely baffled about what he was talking about.

“Look at your back, in the mirror, Sam.”

Sam did, and his jaw dropped. Bright orange script across his skin. Though it was backwards, it was easy to make out what it said. He was marked as owned, as property of the twins. Sam's heart swelled with a strange sort of joy, with a sense of belonging and being loved.

Sam turned his head back to Castiel. Completely forgetting that he wasn't supposed to speak, Sam asked. “This... you did this? This is what you were working on?” Castiel nodded solemnly, looking, Sam noticed, a little nervous.

“This... this is... amazing, Cas.” A huge grin spread across Sam's face. “I love it! I can't believe you'd... mark me as yours.” Castiel smiled, too, as Sam's eyes returned to the mirror, fixated on his lower back. “It's beautiful. I love it. Thank you.”

“You're welcome. I'm glad you're happy with it.” Sam saw Castiel's smile in the mirror.

“We're glad you're happy with it.” Jimmy corrected from the doorway. Sam jumped, he'd been so enraptured with his tattoo that he hadn't even noticed Jimmy there.

Sam turned back to Castiel. “Thank you.” Sam flung his arms around him, hugging him just this side of too tight. Castiel kissed the side of Sam's neck. Sam let go, and moved to Jimmy, enveloping him in the very same hug.


“We really are glad you like it. We can redo it, when it fades, if you'd like. Also, for one of my projects, I'd like to do a much more expansive piece, later on, across your back and shoulders and arms. If you'd permit me.”

Sam nodded emphatically. “Absolutely, yes, to both. Yes. Please.”

Castiel smiled at Sam's enthusiasm.

“You set foot out of this room, and all of your rules are back in place.” Jimmy warned.
Sam's heart lurched, and he nodded, dropping to his knees.

“Look at you, dropping like a whore, ready and willing to get fucked. If I hadn't just come, I'd put my cock down your throat.” Jimmy edged around Sam, ruffling his hair, and got into the tub, turning the water on.

Castiel left the bathroom, and Sam trailed behind him. “Stand in your corner, Sam. Forehead against the wall.”

W-what?? Sam was very, very confused for a moment. Oh, shit, right, I spoke. Fuck. Sam crawled to his corner, and dragged himself to his feet. He pushed his blanket and pillow aside. The wall was cool against Sam's warm skin. Sam tried to find a peaceful headspace. I broke the rules, and I deserve this. And when it's done, it's done.

Castiel stared at Sam, as he placed the call to order in pizza. His eyes kept coming to Sam's tattoo – the one that Sam was so very happy to wear. He envisioned his next project – Sam's broad, strong shoulders, sculpted arms and muscular back were going to make it look phenomenal.

Jimmy stepped out of the bathroom, glancing at the tattoo and grinning, before sitting down at Sam's desk and shaking his head like a wet dog.

“Yeah, a large... Christ, Jimmy, the fucking electronics! Why do you do that??... Sorry, yeah, no, a large, with every vegetable you've got, no hot peppers, no olives. And a large meat lovers.’”

“With extra cheese!” Jimmy yelled, in the direction of the phone.

“With extra cheese.” Castiel rolled his eyes. “Just to the door of the dorm, please. We'll meet you there to pick it up. Buzz us. Half an hour? Okay, thanks.” Castiel hung up the phone, and shot Jimmy a glare. Jimmy winked and blew him a kiss.

“I need to work on this. It's due on Monday.” Castiel's eyes met Jimmy's, and he glanced at Sam, before glancing back. His gaze asked, 'Watch him?'

Jimmy nodded and moved to his nest, on Sam's bed. He put on a movie, on his laptop, but was watching Sam over the top of the screen.

Sam was doing much better, in his time in the corner, than he had last time. It was still humiliating, and he was sorry for breaking his rule, but seriously, he had had four fingers and a thumb tip in his ass, and his Master had been talking about fisting him. Sam dared anyone to try not to talk, in those circumstances. Mind you, I'm sure that's not on everyone's bucket list, either.

Sam found a very placid calmness, and rested within it. His breathing was slow and deep, and he knew that at least one of the twins was watching, to see if he was okay. And he was, he really was.

Sam jolted when the door opened, but it closed quickly. He assumed one of the twins had gone to get the pizza. The door opened and closed again a few minutes later, and a delicious smell wafted through the room. Sam's mouth watered.

“Come here, Toy. Dinner.” Sam slipped to his knees and crawled to kneel beside Castiel's chair. Castiel, to Sam's surprise, handed him a pizza box. “It's not very practical, to attempt to hand-feed you this. Just this time, you can eat with your own hands.”

Sam put the box on the floor. “Thank you, Master.” He opened it, and it looked just as amazing as it had the first time. He picked up a slice, and groaned in pleasure as he tasted it.
“Isn’t that the noise he makes when he’s getting fucked?” Jimmy asked around a mouthful of food, from the direction of Castiel’s desk.

There was a pause. “It is.” Sam knew, somehow, that Castiel was smirking. Sam blushed furiously, keeping his head down and eating his pizza quietly.

“That’s so cute! A cumslut whore, who blushes when you talk about the sounds he makes. He wasn’t blushing when he had two cocks up his ass, an hour ago.” Jimmy laughed.

Sam didn’t think he’d ever been more mortified in his life. His face felt hot, and had to be brick-red. Sam said nothing, and both twins chuckled.

Sam ate as much as he could, before closing the box. Despite having napped away the early afternoon, he was a little worn out from the excitement of the day. He tried to stifle a yawn, but failed. Castiel noticed.

“You can sleep now, if you like. It is a rather late dinner, and you’ve had a busy day. Use the facilities, brush your teeth, and go to your corner and sleep. If we need you, we’ll wake you.”

“Yes, Master.” Sam set the box aside, and crawled to the bathroom. He did as instructed, running his tongue over smooth teeth as he slipped back to his knees. He made his way to his corner, and cocooned himself in his blanket, curled up on his side, his head on the pillow. It wasn’t so bad, really – Sam had spent plenty of nights squatting in abandoned buildings, without the benefit of carpet and pillows and soft, warm blankets. He fell asleep quickly and easily.

The twins gawped at Sam, who had taken less than five minutes to fall asleep on the hard floor, and was again snoring very softly. They turned to stare at each other, both baffled as to how Sam could possibly sleep soundly on the floor, and with a smile on his lips, at that. Castiel shrugged at his brother, and returned to his work on the computer.
Oops!

Sam woke on his back, on the floor, and stretched in his blanket cocoon. He had slept pretty well, considering. He glanced up over the top of his head, and saw Castiel at his desk, working, and Jimmy on Sam's own bed, working. He extracted himself from his blankets, and knelt, head down.

“Go bend over your desk, Sam.” Castiel sounded distracted.

Sam crawled to his desk, pulled himself up, and bent over it, spreading his legs. He closed his eyes. There was a rustle of blankets, and a gentle hand on Sam's butt. Cool, slick fingers rubbed against his hole.

“So we've got a different sort of day planned for you today.” Castiel said, from across the room. Jimmy slipped a finger inside Sam.

“We're going out, Jimmy and I. And you're coming with us. And you're going to agree to everything that we want, right?” Sam groaned as a second finger slipped in.

“Yes, Master.” Always.

“So if we want to buy you lunch, you're going to agree. If we want to buy you a pair of jeans, you're going to agree.”

Sam found it a little hard to focus, with Jimmy's fingers slipping in and out of him. The two soon became three, and Sam squirmed a little. Jimmy swatted his butt, in reprimand.

*They want to buy me... food and clothes?* “Y-yes, Master.”

“You won't be calling us Master, either. You'll be using our names, when we're out. You will, however, stay a step behind me and slightly to my left. Understood?”

“Y-yes!” Sam gasped as Jimmy slid a sizable plug inside him. There was a pause, and it started to vibrate. Sam moaned, biting his lip.

“All ready to go, here. Did you call the limo?” Jimmy asked, patting Sam's butt. The vibrations stopped. “Go get ready. Get dressed.”

*Limo?? Why would they need a limo?* Sam showered quickly, shaved, and brushed his teeth. When he exited the bathroom, on his hands and knees, he looked up, briefly, and saw the twins sharply dressed in crisp white shirts, open at the throat, and dress pants.

“You can stand, and walk, for now. Until we get back here.”

Sam climbed to his feet, and walked to his dresser. He pulled out boxers, some ragged jeans, and a t-shirt that was only a bit too small. He topped it with a worn flannel. He felt decidedly under-dressed, compared to the two striking young men beside him.


The boys rode the elevator down to the lobby, and crossed to the entrance of the dorm. On the road outside, a long, black car gleamed. A sharply-dressed driver bowed and opened the door for them. They piled inside.

“Kneel, Sam.” Sam knelt on the floor of the car, which had sped off smoothly. Glassware clinked
softly. Castiel tugged him between his legs. Sam went willingly.

“Listen. I want you to really listen to me, all right?” Castiel cupped Sam's face, and tilted it up to look at him. Castiel's face was serious and earnest. Sam nodded. “I don't want any arguments from you today. Not one word. If you're in acute distress, and need to discuss something with me, out of scene, you can tap my wrist twice, and we can talk privately. But no arguments. Understood?”

“Yes, Castiel.” Sam smiled up at him. Castiel smiled back down and leaned down for a quick kiss. Sam couldn't fathom what would want to make him argue. Sam curled up happily between Castiel's legs for the ride.

The limo slid to a stop, and the door opened. Sam saw that they were at some sort of high-end menswear store. Sam blinked and swallowed. It looked like the kind of place that would charge you for looking into the windows.

“Come on, then.” Castiel smiled, and took Sam's hand, pulling him to the doors.

“Cas, what...” Sam hesitated.

“Hush. No arguments.” Sam allowed himself to be pulled into the store, followed by Jimmy.

“Good morning!” Castiel flashed the attendant a brilliant smile. She blushed and smiled back. “Is your tailor onsite, this morning?”

“Absolutely, Sir. How can we help you?”

“We need this one fitted for a suit.” Castiel pulled Sam forward. “Well, two suits, and a tux. All the accessories, including shoes. Four extra dress shirts. Pants. I'm thinking fresco wool, and cashmere, for the suits.”

“Excellent choice.” She smiled. “If you'd come with me, sir?”

Sam's jaw dropped. What in the hell are Castiel and Jimmy doing?? I don't have money for this!!

Castiel seemed to sense Sam's panic, and reached for his wallet, pulling out a mirrored black credit card with a wink. Jimmy shooed Sam after the attendant, who was waiting for him. Sam, stunned, followed her to a small workshop nestled in a corner of the store.

The elderly man directed Sam to strip to his boxers, and took measurements. Two chairs were brought for the twins, who chatted quietly. The attendant showed the twins a number of suits, and the twins chose styles, colours, and fabrics.

The plug inside Sam pulsed intermittently, and it took everything Sam had not to whimper. He was grateful for the cage, crushing his erection so the tailor didn't see it. He wasn't sure which twin had the remote – quick glances at both of them showed absolutely neutral faces, seemingly focused on what the attendant was saying.

“He's too broad in the shoulder and narrow in the hip for anything to fit off the shelf.” The tailor announced. Neither twin seemed surprised. It was agreed that the alterations would be made, and the suits couriered to the dorm.

Sam tried on several pairs of dress shoes. Try as they might, the twins simply couldn't agree. Sam stood there, a black shoe on his left foot, and a deep brown one on the right, while they argued. In the end, they decided to get both. An argument about ties was averted, when each twin chose two for him. There was agreement on the fabric for his new shirts – it was lightweight, yet crisp, and
frightfully soft against Sam's skin.

Jimmy had insisted vehemently that Sam needed a waistcoat. Castiel disagreed. When Sam had tried one on, over a white shirt and charcoal pants, Castiel had swallowed hard, and agreed to the waistcoat.

(Perhaps it didn't hurt that Sam was panting lightly at the time, flushed, with his mouth open a little, pleasure rolling through him from the plug. Jimmy grinned wickedly.)

Sam felt a little like a dress-up doll. They insisted that Sam wear an outfit similar to theirs, as they were preparing to leave the shop. Sam was loath to admit it, but thought he looked pretty good. He certainly looked more like he belonged beside the twins. Sam's old boots and worn clothes were carefully folded into a bag, which Sam took.

It struck Sam that the tailor had seen the tattoo that Castiel had put on his back, above his boxers, and said absolutely nothing.

Eventually they left the shop empty-handed, opting to have everything else delivered, rather than fuss with too many bags. Back in the limo, Sam sat, still stunned, between Castiel's legs. His new shoes were stiff, and a little uncomfortable.

“W-why... why did you do that?? Why would I need a suit, or a tux?” Sam wasn't angry, he was just profoundly confused. “I... I can't pay you back for this. I haven't got any money.”

“This was a gift, Sam. You'll never owe us anything for this. We did this so that you can go places with us, places you can't wear ratty t-shirts and flannel to.” Castiel stroked Sam's hair. “Like where we're going for lunch. They're not going to like that we're not wearing ties, but our names ought to be enough to get them to overlook it.”

Sam blinked. He knew that the twins were from a wealthy family, but this was ridiculous. He couldn't even conceive of how many thousands of dollars they'd just spent on him. And their name was going to be enough to get a restaurant, a high-end restaurant, to overlook their dress code??

The ride to the restaurant was quiet, Castiel's hands running through Sam's hair. Sam was stunned into silence. He was now the owner of a backpack full of second-hand clothes, a five-year-old laptop, and probably over ten thousand dollars worth of formal wear.

The limo slid to a stop in front of the restaurant. Sam's eyes widened as he took it in. Another place that would charge you for breathing their oxygen.

“Cas... I can't...” Sam stammered.

“You'll be fine. Follow our lead.” The twins entered the restaurant, and Sam slipped into his place behind Castiel. The maitre d' was accommodating, all smiles, and said nothing about their lack of ties. They were seated in a quiet, private booth. Jimmy and Castiel flanked Sam on the curved bench.

Their server greeted them politely, and handed each boy a menu. Sam tried to smile, and look like he felt not quite so out of place. The twins opened their menus, so Sam did, as well. He read it, but it didn't make a lick of sense. It wasn't that it wasn't English – Sam just had no idea what any of this stuff was.


“I... I've eaten diner food my entire life, Jimmy, I don't even know.” Sam's voice was filled with quiet panic. Castiel's hand touched Sam's thigh under the table and squeezed gently.
The server returned and smiled at them. Castiel spoke first. “Can we get the beef tataki, lobster risotto, black river osetra caviar, and sea urchin to start? And then the grilled lobster, two of the Wagyu trio, haricots verts, and seasonal vegetables. We'll be sharing.” Castiel flashed the woman his megawatt smile.

“Of course, Sir.” She blushed a little. Sam noticed Castiel had that effect on women.

“You and your sea urchin, Castiel.” Jimmy made a face. “It's okay if you don't like it, Sam. It's revolting.” Jimmy added in a whisper.

“Uncultured swine,” Castiel turned his nose up. Both twins burst out laughing. Caught between them, Sam forced on a smile. He had no idea of what had been ordered. He hoped that he liked some of it.

Sam ended up liking most of it. The dishes, to Sam's eyes, were remarkably small, but the twins insisted he try a bit of everything. Jimmy had been right – the sea urchin wasn't Sam's favourite. He didn't much like the caviar, either, and supposed it must be an acquired taste. The risotto was to die for, some sort of fancy rice dish. And the lobster and beef dishes were amazing, almost melting on Sam's tongue. The green beans and vegetables were a welcome, familiar addition.

The twins took far more pleasure in the meal than Sam did, and most of that was drawn from watching Sam try new things. The way his eyes widened, when he found something he really liked, made the boys grin. The face that he made, and tried unsuccessfully to hide, when he found something he didn't like, made them laugh.

Castiel paid with his credit card, and the boys left the restaurant. The limo was waiting for them. Castiel ushered Sam inside, with a warm hand against Sam's lower back.

Sam was feeling very... culture shocked wasn't the right word, but it was the best he could come up with. He supposed that the wealthy did have their own sort of culture, and it was very, very different from what Sam was used to. Sam hadn't even known food could be that delicious.

“See? It wasn't that big a deal. They have fancy names for the stuff, but it's just food.” Jimmy reached to stroke Sam's cheek. Sam nodded mutely.

Sam felt compelled to try to thank the twins, but they didn't want to hear it. “Are we heading back to the dorm, then?” Sam asked.

“One last stop.” Castiel smiled at him.

The limo pulled up outside a lingerie shop. Sam stopped dead on the sidewalk.

Castiel looked back at him, curiously. “Come on, Sam.” Sam shook his head. Castiel walked back to him.

“I promise, if you really hate them, you don't have to wear them, except maybe for punishment. All right?”

“What... what are we here for??”

“Panties. Just panties, nothing else. For you and for Jimmy.” Sam glanced at Jimmy, who smiled and winked at him. Seeing Jimmy so calm about it somehow calmed Sam, who allowed Jimmy to lead him into the store.

The saleslady was a consummate professional, and didn't say a single word about boys wearing
panties. Quite the opposite, she took quick measurements of Sam and Jimmy’s hips, and suggested sizes and styles.

Sam was flushed brick red the entire time they were in the store. His blush wasn't helped any by the fact that Jimmy kept triggering the vibrations on Sam's plug. They almost knocked Sam's knees out from under him a couple of times, culminating in an incident where Sam dropped sharply into a chair without having meant to. Castiel elbowed Jimmy and told him, in a grating undertone, to ease up. Jimmy, thankfully, did.

Castiel made most of the choices, and they left the shop with several pairs for each boy. Sam was surprised that he hadn't melted into a puddle of profoundly embarrassed goo.

Back in the limo, Sam calmed a little. Panties. They want me to wear panties. He couldn't deny that some of them were pretty cute. It was just that he was used to seeing them on girls, and not on himself. He took a moment to probe his feelings, trying to get an honest feel for how he felt about them. To his surprise, he was actually a little curious, a little interested.

When the limo was rolling again, headed back to the school, Castiel suggested, “Why don't you go ahead and pick one of your new pairs of panties, Sam, and put them on?”

Sam's stomach lurched. “H-here?” He glanced at the divider that separated the boys from the driver.

“Yes, here. Now.” Castiel smiled, but his tone brooked no argument. Sam swallowed hard, reaching for his bag from the lingerie store. He looked inside it, and settled on a light gold pair, with a full back, made of some sort of stretchy, silky material. It had a strip of lace across the top.

As Sam pulled his shoes and pants off, Jimmy pulled out his phone, and made a quick, quiet call, before hanging up again.

Sam folded his new pants neatly, not wanting them to get creased, and pulled off his boxers. He couldn't believe he was doing this. He slipped the silky fabric up his legs, above his knees, and knelt to pull it up over his butt. It was snug, but not tight, and actually felt really nice against his skin. They were low-rise, the front was barely enough to cover his cage, and the lace was a little bit scratchy. He snapped the elastic at the back, positioning it below his butt cheeks.

Castiel coughed softly, and Sam glanced up at him. He looked stunned. A quick glance at Jimmy showed an identical expression.

“T-turn around, Sam.” Castiel's voice was hoarse. Sam did, still on his knees, and both twins moaned. Sam grinned – he guessed they must make his ass look pretty good.

“Jesus Christ.” Sam heard Castiel mutter. He heard a rustle of fabric and a zipper, and Castiel was right behind him.

“P-please, Castiel. Sir. Master. Please pull down my pretty little panties and fuck me?” Sam looked back at Castiel over his shoulder. He couldn't believe he was doing this. “I... I need it. Please.” Sam bit his lip, and thrust his butt back at Castiel, just a little. “Fuck me and fill me with your come. Please.”

Sam could actually feel Castiel's fingers tremble, as he slipped them under the waistband of Sam's panties, hooking them, and pulling them down ever so slowly over Sam's ass. He left them just below Sam's ass cheeks, high on his thighs. They were still hooked over the top of Sam's cage, in the front. Castiel's fingers were clumsy on Sam's plug. There was the click from a lube cap, a brief
moment of silence, and Castiel was sliding into him. Sam shuddered and groaned.

“How... could I possibly... say no, when... when you ask so politely?” Castiel panted, as he thrust into Sam. “My... pretty little... whore... in his pretty... little panties... fuck!!” Castiel thrust hard and stillled, spilling into Sam.

“Well, that was fast.” Jimmy commented, archly, from his seat.

“Jimmy, shutthefuckup.” Castiel gasped. He pulled out slowly, and watched a drop of come fall to stain the new panties. He slipped Sam's plug back inside him, and pulled his panties back up, smoothing the material over Sam's ass. Castiel retreated to his seat, still panting.

Sam looked back over his other shoulder at Jimmy. “Master? More come, please. Please fuck me.”

Jimmy blinked, and his jaw dropped. He seemed to realize his mouth was hanging open, and closed it sharply. He slipped to his knees, unzipping as he approached Sam. Jimmy's hands were a little more confident, pulling Sam's panties back down and removing the plug. He slid in quickly, on the leftover lube and his brother's come.

Jimmy's thrusts were harder than Castiel's, and he had a tight grip on Sam's hips. “Pretty little whore is right.” Jimmy growled, and Sam moaned. “Always hungry for a cock up your ass. Someday, we'll spend a whole day, filling you with come. Fill you so full that it'll ooze out around our cocks, while we fuck you.”

Between the silkiness of the panties brushing his caged cock, the pounding of his prostate, and Jimmy's filthy words, Sam came in a rush. He flooded his panties with come, and felt it drip down his thighs. Jimmy stopped thrusting abruptly, feeling Sam's muscles clench around him. Sam whimpered.

“Did you...” Jimmy hesitated, reaching around Sam and finding soaked fabric. “Our pretty little whore just came all over his pretty little panties.”

Sam blushed furiously, hanging his head. He hadn't even felt it coming – it had taken him completely by surprise.

“Did he?” Castiel moved, kneeling, to Sam's side. His hand found slick fabric, clinging to Sam's cage. “And so he did.” Castiel tsked. Sam whimpered again.

Jimmy resumed thrusting. Castiel sat back in his seat.

“Did you have permission, Toy, to come while we were out on our adventures today?” Castiel's voice was cold.

“N-no, Mas-Master.” Sam whimpered, rocked forward by Jimmy's pounding.

“And yet you did anyway.” Sam glanced at him. Castiel was frowning.

“I'm s-sorry! I... I didn't... didn't mean to!” Sam's voice was small. Jimmy groaned, and came up Sam's ass. He slipped out and replaced the plug. “It... it was an accident. I'm sorry.” Jimmy pulled Sam's wet panties back up. Sam turned to face Castiel, contrite.

Castiel nodded at Jimmy, who rapped once, hard, with his knuckles, on the divider which hid the driver, before returning to his seat.

Sam knelt where he was, eyes filling with tears.
“Put your pants on, Toy. And then come sit between my legs.”

Sam did, wincing as the new dress pants stuck to the come on his inner thighs. He pulled on his shoes, and curled up between Castiel's legs, his head bowed.

Castiel's hand was gentle on the back of Sam's neck. “There won't be any punishment for that.”

Sam blinked. What??

“Clearly, you were overstimulated, by a number of factors, and I didn't account for them all. The fault was mine, not yours. I've seen you resist orgasm with everything you had, and it was clear, by your body language and actions, both before and after, that this one snuck up on you. It happens. There will be no punishment.” Castiel bent over and kissed Sam's hair.

*That was... that was... completely reasonable.* Sam had been expecting to be caned to within an inch of his life, but the more he thought about it, the more correct Castiel was. Sam wasn't entirely sure what had set him off himself.

The limo rolled to a stop.

“You can, however, sit in your wet panties for dinner.” Castiel smirked. Sam pouted, as the door opened. Castiel chuckled.

They were back on campus. The three walked to dinner, Sam a little uncomfortably, after dropping their shopping back in the room. It was a restaurant that Sam hadn't been to yet. The kids there were dressed a little more nicely, and Sam was grateful for his new clothes. (*Though I doubt there are any other boys here, in come-soaked panties.*) It wasn't nearly as fancy as the place that they had had lunch at, though. That fact bolstered Sam's confidence a little. He was able to order perfectly well off the menu.

They had a nice dinner, and returned to the room. Sam was desperate to get out of his clothes. Castiel, however, had other plans. He made Sam stand in the middle of the room, arms at his side, naked save for the darkened, ruined panties, and gave him instructions not to move. Sam blushed furiously, his head lowered, hiding behind his hair, as Castiel sat with a sketchbook and what Sam thought were called pastels.

“M-Master?” Sam asked, tentatively. It wasn't like he could tap Castiel's ankle, if he wasn't allowed to move.

“Hmm?” Castiel was clearly concentrating hard on his work.

“Why... why don't you just take a picture?”

“Inherent lack of security with digital media. This way, your beauty is for us, and us alone.”

Sam blinked. *Beauty.* He couldn't imagine what was beautiful about him, covered in scars, and standing in wrecked panties.

“You are beautiful, Sam.” Jimmy said, from his nest. “I hope some day, you'll see you the way we do. Cas's art can help with that.”

“Lift your head a little, please.” Sam did, shaking his hair back, and Castiel smiled at Sam's blush. Castiel knew, from the multitude of hints Sam had dropped, that he hadn't had an easy life. That he was damaged, and perhaps profoundly so. But Castiel felt privileged to watch and help Sam unravel.
a lifetime’s worth of defences, and open up and blossom for him. Maybe someday, Sam would share what had happened to him. Maybe he wouldn’t. But with every smile, every laugh, every soft moan of pleasure, Castiel loved Sam a little bit more.

And Castiel knew that Jimmy felt the same.

Castiel smudged a bit of pink onto his artwork-Sam's cheeks, in imitation of that gorgeous blush, and carried on with his work.

Sam stood, utterly still and patient, for over an hour, while Castiel worked. He was a strange mix of embarrassed and flattered, and wasn’t quite sure what to do with the feeling. Jimmy grabbed a shower, while Sam and Castiel were busy. When Castiel finally stood, and showed Sam the piece, he was shocked.

It was very definitely him, all right, scars and all. But he looked radiant, and he was blushing, eyes downcast, and had a crooked little smile on his face. _Was I smiling? I don't even remember smiling._ Castiel had somehow captured that weird mix of emotions that Sam had been feeling.

“It's beautiful. You're... you're very gifted.” Sam whispered.

“You're beautiful.” Castiel pulled Sam down for a long, lingering kiss. “Thank you. You can take those off now, and shower. I'll put some oil on your back for you.”

Sam peeled off his panties, chucking them into his hamper on the way to the bathroom. Castiel followed him, eyes fixed on the darkening tattoo. Castiel thought this boy would be the death of him.

He took his time, rubbing the oil into Sam's tattoo, with Sam leaning against the counter, bent over a little bit. He gently removed Sam's plug, and chivvied him into the shower.

The shower started, and Castiel popped his head around the edge of the curtain, seeing Sam's broad back. “When you come back out, all of your rules are back in place.” He watched the shiver run through Sam, and grinned, before returning to the room.

Sam scrubbed thoroughly, glad to get the drying, flaking come off of him. He was careful not to touch his lower back - he wanted the tattoo to last for as long as possible. After drying and brushing his teeth, he slipped to his knees, and crawled back to the main room, keeping his eyes down.

The lights were dimmed, and both twins seemed to be in bed.

“Come here, princess.” It was Jimmy. Sam crawled to the edge of his bed, surprised to see the blanket nest had been tugged into something that almost resembled a made bed. “I think I'd like your mouth on me tonight. And I'm sure you're just dying to have a cock in your mouth. You haven't had one there _all day!_” Jimmy mock-pouted.

Sam blushed and settled himself between Jimmy's legs, taking his soft cock into his mouth and snuggling in to sleep. Jimmy smelled every bit as good as Castiel did. Sam’s jaw really did feel a lot better tonight than it had last night, and his own bed was still a lot more comfortable than the floor. Sam was asleep in minutes.

Jimmy stroked Sam's hair. He knew that he was a little rougher on Sam than Cas was, but it didn't mean that he loved Sam any less. He was just louder, more impulsive, and more brash than his twin. It meant a lot to him that Sam clearly cared for him deeply; that Sam could love two people who, though identical, were really quite different.

Jimmy drifted off with a smile on his face, and seeing it made Castiel smile, too, as he surrendered to sleep.
71 subscriptions?! *clutches head* That's insane!

I apologize for the slight delay in getting this chapter out. I've had an old back injury flare up, and discovered last night that I can't write when I'm on narcotics. It went a little like this - I had about a thousand words written, prior to taking the pills, and was feeling fabulous, and thought, "Let's write!!" So I read what I had so far, and thought, "Hey, yeah, that's pretty good. Not too bad." And when I got to the end of it, I kind of went, "Uh... er... um... where was I going with this?" And that was the end of my attempt to write on narcotics.

Thanks for your patience.

Watch for shifting tags.

When Sam woke, curled between Jimmy's legs, warming his cock became deep-throating his morning wood extremely quickly. Jimmy startled awake with his entire length in Sam's throat, groaned, and clutched his hands in Sam's hair, holding Sam's face against him.

“Good... good morning to you, too, princess.” Sam pulled off for long enough to gasp a couple of deep breaths, before taking Jimmy into his throat again.

Jimmy rolled his hips against Sam's lips. “Just... just having a cock in your mouth wasn't enough, eh? Needed it in your throat. Fucking hell.”

Sam nodded his agreement, the cock in his throat sliding, the muscles fluttering around it.

“Jesus.” Jimmy gritted his teeth, watching Sam work. “Going to earn yourself a high-protein breakfast, pretty whore.”

Sam groaned, and the vibrations ripped Jimmy's orgasm from him. Sam swallowed, feeling Jimmy pulse in his throat. Sam pulled off slowly, panting, licking his lips. Jimmy collapsed back against the bed.

“Well, that was fast.” Castiel commented, archly, from the bed across the room.

“You're fucking hysterical. Shut up.” Jimmy snarked back at his brother.

Sam, feeling smug, said nothing, and tried to hide his smile.

Jimmy saw. “Feeling pleased with ourselves, are we? Get on the floor.”

Pouting just a little, Sam slipped to kneel on the floor, his head and eyes down. Castiel chuckled.

“We have an appointment, Toy, after breakfast this morning.” Sam glanced at Castiel, watching him stretch in bed. Appointment? What kind of appointment?
“And I've got shit I have to do.” Jimmy yawned, climbing out of bed. He tottered to the bathroom. Sam heard the toilet go, and the shower start.

“It's right here on campus, so we'll walk there after breakfast. Come here.” Sam crawled to the side of Castiel's bed, and Castiel rested a reassuring hand on the back of Sam's neck. Sam's eyes fluttered closed. Castiel stroked Sam's neck until Jimmy had finished in the washroom. Sam was deeply relaxed, his mind blissfully blank.

“Up. Into the shower.” Castiel stood, pulling Sam to his feet. He gave Sam a soft pat on the butt, urging him towards the bathroom and following him. Castiel rubbed a hand across his eyes, and opened them to see Sam's tattoo, a dark chestnut colour. It seemed Sam was one of those people whose skin took very well to the henna.

When they reached the bathroom, Castiel grabbed Sam by the hips, and turned his back to the mirror. “Look, Toy.”

Sam glanced at his back in the mirror, and his jaw dropped. He had been expecting to see the orange that the tattoo had been two days ago, but it was incredibly dark, standing out starkly on Sam's pale skin. “Holy shit,” Sam breathed out.

“Holy shit, indeed.” Castiel's fingers reached around Sam, rubbing the fragrant oil into his tattoo. Sam watched, enraptured, as Castiel's fingers moved over the marks of his ownership. “And yet, no one lifted your rules this morning, did they, Toy?”

Sam's breath stuttered. Shit, shit shit shit shit shit. “No, Master.” In a bid to escape the inevitable, Sam tried on what Dean had always referred to as his puppy-dog face. Castiel burst into laughter.

“That's cute. Very cute. And if you think it's going to get you out of punishment, you're sorely mistaken. Into the shower.”

Castiel stood under the warm water, and Sam, feeling a little cheeky for whatever reason, assumed his stiff-armed stance, braced against the far end. Castiel rinsed his face, turned, and stared at Sam, wide-legged and waiting to be fucked.

Sam waited for a response, holding the position. He shifted, just a little, arching his back just a touch more. Castiel didn't speak, or touch him, or anything. Sam wondered what the hell he was doing.

“There isn't time to prep your ass and fuck you, slut. I told you we had an appointment.” Castiel's voice was cold, and Sam's heart lurch. Castiel's hand sank into Sam's hair, and yanked his head back, viciously hard. Sam couldn't stop the gasp of pain.

Castiel spun him, and forced him down to his knees. Sam landed hard, with a wince. “This, you greedy fucking whore, is what we have time for.” Castiel forcefully opened Sam's mouth with the hand that wasn't tight in his hair, fingers cruel on Sam's jaw. He slammed his cock into Sam's throat. Sam choked.

“You've gotten... fucking cocky. You seem to have forgotten who makes the decisions here.” Castiel pulled out long enough for Sam to gasp a breath, before ramming back in. Sam choked again, and his eyes watered. Castiel held him there, not moving, for what felt like a really, really long time, to Sam. His heart was pounding, and his vision began to grey out a little. Sam clenched his hands on his thighs, trying not to push Castiel off.

Castiel yanked Sam off his cock by his hair, and Sam coughed, pulling in harsh breaths, eyes streaming. “You're the one on your fucking knees, with a cock in your throat. You're the one in the
cage. You're the one marked as owned. You're the little bitch in this relationship.” Sam was blown away by the derision in Castiel's voice. “Sticking out that tight little ass when you haven't been told to isn't going to get you fucked, it's going to get you punished.”

Sam whimpered, blushing.

“Let's have a little Q&A, shall we? Open your fucking mouth.” Sam opened, and Castiel forced his cock down Sam's throat. Sam managed not to gag. “Who makes the decisions, in this relationship, Toy?”

Sam tried to force out a response, but he couldn't get any air in or out. Castiel pulled out just far enough that Sam could answer, his mouth still full of cock, his voice garbled. He tried to say, 'You, Master.”, but it came out as a wet gurgle.

“Exactly.” Castiel smirked. “And who's the bitch in this relationship?”

Sam tried again, 'Me, Master.' It came out as a splutter and a groan.

“Good! Excellent chat. Now, get me off, smarten the fuck up, and we can carry on with our day.” Castiel let go of Sam's hair. Sam was still for a moment, shocked, before focusing on his task. He took Castiel back into his throat, swallowing, bobbing his head just a little, working his tongue against Castiel's shaft. He pulled back far enough to run his tongue under the head. He was dipping it into the slit when Castiel stiffened and flooded his mouth with come. Sam swallowed the bitter saltiness as Castiel pulsed, sitting back on his heels when he was finished, breathing a little heavily, his eyes down.

Castiel ignored him, after nudging him back down to the far end of the tub with a foot. Sam trembled a little, his head low, feeling very cowed. Castiel had been right – he had been getting cocky. Sam wanted to apologize, but knew it would just make things worse. He waited silently and patiently for Castiel to finish his shower. Silence and obedience were the best bets, right now.

When Castiel had finished, he instructed Sam to stand and shower, and prepare for his day. Sam did, washing, shaving, and brushing his teeth quickly. When he finished, he sank back to his knees carefully. They were definitely aching from being slammed down onto them in the tub. He didn't dress, because Castiel hadn't told him to.

“Dress. Casual is fine. Hurry.” Sam dressed as quickly as he could, and was ready to go before Castiel had even put his shoes on. He waited on his knees, near the door.

“Better. Stay in your position behind me. And stay silent, unless otherwise instructed.” Castiel stepped out of the room, and Sam followed, locking the door behind them. He followed Castiel across campus, carefully maintaining his position behind him. Castiel didn't speak, and didn't even bother to check if he was there. Sam felt a little surge of pride, that Castiel knew that he could be relied on to be where Castiel wanted him, without having to check or be told.

They entered the dining hall. Castiel pointed him to a booth, away from the other students. “Sit.” Sam did, keeping his eyes lowered a little, his hunter's mindfulness keeping him aware of the people around him.

Castiel returned, and set a tray in front of him. It was an omelette, with some sort of white filling, and... red stuff, on top. Sam was a little nervous of it, not entirely sure what it was. There was toast, and a bowl of fresh fruit. Coffee and a glass of milk.

“Eat. Drink.” Castiel gestured with his fork, watching Sam carefully.
Sam tried some of the omelette, and it was fantastic. The white stuff was cheese of some sort, savoury and mild. And the red stuff was tomatoes, or something. Sam ate hungrily. He chugged his milk, and sipped at his coffee. He kept his eyes down respectfully.

Castiel ate at a more moderate pace, and Sam waited patiently. “Did you enjoy your breakfast, Sam?” Castiel dabbed his lips with a napkin.

“Yes, Castiel. Thank you.”

“Good. I'm glad. We'll head over for your appointment now.” Sam stood, taking both trays, and disposing of the waste. He followed Castiel silently from the dining hall.

Sam watched, curious, as they bypassed Health Services entirely. *Where the hell are we going?* Together, they entered the section of the campus reserved for medical studies. Castiel led him up the stairs of a modern-looking building. The guard nodded to them as they passed.

The building was eerily quiet, and completely empty, except for the guard at the door. Sam supposed that was to be expected, as it was the Monday of a long weekend. He couldn't fathom what sort of doctor would be working today.

Castiel led him into an exam room. It had a table with stirrups, a chair for a guest, and a small rolling stool. There was a gown, folded on the paper covering the table. Castiel took a seat in the guest chair, crossed his legs, and laced his fingers over his knee. “Strip, and put on the gown, Toy.”

Sam complied silently, folding his clothes neatly and tucking them under the table. The gown was too small, and left most of his back and butt uncovered. Sam sat gingerly on the table, the paper cold against his skin. He wanted to ask why he was here, but was forbidden to speak. He stared at the edge of the bench, between his bare knees.

The door opened, and Sam looked up reflexively. It was Jimmy, wearing scrubs, a doctor's coat, and a stethoscope around his neck. He had a file folder in his hands. “Good morning!” Jimmy smiled, friendly, and Sam stared. He took a seat on the stool, and opened the folder, examining it. “So what can I help you with today?”

“My toy's been having some... issues, lately, and I want to ensure that everything is normal.”

Sam shivered. “Issues, hmm? What sort of issues?” Jimmy looked at Castiel, concern marring his features. A pen hovered, ready to take notes.

“He seems unusually sensitive to pleasurable stimuli. And no matter how many times he's used, it never seems to be enough for him.”

“Hmm.” Jimmy made a few notes. “We can certainly check that out for you. How old is he?”

“Nineteen.”

“And in otherwise good health? No known medical conditions? Is he taking any medications?”

“Excellent health. No conditions, no medications.”

“All right. Do you have a preferred address, that I should use for him?”

Sam shivered, aroused and hard against his cage. Jimmy and Castiel were talking about him, over
him, like he was an animal or something, incapable of understanding them. He bit his lip, and bit back his soft moan.

“I generally use Toy.”

“Fair enough.” Jimmy stood, turning to Sam. “Lay back against the table, Toy. I'm just going to examine you first.”

Sam did, staring up at the ceiling.

Jimmy's fingers were cool, pressing gently under Sam's jaw. His touch was clinical and professional. He pressed along the sides of Sam's neck. He had Sam lift his arms, probing under them, and palpated Sam's belly. He listened to Sam's heartbeat and lungs, through his stethoscope.

“Good! Everything seems normal. We'll check that sensitivity now. Feet in the stirrups, please.”

Sam lifted his legs, spread wide in the stirrups. He blushed crimson, feeling very exposed.

“Can I get the key for his cage, please? We'll need it off for the exam.” Castiel lifted his necklace off, passing it to Jimmy. Jimmy carefully removed the cage, with a little difficulty, as Sam was hard against it. Sam groaned as the sound was removed. He heaved a sigh, finally, finally able to harden, without his cock being viciously strangled.

“I see what you mean about the sensitivity. Do you take the cage off often?”

“No. He prefers it on. That way, it's harder, though not impossible, for him to come in his pants. He does try to please.”

Sam's blush darkened. His cock was erect and weeping against his stomach.

“Understandable. Let's test him a little.” Jimmy walked over to the counter, pulling something from a drawer, and a cotton ball from the jar on the counter. He dampened the cotton ball at the sink.

Jimmy returned to Sam, and pulled his gown up high on his chest, so that his pecs and nipples were exposed. He gave Sam a reassuring smile, and brushed the cotton ball over Sam's nipples. It was cold, and Sam gasped softly.

“Hmm.” Jimmy offered. He threw the cotton ball in the garbage, and held something small and rubber in his hands. Jesus Christ, a snake bite kit. Sam watched as Jimmy squeezed one of the cups, placing it over Sam's left nipple. He did the same to his right. Sam shuddered as the strong suction pulled at his nipples. He clutched at the edges of the table.

“His nipples are sensitive, as well, I'm guessing?” Jimmy asked, curious.

“I'm not sure, really. I haven't had him for very long. It's not something we've really explored.”

Sam groaned softly. *Haven't had him for very long.* Sam felt his cock blurt out precome against his belly.

“It seems they are. You'll want to keep that in mind.”

“Of course. Thank you, Doctor.”

“How about his prostate?” Jimmy asked, pulling on examination gloves with a snap. He ran warm water over a clear plastic contraption, at the sink.
“Very sensitive. He spills quite easily, from milking, with the cage on.”

Sam wondered if it was possible to die from embarrassment. His nipples were beginning to pulse and throb, from the continuing suction. He watched Jimmy set the plastic thing down on a nearby metal table, and squirt a glob of lubricant onto two of his fingers.

“I’m going to work you open a little bit, and then we'll use the speculum, all right, Toy?” Jimmy spoke in a calming sort of voice. Sam whimpered softly. “Go ahead and scootch down to the end of the table for me. I need your butt hanging off, just a little.”

Sam did, feeling even more exposed. Jimmy rolled over between his legs, on the stool, and Sam felt Jimmy's fingers pressing near his hole.

“Do you use his hole frequently?” Jimmy asked.

“Very. Given the opportunity, he begs for use.”

“Very nice resiliency, excellent muscle tone.” Jimmy slipped his fingers inside Sam. “Very tight, quite nice. It seems you're taking excellent care of him, if he's being used as often as you claim.”

Sam whined, painfully aroused and deeply mortified, more precome spilling to wet his skin. Jimmy pumped his fingers in and out, loosening Sam.

“Excellent. Try to relax now, Toy. This is going to feel a little strange.” Sam breathed shallowly as Jimmy slipped the speculum inside him, and ratcheted it open, spreading his hole open. Sam groaned softly.

Sam heard a small click, and light was shining from Jimmy's hand. *Jesus Christ.*

“Excellent condition, that's a very healthy pink. No irritation or redness, no fissures or damage. You're doing an excellent job on your care. I'm assuming you're using a high-quality lubricant.”

“Absolutely. I'm not in this for the short run, I plan on owning this one for a long time.”

Sam shuddered. *Owning... for a long time. Fuck yes.*

“Good. That tends to be better for the mental health of pets, over the long run. I'm glad to hear it.” Jimmy smiled at Castiel. He turned his attention to Sam. “I'm going to massage your prostate now, Toy, just to check for any abnormalities.”

Jimmy's fingers probed Sam's prostate, and Sam groaned gutturally, flooded with pleasure.

“Goodness. I see what you mean. Everything feels perfectly normal. Let's see how much more stimulation he requires to ejaculate.” Jimmy's hand wrapped around Sam's cock. He stroked hard, once, twice, and Sam's orgasm exploded from him, with enough force to paint his upper chest, throat, and chin.

The room was silent for a long moment, except for Sam's ragged panting.

“Very definitely highly sensitive. We'll give him a moment, and then run one last test.” Jimmy rolled back to his writing area and folder, making a few brief notes, before standing, and wetting a handful of gauze. He carefully wiped Sam's come from his skin, and disposed of the mess of wet gauze.

Sam was still lying limp on the table, staring blankly at the ceiling. That had been the best orgasm of his life, and had completely blown any ability to think or speak right out of his head. Jimmy returned
to his folder, speaking softly with Castiel, his voice calm and professional. Sam tried to focus on what was being said.

“... not abnormal, in any way. Simply very sensitive. You should consider yourself lucky – many pets don’t respond this well at all, and many masters would love to have one this responsive. You’re sure you’re going to keep him? He’d fetch a high price, at auction.”

_Auction??_ Sam's heartbeat, which had been ramping down, spiked again.

“No. No, I'd never sell him. He's far too precious to me.” Castiel smiled at Jimmy. Sam smiled a little, too.

“Well, it's something to keep in mind.” Jimmy glanced back at Sam, who had relaxed back against the table. “Good, he's softened enough to perform the last test.” Jimmy put down his pen, and pulled a slim black case from the counter, along with a small pile of alcohol wipes and several small, sterile lube packets. He put the lot down on the metal table.

_What... what could possibly be in that case?_ Sam swallowed hard.

“Now, this is going to be something new for you.” Jimmy's voice had that calming tone to it again. And it worked, too. _He's going to make a great doctor._ “We're going to be stimulating your prostate, intra-urethrally. I know your master makes you wear a sound, but this is going to be much, _much_ deeper.” Sam blinked, wide-eyed. “It's important, Toy, that you remain calm. Once in place, if you harden around it, which many do, it can't be removed until you soften again. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir.” Sam whimpered. His nipples were aching, and his ass was still spread wide open by the speculum.

“There may come a day when your master stretches your urethra, with a series of progressively larger sounds. For now, we'll be using a fairly slender one. There may be a slight burn, but it shouldn't hurt, and you _must_ let me know if it does. Understood?”

“Yes, Sir.” Sam fought to stay still and calm.

“Good boy.” Jimmy smiled at him. Sam gave him a tiny smile in return.

Jimmy donned fresh gloves. He carefully sterilized the head of Sam's soft cock and a long, slender steel rod. Sam swallowed hard. Jimmy lubricated it carefully, spread Sam's slit open, and placed a dollop of lube there, as well.

“Relax.” Jimmy instructed, holding Sam's cock upright, and slowly slipping the rod inside. The first couple of inches were familiar territory, for Sam, but as more and more slipped inside him, Sam's breathing got faster and more shallow. It burned a little, and there was a strange pressure, but it didn't hurt. When his cock was entirely filled, Jimmy slipped his fingers behind Sam's scrotum, and Sam actually felt the sound where Jimmy's fingers were gently touching. The sensation made him gasp.

“Is there any pain, Toy?” Jimmy asked.

“N-no, Sir.” Sam panted.

“Good. Let's see how this feels.” Holding the sound at the depth he wanted, Jimmy began to rock the sound gently.

Sam groaned, and watched himself harden. Jimmy carefully monitored the depth of the sound, adjusting as necessary, keeping up the rocking motion that felt so amazing. Soon, Sam was fully hard
against the metal inside him.

“Hold on tight to the edges of the table, Toy. This could get intense.” Sam did, white-knuckling the edge of the table, as Jimmy slipped two fingers inside him, against his prostate, rubbing as he continued to rock the sound. Sam groaned, overwhelmed by the sensations.

“Castiel, come hold your toy’s cock while I do this. Very gently, please, pressure can become pain very quickly.” Sam shuddered as he felt Castiel’s warm hand loose around his cock, and Jimmy began to thrust the sound, very gently, inside him.

The feeling was insane, it was like being fucked, but in the totally wrong spot. Sam tried to arch off the table, but Castiel’s hand gently pushed him back down. The pleasure spiralled totally out of control, and Sam came. Pearly whiteness oozed out of him, around the metal shaft in his cock. Sam watched it happen, eyes fixed on the metal, and his come trickling over Castiel's knuckles. When he stopped coming, which seemed to take a long time, Castiel released him.

Sam panted, dazed, against the table. Jimmy held the sound carefully, while withdrawing his fingers and the speculum. As Sam softened, the sound was withdrawn. The cups were gently removed from Sam's swollen nipples. Small tremors ran through Sam's body. Gentle fingers slipped his cock cage back on, and locked it.


“Thanks very much, Dr. Novak, for your help and advice.” Castiel smiled at his brother.

Together, the twins helped Sam slide up the table a little and lifted his legs from the stirrups, laying him flat. A soft, warm blanket was draped over him. Jimmy held one of Sam's hands, while Castiel stroked his hair.

Sam was mostly insensible against the table. He was aware that Castiel and Jimmy were murmuring softly, but it didn't seem to be in English. Feeling the hands of the twins on him was good, really good, and it helped to centre him. He felt a kiss on his forehead. Sam kept his eyes closed, feeling his pulse slow, and his body recover from incredible new sensations and back-to-back earthshaking orgasms.

Sam wasn't sure how long it had been before his brain started to come back online. He blinked up, and both twins were smiling down at him. He smiled back, weakly. Then he frowned a little, wondering if he was allowed to speak. He tapped his thumb twice, against Jimmy's wrist.

“Yes, Sam?”

Sam's throat felt sore and dry. “Can... can I speak?”

“Of course.”

“That...” Sam coughed softly. His voice was a little faint. “That was fucking... phenomenal. I've never... come that hard in my life. Jesus. That... that sound...” Sam groaned softly.

Both twins grinned, hugely and identically.

“We're glad you liked it. Very glad. Jimmy loves it, too, that's why he's so damned good at it. We'll be happy to do it again, in the future.” Castiel's voice was gentle. “For now, can you sit up?”

Sam managed to push himself to sitting, but he definitely didn't trust his legs to hold him up, if he
were to try to stand. Jimmy produced a bottle of apple juice, and a small pack of cookies. Sam thanked him, and drank the juice thirstily, munching on the cookies.

Castiel and Jimmy pulled their chairs close to Sam's table, and sat.

"How... how did you swing this, Jimmy?" Sam wondered out loud.

"It's amazing how far a couple of bribes will go. And it's not like they don't know me." Jimmy winked up at him. Sam grinned back.

The boys sat quietly for a little longer, until Sam was feeling more confident in the strength of his legs. The twins helped him dress, and then Jimmy left, to get back into his street clothes. When Jimmy returned, Castiel and Sam were ready to leave.

"I think we'll call an end to our weekend there." Castiel stood before Sam, looking up at him, and brushed Sam's hair back. "That was a really intense scene, and you're going to need some recovery time, mentally, from it."

Sam nodded, recognizing the wisdom there. It had been, by far, the most intense scene Sam had ever participated in. Sam leaned down and kissed him.

"Where's mine?" Jimmy sulked. Sam laughed, wrapped an arm around him, pulled him close, and kissed him, too.

"Thank you. Both of you. This... this whole weekend has been amazing. Really. No one... no one's ever done anything this nice for me. Ever. Thank you. So much." Sam wrapped his arms around both of them, holding them just a little too tight, tears prickling in his eyes. He blinked them back.

"Well, I, for one, look forward to continue to do nice things for you for a long time. You deserve it, Sam. I'm sure Jimmy feels the same." Castiel kissed Sam's neck.

"Absolutely." Jimmy's voice sounded a little squashed, and Sam loosened his grip a little.

"And I'm also looking forward to continuing to do evil, painful, frustrating, and humiliating things to you, Sam." Sam could feel Castiel's grin, against his skin. Sam shuddered.

Jimmy chuckled. "Me too!"

Sam let the twins go, paused, and smiled a crooked little smile at Jimmy. "You'd best be careful, Jimmy. You're not always going to be the Dom."

Jimmy stuck his tongue out at Sam. Fast as lightning, Sam had Jimmy pinned against the wall, one huge hand wrapped around his slender throat. Sam's mass dwarfed the smaller man. Jimmy's eyes widened, and his breathing stuttered. Sam heard a soft moan from Castiel. Sam kissed Jimmy hard, and released him.

Jimmy sagged against the wall, breathing hard, pressing the palm of his hand against his crotch. "Jesus. Give a guy a little warning, next time!" Both Sam and Castiel laughed.

The three boys left the room, and the building, the guard giving them a pleasant smile on the way out. They grabbed some lunch, and ate it outside, on a picnic table under the shade of a tree.

They had a quiet afternoon in, snuggled together on Castiel's bed, watching movies. Castiel and Jimmy surprised Sam with dinner, ordering in his favourite dishes from the fancy restaurant they had had lunch at. Sam, unconstrained by the stuffy atmosphere from the restaurant, groaned loudly and
raved about the amazing food. Castiel and Jimmy were happy to share his enthusiasm.

After dinner, the three reluctantly spent some time working on schoolwork, all on their laptops, and all still on Castiel’s bed. Several hours later, they piled into the shower, laughing and splashing and kissing and cuddling. They got ready for bed, and curled up, snuggled together, in Castiel’s.

Every one of them thought, privately, that it had been an incredible weekend.
All three of them had a hard time, on Tuesday morning, getting back into the swing of classes and school. They struggled through, though, and Sam returned to the dorm room afterwards, tired and a little drained. Castiel, as ever, was working. Jimmy wasn't there.

"Hey. Jimmy needed a little 'me' time." Castiel didn't look up from his computer.

"I bet he does. I was kind of thinking of that, Castiel. I kind of had an idea." Sam blushed, just thinking about it. He didn't want to step on anyone's toes, and especially not upset Jimmy. But the idea had been growing since he had had Jimmy's throat in his hand the morning before, and seen his beautiful blue eyes, wide with fear and lust.

"Oh?" Castiel turned in his chair, and looked over at Sam, who had plopped down on his bed. It was neat, made military-style. It made both Castiel and Sam feel better to have it like that, after a weekend of messy Jimmy bed-nests.

"Does... uh..." Sam blushed harder and stopped.

"I'll never judge you for asking a question, Sam." Castiel supplied quietly.

"Well, I kind of had, like... an idea of a scene that I wanted to do... with Jimmy." Sam peeked at Castiel through his long hair. "But... it would kind of be a surprise."

"That's fine. I'm sure he'd love to scene with you. By no means do I have to be involved in everything you do. I'm pretty sure that, after so many years together, I've got a feel for Jimmy's likes and limits. Would you run it by me? I could tell you whether or not it would be something he'd be interested in." Castiel tilted his head a little, smiling at Sam.

Sam gaped, his mouth open. "I... I swear to God, Cas, you're, like, the best ever."

Castiel chuckled. "It's really nothing. You two need time alone together, as well. So tell me."
Sam rubbed a hand against the back of his neck, and shot Castiel a nervous look. “I... I wanted to do, like, a... Jesus.” Sam paused. “Like, a home-invader f-forced sex scenario?”

Castiel said nothing, and waited for Sam to elaborate.

“Like... like, I'm good at picking locks. I have been, for years. And the locks on these doors are stupidly simple to open. I could rake it, no lie, in less than five seconds. And there aren't even any cameras. So I could break into Jimmy's room, and, like, hold him down, and threaten him, and... you know.” Sam ducked his head.

Castiel blinked, a little taken aback at how rudimentary Sam felt the dorm's security was, and the fact that Sam knew how to pick locks. He recovered fairly quickly and smiled. “I'd say that's something he'd be comfortable with, as he's enjoyed similar scenarios, with me, in the past. He does have a bit of a rape-fantasy kink.”

Sam groaned, pleasure surging within him. “Seriously?”

“Absolutely. It's fairly common.” Castiel nodded.

“I wouldn't, like, hurt him...” Sam began.

“He's perfectly fine with being smacked around a little. He enjoys it. And he enjoys bruises even more, especially those made by fingertips. Though none visible above the collar of a dress shirt.” Castiel gave Sam a serious look.

“No, no, of course not. I wouldn't.”

“And he loves breathplay, just like you do. He can hold his breath for an astonishingly long time. But I'm sure you have a feel for how long you can cut off someone's air, before they lose consciousness.” Castiel gave Sam a strange look.

Sam nodded, without thinking too much of Castiel's comment. “Yeah. I'll be careful with him. So... so you think this would be okay?”

“I think he'd like it very much. He tends to be the one that shocks people – it would serve him right to have the tables turned.” Castiel stood, moving to his bed and pulling out the gear bag. He dug through it for a moment, and emerged with a knife, in a leather sheath. Sam's eyes widened.

“Ideally, for a scenario like that, a gun would be a more powerful tool with which to ensure compliance, but you'll have to settle for this.” Castiel tucked the bag away, stood, and put the knife into Sam's hands.

It was a Bowie, similar to the one Dean had. It felt heavy in his hand. He removed it from the sheath as Castiel sat back down at his computer. Sam stared at the blade. It wasn't a prop or a toy. It was real. It was beautifully made, and it looked wickedly sharp. He slid the edge against the hair on his left forearm, and it cut through it cleanly.

“Jesus, Castiel.” Sam was stunned. He stared over at the back of Castiel's head, as he had turned back to his computer.

“I have a sneaking suspicion, Sam, that you might know how to use that.” Castiel's voice was light. “Both Jimmy and I enjoy blood play, but never to the point of leaving scars.”

Sam frowned a little, sliding the knife back into its sheath, and laying it on his desk. “I do know. What... what would make you think that, though?” I've been doing a good job of hiding my past...
“Just a hunch. I thought perhaps you may have been a hunter.” Castiel looked over his shoulder at Sam, who visibly paled. “You know. Field-dressing animals, and the like? Or fish?”

Jesus Christ. Wrong... wrong type of hunter. Sam cleared his throat. “Yeah. Yeah, actually, my dad and my brother taught me to hunt.” And that's not even a lie, it's just not referring to what you think it is.

Castiel nodded, returning to his work. “Kindly don't slit my brother's throat. Though I warn you, if you taste his blood, he'll probably come on the spot.”

“Duly... duly noted.” Sam's voice was a little faint. “Do... do you think tonight would be okay?”

Castiel nodded absently. “Fine.”

“There... there was something else I was thinking of doing, as well.”

“Oh?”

“I'd... well, you and Jimmy showed you a little of your world. I'd... I'd like to show you a little of mine.” Sam blushed again. He'd been doing some research online, and thought he had found some places that would give the twins a feel for how life was, on the other side of the tracks.

Castiel turned right around in his chair. Sam had 100% of his attention. “We'd like that very much, Sam.”

“It... it's nothing fancy. It's... it's what I grew up with, though. And I promise to keep you safe.”

Castiel blinked. “Safe.”

Sam nodded. “Some of these sorts of places can get a little rough. But I'll make sure no one lays a hand on you. You'd have to... uh... dress down a little, though, or you're just begging for someone to make you a target.” Sam eyes the spotless white of Castiel's dress shirt. “I can lend you some clothes, if you need me to.”

“Or I can borrow from Jimmy. He has a fairly large collection of 'slumming clothes', as he calls it.” Castiel's mouth quirked into a half-smile.

“I'd like to take you to a diner for dinner, and then to a bar, and to a cheap motel.” Sam winced. That hadn't come out right, at all.

Castiel looked stunned. “This... this is how you grew up, Sam? Diners, bars, and cheap motels?” Castiel's heart broke. Tears welled up in his eyes. “Didn't... surely you had a home?”

“My home burned down, with my mother in it, when I was six months old.” Sam's voice was wooden.

“Oh my God, Sam. I'm so sorry.” Castiel moved to sit beside Sam on the bed, wrapping his arms around the taller boy.

“It... it's okay. I've had my entire life to get over it. It was harder for my brother – he was four, and still remembers mom a little. But we moved around for our whole lives, with our dad. We would stay in a place for a couple of weeks, or a month or two, and then move again.” And no way am I telling you why. “Home was the back seat of dad's Impala, with him and Dean in the front.” Sam laid his
cheek on Castiel's shoulder, pressing his face to Castiel's neck.

Castiel was stunned into absolute silence. His mind whirled.

“It wasn't a bad life. Dad did the best he could for us. Dean dropped out, but I managed to get through high school, with good enough grades for a full ride to Stanford.”

“Given... given the circumstances, that's amazing, Sam. Absolutely amazing.” Castiel hugged Sam a little tighter. He thought Sam's story was tragic, and that Sam had deserved so very much better. He hadn't had any of the things that Castiel had taken for granted, every day of his life. Castiel lowered his face to Sam's shoulder, and let his tears fall, crying silently for the life Sam should have had.

Sam didn't even know Castiel was crying, until the dampness sank through his flannel and T-shirt. “Whoah, Cas. Cas – are you okay?” Sam pulled back a little, his eyes filled with worry. He brushed at Castiel's tears. “Why are you crying?”

“You...” Castiel's voice came out as a croak. “You're an amazing person, Sam. You're kind, and smart, and funny, and selfless. And you deserved a better childhood, a better life than the one that was forced on you.” Fresh tears welled in Castiel's eyes, and he let them fall. “You deserved a stable home, and a yard, and friends, and a bike, and a dog that you got to keep. And a mom. Most of all, a mom. I'm so sorry.”

It was Sam's turn to be taken aback. “I...” He didn't know what to say. “It's okay, Cas. I turned out okay. It wasn't that bad. Please, please don't cry.” Sam brushed Castiel's tears away, and kissed his cheeks. “It's okay.” Sam murmured, peppering Castiel's face with kisses. “It's okay.”

Sam was glad when Castiel's tears slowed and stopped. The gentle kisses to Castiel's face evolved into a deeper one, to Castiel's lips, which was still ongoing when Jimmy knocked on the door and entered.

“Jeez, you two, get a room.” Jimmy sighed exaggeratedly.

Castiel pried his mouth away from Sam's, “We're in it.”, only to return to kissing him.

“Oh, right. So what are we doing for dinner?” Sam and Castiel pulled apart. Jimmy was all smiles and bright curiosity. When he saw the other two were looking serious, and that Castiel's eyes were red from crying, the smile fell from his face. “What... what's wrong?”

“Sam just shared with me a little about his childhood. How he grew up. Would you... would you tell Jimmy, too, please, Sam?”

Sam did, and Jimmy's face completed the exact same cycle, through shock to sadness. Except Jimmy didn't cry silently, he burst into sobs and threw himself at Sam, clinging tightly. Sam calmed and quieted his second twin of the day, with soft words and kisses. Then, Sam was on his bed, with a subdued twin on either side.

“Honestly, guys. It's okay. It really is. It wasn't the life you guys had, and maybe it wasn't the life I'd have chosen, but look where it led me – right to you guys.” Sam kissed Jimmy, who was still sniffing a little, and then Castiel. “And I'd like to show you, if you'd let me, kind of what it was like.”

It looked like Jimmy made a conscious effort to pull himself together. The smile on his face was very definitely a little forced. Sam smiled at him, a little sad.

“Yes. Yes, let's do that. Should I call for a limo?” Jimmy reached for his phone.
Sam chuckled. “No. You don't take a limo to a diner. We'll take a cab. After the two of you put on 'slumming clothes'.”

Jimmy brightened. Castiel swapped his dress pants for dark jeans, and the three of them left for Jimmy's room.

It was, as usual, a complete disaster. Jimmy pulled through piles of washed and unwashed clothes, seemingly mixed at random, looking for just the right things. He pulled out some battered jeans, a white t-shirt with a hole in one armpit, and a long-sleeved black AC/DC concert t-shirt.

“Those are perfect. Do you have any jackets worth less than a grand?” Sam asked jokingly.

Jimmy looked thoughtful. “No. But I have these...” Jimmy pulled out a scuffed black leather jacket, worn to a faded gray at the seams, and what looked like a surplus military coat, in olive drab.

Sam swallowed. “Those work.”

The twins changed. Castiel had the white T and leather jacket, and Jimmy had AC/DC and army surplus. Sam called a cab, and it was waiting for them when they got downstairs. He gave the driver the address, and it took them around twenty minutes to get there.

Sam was very pleased. It had looked good on Google Streetview, but it looked even better in real life. Perfect. The diner was all faded, peeling red paint and dead neon. Tufts of grass grew in the cracked parking lot, the lines long since faded invisible. When they stepped inside, a tired little bell tinkled, announcing their arrival. The booths were red leatherette, patched with red duct tape that didn't quite match. Sam gave the older waitress a smile, and she told them to sit where they liked. The place was empty, save for two old men in trucker caps, drinking coffee at the counter in silence.

The boys chose a booth. The twins sat together, on the bench opposite from Sam. Sam grinned to see them looking skeptically at the decor, which likely hadn't been updated since the seventies. The smell of cooking grease permeated the place. Sam felt deeply at home.

The waitress arrived at their table, and dropped three menus on it wordlessly, before leaving.

Jimmy gaped at her. Castiel almost managed to not look offended. Sam chuckled, passing out the menus. Jimmy made a soft noise of disgust, as something sticky on his menu touched his hand. He wiped it hard on his jeans.

The three boys were silent for a few minutes. The waitress returned. “So what can I get ya?”

“I'll have a coke, and a bacon cheeseburger and fries, please, darlin’.” Sam smiled up at the waitress, who smiled and looked a little flustered.

“No problem. And for you two?” She turned to the twins.

“We'll... we'll have what he's having.” Castiel and Jimmy folded their menus. Sam stacked them, and handed them to the waitress.

“All righty, then.” She gave them a last smile, before turning away.

The cokes arrived in battered, worn glasses. The burgers were overcooked, and a little burnt. The buns were soggy, under the meat. Sam thought the fries were okay, though. Sam ate every morsel of comfortingly bad food, noticing the chip in his plate. Castiel seemed to be forcing himself to eat, and managed to finish everything on his plate, but Jimmy gave up half way through his burger, putting it down and looking a little ill.
“This is awful.” Jimmy whispered theatrically, eyes wide on Sam.

Sam chuckled. “Welcome to diner food. Every run-down diner across the lower 49 serves the exact same universally mediocre burger. It's comforting, in a way.”

“That's not mediocre. That's awful. Burgers are not supposed to taste like this!” Jimmy insisted.

Castiel carefully blotted his lips with the cheap paper napkin. He folded it and set it on his plate. He seemed to think, for a moment, before speaking. “This has been... illuminating. I can see why you found the restaurant food so delectable. Even the cafeteria food on campus is better than this.”

“A lot better, I've found.” Sam grinned at Castiel.

“Can we go?” Jimmy asked. “It smells weird in here, and the floor is sticky.” He grimaced.

“Yeah, we can go.” Sam smiled at him. The diner was truly awful, and felt very much like home, to Sam.

The boys paid and called for another cab, and another twenty minutes later, the cab pulled up outside a rough-looking building that simply said “Roadhouse”. There were more vehicles here, a few motorcycles and older-model sedans, with a few newer, expensive cars mixed in. Sam thought it boded well for the next stage of his plan. As they approached the door, Sam whispered to the twins, “Just go with me on this, okay?” They nodded.

As they walked in, Sam burst into uproarious, drunken laughter, a twin under each arm, leaning heavily on them. Pool was trickier to hustle without his brother backing him up, but it was still doable. “Get us some beers, babe.” Sam swatted Jimmy on the ass, nudging him towards the bar. He knew Jimmy wouldn't be carded – the kids around the pool table were sipping beers, and they weren't any older than Sam was. Jimmy went, and Sam and Castiel chose a table that was towards the edge of the room, but still clearly in view of the pool table.

The kids around the table eyed them. University students, slumming, just like Sam and the twins were. They won't even know they're being hustled. The bikers in the corner and the drunks scattered around the room paid them no mind. Jimmy returned, holding three beers. He put them down on the table, and sat beside Sam. Sam kissed his cheek. “Thanks, babe.”

Jimmy grinned and blushed. Sam turned Jimmy's head to face him, and pulled him into a deep, demonstrative kiss. A couple of eyebrows were raised, over at the pool table. Sam let Jimmy go. “Cheers, guys!” Sam lifted his beer, clinking its neck against Castiel's and Jimmy's.

Sam was sure to intersperse quiet talk with the twins with bouts of laughter. He didn't tell them what he was about to do, other than to explain the setup. Two beers later, Sam stood, wobbling a little. “Whoah. C'mon, I wanna play some pool. Play pool with me?” Castiel and Jimmy, having been told to say no, waved him off. “Spoilsports.” Sam sulked, walking to the table, carefully stumbling a little, and spilling a little of his latest beer.

Castiel and Jimmy watched, fascinated, as Sam convinced the crowd to let him play. He got more belligerent as he lost the first few games, insisting on playing again, and for money, this time. He lost, again, though narrowly, and insisted on double or nothing. This time, he managed to win, just barely. He scooped up the money, smiling and toasting his opponents, who grumbled a little, but said nothing about having just lost two hundred bucks.

Castiel knew he had just seen an expert at work. Jimmy seemed equally impressed. Sam tottered back to their table. He sat heavily, and kissed Jimmy again. He turned his back to the group at the
“And that, my loves, is how you pay for the awful diner food and cheap motels.” Sam said softly. He winked and smiled. “It’s a lot harder in a smaller town, particularly if there aren't any universities or colleges nearby. Those kids have no idea they were just played.” Sam tucked the money into his pocket. He didn’t really need it, the scholarship he had received was more than generous. It was actually more money than he’d ever had. Ever. The hustle had just been to show Castiel and Jimmy what he used to need to do to survive.

Jimmy’s jaw dropped open. Sam closed it gently with a fingertip under his chin.

“Some places, a scene like that devolves into a fight, and you lay out who you have to, and get out before the cops get there.” Sam took a pull on his beer. Both twins' eyes were wide. “Some places, the guys will follow you out to your car and try to drag you into an alley and beat the shit out of you. Then, you lay out who you have to, and get out before the cops get there.”

Castiel was stunned at Sam's perfectly calm tone of voice, at the logic of his arguments. He knew that Sam had had a rough life, but he had no idea that Sam had been so intimately acquainted with casual violence. Jimmy seemed to be working through the same thought process, over on his side of the table.

“I'm glad it didn't happen that way tonight. It would've been hard to fight them and keep them away from both of you at once. And they'd have gone for you, no question. It was easier when it was just me and my brother. He's good in a fight. Better than me, actually.”

“We do have martial arts training.” Castiel mentioned, softly.

“Cas has a black sash. Praying Mantis Kung Fu. I quit at, like, yellow.” Jimmy smirked.

“Really!” Sam grinned at Castiel, looking at him appraisingly. “We should spar, sometime.”

“We could do that.” Castiel smiled. “Winner fucks the loser.” Sam, who was finishing his beer, choked and coughed. Both twins laughed.

“All right, let's get out of here.” The three boys stood, Sam leaning heavily on Jimmy. He waved to the boys at the pool table on the way out. Once outside the door, Sam stood up straight, all apparent drunkenness completely gone.

“One last stop.” A third cab took them to a seedy-looking motel. It was a single floor, u-shaped, the doors of the individual units opening into a central parking lot. Sam handled getting the room, while the twins waited nervously just outside the small office.

Their room ended up being right beside the pop machine, which hummed noisily. Sam let them into the room with an old-fashioned metal key, attached to a plastic tag with the number “6” on it, in black marker.

The room was every bit as worn-down as Sam had hoped. He was grateful that it looked a little cleaner than some he'd stayed in in the past. It had a king-sized bed and ugly furniture, which was bolted to the walls. Metal brackets held the TV remote to the top of the nightstand on the right. The TV itself was an old tube TV. Sam doubted it worked. He sat down on the end of the bed.

Jimmy moved past Sam, across the room to explore the bathroom. “The tub is smaller than ours in the dorm. We're not going to fit.” Jimmy called.

“That's what the bed is for. These places have maybe five minutes' worth of hot water, and nearly no
water pressure. You don't want to get busy in there, I promise you.” The bathroom door closed for a few minutes.

Jimmy emerged, and sat down beside Sam. “This is fairly depressing.”

“It was all I knew.” Sam said, almost wistfully. “It was a good room, if the TV worked. It was like Christmas, if there was a pool. Dean and I stayed in the room, while my Dad was at work. We went to school, when we could.”

“I'm glad there was someone there for you, Sam.” Castiel rested his hand on Sam's thigh.

“Dean's four years older than me. And looked out for me since he was small. His whole life, he looked after me. And then I left. I... I haven't heard from him since. My dad said that if I was leaving, not to bother coming back. I haven't spoken to him, either.”

“Your dad said that to you? Because you went away to school??” Jimmy sounded horrified.

Sam nodded. “I didn't expect my dad to get in touch. I thought maybe Dean would, though.” Somehow, the warm presences of Castiel and Jimmy on either side of him were helping to keep Sam's tears away.

“He might still. Have you contacted him at all?” Castiel's voice and touch were soothing.

“No. I'd only contact him if there was an emergency.” Sam's voice made it clear that he didn't want to say anything further. The twins were silent for a time.

“Well, if it makes you feel any better, our parents wish us to extend to you an invitation to spend Thanksgiving and Christmas with us at their home, in Chicago.”

Sam blinked. “W-what?”

“You just wait until you try the food our chef makes, Sam. You're gonna love it. And I'm betting Mom and Dad are already buying you presents. We've told them all about you.” Jimmy carried on, excitedly.

“Do... do they know that we all...” Sam blushed.

“They know. They don't really approve, but they can see that you make us happy.” Castiel kissed Sam's cheek. “And more than anything, they want us to be happy.”

Well, that's a foreign concept. Dad didn't want us happy. He wanted perfect little soldiers.

Chicago.

“I can't... I don't have the money for a plane to Chicago.” Sam stammered.

“They'll send the jet. No worries.” Jimmy rubbed Sam's lower back.

Now, it was Sam's turn to have his jaw drop. “You... your family has a plane??”


Sam's mind was blown. Clearly, the twins were from a family wealthier than Sam could have ever imagined. It was no wonder that they thought nothing of dropping ten thousand dollars on clothes for Sam. Ten grand to them was probably like, five bucks, to Sam.
Castiel turned Sam's face to him. “Say you'll come. Our parents are dying to meet you.”

It wasn't like Sam had anywhere else to go. He figured he'd just stay in the dorms, on campus, while everyone else went home. Sam nodded, and Castiel's face split into a wide smile.

“Excellent! Now, shall we make some better memories for you to associate cheap motel rooms with?” Jimmy kicked off his boots, and dropped his jacket on the floor. He crawled to the middle of the bed, shucking his shirt. He whipped off his belt, and popped the button on his jeans, undoing the fly. Sam and Castiel caught a glimpse of light blue lace.

Sam choked, and Castiel's eyes widened. Jimmy grinned and turned to face the head of the bed, lowering his jeans below his butt, giving both boys an eyeful of his perfect little ass, wrapped like a present in silky, light blue fabric and lace.

He smiled coyly at them over his shoulder. “Really bring out my eyes, don't you think?” He then flopped, most ungracefully, onto his back, and squirmed and kicked his jeans off. Sam stood, stripping off his own clothes, eyes fixed on Jimmy, who had moved to recline against the pillows, his legs spread obscenely wide.

Sam heard Castiel stripping beside him. A smallish bottle of lube was tossed onto the bed.

“What a good boyscout my brother is, always thinking ahead.” Jimmy ran a hand down his stomach, and over his panties, behind which his cock was hard and leaking. He was watching Sam undress.

Jimmy groaned as Sam dropped his jeans.

Sam had picked a simple red thong. His cage caused the fabric in the front to bulge a little.

“Fuck, that is hot. If it's red, does that make you a devil?” Jimmy asked, blue eyes wide.

“If I'm a devil, does that make you an angel?” Sam heard a soft chuckle from Castiel as he walked to the bed, knelt up on it, and crawled up towards where Jimmy was waiting, shivering a little. Sam loomed over Jimmy, knees between his legs, hands sunk into the pillows on either side of Jimmy's head. Jimmy whimpered and nodded.

“Excellent. I've always wanted to defile an angel.” Sam murmured.

Sam felt hands on him, pulling his panties down in the front far enough to allow access to his cage. He heard the click of the lock, before it was gently pulled off and out of him. Sam shuddered, just a little, hardening almost instantly. Castiel tugged Sam's panties back up, leaving the head of his cock peeking from above the waistband.

Sam leaned down, and kissed Jimmy hard, licking into his mouth and sucking on his tongue. Jimmy moaned and panted. “How would you like to be fucked, angel?”

“Just... just like this. So I can see you. Please. Please.”

Sam leaned back, and gripped Jimmy's ankles, straightening his legs and placing them on Sam's chest, a foot on either side of Sam's head as he knelt. Sam reached for Jimmy's panties, hooking them and slipping them up his legs, as Jimmy obligingly lifted his butt. Sam left them hanging off one ankle. He lowered Jimmy's legs again, spreading them wide, and saw a plug peeking between Jimmy's cheeks.

Sam leaned in, grinding his cock, covered in red silk, against Jimmy's hard shaft. The smoothness and the pressure felt phenomenal. Sam's voice was rough. “A plug, huh? So I can just slick up, pull it
Jimmy whimpered, nodding frantically, a litany of, “Yes, please, Sam, please, now...” falling from his lips. Castiel's hand appeared, holding the bottle of lube. Sam smiled over at him, taking it. Castiel had stripped down to the boxer briefs Sam loved so much. Castiel winked at him, taking a seat on the edge of the bed, giving Sam and Jimmy plenty of room.

Sam leaned back again, pulling his panties down below his balls. He squirted some lube in his hand, and slicked up his shaft. Jimmy watched, his bottom lip bitten hard between his teeth. Sam pulled out Jimmy's plug with slippery fingers, leaned in, and slid his cock into Jimmy, to the base, in one long, smooth thrust.

Jimmy groaned deeply, and so did Sam. Jimmy was so fucking hot and tight and slick around him. Sam braced himself, hands on either side of Jimmy's head. He lowered his forehead to touch Jimmy's. Jimmy was still panting.

“How's that cock feel, angel?” Sam whispered.

“Pos... positively devilish.” Jimmy giggled.

Sam began to thrust, and the laughter fell from Jimmy's face in a rush of pleasure. Sam pulled out almost all the way, leaving only the head inside, before sliding back in. There wasn't anything hard or rushed or violent about it, just Sam pivoting his hips to give Jimmy as much pleasure as he could. Jimmy moaned and gasped and whimpered so prettily on Sam's cock, his hands gripping Sam's arms tightly.

Sam changed the angle of his hips a little, to give Jimmy a little more stimulation against his prostate. He had thrust a half a dozen more times when Jimmy clenched painfully hard on Sam's cock and came, completely untouched, painting his own stomach and chest with long stripes of white come.

“Holy hell, Jimmy.” Sam was awed. Jimmy drew in gasping breaths and shuddered, his eyes locked with Sam's. The intensity of Jimmy's stare, his beauty, his flushed skin and bitten, red lips were overwhelming. Jimmy turned his face up to Sam's, leaning up for a kiss, and Sam kissed him eagerly.

Sam felt a tickle against his ribs, looked down, and Castiel's head was in between Sam and Jimmy's chests, licking his brother's come from his skin. Sam groaned, his hips pulling out and stuttering back in, only to spill deeply inside Jimmy. Sam stayed there, breathing hard, watching Castiel until he finished his task. When Castiel gave Jimmy a final kiss and leaned back, Sam did, too, pulling out gently, slipping Jimmy's plug back in.

“You're beautiful.” Sam panted, blankly.

“You... you are, too, Sam.” Sam leaned back down, bracing himself on his elbows, turning his face towards Castiel and resting his head against Jimmy's chest. He closed his eyes and listened to Jimmy's heart, beating fast and strong. Sam slipped his hands under Jimmy's shoulders, holding him close. Jimmy stroked Sam's hair.

“You two are both perfect. And even more perfect, together.” Castiel's voice was soft.

“There's no such thing as 'more perfect', Cas.” Jimmy murmured. “Perfect is an absolute.”

“There is, and I dare anyone watching you two to disagree.” Castiel sounded mulish.

“All right, all right.” Jimmy conceded, relaxed against the bed, one hand in Sam's hair.
Sam's eyes flickered open after a while, and found Castiel's. “What can we do for you, Cas?”

“I'm fine.” Castiel smiled down at him.

“We know you're fine, Cas. But we want to give you an orgasm.” Jimmy shifted a little, and Sam knelt up. Jimmy propped himself on his elbows. “Hey, I have an idea. Let's play the 'whose mouth is it' game.” Jimmy grinned.

“Jesus.” Castiel whispered.

Together, Sam and Jimmy got Castiel out of his boxer briefs, and laid flat on his back in the centre of the bed, Jimmy on one side and Sam on the other, both curled up close.

“All right. Close your eyes, and no peeking.” Castiel closed his eyes and buried his hands under the pillow, to avoid the temptation of pressing a head down over his cock.

Castiel tried, he really did try to figure out who was doing what, but it was wave after wave of pleasure, hot, wet mouths open against his skin, licking and sucking and nipping. Someone took him into their throat, but that was no help – both Sam and Jimmy could do that.

Castiel finally came when he was deep in someone's throat, kept there for what felt like forever, muscles fluttering against him, and a warm tongue lapped against his balls. Castiel felt as though he had shot his brain cells out through his dick, and lay trembling against the bed. He opened his eyes to see the two of them kissing, whiteness pressed between their lips. They were sharing his come, and it was scorchingly hot. Possibly even hotter than watching them fuck. They pulled apart, both licking their lips with satisfied smiles.

“So which of us was it, whose throat you came down?” Jimmy asked.

Castiel opened his mouth, said nothing, and closed it again. “What do I get, if I'm right?”

Jimmy looked thoughtful. “I'll clean my room. And keep it that way for a month.”

Castiel's eyebrows went up, in shock. “Really.”

“Absolutely.”

“And if I lose?”

“Each of us gets to fuck you in whatever way we want. You can safeword, of course.”

“Hmm.” Castiel let the two think that he was thinking about it. In reality, he was around 80% sure it had been Jimmy. Sam still struggled to hold his breath for an extended time with a cock in his throat. He was curious what the two would do, if given free rein over choosing the position. And he couldn't really care less if Jimmy cleaned his room.

“It was Sam.”

“Ha!! Haaaaaa, hahahahaha!!” Jimmy fell over on the bed laughing. “Wrong! WRONG!! You were wrong!! You lose!!” Sam chuckled at Jimmy's antics. “Now we get to fuck you however we want!” Jimmy smiled gleefully at Castiel.

“Apparently you do. But do you think, possibly, that we could do it at home, possibly at a later time, rather than here?” Castiel's eyes found an ugly water stain on the ceiling.

“Sure! Let's head out.” Sam offered. “It wasn't my intent to make us stay the night. I just... wanted to
have a little fun.” Sam blushed.

“And did you?” Castiel asked.

“Fuck yes.”

“I’d rather shower at home than risk contracting who-knows-what from that tub.” Jimmy opined.

“Let’s do that, then.” Sam agreed.

The boys dressed, and Sam checked them out, smiling at the startled girl behind the desk. The
hopped in another cab back to the dorm.

Jimmy stuck around long enough to shower with them, before giving each a sweet kiss and returning
to his own room.

Sam and Castiel laid down for bed shortly after, curled up against each other. Sam's body was a
warm presence against Castiel's back, and a heavy arm wrapped around him, keeping him tucked
snugly against Sam. Both boys fell asleep, feeling happy and content.
Revelation

Chapter Notes

*WARNING WARNING WARNING*

The first scene in this chapter could be triggery. I assure you, even if it READS as non-con, it is fully consensual, if unexpected and undernegotiated. Don't flame me about it.

When Sam woke, it was very dark. Castiel was sprawled on his back beside him, out like a light. Sam slipped out of bed, careful not to wake him. A quick peek at his phone told him it was roughly two in the morning. Perfect.

Sam dressed hastily, not bothering with underwear. He dug in his backpack for his lockpick kit, and slipped it into a pocket with the small tube of lube. The knife, in its sheath, went on his belt. Sam had noticed that the curved backside of the blade wasn't nearly as sharp as the front, which he thought would be useful.

He slipped from the dorm room, and walked to Jimmy's, padding along silently in bare feet. He met no one in the halls. Glancing to both sides to be certain, he pulled his kit out and selected a rake. Within five seconds, the door was unlocked. He let himself in silently.

Jimmy's curtains were open, and the lights from outside filled the room with a ghostly sort of dimness. Jimmy himself was asleep, on his stomach on the bed. He must've been too warm, because he had kicked the blankets off of himself. The only thing he was wearing was a pair of light-coloured... panties.

Jimmy, you kinky little bastard. Sam chuckled softly. He wondered how upset Jimmy would be if Sam cut them off of him. Probably not very – it wasn't like he couldn't just go buy more. Sam walked to the edge of Jimmy's bed, staring down at him. He really was perfect.

Sam took a deep breath, pulling the knife from its sheath. Here goes nothing.

Sam slammed his hand down hard, on the back of Jimmy's neck, ramming the side of his face into his pillow. Jimmy woke with a yelp.

“Shut the fuck. Up.” Sam growled, deliberately deepening his voice. Sam positioned himself so that Jimmy couldn't see him, but that Sam could see Jimmy's one eye, wide and frightened. Jimmy opened his mouth, either to speak or to yell, but Sam pressed the back edge of the blade against his throat.

“Go ahead. Fucking yell. See what happens.” Sam grated out.

Jimmy managed to choke out, in a tiny voice, “W-what do you want?”

Sam's hand left the back of Jimmy's neck, and grabbed his ass cheek, hard. “I've seen you around campus. Flirting with anything with a fucking dick. Well, I've got a dick. One that you're going to be getting a whole lot more acquainted with.”

Sam squeezed Jimmy's ass, certain that he was leaving bruises. Jimmy whimpered. “No, no, please.
I... I don't..."

Sam pressed the blade a little harder against Jimmy's throat, and his broken pleading stopped abruptly.

"And look at these." Sam stroked a hand over the silkiness covering Jimmy's rump. "If I'd known you had these on, under those ragged-ass jeans, I'd have done this ages ago."

A high-pitched whine escaped Jimmy's mouth.

Sam wasn't really sure if Jimmy knew it was him or not. He'd been trying to emulate his brother's voice. If Jimmy did know, he was doing a really nice job of playing along.

"So. Here's how this is going to go down. I'm going to cut your pretty little panties off, and you're going to lie there and not fucking move. And then I'm going to fuck your pretty little ass. And you're going to lie there and not fucking move."

"N-no..." Jimmy tried to push himself up on the bed. Sam's hand was on the back of his neck in a heartbeat, shoving him back into the pillows.

"Don't make me hurt you, kid." Sam growled. Jimmy stilled, his breathing harsh. "Better."

Sam moved the knife from Jimmy's throat. He slid the wickedly sharp tip around the back of Jimmy's neck, trailing it down his spine. Jimmy shuddered. Sam slipped the point under the waistband of Jimmy's panties, and the knife split the fabric as though it was butter. Sam took his time carving Jimmy's panties off, until they were in ribbons against his bed, and Jimmy's ass was bare before him. Sam watched a tremor run through him.

Sam shifted, shoving Jimmy's legs apart and kneeling on the bed between them. Jimmy whimpered softly. Sam laid the knife across Jimmy's lower back, and took one of Jimmy's ass cheeks in each hand, squeezing hard and separating them. Sam couldn't stop his soft groan.

Jimmy was wearing a plug. Sam released one of Jimmy's cheeks and tapped, hard, on the base of the plug. Jimmy shivered and bit his lip.

"Are you that much of a whore that you need something in your ass, even when you're asleep?" Sam asked, a sneer on his face.

Jimmy was silent. Sam cuffed him, hard, upside the head, and he winced at the blow. "Fucking answer me."

"N-not a whore. I'm not..."

"A whore and a liar. Shut your fucking mouth." And for once, Jimmy did. Sam let go of him, unbuckling his belt and lowering his fly. The sound of the zipper seemed to frighten Jimmy, and he tried to lunge up off the bed. Sam grabbed the knife quickly, moving it to safety before pinning Jimmy against the bed with his body, squashing the smaller man against it.

Jimmy gasped for air under Sam's weight, and started to cry. "N-no..."

Sam stroked his hair, just a little too hard and rough to be pleasant, a mocking parody of comfort. "Shh, shh. Just let it happen. You know you want something bigger than that plug, anyway, don't you?"

Jimmy shook his head, no, pressing his face into the pillows. Sam knelt back up on his knees, pulling
out his cock and slicking it with lube. He pulled Jimmy's plug out sharply and slid into him with a groan.

“Fucking hell. You're tight, for a whore. Do you like that? Hmm?” Sam thrust hard against Jimmy's perfect, round ass. He braced himself up with hands on either side of Jimmy's ribs, the knife still held in one.


“Well, that's a shame. Because I'm fucking liking it.” Sam watched, hypnotized, as Jimmy's ass jiggled every time Sam slammed against it. “I'm... liking it so much that I may... ngh... have to come and do it again, sometime.” Sam set the knife on Jimmy's lower back again, and reached under him.

Jimmy was hard enough to cut glass. Sam chuckled, low and dirty. “At least your cock's not as much of a liar as you are, pretty.” Sam released him, and picked up the knife. Carefully, ever so carefully, Sam made a tiny nick in the skin of Jimmy's shoulderblade. Jimmy gasped. Sam watched a bead of blood well to the surface, before reaching back under Jimmy, and giving his cock a few long strokes.

“Let's see how you taste.” Sam thrust, stroked Jimmy, and closed his open mouth over the tiny cut, licking at Jimmy's blood. Jimmy wailed and spasmed, coming hard under Sam. Copper filled Sam's mouth and Jimmy's passage tightened against him. Sam came, too, filling Jimmy in a rush.

Sam panted for a few moments against Jimmy's back, before lifting himself up and pulling out. He slipped Jimmy's plug back in, before his come could leak out over Jimmy's sheets.

“It looks to me, whore, like you had a pretty good time after all. And I'm sure you're happier, with a load of come up your ass. And you're not going to report this as rape. You know why?”

Jimmy panted and trembled against the bed. He managed to shake his head, no, just a little.

“Because if you do, I'll come back and slit your fucking throat. Consider yourself warned.”

Sam zipped up, fastened his belt, and left the room.

*

Sam waited, just outside of Jimmy's door, for as close as he could figure was three minutes. Then he opened it again, and came back in. Jimmy hadn't moved, still breathing hard and trembling against the bed.

“Jimmy?” Sam's voice was his own again, and he sat down on the edge of the bed beside Jimmy. “Are you okay?”

Jimmy turned his face to Sam, peering up at him with one eye. “Those were my favourite panties.”

Sam grinned down at him. He searched scraps of fabric on the bed, and found the small label. He showed it to Jimmy, and pocketed it. “I'll buy you more.”

Jimmy's face split into a tired, satisfied grin. “That was fucking amazing, Sam. I don't even know the last time I came that hard. Cas gave you help with that, didn't he?”
Sam nodded, running a hand through Jimmy's dark, messy hair. “He did.” Sam confirmed. “I hope it was okay.”

“It was phenomenal, Sam. Thank you. I'm not still bleeding, am I?”

Sam looked at Jimmy's back. The tiny nick had closed, barely leaving a mark. “You're good.”

Jimmy rolled over, splaying out on his back. “You made a mess of my sheets.” Jimmy grumbled.

“I most certainly did not.” Sam modulated his voice into mild indignation. “All of my come is packed neatly up your ass.” Jimmy moaned and squirmed a little. Another surge of lust rose within Sam, and his cock twitched.

“Keep moving like that, and making noises like that, and I'll roll you back over and fuck you again.” Sam couldn't keep the heat from his voice.

“As lovely as that would be, we have class in the morning.” Jimmy flipped to his side and curled up, pulling blankets over himself. Sam leaned in and kissed his forehead, and then his lips. Jimmy closed his eyes and smiled.

“Do you want me to stay?” Sam ran a finger down the edge of Jimmy's jaw.

Jimmy yawned hugely. “No, it's okay. Go back to my brother and report your successful attack on me.” Jimmy winked and grinned. Sam gave him a final kiss and left the room.

*

Castiel was still out, when Sam returned to the room. Sam didn't wake him. He just curled up beside him, smiling, before drifting back to sleep.

Sam was awakened by a nudge against his ribs. He blinked, confused, and the light seemed to poke him in both eyes. Sam groaned and pulled the pillow back over his head.

The pillow was snatched away. Sam opened his eyes, just a little, to see Castiel grinning down at him.

“Awww. Are you all tired, after your nighttime activities?” Castiel attempted to sound sympathetic, but his voice was filled with suppressed glee. Sam grumbled and turned his back to him. He heard the door open, and Jimmy walked in, carrying three foam takeout containers.

“Jimmy, you're my hero.” Sam muttered, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. He made grabby hands towards the containers in Jimmy's hands.

Jimmy passed them out, and him and Castiel sat at the desks. Sam opened his, still sitting on Castiel's bed, and groaned softly at the delicious-smelling food. Eggs, bacon, hash browns and toast.

“You know.” Jimmy spoke around a mouthful of eggs. “That's exactly the noise that the guy who broke into my room and raped me last night made.”

“Weird coincidence.” Sam stated, before filling his face with eggs. The twins chuckled.

Together, the three got ready for their day. Shower time devolved into Sam on his knees, with one
twin in his throat and the other close by, Sam's hand on his shaft, stroking firmly. Sam's other hand stroked his own cock, hard, and he came, splattering the tub. Sam's shudder seemed to set Castiel off, who spilled all over his face, streaking Sam's skin with whiteness. The sight set Jimmy off, who groaned and came down his throat.

The twins insisted on putting Sam's cage back on afterwards, saying he'd had far too much fun in the last few days. Sam complained half-heartedly, but he really did love it.

Feeling happy, well-fed and relaxed, the boys parted for their day of school.

*

Sam returned after his classes and immediately noticed no fewer than eight heavy fabric garment bags in his sparsely-filled closet, and several shiny white shopping bags sitting in the bottom. Everything bore the name of the store where Sam had been fitted for his suits.

"Your shopping arrived." Castiel said needlessly, not looking away from his computer screen.

Sam unzipped one at random, finding a pair of beautiful white dress shirts. The next one yielded the tux, the fabric silky against his fingers. He zipped them back up carefully. The bags contained the accessories – belts, shoes, ties, pocket squares. There were even v-neck undershirts and silk socks and new underwear. Sam swallowed hard.

Castiel's arms slipped around him from behind, squeezing.

"Cas, I... I can't..." Sam wanted to express that he couldn't have nice things like this. That they weren't part of his life. That he didn't deserve them.

"You can." Castiel murmured, his face pressed between Sam's shoulderblades. "We wanted you to have these, even before we knew how little you'd had, growing up. You're part of our lives, Sam, and that means you're part of our world, now. And that, unfortunately, sometimes means dressing up."

Guilt twisted in Sam's stomach. "You shouldn't have spent so much on me..."

"We wanted to, Sam. That was our choice. It was something we wanted you to have." Sam was turned by Castiel to face him, Castiel's hands on his hips. "It was a gift. It was nothing."

"But... but it was so much money, Cas..." Sam's eyes looked despairingly over at the garment bags.

"It was nothing. I know that it seemed like a lot to you. I get that. But my father owns Novak Pharmaceuticals, Sam. And that's a billion-dollar multinational corporation. If I told my dad I wanted... a Lamborghini, he'd buy me one. If I told him I wanted my own plane, he'd buy me one. Honestly, Sam, fifteen grand to outfit you, so that you can mix in society? That's a drop in the bucket."

Sam's mind whirled. Guess my estimate was wrong – it wasn't ten thousand, it was fifteen. Jesus Christ. And did he say... mix, in society? Sam's heart stuttered.

"I... I can't, Cas. I can't 'mix' with your crazy wealthy friends. I'm gonna stand out like a sore thumb.
I'm trash, Cas, I..."

The hard slap across Sam's cheek blindsided him completely. He stopped speaking, lifted a hand to his burning cheek, and stared down at Castiel.

Who looked absolutely furious. A muscle was jumping in Castiel's jaw, and he was breathing hard through his nose.

“How dare you say something like that, Sam.” Every one of Castiel's syllables dripped with rage. “How dare you even think it? You... you are not trash. You, Sam Winchester, are one of the smartest people I've met in my entire life. You're smart and funny and clever and kind. You've faced challenges that my 'crazy wealthy friends' couldn't even imagine, and you've beaten them, and come out on the other side even stronger. I've spent my entire life surrounded by the spoiled kids of my parents' friends, and let me tell you, every single one of them is boring as fucking hell. Not one of them can hold a candle to you, Sam. You shine so much brighter than they ever could.”

Sam stared at Castiel, and Castiel stared at Sam. Sam could tell he meant every single word. It was funny, but somehow Castiel's confidence in him made Sam feel like maybe be could actually do it. A smile pulled at the corners of Sam's mouth.

“You dumbass. Don't ever say anything like that ever again.” Castiel sounded flustered and upset and exasperated.

Sam murmured, “I won’t”, before wrapping his arms around Castiel and kissing him hard. Castiel opened against him, and Sam slipped his tongue inside, tangling it with Castiel's. He kissed him until they were both breathless, Castiel hard, and Sam hard against his cage, before pulling back. They stood forehead to forehead, panting softly, breathing each others' air.

“Put on one of the suits. I want to see.” Sam distinctly heard a slightly pleading tone to Castiel's voice. Sam nodded. Anything for Castiel.

Sam kicked off his boots, and stripped from his socks, worn jeans, flannel, and t-shirt. He folded them neatly. He hadn't bothered with boxers that morning.

Sam stared at the small pile of worn, secondhand clothing. It had never bothered him before, but it looked particularly woebegone compared to his new suits. As loathe as Sam was to ask Castiel to spend any more money on him, maybe he'd buy Sam a couple of new things, if Sam could work up the courage to ask. Maybe some jeans and a couple of shirts that fit properly. Sam hesitated, not sure what to do.

Castiel's hand was warm on his back. “What is it, Sam?” He sounded concerned.

“I... you know, up until you bought me the suits... almost all of my clothes were second-hand.” Sam blushed crimson at the admission. Castiel said nothing. Sam put his hand down on the neat pile of clothes. “Everything in this pile came from a thrift shop.”

Sam barely heard Castiel's soft intake of breath.

“Do... do you think, maybe, sometime...” Sam tried to force the words out. “Maybe... could... could we maybe get me some new jeans? And maybe a couple of shirts? Nothing fancy, just... things that actually fit.”

“Of course we can, Sam. Of course. I didn't know.” Castiel hugged Sam again, from behind.

“I... I don't mean to sound ungrateful, or like I'm... using you...” Sam stopped, not sure what he was
trying to say.

“I can't even begin to imagine you ever being ungrateful for anything. I understand. This weekend, we'll get you some casual clothes. It's no trouble. And you're not using me. If anything, I'm using you. And you do take to being used so very, very well.” Castiel's body was warm behind Sam, and he kissed Sam's shoulder. There was a soft pat on his rump, and Castiel instructed. “Put on the suit.” Castiel turned, and sat on the edge of his bed.

Sam shivered at the command in Castiel's soft voice. He opened the new packages and garment bags, pulling on the luxurious fabrics. He faced the mirror, his back to Castiel, as he slid on the charcoal-grey jacket and straightened his dark green tie. He buttoned the top one of the two jacket buttons, and turned to face Castiel, his new socks a little slippery on the floor. He held a black polka-dot pocket square in his hand, uncertain how to fold it.

Castiel looked shocked. Utterly stunned. Sam got progressively more uncomfortable the longer Castiel was silent. Sam ran a nervous hand over the back of his neck. “Cas?”

Castiel blinked, seeming to return to his senses. He stood, walking to stand before Sam. He smoothed his hands across Sam's broad shoulders, and down the front of his jacket. “You look beautiful, Sam.” Sam blushed. “Amazing. Gorgeous. That suit is perfect on you. I knew you'd clean up good, but I didn't think it'd be that good.” Sam blushed darker and ducked his head.

He saw Castiel reach into his pocket and pull out his phone. One button-push later, he was on the phone with Jimmy. “Get over here now.” Castiel hung up the phone and turned Sam again, running his hands down Sam's broad back.

The door burst open a few moments later, and Jimmy, wild-eyed and out of breath, ran in and pulled up short, right in front of Sam. He stared, too, looking absolutely gobsmacked.

“You... you...” Sam saw Jimmy's throat work. “You look really good, Sam. Really good.” Jimmy did exactly what Castiel had done – running his hands across Sam's shoulders, and then down his chest. Castiel's hands had slid under his jacket, and were resting warmly on Sam's hips.

Jimmy took a step back and examined Sam critically. He plucked the pocket square from Sam's fingers and folded it so quickly that Sam couldn't follow what he had done, before tucking it neatly into Sam's pocket. “There's something... hot as fucking hell, Sam – that combination of your perfect suit and your crazy fucking sex-hair.”

“Good summary.” Castiel added, from behind Sam's back. Sam blushed again. He was glad that the clothes met the twins' approval, but thought they were a little too generous with their praise. Anyone would look good, in a suit that expensive.

“So, I'm thinking that we'll order in some food...” Castiel began.

“I want pad Thai.” Jimmy cut in.

“So, I'm thinking we'll order in some Thai, and then spend the evening letting Sam know just how gorgeous we think he is.” Castiel's hands squeezed Sam's hips.

“Sounds like a plan.” Jimmy grinned, and Sam nodded, still blushing.
After some friendly chatter and delicious pad Thai, which the twins made Sam eat naked (‘Wouldn't want to have to send the suit for cleaning, would we?’), Sam found himself sitting on the bed, watching Castiel pull bundle after bundle of rough black rope from the gear bag. Castiel, apparently, knew Shibari.

He had Sam stand, as he carefully tied an elaborate harness around Sam's torso. It ran between his legs, and had a strategically-placed knot against his perineum, before the ropes split to wrap around his upper thighs, leaving his hole available.

Sam watched, fascinated, as Castiel worked. He really knew what he was doing. The rope felt amazing against his skin, pressing just hard enough to leave marks, but not so hard as to impede blood circulation.

Sam's arms were bound behind his back next, in some sort of ladder-like bondage that ran all the way from his shoulders to his wrists. Sam was authentically impressed. He had a feeling he wouldn't be able to get out of it – not without a knife.

A surge of panic about not being able to defend himself ran through him, but he pushed it down, hard. You’re not going to need to. Chill.

From there, Castiel guided Sam to kneel on the bed, cheek against the mattress and ass in the air. Strong bands of multiple strands of rope bound Sam's right thigh to his right calf, and his left thigh to his left calf. Sam could spread his legs, and kneel up a little, but there was no way he could stand.

“Jesus, that's pretty.” Jimmy sounded awestruck.

“What is?” Castiel asked.

“Sam. Mostly Sam. And your ropework, like always. And all I can tie is a granny knot.”

“How does that feel, Sam? Colour?” Castiel stroked down Sam's thigh, over the neatly wound rope.

“Green, Sir.” Sam's eyes drifted shut. He had almost forgotten the peace he felt in being bound. There weren't any decisions to make. “Feels really good. Really, really good.” Sam added.

“No tingling? No coldness or numbness?”

“No, Sir.”

“Good. That means I can keep you like this for as long as I want. You will let me know, if any of those things happen.” Castiel's voice was stern.

“Yessir.”

Castiel slipped up on the bed behind Sam and spread his legs a little wider. His fingers found the knot against Sam's perineum, and pushed it harder, against him. Castiel carried on like that, pressing and releasing it rhythmically.

Jesus Christ. Sam moaned softly.

Sam recognized the click of the lube bottle, heard a zipper, and felt slick fingers at his hole, rubbing and probing gently.

“One more thing, I think.” Jimmy's voice said, and fabric touched Sam's head. It was soft, stretchy,
and covered Sam's head and face. Sam's eyes flickered open, and all he saw was pitch blackness. Sam froze.

Every hunter instinct Sam had was screaming. He was bound, helpless, and blind. Anything could happen, and Sam wouldn't even see it coming. Every sensation was drowned in panic, and it was all he could do to force the word from his throat, “R-red...”

A whisper was all he could manage. It was lucky Jimmy was still so close.

“Jesus, Cas, he safeworded red. Stop.” Jimmy slipped the hood from Sam's head immediately, and found a terrified-looking Sam, hyperventilating, shaking, and crying. Castiel had his emergency shears in his hand within half a second, cutting strategically-placed ropes, so that they simply fell away. Sam collapsed against the bed on his side, curling up into a tight ball. Castiel laid behind him, hands soothing over Sam's skin. Jimmy was in front, his face very close to Sam's, a hand on Sam's cheek.

“It's all right, Sam. You're okay. You're okay. Breathe with me, okay? Nice and slow and deep.”

Sam pried his eyes open, peering through his tears to see Jimmy's incredible blue eyes and deliberate, slow breaths. Everything seemed a little dim and grey, for how bright Sam knew the room was. He drew in shaky breaths, trying to emulate Jimmy, and the greyness faded a little.


Sam became a little more aware of Castiel's hands against him, and the soothing touches helped Sam to stop shaking. As the terror faded, a deep embarrassment took its place.

“I... I'm sorry...” Sam choked out.

“No, no no no no no, Sam. You didn't do anything wrong. No. You were perfect. That was my mistake, and I'm so very, very sorry.” Jimmy kissed him over and over again, murmuring apologies between the kisses.

Sam shook his head. “You... you didn't know that would happen. I didn't know that would happen.”

Castiel covered the three of them in warm, soft blankets. He encouraged Sam to uncoil from his tight ball a little, spooning up behind him after tucking a pillow under Sam's head.

“That was totally my fault. I thought that if you were okay with the blindfold, you'd be okay with the hood. I'm so sorry.” Jimmy looked close to tears himself.

Sam shook his head. “I... it wasn't the hood. It was a combination... of the b-bondage and the hood. I... I can handle being b-bound, or blindfolded, but n-not both, at the same time, apparently. I... I didn't know.”

“And now we know.” Castiel's voice was deep and calm. “And we can be sure that never happens again. Do... do you know why it happened, Sam?”

Sam nodded glumly. He supposed that now, the only secret he had left from the twins was the one big one. And they deserved to know. “It's... it's a bit of a story. And it's going to sound crazy, but I swear, every word is true. I wouldn't lie, to either of you.”

“We know, Sam.” Jimmy brushed Sam's tears away, and tucked his hair back.

“We're happy to hear anything you want to share with us.” Castiel wrapped an arm around Sam's
tummy, and pulled himself tighter against Sam's back.

“It...” Sam paused. “Every monster you've ever heard of, well, most of them, anyway, are real. Anything you've been told goes bump in the night, probably does. Vampires, werewolves, ghosts, demons, shapeshifters, and so many more... all of them are real. And along with my dad and my brother, I used to hunt them and kill them. That was my job.”

Both twins were shocked into silence.

“I was trained to kill monsters from the time I was six years old. It was a demon that killed my mother, and burned my house down. My father and brother are still hunting it. That's why I can pick locks. That's why I've got so much combat experience. That's why I know how to use knives and guns.”

Sam paused. “That's why we moved so much, growing up. We were chasing the monsters, following reports of them, and hunting the demon that killed my mother. That's why I'm okay with sleeping on the floor, because if there wasn't a motel around, or the money was gone, or the cops were after my dad, we squatted in empty buildings.” Sam paused again.

“I was the lucky one. I was the younger brother, so I got some slack cut for me. I was the smart one, the one that knew the Latin invocations backwards and forwards, without needing to read them. I was the one that dug through the lore, and did the research. I gave my brother and father the intel they needed to take the damned things out, and backed them up while they did it. We saved a lot of people.”

There was complete silence, a long pause, as Sam stopped speaking.

“So...” Jimmy broke the silence. “Do... do real vampires really sparkle in the sun?”

Sam couldn't help but laugh. “No. No, they don't. It hurts their eyes, sure. But they couldn't give a damn about crosses or garlic or stakes through the heart. You stake a vampire, it's gonna pull it right back out, and it's likely to put it right through you, because now you've pissed it off. No, you kill vampires by beheading them.”

Jimmy scrunched up his cute little nose. “So you're Team Jacob?”

“Werewolves get silver, usually a bullet, right through the heart.” Sam answered, seriously.

“Jimmy, stop.” Castiel chided gently. He sat up, a hand on Sam's hip, staring down at him. Sam rolled over onto his back. “I believe you. And it explains a lot, about why you are they way you are, Sam. And it explains why you panicked, when we took away your ability to see and defend yourself.”

Sam felt a sweeping sense of relief.

“And knowing this doesn't change anything, with regards to how we feel about you.”

“Nope!” Jimmy chimed in.

“If anything, it makes me respect you more, that you were able to do all of that with your family, and still attend school, and get a full scholarship to college! That really is astounding, Sam.”

Sam blushed.

“Say something in Latin, Sam.” Jimmy nudged him.
“Christo.” Sam said, and waited, before chuckling.

“Uh... what?” Jimmy asked, looking confused.

“If either of you were possessed by a demon, you'd have flinched at the name of God, spoken in Latin. And your eyes would have flickered to solid black.”

“That's crazy!! Say something else!”

“Exorcizamus te, omnis immundus spiritus, omnis satanica potestas, omnis incursio infernalis adversarii, omnis legio, omnis congregatio et secta diabolica – ergo, draco maledicte. Ecclesiam tuam securi tibi facias libertate servire, te rogamus, audi nos.” Sam rattled off a standard demon expulsion incantation. “And if either of you were possessed by a demon, that would have just driven it out of you, in a cloud of swirling black smoke.”

Jimmy's eyes got even wider, and his mouth gaped open. “That is fucking cool.”

“It's not so cool when one is in the process of trying to kill your brother, and every syllable has to be perfect, or he's going to die.” Sam hadn't meant that to come out quite as harsh as it did. Jimmy winced. Sam rubbed a hand up his back, in apology.

“I don't know how many times I'm going to need to say it, Sam, but I'll say it as long as you need me to. You're absolutely amazing.” Castiel's voice was soft. Jimmy nodded fervently.

So he had done it. He had told them the last big truth, and they were still there, still supporting him.

Sam felt a strange lightness. It was so profound it made him a little dizzy, and he was glad he was laying down. Castiel laid back down, snuggling against him, under his right arm. Jimmy was snuggled under his left.

Sam fell asleep without meaning to, a small smile on his face.

Castiel glanced over at Jimmy, who was watching him. They didn't need to speak to agree that Sam was telling the truth. And Castiel could see, in the lack of tension in Sam's shoulders and face, that a great burden had been lifted off of him. Castiel was profoundly glad that Sam trusted them enough to share what Castiel was sure had to be his biggest secret.

It was still fairly early, barely eight o'clock, and Castiel and Jimmy would normally have gotten up and gotten some schoolwork done, or watched a movie or something. Instead, they stayed snuggled against their boyfriend, hoping their presence would bring him some calm, peace, and reassurance.

It did.
The Dark

Chapter Notes

Sorry this one is a little shorter, folks. I'm suffering with a migraine, but wanted to get this out.

Thanks for your patience.

Sam was feeling a little better the next day. A little less exposed, and a little less self-conscious. He didn't feel bad, either, about telling the twins about the things he used to hunt, despite it being the one big secret he was supposed to keep. He wasn't sure they entirely believed him, and he hoped they never had a reason to.

Jimmy joined them for breakfast, before they parted for the day of classes.

Afterwards, Sam returned to the room. Cas, who was almost always back before him, wasn't there. Sam didn't think much of it, and sat down to do some work. A few hours later, it was starting to get dark, and neither Cas nor Jimmy had appeared. Sam wasn't terribly worried, he figured that they were off doing something together.

Just then, Jimmy let himself into the room with his key. He looked around, clearly agitated.

"Sam, Cas isn't answering his phone. I don't know where he is!"

"He's not with you?" Sam asked blankly.

"No! I haven't seen him since breakfast!" Tears rose in Jimmy's eyes.

Sam stood immediately, pulling on his boots. "We'll find him. Where was his last class?" Sam snagged his flashlight, lockpick kit, and the knife from the gear bag.

Jimmy named the building, and the boys left the dorm, Sam striding quickly, and Jimmy half-jogging to keep up.

Sam's hunter instincts were on high alert. He didn't know what had happened, but it couldn't be good. Castiel had never failed to answer when Sam had texted or called. The building Castiel had had his last class in had security, and he doubted Castiel was still there. Which left the area in and around the building, and the path between there and the dorm.

The sides of the building were well-lit and landscaped with several bushes. The back, however, was dark and unlit. There were a few bushes, and two dumpsters. Sam held the knife tight, the flashlight in his other hand.

"Stay behind me." Sam murmured to Jimmy.

They found Castiel slumped against one of the dumpsters, unconscious. There was no sign of any assailant. There was a smear of blood on the wall nearby.

Sam rushed to him. Castiel was covered in blood, an ugly gash high on one badly-swollen
cheekbone, still bleeding sluggishly. Sam pressed fingers to Castiel's neck, feeling for a pulse, which was strong and steady.

"Cas!" Jimmy whimpered, crumpling to his knees beside his brother.

"It's all right, he's breathing, and his pulse is good. Come on, we need to get him to Health Services." Sam pulled Castiel away from the dumpster, cradling his head and feeling more wet blood. He lifted Castiel into a bridal carry, Castiel's head limp against his shoulder. Sam was actually glad his clothes were second-hand, as Castiel's blood smeared and soaked into his shirts.

They walked as quickly as they could to Health Services. "You're all right, Cas." Sam murmured, kissing the top of his head. "You're gonna be fine. Just fine." Sam could hear Jimmy crying and sniffing beside him.

They caused quite the flurry of activity when they arrived. Castiel was placed on a stretcher and his neck braced. Sam and Jimmy watched the medical staff working on him. Sam answered the nurse's questions woodenly, Jimmy tucked under his arm and clutching his shirt.

When the nurse left, Sam pressed a kiss to Jimmy's cheek. "He'll be okay. You should call your parents."

Jimmy did, trying to convey what had happened in between bouts of sobbing. He didn't have a lot of success. Sam held out his hand for the phone, and Jimmy gave it to him.

"Hello?" Sam asked.

"Good evening. What's happened to my son?" A deep male voice responded crisply. *The twins' father.*

Sam made the switch automatically into fact-reporting mode, shutting down his emotions. "He appears to have been mugged, sir. He has a deep laceration high on his left cheekbone, with substantial swelling, which may be broken. There was blood on the back of his head. His skull may be fractured. He's likely concussed. We've only just arrived at Health Services. They'll probably take him to imaging soon, sir."

"And I'm assuming this would be Sam."

"Yes, sir." *Holy shit, he knows who I am.*

"If James is unable to, I would be grateful if you would keep me updated as to my son's condition."

"Yes, sir." Sam had almost forgotten Jimmy was actually James.

"I'll have a plastic surgeon en route directly, to see to the stitches. Thank you." The line went dead, and Sam passed the phone back to Jimmy, who was nearly in hysterics.

Sam held him tight, rubbing his back, his eyes on Castiel's still form. The swelling on his face was bad, and Sam could see the start of what promised to be some horrific bruising. The blood on the back of his head worried Sam. He watched the nurses wrap Castiel's head in white bandages, and his cheekbone with a pad of gauze. Castiel looked small and broken.

A nurse walked from the team surrounding Castiel, to speak to Sam and Jimmy. "He needs x-rays and a CT scan, we need to be sure there's no fractures, no cerebral bleeding or bruising. We can do them here. Please wait here, while he's in x-ray."
Sam managed to give her a small smile and nod. Jimmy turned into Sam's side as they wheeled Castiel off, sobbing hard. Sam tried his best to comfort him with quiet words, kisses, and holding him close.

“He'll be okay, Jimmy. Your dad's sending a plastic surgeon, to stitch him up. He's in good hands. He'll be okay.” Sam prayed that he was right.

It seemed to take forever until Castiel was brought back to his room. He still hadn't woken. Sam sat on a chair to his right, very close, with Jimmy curled on his lap. Jimmy held Castiel's hand, his eyes red and swollen.

Nurses came and went, checking Castiel's vitals, and putting in an IV drip. Sam and Jimmy ignored them. Sam's eyes were on his boyfriend's swollen face when his eyes slowly flickered open.

“Cas??” Sam leaned in, touching a hand gently to the bandages which wrapped Castiel's head. Jimmy sobbed, clutching Castiel's hand.

Sam watched a frown mar Castiel's features, as he slowly worked out where he was and what was happening. He tried to turn his head, but the rigid collar around his neck prevented it.

“Hey, Cas. You're okay. Relax. They've got a collar on you.” Sam kept his voice low and steady, watching Castiel relax just a little. His hand, in Jimmy's, tightened.

“I-h-hey.” Castiel's voice was rough. Castiel's eyes found Jimmy's tearful ones, and Castiel smiled, just a little. “I'm... I'm okay, Jimmy. I'm okay. We're okay.”

Jimmy threw himself across Castiel's abdomen, holding him tight. Castiel's hand came up, sinking into the hair on the back of Jimmy's head.

Sam couldn't make out what Jimmy was saying, and he doubted Castiel could, either. He caught a few phrases, like, “so worried”, “okay”, and “mom and dad”.

The doctor walked in, a smile on her face. “I'm glad to see you awake. I have good news.” Jimmy sat up, wiping at his face. “The back of your skull and cheekbone are both fractured. Neither is severe, and neither is going to require reconstructive surgery. You'll be needing some stitches. I understand a plastic surgeon has arrived, to take care of that for you. You'll be concussed, and may have some memory issues for the first little while. There's no indication of a spine injury, so we can go ahead and get that collar off.”

Jimmy reached for it, removing it with nimble fingers. He passed it to the doctor. Castiel looked relieved to have it off.

The doctor continued. “We'll give you some pain meds, through your IV, and then your doctor will be in to stitch you up.” She smiled, and left.

Sam smiled at Castiel. “That's good, that's really good. That's about as good as we could've hoped for.” Castiel smiled at Sam, as Jimmy laid back down across Castiel, his arms tight around him.

Jimmy's voice was shaky when he spoke. “What... do you remember what happened, Cas?”

Castiel frowned. “It... the guy was huge. He told me to give him my wallet and phone, and I refused. I ran, but he caught me. I... I kicked him, but it just pissed him off. He slammed me off a wall. He pulled out a gun, and hit me.” Castiel's fingers touched the thick bandages on his cheek. “That... that's it.”
“Christ, Cas.” Sam couldn't believe Castiel had tried to fight. “You're lucky he didn't fucking shoot you.”

Castiel nodded, stroking a hand through his brother's hair. “I... I suppose all my stuff is gone, huh? My bag? My laptop?”

Sam nodded. “It was just you, out cold behind the building.”

“Fuck.” Castiel rested his head back against his pillow. “Jimmy, can I borrow your phone?”

Jimmy passed it to him. Castiel dialed and waited. “Hey, Dad. Yeah, yeah, I'm okay. My skull and cheekbone are fractured, no surgery needed. Concussion. I was mugged. They got all my stuff. Can you arrange for a team to recover the laptop? Its GPS is on. It's got all of my schoolwork on it.”

There was a pause as Castiel listened. “Yeah, if they can get the phone, too, that'd be great. But the laptop is more important. I'll need new copies of all my ID.” Another pause. Castiel glanced at Sam. “I will. Thanks, Dad. Love you.” Castiel hung up and handed the phone back to Jimmy.

“You just got mugged, and you're worried about your laptop?” Jimmy made a disgusted face up at Castiel, who gave him a tired sort of grin.

“Of course I am. Unlike you, my schoolwork is important to me.” Sam chuckled, and Jimmy stuck out his tongue at him. “And my father thanks you for the call, Sam.” Sam nodded.

Shortly after, the plastic surgeon arrived. He was a calm man, dressed in an impeccable suit. Sam watched as he removed the bandages and buzzed off a strip of hair on the back of Castiel's head. He stitched Castiel's scalp and cheek with incredible skill and precision, and rebandaged him carefully afterwards. Castiel was relaxed and drowsing against his pillow as the doctor worked, clearly in no pain at all. Sam was deeply envious of the man's skill. If Sam knew how to stitch like that, some of his own scars wouldn't be nearly as bad.

Several hours later, they left Health Services. Castiel was awake and alert, and together they made their way back to the dorm. Castiel had been given a pass from the doctor to take a week off from classes, along with painkillers and antiinflammatories.

Back at the dorm, the boys showered and changed, insisting on helping Castiel, who was a little unsteady on his feet. They ordered in some Chinese food, and wheedled and begged Castiel, who said he wasn't feeling very hungry, to eat some. He did, once Sam and Jimmy had both pulled out the puppy-dog eyes on him. They were settling into Castiel's bed to watch a movie when there was a knock on the door.

Jimmy, who was closest, hopped out of bed and opened it. A huge man, taller than even Sam, stood on the other side, smiling. Dark hair cut short, dark eyes. His posture, to Sam, screamed ex-military. He seemed to fill the entire doorway. Sam had no idea who he was.

“Henrik!” Jimmy grinned up at him, and gave him a hug. The man chuckled, giving Jimmy a squeeze in return.

“Mr. Novak. Good to see you again.”

“Henrik, this is Sam. Our boyfriend. Sam, Henrik. Henrik's... uh, well, he works for our family.” Jimmy walked back to the bed. Henrik walked in, closing and locking the door behind him. He was carrying a dark briefcase.

Sam and Henrik nodded and smiled to one another. Sam helped Castiel to sit up, on the bed.
“I was deeply regretful to hear what had happened, Mr. Novak. I hope you will make a full and speedy recovery.” Castiel smiled at him. Henrik moved to Sam's desk, placing the case on it and opening it with a click.

“Your laptop, sir. Your phone, and your wallet, containing your ID. Your bag. All undamaged. The credit cards and any cash you had on you were not recoverable. I've put replacement cards, and some money, into your wallet.” Henrik lifted the items from the case one by one.

Sam heard Castiel's sigh of relief. “You're a genius, Henrik. Thank you.”

“You are welcome. Your assailant was located, and handled.” Castiel nodded.

Sam's blood froze. *Handled??*

“I'm glad he won't be able to hurt anyone else.” Castiel offered.

Henrik nodded. “He will be in prison for many years.” Sam's heart unclenched. “If that was all, sirs?” Henrik smiled at Castiel and Jimmy.

“Yes, thanks so much, Henrik.” Castiel smiled.

“Stay awesome, Henrik!!” Jimmy grinned at him.

Henrik turned to leave, giving the twins a small bow, before closing the door behind himself. Jimmy locked the door after him.

Sam was a little stunned at the speed and efficiency with which Castiel's belongings had been recovered. But he supposed that if you had enough money, you could make it happen.

Castiel laid back down, and Sam snuggled up beside him. Jimmy resumed his spot on Castiel's other side. The movie started, but Sam and Jimmy were mostly watching Castiel, who looked tired and pale. In short order, Castiel had fallen asleep, his head lolling towards Sam. Jimmy turned the movie off.

“Sam?” Jimmy whispered. Sam looked over at him. His eyes were wide.

“Yeah?” Sam kept his voice low, too.

“How come... how come you didn't, like, break down, like I did, when Cas got hurt?” Jimmy's eyes were still swollen and red from his earlier crying.

“Because...” Sam paused. “Because I've seen my dad and my brother get hurt a lot. And when someone gets hurt, and they need help, there isn't ever time to break down and cry. You lock those emotions down, and you do what you have to do, to get them safe. And you can cry about it later, if you need to.”

Jimmy stared at him for a moment, before his eyes flickered to Castiel's broken, swollen face. They filled with tears, which he let fall. Sam reached over Castiel to grasp Jimmy's hand.

“I've never seen him hurt like this, Sam. Neither of us has ever been hurt like this. I... I was scared he might die.” Jimmy whimpered.

“Jimmy, honestly, he's really lucky he wasn't shot. If I'm not there, and someone tells you to give them your wallet or phone, you give it to them, Jimmy. You don't fight. Because people get killed that way.” Sam's eyes were wide and worried, and his voice was heavy with emotion. “Promise me.”
Jimmy nodded, brushing away his tears. His hand tightened against Sam's. “I... I promise.”

“I can't lose you, Jimmy. I... I can't... I can't lose either of you.” Sam's voice broke, and all of the emotions he'd been shoving down since he saw Castiel crumpled against the dumpster came pouring out. He sobbed and shook against Castiel's side, tears spilling onto Castiel's shoulder.

Sam felt Castiel jolt awake, felt a gentle arm against his back. He knew Castiel was speaking softly, but he was too distraught to hear.

All Sam could think about was how very, very close he had come to losing Castiel, to losing the happiness he had found with the twins, to losing this thing that the three of them were building together. If the impact against the wall had been harder, if the gun had hit a little higher, or if the guy had been just a little more trigger happy, Castiel would be dead. Sam knew Jimmy would be lost without his brother, despite his swaggering declarations of independence. And Sam would be lost, too.

He just hadn't realized how lost he would really be, until it had become a very real possibility.

And it was terrifying.

Sam sobbed uncontrollably, until his throat was aching and his eyes were dry and burning. He gradually became aware that his hand was fisted in Castiel's shirt, as though he was petrified to let go. Castiel's arm was wrapped around his shoulders, and his other hand rested over Sam's tightly-clenched fist. Jimmy had wrapped himself around Sam's back, half-draped over him, holding him tight.

“It's all right, my love.” Castiel kissed Sam's forehead. “I'm not going anywhere.”

Sam forced his words out, through his sobs and through clenched teeth. “You almost did, Cas. We almost lost you.” He heard a sob from Jimmy.

“I know. I'm so sorry. It was stupid of me to run, and to fight. It was a stupid mistake, to risk my life for a laptop. I'm sorry.”

It was a long night for the boys, filled with tight clutches and tears and reassurances and whispered apologies and kisses. Early morning sun was seeping in around the curtains before the three managed to fall into an exhausted sleep, still wrapped around each other.
Okay. So, firstly I want to thank you guys for your kind words, and understanding, and patience. Anyone who reads the comments knows that I've had a pretty phenomenally shitty week, and I just want to thank everyone who's offered me support, and also to thank everyone who's been waiting patiently for this chapter, and stuck with me.

You guys mean the world to me. Thank you.

(Also, for anyone that was curious about the stories I've enjoyed, I made all my bookmarks public.)

Sam woke first, blinking in the brightness and feeling generally awful, partially draped over Castiel. He was glad that he and Jimmy and had agreed last night to take today off, to stay with Castiel. Sam took a moment to really look at him.

Castiel looked ghastly. His left eye was swollen nearly shut, and deeply blackened. He looked pale and weak and exhausted, even in sleep. Sam fought down the overwhelming urge to maim, to kill the person who had done this to Castiel. It took him several deep breaths to calm himself down. He kissed Castiel's uninjured cheek softly.

Sam moved carefully from the bed, trying not to disturb the twins. Castiel seemed completely out, but Sam watched a small frown cross Jimmy's features as he was jostled, and he clung a little more tightly to his brother.

He showered and dressed quickly, scribbling a note to the twins before slipping out of the room. He thought he'd see if he could find some breakfast for the lot of them.

Fortunately, he was able to find a restaurant on campus that was still serving, despite it being well after noon. He loaded up with coffee, juice, water, snacks, and what was probably too much food, before heading back to the dorm.

When he slipped in, the twins were naked, lying face to face, foreheads touching and hands held together, speaking softly. They both turned to him and smiled when he entered. He placed his armfuls of food and drinks on Castiel's desk, before bowing with a sweep of his arm. “Your breakfasts, my Lords.”

“Hmmm. I like that. Like you're some sort of... medieval peasant.” Castiel grinned, looking Sam up and down appreciatively.

Sam grinned, too, dropping to his knees. “I live to serve, my Lords.” He bowed his head before looking up again, seeing the mischievous glint in the twins' eyes. Castiel's, though, were tinged with something – a tightness around his mouth and eyes.

“Have you taken your pills yet, Cas?” Sam stood, worried, and moved to the pill bottles from last night. He recognized antibiotics, a narcotic painkiller, an antiinflammatory, and a sedative.

Castiel shook his head, no, and winced. Sam shook one of each pill into his palm (minus the
sedative), and brought them to Castiel, along with a small bottle of apple juice. He knelt again, holding them out to Castiel, his head bowed.

“You're beautiful like that, Sam.” A hand stroked down the back of Sam's neck. “I think you should bring us our breakfasts. And I think you should stay on your knees. You can eat on the floor, beside the bed.” Castiel took the pills and the juice from Sam.

Sam felt a thrill of lust surge through him, and moved to comply. His cage suddenly felt a little tight. He knelt before the desk. “And what would my Lords like to drink?”

“Coffee”, Jimmy muttered, rubbing his eyes.

“The juice is fine, thank you, Sam.”

Sam returned to the edge of the bed, passing the food, utensils, and napkins up to the twins. He sat cross-legged on the floor, leaning against it. Someone's hand stroked through Sam's hair, and he paused in opening his breakfast, his eyes flickering closed under the touch.

“Eat.”

Sam's eyes flickered open, and he smiled. The hand withdrew, and the boys ate. Sam finished first, and waited patiently. Jimmy finished shortly after, passing the empty container to Sam. Sam shifted to his knees, and watched Castiel pick somewhat listlessly at his food.

“You have to eat, Cas. The pills can give you a sick tummy, if you don't.” Jimmy cajoled.

“Please, Master, eat?” Sam flashed his best puppy-eyes up at Castiel.

Castiel chuckled. “I swear, between the two of you, you could convince a saint to sin.” He ate more, stopping when there was only a little left in the container, before passing it to Sam. Sam smiled brilliantly up at him.

Castiel's smile in return was a little pinched, but genuine, nonetheless. Castiel brushed Sam's hair back, his fingers lingering on Sam's cheek. “And you light up the room, when you smile like that.” Sam blushed self-consciously. He saw Jimmy nodding in agreement. Sam deposited the empty containers in the rubbish, and crawled back to the bed.

“Up. Strip. Come up here.” Castiel patted the bed. The twins separated, leaving room for Sam in the middle. They laid back down, and Sam had a damp-haired, sweet-smelling twin on each shoulder. He wrapped his arms possessively around them. Castiel fell asleep almost immediately, a hand loose over Sam's stomach. Sam kissed the top of his head, and then the top of Jimmy's, who turned his face up to Sam's. Sam kissed him lightly.

“Cas desperately needs to sleep. He'll probably sleep for most of the first couple of days, if my past experience with concussed people counts for anything. We have to be as careful as we can, with making sure he follows the dosing schedules on the meds.” Sam murmured to Jimmy.

Jimmy nodded. “I know. And we need to limit both his physical and mental activities as much as we can. No schoolwork. No reading, no television. No movies. Only cuddling. All the cuddling.” Jimmy lowered his head back to Sam's shoulder, snuggling up against him. Sam chuckled, pulling him close.

“Is this Dr. Novak's expert professional opinion, then? And are you concussed, that you need cuddling too?” Sam asked in a whisper, smiling.
“Totally expert opinion.” Jimmy stretched like a cat beside him, before curling up again. “And I'm not, but if Cas is getting cuddles, there's no way I'm not getting them too.”

Heat had flared through Sam when Jimmy had stretched, all slender limbs and graceful movements. He slid his hand up Jimmy's back and into his hair, before clenching hard and pulling Jimmy's head back. Jimmy's eyes were wide with surprise and lust.

“And what if I want more than cuddles from you? What if I want my cock in your throat?” Sam asked in a low growl. Jimmy whimpered plaintively, and immediately moved to lift the key to Sam's cage off, over his head.

Jimmy eased Sam's cage off and set it and the key aside. Sam hardened instantly, and Jimmy leaned over, running a hot tongue up the underside of Sam's shaft. Sam couldn't help but shudder, and Castiel shifted slightly against him.

“Be still. You'll wake Cas.” Jimmy scolded in a whisper.

Sam retaliated by gripping the back of Jimmy's head and forcing his cock down Jimmy's throat. Jimmy went willingly, swallowing against the intrusion. Sam managed to stop his moan from escaping. From watching Jimmy with Cas, Sam knew just how very, very good that Jimmy was at holding his breath in that position. And the sensation was phenomenal, tight and wet and hot, fluttering against him. Sam came embarrassingly quickly. Jimmy swallowed, pulled off, and licked his lips with a smirk.

“Shut up.” Sam grumped, as Jimmy laid back down, with his head on Sam's shoulder.

“Done domming out on me, are you, Sir?” Jimmy's soft voice was playful and mocking.

“Oh, you are so in for it later.” Sam hissed. He used a hand in Jimmy's hair to pull Jimmy's face to his own, kissing him deeply, tasting himself on Jimmy's tongue before releasing him.

“Promises, promises.” Jimmy said airily, cuddling contentedly against Sam.

* 

Sam and Jimmy had put a movie on, the sound turned down low and the captions on. They watched it, and then a second one, before Castiel started to stir. Sam kissed Castiel's forehead, and Jimmy sat up, on Sam's other side.

“Morning.” Sam murmured. He thought Castiel looked a little better. There was a little more colour in the cheek that wasn't swollen and bandaged. When his eyes flickered up to Sam's, they seemed a little clearer. Sam smiled at him.

“I highly doubt it's morning.” Castiel's voice was rough. Sam helped him to sit up. Jimmy scooped up a bottle of water from the desk, and passed it to Castiel, who drank thirstily.

“It's actually closer to dinner time. Almost time for more medicine. What do you want for dinner?” Jimmy asked.

Castiel shook his head, and drank a little more of the water.
Jimmy flat-out glared at him. “You choose, and then you eat. Or I'll choose, and you'll eat anyway.”

Castiel's mouth quirked upwards into a half-smile. “Did someone promote you to boss while I was asleep? I don't see anyone here with that level of authority.” Castiel glanced around the room, and his eyes fell on Sam's cage and key, on the desk. He froze, and the smile fell from his face.

Jimmy's eyes followed Castiel's, and his mouth dropped open. “Uh... er... I can explain that.”

Sam craned his head back towards where the twins were looking. Oh, shit. The cage.

“Can you really.” Castiel's voice, while light, held the note that let Sam know that he was in deep, deep trouble.

Jimmy's mouth snapped shut.

“Sam.”

Sam's heart rabbited in his chest. “Y-yes, Cas?”

“Do you remember the day that I put that key on you? What I told you it was for?”

_Emergencies._ “Yes, Sir...” Sam's voice was small.

“So I'm going to go ahead and assume there was some sort of serious emergency, that required you to take it off, and _leave_ it off. Would that be correct?”

“Nosir.” Sam whimpered.

“Tell me what happened, then.” Castiel reached down and stroked Sam's hair.

“He wanted a blowjob.” Jimmy blurted out.

Castiel's eyes moved to his brother's. He looked nonplussed. “I don't think I asked you, Jimmy.”

Jimmy's mouth snapped shut again, hard enough that Sam heard his teeth click together. Castiel turned piercing blue eyes on Sam, and Sam stared back, trembling. Castiel's hand was still smoothing through Sam's hair.

“Did you think, perhaps, that my being injured in some way negated the _one rule_ which applied to the use of your key?”

“N-no, Sir... I didn't think...”

“Clearly.” Castiel cut across Sam, who stopped speaking abruptly. “What you did, Sam, was selfish and incredibly disrespectful. Don't you agree?”

“I'm sorry, Sir. I'm so sorry.” Castiel's hand tightened viciously in Sam's hair, and Sam gasped.

“I didn't ask for an apology. I asked if you agreed.”

“Yes. Yes, Sir. I... I agree.” Sam swallowed down his apologies. “It... I was selfish and disrespectful.”

“So. Your punishment will be twofold.” Castiel's grip on Sam's hair loosened, and began its soothing stroking again. Sam wasn't comforted. He felt wretched, and couldn't believe what he had done.
“Firstly, it will be a very, very long time before you come again, Sam. I was under the impression that we had agreed that it was I who decided where and when you come.”

“You... we did. You do.” Sam stammered, feeling tears burning at the corners of his eyes. He thought he'd die, if Castiel didn't let him apologize.

“Hmm. It must have slipped your mind.”

Sam whimpered, and the first of his tears fell.

“So. There will be that, and you'll also be caned.” Castiel paused, his hand stilling in Sam's hair, and Sam groaned.

Anything but that. And he's gonna ask...

“How many, do you think you deserve, Sam? Firstly, for taking off your cage. Secondly, for coming without permission, and thirdly, for leaving it off?”

Sam whined, a high-pitched, desperate sound.

“Jimmy, why don't you help out Sam. Tell him how many he deserves. The standard rate.”


Sam froze, panicked, his mouth open. Fif.... fifty five?? I can't take fifty five hits with a cane!!

“It's all right, Sam.” Castiel's hand resumed its gentle petting. “Jimmy is very good with the cane. He'll be sure to find fresh skin for every strike.”

Sam and Jimmy both choked.

Sam thought, logically, that of course, there was no way that Castiel could exert himself like that right now. He should have known Jimmy would be called upon to administer the punishment.

But from the noise Jimmy had made, it had caught him just as off-guard as it had caught Sam.

“Go on, Sam. Go lie face-down on your bed, and spread your legs. Nice and wide.” Castiel nudged Sam gently.

Sam got shakily to his feet, and moved to his crisply-made bed, lying face-down on it. He turned his tear-streaked face towards Castiel, who was watching him neutrally. Jimmy was kneeling, digging in the gear bag. Sam could see him trembling.

“P-please...” Sam begged, unable to stop himself.

“Hush. No more words, unless they're 'green', 'yellow', or 'red.' Any other word will be an additional five strikes. Understood?”

“Yessir.” Sam whispered. Not even once did it occur to Sam to safeword. He knew he had screwed up, and that he deserved to pay for it. Sam closed his eyes and waited.

Castiel had been right – Jimmy was good with the cane. Sam's skin ached and seared with every strike, but there was no acute pain, no sense of skin splitting or blood dripping.

To Sam, every stroke felt like an apology accepted. If he wasn't permitted to apologize with words,
he could apologize with pain. He could apologize by receiving his punishment with acceptance and grace.

Sam was silent, shaking with his efforts to stay still, one cheek pressed into his pillow. After around twenty five, the pain building, Sam's quiet tears shifted to sobs. His breathing grew harsher, and the sobs harder, as Jimmy continued. Sam lost count, awash in the pain radiating from his ass and thighs. He was a mess of snot and tears by the time Jimmy stopped swinging, his breath raspy between bouts of uncontrollable sobs.

And through it all, Sam hadn't moved.

Sam faintly heard the click of the cane hitting the floor, and someone was right in front of his face, murmuring, cleaning him up with a soft, damp cloth.

Another someone climbed onto the bed on his other side, stroking a hand down Sam's back.

It took Sam a long time to calm down, his breathing slowing and evening out. Tears still trickled, wiped gently by the twin with the soft cloth.

“Forgiven. It's forgiven. You did so well.” The twin in front murmured. Castiel. Sam sagged, exhausted, against his bed, the tension that he had held himself still with evaporating. He felt Castiel's lips against his forehead, his cheek, and his lips.

“My good boy.” Castiel's lips moved against Sam's. It felt like a benediction, like a blessing. Sam relaxed in its warmth. His tears stopped, and his blurry eyes opened, seeing Castiel's, inches in front of him.

“You...” Sam's voice faltered, and he coughed. “You should be lying down. Sir.”

“Yes, I know. Come, lay with me.” Castiel stood from where he had been kneeling on the floor, and laid back down on his own bed, beckoning Sam to him. With Jimmy's help, Sam levered himself up, not letting any part of his welted skin touch the bed. He walked unsteadily to Castiel, Jimmy's arm around his waist, and lowered himself down on Castiel's bed, on his stomach, face turned to Castiel.

“Some Thai, I think, Jimmy, please. Unless there was something else you wanted, Sam?”

Sam shook his head, just a little, no. His eyes closed again.

He must have drifted off, because when he woke, the delicious smell of Thai food was permeating the room. Sam's mouth watered. He sat up quickly, not really thinking what he was doing, and the pain of sitting on his welted ass and thighs made him jolt off the bed. He heard Castiel chuckle from somewhere very close by.

“Son of a bitch!” Sam scrambled to his feet, getting the pressure off his skin, breathing hard through his nose. Castiel and Jimmy were sitting at the desks, eating.

“Pills.” Sam said abruptly. “Did you take your pills?”

“Yes, Sam. All four, as it's fairly late. And I'm feeling a little better. A little hungry, actually.” Castiel lifted a forkful of noodles to his mouth demonstratively. He chewed, swallowed, and winked at Sam. He passed Sam a takeout container.

“I'm glad you're feeling better, Cas.” Sam felt... strange. He knew he had misbehaved, and yet didn't feel that overwhelming need to apologize that he had felt earlier. He didn't feel it at all – instead, he felt absolved.
The twins snickered at him, on and off, as Sam ate his meal standing up.

After the food was gone, Jimmy knelt before Sam, reattaching his cage. Castiel sat on the edge of the bed, and pulled Sam between his legs once Jimmy was done. Sam slipped to his knees unthinkingly. In Castiel's hand was Sam's necklace, bearing the emergency key.

Sam flushed and looked down, ashamed of his behaviour. Castiel tilted his face back up, to meet Castiel's gaze.

“This key, Sam, is a privilege. If you abuse it again, it will be revoked. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir.” Sam nodded, and Castiel slipped the necklace over Sam's head. Sam clutched the key tightly, vowing to himself not to break Castiel's trust again.

“I know you love to play with Jimmy.” Castiel's voice was gentle. “And you're always allowed. But if I've caged you, your cock belongs to me.” Sam nodded again. He knew that. Of course he knew that.

A surge of gratitude flooded Sam, that Castiel was so forgiving.

After that, it was time for cool showers, which made the welts on Sam's skin flare and tingle. It was pleasure and pain all wrapped into one confusing package, making Sam tremble and harden. Both twins seemed to taken an inordinate amount of pleasure in stroking fingers over Sam's welts, just to watch him shudder, and hear him make small noises. They seemed know exactly what Sam was feeling.

Once all three boys were dry, and Sam's knees weren't feeling so wobbly, Sam absolutely insisted that Castiel allow him to check the stitches for damage, pulling, or signs of infection. Castiel rolled his eyes, but sat patiently as Sam peered at the wounds. To his immense relief, Sam found no signs of any problems. He carefully rebandaged Castiel's cheek and the back of his head.

All three of them piled back into the bed. Castiel's movements were becoming sluggish, his eyes flickering closed as they settled themselves. Sam always thought that he should be on the outside, so that the twins could snuggle with one another, but they really, really seemed to like having him in the middle. And Sam certainly wasn't going to complain about being flanked in bed by two stunningly beautiful boys.

Sam's thoughts shifted suddenly to his brother, of all things. Dean had brought twins back to the motel room once, before booting Sam out to sleep in the car. Sam couldn't remember their names, just piles of curly blonde hair, too-sweet perfume and lipstick the colour of cotton candy. One of them had looked at Sam appraisingly as he had beat a hasty retreat to the parking lot. Sam hadn't been the least bit jealous at the time, and he still wasn't. Dean had had twins for one night, before they had left town. And not only were Sam's twins infinitely more beautiful and smarter, kinder and more generous, but Sam got to keep them.

Suck it, Dean. Sam grinned to himself as he fell asleep.
There was a knock at the door.

Sam groaned, keeping his eyes closed tight, and turned his head towards the side Jimmy was on, away from the door. Jimmy's breath was warm on his skin.

Another knock.

Fuck off. Sam buried his face in Jimmy's hair. He felt Castiel move, on the side of the bed closest to the door. He felt Castiel get up.

There was a rustle of fabric, and the door opened. Sam didn't bother to look at who it was.

“Can I help you?” Castiel's voice was always polite, even right after waking.

“Dude. What happened to your face?”

Dean?? Sam sat bolt upright in bed, jostling Jimmy off of him. Jimmy grumbled bitterly, turning away from Sam.

“Heya, Sammy.” Dean had his signature smirk on. Worn denim and dad's old leather jacket, with the collar popped.

“Dean! Shit! I... uh... fuck.” Sam ensured Jimmy and himself were covered with the blankets, blushing. Castiel had slipped into a robe, thankfully, before answering the door.

Castiel's eyes were darting between Sam and his brother. Dean's eyes were darting between the twins.

“Well, since Sammy doesn't seem to want to do it - hi. I'm Dean Winchester. Sammy's big brother.” Dean extended his hand to Castiel, who shook it firmly.

“Castiel Novak. And my brother, Jimmy.”

Jimmy, still mostly out of it, sulky and annoyed at all of the noise while he was trying to sleep, flipped back over to face Sam and sat up, ripping the blankets off in a huff.

Dean's eyes widened and his jaw dropped. Sam saw Dean see his cage.

Sam scrambled to pull the blankets back, blushing furiously, as Jimmy became aware they had company.
“Jimmy, fuck!!” Sam panicked, yanking at the fabric, covering himself and Jimmy.

Jimmy's eyes widened, too, and his jaw dropped, as well. He stared at Dean, who had a blush rising on his cheeks. And then he burst into peals of hysterical laughter.

None of the other three said a single word. It was the first time Sam had ever known Dean to not have some sort of smart-ass comment about a situation.

“That was way more of you than I ever wanted to see, Sammy.” And there it was.

“Serves you right, for showing up unannounced at your brother's dorm at too-fucking-early o'clock.” Jimmy chuckled, wiping the tears of laughter from his eyes. Sam didn't really see anything funny about the situation.

“Could you, perhaps, wait in the hall for just a moment, to allow us to dress?” Castiel, Sam thought, ever the diplomat.

“Sure. No worries.” Dean threw Sam a wink and another smirk, and stepped out into the hall. Castiel closed the door softly behind him.

“Jesus Christ.” Sam collapsed back against his pillow, throwing an arm over his eyes, mortified. “I can't believe my brother showed up here. I'm so sorry.” Sam thought about that last smirk – it was the expression that Dean used to show Sam when Sam managed to pick up a girl of his own.

“It's absolutely fine, Sam. Come, let's get dressed. I'm going to assume he doesn't know about your... sexual proclivities.” Castiel dropped his robe, moving to his closet.

“No!! No, he... he doesn't know anything about what I'm into.” Sam crawled out of bed, pulling Jimmy with him. “Well, now he knows more than he ever wanted to, I'm sure.”

Sam pulled on a threadbare T-shirt and some ratty jeans. Castiel had a dress shirt and slacks, and was rolling up the sleeves. Jimmy swiped one of Sam's t-shirts, which was much too big on him, and pulled on some cargo pants.

“Do you want him to know of the dynamics of our relationship?” Castiel asked softly, watching Sam as they both pulled on socks.

Sam had the 'no' formed in his mouth, when he stopped. Why should he care what Dean thought of his submission to Castiel...? He was a damned adult, on his own, and making his own life. And he was happy with what he, Castiel, and Jimmy shared.

“Yes. I... I don't want to hide what we have. I'm proud of it.” Sam's chin rose a little, at the end of his sentence.

“God, you're amazing, Sam.” Castiel's fingers ran through Sam's sleep-mussed hair. He bent down and kissed Sam softly before standing again. “Everyone decent?”

“Yes.” Jimmy said, still sulking, just a little. He was always grumpy in the mornings, particularly when awoken when he didn't want to be.

Castiel opened the door, and let Dean back in. “Please, come in. Have a seat.” Castiel sat down in the chair in front of his desk, and gestured Dean to the chair in front of Sam's.

Dean took it, removing his jacket and folding it. He placed it on Sam's desk, and turned the chair to face the boys. Sam sat on his still neatly-made bed, and Jimmy sat cross-legged beside him.
“Now, stop me if I'm wrong here,” Dean started. “But there seems to be one more person here, than there are beds.”

“My room’s down the hall. But since Cas got hurt, I've been staying with him and Sam. And then there's the part where we're all, you know, together.” Jimmy stated factually.

Sam closed his eyes and drew in a slow breath. Jimmy, Jesus Christ.

“Forgive my brother. He has a habit of saying whatever comes into his mind. But it is true that we're in a polyamorous relationship, of a very... particular sort.”

Dean shot Castiel a strange look. “What does that mean, 'particular'?" He was clearly unfazed by the 'polyamorous' part.

Castiel's eyes darted to Sam, who took a bracing breath, and nodded. He was sure.

“Well, we live in a pretty much twenty-four/seven BDSM relationship.” Castiel explained.

Dean blinked. His mouth opened, as though he was going to speak, and closed again. He blinked again. There was a long pause.

“So...” Dean drew out the vowel sound. “So... Sam tells the both of you what to do, and you do it?”

“Not exactly.” Castiel smiled. “Sam? Kneel.”

Sam dropped to his knees immediately, his head bowed a little. He heard Dean's sharp intake of breath.

“Display.” Castiel's voice was soft.

Sam shifted immediately, straightening his back and lifting his head, keeping his eyes lowered. His knees spread, and his left hand gripped his right wrist behind his back.

“Holy hell.” Dean murmured. Sam broke his form and risked a glance over at Dean, and saw, to his utter astonishment, that Dean was hard in his jeans. Sam looked back down, keeping his eyes on the floor as he started to blush.

“Sam can stop this, at any time. He has the power to stop any scene, any activity that we do together. He submits to us willingly, gladly, and lovingly.” Sam felt his heart swell a little at that, and couldn't stop his smile.

“You're, like, really attractive, Dean. You've got the best lips. And those freckles are adorable.” Jimmy shifted towards Dean a little. “Do you like boys? I'm thinking you like boys.”

Dean started, looking flustered, pulling his eyes from his utterly still brother, kneeling on the floor. “W-what? I...”

Jimmy spotted the bulge in Dean's jeans and grinned widely. “Yeah, I think Dean likes boys. And I think Dean is hot for little brother.”

Dean spluttered indignantly, and Sam couldn't help but smirk. It was nice, for a change, to see Dean – cool, unflappable Dean – struggling to stay collected.

“You should know, Dean, that both myself and Sam engage in sexual activity with my brother. Society may deem it taboo, but really, who exactly is sex between two consenting male adults hurting, even if they are related? There's no judgment here.”
“I... I don't...” Dean started.

“And you should know, Dean, that we both fuck your brother. Sometimes at the same time.” Jimmy added helpfully.

Sam groaned and clenched his teeth. *Too much information, Jimmy. Too much information.*

Dean froze at Jimmy's words and Sam's groan. Sam wasn't even sure he was breathing. Sam risked another glance over at him. He was staring blankly back at Sam.

“Ohhhh, Dean *likes* the idea of baby brother split open on two cocks.” Jimmy teased.

“That's enough, Jimmy.” Castiel chided.

Jimmy rolled his eyes, but stopped speaking.

Sam couldn't believe that this conversation was happening, between his boyfriends and his brother. *I mean, sure, Dean's hot. He always has been. But he doesn't even swing that way. But if he doesn't swing that way...* Sam glanced at Dean again, seeing the long line of his cock against the denim. *... then why is he hard enough to pound nails??*

“That is in chastity to me, as well. He's... highly excitable.” Sam heard Jimmy snicker. “Which is why he wears the cage that you unfortunately saw earlier. I'm sure that, given the choice, that wouldn't have been how he would have chosen to share that bit of information with you.”

*That's putting it mildly.* Sam stayed utterly still. Dean stayed utterly silent.

“And when Sam misbehaves, he's punished. He was punished last night, actually.”

“Punished how? You hurt my brother??” Dean's voice was hoarse, and Sam heard worry and the potential for anger in it.

“Last night, Sam was caned. Punishment can mean a number of things, though. It can be corporal punishment, or something as simple as being made to stand nose-first in a corner.”

Sam didn't see Jimmy's shiver at that, but Dean did. Dean frowned, not quite understanding.

Castiel noticed his confusion. “I am a dominant. Both my brother, and your brother, are switches. They both enjoy dominant and submissive roles. I dominate them both, and they dominate each other.”

Sam peeked and saw Dean lean back a little in his chair. He looked thoughtful, and was still hard in his jeans.

There was silence for a long moment.

“How long does Sammy stay on his knees like that?” Dean asked Castiel.

“Until I tell him to move.” Castiel answered simply.

Sam smirked as he heard Dean groan softly.

“Remember, Dean. No one is forcing Sam to participate in this. He's free to stop at any time, and free to refuse any command. And with that in mind...” Castiel paused. “Sam, strip.”

*OhmyGod.* Sam released his death grip on his wrist, and pulled his T-shirt up and over his head. His
fingers fumbled a little with his belt, but he managed to get it off, and undid his fly. He knelt up, pulling down his jeans, and heard Dean's hiss. Sam froze, his jeans just above his knees.

“Which one of you did that to his ass??” Dean's voice was curt.

*Right. The welts.*

“Jimmy did. But it was Sam's choice to accept the punishment for his misbehaviour.” Castiel offered.

“What did he do wrong?” Dean asked brusquely.

“Sam used a key to his cage, which was reserved exclusively for emergencies, to remove it. He orgasmed down my brother's throat without permission, and neglected to resecure himself in it, afterwards.”

Dean was silent for a moment before speaking again. “I guess he deserved it, then.”

*Oh Jesus.* Sam shifted, hardening against his cage and working his jeans off. He pulled his socks off. He shifted back to his knees, naked on the floor, resuming his display position.

“Sam is normally very, very good for us. Highly obedient and eager to please. I'm not entirely certain what prompted his serious lack of judgment last night, though I have my suspicions.”

*And I bet you thought you weren't gonna catch hell for that, Jimmy.* Sam tried to hide his smirk, and heard Jimmy's annoyed huff.

“Sam...” Castiel addressed him.

“Yes, Sir?” Sam answered.

“He calls you 'Sir'??” Dean interrupted, sounding incredulous.

“He calls me whatever I tell him to call me, Dean.” Castiel answered calmly.

“Christ.” Dean sounded skeptical, and Sam knew exactly why. Sam had railed against calling his father 'sir' for his entire life, and yet offered it freely to Castiel.

“Sam, your brother seems to be in a little distress over there. He looks like he could use some relief from his erection. Perhaps your mouth would be of service. Would you enjoy that?”

Sam choked and shuddered, and heard Dean make a similar noise. Castiel was asking him if he wanted to suck his own brother's cock. Sam was shocked to find, when he thought about it truthfully, that the answer was yes.

He tried to answer, but it came out as a croak. Sam nodded, and forced out, “Yes, Sir.”

“Jesus, Sammy.” Dean sounded disbelieving, and... hopeful?

“Would you like Sam to help you out with that, Dean?” Castiel asked softly.

“Fuck yes.” Dean gasped out, to Sam's immense shock.

“Then get to it, Sam.”

Sam turned towards his brother, keeping his eyes low. He shuffled on his knees to between his brother's legs, and reached up to undo Dean's belt. One of Dean's hands was clenched on the arm of
Sam's chair, but the other lifted to touch Sam's hair, ever so lightly.

“God, Sammy.” Dean's voice was a whisper, and it made Sam tremble. Sam eased Dean's jeans open, and pulled out his hard, blood-heavy cock. Dean passed Sam a condom, and Sam rolled it down his length. Dean groaned as Sam wrapped his hand around the shaft, and gave it a few tentative strokes. Dean was thicker and longer than either twin, and nearly as big as Sam himself was.

“Wanted... wanted you since forever.” Dean panted. Sam paused, stunned by that tidbit of information. But... what about all the girls Dean was always chasing? Sam leaned in, and licked a long stripe up his brother's cock, before closing his lips over the head, running his tongue across the sensitive spot on the underside of the glans. Sam hated the taste of the latex, but acknowledged it as a (temporary, only temporary) necessity.

“God. Dad... Dad would have fucking ended me, if I touched you, Sammy. All those fucking girls, and not one of them was as pretty as you.” Dean's words devolved into a long moan as Sam lowered his head, taking his brother's length into his throat, lips pressed against his skin.

Sam's mind reeled under Dean's revelations, and Dean's hand sank into Sam's hair, pulling him back up the length of Dean's cock. Sam gasped for breath, his eyes watering a little, before Dean pushed him all the way back down.

“Christ, Sammy. Who taught you to take a cock like that?? These two? Fucking hell.” Dean's hand held him there, and a rough thumb brushed away Sam's tear, when it fell.

Sam's jaw was already starting to ache when Dean pulled him back up for another couple of gasped breaths. He ran his tongue across Dean's slit, and Dean shuddered.

“Feel free to fuck his face and throat. You won't hurt him. Sam loves it. He can come from it, actually, when he's not caged. He loves to be used.” Castiel supplied.

Sam groaned, and the vibrations pulled an echoing groan from Dean.

“That true, Sammy? You want me to use you?” Dean pulled Sam off his cock completely, holding his lips just above it. Sam's mouth was open, lips shiny with spit. Sam tried to reach for it with his tongue, but Dean held him out of reach. “Answer me, Sammy.”

“Yes, yes, Dean. Please.” Sam begged breathlessly.

Dean groaned and forced his little brother's mouth back down over his cock, hard, making him choke. Sam's hands came up, gripping tight on Dean's thighs, as Dean worked his head up and down along the length of Dean's cock.

Sam was a mess of spit and tears, and achingly hard against his cage as his brother fucked his mouth.

“For future reference, Sam's a bit of a come slut, too. Just loves to be filled with it. He'll swallow, just so you know, if you don't give him any other instructions.” Castiel said lightly.

“That... that true?” Dean groaned, his hips beginning to thrust erratically against Sam's lips. “Want my come, baby boy?”

Sam whined with need, nodding as best he could, and his brother's hand clenched in Sam's hair as he exploded in Sam's mouth, filling the condom. Sam wanted desperately to taste it. He lowered his lips down Dean's length, coaxing the last few spurts of come from his brother's cock. Dean shuddered as Sam withdrew.
“Oh my God, Sammy. Jesus.” Dean panted. “Never, never in my fucking life...”

“He's really very good, isn't he. I'm glad that you were open with your feelings concerning desiring him. Thank you for that. Did you enjoy that, Sam?” Castiel's voice was soft.

“Very much, Sir.” Sam's voice was wrecked, and his throat ached in the best kind of way. His heart felt... strange. Full, kind of, knowing now that his brother had wanted him, and not the parade of sluts he brought home. It made him feel like he was more important to Dean than he had ever realized.

“Well.” Jimmy sounded a little grumpy. “Sam didn't get his breakfast, and I, for one, am starving, and we need to get some food into Cas post haste, so that he can take his meds.”

Dean removed the condom and tucked himself back into his pants, watching Sam, who still knelt, eyes lowered, between his legs. Dean hesitated for a moment, before leaning forward a little and slipping a hand under Sam's chin, tilting his face up.

Sam's eyes locked on Dean's brilliant emerald ones. He saw Dean swallow hard, and knew how difficult it was for Dean to talk about his feelings. He was going to tell Dean that it was okay, that he didn't have to say anything, but he was honestly curious what Dean would say.


“Love you too, De.” Sam whispered, and Dean leaned forward and kissed him, soft and chaste, lips closed.

Something inside Sam melted when Dean professed his love and kissed him. Sam wasn't sure what it was – some sort of lingering resentment, maybe, that Dean was always Dad's favourite. Dad's perfect soldier, and Sam's inability to ever compete with that relationship.

No one ever professed love in Sam's family, and he hadn't really been sure that either John or Dean had felt it towards him.

Now, though, Sam didn't care what John thought about him – John could go to hell and rot there - but to know that Dean loved him and wanted him... that Sam hadn't just been a burden that John shoved on him... that meant the world. Sam burst into tears.

“Sammy! What...” Dean slipped from the chair onto his knees, and pulled Sam tight against him while Sam shook with sobs. Sam's hands clenched the back of Dean's shirt, and Dean's hands were warm against his naked back.

“I'm guessing that, from what Sam's shared of his childhood, love wasn't a big part of his life, growing up.” Castiel opined, softly. “He said you were raised as soldiers, and that he was often left in your care, which should never have happened, to either of you.”

Dean nodded blankly, running his hands up and down Sam's back as Sam continued to cry into his neck.

Castiel sighed. “I think... I think Sam needed to hear what you said just now many years ago.”

“But... but he knew. He had to have known.” Dean answered Castiel.

“I'm not sure he did, Dean.” Castiel sounded heartbroken.
“Oh my God. Sammy.” Dean pulled Sam's shaking form away from him to stare into Sam's tear-filled eyes. Dean brushed Sam's hair back from his face. “Sammy. You knew, you knew I loved you, right, when we were kids? That you were the most important thing to me?”

Sam shook his head, no. His sobs shook his entire body. “I... Dad dumped me on you. He m-made you look after me. I... I th-thought you r-resented me. Th-that you thought I w-wasn't ever good enough. L-like Dad did.”

“Oh, no, no, baby boy. No.” Dean pulled Sam close again, kissing the side of his neck. “I'm so sorry, Sammy. I didn't know. No, I never felt that way. Dad was too harsh on you, way too harsh, and he never appreciated how smart you were. He never liked how different you were, from me and him. We're grunts, but you, Sammy, you're special. That's why I pushed Dad so hard to keep you in school. I knew you could be better than either of us, and look at you now. Fucking Stanford. I'm so proud of you.”

Dean had pushed John, to keep me in school? And Dean... Dean's proud of me?? Sam was so stunned that he stopped crying.

“B-but Dad...” Sam started.

“Fuck him. What he said to you was wrong. What he did to you was wrong. I haven't even seen him, since you left to come here. He drank himself stupid, bought a truck, took half the gear from the Impala's trunk, and bailed on me. I've been solo ever since.”

Sam trembled in Dean's arms, overwhelmed.

Dean's voice in his ear was barely more than a breath. “I... I tried to stop him, Sammy. You were so little, but so was I. I tried...”

Sam shook his head, hard, heaving in a deep breath and trying to collect himself. “I know. I know you did. It's done, it's over. We... we're okay.”

Dean turned his head, and pressed a kiss to his brother's temple. He released Sam, and sat back. Sam did, too, wiping self-consciously at his tear-streaked face.

“I'm glad, so very glad, that Sam had you there for him, Dean, even if he didn't know how deeply you cared.” Castiel's voice was calm and even, and hearing it calmed Sam further. “I think maybe a shower, and then some breakfast. Sam, Jimmy, go.”

Sam stood immediately, unquestioningly, and went to the bathroom. He didn't see Dean gape at the fading henna tattoo across his lower back.

Jimmy followed a few steps behind, stripping once he was in the bathroom with Sam. He closed the door down to a crack.

Sam stood in the middle of the bathroom, staring at nothing at all. He heard quiet voices from the room, until Jimmy started the shower and took his hand, pulling him into it.

He stood in the shower as Jimmy washed him, mind still whirling. Sam couldn't believe how much he hadn't known. He had been so wrong about Dean, so angry and resentful, for so long. Only to discover that he had nothing to be resentful about.

Dean had been just as trapped, just as unhappy with the situation, as Sam had been.

Under Jimmy's gentle touches, he tipped his head backwards, and warm water flowed through his
hair. Jimmy nudged him to get out, and Sam did, scrubbing at his skin with a towel. Jimmy joined him shortly after.

They brushed their teeth side by side at the sink, and redressed. The quiet voices could be heard again from beyond the door, but stopped as Jimmy stepped out, pulling Sam along with him.

Castiel stood, flashing Dean a smile, and retreated to the washroom.

“I'll keep an eye on him in there.” Jimmy nudged Sam towards Castiel's vacated chair. Sam took it, staring at the floor between his own bare feet.

“You know you shouldn't be hunting alone, right?” Sam burst out, after a quiet minute.

“Well, I'd rather be alone than with Dad.” Dean responded. “Do they know?” He nodded his head towards the bathroom. “What we do?”

Sam nodded.

“They seem like good people. How'd they take it?”

“How does any civilian take it?” Sam sat back, shaking his hair out of his eyes. “I think they believe me. The scars help.”

“Did you tell them that not all the scars are from...”

“No. And they don't need to know, Dean. It doesn't matter.”

“Oh. Uh...” Sam glanced at his brother, who was looking uncomfortable and rubbing the back of his neck.

“Oh my God, Dean, did you tell Cas that Dad used to beat me?” Sam covered his face with his hands.

“Beat us, Sam. You weren't the only one getting hit, though you were his favourite target. And they deserve to know, if you're getting beat now for shits and giggles. And they own you.”

Sam shot Dean a disgusted look. “They don't own me, Dean. It's not like that.”

“That's not what your back says.” Dean observed.

Sam froze.

“Look, I get it. I know a little about that sort of stuff. I've never played with it like you are, with these two, but I know what it's about. And I've seen you miserable for long enough to know when you're happy. And you're pretty fucking happy with them. Clearly.”

Sam didn't answer.

“I've never seen you as content in your life, Sam, as you were on your knees just now. It's like... it's like it makes you feel safe. Cared for.”

Sam nodded. “They love me, and I love them.” His voice was a little ragged.

“I'm glad, Sam. I'm so glad. You have no idea.” Dean stood, walked to Sam, pulled him out of his chair, and hugged him tight. “And you give a killer blowjob.” Dean added in a whisper.
Sam pulled an arm back and punched Dean in the ribs. Dean chuckled.

“Seriously, though. Every girl I picked up, I wished she was you. It isn't even other guys, really... it's just you. You're fucking perfect. And I'm so glad you found some happiness. You deserve it.”

Jimmy and Castiel emerged from the bathroom just then. Sam pulled away from Dean and opened his mouth to speak, worried about Castiel's stitches.

“They're fine.” Jimmy preempted him. “No pulling, no redness, nothing. Can we pleeeeeese get some breakfast now??”

“Would you join us, Dean?” Castiel asked politely.

“Sure. And I'd like to make arrangements with you to use Sam's ass, seeing as how he's your property.” Dean's voice was perfectly conversational.

Sam groaned gutturally, came in his pants and dropped to his knees like his legs had forgotten how to work.

“Hmm.” Castiel watched Sam panting on the floor, a wet spot spreading on his jeans. “It appears your suggestion... overexcited our pet. Which typically means he's amenable. Get up, Sam. Clean yourself up, and come back out here.”

Sam climbed shakily to his feet and tottered to the bathroom. *My brother loves me. My brother wants to fuck me. My boyfriends are... are going to negotiate when and how my brother fucks me. Sweet Christ on a camel.* Sam wasn't sure he'd ever conceived of anything so mind-meltingly hot – being controlled like that. He washed the sticky come from his skin, dried, and walked pantsless back into the room.

Sam was blushing when he emerged. Dean was smirking, Jimmy was grinning, and Castiel looked his usual serious self. “Get dressed.” Castiel gestured to Sam's chest of drawers.

Sam pulled a fresh pair of jeans from his drawer, and made to put them on.

“No. Show your brother what good sluts wear under their jeans.” Sam could hear his smirk in Castiel's tone.

*You cannot be fucking serious.* Sam paused.

“Now, Sam.” Jimmy added impatiently.

*They're fucking serious.* Sam set his jeans aside, and opened a different drawer. Brightly coloured bits of fabrics and lace seemed to stare up at him from it. He knew Dean couldn't see inside the drawer from his spot near the door, but he was gonna find out in a hurry what was in there. Bracing himself, Sam selected a light blue pair decorated with small ruffles. He bent over, slipping his feet into them, his back to the three boys, and pulled them up his legs and over his ass.

“Oh my fucking God.” Dean sounded like he was going to have a stroke.


Sam hastily pulled on his jeans over his panties, blushing furiously now. He glanced at Dean while he was pulling on his boots, to see Dean staring at him, his mouth hanging open, hardening in his pants. Sam stood and walked to him, using a fingertip under Dean's chin to close his mouth. Emboldened by Dean's shock and arousal, Sam smirked and winked at him.
“Breakfast!!!” Jimmy yelled, ripping the door open and running down the hall. The others followed at a slightly more sedate pace.

To Sam's immense relief, breakfast was actually very tame, no mentions of anyone fucking anyone. Jimmy ate like a starved hyena, much to Castiel's distaste. Dean was quiet, but made polite conversation when engaged, and warmed up a little once he had some food in him. Sam cleared his plate, marvelling internally that Dean was here and seemed to be getting along well with the twins.

Dean was... like a whole new person, away from their father. Not once had Sam seen the scowl that was his default expression when the two of them had been with John. He smiled more, and looked ten years younger. And the smiles weren't the ones he flashed to girls he wanted in his bed – they actually looked genuine, like Dean was sincerely happy.

Dean laughed wholeheartedly at something Jimmy had said, and grinned at Sam. Sam couldn't help but smile back.

The four boys walked back towards the dorm, chatting softly. Sam's mind was stuck on the fact that his brother was going to fuck him, and he didn't hear much of the conversation. Too quickly, they were back in the room.

“Sam, strip down to those pretty blue panties and kneel, would you?” Castiel asked, as the boys shucked their shoes and coats.

“Yes, Sir.” Sam blushed, and pulled his clothes off, sinking gracefully to his knees. The ruffles on his butt tickled the backs of his ankles.

“What are your safewords, Sam?” Castiel sat in his chair, Dean in Sam's, and Jimmy sprawled out over Castiel's bed.

“Green, yellow, red, Sir.”

“And what colour are you now, Sam?” Castiel's voice was reassuring.

“Green, Sir.”

“And when we begin to discuss the price your brother is going to pay to fuck your tight ass, Sam, what will your colour be then?”

Sam choked, and felt his caged cock blurt precome. “G-green, Sir.”

“And if Jimmy and I want to watch him fuck you, Sam?”

Sam thought it might be his own turn to have a stroke. “G-green, Sir.”

“Excellent. So, Dean. We have an asset that you'd like to use.” Sam was stunned at the casual neutrality in Castiel's voice. Like he was talking about lending someone his phone, to make a call.

“And when we begin to discuss the price your brother is going to pay to fuck your tight ass, Sam, what will your colour be then?”

“Absolutely.” Dean's grin at Sam was predatory. Sam saw Dean's eyes flicker to the wet spot on the front of his panties.

“We aren't normally ones to share. But my brother finds you attractive, and I can't say I disagree. He thinks it would be entertaining to watch you pound our pet's hole. And he's wondering how far down your freckles go.”

Sam whined. Jimmy hissed at him to be silent.
“All the way down, sweet thing.” Dean leered at Jimmy, who blushed prettily.

“And do wish to prep him yourself, or no?”

“I just want my cock inside him.” Dean answered, hunger in his voice. Sam felt another pulse of precome slip from him.

“And which position?” Castiel asked, as though he were checking off a list on a clipboard.

“Face down, ass up.” Dean answered.

*Jesus Christ.* Sam trembled.

“Jimmy, get him up on the bed and ready. Once he's loose, pull the panties back up. I'm sure Dean would like to take them down himself, before taking his brother's ass.”

*Jesus fucking Christ.* Jimmy pulled Sam to his feet, and maneuvered him onto his knees on the bed, pushing his face into the pillows with a hand on the back of his neck.

“Stay.” Jimmy said harshly. Sam stayed, as Jimmy pulled down the back of Sam's panties slowly, making it a show for the other boys, leaving them just below Sam's ass cheeks. Sam heard a groan from Dean, and a slightly softer one from Castiel.

“Fuck, he looks tight.” Dean ground out.

“He should be. It's been a number of days since we used him.”

Sam heard the click of the lube, and the coolness slid down his skin. Jimmy caught it with a curled finger, rubbing gently at Sam's hole, before slipping a finger inside.

“So. Your brother's ass. I'm thinking a thousand dollars.” Castiel offered.

Dean snorted in disbelief. “A grand for one fuck?? I can get four girls for that price. That's ridiculous. Five hundred, tops.”

Sam groaned deeply as Jimmy worked a second finger inside, loosening him. Between that sensation, and Castiel and Dean haggling over how much his ass was worth, Sam thought he'd lose his mind. The cage was strangling his cock, and the front of his panties was soaked with steadily-leaking precome.

“Go, then.” Castiel said. “Get your four disease-ridden street whores with your thousand dollars. Or you can give me eight hundred, and fuck your brother's perfect, tight ass.”

“Eight? He's not worth eight. Six.” Jimmy slipped a third finger in, slick with more cool lube. Sam's breath was choppy, pleasure and humiliation and lust a heady cocktail in his system.

“Then it seems we can agree, then, on seven hundred, yes?” Castiel asked.

In response, Sam heard a rustle of paper. In his mind, he saw Castiel neatly laying bill after bill on the desk Sam had been bent over. Sam was brought abruptly back to the present when Jimmy ran his fingers purposefully over Sam's prostate, pulling another groan from him. Jimmy withdrew his fingers carefully, and pulled the silken fabric back up over Sam's ass, before slipping off the bed.

Sam heard a zipper, felt movement behind him, and felt Dean's large, heavy hands against his ass cheeks, over the ruffled panties. There was a squeeze, and the hands left him. Sam heard the tearing noise of a foil packet, and then Dean's callused fingers ran across the skin just above the waistband.
of his panties.

“Your ass had better be worth the seven hundred it just cost me, Sammy.” Dean hooked his fingers under the fabric, and pulled Sam's panties half-way down his thighs. Sam shivered as the cooler air hit his slick, exposed hole. Dean's left hand grabbed his hip, and Sam felt a blunt pressure at his opening. It wasn't as hot as skin would have been – Dean was wearing a condom.

Sam moaned as Dean slid in slowly, feeling so much bigger than the twins were. Suddenly, Dean stopped his movement, and Sam knew there was more to take than that.

“Fuck yourself on my cock, Sammy. Show me you want big brother's cock splitting you open.”

Sam shuddered at the filth coming from Dean's mouth and pushed back against him, impaling himself on Dean's length, until Sam's ass hit Dean's denim-clad groin. Sam panted a little, feeling impossibly full, and needing a moment to adjust.

“Jesus Christ.” Dean groaned, wrapping both hands tight around Sam's hips. “Worth every fucking penny.” And then Dean started to move, and every conscious thought flew from Sam's head in the rush of pleasure.

Dean started with gentle rolls of his hips, getting Sam used to the sensation of movement, before shifting into long, gentle thrusts, making Sam feel every inch of him, brushing Sam's prostate continuously. Dean shifted his thumbs back, to pull Sam's ass cheeks apart, and pulled out completely a couple of times, to watch Sam's hole gape before sliding back in. After the third time, Dean's thrusts got a little rougher, and he was pulling Sam back against him with every thrust.

“Yes, yes...” Sam whimpered in time with Dean's thrusts. He changed the angle of his hips just a little, and Dean's cock slammed against his prostate. Sam whined, and after a half-dozen more thrusts, came explosively, all over his panties, his thighs, and his bed.

Dean made a strangled noise as Sam came and clenched around him. He yanked Sam's hips back and came inside his brother, filling the condom. Dean and Sam both panted, Dean's hands tight on Sam's hips.

Soon, his grip loosened into something more like a caress. He gave Sam's hips one final, gentle squeeze before withdrawing slowly. Sam whimpered with the loss, lowering himself to his stomach when Dean climbed off the bed behind him.

Sam laid there, panting, and heard Dean retreat to the washroom, before returning. He heard Dean collapse into his chair.

“So I'm going to assume you enjoyed our whore?” Castiel asked politely.

“Absolutely. And next time, I'll come back with clean test results, so I can fuck him raw, and watch my come leak out of him afterwards.”
“I'm sure that can be arranged.” Castiel's tone was accommodating.

Sam felt a hand on his arm, urging him up. Sam went, a little dazed. It was Jimmy, pulling him into the washroom and helping him get cleaned up, pulling a fresh pair of panties up his legs. Sam looked down to see the gold ones – his favourites – the first ones that Castiel and Jimmy had fucked him in, in the limo.

Jimmy led him back into the room, and with gentle pressure on his shoulder, indicated that Sam should kneel beside Castiel's chair. Sam visibly relaxed when Castiel's hand stroked the nape of his neck.

“Colour, Sam?” Castiel asked gently.

“So green.” Sam said, on an exhale after a deep breath.

“Colour, Dean?”

Dean chuckled. “Green, I guess.”

“Will you be staying for a couple of days, Dean?” Jimmy asked curiously.

“No, unfortunately, not this time. I can't stay a whole lot longer, I have to be in Tucson at this time tomorrow. But I'll come back, when I can.”

Jimmy pouted and Castiel chuckled. “Please stay?” Jimmy turned huge blue eyes on Dean.

“Sorry, man. People there need my help.”

Throughout this conversation, Sam had kept his head down and his eyes closed, relishing Castiel's grounding touch. It had been a long morning, for Sam, filled with revelations, new feelings, and new experiences. He was tired.

“So it's true, then. You hunt things? What's in Tucson?” Jimmy asked.

“A werewolf nest, my intel is telling me. And it's only three nights before the full moon, and we're still got to find them.”

“We', who?” Sam asked, despite himself.

“Duncan and Phillips. They're two of Bobby's.”

Sam nodded. He didn't recognize the names, but if Bobby trusted them, and there were three of them, it would be a relatively safe hunt. “Let me know that everything's okay, please? Text me.” Sam's voice was small and uncertain.

“I will. Every day.” Dean answered reassuringly, getting to his feet. Sam stood, too, moving to Dean and wrapping his arms around him.

“Thank you. Thank you for coming.” Sam whispered, his face against Dean's neck.

Dean squeezed him tighter in response. “Thanks for... understanding.”

“If I don't hear from you for three consecutive days, I'm going to assume you're hurt or dead and get Bobby to send a search party for you.” Sam informed Dean gravely.

“If you don't hear from me for three days, I'll need one.” Dean rejoindered.
Sam smiled and let Dean go, after a final soft kiss. Dean turned to the twins. “You two keep him safe, and keep him happy. And if you hurt him, I'll break both of your necks.”

"Dean!!" Sam interjected, annoyed.

Dean scooped up his jacket, and with a final wink, left the room. Sam and the twins were quiet for a moment.

“I like him.” Jimmy said abruptly.

“I do, too.” Castiel added.

Sam nodded, moving to Castiel's bed and laying down. Jimmy sat on the bed beside him, and squawked indignantly when Sam pulled him down and spooned up behind him, an arm snug over Jimmy's waist. Jimmy quieted and snuggled in when Sam kissed the back of his neck.


Sam fell asleep first, his breath warm and deep against the back of Jimmy's neck. Castiel followed him not too much later. Jimmy wasn't tired, but he closed his eyes and smiled, snug between his two favourite people.
Bit of a Stretch

When Sam woke, it was darker in the room, and the bed was empty and cold. He rubbed his eyes and looked around, seeing Castiel in front of his computer, working on something.

“You're... not supposed to be working, Cas. You're supposed to be taking it easy.” Sam sat up in bed. “Where's Jimmy?”

“He went out to get some food for us. Said he wanted some fresh air.” Castiel flipped on his desk light, and the increased light level made Sam squint. Castiel stood, and moved over to where Sam was sitting in his gold panties on the bed.

“Did you enjoy your morning with your brother?” Castiel's hands pushed Sam's hair out of his face, stroking through it. Sam relaxed a little under the touches.

“Yes.” Sam murmured.

“It was a lot to take in, for you. A lot to process. I'm hoping you're making some progress with that. However...” Castiel's hands tightened hard in Sam's hair, pulling a gasp out of him. “I hope you haven't forgotten that you're still being punished.”

“N-no. No, Sir.” In actuality, Sam almost had.

“Hmmm.” Castiel sounded unconvinced.

“Since you're having so many problems controlling yourself, I'll be controlling you for now. You can't come, around this plug. You can't relieve yourself. If you need to, you can ask me, politely, and I'll consider taking it out long enough for you to do so.”

Sam whimpered softly, equal parts frightened, aroused, and stunned that Castiel would take – or even want – that level of control.

“It might be a bit uncomfortable, at first, until you get used to the stretch. I'm sure you'll come to enjoy it.”

Sam caught the whine behind his teeth, and said nothing.

“Go. Use the facilities, and bring me some gloves, alcohol wipes, and the sterile lube packets.”

Sam got to his feet, a little shaky. He did as instructed, retrieving the required items from a side pocket of Castiel's gear bag. The panties went into his hamper.

“You'll probably want to be laying down for this. It might be a little... overwhelming.” Castiel snapped his gloves on.
Sam lay back down on Castiel's bed, staring resolutely at the ceiling. He felt Castiel's fingers unscrewing the sound from his cage, and gasped as it was slowly withdrawn. Then the alcohol, cool against his skin. The coldness of lube. Castiel spread his slit open gently, and Sam grabbed two handfuls of blanket.

Sam couldn't stop the groan as Castiel slid the new sound slowly inside him. It stretched, Jesus, it stretched, and it felt fucking huge, even though Sam knew it was only a little wider than the one he had just been wearing. It burned, just a little, too. And it was very, very definitely deeper than the last one had been.

By the time Castiel had the new sound seated, and was screwing the end into the cage, Sam was panting harshly on the bed, still staring at the ceiling. There was a snap of rubber. A gentle palm touched the skin just above Sam's cock, and rested there warmly.

"Too much? Colour?"

JesusfuckingChrist. It was too much, and yet somehow not enough, painful and powerfully erotic, and Sam thought he was going to lose his mind. He hardened against the cage, whimpering in pain as the tender, stretched flesh was trapped between the steel outside, and the steel inside.

"Sam. Colour?" Castiel's voice was a little more insistent.

"G-green, Sir." Sam managed to gasp out. "Please, please, can I come, Sir, please?" Sam begged helplessly.

Castiel chuckled. "No, I don't think so. That is, after all, why you're in this predicament to begin with."

Sam groaned, his eyes clenched shut, willing his painful erection to go down. He heard the door open, and his eyes snapped to it. It was just Jimmy, with a bag of takeout containers.

"Well! Judging by that expression, I'm guessing that Sam's got his new sound in." Jimmy grinned down at Sam, who was limp against the bed, whimpering softly.

"He does. And you're awfully smug, James, for someone who helped to put him in that position. Put down the food, take down your pants, and bend over the desk."

Sam pried one eye open in time to see Jimmy freeze, gaping at his brother in disbelief, his mouth hanging open a little.

"I... I didn't do anything! It was Sam's idea!" Jimmy stammered.

"Perhaps. And yet, you put your mouth on a cock that you knew full well belonged to me." Castiel took the food from Jimmy, setting it aside. "You know that you had free access to any other part of him, at any time you wanted. If you were so desperate for a cock in your throat, you could have asked to use him, or had mine. And yet, you did neither of these things."

Jimmy's mouth closed, and his bottom lip trembled.

"I don't want your tears, Jimmy. I want you bent over the desk. Now." Castiel snarled the last word, and Jimmy squeaked, unbuttoning his cargo pants and shuffling to Sam's desk. Jimmy was still wearing Sam's oversized T-shirt. Sam couldn't see his face, only his pale ass and thighs, trembling, cargo pants bunched below his knees.

Sam said nothing, as Castiel dug in the gear bag and emerged with the cane. He wanted to beg
Castiel not to do this, to tell him that it had been his own fault, but knew that Castiel didn't want to hear anything of the sort.

"With every strike, Jimmy, you're going to say, 'Thank you, Sir, may I have another.'" Sam watched Castiel beside Jimmy, one of his hands on Jimmy's lower back, pushing up the loose white cotton. Sam watched the one hand of Jimmy's that he could see close on the edge of the desk.

"Understood?" Castiel's grip tightened on the cane.

"Yessir." Jimmy whimpered, sniffing. Sam knew he was crying. And knew he'd be crying a whole lot harder in the immediate future.

Castiel took a step backwards, and swung the cane at his brother's ass. Jimmy yelped, and Sam watched the one hand of Jimmy's that he could see close on the edge of the desk.

"T-thank you, S-Sir... m-may...” Jimmy's words were cut off with another yelp, as Castiel swung again. It happened over and over, Jimmy trying to force the words out, while Castiel laid welt after welt over Jimmy's skin. It didn't take long until his ass and thighs were glowing, and Jimmy was nearly in hysterics, sobbing against the desk.

Castiel paused, and Sam heard Jimmy try to speak, his voice wrecked as he shook against the desk.

"Th-th-thank you, S-Sir.” Jimmy broke into a fresh round of sobs. “M-may I h-h-have an-another...”

Jimmy's grip on the desk was white-knuckle tight.

"No. Go to your corner. Stand, or kneel. Your choice.”

Sam had known Jimmy was in trouble, but he hadn't thought he was in that much trouble. Jimmy stood, tottering to the corner without another word. He kicked off his cargo pants on the way. He stood for a moment, with his forehead pressed against the juncture of the walls, before slipping to his knees with a whimper.

Sam had been watching Jimmy so closely that he had lost track of Castiel. Sam jumped, when Castiel sat on the edge of the bed beside him.

"Feeling a little better, Sam?" Castiel asked kindly.

Sam was, and he wasn't. His erection had wilted, and the crushing pressure was gone, but the stretch was still a little uncomfortable. Far more uncomfortable, though, was knowing that he was the reason that Jimmy had been – was being – punished.

Something of Sam's feelings must have shown in his face, because Castiel lifted a hand to cup Sam's cheek. "Yes, he's being punished because of you. But he's also being punished because he knew the rules, and chose to break them anyway."

Jimmy was doing his best to stay quiet, but Sam could hear his sniffing and quiet crying. Sam wanted desperately to go to him, sweep him up in his arms, and comfort him. And apologize.

Castiel leaned down to kiss Sam softly, and whispered against his lips. “Ten minutes, and then you can go to him.” Castiel sat back down in front of his computer.

It was a long, long ten minutes. Sam spent it tearing himself apart with guilt. He felt Castiel's fingers tap his shoulder gently, and sat up on the bed quickly. He walked to Jimmy, kneeling down beside him, and pulling him into his arms.
Jimmy went willingly, bursting into fresh tears, his face pressed into Sam's neck. Before Sam could even speak, Jimmy did.

“I... I'm sorry. I... I should have stopped you, and then none of this w-would have happened.”

Sam was momentarily stunned, his hands stopping their soothing stroking on Jimmy's back, under the shirt. “No, Jimmy... it... it's my fault. I broke the rules. I'm so sorry.” He rubbed up and down Jimmy's back again, one hand going just a little too low, catching one of Jimmy's welts and making him flinch.

“Sorry, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.” Sam and Jimmy clung to one another.

Castiel watched the two quietly from his desk. He was reasonably sure that they had both received his message, loud and clear. He watched them whisper softly, kiss, hold, and stroke one another. Every word and every touch was an apology and a reassurance. Castiel was profoundly glad that they were so deeply connected. He gave them a few more minutes, before speaking.

“Come here, both of you. You can both sit on the floor, beside my chair, and eat.”

Sam let go of Jimmy with a final kiss, and urged him towards Castiel. Jimmy chose to crawl, so Sam did, as well. Castiel looked pleased by the choice. Jimmy knelt to Castiel's right, whimpering as his thighs and ass touched his calves and heels. Sam took a spot to Castiel's left, kneeling as well. Castiel passed them both containers of food and bottles of water.

It was a very quiet dinner. Sam was feeling very... dominated. Very put in his place. The continuing stretch inside his cock helped to reinforce it. It wasn't a bad feeling, though. It felt safe, and it felt a lot like being loved and cared for.

Jimmy must have been feeling it, too. He kept his head low, eating his food without complaint or sass, despite what must have been a lot of discomfort. Sam was immensely relieved to hear the rattle of Castiel's pill bottles.

When everyone had finished, Sam gathered the rubbish and disposed of it. He returned to the side of Castiel's chair.

“You're both forgiven. But I trust you'll show better judgment, in the future.”

Two quiet “Yes, Sir.”'s were the response he received.

“Jimmy, you can go lay down. But you...” There was a sharp tap on the top of Sam's head. “You can stay right where you are. And reflect a little on what your indiscretion cost you.”

Sam blushed, staring at the floor. He heard Jimmy crawl up onto the bed and settle himself with a soft moan. Sam was glad that Jimmy was able to take the pressure off his freshly-welted skin.

Sam's attention was continually pulled back to his new sound. But more than the feeling of being stretched, there was the humiliation of knowing he'd have to ask Castiel every time he needed to use the washroom.

As though Castiel was reading his mind, another bottle of water appeared in Sam's peripheral vision. He took it, placing it on the floor between his knees.

“Drink.” Castiel said, his voice soft, but with the tone that Sam knew better than to argue with.

Sam's blush darkened. He knew exactly what Castiel was doing. He drank the water quickly, placing
the empty bottle in the rubbish. He returned to his spot, with his stomach feeling a little sloshy. He estimated maybe an hour, before the water would be working its way through his system.

Castiel left him kneeling there, and returned to working on his computer. Sam couldn't see what he was working on, but when he glanced towards the bed, Jimmy's eyes were on him, wide and blue. Jimmy looked a little concerned, a little worried.

Sam gave Jimmy a small smile and a wink, not wanting Jimmy to worry about him. Jimmy's troubled expression cleared at once, and he gave Sam a small smile in return, before closing his eyes.

Sam closed his own eyes, as well. He tried to be calm, breathing deeply. He tried to focus on being still, rather than what he was going to have to ask Castiel for, in short order.

Sam didn't see the completely nonverbal exchange between the twins. Castiel looked inquiringly at Jimmy, who glanced meaningfully at Sam before returning his eyes to his brother. Jimmy winked and smiled broadly. Castiel sighed in relief, returning the smile. Jimmy lowered his head and closed his eyes again, as though nothing had happened.

Sam's knees were beginning to ache a little before Castiel addressed him. He wasn't sure how long he'd been kneeling for.

“Sam?”

“Yes, Sir?” Sam responded immediately.

“Do you need to use the washroom?”

Sam blushed. “A... a little, Sir.”

“Well, here's how this is going to go. I'm working here, and I don't need to be interrupted every five minutes because you think you might need to go. You're going to wait until you really, really need to. If the worst that you've ever needed to pee was a ten, I don't want to hear a peep until you're at at least an eight. Understood?”

Sam was mortified. He nodded.

“Words, Sam.” Castiel snapped.

“Yessir.” Sam whispered.

“What number are you at right now, Sam?”

Sam thought about it for a moment. “T-two?”

“Good.” Castiel turned back to his computer.

Sam couldn't believe that Castiel was doing this. And he couldn't believe that he was allowing Castiel to do this. But he supposed that Castiel was right; if he couldn't be trusted to respect Castiel's authority over him, then he deserved to lose his rights over his own cock. Sam lowered his head again, trying to focus on anything except the growing pressure in his bladder.

After a little while, he heard Jimmy shifting on the bed. He glanced up to see him facing the television, still on his stomach, legs bent and feet kicking idly through the air. He was watching a movie with subtitles on, the sound off to avoid annoying Castiel.

Sam used the movie to try to take his mind off his situation, but his need was growing greater. As
was the pain in his knees. Castiel noticed him shifting uncomfortably, and snagged a pillow from the bed, passing it to Sam to kneel on. Sam took it gratefully, biting back his thanks, and feeling a little guilty for having distracted Castiel with his discomfort.

Sam sighed happily when he slipped the pillow beneath his knees. He heard Castiel make a soft sound, which may have been either a sigh or a chuckle, Sam couldn't tell. But as the pain faded in his knees, he lost it as a distraction, and the pressure in his bladder seemed to double.

Sam kept his eyes on the television, trying to work out what number he was at in his head. The movie had ended, and Jimmy had put on some sort of ridiculous Japanese animation. Sam watched the subtitles go by at the bottom of the colourful opening sequence. *Six. Definitely six. No... seven. Seven? 'Kiss, kiss, fall in love'? What the hell was that, even??*

Sam hadn't ever really been a fan of cartoons, and closed his eyes. As his sense of urgency grew, he heard Jimmy giggling on the bed, muffling it with a pillow. Sam rolled his eyes and tried very hard to determine what number his need was at. Complicating the issue was the fact that he had grown up on the road, and had learned the hard way to just hold it until John called for a stop. John hadn't looked too kindly upon kids whining that they needed the washroom, and Sam had been thrashed more than once for doing so.

Sam waited until it physically hurt, and he was certain he was at an 8 or a 9, before reaching out tentatively to tap Castiel's ankle twice.

“All right, let's go, then.” Castiel stood and walked to the bathroom. Sam crawled, hissing softly as his swollen bladder was jostled.

Castiel was standing near the tub. “Up. Into the tub, in case you have an accident when I remove the sound.”

Castiel helped Sam to climb in, and turned Sam to face him. Sam held on with everything he had as Castiel eased the sound out.

“Good boy. Didn't even spill a drop. Now, have a seat on the toilet and go. Don't touch your cage.” Castiel stood back a little.

Sam climbed out from the tub and sat on the toilet. He held it, expecting Castiel to leave, but Castiel showed no indication of doing so. Sam glanced up at him, blushing furiously.

Castiel quirked an eyebrow. “I said, 'Go'.”

Sam hung his head, and finally let go. It seemed to go on forever. The sense of relief was overwhelming. It did eventually stop, and Sam glanced up at Castiel through his bangs.

Castiel was looking stunned. He opened his mouth, as if to speak, and closed it again. Then he burst out, “How could that possibly have been an eight, Sam?? Jesus Christ!”

Embarrassment flooded through Sam. He covered his face with his hands. Castiel pushed Sam's butt against the edge of the counter, and gently pulled Sam's hands away from his face.

“Sam. Jesus Christ.” Castiel's eyes searched Sam's face for signs of distress. He looked baffled when he didn't find any. “How... how was that not, like, a fifteen?? How...” Sam saw realization dawn in Castiel's eyes. “You... you grew up on the road.” Castiel said, faintly.

Sam nodded. He bit his lip, and tried hard not to feel self-conscious.
Castiel looked blank for a long moment, before a look of seething fury settled on his features. Sam's eyes widened, and his heart rate rocketed up.

“Did he... did he beat you, for needing to use the washroom??” Castiel choked out, his hands unconsciously tightening painfully on Sam's hips.

Sam whimpered softly and nodded, his hands moving to cover Castiel's. Castiel seemed to come to himself at once, loosening his grip. The anger seemed to vanish.

“Oh, my God, Sam. I'm... I'm so sorry if that was triggering for you. I'm so sorry. You should have safeworded.” Castiel pressed himself against Sam, wrapping his arms around Sam's back. He kissed Sam's jaw, his neck, his collarbone, murmuring apologies.

It took Sam a moment to slow his heart back down, and to process that Castiel wasn't angry with him. “It... it's okay, Cas. It wasn't... a trigger. I'm okay. Really.”

Castiel pulled back a little, looking up at Sam doubtfully.

“Really. It... it's okay. I...” Sam was certain his face was the colour of a beet. “I... I like this game. It's just... I've had a lot of practice at it. But I do know my limits. I swear.” Sam paused. “Well, there was one time, I overestimated myself. John... he was really mad. I wasn't able to sit for three days. I was nine.”

Castiel looked furious and stricken and awestruck all at once. It took him a long time to school his features into something a little calmer. “I think... I think, if and when you're ready, I'd like you to tell me more. But I'm not sure this is the time. It's been a long day for all of us. Do you... do you want your hollow sound back?”

Sam shook his head, his eyes wide and serious. He was already kind of missing the delicious stretch.

Castiel looked deeply uncertain for a moment, before one corner of his mouth crooked up in a crooked smile. “Some day, Sam, I hope you can see yourself as being as amazing as I see you. To have overcome so much, and yet still be so trusting and giving...” Castiel shook his head and smiled as his words failed him.

Sam ducked his head, feeling undeserving of Castiel's praise. Castiel used the opportunity to lean up and kiss him deeply. Sam returned the kiss with interest, wrapping his arms around his boyfriend, licking and nipping at his mouth.

“Do you two mind??” Jimmy's exasperated voice came from the doorway. “You're hogging the bathroom. Go make out somewhere else.”

Castiel and Sam pulled apart, smiling. As Castiel walked past Jimmy, he gave Jimmy a hard swat on his bare ass. Jimmy yelped and swore, and slammed the bathroom door shut after Sam and his brother had left. Both Sam and Castiel chuckled.

Sam laid back down on the bed, and Castiel gently worked the sound back into him. Sam was again hard against the cage and panting when Jimmy emerged from the washroom, freshly showered.

“Well, that's a shame. You're all clean. And here I was going to get you all filthy before bed.” Castiel smirked at Jimmy.

“I'm good with filthy! Filthy is good!” Jimmy responded quickly and hopefully.

Castiel looked thoughtful. It didn't take long until he had the other two arranged to his liking. Sam
was on all fours, while Jimmy was on his knees behind Sam, working him open with slicked fingers, as Castiel slipped his fingers inside his brother, mercilessly stimulating his prostate. Jimmy groaned, trying hard to focus on carefully prepping Sam, and not entirely succeeding. It stung and burned and Sam loved it.

As Jimmy was sliding into Sam, Sam's phone rang. It was on the desk, less than a foot from his face. Sam lifted his head and looked at it – it was Dean calling. He lowered his head as Jimmy began to thrust. *Later, Dean. Later.*

“You'd better answer that, Sam. Make sure your brother is okay.” Castiel's voice was sly.

*Castiel, you son of a bitch. You did this on purpose.* Sam reached out with a shaking hand and answered, holding the phone to his ear. “D-Dean?”

“Heya, Sammy.” Sam could *hear* the smirk in Dean's voice. He could hear the background noise of music and raucous people. Dean must be in a bar.

“Little... little busy, Dean...” Sam panted, as Jimmy increased the speed and force of his thrusts. Sam was almost certain that Dean would have been able to hear Jimmy's moans.

“Oh, I know. So whose cock is in you now, Sammy?” Dean's voice was thick with lust.

“J-Jimmy...” Sam whimpered, pleasure surging through him, and fighting to stay upright, balanced on one arm.

“God, they're pretty, Sammy. Twins. *Twins,* dude! Gets me so hard, thinking about them fucking you. *Using* you, like I did. Fuck.” Dean paused, as Sam panted hard into the phone. “Gonna make me come in my pants, baby boy.”

Sam whined, his cock crushed and stretched and burning in the cage. He was dying to be able to come.

Behind him, Jimmy gave a strangled yell and came, pounding hard into Sam a final few times before stilling.

“Sounds like someone just filled you up, Sammy. I bet you like that, huh? All fucked open and dripping come?”

“Y-yes...” Sam whimpered again. Jimmy softened and slipped slowly from him. Suddenly Jimmy's hands came down hard on Sam's hips, and his pelvis was rammed against Sam's ass. Sam almost collapsed forwards under the pressure.

“Fuck, Sammy. What I'd do to Jimmy, I swear. Split him open and have him writhing on my cock.” Dean groaned.

Castiel fucked hard into Jimmy, rocking him against Sam. Sam put the phone on speaker, and set it on the edge of the desk.

“D-Dean wants to fuck you, Jimmy...” Sam directed back over his shoulder, towards where Jimmy was moaning so prettily.

“OhmyGod, does... does he really?”

“Fuck yes, I do.” Dean growled from the phone, eliciting a whine from Jimmy.
“C-could... oh, God... could someone... fuck my face, while he does it?”

“That... that could be arranged...” Castiel panted.

“Jesus fuck, the three of you...” Dean's voice sounded strained.

Castiel groaned deeply and came inside his brother. Castiel leaned against Jimmy, and Jimmy leaned over Sam, and Sam collapsed on the bed. All three of them were panting hard.

“Fuck. Well. I guess I know what I'm jerking off to tonight.” Dean sounded a little blown away. “I'm guessing everybody who was allowed to come, did?”

“Y-yes...” Sam answered, his voice shaky. Castiel and Jimmy rolled off of him. Pleasure was still surging through him, and the need to come, come, come rightfuckingnow was nearly overwhelming.

“Awwww, Sammy. Maybe next time, baby boy. When you're not being punished.” Dean's voice was gently mocking.

“Fuck you, Dean.” Sam panted.

Dean laughed, and the twins chuckled.

“Anyway, I'll let you all go to bask in your afterglow. I'm en route to that hunt. I'll keep you informed. Catch you later.”

“Okay.” Sam responded tiredly.

“Have a good night, Dean.” Castiel replied.

“Later, cutie!” Jimmy piped up from his spot on the bed.

Dean chuckled. “Bye.” And the call ended with a beep.

The three boys were silent for a moment, before Sam spoke. “You set that up.”

Jimmy giggled. Castiel said, “Maybe.”

Sam groaned, rolled onto his back, and threw an arm across his eyes.

“Next time, one of us is going to be fucking you, and it'll be your job not to let on.” Castiel's voice was soft.

“OhmyGod.” Sam whispered. He wasn't at all sure he could do it. But if Castiel wanted him to try, he would. He just hoped there wouldn't be too much riding on it, if he failed.

It took the boys a little longer than usual, to get up off the bed and into the shower. Sam insisted, with Castiel's permission, on making sure that Jimmy was really, truly, squeaky clean, pressing him against the wall at the end of the tub, three fingers inside Jimmy and the other hand on his cock, stroking Jimmy to his second orgasm in far too short a period of time. Afterwards, as Jimmy stood on shaking knees, propped against the wall, Castiel put Sam on his knees before him. Castiel stroked himself to completion all over Sam's face, as Sam licked Jimmy's come from his fingers.

And all through it, Sam didn't beg to come, not even once. No matter how desperately he wanted it, he wanted to be Castiel's good boy even more. And he fell asleep that night, snug between the twins, with Castiel's praise echoing in his ears.
Sam woke, the twins draped over him, Castiel's hand over his cage, in which he was hard and aching. He groaned softly, shifting a little. He was still feeling the stretch of the new sound, and wondered how long the sensation was going to last for.

Castiel shifted a little, when Sam did, and Jimmy murmured, “Run, smurfs, run!” before shifting back into a deeper sort of sleep. Sam chuckled softly and pressed a kiss to the top of Jimmy's head, before turning to do the same to Castiel. He was surprised to see Castiel's eyes staring back at him in the dim morning light, dark with intent.

Sam's heart stuttered, and all he could do was wait for Castiel's command.

“Get up. Go fetch us breakfast. It's going to be a long day for you, and you're going to need your strength. Protein, not carbs. And several bottles of water.” Castiel kept his voice very low.

Sam's stomach lurched. The two of them carefully climbed from the bed. Sam pressed a pillow to Jimmy's chest, which he clutched tightly. He pulled the blanket up to cover Jimmy's bare shoulder.

Sam slipped on a pair of bright yellow panties as Castiel pulled on a robe and sat in front of his computer. Castiel gave a low, appreciative wolf whistle, which made Sam blush as he pulled on his jeans.

Sam was quick, fetching the food. He kind of wished he had asked Castiel if he could use the washroom before he had left.

When he returned to the room, everything was as it was when he had left. Jimmy was still sleeping peacefully. He deposited the containers on Castiel's desk, beside the computer he was working at. He carefully set two cups of coffee and eight five hundred millilitre bottles of water near them.

Sam was momentarily distracted by Castiel's face, lit by the glow of his large screen. Shadows cleaved from his cheekbones. He looked beautiful, ethereal. Like something from a dream. Sam wondered for a brief moment if it was all a dream, if this was too good to be true, but then Castiel turned to him and smiled. Sam blushed, a small smile on his face.

“Strip, Sam. Keep the panties on. Come kneel and have your breakfast.” Castiel turned back to his computer.
Sam obeyed immediately. He folded his clothes neatly, and then folded to his knees to the left of Castiel's chair. Castiel passed him a container, and two bottles of water.

*So that's how it's going to be, huh? We're going to play that game again?* Sam thanked him, and ate his breakfast without complaint, drinking both bottles of water. Castiel ate a little more slowly, distracted by whatever it was he was working on.

Sam glanced up at the screen, to see a sketch of his own kneeling form, from behind. His head was bowed, and there didn't seem to be an ounce of tension in the muscles of his shoulders. The Sam in the drawing was perfectly content to be kneeling.

*The Sam beside Castiel's chair is perfectly content to be kneeling, as well.* Sam couldn't help but smile at the thought. He lowered his head, sighing softly when Castiel rested a hand against the back of his neck.

“You can ask to use the washroom when you're at a seven, Sam. And tell me when you need a pillow for your knees.”

“Yes, Sir.” Sam murmured. “Your pills, Sir.”

“Right. Thank you, Sam.” The hand on the back of Sam's neck gave a gentle squeeze, and was removed.

Sam wasn't certain if it was the smell of the food or the coffee, but Jimmy began to stir a little bit later. He blinked blearily around, taking in Castiel and Sam. He tottered to the washroom and back out relatively quickly, sitting back down on the bed and reaching for one of the coffees.

*Lucky bastard.* Sam felt a momentary surge of jealousy that Jimmy could just use the facilities whenever he wanted. And then the knowledge of why Sam couldn't was brought to the forefront of his mind, and Sam wasn't jealous any more.

Jimmy rubbed his eyes with his knuckles. “Are we giving Sam his present today?”

“Jimmy, hush.” Castiel sounded exasperated. “That was supposed to be a surprise.”

“Shit. Right. Sorry.” Jimmy sipped his coffee without further comment as Castiel sighed.

*A present??* Sam didn't really want a present. He had everything he could possibly need. *Well, except for maybe some new jeans.* But somehow Sam didn't think that was it.

Sam's bladder and knees began to grow uncomfortable. He tapped Castiel's ankle lightly.

“Yes, Sam?”

“A pillow, please, Sir?” Sam's voice was small.

“Of course.”

Jimmy passed Sam the pillow, and Sam knelt on it gratefully.

“It's important that you know that you can ask for the things you need, Sam. You're already doing better than yesterday, asking for the pillow before you needed to shift around. Good boy.” Castiel's hand stroked the back of Sam's neck gently.

Sam's heart swelled, like it did every time Castiel directed that phrase at him. He didn't bother to hide his smile. He closed his eyes, though, probing at the growing sense of urgency from his bladder. He
thought he was at roughly a five. Or six. He wasn't sure, though, why Castiel had told him to tap at seven, rather than eight, like he had yesterday.

Jimmy put on his anime again, watching it with the volume turned low. Sam didn't bother to follow it, instead focusing on being still and compliant, and monitoring his bladder.

When he was at a seven, Sam tapped Castiel's ankle again.

“Yes, Sam?” Castiel turned to him.

“May I use the washroom, please, Sir?”

“No.” Castiel turned away.

Sam was stunned, and it took a moment to register that Castiel had forbidden it. Sam looked back down at the floor between his knees. He wasn't sure what this game was, that Castiel seemed to be playing. He tried to stay still and calm, but his breathing got a little quick, in the face of the unknown.

Castiel worked, and Jimmy watched his show, and they both completely ignored Sam.

Sam tried to calm himself, trusting in Castiel to look after him. He tapped Castiel's ankle again when he was at an eight.

“What, Sam?” Castiel sounded a little annoyed, this time.

“Please, Sir. May I please use...”

“No, Sam. Be quiet.”

Sam whimpered softly, closing his mouth and looking down again. His heart rate jumped a little, and his breath seemed to catch in his throat. You can do this. You can handle this. It's all right.

It hurt, his bladder hurt, and it didn't take long for his eight to cycle up to a nine. He didn't think he could handle Castiel telling him no again. He forced himself to reach out and tap Castiel's ankle.

“Sam! Can you not be still?” Castiel rounded on him.

“S-Sir, I'm sorry. P-please, can I use...”

“No, Sam.” Castiel's eyes met Sam's, filled with frustration.

Sam's filled with tears. He really couldn't wait any longer, which left one option. “Y-yellow, Sir.”

Castiel's frustration vanished instantly, and he gave Sam a warm smile. He stood, pulling Sam upright on trembling legs. He slid Sam's panties off. He helped Sam to the washroom, guiding him into the tub. He eased Sam's sound out, and helped him to the toilet.

Sam let go with a shudder and an immense sense of relief. It left him trembling.

Afterwards, Castiel leaned him back against the counter again, holding him close. Sam let his head fall forward onto Castiel's shoulder. “Good boy. You're so good for us. So good.” Castiel's hands were on Sam's hips, gentle and warm.

Sam was profoundly confused. How had that been good? How had Sam been good, in that situation?
“That was another test, Sam. And you passed with flying colours.”

“I... I safeworded. How... how was that passing?”

“That challenge was designed to make you safeword, and to do it before you risked injury to yourself. What number were you at, when you safeworded, Sam?”

“Nine...” Sam whimpered.

“See? Perfect. You handled that perfectly. I couldn't have asked you to do any better. My good boy.” Castiel moved his hands to the sides of Sam's head, tilting it to him and kissing him soundly. “You're perfect.” Castiel whispered. “So perfect.” Castiel kissed him again.

Sam, weak-kneed and a little overwhelmed, gradually got the idea that he had done something very, very right. Castiel's kisses and praise and reassurances helped a lot with that. Castiel gently reinserted his sound while Sam trembled.

Eventually, Castiel led him back out to the room, where Jimmy was grinning at him, wearing another one of Sam's shirts. Jimmy had opened the curtains, and the room was flooded with sunlight. Jimmy stood, quite obviously hiding something behind his back.

Castiel moved to Jimmy, slipping an arm around his waist. Without even thinking about it, Sam knelt before them.

“Display, Sam.” Jimmy murmured.

Sam did, straightening his back and spreading his knees.

“We have something that we want to offer you, Sam. A token. A symbol of our devotion to you, and your perfect submission to us. We'll understand if you're not ready for this, Sam. But we want you to be ours. Officially.”

Castiel pulled out a leather jewellery box, black, square and flat, roughly eight inches on each side. It was trimmed in some sort of brushed silver metal. Sam didn't exactly understand what he was being offered.

Castiel opened it, and inside, on a black silken cushion, was a stunning silver-coloured necklace. It was made of heavy links, and centred in the front was a simple silver ring, perhaps an inch in diameter. It bore some sort of complicated-looking clasp, in the back.

Sam's mouth opened and his eyes widened.

“Will you accept our collar, Sam? Will you be ours?”

Sam broke his form to look up into Castiel and Jimmy's eyes. Both were glowing with pride, hope, and love.

Sam nodded mutely, eyes flickering between the twins. He tried to find his voice.

“Yes. Yes, please. Please.” Sam felt his eyes fill with tears. “It would be my... my honour.”

“Once this goes on, Sam, it never comes off.” Castiel said quietly.

“The clasp is permanent. You'll need bolt cutters, seriously.” Jimmy added in a whisper.

Sam's heart thrilled at the idea of a permanent mark, a permanent indicator of his submission to the
twins. He nodded again, a tear slipping from his right eye, down his cheek. “Please, Sirs. Please collar me. Make me yours.”

Castiel passed the box to Jimmy, who held it as Castiel lifted the collar out. He moved behind Sam, who bowed his head.

The collar sat snugly at the base of Sam's throat. The metal was cool and heavy, and he heard a distinct click as Castiel closed the clasp. A moment later, Castiel's lips pressed against the back of Sam's neck, over the clasp he had just closed. He felt Castiel stand, and move back in front of him. Jimmy repeated the action, kneeling behind Sam and kissing the collar's clasp and Sam's skin. Jimmy moved back in front of him, as well.

“Come here, Sam.” Sam stood, wiping at his tears. He was positively swimming in his sense of submission. He felt safe and loved and treasured and protected. He didn't think he'd ever been happier in his life.

Castiel pulled him into a hug, making space a moment later for Jimmy, as well. Sam clung to them, feeling their tears dampening his skin. They hugged like that for a long while, before pulling apart a little.

“It looks beautiful on you, Sam. You're beautiful.” Castiel stroked the skin-warmed metal around Sam's throat.

“It's platinum. And the ring is for a leash.” Jimmy added playfully. He slipped a finger through the ring on the collar, tugging Sam down for a kiss, which Sam gladly accepted.

“It's so beautiful.” Sam said wonderingly, after Jimmy had released him. His hand came up, running fingertips along the chain. “Can... can I go look in the mirror, please?”

Jimmy made shooing motions with his hands, gesturing Sam towards the washroom. Sam went, and the twins followed him. Jimmy stood on his left, while Castiel stood on his right. Sam gaped at himself in the mirror.

“This, if you're wondering, is a half-round curb chain.” Castiel's finger stroked along the collar. “It's roughly sixteen millimeters wide. And this...” Castiel's fingers moved to the ring in the front. “This is what they sometimes call a circle pendant. Or an infinity pendant. It has no beginning, and no end, and symbolizes eternal love.” Castiel's hand pressed against the collar, against the base of Sam's throat.

“This was custom made for you. There isn't another one like it, on the planet.” Jimmy added, smiling at Sam in the mirror.

Sam was stunned. “I... I love you guys, too.” Castiel lowered his hand, and took Sam's in his. Sam's eyes were riveted to his new collar.

Platinum. And it rested heavily against Sam's skin.

“How... how much did this cost, guys?” Sam asked tentatively.

“You probably don't want to know.” Jimmy winked.

“We needed authorization from our parents, for it. Our credit cards wouldn't cover it.” Castiel added.

Sam froze. “How much did this cost, guys???”
Castiel sighed. “A little over sixty thousand dollars.”

Sam choked, and his hand flew up to press against it. “Please... tell me you're kidding.” Sam begged. Please tell me I don't have something worth as much as a small house around my throat.

“Not kidding, Sam.” Jimmy smiled apologetically. “But at least you can't tell, right? Anyone looking at it would just think is was silver. That's why we went with platinum – it's a lot less flashy than gold.”

Sam was rendered completely speechless. He started to shake his head, no.

“Yes, Sam. We wanted you to have this. And it could never be as precious as you are to us.” Castiel squeezed his hand, and Jimmy slipped an arm around his back.

Sam found his voice. “Are... are you two insane?? I... my life isn't worth as much as this collar is!”

Sam's head was wrenched to face Castiel, who was glowering up at him. “Don't you say that to us, Sam. Don't you dare. You can't even begin to fathom how much you mean to us. How amazing and perfect you are. You deserve this, and you deserve so much more. And I'll spend the rest of my life convincing you, if that's what it takes.”

Sam stared down at Castiel, eyes wide, his hand still pressed against his collar. Castiel's eyes were filled with a furious sort of love, a fierce devotion. And Sam let himself believe, just a little bit, that maybe the happiness he had found with the twins might just be forever.

And what did one say, in the face of a declaration like that?

Sam threw his arms around Castiel and burst into tears. Sam felt Jimmy press up against his back. He cried hard into Castiel's shoulder, managing to choke out thank yous and professions of love. And both Castiel and Jimmy whispered them right back.

It took Sam quite some time to calm himself down. Jimmy made him sit on the counter, dabbing at his red, swollen eyes and bright red nose with a cool, damp cloth. Castiel offered him some water, which he drank thirstily.

He thought he must look like a right mess, and he felt very self-conscious about it. “I can't imagine I'm very pretty right now.” Sam muttered, twisting around, his eyes initially snagging on the collar, before sliding upwards. He groaned.

“Well, you could guide Santa's sleigh, if it's any consolation.” Jimmy grinned at him.

“Oh my God, Jimmy, shut up.” Sam turned back around, and buried his face in his hands.

Jimmy pulled his hands back down. He kissed each of Sam's eyes, the tip of his nose, and his lips. “You're beautiful. You're always beautiful. You're beautiful when you're smiling, and when you're crying, and when you're suffering for us. And especially when you're coming.” Jimmy smiled wickedly.

Sam rolled his eyes. “And I still say the pair of you are insane.”

Castiel smiled. “Maybe we are. But then, you accepted, so maybe that makes you a little crazy, too.”

“I guess so.” Sam smiled shyly back at him. “And... Jimmy?”

“Yeah?”
“You weren't... serious, about the bolt cutters, were you?”

Jimmy nodded emphatically. “Absolutely. That thing seriously doesn't come off. Like, ever. It's a one shot deal. So if you decide you want it off, it never goes back on.”

Sam swallowed hard and nodded.

“And there's one more gift, as well.” Castiel said.

“You can't be serious.” Sam groaned.

Castiel chuckled, reached into his pocket, and pulled out... another sound. This one appeared to be the same size and length as his new solid one, but with a pass-through.

“You seem to be enjoying your new one. Unfortunately, I can't send you off to class for the day with a solid one in. So. You'll wear the solid one at night, and the hollow one when you're out and about during the day. Does that sound reasonable?”

Sam moaned softly, hardening against his cage. The sensation of being stretched seemed to intensify. Castiel's hand closed over unforgiving steel and rigid flesh.

“I'm going to take that as a yes.” Castiel smiled. “Come on. Let's get dressed. I thought we'd go for lunch, and take you shopping.”

“And you owe me panties!!” Jimmy poked Sam hard in the ribs.

“I do, yes. Are you sorry I cut them off, Jimmy?” Sam turned a little, grinning down at him.

“No.” Jimmy grumped. “But you still have to replace them.”

“We will.” Castiel answered. “And maybe a few extra pairs, in case anything else... happens to them.”

Jimmy shivered and grinned.

Rather than argue with the twins about what he was going to wear, Sam just let them play Dress-Up Doll Sam. He ended up looking pretty sharp, he thought, in a white dress shirt open at the throat, to show off his new collar, dark grey slacks and his black dress shoes. And they insisted on the ruffled blue panties, underneath.

Both twins dressed in a similarly dressy manner. Sam was a little confused – all he really needed was some jeans and maybe a couple of shirts, and couldn't imagine he'd need to dress up to shop for them. He told the twins so, but they simply shushed him.

Jimmy called for another limo, and they had a nice lunch at a small restaurant that Castiel had chosen. It seemed that every time they took Sam out somewhere nice to eat, it was a little easier for him. Afterwards, they piled back into the limo, and back to the lingerie store.

The sales clerk there was the same woman as last time, and seemed delighted to see them again. Sam pulled the tag from the panties he had cut off of Jimmy from his pocket, and she was very helpful in finding the right style and size. Jimmy chose a few colours, getting duplicates of every pair. Sam smirked at him, and Jimmy blushed.

Castiel, of course, couldn't leave without choosing a few more styles for Sam. He also pulled the back of Sam's pants down, just a little, so the sales lady could see the tag on the ones Sam was
wearing. Sam blushed furiously, and ended up with the same ruffled panties in pink, lavender, cream, and a colour the woman referred to as “sea foam”, along with the blue he was currently wearing. Castiel and Jimmy, apparently, were fans.

The woman waved them off with a huge smile.

A quick trip in the limo, and they pulled up in front of a Hugo Boss. Sam's eyes widened. “Guys, I said casual.”

“They do casual. They sell t-shirts and jeans. Come on!” Jimmy urged, pulling at Sam's arm.

Sam grit his teeth, prepared to suffer through another round of 'try clothes on, and look pretty, while someone else makes the decisions.' The only trouble was that it didn't happen anything like that. The salesperson asked what he was looking for, and helped him find the right sizes and styles that Sam liked. Jimmy and Castiel hung back, letting him make his own choices. Sam picked some relatively plain, dark jeans, and a couple of unbelievably soft t-shirts. He added a couple of zip-front sweatshirts to his choices, and they even had a couple of plaid overshirts. Finally, he chose a new pair of boots, to replace the ones he was rapidly wearing through.

When he announced that he was finished, the twins told him, in no uncertain terms, that he wasn't. They had evidently been watching quite closely at the items that Sam had looked at and then put back. They insisted on several more t-shirts, two more pairs of jeans, some v-neck sweaters, and some comfortable sneakers. They even picked up a soft cotton robe for him, as he didn't own one. When Sam thought he was finally done, Jimmy brought him a beautifully fitted, butter-soft black leather jacket, that Sam fell in love with immediately.

"Now you're done.” Jimmy said, grinning. Castiel agreed. Sam had given up fighting the twins on spending money on him. After the collar, what was the point in arguing about clothing??

The boys hauled the many bags back to the limo, and headed back to campus. The twins helped Sam put all of his new clothes away, and his closet was beginning to look a great deal less barren and a lot more like Castiel's.

After that, it was time for dinner. They decided to simply order in pizza. After it arrived, Sam was ordered to strip down to his panties. Castiel and Jimmy stayed dressed, and Sam found it somehow uniquely... stimulating, to be nearly naked when the twins were still dressed.

The twins, of course, picked up on it. They put Sam on his knees in the middle of the floor, blindfolded him, and told him to keep his hands behind his back. It didn't take long, with gentle touches and brushes of soft fabric against Sam's skin as the twins circled him, for Sam to become a needy, whimpering mess. One of the twins knelt close behind him, a hand firm on the back of his head, and opening his mouth with prying fingers. Sam opened, and the head of a cock was placed against his bottom lip. Sam fought hard not to take liberties that he wasn't permitted, keeping his tongue to himself. The cock slid smoothly, side to side, slicking his bottom lip with precome that he was just dying to taste.

“Good boy.” Sam heard, breathlessly, from above him. Castiel.

Suddenly, Jimmy's hand on the back of his head pushed him forward, hard, slamming Castiel's cock into his throat. Sam choked, before consciously relaxing his throat, and allowing Castiel to use him. Sam found it powerfully erotic, to be pinned in place by Jimmy's hand, while Castiel fucked his face.

Sam groaned when the fingers of Jimmy's other hand slipped under his collar, pulling it tight against the base of his throat. Castiel shuddered and came, filling Sam's mouth. Sam swallowed and sucked,
until Castiel pulled away from him.

Jimmy released Sam's collar, and he gasped softly. The hand on the back of his neck pushed him down, until he was crunched over, his face near the floor. One more push, and rough hands moved him so his cheek and shoulders were against it, and his ass in the air. He went to lower his arms, to take the pressure off his upper body, but heard a soft tsk, and kept them behind his back.

Jimmy pulled down his panties, and hurriedly prepped him with slick fingers, before sliding in and fucking him hard. Sam relished the stretch and burn and humiliation, Jimmy's pants soft against the back of his thighs, and his cheek pressed against the floor. Jimmy came, filling Sam with a soft moan. He panted heavily for a few moments, before withdrawing slowly and pulling Sam's panties back up.

Sam was stunned that he hadn't come, before remembering that that ability had been taken away from him.

“We will unfuck your life, Sam. By fucking your face and ass. Repeatedly.” Jimmy chuckled, giving a gentle pat to Sam's ass, before standing and moving away.

Sam didn't move, having not been given permission to. He panted against the floor, impossibly aroused, feeling Jimmy's release leaking from him, and tasting Castiel's on the back of his tongue. He heard the rustling of fabric, and the twins talking softly. It wasn't very long before gentle hands were pulling him up. Sam stood, and the blindfold was removed. Both twins were smiling at him, and he couldn't help smiling back.

Castiel helped Sam in the washroom, removing the sound so that Sam could relieve himself before bed. Sam thanked him, and wished that just once, he could have it reinserted and not get hard as a result. Together, they brushed their teeth and got ready for bed.

Sam was a little uncomfortable, in his come-dampened panties, but he assumed that if the twins wanted them off, they'd have taken them off. Sam was ordered into the centre of the bed, and the twins snuggled up against him.

It wasn't late, but Sam had had a pretty overwhelming day. Dean called, but the call was perfunctory, letting Sam know the hunt was going well. Dean didn't tease Sam, seeming to know that he was very tired. Sam fell asleep as the twins watched a movie. The twins glanced at each other over him, smiling, and knitted their fingers together, over Sam's chest.

They were both so very happy that Sam had said yes.
Knock, Knock

Chapter Notes

Y'all are crazy. 85,000 words and you're still reading?? Y'all are crazy.

The twins were already up, when Sam woke the following morning, feeling sticky and filthy and used. He liked it, a lot. His new collar was a heavy, solid reminder around the base of his throat. The shower was going, and there were soft voices coming from the bathroom.

Sam stretched and yawned, pulling off his panties and chucking them in his hamper.

He wandered into the washroom, and was surprised to see Castiel pressed face-first against the tiles at the end of the tub, while Jimmy moved behind him with long, gentle thrusts. Neither twin had noticed him, and he was content, for the moment to watch.

They were beautiful together, one of Castiel's hands clenched over Jimmy's, on his own hip, the other arm thrown high against the tiles, cushioning his forehead. Jimmy was stroking Castiel's cock with his free hand, pressing open-mouthed kisses against the base of his neck while fucking into him.

Sam watched the muscles in Castiel's back stiffen as he came in his brother's hand with a soft moan, which pulled the orgasm from Jimmy, as well, who pressed Castiel harder against the tiles, spilling inside him.

Jimmy noticed Sam first, smiled, and held out a hand to him, withdrawing gently from his brother. Castiel turned his back to the wall and leaned against it, panting softly. Sam walked to them, taking Jimmy's slender wrist in his hand and lifting Jimmy's hand to his mouth. Sam licked Castiel's release from his brother's skin.

"Jesus, Sam. Get in here." Castiel sounded tired. Sam climbed into the tub, between the twins, facing Castiel. Slumped against the wall, Sam was quite a bit taller than Castiel, so he had to bend to press his lips to his boyfriend's. Jimmy pressed along Sam's back, hands on his hips.

"You okay, Cas?" Sam's hand brushed over the bandage on the back of Castiel's head, worried by the dark shadows under his eyes.

"Yes. Fine. I'm just tired. I didn't sleep very well." Castiel gave Sam a weak smile.

"I'm sorry to hear that. May I help you wash?" Sam offered.

Castiel nodded, and the three of them washed quickly. Sam helped Castiel to dry off, and removed the bandages, checking Castiel's stitches carefully. Again, they looked really good, no sign of any troubles. He rebandaged them, and pressed a kiss over each bandage.

Castiel chuckled. "I appreciate the sentiment, but I'm not sure that kisses actually help boobos heal faster."

"Maybe mine do. You never know." Sam smiled down at him. "Next time, can I lick you open first, before your brother fucks you, Sir?"
Castiel blinked up at Sam, stunned into silence. “... Jesus, Sam.”

“Fuck, yes.” Jimmy added.

Sam smiled mischievously. Castiel shook his head and smiled. Sam insisted on helping him back into the bedroom, pulling one of his ragged old T-shirts over Castiel's head and some comfortable sleep pants up his legs.

“There. Now, you can wear something from me, as well.” Sam smiled, his fingers touching his collar.

“Touche.” Castiel nodded, looking down at the purple T-shirt with a faded pattern of a dog on it, which hung a little loosely on him.

Sam listened to Castiel order in some breakfast, while Jimmy helped him with his sound. Clever fingers removed it, and replaced it with the new one. It felt exactly the same size, but he was glad he’d be able to pee during the day, if he needed to.

He and Jimmy pulled on clothes, getting ready for their day of classes. Jimmy gave him and Castiel a swift kiss, before leaving with a wave. Sam left a few minutes afterwards, once he had made sure that Castiel was comfortable and didn't need anything.

Castiel smiled, looking a little annoyed, and shooed him from the room. Sam gave him one last kiss, and a reminder to take his pills, before hustling to not be late to his first class.

By lunch, Sam was starving, and ate ravenously. His afternoon classes were fairly uneventful, and as they were wrapping up, Jimmy texted him, asking him to meet outside the student centre.

Sam found Jimmy waiting for him, perched on the edge of a low concrete wall. Sam worked his way around Jimmy, who wasn't paying a whole lot of attention, and snuck up behind him, wrapping him in long, strong arms.

Jimmy jumped and squealed, squirming in Sam's arms, before breaking out into laughter. Sam pressed a kiss to his neck, and Jimmy raised the back of a hand to his forehead, swooning, and put on a high-pitched voice. “Oh Lawd, my rapist has tracked me down again! Whatever shall I do??”

“Wait until your rapist is off punishment, and get raped again?” Sam growled into Jimmy's ear.

Jimmy giggled and Sam hugged him a little tighter. Jimmy insisted on Sam giving him a piggy-back ride all the way back across campus, to the dorms. He kept pointing and shouting things like, “Onward, noble steed!” Sam grinned, his arms hooked under Jimmy's knees.

Jimmy stayed on Sam's back right up to the door of their dorm room, which Sam unlocked. He kneed the door open, Jimmy yelled, “Onward!!”, and Sam looked up.

He froze. So did Jimmy.

There was a handsome older couple in the room with Castiel. They were both immaculately, formally dressed. The man had salt and pepper hair, which had probably been dark when he was younger. The woman had long, deep chestnut hair, in beautiful curls, and striking blue eyes.

The twins' eyes.

The twins' parents.
Sam's mouth opened a little, and Jimmy nudged him, to be put down.

“Hey, Mom, Dad. What's up?” Sam lowered Jimmy to his feet. Jimmy walked to the couple, shaking his father's hand, and hugging his mother briefly.

Jimmy's brashness seemed to have completely vanished. He was oddly subdued.

Sam didn't know what to do, or what to say. He closed the door quietly behind him.

“Mom, Dad. This is Sam Winchester. Our boyfriend.” Castiel introduced him. “Sam, this is Charles and Marjorie Novak. Our parents.”

Sam was acutely aware that he was wearing a colossal amount of these peoples' money around his neck, and it was in plain view above the v-neck of one of his new T-shirts.

Sam straightened, squaring his shoulders, as though facing his own father. “Pleasure to meet you, Sir. Ma'am.”

Mr. Novak inclined his head towards Sam, giving him a brief smile. Mrs. Novak, however, walked to Sam and took both of his hands in hers, smiling up at him. Even in heels, she was still a very tiny woman. Sam towered over her by at least a foot. She squeezed his hands, released them, and lifted hers to the sides of his neck. Sam allowed himself to be pulled down, and she kissed his right cheek, and then his left, before releasing him. He straightened, and smiled nervously down at her.

“You're the one who is making our boys so very happy. And you found Castiel, when he was hurt. We owe you a debt of gratitude.” Sam was astonished at how closely the twins resembled her.

“It... they... it was no trouble, Ma'am.” Sam stammered.

“And they collared you. Which has never happened before.” A slender hand tipped with with burgundy nails brushed along Sam's collar. Sam flushed brick-red, and stared at the wall opposite him.

“Mother, please.” Sam heard the strain in Castiel's voice.

“It's fine, Castiel.” Mrs. Novak answered. “And it's fine, Sam. There's no need to be embarrassed.” Her smile up at Sam was very kind, and Sam relaxed marginally. “This does, however, mean that you might as well be family. I'd like to invite you to spend the upcoming weekend with us, in Chicago. So that we can get to know you a little better. I hope you have no other prior engagements?”

“No, Ma'am. No prior engagements. If... if it's okay with Castiel and Jimmy, then yes, it would be my pleasure, Ma'am.” Sam's eyes darted to Castiel, who gave him a swift smile. Sam breathed a little deeper, taking Castiel's smile to mean that he wasn't totally screwing this up.

“Excellent.” Mr. Novak's voice was crisp and precise. “And thank you again, Sam, for your concise summary of Castiel's injuries, on the night he was assaulted. We'd like to take the three of you out to dinner, if everyone is agreeable.”

The proposition garnered a nod from Castiel, a “Sure.” from Jimmy, and a “Yes, sir.” from Sam.

Jimmy headed back to his room to change, and Castiel chose suits for himself and Sam, ushering him into the bathroom. Mrs. Novak had sat in Sam's chair, with her husband's hand on her shoulder.

Sam rounded on Castiel the moment he closed the bathroom door behind them.
“Your parents, Cas?? I... I can't...” Sam panicked. Only once in his life had he ever met a girl's parents, and that had been a lot of years ago.

“Sam. Calm yourself.” Castiel pulled Sam close and kissed him hard. Sam stayed forehead to forehead with him, soothed by his touches and his tone. “My parents are not unreasonable people. They're not going to interrogate you. They'll respect that you're important to us, and treat you accordingly. And any orders Jimmy or I might give you in front of them, you will follow. Understood?”

Sam's eyes widened.

“Sam! Do you understand?” Castiel's voice was urgent.

“Y-yes. Yes, Sir.” Sam only hoped that he'd be able to.

“Good. Dress.” Castiel was already in his dress pants, and was buttoning up his shirt.

Sam stripped, and began to dress. Castiel had chosen the deep navy suit, the fabric light between Sam's fingers. Castiel helped Sam with his tie before doing his own. This time, the pocket square was plain white.

Castiel smoothed Sam's jacket, and led him back out of the bathroom. As they were putting on their shoes, Jimmy entered, in a beautifully tailored suit that he seemed at-home in as his band shirts and cargo pants. Sam gaped a little at him, and Jimmy smiled and gave him a soft, chaste kiss.

When they left the dorm, a long limousine was waiting, and Henrik, the man who had brought Castiel's belongings back, was standing stiffly beside it.

“Hey, Henrik.” Jimmy smiled at him.

“Good evening, Mr. Novak.” Henrik smiled, and opened the door for them.

Jimmy and Castiel sat side by side on the long side of the L-shaped bench seat, and Mr. and Mrs. Novak sat together on the shorter side. Sam hesitated, not sure where he should sit.

“Kneel, Sam.” Castiel's voice was soft. Sam knelt beside him, blushing and self-conscious. He lowered his head a little, and Castiel rested a warm hand on the back of his neck. It grounded and calmed him, and let Sam relax and breathe a little more deeply.

“Well. Goodness. That's lovely.” Sam glanced up quickly, and Mrs. Novak was smiling down at him. Sam quickly stared back down at the floor between his knees. “He's clearly devoted to you.” She continued. “I could see him relax, under your touch.”

“Sam's been very good to us. And for us.” Castiel replied. “We're very lucky to have found him. Blessed. He's extraordinarily giving.”

Sam blushed under Castiel's praise, and remained silent. He prayed he wouldn't be asked to kneel at the restaurant, too. Though he would, if the twins asked him to.

The ride to the restaurant seemed fairly quick. Sam was absolutely still under Castiel's hand. When the limousine stopped, he opened his eyes.

Henrik was holding the door open again, and the twins' parents stepped out. Jimmy did, as well, and Castiel ushered Sam out before him. Sam held out a hand, and helped Castiel from the limo, before taking his spot a pace behind him, and slightly to his left.
The restaurant was large, spacious, and tastefully decorated. It wasn’t anywhere Sam had been before. They were seated immediately, at a round table set for five. Castiel gestured Sam to sit to his left, next to Castiel’s mother. Jimmy was to Castiel’s right, seated next to his father.

Sam said a silent thanks to whoever might be listening that he wasn’t asked to kneel, or to eat from Castiel’s hand. Sam was grateful, though, that Castiel ordered for him, after seeing the menu written entirely in a language Sam didn’t know.

There was quiet conversation, over dinner. Sam answered each question truthfully and politely. He was asked about his major, where he was from, and about his father and Dean. Most of the questions were asked by the twins’ mother, who seemed genuinely interested in him. Their father seemed reserved, contributing only occasionally.

Sam couldn’t help but glance at Jimmy repeatedly, who he had never known to be so silent for so long. He'd never heard Jimmy go this long without a joke, or a bout of raucous laughter. Castiel, too, was fairly quiet.

Dessert was being served when Mr. Novak spoke again. “So, boys. Have you thought about when you’d like to move into the house? It’s been ready for some time.”

Sam frowned, just a little. *House??*

“Perhaps at the end of Autumn quarter.” Castiel answered, sipping his wine. “At the start of the new year. After finals. We haven’t actually discussed it with Sam yet.”

“Oh, but it’s lovely. Surely you’re tired of the dorms?? And Henrik and Marta have been taking care of it for you.”

Sam looked at the twins, confused.

“Our parents bought us a house, just a little way off campus.” Jimmy offered. “We can move into it any time we want. Of course, you’ll be coming with us. We wanted the dorm experience, though, for at least a little while. And I’m glad we did. Otherwise, we'd probably never have met you.” Jimmy smiled.

“The equipment you ordered for the playroom has arrived, and been installed, as well, Henrik has informed me.” Mrs. Novak smiled at Castiel, who nodded.

*Equipment? Playroom?!* Sam’s breath caught in his chest.

“Some of the pieces had to be custom made for you, Sam. Because you're so very tall.” Mrs. Novak turned her warm smile on Sam, who was pretty sure his heart had stopped. She patted his arm reassuringly.

Sam felt Castiel's hand on his thigh, warm through his pants. It calmed him much more than Mrs. Novak's did. He tried to work up his courage.

“What... what sort of equipment?” Sam asked, wishing his voice wasn't trembling.

“I'm not sure my boys would want me to spoil the surprise.” Mrs. Novak opined.

“No, we would not.” Castiel said, with an air of such finality that it was clear that the subject was closed.

“Can I see it?” Sam pushed his luck.
Castiel gave him a look that told Sam that he was in profoundly deep trouble. Sam's heart raced, and he stared down at the tablecloth.

“Now, now, Castiel. Be gentle with the boy. Curiosity isn't a sin.” Mrs. Novak chided gently.

Sam risked a glance at Castiel, who was acting as though she hadn't spoken.

“Will you be staying in town tonight?” Jimmy asked his parents, blotting his lips with his napkin and effectively changing the topic.

“No. I have a meeting tomorrow morning with the board. We'll take you back to campus, and then head to the airport.” Jimmy's father answered.

Not too long afterwards, they left the restaurant. For the ride back to campus, Sam was back on his knees, this time, between Jimmy and Castiel. Jimmy stroked a hand through Sam's hair, and Sam sighed softly.

“You seem like a good boy, Sam. Do stay that way, won't you? And we'll be seeing you next weekend, I hope.”

“Yes, Ma'am.” Sam answered. He was a little distracted by the news of the house and its playroom, and tried to stay focused on what was happening around him.

In the driveway in front of the dorm, Mr. Novak shook his sons' hands, and then Sam's. Mrs. Novak hugged all three boys, and kissed their cheeks. They returned to the limo, and Henrik closed the door after them. Henrik gave the boys a smile, before returning to the front of the car. Together, Sam, Castiel, and Jimmy watched the limousine pull away.

When it was out of sight, Jimmy let out an explosive sigh and began pulling at his tie, loosening it.

“Well, *that* sucked. Did they tell you they were coming, Cas?”

“I found out when I answered the knock on the door.” Castiel answered.

“Christ. I guess we should have expected it, though. Man. *Man.* Are we seriously going to Chicago next weekend? Do we have to?”

“I suppose we should.” Castiel rubbed his forehead and frowned.

Sam moved to him immediately. “Are you all right?”

“Yes, thank you, Sam. Now, if you would, I'd appreciate silence from you, unless specifically asked to speak, or safewording, until further notice.” Castiel turned and entered the dorm.

Sam shut his mouth, and kept it that way, taking up his position behind Castiel. Jimmy trailed behind them. He left them at the door to their room, to go and get changed out of his suit. He gave Sam a pat on the butt as he left.

“Strip.” Castiel instructed, closing the door behind them and loosening his own tie.

Sam did, carefully re-hanging his suit and dress shirt, throwing everything else into the hamper, until he was naked, save for his collar. Castiel had removed his jacket and tie, unbuttoned a few buttons at his throat, and rolled up his sleeves.

Sam felt unusually nervous, as Castiel walked to him. He wasn't sure whether to drop to his knees or not, and opted to remain standing. Castiel reached up and sank a hand into the back of Sam's hair,
pulling him down into a hard kiss. Sam was a little breathless when Castiel let him go. He slipped to
his knees, staring at Castiel's shoes.

“You handled that fairly well, Sam. Well done. I do wish, however, that my parents hadn't
mentioned the house. Or the playroom. Or the equipment.”

“Thank y...” Castiel's hand snapped out and across Sam's cheek, hard. Sam shut his mouth, cheek
stinging. No talking. Whoops.

“That was meant to be a surprise, a reward for end of term. For excelling in your studies, as I have
no doubt that you will.” Sam heard the door open, and then close, and knew that Jimmy had slipped
back into the room.

“Now, I'm sure that my mother has your best interests at heart. But when you know a topic is closed,
you don't continue to ask questions. Jimmy and I are the ones, Sam, who determine what you need,
and what you deserve. And we determine when you get it. Your job is to accept it.”

Sam whimpered softly, his gaze fixed on the shiny toe of Castiel's right shoe.

Castiel was silent for a long moment.

“We didn't want to pressure you, Sam, by asking you to move in with us too quickly. And we didn't
want to overwhelm you, or frighten you off, by telling you about the playroom.” Castiel's voice was
pleading, apologetic.

Nothing you could do could frighten me off. Sam thought stubbornly to himself.

“Not that that's going to get you out of the trouble you've gotten yourself into.” Castiel added, all
trace of sympathy gone from his voice. Sam stiffened. “Jimmy, the suspension cuffs and door
mounts, the spreader bar and the long oak paddle.”

Sam stifled his whine, and heard the gear bag open. A moment later, the comfortable padded cuffs
were around his wrists. The door opened and closed. Jimmy hauled Sam up and over to the door,
clipping the cuffs to the restraints, so that his hands were immobilized, spread, above his head.
Jimmy spread his legs with a knee and fastened both ankles into the cuffs on the spreader bar.

Just a paddle. It's just a paddle. Paddles aren't so bad. I've had... Sam yelped as the paddle slammed
across his right ass cheek. A hand covered his mouth, and Sam breathed heavily through his nose.

“Quiet. Do you need me to gag you?”

Sam shook his head, no, and the hand was lifted from Sam's mouth.

A second later, a second blow of equal force across his left cheek. Sam grit his teeth and tried to bear
it, as the paddle swung like a fucking metronome, left, right, left, right. It kept up, and tears sprang in
Sam's eyes against his will. His ass had to be cherry red. Sam had been paddled, sure, but never like
this.

The paddling stopped when the first sob broke from Sam's throat.

“Who determines what you need, Sam?” Castiel sounded a little out of breath.

“Y-you do, Sir.” Sam's voice was a little choked.

“Who determines when you get it, Sam?”
“You... you do, Sir.” Sam whimpered.

“Who loves you, Sam?”

Sam blinked, vision swimming with tears. “Y-you do, Sir.”

“And??” Jimmy's voice asked.

“And... and you do, Sir.”

“Damned straight.” Jimmy retorted, from right behind Sam.

Sam felt a hand on his lower back, and cool, slick fingers a moment later, rubbing against his hole. He couldn't stop the shudder that ran through him. He pressed his forehead against the cool wood of the door.

The fingers worked him open, scissoring and stretching, and withdrew, to be replaced by one of his boyfriend's cocks. Sam groaned as he was filled, the fine fabric of dress pants feeling like steel wool against the skin of his ass.

“God.” A rough growl. “You're so pretty like this, Sam. Strung up and spread out, bright red ass and filled with my cock.” Castiel. “You love it, don't you?”

Sam needed Castiel to move, to fuck him hard, to make him co... no, not come. “Yes, please, Sir...”

“Please what, whore?” Castiel moved his hips, just a little, just enough to let Sam feel every inch of him.

“Pleasefuckme. Please... please, Sir, u-use me...”

Castiel groaned and slid from Sam, only to pound back into him, setting a brutal pace. Sam braced his elbows against the door and arched his back, pushing his ass into Castiel.

“Fucking hell.” Castiel murmured, one hand on Sam's hip, and the fingers of the other slipping between Sam's collar and his skin, clenching into a fist. Sam groaned at the constriction around his throat, absolutely loving the sensation, feeling fucked open and owned and loved.

Sam swam in the sensations as Castiel fucked him. Too soon, Castiel stilled, pulling Sam as hard as he could against him and coming inside him. The hand around Sam's collar tightened unconsciously, and Sam struggled to breathe.

Castiel felt Sam struggle, and loosened his grip. Sam gasped in a couple of deeper breaths, relaxing. Castiel pulled gently from Sam's hole, leaving Sam feeling empty. Some of his come slid down Sam's inner thigh.

“Sam. Tap the door twice with your right hand.” Castiel's palm stroked down Sam's hip.

Sam, confused, did – tapping the hollow wood twice with the first two fingers of his right hand. The sound was surprisingly loud.

“That means yellow. Do it again.”

*I'm not gagged. Why would I need to tap for yellow??* Sam did.

“Bang your fist on the door, Sam.”
Sam closed his hand into a fist and brought it against the door. The booming noise was very, very different from the taps.

“That means red. One more time.” The noise rang through the small room. Sam was baffled.

“You will not allow me to render you unconscious. Do you understand?” Castiel's voice was deep and serious.

What the hell? “Y-yes, Sir...”

And Castiel's had tightened so hard on Sam's collar that his breath was completely stopped. Sam choked, reflexively trying to bring his hands down, to relieve the pressure on his throat. His hands didn't move, and Sam tried to calm himself.

Three minutes. Three... Sam knew irreversible damage could happen at that point. He tried to time it, but his heart was pounding in his chest and he couldn't focus. His mouth gaped open, and it didn't take very long for things to start to grey out.

His vision diminishing, Sam remembered to tap twice against the door.

The pressure around his throat vanished, and Sam coughed, hauling in gasping breaths. Sam's vision cleared, and he trembled.

“Good boy.” Castiel murmured behind him, his fingers still wrapped around Sam's collar. “Again?”

“God, yes.” Sam whispered, his cock rock-hard in its steel prison. Sam had barely managed to get the words out before the impossible choking pressure was back.

He lasted a little longer this time, his heart no longer hammering against his ribs. When his vision was nearly gone, he tapped again. This time, he groaned, before pulling in lungfuls of air.

“God, please, pl...” Sam begged, only to have his air cut off again. Sam's mind whirled – he hadn't even been sure what he had been begging for. Time seemed interminable, every one of Sam's muscles stiff and straining, before everything darkened and Sam tapped against the door.

Castiel released Sam's collar completely, and Sam shuddered, gasping, his knees feeling weak. Sam felt Castiel's hands close reassuringly on his hips, thumbs rubbing against Sam's skin.

“Good boy. You're so good. Look down, Sam. Look.”

What?? Sam's thoughts seemed to be sluggish, but he obeyed. Between his feet, just in front of the spreader bar between his ankles, there was a puddle of clear, viscous fluid on the floor.

Precome. I... I leaked that. Jesus Christ.

Castiel pulled Sam a little more upright, and pressed his front along Sam's back. “If this was our home, Sam...” Castiel whispered into his ear. “... you'd be licking that up.”

"OhmyfuckingGod.” Sam wasn't even aware that he had spoken, until he heard Castiel chuckle. Sam's back felt chilled, as Castiel moved away.

“Oh, is it my turn already?” Jimmy asked. Sam heard a soft oof, as if Castiel had elbowed Jimmy or something. A moment later, a finger was running up the skin on the inside of Sam's thigh, catching and smearing the come which had dripped there.

“Messy, messy whore. Leaking from the front and the back, you are, princess.” The finger trailed all
the way up to Sam's hole, where it slid in with two more. Sam heard the wet *squelch* noise and blushed, embarrassed. “All open and slick for me. Think I can just slide in on my brother's come?”

“Y-yes, Sir...” Sam whispered.

“Let's do that, then.” Jimmy's hands settled on Sam's burning ass and spread his cheeks wide. There was a nudge at Sam's hole, which resisted for only a moment before yielding, and allowing Jimmy's cock deep inside.

Jimmy rutted hard against Sam's ass. “Shame, really... letting you leak all that come... back out. God! We... we should fill you up, keep... keep you on... ngh... all fours, keep all that come in you, breed your ass like the little bitch you are.”

Sam groaned and shuddered at the idea, thinking of being kept that way, so full of Castiel and Jimmy's come... and Sam had a momentary flash of wonder, at what it would be like to be able to bear them children, to have his belly swell with them...

Jimmy clutched Sam against him, and Sam felt him coat his insides with come. Jimmy's forehead dropped against Sam's back, his breath hot against Sam's skin. He took a moment to gather himself, before sliding out of Sam's well-used hole. More come slid from Sam, wetting his thighs.

“And look at that, he even managed not to come. Bravo.” Jimmy patted Sam's aching ass and moved away.

Sam glanced down again, and sure enough, the liquid was clear. He had been so close, a number of times, and still wanted so desperately to come. The urge was so intense it nearly choked him, but he tried with everything he had to push it back down. He closed his eyes. He knew better than to even ask.

Sam heard his cell phone ring. He heard a soft beep, and Jimmy spoke. “Hi, cutie.”

There was a pause. “He's a little... ah... tied up, at the moment. But I can put you on speaker.” Jimmy moved to Sam, and balanced the phone on Sam's right shoulder.

“Sammy?” Dean's voice, near his ear.

“Hey, Dean.” Sam's voice was faint.

“Sounds like they worked you over, bro. You good?” Dean sounded a little concerned.

“Yeah. Yeah, I'm... I'm good. How'd your hunt go?”

“Good, four dead wolves, no casualties. I'm a little banged up, though.”

Sam frowned. ’A little banged up’ could mean a lot of things. “Dean?”

“It's fine, Sammy. A couple of stitches. Maybe a cracked rib. It's fine.”

“You should come back here, Dean. Rest up. I've got a place you can stay. No charge.”

“And there's a chef!” Jimmy piped up from beside him.

“All right, you had me at 'chef'. What's the address?”

Jimmy rattled off an address, which Sam also quickly and quietly committed to memory.
We'll let them know you're coming. And we'll let Sam down now.” Jimmy released one of Sam's wrists from the door, catching the phone before it fell.

“All right. I'll let you know when I get in. G'night, guys.”

“Night, Dean.”

“Night, cutie!”

“Goodnight, Dean.” Castiel called, from across the room. The line went dead.

Jimmy put the phone down and released Sam's other wrist and his ankles. He unbuckled the cuffs, and rubbed Sam's wrists. Sam shifted a little, stretching his shoulders, arms, and hips.

Jimmy herded Sam into the shower, and Castiel joined them a moment later. Sam closed his eyes, enjoying the twins' hands on his skin and in his hair. Castiel's fingers slipped down the crack of his ass and inside him, rubbing against his prostate.

Sam whimpered, clutching Jimmy's shoulders, hoping Castiel would milk him, but he stopped shortly after he began, and withdrew his fingers.

“Not tonight, Sam.” Castiel's voice was apologetic. Sam couldn't stop his whine. “Perhaps this weekend, in Chicago. If you behave.”

“Yes, Sir.” Sam muttered, a little resentfully. Both Castiel and Jimmy laughed at him.

“Come on now. Out. Dry off, use the facilities, and we have to put your solid sound back in.” Castiel said briskly.

The boys readied themselves for bed, skin fresh and mouths minty. They laid Sam out on the bed, pressing him down when he arched as the sound was removed and replaced. The twins curled up on either side of him, settling in and pulling up blankets as Sam was still breathing heavily.

“Goodnight, my love.” Castiel kissed Sam's cheek, before resting his head on Sam's shoulder.

Jimmy nuzzled Sam's neck wordlessly, an arm across his chest.

As the twins fell asleep beside him, Sam stared at the ceiling.

*Jesus, I wish I could come. It's gonna be a long fucking week.*
Sam woke to a kiss being pressed against his lips. He wanted to kiss back, he really did, but he even more deeply wanted to not be conscious. He groaned, turning his face away, and tried to flip onto his side. A firm hand on his shoulder kept him on his back, and a second firm hand gripped his jaw, turning his head back towards his assailant.

Sam cracked his eyes open. Wide blue ones stared back down at him, lips quirked up in a smile. Fucking hell, Cas...

“Up, Sam. Breakfast is waiting, we have to swap out your sound, get you showered and off to class.”

Sam pulled Castiel's hand from his jaw, frowning tiredly, and pulled a pillow over his head. It was blissfully dark and cool and quiet - for a brief moment, until it was ripped away. Sam whined in protest, clenching his eyes shut.

“Oh fucking shit. That had been pure, 100% Dom voice, right there. Sam froze, cracking one eye open and seeing Castiel looking thunderous. Sam's eyes opened and widened, trying to shoot for 'puppy-dog eyes', hoping to forestall hostilities. He noticed that the shower was running – Jimmy must be in it.

“On your stomach. Now.” Castiel crouched beside him, wearing sleep pants and a plain T-shirt, reaching under the bed for the gear bag. It didn't even occur to Sam to misbehave. He flipped over immediately, cheek pressed into the pillow, facing the blank wall, heart beating a little faster than normal.

Sam heard the gear rustling, Castiel muttering under his breath, and the zipper closing back up. The blanket was yanked down, and Sam shivered a little as the cool air hit his warm skin. The click of the cap of the lube bottle was loud in the otherwise silent room.

Wait, wait, what?? Sam moved to turn his head, to see what Castiel was doing, only to have a rough hand on the side of his head shove it back down into the pillow. It lingered there for a moment, making its meaning clear, before withdrawing. The same hand pulled Sam's legs apart, spreading them wide. Cold fingers, slick with lube, touched Sam's hole, and he jumped. He got a swat across the ass for his troubles, and tried to lay still as his opening was probed, prodded, and stretched.

The fingers withdrew, and something cold and hard pressed against his hole. It spread him uncomfortably wide, pushed in with unrelenting force, before the widest part was past his rim, and it slipped into position. It felt icy cold, large and foreign inside him. He shifted just a little in discomfort, and got his ass whacked again for it.
“On your back.” Castiel's voice was clipped. Sam flipped onto his back, groaning as the plug shifted inside him. Castiel was snapping on a pair of gloves. The alcohol wipes, sterile lube, and hollow sound were nearby. Rather than watch Castiel's fingers on his cage, Sam opted to watch his face. He was frowning, and looked more than a little annoyed. Sam wanted to reach out and smooth away the wrinkle between his eyebrows, to kiss away the frown and the tightness around his mouth. But what he mostly wanted to to was apologize. Castiel had only been trying to wake him, with sweet kisses, and Sam had shoved his hand away.

The sensation of the sound sliding in took his breath away, like it always did. He managed not to arch up off the bed this time. The sensation of being stretched wasn't as pronounced any more, Sam noticed. He kind of missed it.

“Kneel. Eat your breakfast.” Castiel stripped off his gloves, discarded them and the used swabs and empty lube packet, sat down in his chair, and turned his back to Sam.

Sam was feeling progressively more guilty, as he snagged the takeout container and knelt next to Castiel's chair. He didn't open it, instead addressing the floor between his knees.

“I... I'm really sorry, Cas. That... I really appreciate that you got me breakfast, thank you. And I know... I know you were just waking me so I could have time to get everything done. I'm sorry I pushed you away. And... and... and thank you for the kisses.” Sam finished lamely.

Castiel's chair turned immediately, and fingers under Sam's chin lifted his face up. Castiel smiled at him, and leaned down to press a soft kiss to his lips. “Thank you for saying that, Sam. And you're still wearing the plug today, for being an insufferable brat.”

“Hey!!” There was an indignant shout from the bathroom, and Sam glanced up to see a wet Jimmy sticking his head out the doorway. “I thought I had the monopoly on being the insufferable brat??” Jimmy put on a fake pout.

“Normally, you do, but Sam had a moment this morning.” Castiel chuckled. Jimmy's head retreated back into the bathroom.

Sam opened his breakfast, shifting a little uncomfortably. The plug was large, heavy, and hard inside him. Sam ate roughly half his food, before giving up. “Christ, Cas, which goddamned plug is this??”

“The stainless steel one. You've never had it in.” Castiel replied nonchalantly, around a mouthful of pancakes. “It's the perfect thing to remind bratty little subs to play nicely. You should ask Jimmy, he's intimately familiar with it.”

Jimmy laughed wholeheartedly from the bathroom, being able to hear the conversation between Sam and Castiel quite clearly. He emerged a moment later, grinning and ruffling his wet hair with a towel.

Laugh it up, fuzzball.” Sam shot Jimmy a dark look, which just made Jimmy break into laughter again.

“Hey, I'm just glad it isn't me that's wearing it, for once. Lemme tell you, Sam, it feels fabulous against really hard chairs, like the ones you'll be sitting on during your lectures, all day. You can, like, rock back and forth, and rub it against...”

“Jimmy...” Castiel warned.

Jimmy stuck his tongue out at his brother, held the arm holding his wet towel out straight, and deliberately dropped it into a soggy lump on the floor.
“And you can pick that up, and hang it neatly on the towel rack in the bathroom.” Castiel said politely, with a distinct dark edge to his voice.

Jimmy froze, and Sam could hear the gears grinding in Jimmy's head. Sam knew perfectly well that Jimmy was vacillating between lipping off at his brother and doing what he was told. *Come on, Jimmy, don't let your mouth write checks your ass has to cash...* Sam surreptitiously crossed his fingers.

“And you can lick my entire asshole, Castiel.” Jimmy grinned, victorious, at his brother.

*Oh, God, Jimmy.* Sam rolled his eyes, closed them, and shook his head.

Sam could hear Jimmy's tearful cries and yelps over the sound of his shower. When he emerged, he found Jimmy's towel hung neatly to dry in the bathroom, and Jimmy on his knees in his corner, sniffing, ass and thighs striped brightly red.

“All right, both of you get dressed and out of here, before you're late to class. And you can both come over here and give me kisses before you go.” Castiel sat in front of his computer.

Sam dressed without complaint, trying to prevent the plug from shifting too much within him. Jimmy dressed with much wincing and grumbling and dark looks at his brother. Sam, upon making eye contact with Jimmy, tried to give him a look which said, *you lost that round, cut it out, already,* but Jimmy just stuck out his tongue at Sam in response.

“If you're so determined to stick your tongue out, Jimmy, it's going to be used to prepare Sam to take my cock this evening.” Castiel said lightly, not looking away from his screen.

Sam groaned softly, hardening at the thought. And how the *hell* did Castiel do that?? Even Sam's peripheral vision wasn't that good, and he was a hunter, for God's sake.

As they were leaving, Sam happily bent to give Castiel a kiss. Jimmy did, too, but a great deal more grudgingly. Castiel chuckled. “Go. And *be good.*” The warning in his voice was heavy.

Sam and Jimmy left together.

“What the hell, man? Why would you go and get yourself caned??” Sam asked, confused, as they walked from the dorm.

Jimmy frowned, and didn't answer right away. After a moment, he sighed. “I... it's just, it's hard for me, for a bit, after I see my parents. They're both Doms, and Cas is a Dom, and I ended up a switch. Which they weren't too happy about, not that they'd ever say it to my face. It's more of, like, a quiet kind of disapproval.”

Sam blinked, stunned by the information that Jimmy shared so freely about his parents. It explained a lot, though – like why Castiel had put Sam on his knees in the limo, and why Jimmy had been so quiet at dinner. And Sam's heart went out to Jimmy, for being judged like that. Sam reached out and pulled Jimmy under his arm, hugging him and pressing a kiss to his head.

“...I'll be okay, though. Cas knows this happens, and really, what he does – did – helps me.”

“I'm glad. Would Domming the hell out of me help you get your centre back?” Sam smiled mischievously down at Jimmy, who turned his face up to him, eyes wide with shock and wonder.
“It... I don't know, really. It's never really been an option, when it was just me and Cas.” Jimmy answered blankly.

“Well, I'm game, if you want to try.” Sam leaned down and kissed Jimmy hard. Their steps stuttered to a halt as Jimmy's mouth opened against his. Sam let Jimmy dominate the kiss, exploring Sam's mouth, licking and sucking at Sam's tongue. Both of them were hard and panting before they pulled apart.

“Fucking fags.” Sam heard someone mutter, and his eyes shot to a group of frat-type boys nearby who were scowling at them. Sam grinned cheerfully at them, flipped them the bird, and pulled Jimmy into another long kiss, Jimmy laughing against his lips.

“FUCK 'em. They don't know anything.” Sam murmured against Jimmy's mouth. “I love you.”

“I love you, too, and if we don't quit making out like horny teenagers, we're both gonna be late, and Cas will tan both of our hides.” Jimmy grinned.

Sam reluctantly let him go, and after a final short kiss, they parted for their respective days of classes. Sam watched Jimmy skip, literally skip away, and wondered how anyone could judge such a sweet, wonderful person for being what he was.

Sam discovered less than five minutes into his first class that Jimmy had been absolutely, 100% correct about the plug. The hard chair pressed it up into Sam, and Sam was torn between trying to stay absolutely still and trying to rock it against his prostate, which felt fucking amazing. And then there was the matter of actually listening to what his professors were saying, as well. There was that.

All in all, Sam was relieved and glad to enter the dorm, after an interminably long day of classes, spent half-hard to achingly-hard against his cage. Castiel looked up as he entered, smiling at him. Sam kicked off his boots and deposited his pack on his bed.

He noticed a towel spread on Castiel's bed, covering some items, but didn't ask.

“Did you enjoy your plug, Sam?” Castiel asked, wide, innocent eyes over a devilish smirk.

“Y-yes, Sir.” Sam answered, swallowing hard.

“Did you make yourself come, Sam?” The smirk vanished, and Castiel looked serious.

“No!” Sam answered sharply, before realizing how harshly he had said it. “No. No, Sir. I... I wouldn't.”

“Would you like to make yourself come, Sam?” Castiel asked slyly.

Sam stammered for a moment, not entirely certain what the right answer was. He decided to go with honesty. “Yes... Sir?”

“Should I let you make yourself come, Sam?”

Sam's heart fell at that one. He knew what the right answer was, this time. “No, Sir.” Sam had a hard time keeping the disappointment out of his voice.

“And why's that?” Castiel asked.

“Because I'm on punishment, Sir.” Sam's voice was flat.

“Yes, you are. But not too much longer. Keep up the good work, and I might let you come before
we leave for Chicago. Or on the plane, maybe.”

Sam had a momentary flush of fear at the thought of being caught by a stewardess, getting fucked by Castiel in a cramped bathroom. Then he remembered that it was going to be a private plane, which made that into an entirely different scene.

Sam was envisioning being bent over a leather couch, fucked hard from behind as he stared out a window at fluffy white clouds, when he realized Castiel was speaking again.

“... harassed by some frat boys, on your way to class?”

Sam scrambled to formulate an answer, to try to cover his lapse of attention. “Yeah. They were just jerks, though. They didn't pose a serious threat.”

Castiel looked appraisingly at him. “And if they'd have attacked you? How many were there?”

“Five. And I'd have taken them down.” Sam said plainly. “Incapacitated, threat removed, without serious or permanent damage.”

“You know, I don't doubt you for a minute, Sam.” Castiel said confidently.

Sam was a little confused, but smiled nonetheless, feeling pleased that Castiel had faith in the fact that Sam could keep both himself and Jimmy safe.

“Jimmy also expressed that he'd like to dominate you, to see if that will help him with his post-parent... depression. So tonight, after he walks in the door, you belong to him, and I'm just here for the show, all right?”

“O-okay.” Sam replied. “Did... did he say how he wanted me?”

“No. I'm going to assume he'll let you know when he arrives. He did ask me to remind you that you're free to safeword, at any time.”

Sam twitched. Did that mean that Jimmy would be playing hard, testing Sam's limits? Sam felt a little thrill at the thought. He sat down at his desk, and Castiel turned back to his computer.

Sam had a sudden thought, and pulled his banged-up old laptop from his bag. He ran his finger across the curling edge of a sticker on the top, a souvenir from when Dean had dragged him off to see the World's Biggest Ball of Twine, one day when John had been sleeping off a bender.

Sam opened the laptop, went to Google, and typed in the address that he had memorized the other day – the address of the house that the twins' parents had bought for them. Google showed it as being very close, and Sam scrolled in, triggering Street View. It took him a second to realize that it was facing the wrong side of the street (why did it always do that??), and an extra second to turn the camera around.

His hand dropped from the laptop's small mousepad.

“Fuck. Me.” Sam said quietly, stunned stupid.

“Sorry, what?” Castiel asked, turning to face Sam, and seeing the house on Sam's laptop screen. “Oh. Yes. That's the house. Do you like it?”

It was towering Victorian mansion, beautifully maintained, with tall, narrow windows, and a broad porch across the front, which wrapped around both sides of the house. A wide, sweeping staircase
rose between huge, elaborate pillars in the front, which reached up two floors. There was a balcony across the front of the second floor, as well. A driveway seemed to dip down, opening into a lower-story double garage on the right-hand side. An ornate, black iron fence separated the house from the sidewalk before it.

“That... that's not a house, Cas.” Sam's voice was faint. “That's... a mansion.”

“Well, there are quite a few of us who will be staying there. We need the space.”

“It... it's three of us, Cas. We could share one bedroom, if we needed to. This... this is ridiculous.”

“Four of us, actually. And potential guests.” Castiel replied.

“What?? How do you figure?” Sam was baffled.

“Your brother, Sam. I assume Dean's going to spend at least some of his time with us. And I'm sure he'd appreciate having his own space to retire to.”

“Okay, so... so two bedrooms, then. Two!” Sam insisted.

“Actually, there are five, on the top floor.” Castiel smiled. “Four baths, two full, two half. The master has a full en suite and sitting room. An eat-in kitchen and formal dining room, lounge, and library, on the main floor. The playroom and the garage are on the lower level. And my studio is in the carriage house, behind the main building.”

Sam opened his mouth to speak, and nothing came out.

Castiel smiled apologetically. “I understand that you feel this is more house than we would need...”

“Cas, this is more house than anyone needs!” Sam retorted, heat in his voice.

Castiel reached out to Sam, turning Sam to face him. He took Sam's hands in his own. “I have a reason, Sam, for wanting five bedrooms. Yes, it's likely that you, Jimmy, and myself will share the king-sized bed in the master suite. But Jimmy's...” Castiel paused. “... lack of organizational skills, and functional inability to tidy up after himself, mean that he will require his own room. He also occasionally needs time to himself, as I'm sure you've noticed.”

Sam nodded. That much was absolutely true. But that still only necessitated... Sam did the math in his head... four bedrooms, even if you included one for Dean and guests.

“And the fifth bedroom, Sam, is for you.”

“Me.” Sam said blankly.

“Yes. You deserve to have your own private space, as well. Somewhere you can have that's exclusively yours, where no one else has the right to enter, without your permission. Somewhere you can go to, and slam the door after yourself, if we're quarrelling.” Castiel smiled.

Sam was overwhelmed. Sure, there had been times when he had been growing up that he had had a room to himself, for a couple of weeks, or a month. And then it had been back to sharing a skeevy motel room with his brother. Never, never ever had Sam had a space, a private space that he could really call his own. That he could decorate how he wanted, and fill with things that were important to him. It was a bit of normality that he never thought he'd get to have. Sam's eyes filled with tears.

Castiel seemed to know what he was thinking, and pulled Sam tight against himself. “Let me do this
for you, Sam. Let me give you a home.”

Jimmy walked in on them like that a little later, Castiel and Sam both seated in their chairs, leaned forward and hugging tightly, Sam shaking with tears and Castiel murmuring softly in his ear.

“Is... is everything okay?” Jimmy’s voice was worried.

Castiel nodded. “He'll be okay. He was just a little overwhelmed by the house.”

Jimmy glanced at Sam's laptop, which was still showing the Street View of the house. “Oh. Right.” Jimmy gently closed the laptop, and ran a reassuring hand up Sam's back. He leaned over to kiss the top of Sam's head.

It took Sam quite some time to calm himself down, even with both twins comforting him. It was strange for him, to finally be getting something he had wanted for so desperately long. He had been told no, or been beaten, for his entire life, every time he dared to ask for something for himself.

“Can... can I see the interior?” Sam asked, pulling back a little and wiping his eyes.

“Maybe later.” Castiel stroked his hair and kissed his cheek.

Sam heard a soft click, and looked down, to find that Jimmy had snapped a leash onto the ring of his collar. Tears forgotten, he stared wide-eyed up at Jimmy.

Jimmy, who had a roll of wide, shiny black tape in his hand. He tugged Sam's leash, and Sam lowered himself to the floor.

“I think, for a slutty cock-hungry bondage bunny, you're entirely overdressed, don't you think?”

Sam pulled his shirt up and off immediately, and Jimmy fed the leash through it as it came off. Sam's fingers fumbled on his fly in his haste to get his pants off. Soon, he was naked and kneeling, eyes between Jimmy's feet. A pair of panties was lowered into Sam's line of sight, dangling from the tip of Jimmy's index finger. Black lace. *Matchy matchy with the black tape.* Sam pulled them on and smoothed them over his butt.

Jimmy yanked him to his feet by the leash, and Sam scrambled to get his feet under him. He had barely managed, when Jimmy gave him a shove towards his bed. He stumbled backwards, and landed on his ass on it.

Jimmy held the end of the leash up to Sam's mouth. “Open.” Sam did, and Jimmy laid the leather between Sam's teeth. “Close. Gently. No lips. Hold this for me.”

Sam's nose was filled with the scent of leather as he held his own leash carefully between his teeth. Jimmy stepped away, returning a moment later with a rubber gag shaped like a penis, and a new jingly cat toy. This one was red. Sam took the toy from him, and opened his mouth when Jimmy retrieved the leash, looping it over his own wrist. Jimmy tapped the tip of the rubber cock on Sam's bottom lip, before sliding it in. It was substantial in Sam's mouth, pressing his tongue down. The rubber panel at its base covered his mouth entirely. It didn't taste anywhere *near* as nice as the grape-flavoured ball gag. Sam moved his tongue experimentally, and felt veined ridges as Jimmy cinched the strap around the back of his head.

“There.” Jimmy patted Sam's head. “Now, even if there isn't a cock in you, you've still got something to wrap that filthy little mouth around. It's perfect for a whore that lives to have his holes filled, don't you think?”
Sam nodded, blushing.

“Suck it, Sam.” Jimmy instructed.

Sam did, hollowing his cheeks and sucking against the unforgiving rubber, letting his eyes close. A fingertip slid down his cheekbone.

“Good. Now, you just go ahead and suck that whenever you feel you need to.” Jimmy mocked. “And get on your hands and knees.”

Sam did, in the middle of the bed. Jimmy gave him a nudge to move upwards, and Sam shuffled forward, until his face was above his pillows. Jimmy grabbed the pillows, tossing them towards the other bed.

“Now, grab the insides of your ankles.”

Sam blinked. ... my ankles?? He must've hesitated a moment too long, because Jimmy shoved his chest down with a hand between his shoulder blades. He reached under Sam and yanked Sam's right wrist down between his legs, pressing it against Sam's right ankle.

“Fucking keep it there.” Sam's fingers clutched his ankle. Jimmy lifted his foot. He felt cool plastic against his skin – it had to be the tape that Jimmy had been holding. It wasn't sticky at all, but once Jimmy had it wrapped around, it seemed to adhere to itself. Sam panted, uncomfortably crunched-over, as Jimmy wound the tape around him, until his arm was bound to his leg, all the way from his wrist to his elbow.

“Other arm, fucktoy.”

Sam, trembling a little, lowered his left hand to his left ankle, the cat toy pressed in between. Jimmy wrapped his forearm to his calf in the same manner, leaving Sam enough mobility in his wrist to be able to drop or toss the toy.

“Now. Squirm.” Sam yelped into his gag as Jimmy's hand slapped down hard against his ass. He jolted upwards, straining against the tape, the ball jingling softly in his hand. It was a strange sort of bondage – one Sam hadn't experienced before. He could raise or lower his ass, and slide his knees in and out a little, and bring his ankles together, but not much else. His cheek was squashed against his blanket, his face turned to the wall.

Sam liked it. A lot. He heard a soft groan from across the room as he shifted in his bonds.

“See, big brother, I don't have to use your fancy knotwork to have a slut immobilized for use.” Jimmy's hand stroked over the black lace on Sam's ass.

“Touche.” Castiel replied softly.

“Spread.” Something cold and decidedly metallic tapped against the inside of Sam's thigh. Sam flinched away from it instinctively, spreading his legs. There was a rustle of cloth and a zipper, and the bed moved behind Sam, as Jimmy climbed up between his legs. Sam could feel the warmth radiating from his skin.

And then Sam felt something very sharp prick the base of his neck, just below his collar. Hard enough to break skin. And the sharp tip trailed down his spine to the waistband of the panties. Sam stayed as still as he could, barely breathing. That fucking bowie knife.

The blade lifted, and Sam felt the elastic of the panties split, and the fabric part, downwards, along
his ass crack, leaving him exposed.

“Hope those weren’t your favourite.” Jimmy said, with mock sympathy. “Now…” A fingertip touched the spot where the tip of the knife had broken skin, and then lifted. Sam heard Jimmy smack his lips in evident delight. “Mmmm! Tastes like whore. Like... submission. Lust. Devotion. And tight, wet heat. Though this...” Jimmy pushed hard against Sam's plug, making him groan against his gag. “This might loosen that tightness a little. We'll just have to find out!”

Sam shuddered as Jimmy pulled out the heavy steel plug, feeling stretched and empty. That feeling was assuaged when Jimmy's hard cock filled him a moment later. “Definitely... definitely a little looser. But still hot and wet. Ride me.” Jimmy instructed.

Sam raised and lowered his ass, slipping up and down on Jimmy's cock. Jimmy's hands weren't on him – Jimmy was letting Sam control the speed and depth, as much as he could when bound the way he was. It was strange not to feel hands on his hips, gripping tight.

“Look at that. Our perfect little hole, trussed up like a fucking turkey, and still fucking himself greedily on my cock.” Jimmy began to thrust gently, bumping his hips against Sam's ass as he rocked backwards.

Sam moaned at the increased force, the sound lost behind his gag. He tried to move faster, harder against Jimmy, but didn't have a lot of success. He whined in frustration, and at least part of the noise must've made it to Jimmy's ears.

“Needy fucking slut, I swear. It's not enough to be filled with cock, he needs to be pounded by it. Is that what you want, hole? For me to fucking pound you?” And finally, finally a hand gripped Sam's hip, over the loose remnants of his black lace panties.

He nodded as best he could. Sam managed to turn his head, and saw Castiel, in his office chair, staring at him and Jimmy, pants and boxers pushed down his thighs, T-shirt hiked up, showing pale, muscled skin. Castiel was slowly dragging his hand along his hard cock, which was shiny with lube.

Sam's eyes locked on Castiel's as Jimmy gripped both of his hips punishingly tight and slammed hard into Sam, rocking him against the bed. Oh, God, yes. Sam fought to keep his eyes from fluttering closed, and noticed Castiel's strokes were matching the thrusts Jimmy was making into Sam.

Sam was stunned that he didn't come when Castiel did, watching him arch in his chair and paint his stomach with ribbons of creamy whiteness, head thrown back and mouth open.

“You're... you're so pretty getting fucked...” Jimmy panted, thrusts becoming erratic. “That you... make my brother come... from... from across the fucking room. Fuck!!” Jimmy's fingers dug into Sam's skin as he came deep inside him.

Jimmy needed a moment to collect himself, before pulling out and slipping the steel plug back inside Sam, who winced at the cold hardness.

“Wiggle your fingers, Sam.” Jimmy instructed. Sam did, dropping the ball by accident, which rolled away. Jimmy picked it up and pressed it back into his hand. Jimmy checked Sam's hands and feet for colour and warmth. Sam didn't see the thumbs-up he flashed to Castiel.

Jimmy climbed off the bed, and knelt right before Sam's face. Sam watched him with glassy eyes, feeling comfortable and safe and used.

“Okay, Sam. Listen. One blink means yes. Two means no, okay?”
Sam blinked once, long and deliberate.

“Good. Are you comfortable?”

Again, one long, slow blink.

“Anything hurting, pinching, cold, or tingling?”

Sam did a slow-witted inventory of his body, but everything felt fine. Better than fine. Sam blinked twice.

“Good. You want me to let you loose?”

*What? No!!* Two long blinks.

“All right. I'm going to be right here, okay? Right here next to you. You can just close your eyes and feel. You drop the toy, if you need my attention. Okay?”

Sam nodded, barely any movement at all, and let his eyes drop closed. He felt Jimmy sit on the bed, near his feet, and felt the pressure and warmth of Jimmy's hand through the tape on his calf.

The room was blissfully quiet. Sam breathed slowly and calmly, relishing in the sense of being owned. He was acutely aware of the pressure of the collar against the back of his neck, of the stray drop of come working its way down his thigh, of the leather leash partially pinned under his shoulder, of the calming dual presences of Jimmy and Cas. It was profoundly peaceful, a peace Sam hadn't even known existed before he met the twins.

Eventually, as much as he wanted to stay like that forever, some of the blissed-out haze began to fade from Sam's mind. There was a pronounced ache in his hips, and he was starting to feel chilled. He dropped the toy, just before he started to shiver.

“Okay, Sam. We'll get you out. Just a second.” Sam felt a cold, blunt bit of metal against his skin, and it moved, slicing through the tape like butter. In moments, Sam was released. Jimmy helped him to sit for a moment, unclipping the leash before pulling Sam to his feet.

The shower that followed ranked pretty high on Sam's list of all-time favourite experiences. It was warm and safe, under the flowing water between the twins. Hands smoothed over him, carefully removing the plug and rinsing sweat and come from him.

Once they had towelled off, they wrestled Sam into some pajama pants. They sat Sam on one of the beds, and Jimmy sat behind him, shirtless as well, legs spread wide around Sam and arms wrapped around him. Sam thought Jimmy's chest, cheek, and damp hair felt amazing against his back. The occasional kisses didn't hurt, either.

Castiel quietly ordered food, which arrived a short time later. There were several boxes of... little tiny burgers. Sam looked at them, bemused. He couldn't figure out why anyone would make a burger that tiny, barely big enough to hold a pickle. Then he tried one, and it was phenomenal. He ate ravenously, each tiny burger disappearing in two bites, until he was feeling uncomfortably full. Jimmy had come out from behind him, and was eating beside him, a thigh pressed against Sam's own.

“Um.” Sam started. “That... that was really amazing. Thank you for that.”

Jimmy smiled at Sam around his bite of burger. He swallowed. “You're welcome. It... it helped me, too, I think.” Jimmy paused, thinking, before nodding and taking another bite of burger.
“I’m glad.” Sam responded. A glance at Castiel showed a small smile on his face.

Sam looked across the room at the wreckage of his own bed, blankets rumpled and missing pillows. His eyes lit on the discarded, cut tape that had been wrapped around him. “What... what was that tape stuff? It wasn't sticky...”

“Bondage tape.” Castiel answered, tucking his napkin into a box and closing it. “For the shibari-impaired.”

“Fuck you, Cas. It's good stuff.” Jimmy retorted. “The broadness of it makes it ideal for wrapping. And it makes it difficult to cut circulation off - not that you shouldn't always check anyway. And it only sticks to itself, so you can't rip out hair or damage skin.”

“Huh!” Sam said, impressed. He'd never heard of the stuff before. “That's pretty fucking neato.” Sam tried to stifle a yawn, but the twins saw.

Sam's phone rang. He grabbed it – it was Dean. And for once, Sam wasn't even being fucked when he called.

“Hey, Dean.” Sam answered it happily.

“Dude, this place is fucking AMAZING. The beds are huge!!” Dean raved. “And that gift box?? Holy shit!!”

Sam blinked. “What... what gift box?” He shot a look at Castiel, who looked away and began to whistle innocently.

“God, the stuff in it, Sammy! Your twins are kinky-ass bastards. There's a fucking monogrammed metal butt plug, Sammy, that says 'Property of DW'!”

Sam's eyes widened, and he coughed. “R-really.” Sam glanced at Jimmy, who had plastered an innocent look on his features.

“Fucking right. And there's leather cuffs and collars, and there's a paddle and a fucking riding crop, and a blindfold, and...”

“Ah, yeah, I think I get the gist of it, Dean.” Sam glared at Jimmy, who had clearly set Dean up with a 'BDSM Starter Kit'.

Jimmy grinned broadly. 'For me!' Jimmy mouthed, pointing at himself.

Sam rolled his eyes. Fucking Jimmy.

“And they had a medic come in to check me out, took some samples and stuff. My ribs aren't busted, just, like, cracked or whatever. He wasn't impressed with Duncan's stitches, though. He cleaned 'em up and re-stitched 'em.”

“How many stitches, Dean?” Sam asked sharply.

“I dunno. A bunch.” Dean said uncaringly. “And the food, Jesus, Marta is fucking amazing. And she's just the nicest lady. She takes care of the housekeeping and stuff. And my Baby's got indoor parking, Sam.”

Dean sounded like he had won the lottery.

“Been down in the basement yet, Dean?” Sam asked, his eyes on Jimmy.
“Nope. It's locked.” Dean sounded indifferent.

“Yes, that's apparently where the playroom is.” Sam informed him.

There was silence on the line. “What, like, snooker? Pinball?”

“BDSM playroom, De. Like a dungeon.” Sam answered.

“Holy shit.” Dean stammered.

“You don't get to see it until Sam does, cutie!” Jimmy yelled in the direction of the phone.

“Uh... right.” Dean sounded intimidated, which wasn't something he sounded very often. It made Sam chuckle to hear it.

“We'll bring Sam by tomorrow night, for dinner and to see you and the house and everything.” Jimmy yelled. Sam flinched away, and put the phone on speaker.

“You're on speaker, Dean.” Sam let him know.

“So which one of y'all arranged that little treasure box for me, then?” Jimmy giggled. Castiel grinned. “Both of them, apparently.” Sam answered.

“Huh. Well, seeing as Cas doesn't sub, I'm guessing Jimmy wants me to practice on him.”

“That would be a correct assumption, cutie. But only if you let me lick every freckle you've got.” Jimmy stated.

“Jimmy!” Sam hissed.

“That could be entertaining. We'll see what we can work out.” Dean replied.

Jimmy made a silent, victorious 'Yes!' gesture.

Sam rolled his eyes again.

“And why's there a credit card here with my actual name on it?” Dean asked.

Sam blinked.

“If there's anything you need, Dean, go buy it. Sam's wardrobe was a little lacking when he arrived. If yours is, too, do something about it. I'll text you the address for the tailor we took Sam to. Just tell him the Novaks sent you, he'll know what you need.”

There was a long pause. “Okay, then.”

“If there's any furniture or electronics you want for your room, let Henrik know and he'll get it taken care of for you.” Jimmy added.

“Shit, I can have a TV in my room? Sweeeeet!! I want Netflix! I'll let you go. I need to go find Henrik. See ya!”

Dean hung up. Sam sat, stunned, with a confused half-smile on his face. Somehow, knowing how thrilled Dean was with the house made Sam feel a little better about it. Instead of feeling sickened by the money that was spent on it, he felt a little excited to see the place Dean was settling into so
comfortably.

Sam had a hard time falling asleep that night, despite the sleeping twins against his sides. He felt like a kid before Christmas – he couldn’t wait to see the house and what the playroom held.
You guys. Really. The number of hits, and the number of subscribers?? You guys are crazy.

This one's a little longer, too, which is why it took a little longer to write and proof.

(Also, minor retcon to Chapter 15: Dean wore a condom for that blowjob from Sam. It's been modified. Sorry.)

Shifting tags, folks.

Thanks.

(Also, guys? If there's, like, one line, or two, that strikes you as really cool, can you let me know? It helps to mold my writing style for future chapters.)

***And one more thing - at the bottom of this chapter is attached a new work, set in this universe. It came about because cr0wgrrl was wondering about Sammy's first time. I told her to write it. She refused, and told me to write it. So I did. Rather than writing Chapter 21. Sorry! *shrugs and smiles****

Sam woke early, with a blinding headache. It was still dark, but his brain kicked into gear and he knew he wouldn't be able to get back to sleep, even if he tried. Carefully, gently, he extricated himself from between the twins, shifting sleep-pliant limbs off of him. Jimmy whimpered, and when Sam pressed a pillow against his chest, he calmed.

Sam actually felt a little guilty about using the washroom without permission. The twins had forgotten to put the solid sound back in last night, and he felt like he was taking advantage of their lapse in memory. He decided to tell them, confess, once he got back to the room with breakfast, and they were both up.

He showered quickly, brushed his teeth, dressed quietly and headed out.

When he returned, the twins had moved together, in the bed, snuggling with each other. They were heartbreakingly beautiful, and for the millionth time, Sam thanked the powers that be for them.

They began to stir shortly after Sam had returned, possibly roused by the smell of coffee and the french toast Sam was eating hungrily. Castiel sat up first, rubbing his eyes. "Is there any for me?"

“Of course, Sir.” Sam grinned. Castiel shifted towards Sam, taking a sip of coffee, before putting it down and picking up the food. Sam watched him as he took a forkful of french toast and waved it under Jimmy’s nose. Jimmy stirred, sniffed, and his eyes flickered open.

“Morning.” Sam smiled at him. Jimmy grumbled wordlessly, propping himself up and grabbing a coffee, drinking deeply.

Sam waited until the twins had finished eating to speak. “Uh, guys?”

“Yes, Sam?” Castiel replied.
“Uh... you... kind of forgot, last night, to put my night time sound in. And when I woke, I kind of... really needed to pee. So I did, before I went and got breakfast. I didn't touch the cage, or anything, though. I'm... I'm sorry, I should have told you last night, but I forgot. And I didn't want to wake you this morning.” Sam genuinely felt bad, and expected to be punished.

“It's all right, Sam. I think you've proven yourself enough that the solid sound isn't really necessary. I'm going to trust that you're going to continue to not touch yourself?” Castiel levelled a stare at Sam.

“Yes! I mean, no, I won't touch. I promise. Scout's... uh... honour?” Sam held out a hand, with two fingers up, before switching it to three, and then back to two, not really sure how to do a Boy Scout salute.

Castiel chuckled. “All right, then. I trust you.”

Sam heaved a sigh of relief and smiled. As pleasant as the sounds had felt, slipping in and out, Sam was glad that at least one part of his punishment was over.

“Can we... can we, though, do... more sounding again? Sometime... soon? Maybe?” Sam put on his best puppy-eyes, and a bit of a pout.

Jimmy and Castiel both laughed, and Jimmy gave him a kiss, nipping the pouty bottom lip, before the twins set off to shower. After showering and dressing, Sam and Jimmy were ready to leave for classes, after lingering kisses with Castiel.

They left together, and Jimmy reached for Sam's hand. Sam thought he looked pensive, and squeezed his hand reassuringly.

“Dom me tonight.” Jimmy burst out a little later, as they walked across an open, grassy area. “At the house, tonight. With Cas. Please.” Sam looked over at him, a little worried by how much that had sounded like an abject plea.

“Of course.” Sam replied. “Whatever you need.” Sam pulled him closer by their joined hands and wrapped an arm around him. He kissed Jimmy's temple.

“And don't put up with my shit, either.” Jimmy added abruptly. “Make it hurt, if you need to.”

Sam blinked down at him. “Okay. Cas and I will work it out.”

“Like, if I do this...” Jimmy pulled away a little, pushing at Sam.

Sam grabbed Jimmy and yanked him back against him, hard. Jimmy's eyes widened as he looked up at Sam, and Sam kissed him, hard. It was a minute before Sam released him from the kiss.

“You... you do that. Yes. Exactly that.” Jimmy finished, a little breathlessly.

“I know what it is, to want to be owned. Put in my place. Used.” Sam whispered into Jimmy's ear, and felt Jimmy shudder against him. “And now – get your pretty ass to class.” Sam smacked Jimmy on the ass, with a substantial amount of force. Jimmy yelped and squirmed, grinning up at him. Sam gave him one last kiss, and they parted.
It was long-ass day of classes, and Sam spent most of it staring at his watch, counting down the minutes until they were over. He and Castiel exchanged a huge number of texts, planning the scene for Jimmy tonight. When the last class was done, Sam half-jogged, half-ran back to his dorm. He was flushed and a little out of breath when he got there, thinking that he desperately needed to start doing cardio again.

He opened the door to the dorm, and both twins were there, dressed and ready to go.

Together, they walked across campus, Castiel chastising Sam for walking too quickly for them to keep up.

“We don't all have mile-long legs, Gigantor.” Jimmy teased.

“Go ahead. Call me names. See what happens.” Sam shot Jimmy a grin, edged with threat and lust. Jimmy stared at Sam for a long moment, before turning away.

“That's what I thought.” Sam commented, watching Jimmy flush prettily.

Sam's jaw dropped open as they came into view of the house. The street view really didn't do it justice. It was simply beautiful, and Sam trailed a hand along the glossy enamel of the fence as they walked to the gate.

The twins let him open it. They walked together up the long sidewalk, Sam gaping upwards at the colossal pillars, and the balcony overlooking the stairs. When they arrived at the door, Castiel pressed an elaborate key into his hand. There was a numerical keypad, as well, by the door.

“The code to the door is your birthday, Sam. Day, month, year. With zeros. When the light is green, use the key.” Castiel murmured.

_MY birthday?!_ Sam was stunned. Jimmy nudged him.

Sam slowly pressed the numbers. 02051983. Enter. He heard a soft thud, like some sort of magnetic bolt releasing, and the little light turned green. He put the key in the lock, and it turned smoothly. He opened the door, which swung smoothly inside.

Sam took one step inside, and stopped dead.

A narrow hallway, flanked with closets, opened into a sea of satin-finished, darkly coloured hardwood. Dead ahead, an elaborate staircase rose, curling and splitting apart, left and right.

Gentle hands on Sam's back urged him forwards. He resisted. “Boots. We should take off our boots.” Sam toed his off, setting them neatly side by side against the wall, staring around wide-eyed. The twins didn't bother, and Sam didn't even notice. He took a few more steps forward, and was able to see a little better.

To the right, there was an open-concept lounge. Sam suspected that walls had been removed to make it. And in a sofa, watching the largest television Sam had ever seen in his life, was a rumpled, dark-haired head. “Dean!”

Dean turned, grinning, muting his television show. “Heya, Sammy. Didn't hear you come in! Hey, Cas, Jimmy.”

Sam walked quickly to Dean, house forgotten, seeing Dean looked pale, and a tightness around his eyes. Deeply worried, Sam sat on the couch beside him, noticing absently that it was phenomenally
comfortable. “You show me, right now, Dean. Right now.”

“All right, all right. Cool your jets.” Dean was wearing a loose t-shirt and ragged jeans, his feet bare. Wincing, he pulled the T-shirt up and over his head.

Sam grimaced, and heard a soft gasp from behind the couch. Dean's ribs, on the right side, were an ugly, mottled blue-black-purple, and there was a very large bandage covering the entirety of his right shoulder blade. Sam pulled gently at the tape fastening it to Dean's skin and pulled it away, revealing four deep, long gouges, all four beautifully stitched. The longest was roughly eight inches, and the shorter ones maybe six. Sam did the math quickly in his head – that was around a hundred and thirty stitches. “Jesus Christ, Dean.”

“Oh my God.” Jimmy sounded ill.

“M fine, guys. Fine. I swear.” Dean tried on a smile, but it wasn't very convincing. Sam carefully retaped the bandage, and helped Dean get his shirt back on.

“And you're taking the pills they gave you, right? Antibiotics? Painkillers?” Sam asked, his mouth a narrow line. Sam knew, from a lifetime of watching Dean – the way he was moving right now - he didn't have any painkillers in his system.

“Oh...” Dean rubbed the back of his neck and grinned sheepishly. “The antibiotics, sure. But those painkillers, man, they make me loopy. I don't like them.”

“Goddamnit, Dean. Take the pills. You don't have to suffer.” Sam said, exasperated.

Dean shrugged. “Helps me remember not to be stupid.”

Sam heard a soft sob, and turned to see Jimmy with tears pouring down his face, his hands clamped to his mouth.

“Hey, hey...” Dean said softly, and both Sam and Dean got up off the couch. They moved to Jimmy, Sam wrapping an arm around him. Dean hesitated to touch, not sure if Jimmy would be okay with it. Castiel stood behind Jimmy, a hand on his lower back.

Jimmy reached out and grabbed a handful of Dean's shirt, pulling him forwards, wrapping a hand around Dean's lower back and crying into Dean's chest. Dean's hand came up and tentatively touched the back of Jimmy's neck.

“Those are awful!” Jimmy whimpered.

“It's all right, Jimmy. I'm okay. I promise.” Dean tried to reassure the younger boy.

“Did... did you kill the... thing, that did that to you?” Jimmy looked up at Dean.

“Yeah, we did. All of them. And the population of Tucson is safer, because of it.”

“Why is everyone important getting hurt??” Jimmy asked tearfully, half exasperated and half upset.

Dean looked down at Jimmy, bemused. “I didn't realize I was important.”

“Of course you are. Don't be stupid.” Jimmy wiped at his tears.

“All right, then. I guess I've been told.” Dean raised his hands in defeat and grinned. Jimmy gave him a slightly watery smile.
“Dean, if you're feeling up to it, would you perhaps like to give us the tour?” Castiel suggested.

“Sure.” Dean grinned. Jimmy leaned up and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek, before pulling back.

Sam saw Dean's small smile before he turned, though he wasn't sure the twins saw it.

“The lounge. Most comfortable couch I've ever had my ass on.” Dean waved an arm. The huge TV was mounted on the wall over a large, open fireplace. There was a long couch, flanked with loveseats. The coffee table where Dean had been sitting had the remnants of whatever it was he had been snacking on.

Dean headed towards an archway, leading to the rear of the house. “The library.”

Sam stared around in awe. The room was filled with heavy, darkly stained wooden bookshelves, and had a couple of desks set up near the windows, where one could sit and work with a laptop. There was a large table towards the centre of the room, with green-shaded lamps, and six rolling chairs.

“Washroom back there.” Dean gestured to a corner, before heading back out.

On the other side of the stairs, through a set of pocket doors, which were open, was a hallway. Dean gestured to the left, at a formal dining room, with a table with twelve chairs and a long buffet. “The room we don't use.” And he turned, crossing the hallway and opening another set of pocket doors, “And the room that we do.”

It was a massive kitchen, and there was a shorter, plump, dark-haired woman at the stove, stirring a large pot of something that was making the entire room smell phenomenal. Sam thought she might be just a little older than John.

There were a wide pair of double doors leading to a rear patio, and Sam could make out a small building out behind, with large windows.

“Sam, Marta. Marta, my little brother Sam.”

Sam smiled at her, and she smiled back. She set down her spoon and turned, eyeballing the three new arrivals closely.

Jimmy walked to her and kissed her cheek. “Hiya, Marta. What's for dinner?” Jimmy reached for the spoon, and Marta swatted his hand. He pulled back a little, pouting.

“You know that doesn't work on me, James. It never has. You behave. And you'll eat whatever I'm cooking, or you'll starve.” She turned her gaze to Castiel. “And you're looking pale and underfed, Castiel. Have you not been eating?”

“I have, Marta. But the cooking on campus isn't anywhere close to as good as yours.” Castiel smiled and Marta blushed.

“Where's Henrik, Marta?” Jimmy asked.

“Out shopping for that one.” Marta said disapprovingly, nodding towards Dean, who had taken a chair at the large, circular table. There was a vase of colourful flowers in the centre.

“What?” Dean looked wounded. “They said I could get some stuff for my room!” Dean gestured at the twins.

Marta rolled her eyes and smiled fondly at him. “Which is true. I just feel safer, when Henrik’s
around.”

“I can keep you safe.” Dean muttered.

“Not with those injuries, you can’t.” Sam shot at him. He was still upset that Dean had grossly underrepresented the extent of his injuries.

Dean rolled his eyes at his little brother and got to his feet with a wince.

Marta took a glass from the cupboard, filled it with cool water from the fridge, walked to Dean, and held it out to him. “Please tell me that one of you can make this stubborn ass take his pain medication.” Marta appealed to the other three boys.

“Dean, take it, or I'll make you.” Sam threatened.

“Christ, Sammy, all right!” Dean pulled two bottles of pills from his pocket, checked the labels, and put one back. He shook a pill out into his hand, popped it into his mouth, and swallowed it down with the water Marta handed him.

“Thank you, Dean.” Sam said. Marta smiled.

“I think I like you already.” Marta patted Sam's arm, and returned to her cooking.

“And that's how you get extra food from her, Sammy. Well done.” Dean grinned. Marta huffed from beside the stove, and shooed them out with her spoon.

Dean led the way up the stairs, slowly. He took the right-hand staircase, first. “Up here... ow... is the master, and two of the bedrooms, which I guess you three are calling dibs on.” Dean panted a little at the top of the stairs, gesturing Sam towards the doors.

Sam peeked in the one on the left and the one in the middle. Fairly standard bedrooms, large, both with walk-in closets and king-sized beds, neutral colours, a little sparsely decorated, which Sam liked. He opened the door on the right, and his jaw dropped.

The centrepiece of the room was a massive, four-poster canopy bed, hung with dark red fabric. Sam immediately envisioned himself tied spread-eagled on it. The furniture matched it, heavy and elaborate. A set of french doors, open, led to a sitting room, with a couch, chair, fireplace and television. Sam walked into it, trailing fingers along the edge of a long dresser on the way. It had double doors, leading to the second-story balcony he had seen from the front of the house.

Sam returned to the bedroom, and noticed another door, slightly ajar. He opened it, and it was the ensuite Castiel had promised. It was tiled entirely in white. There was a colossal jacuzzi tub, big enough for easily four people. A separate, glass-enclosed shower was opposite, lined in deep grey stone, with a built-in bench. It had one of those huge showerheads that always made Sam think of old industrial buildings, and a row of jets in one wall. Sam bet it felt fucking spectacular. There was a broad counter, with a pair of matching sinks, and a toilet tucked in a nook in the corner.

The bathroom was nearly as big as their dorm room.

Sam turned back to the doorway, seeing the twins leaning in it, smiling identically at him. Sam grinned, shaking his head a little. “This is fucking insane.”

Castiel shrugged and smiled, holding out his hand, which Sam took. They walked back to the stairs, where Dean was waiting, leaning heavily on the banister. He led them down the curved stairs, to the landing, and back up the stairs to the left. He pointed to the door on the left, saying, “That one's
mine. You guys can stay out."

“That room has balcony access, too?” Sam asked, respecting Dean's need for privacy.

“Yeah. So I can sneak out at night and look in through your windows and perv on you.” Dean leered at his brother, who rolled his eyes.

“If you want to watch, just come over to our door and knock. Make some popcorn and pull up a chair.” Jimmy grinned lasciviously at Dean, who looked quite shocked for a moment, before recovering.

The guest room was next to Dean's room, looking much like the bedrooms on the other side of the house. The third door on the landing led to another large bathroom. This one had a long, claw-footed soaker tub, in shiny white enamel. A shower stall was separate, and had the same wall-mounted jets that the bathroom in the ensuite had.

“That shower.” Dean pointed. “Is amazing. The water pressure is incredible, and the hot never seems to run out.” Dean was grinning. Sam knew that the twins couldn't really appreciate why Dean was so enamored with a simple shower. But having grown up in shitty motel rooms, where there was barely enough water pressure to get the soap off, and it was always cold before you were finished, Sam knew why it was so important to Dean.

The boys returned to the main floor, and Dean led them down a set of stairs. He opened a door to the left, and there was a storage and laundry area. A door beyond it led to the garage, where the Impala sat, her glossy black paint looking like wet ink.


“Yes. She was our Dad's, before he took off. Me and Sammy grew up in her.” Dean said proudly.

Jimmy walked to the Impala, perched his butt on the front of her hood, and laid back, arms and legs spread. “Did you ever fuck anyone on her?”

Dean choked. “Ah. No. In the back seat? Sure. But not over the hood.”

“We'll have to remedy that sometime.” Jimmy winked cheekily up at Dean, who blushed.


Jimmy shot Sam a withering glare, and got up off the car.

“And that just leaves your mystery room. Where there's no pinball or pool tables.” Dean grinned, turning and walking back towards the stairs. He got to the door opposite the garage, and knocked softly on it with his knuckles.

Castiel pressed a key into Sam's hand. “Go look.”

Sam unlocked the door and opened it. It was really dark, and Sam couldn't make out anything. His hand found the switch on the wall, and flipped it. And then, he wasn't convinced he hadn't died and gone to heaven. His imagination went into overdrive.

The room was very large, and quite full. The walls were painted a deep blood red. At the far end of the room, there was a large bed, covered in pillows and soft-looking linens. A door stood ajar, not too far from it.
“Jesus fucking Christ.” Sam heard Dean's awe-struck voice behind him.

Sam had been to a couple of BDSM clubs in his years, and had never seen as much beautifully-made equipment as there was in this room. There was a large St. Andrew's cross, and an even taller whipping post, slightly angled, with steel rings to fasten wrists to. There was a padded spanking bench, covered in straps and restraints, and a second bench, which seemed designed to angle the person on it so their head would be lower than their hips. Sam wasn't entirely sure what that was about. There was a set of stocks. Towards the centre of the room was an elaborate metal framework, covered in cables and pulleys. A suspension rig. Jesus Christ.

There was a metal cage, tall enough to sit in and curl up to lie down, but not long enough to stretch out. It seemed to have some sort of pad across the bottom, and was partially draped with a large black cloth.

Turning, Sam saw a corner devoted to... medical play. He swallowed hard, taking in the adjustable table, with its stirrups and thick leather straps. There was a rolling stool, next to a small cabinet, with drawers.

Sam padded around the room, the floor cool through his socks.

There were two large armoires against one of the walls. Sam opened one of them, and found a dizzying array of impact tools. Whips and crops and floggers, oh my. The drawer under it yielded a neatly organized collection of insertables. Sam felt his stomach lurch.

The armoire beside it contained leather, the delicious smell hitting him like a ton of bricks upon opening it. There were cuffs, collars, hoods and harnesses. One of the drawers underneath it was packed with neatly bundled lengths of slightly scratchy black rope. Sam trailed a finger across it, remembering how it felt against his skin. He closed the drawer gently.

Beside the armoire was a tall, tiltable oval mirror, on wheels. Sam envisioned being made to watch, as he was used and abused. He shuddered, rock-hard against his cage.

Warm arms wrapped around his stomach from behind. “Do you like it?” Castiel asked.

“God, yes.” Sam managed to get out, his throat tight.

“We can add or remove equipment, as well, as need dictates. That's a washroom, down at the far end.”

Sam nodded, completely overwhelmed. Sam turned, in Castiel's arms, and hugged him tight. Over Castiel's shoulder, Sam saw a wide-eyed Dean being led around by the hand by Jimmy, who was quietly explaining the room's furnishings. Dean was blushing bright red, but seemed curious, rather than wanting to turn and run like hell. Sam watched as Jimmy spread himself out on the cross, as though he were tied in place, deliberately sticking his butt out, speaking softly to Dean over his shoulder. Dean was nodding his understanding, unabashedly staring at Jimmy's (admittedly cute) ass.

Seeing that Jimmy and Dean were going to be a couple of minutes, Sam decided to peek into the washroom. It wasn't as large as the two upstairs, but it was still spacious. There was a large tub/shower combination. It had one of those showerheads on a long hose, and a second hose branching off it. It took Sam a minute to figure out that the second hose, neatly coiled and hung on a hook on the wall, had an enema attachment on it. Sam's heart skipped a beat. Looking up, Sam saw a steel ring mounted above the showerhead. There was a second, as well, high on the wall at the far end of the tub.
Fun and games in the shower. Sam turned back to Castiel, grinning.

“So when can we move in?” Sam asked, sweeping Castiel into a hug.

“I was thinking January. After exams. As you know.” Castiel pulled Sam down into a kiss.

Sam kissed him briefly, and pulled back, shaking his head. “Uh uh. I'm thinking tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow. Really.” Castiel raised an eyebrow.

“Yes.” Sam kissed his forehead. “Tomorrow. Please. I love it. Please?” Sam peppered Castiel's face with kisses between each word.

“What are you going to do, to convince me?” Castiel smirked.

Sam dropped to his knees, looking up at Castiel imploringly. “Anything. Anything you want. Please.” Sam knew that Castiel could hear the hint of desperation in his voice. Sam wasn't entirely sure why he felt the need to move here so urgently, but suspected that it had a lot to do with being close to a severely-injured Dean.

Castiel guided Sam back to his feet, with a gentle hand on his elbow. “All right. We'll move in tomorrow, after class. Come.” Castiel pulled him close, whispering into his ear. “Find your headspace. We have a scene to plan, for Jimmy. Remember?”

Fuck, right, Jimmy's scene. Right. Sam felt himself harden at what Castiel and himself had planned. He nodded and kissed Castiel, and someone slapped his butt. Sam jumped, turned, and saw Jimmy grinning up at him.

Before Jimmy even knew what had happened, Sam had him pinned to the wall by his throat, looming menacingly over him. “Listen, brat. We're going to go back upstairs, and talk quietly amongst ourselves until dinner is ready. You're going to keep your mouth shut. And behave. And if you don't quite manage it, we'll find some way to convince you to. Got it?”

“Sammy, Jesus Christ!” Dean laid a hand on Sam's arm, ready to pull him off of Jimmy. Castiel moved Dean's hand away, and guided him back to the door, explaining in a murmur what was happening. Sam heard Dean's “Ohhhh!” of understanding, as Castiel and Dean began to climb the stairs to the main floor.

Jimmy had completely ignored Dean's outburst, his eyes fixed on Sam, his breathing a little heavy. Sam felt Jimmy swallow, under the grip he had on his throat. Sam tightened his grip, and Jimmy choked a little.

“I said, 'Got it?'” Sam snarled.

“Y-yes. Yes, S-Sir.” Jimmy managed to force from his compressed throat.

Sam let him go, and Jimmy slumped against the wall, panting. Sam gave him a minute. Eventually, Jimmy looked back at Sam, still, Sam thought, looking just a little bit defiant.

Sam backhanded him, hard, across the cheek. Jimmy's head snapped to the side, and his left eye started to water, his cheek flushing. Jimmy lifted a hand to his reddened skin, staring disbelievingly up at Sam.

“Are we going to have a problem? Or do I need to put you on your knees, and you can crawl up those stairs?”
Sam watched something settle in Jimmy's eyes. He lowered his gaze, blushing. “No. No problem, Sir.”

Sam took his hand, and guided him upstairs. He walked a little more slowly than he normally would, hoping that he had given Castiel enough time to give Dean a heads-up about what was going to be happening. When they arrived in the lounge, Castiel and Dean were sitting side by side on one of the loveseats, apparently watching some sort of nature documentary on the television.

Sam sat in the middle of the couch, and pulled Jimmy down over his lap, ass-up. Jimmy squawked and flailed, until Sam laid a firm hand on the back of his neck, at which point he stilled, as if by magic, his forehead pressed against the cushion. Sam glanced up at Castiel and Dean. Castiel was smiling, and Dean was looking a little stunned. Sam gave Dean a wink and a smile, and got a small smile in return.

“So it looks like the house is gonna be a little fuller, Dean, come tomorrow night.” Sam stroked a hand over Jimmy's denim-clad butt, feeling him tremble a little.

“Oh yeah?” Dean asked Sam, his eyes fixed on Jimmy.

“Yeah, the three of use are moving in after classes tomorrow.” Sam answered.

“Who decided – OW!” Jimmy yelped as Sam's hand slammed down against his ass.

“Huh. Cool. It'll be good to have the company.” Dean offered, as Sam stroked the spot on Jimmy's ass that he had just nailed hard enough that his hand actually hurt.

“Don't I – OW!!” Jimmy yelled as Sam's hand hit his other cheek, just as hard. Sam shook out his hand afterwards, and Jimmy tried to buck up, on Sam's lap. A hard hand on the back of his neck kept him down.

“So what all did you get for your room, Dean? Have you had the opportunity to go shopping yet?” Castiel asked.

Jimmy started to squirm as Dean started to answer. Sam leaned down and hissed in his ear. “The grown-ups are having a conversation here. Get up.” Sam hauled Jimmy to his knees on the couch. Jimmy was panting, his face bright red.

“Take your pants down.” Dean's words stopped.

“Keep your boxers on.” Jimmy squeaked, but didn't complain. Sam resumed stroking Jimmy's butt, astonished at the heat coming from the skin, through the thin fabric.

“So... uh... yeah...” Dean tried to pick up his train of thought, clearly completely distracted by Jimmy's panties, or ass, or both. Sam saw Castiel nudge him. “Yeah, a TV, for my room. Netflix. I've been a little too banged up to go clothes shopping, yet.”

“Hopefully you'll feel a little better soon. I can come with you, if you'd like...”
"I want – OW!! Sam! Fu... OWWW!!!" Jimmy shouted, as Sam laid two more blows across his ass, just as hard as the first two had been. Sam heard a sniffle, and knew that the last two had made Jimmy cry.

“That's 'Sir', to you.” Sam whispered. “And if you keep this up, all you're getting tonight is more spankings, which would be a shame, considering what we had planned.”

“Dinner, boys. Come and get it.” Sam heard Marta announce, from the direction of the kitchen. Castiel and Dean walked away, and Sam helped a still-sniffling Jimmy up. Sam wiped his tears, and pulled Jimmy's jeans back up over his aching butt. He whimpered, but said nothing. Sam could feel Jimmy settling even further, as Sam fastened his belt. He took Jimmy's hand, guiding him to the kitchen.

Castiel and Dean were already seated, and Marta was serving bowls of some sort of delicious-smelling stew, with thick slices of home-made, thickly buttered bread. It made Sam's mouth water. Sam glanced at the available chairs, and steered Jimmy into the only one that was missing its comfortable cushion. Jimmy sat with a wince, his eyes closed tight. Sam sat beside him, with Dean on his other side.

Sam was a little nervous about scening while Marta was in the room, but relaxed after she gave him a smile and a wink. She placed bowls in front of Jimmy and Sam, before sitting to eat with her own bowl, as well.

The meal was pleasant, with friendly conversation and food every bit as amazing as it smelled. Sam used a chunk of bread to wipe the remaining sauce from the inside of his bowl, before popping it in his mouth.

Jimmy had said not one single word, through the entire meal. Sam was quite proud of him. Sam thought he seemed calmer, more focused.

Marta waved off the boys' offers of help with the dishes, and shooed them out of her kitchen. Jimmy looked profoundly grateful to be allowed to stand.

As they were leaving, Sam spoke. “One word, and one word only, Jimmy. Do you want Dean to be permitted to watch, if he wants to?”

“Yes.” Jimmy blushed.


Together, the four boys went back down to the playroom, which Castiel unlocked.

“Strip, kneel beside the door, and wait, Jimmy.” Castiel instructed.

Sam looked, and saw a very low, padded leather square, on the floor near the door. Beside it was a small stand, with a cubbyhole. Sam wasn't sure how he had missed it, the last time he was here. The three boys watched Jimmy strip and neatly fold his clothes into the cubbyhole. He knelt as instructed, and Sam was struck anew by his beauty.

Together, Sam and Castiel moved the set of stocks to the centre of the room, and set up the mirror in front of them. Dean borrowed the rolling stool from the medical corner, and sat, out of the way, but with a clear view of both Jimmy and the stocks.

Once everything was in place, Castiel spoke. “Up, Jimmy. Come here.”
Jimmy stood, looked up, saw the stocks, and balked. He took a step backwards, pressing his bare back against the door.

Sam walked to him, a predatory smile on his face. Jimmy whimpered. Sam grabbed his arm, and pulled him to the stocks. Jimmy stood before them, trembling.

“This can go two ways. One, you lower your head and wrists, voluntarily, and we lock them in. And we play. Or, we can force you in, and we'll whip your ass and leave you there.” Castiel explained Jimmy's options.

Bending at the waist, Jimmy positioned his neck and wrists in the stocks. Castiel brought the top half down, and locked Jimmy into place.

“Excellent choice.” Castiel checked the positioning of the mirror, before moving to Jimmy's side. “No words unless it's a safeword, Jimmy. Or you know what happens.”

Jimmy shivered as Sam ran a hand over his aching ass. He nodded.

Dean sat slack-jawed as Sam and Castiel worked Jimmy over, for more than an hour. Sam had spread Jimmy open, stimulating his prostate with dildos, massagers, and fingers. Castiel applied nipple clamps connected with a chain, which he tugged at, while stroking Jimmy's rock-hard cock, bringing Jimmy to the very edge of orgasm over and over again. All the while, Castiel insisted that Jimmy watch what they were doing in the mirror.

Sam could tell when Jimmy was beginning to fade. His knees were trembling, and his face was glazed with tears, but he hadn't said a single word. Castiel and Sam exchanged a meaningful glance, and Sam nodded. As Castiel knelt and took Jimmy in his mouth, Sam pulled his fingers free and leaned in, licking a long stripe up Jimmy's perineum, and right over his hole.

Jimmy convulsed and wailed, coming explosively in his brother's mouth. He would have collapsed, had Sam not caught him. Castiel made quick work of releasing Jimmy from the stocks, and Sam scooped him up, carrying him to the bed. Jimmy was limp, completely insensate in Sam's arms. Dean trailed behind the three, looking gobsmacked.

It didn't take long until Jimmy was snuggled in the bed, under warm blankets, between Sam and Castiel. They were generous with their kisses, touches, kind words, and reassurances, telling Jimmy over and over how good he had been, how perfect he was. Dean was perched on the edge of the bed, staring down at the three of them.

“Dean. A bottle of water, please? In the nightstand.” Castiel asked softly. Dean opened the door of the nightstand, discovering a neatly disguised fridge, with some bottles of water and juice. He passed a bottle of water to Jimmy, who opened it with shaking hands and drank some.

“I'm not gonna lie,” Dean said, a couple of moments later. “That was hot as fucking hell.”

Jimmy giggled. “Maybe... maybe next time, you can play, too.”

Dean choked and a blush climbed his cheeks. “I'd... I'd like that.”

Jimmy glanced down at Dean's crotch, seeing him hard against his jeans. “I could... help you with that.”

Dean's eyebrows shot up, and he nodded.

“And I think I'd enjoy your mouth, Sam, while your brother enjoys my brother's.” Castiel grinned.
“OhmyfuckingGod.” Dean groaned.

The boys shifted on the bed, so that Castiel and Dean were lying down, with Sam between Castiel's legs, and Jimmy between Dean's. Two sets of hands opened belts and flies, and two mouths descended, hot and wet, on hard cocks.

Sam felt Castiel's hands in his hair, forcing him down. The sounds were overwhelming, impossibly erotic, and Sam thought for sure he was going to come. A quick glance at Dean showed him carefully cradling Jimmy's head, as Jimmy deep-throated him.

“Fucking hell, your throat, Jimmy, I'm gonna...” Dean finished on a groan, and Jimmy moaned, swallowing. Castiel had been watching, too, and spilled down Sam's throat shortly afterwards. Sam greedily swallowed every drop.

The two lying down were panting heavily, and Sam and Jimmy grinned at each other.

“Smug bastards.” Castiel panted out. “Far too pleased with yourselves.”

Once recovered, the boys dressed, tidied the playroom, and stumbled, tired, back up the stairs. They bid Dean good night, threatening dire consequences should he not take his pain pills. Dean waved them off, making his way slowly upstairs to his bedroom.

It wasn't until they were nearly back to the dorm room that something struck Sam, hard.

“Jimmy... Dean didn't... he didn't use a condom.”

“It's all good. The medic who fixed his stitches did a full battery of STD tests, while he was at it. Everything came back clean.” Jimmy smiled at him.

“Sneaky fuckers, you are. I'm glad.” Sam grinned.

Once back to the room, they all stripped down and snuggled together, watching a movie on Castiel's bed, for their last night in the dorms.

They were asleep before it finished.
Lesson

Okay, this is loco. There are 216 of you waiting for this chapter, which is crazy and crazy flattering. Thank you.

So tomorrow night I start a full-time job. I have no intent of putting this story on hiatus, but it WILL take me longer to get new chapters out. (Now, I feel bad for spoiling y'all with new chapters every other day.)

If you haven't yet, go ahead and read the two companion pieces linked at the bottom of the story. Also, there's another story that I've written as a companion. A short prequel, it's part two of the series.

Thanks again for sticking with me. Y'all are awesome.

Sam woke with his mouth feeling like a sewer. He remembered that they had passed out last night without getting ready for bed – there had been no tooth-brushing happening at all. He groaned and extricated himself from between two sleeping twins.

He brushed his teeth – twice – and showered, and was feeling much more human by the time he emerged. The twins were awake, talking softly in bed. Castiel turned to face him, when Sam emerged from the washroom.

“So. Today, I go to Health Services and get my stitches out. Which will be a blessing, as I won't have to have you fretting over them any more.” Castiel smiled.

Sam blushed. “I... I worry, is all...”

“I know. And I appreciate your concern. Henrik will be effecting the move to the house this afternoon. Which bedroom did you want, Sam?” Castiel rubbed sleep from his eyes and yawned.

“Uh. Either is fine. Jimmy, you choose.”

“I'll take the one on the end. That way, if you two are fucking and I'm not invited, I don't have to listen to y'all make the bed bounce off the wall.” Jimmy nodded.

Sam chuckled. “Then I guess I get the middle room.”

Jimmy grinned and flashed him a double thumbs-up.

“Did you want us to come with you to Health Services, Cas?” Sam asked, concern still colouring his voice.

“No, Sam. It's fine, and you have class. I'll get ready, and leave with you.”

Castiel and Jimmy were quick with their shower and dressing. The three boys grabbed a quick breakfast, and after some kisses, they parted ways.
Sam had a hard time concentrating in class that day. He wanted to be back at the house, helping with the move, exploring the playroom – pretty much anything other than sitting in class. He decided to skip the last class of the day, to go and help.

Sam hurried back to the dorm room at around two that afternoon. Normally, it was closer to 3:30 that he got back. He was certain that Castiel would be over at the new house, getting settled in. Sam thought he could help organize or tidy whatever happened to be left, or help carry boxes, or something. Anything.

The door was open, when Sam got to the dorm room. And standing in the middle of the room was Castiel, stitches-free and looking very shocked that Sam was there.

Sam's eyes widened as Castiel's locked on him. Castiel walked slowly towards him, and Sam had to fight the urge to bolt. Castiel wrapped an arm around Sam's waist, and ran a finger down the edge of his jaw.

Sam stared, pleased to see that Castiel's face, without bandages and dark sutures, was really looking greatly improved. He'd have a scar on his cheek, but with time, Sam thought it'd be barely noticeable. Less noticeable than the scars littering Sam's body, by far.

"Sam. Tell me. Why are you here, and not at your last class of the day?" Castiel's voice was sweet, underlaid with something profoundly dark.

"I... uh... I... I thought I could help. Help... carry, or tidy, or something." Sam swallowed nervously.

"We have staff for that, Sam. Did you really think that carrying boxes was more important than your education?" Sam was frozen in Castiel's piercing blue stare.

"It... it was just... just one class, Cas. Sir." Sam pleaded.

"Hmm." Castiel sounded unconvinced. And unimpressed. "Well. I suppose that if you were to abandon your studies completely, you'd have a convenient backup profession already at hand."

What??

"Perhaps tonight, we'll show you what you could make your living doing, should you abandon your academic aspirations." Castiel nodded thoughtfully.

Sam didn't answer, and had no idea what Castiel was talking about. Did he mean that Sam could go back to being a hunter? Because that'd always be an option for him. But from the smirk that Castiel threw him, Sam somehow got the distinct impression that that wasn't what Castiel had in mind.

Sam's heart stuttered as Castiel passed him a box, and shooed him out of the room.

The work was already nearly done, Sam discovered fairly quickly. A little tidying, checking drawers and closets one last time (Sam found a pair of Jimmy's panties under the bed, and tucked them into a pocket), and they were ready to go. Sam felt a little pang of loss as they handed over their keys at the front desk. It was assuaged, though, by the thought of what he was going towards, rather than leaving behind.

Sam and Castiel walked together, hand in hand, back to the house.

"Your face looks really good, Cas. I'm happy." Sam squeezed Castiel's hand.

"Of course it does. I'm very handsome." Castiel replied, completely deadpan.
Sam burst into laughter. “You... you really are.” Sam pulled Castiel against him and kissed him deeply. “I'm lucky to have such a beautiful boyfriend.” Sam kissed up the length of the scar on Castiel's cheek.

“So am I.” Castiel replied with a smile.

They walked the rest of the short distance in silence. When they arrived, there was no indication that anyone was moving in at all. Sam assumed the van was in the garage, with the garage doors closed for safety.

When they entered, Sam peeked into the closets near the front door, finding spaces for coats and a large shoe rack. He took his boots off and tucked them inside.

Inside the house, there was a fair bit of activity. People, Henrik among them, were carefully carrying boxes and garment bags up the stairs to the various bedrooms. Sam saw Dean watching them from the couch, a little vacantly. He assumed the expression was a result of the painkillers.

“Sammy! Hey!” Dean smiled brilliantly when he saw his brother. Definitely the painkillers. At least he's taking them. “Cas! Good to see you, man.”

“And you, Dean. You seem to be feeling better.” Castiel smiled.

“Abso-fuckin'-lutely, man. No pain at all. O' course, that could be the... uh...” Dean dug in his pocket, pulled out a pill bottle and peered at it. “The... whatever these are.”

“Thank you for taking your pills, Dean.” Sam leaned in to kiss his brother's cheek, only to have Dean turn his face towards Sam and grab Sam's head with both hands, kissing him hard. Sam attempted to recoil in surprise, but Dean's grip had him pinned.

“Dean...” Sam mumbled, against his brother's lips and probing tongue. “Dean...”

“Love you, Sammy. Love you.” Dean murmured in response between kisses, clutching Sam's head.

“I know... I know, Dean. I love you too. Let go.” Sam mumbled.

Dean did, but only long enough to lunge upwards and wrap his arms around his baby brother, hugging him tight. “Glad you're here, Sammy.” Sam returned the hug. Dean eventually let go and sank back down on the couch.

Sam walked around the end of the couch and took a spot near Dean. Castiel sat on Dean's other side.

“Let me guess. You wanted to help, and someone banished you to the couch.” Sam said.

“Yeah.” Dean rolled his eyes. “Henrik. 'M not an invalid.” Dean grumbled.

“But you are severely injured. And on the meds, you could damage or tear stitches, and perhaps not even feel it. So it's best that you don't.” Castiel said, reasonably.

“Listen to the boss, Dean.” Sam reached to Dean's bowl on the coffee table, and snagged a handful of popcorn.

“Hey. He's your boss, not mine.” Dean said stubbornly.

“I could be your boss, as well, Dean.” Sam watched Castiel fix Dean with one of those piercing stares, and watched Dean go absolutely still, as though he had scented a predator.
As Sam was bending to fish his laptop out of his bag, Jimmy came down the stairs. He smiled when he saw the boys on the couch.

“Hi, guys!” Jimmy walked to just in front of Dean. He assessed the available space on the couch, seemed to decide there wasn't enough room there for him, and straddled Dean's lap, facing him with a grin.

Dean jumped when Jimmy lowered himself down, eyes moving from Castiel to Jimmy. Dean gave Jimmy a tentative smile, and his hands moved to Jimmy's hips.

“James, you know there's space on the loveseats, right?” Castiel asked acerbically.

“Yes. This is just more comfortable.” Jimmy leaned in and gave Dean a peck on the lips, before snuggling in against him, mindful of the injuries to Dean's right side. He winked cheekily at Castiel, who was looking annoyed.

Sam, meanwhile, had opened his laptop, and loaded up bdsmtest.org. “Dean, I'm gonna ask you a whole bunch of questions. You're gonna tell us if you agree or disagree, a little or strongly. Me, Jimmy and Cas have all taken this test. It'll give us some insight about the stuff you might be interested in, or want to try. Be as honest as you can, okay?”

“Uh... okay?” Dean sounded a little nervous.

It took some time for the boys to get through the quiz. Some of the questions confused Dean, and Jimmy, always quick to help, happily explained what they meant. Dean was blushing scarlet by the end of them, and some of his answers had surprised all three other boys.

To Sam's immense surprise, his capable, reliable, in-control older brother was apparently a switch. His results were actually a lot like Sam and Jimmy's, with some minor differences. His degradee number was actually higher than Sam's had been, and his submissive number a little lower. Both rigger and rope-bunny were high, which wasn't surprising at all, considering how much time the boys had spent growing up, being tied up to learn how to escape. Both sadist and masochist numbers were high. And Sam had known his experimentalist number would be high, too. Sam didn't think there was anything that Dean wouldn't try once. Maybe twice, just to be sure.

Dean was wide-eyed as Sam shared the results on the laptop.

“So... so what does this mean, exactly?” Dean asked.

“It means that you could well enjoy both dominant and submissive roles, and that you share a lot of the same interests as us.” Castiel answered.

“And it means you can tie me up, spank my ass bright red, and fuck me hard.” Jimmy added.

Dean was roughly the colour of a beet. Jimmy kissed his flaming cheek.

“If you did want to do that, Dean, I'm sure Jimmy would be thrilled. But there's absolutely no pressure to do anything that you're not yet comfortable doing. And your interests may grow and change, with time. You're more than welcome to watch or participate in any scenes we engage in, assuming all parties agree to it. And when you're ready to begin to learn, we'll be happy to teach you.”

Sam was once again amazed by Castiel's ability to calmly and rationally explain things.

Some of Dean's blush faded, and he rubbed his hands up and down Jimmy's back, under his shirt.
Sam hadn’t ever seen a human that looked more ready to purr in contentment than Jimmy did, at this very moment.

“Boys? Dinner.” Marta called from the kitchen.

The four of them trickled into the kitchen and took spots around the round table, which had a new, pretty vase of flowers in the centre. Marta lifted the vase away, and began setting trivets on the table. On them, she put a variety of pots and serving bowls, all emitting delicious scents.

Sam wasn’t sure what all of the dishes were, but every one he tried was delicious. Across the table, Dean was moaning his appreciation of the food and praising Marta between mouthfuls. Marta kept telling him to shush and eat. Sam thought that if Dean was going to continue to eat like that, that he’d be four hundred pounds in no time.

It was that thought that made Sam speak. “Uh, Cas?”

“Yes, Sam?”

“I... I don’t mean to sound ungrateful for everything you’ve done for us...”

“You’ve never sounded ungrateful. Ever.” Castiel blotted his lips and looked at Sam with serious eyes.

Sam blushed. “Uh... well, I was hoping, maybe, that we could get a... a treadmill? And... and maybe some free weights, bars, and a bench. I’d like... I’d like to start working out again.”

“Of course. Let Henrik know what you'd like, and tell him to have them installed in the carriage house. And Sam...” Castiel frowned.

“Yes?”

“Do pick a high-quality treadmill. I don't want you damaging your knees on a subpar one. I'll be needing you on your knees for a very long time.”

Sam choked and started to cough, blushing furiously. Jimmy helpfully thumped him on the back. It took him a moment to collect himself, wiping tears from his eyes with his napkin. He glanced at Castiel, who was still watching him, as though expecting a response.

“O-okay, Cas.” Sam forced out.

“I mean it, Sam. If you need to spend ten thousand on a treadmill, that's absolutely fine.” Castiel insisted.

Sam nodded. He wondered if he’d ever not feel guilty about spending the twins' money. He hoped he never did, that he never took it for granted.

Dean had been watching the interaction between the other boys with his mouth hanging open, a forkful of food half-way to it, forgotten. “Uh... hey. If... if Sammy can get a treadmill, would it be okay if I got shocks and struts for my Baby? They’re starting to go.”

“Dean, you could take your car to any shop in the city, give them that credit card we gave you, tell them to fix everything that you thought needed work, and that would be just fine.” Jimmy smiled at Dean, whose eyes shot open as he stared at Jimmy.

“Dean, you could take that credit card and go and buy an entirely new car, if you wanted to, and that
would be just fine.” Castiel set his napkin on his plate.

Dean went from astonished, at Jimmy's comment, to alarmed at Castiel's. “You... y'all are crazy.”

“We really should get a car, just to have it, and to spare yours the mileage of running us around the city.” Jimmy said thoughtfully.

Sam couldn't help his smile. He thought the twins would be stunned if they knew how many miles Baby had on her.

“Perhaps two. One for Dean to take on his hunts, and one for around town. That way, there's little risk of damage to the Impala.” Castiel countered.

“Hell no.” Dean interrupted, bristling. “Me and Baby, we hunt. It's what we do.”

“All right.” Castiel soothed. “Just know that if, or when, you want to retire her, you're free to store her safely here, and buy another vehicle for your road trips.”

Sam watched Dean go from indignation to quiet thought. And he knew why, too. It'd make more sense to hunt with a newer vehicle, one that was more comfortable and easier on gas. And he knew Dean was devoted to his Baby, and didn't ever want to see her damaged.

Sam said nothing, folding his napkin and placing it on his plate.

“Sam.” Sam looked at Castiel. “Kindly go to the playroom, strip, and kneel by the door.” Castiel didn't bother to meet Sam's startled gaze. Sam's heart skipped a beat, and he paused just a moment too long.

“Now, Sam.” The cold steel in Castiel's voice made Sam lurch from his chair. He had to catch it, to prevent it from toppling over backwards. He blushed and nodded, keeping his eyes down.

Sam was working himself up so badly that he nearly fell down the stairs to the basement. A tight hand around the banister saved him. He opened the door to the playroom, flipped on the lights, and striped quickly, folding his clothes into the cubby, as Jimmy had done. He knelt on the padded leather square, finding it deeply cushioned. Almost as if... as if he might be expected to kneel and wait... for some time.

Sam lowered his head, squeezing his thighs with trembling hands. He tried to calm himself. Yes, Castiel had been pissed that Sam had skipped out of his last class. Yes, Sam was probably going to pay for doing so. But Sam had been punished plenty of times. Why would this be any different?

Yet... yet Castiel had mentioned he was going to show Sam 'what he could make his living doing', if he were to drop out of school. Sam felt his heart rate increase. What in the hell could he possibly do, in this room, that would constitute a valid career choice??

Sam made a conscious effort to slow his breathing, and with it, his heart rate. He was actually fairly calm when he heard footsteps on the stairs. Then, there was movement beside him, as the boys filed into the room.

“Sam. Is it all right with you, if your brother watches and participates?” Jimmy asked softly, stroking a hand through Sam's hair.

“Yes, Sir.” Sam breathed out, immensely soothed by the gentle touch.

“Good. I'm sure he'll be more than helpful with assisting us to... drive our point home.” Castiel's
voice was still icy. Sam shivered.

He heard the boys moving a piece of equipment towards the centre of the room, and then... a little farther away? Sam figured he was allowed to peek – no one had blindfolded him. They were moving the strangely-angled bench towards the foot of the bed. Sam's breath caught, and he looked back down quickly.

“Sam. Come. Into the shower.” Castiel called.

Sam stood, a little shaky. He followed Castiel into the washroom. Castiel sat on the edge of the tub, turning taps until he had a warm stream. Then, Sam watched him uncoil the enema hose from the wall.

Jesus fucking Christ. Sam found himself trying, once again, not to bolt.

“On your hands and knees in the tub, Sam.” Castiel's voice was absolutely neutral. Sam was glad it had lost the iciness from earlier, but wished it was just a little more reassuring. He climbed in, and Castiel directed him to kneel with his head at the far end of the tub. “Have you ever had an enema, Sam?”

And there was the little bit of reassurance Sam needed. “No, Sir.” Sam wished his voice wasn't trembling. That he wasn't trembling.

“This could feel a little weird, a little uncomfortable. Trust me when I say that it is necessary, for what we have planned.”

Necessary? How could this be necessary?? This hasn't EVER been necessary.

Sam felt lube-slick fingers at his hole, rubbing gently and slipping inside. He wasn't anywhere near prepped when the fingers retreated, and were replaced with a cold metal nozzle, leaking warm water down Sam's thighs. Sam whimpered and tried to pull away. A hard hand gripped his hip, holding him still. When Sam settled a little, the hand loosened, and Sam felt the water pressure increase.

It was a truly strange sensation, feeling the water flow inside him. Soon, though, the sense of pressure inside grew, and morphed into powerful, cramping pain. Sam whimpered and shifted, swearing that he felt himself slosh.

“Just a little more. All right? Can you do that for me?” Castiel asked.

Sam whined, unable to find his words. It hurt, it hurt a lot, as he was wracked with another round of cramps. Sam was immensely glad when Castiel turned off the water and removed the nozzle a moment later. Sam hung his head, panting and blushing.

His panting morphed into gasps, as Castiel worked a sizable plug into him. It stretched and burned, thanks to the limited prep. Sam groaned.

“Please. Enough with the theatrics.” Castiel reprimanded. “Some toys do this every single day. I'm asking you to do it once. Enough.”

Sam tried his best to still himself, clamping his mouth shut. Tremors ran through him when the cramps struck. Sam waited what felt like an eternity, before Castiel told him to remove the plug and relieve himself into the toilet, before turning away and leaving the room, closing the door nearly all the way.

Sam wasn't sure he'd ever been more mortified, and was profoundly grateful for the privacy. He
cleaned himself up afterwards, washed his hands, and returned to the room. A quick glance up showed the three boys lounging on the bed. When he saw Sam, Jimmy jumped up. He moved quickly to Sam's side, taking his hand and pulling him to the bench at the foot of the bed.

Sam allowed himself to be positioned on it. He was strapped into the padded restraints, and his head was really quite a bit lower than his hips. Sam let it hang down as Jimmy fastened a final strap snugly around his waist. The bench was remarkably supportive and comfortable. Like the leather square near the door, Sam suspected this, too, was meant for long-term use.

Sam saw Jimmy kneel before him. He had an unpleasant-looking bit gag in one hand, and a yellow jingly cat toy in the other. He pressed the toy into Sam's right hand. “Shake it for yellow. Throw it for red. Do you understand?”

“Yessir.” Sam forced out, his throat tight.

“Good boy.” Jimmy forced the bit in between Sam's teeth. It was rubber, hard with just a little give, and tasted unpleasant. With his head so low, Sam began to drool almost immediately around it, even as Jimmy cinched the gag tight against the back of his head. Embarrassment made him flush crimson.

Jimmy stood and walked away. He returned in a moment, carefully slipping a dark blindfold over Sam's eyes.

Sam felt choking fear rise within him. He was helpless, and a hair's breadth from throwing his drop signal. Then, he heard Dean's voice, speaking quietly with Castiel on the bed. Dean. Dean's here. It's okay. He's... he's got my back. It's okay.

It took Sam a moment to talk himself down. He felt Jimmy hovering very close nearby, ready to pull the blindfold back off if Sam needed him to. Sam heaved a shuddering breath around his gag, and nodded, just a little. A warm hand gripped his shoulder reassuringly.

The next thing Sam felt was slender fingers working him open, stretching him – and completely, deliberately avoiding his prostate. Sam whined around his gag as he felt Jimmy slip a fourth in.

“Sam. Quiet.” Castiel instructed from the bed. Sam tried to quiet himself.

Jesus Christ, Jimmy, I'm stretched – fuck me already. Sam wiggled a little on the bench, and got a hard smack on his ass. He felt Jimmy exert a little more pressure, feeling his rim stretch to accommodate Jimmy's knuckles. He gasped under the stretch and burn.

The fingers withdrew, and Sam felt a strangely blunt pressure at his hole. Something large slipped inside him, stretching him nearly as far as Jimmy's knuckles had. If it was a plug, which Sam thought it was, it was large and remarkably long.

Sam felt Jimmy move away, and Castiel began to speak.

“So, Sam. This is what I meant, earlier, when I said that you always had a backup profession available, should you abandon your education. Rather than being a lawyer, you could have a very bright future as a come receptacle.”

Sam blinked, stunned. What??

“You're currently ass-up over a breeding bench, one designed to keep all that come up inside you. And in your ass is a tunnel plug. Do you know what a tunnel plug is, Sam?”

Sam's mind whirled. Come receptacle?? Jesus Christ. Sam was horrified and turned on, all at once.
Belatedly, he realized Castiel had asked a question, something about the plug. He shook his head, no.

“A tunnel plug allows us to use and fill your ass while giving you very, very little stimulation. After all, no one cares if a come receptacle enjoys himself. No one cares if a come receptacle gets off. And that plug is going to ensure that you don't.”

Sam stared at the blank blackness of his blindfold. He felt another drop of saliva drool from around his bit. Yes, he loved being used, being the instrument of his masters' pleasure. But this was a whole new level of use. His own pleasure had been caged, toyed with, pushed away, prohibited, but never had it been completely, deliberately avoided. Sam felt like... like a human Fleshlight.

Sam flushed, impossibly aroused and rock-hard against his cage.

Warm fingers stroked his cock, between the metal rings. Sam jolted and moaned, not even having been aware that someone was near him.

“Looks like our whore come receptacle likes the idea.” Jimmy chuckled. “Guys, you cool if I call dibs?”

Sam heard soft noises of assent from the direction of the nearby bed. He heard a zipper and a rustle of fabric, and a moment later there were hands on his hips. Sam felt Jimmy slide in, but all it felt like was a vague sense of pressure. There was nothing but a faint additional fullness, and nothing striking or rubbing his prostate. Jimmy seated himself fully inside Sam, his skin warm against Sam's ass. Sam panted a little against his gag, a whimper slipping out.

“How's the plug feel?” Sam heard Dean ask.

“Ah. Good. It's good. Different. R-ribbed, for h-his pleasure. Not as good as Sam's ass, but, Jesus...” Jimmy pulled out and slid back in with a soft groan.

Sam, used to his senses being flooded with the sensations of being fucked, filled and used, whimpered again at the lack of stimulation. He heard someone move, as Jimmy fucked his ass. Suddenly, there was a sharp slap across his cheek.

“Stop it. Stop snivelling and whining. This is a teaching moment. If you choose to skip your classes, and endanger your education, then this is what you'll be good for. You can be a hole, for people to use. So shut up, and be a hole.” Castiel's voice was harsh, against Sam's ear.

Punishment. This is punishment. A sick, awful sort of punishment. Unable to answer, Sam nodded. He let his head fall. He felt a kiss on his cheek, and felt Castiel move away.

Behind Sam, Jimmy groaned and pressed hard against his ass, coming deep inside him. Sam couldn't even really feel it, and felt a little more bereft. Jimmy pulled out and gave his ass a pat.

Sam heard the rustling of more fabric, and more zippers. The boys were talking animatedly beside him, but Sam couldn't really focus on the conversation. All he could do was be calm, and still, and wait.

It didn't take long for a new pair of hands to wrap themselves around Sam's hips. These ones were rougher, callused - Dean. Sam shuddered as he felt Dean slide into him. There was a little more pressure, but none of the delicious slip-drag of flesh on flesh, no pounding of Sam's prostate, no inexorable rise of pleasure. Dean fucked Sam hard, rocking him against the bench, and Sam tried to stay calm, regulating his breathing. Tried hard to be a good hole.
“You weren't... wrong, about... about the plug, Jimmy... Christ... but it... it just isn't the same.” Dean grunted, his hands cruelly tight on Sam's hips. Sam focused on Dean's nails pressed into his skin, on the bruises he knew were going to develop. It seemed to take Dean a long time to come, before he finally stilled, panting over Sam's back.

“S'not... not as... intimate, you know? It's tight, sure, but not as searing hot.” Dean pulled out. Again, the condescending pat on Sam's ass, as though he had done well.

Castiel's slim fingers gripped him next, stroking over the rising bruises from Dean's fingertips. Castiel fucked him mercilessly, as though trying to prove a point. Quick and brutal, and Castiel pulled out sharply when he was done.

Sam thought for certain they were done. Surely, right, they had to be done? Sam heard the hiss of carbonation as a can was opened, and a quiet hum of conversation. A few minutes passed, and it was as if the boys had forgotten about Sam, bound spread against the bench, ass stretched around the plug. Then Sam felt fingers fumble with the buckle on the back of his gag. It was moved from between his teeth, and Sam took the opportunity to stretch his aching jaw and close his mouth. His head was pulled up by a hand in his hair. There was a nudge of something against his lip, and Sam opened. Blessedly cool water flowed into his mouth, and Sam drank greedily. The bottle was moved away, and Sam closed his mouth.

“Open.” Castiel.

Sam did, and the hated bit gag was forced back between his teeth, and buckled into place. Castiel moved away, and Sam let his head drop back down.

The boys on the bed ignored him for quite some time. And then the cycle began again.

Jimmy. Then Dean. Then Castiel.

Despite the lack of stimulation, the mental aspects alone of being used the way he was were enough to keep Sam rock hard against his cage. After Castiel was finished, they once again left Sam alone.

There was more conversation and quiet laughter from the bed. Sam still couldn't really focus on what was being said. He was burning with the need to apologize, though he knew Castiel, once Sam's punishment was over, wouldn't demand that he did so.

Sam really wasn't sure how much time had passed before he felt gentle, warm hands – multiple hands - on his skin, stroking and removing his restraints, the plug and the gag. Someone tried to remove the blindfold, tugging it upwards gently, but Sam used one freed hand to keep it in place. He heard a soft chuckle.

The hands helped him to stand, and to walk shakily to the large, soft bed. Come slipped from him, and someone caught it with a warm, damp cloth. Sam blushed. They nudged him to lay down, arms outstretched to his sides, and what Sam knew was a twin curled up on each side of him. A warm hand on his shin let Sam know that Dean was right there, as well.

More hands tried to lift his blindfold, but Sam grumped and they stopped. He found the blindfold, for whatever reason, strangely comforting. Which he thought was weird, considering what had happened the last time Jimmy tried to blindfold him.

“Sam...” Castiel's voice was stern, but a little pleading.

“Fine...” Sam sighed, and the blindfold was pulled away. Sam squinted a little at the light, but it
wasn't really bright, nor was it in his eyes, for which he was grateful. Sam looked to his left, and Jimmy was curled up with his eyes closed. His eyes met Dean's, and Dean gave him a little smile, rubbing his thumb on Sam's skin.

Sam gave a meaningful glance towards Jimmy, and then back to Dean. Dean, looking a little surprised, gave Sam a look that said, 'you sure?'. Sam nodded. Dean moved to curl up on the bed, wrapping an arm around Jimmy, who sighed happily, smiled, and snuggled his butt back against Dean. Dean shot Sam a grin over Jimmy's head, before pressing a kiss to Jimmy's neck and relaxing back against the pillows.

Sam glanced to his right, where Castiel was curled up against him, his head on Sam's shoulder, looking up at him with serious deep-blue eyes. Sam kissed his forehead, and murmured, “I really am sorry, Cas...”

“I know. Don't skip class again, okay?” The barest hint of a smile crossed Castiel's features.

“Yes, Sir.” Sam grinned. “Next time... next time, though, can we do it without the plug?”

Castiel chuckled. “If it's for pleasure? Sure. For punishment? No. I can just about imagine how badly that had to suck for you,” Castiel paused. “Actually, I don't have to imagine anything. I know exactly how much it sucks. And it would hardly be punishment for you, to be fucked until you're coming and leaking come from your well-used ass.”

It took a moment for Castiel's words to sink into Sam's brain, but when they did, Sam choked on his own spit, coughing, his eyes wide. Jimmy grumbled and smacked Sam's abs lightly for disturbing him. “You... you've tried that??” Sam asked, astonished.

Castiel nodded. “Of course. I told you quite some time ago that there was very little that I'd be doing to you that I haven't experienced myself.” Castiel smiled mischievously. Sam did distinctly remember Castiel saying that, now that he thought about it.

Logically, Sam knew that they should get up, shower, brush their teeth and get ready for bed. Realistically, the bed in the playroom was very large and very comfortable, and filled with his favourite people. After a kiss to each twin's forehead (Jimmy snoring softly against him), Sam let himself fall into a restful sleep.
Flight

Chapter Notes

Any feedback is greatly appreciated. Thanks for sticking with me, folks.

(Also - fun fact. If y'all don't read the comments, you're missing out. There tends to be all sorts of cool stuff in them, and on nearly every chapter. There's extra information, discussions about future content, theories, backstory, arguments between me and my Inquisitorial Squad, one-shot origins, and all manner of neat stuff. If you have the time, check it out.)

Sam woke aching in the best kind of way, surrounded by soft, sleep-warmed bodies. Jimmy was pressed tight against Sam's right side, and Dean snug behind him. Dean's hand reached right over Jimmy, and was resting on Sam's stomach. Castiel, on Sam's other side, had rolled onto his back in his sleep, dark lashes fanned across pale skin.

Sam stretched a little, and Jimmy woke with a jolt, which in turn woke Dean. Sam felt Dean scratch under the pillow for the weapon that wasn't there, before realizing where he was.

“Morning, guys.” Sam whispered, extricating his arm from under Jimmy's neck and rubbing his eyes. Jimmy, unimpressed at losing Sam's arm, snorted softly and flipped to face Dean, snuggling into his chest.

“Morning.” Dean replied with a little smile, wrapping an arm around a sleepy, surly Jimmy.

Castiel, still clearly asleep, didn't stir.

Sam really had no idea what time it might be, but he felt rested, which probably meant that it was time to get up and get his ass to class. He nudged Jimmy in the back.

“F'ck off.” Jimmy muttered into Dean's chest.

Dean reached behind himself and snagged a cell phone – Sam wasn't sure whose – and powered it up long enough to check the time. “Seven.” Dean whispered, putting it carefully back on the nightstand and wrapping Jimmy in his arms.

“We have to get up. Jimmy. Get up. We have to shower and eat and get to class. Come on.” Sam rubbed Jimmy's back.

“F'ck class. Sleepin'.” Jimmy muttered grumpily.

“You want what happened to me to happen to you?” Sam whispered in Jimmy's ear. He felt Jimmy stiffen in Dean's arms. “Because I've got no problem at all, treating you like a hole.” Jimmy shuddered and sat up, shooting Sam a look that was equal parts resentful and hopeful.

Together, the three boys pulled clothes on haphazardly and trekked back upstairs, leaving Castiel to sleep. They showered together, which devolved into Jimmy on his knees, giving Dean an enthusiastic blowjob, which was so hot to watch that Sam came untouched, while Dean's cock was deep in Jimmy's throat. The sight of Sam panting against the wall, weak-kneed with come trickling
from his caged cock sent Dean hurtling over the edge, and he came with a groan. Jimmy had splattered the tiles with his own release a little earlier, one of the times he choked on Dean's cock.

They returned to their own rooms to dress, and met downstairs in the kitchen. Marta raised an eyebrow at their flushed, pink cheeks, but said nothing. All three were gorging themselves on pancakes, bacon and sausages when Castiel walked into the kitchen, rubbing his eyes and looking tired and wan.

Sam stopped eating immediately. “You okay, Cas?”

“Yes, Sam, thank you. I'm fine. A little stressed and underslept, perhaps.” Castiel took a seat at the table, and helped himself to some food. After a few bites, he spoke again. “I'll need you both back at the house by noon. We'll be leaving for Chicago at roughly one. We've been invited to dine with our parents tonight.”

Sam stilled, a little frightened of what to expect. He didn't know how to act in a mansion. He didn't know what would be expected of him.

“Better you than me.” Dean winked and grinned at Sam, and took a huge bite of sausage.

“Oh, you'll be meeting them, too, Dean. Just not this weekend.” Jimmy retorted, which wiped the smirk from Dean's face pretty quickly.

As Sam was getting ready for his morning classes, he waited by the door for Jimmy, who was having a hurried, quiet discussion with his brother. Jimmy seemed pretty emphatic about something, and Castiel nodded tiredly. He gave Sam and Jimmy a kiss, before heading upstairs. Hopefully, Sam thought, to rest.

Jimmy and Sam walked towards campus and their first classes. Sam's nervousness built within him.

“Jimmy...” Sam started.

“Look. I'm gonna explain this now, because Cas isn't sure he'll have the energy to do it later. Mum and Dad's house is high protocol. Do you know what that means?” Jimmy looked up at him.

Sam stopped dead. Yeah, he knew what high protocol was. Sure. Had he ever done it? Hell, no. Did he think he could do it?? Sam wasn't really sure.

“It isn't anything onerous, I swear. Well – some of it is, I guess, depending on how you look at it. You'll be wearing what Cas tells you to wear. You'll follow him two steps behind and slightly to his left, with your hands behind your back. If he stops walking for more than twenty seconds or so, you get on your knees. You may or may not be leashed.” Jimmy pulled Sam's hand, encouraging him to walk. Sam did, haltingly. “You'll eat from his hand or mine, kneeling on the floor. And whatever you do, you don't speak unless you're spoken to. Mum and Dad are Sir and Ma'am. Cas is Master. I... I guess I am, too.” Jimmy smiled, tugging Sam along.

Sam's mind whirled with the instructions he'd been given. He was dying to ask questions, and wasn't sure what to ask first.

“What... what if I screw up??” The issue that worried Sam the most slipped from his mouth, without Sam even having intended to ask.

“It's okay. They know you're new at this, and haven't ever done high protocol. Just follow Raine's lead, and you'll be fine.” Jimmy smiled.
Sam blinked. “Raine?”

“Oh, right, we didn’t mention her. She’s our parents’ live-in sub. Has been for years, since me and Cas were small.”

Sam blinked again and frowned. “Your... parents had a live-in sub, when you guys were kids??”

Jimmy nodded. “Yeah. We’ve never seen them scene, though. Only the marks on Auntie Raine afterwards. But there was one time we got into Mum and Dad’s playroom, and whacked each other with canes. We were sword fighting. I got Cas right across the face.” Jimmy grinned fondly at the memory. “He had this big-ass welt. Mum and Dad knew instantly what it was from, and were a lot more careful about keeping their room locked from then on out.”

“Auntie Raine??” Sam was silent for a bit. Thoughtful. “Well, what else are you gonna have little kids call her?”

“This is me.” They were in front of the building where Jimmy’s first class was. Jimmy stood on tiptoes and kissed Sam, who was still lost in thought. “Don’t worry too much about it. We can talk more on the plane. Meet back here after class?”

Sam nodded, giving Jimmy a swift kiss before turning towards his own classes.

He wasn’t sure, afterwards, that he had heard a single word of what his professors had been saying. He was too anxious about the weekend to come. He tried to calm himself by telling himself that it was basically just like the weekend he’d spent as a toy. Nothing worse than that.

Except that there were going to be crazy-wealthy boyfriend-parents watching and judging his every move. Sam swallowed hard.

Jimmy was lying on his back on the grass under a tree when Sam found him, staring up at the light shifting through the leaves. Sam loomed over him, smiling down, and got a grin in return. Jimmy climbed to his feet and gave Sam a tight hug and a kiss.

“Still freaking out?” Jimmy asked softly.

“Absolutely.” Sam responded fervently.

“It’s gonna be fine. You’re gonna be fine. After all, you’re our good boy, aren’t you?” Jimmy slipped a hand in between himself and Sam, brushing Sam’s cage through his pants. Sam shuddered at the light touch and nodded.

“That’s not how you answer. Answer politely.” Sam heard the command creep into Jimmy's voice, and his hand tightened over the warm steel and warm denim over Sam's cock.

“Y-yes, Master.” Sam whispered, and saw a shiver run through Jimmy that mirrored his own.

Jimmy released him, and they walked hand in hand back to the house.

Which was in a bit of an uproar when they arrived. Bags had already been packed for Jimmy and Sam, but apparently there was some sort of issue with the limo having not arrived, and the potential for missing the scheduled departure from the airport.

Castiel was in conversation with Henrik, and Jimmy moved to join them. Dean, who was sprawled on the couch, gestured for Sam to come over. Sam did, lifting Dean's head from the pillow and sitting, pillowing Dean's head on his lap instead. Dean grinned up at him, clearly high as a kite from the pain meds.
Sam glanced over at the twins and Henrik, and felt a sharp tug on the front of his collar. He looked back, seeing Dean's hand near his throat. He must've slipped a finger through the ring and pulled.

“Why d'you wear this, Sam? How come you never take it off? Not even to shower?” Dean's wide green eyes stared up at him.

“It doesn't _come_ off, Dean. Ever. It's permanent. It's my collar.” Sam murmured down to him, running a hand through Dean's hair.

Sam saw Dean's sluggish brain work through what he had said. He knew Dean had done research, and knew Dean knew what it meant to be collared. To his surprise, Dean seemed to accept the situation without question.

Sam felt a rough finger stroke along his collar. “Looks expensive. Looks like silver, but I'm betting it's not.”

“It's platinum.” Sam responded softly. Dean whistled long and low.

“Guess you could sell it, if the relationship didn't work out, and not have to hustle pool for a while.” Dean opined.

“If that happened, Dean, I'd give it back. But I'm hoping it never happens.” Something of Sam's feelings must've been a little too transparent, because Dean reached up and patted his cheek.

“Nah, you're good, Sammy. Those guys are crazy about you. And you're crazy about them. Crazy enough to wear their collar.” Dean grinned.

Sam smiled down at his big brother.

“Sam! We have to go. Come on!” Jimmy called.

“See you when I get back, okay? Be good. Take it easy. Get Baby fixed up. Maybe take that trip to the tailor...”

“Sam!!”

Sam gave Dean a quick kiss and stood, slipping the pillow back under Dean's head.

“Yeah, yeah. You go and have fun with the 'rents. Hope they packed some kneepads for you.” Dean smirked and waved.

Sam blushed. He supposed Cas had told Dean what the weekend was going to be like, for Sam. Jimmy appeared behind the couch, leaned over and gave Dean a kiss. He took Sam's hand, pulling him towards the door. Sam gave Dean one last wave, as Jimmy pulled him away.

There was a plain black SUV parked in front of the house, with Henrik behind the wheel. Jimmy hopped in the front, to sit beside him, and Castiel guided Sam into the back seat. Castiel, Sam was glad to see, looked a little better than he had that morning. As though the breakfast had done him some good, and he had perhaps had a nap. Sam reached for Castiel's hand, and held it tight. Castiel gave him a reassuring smile.

Sam relaxed a little against the plush leather seats. Jimmy was chatting animatedly with Henrik, who answered him in brief sentences, his attention mostly on the road. Castiel was quiet beside him, looking absentmindedly out the window.
It didn't take long until they were at what seemed to be a small, private airstrip. Henrik pulled the SUV up quite close to a sleek-looking aircraft, with stairs folded down and a row of eight round windows. Henrik opened the door, and Castiel stepped onto the tarmac, holding a hand out for Sam, who followed him. Jimmy hopped out, as well, and headed for the plane.

Castiel led the way, and Sam made it a point to walk two paces behind, and slightly to Castiel's left. Castiel glanced back over his shoulder, and smiled when he saw Sam's position.

The inside of the plane was tastefully decorated in cream, with dark accents. There was a u-shaped couch, which Jimmy promptly kicked off his shoes and sprawled out on. Opposite were a couple of comfortable-looking chairs. A little farther back there was a small dining area, and beyond that, Sam couldn't really see.

“Mr. Novak, good to see you again.” A man in a crisp uniform and hat greeted Castiel, who smiled and shook his hand. A young lady in a pencil skirt and white blouse emerged from the rear of the plane, and gave Sam a warm smile.

“Will you be wanting lunch served, sir, when we're in the air?” She asked Castiel politely.

“That would be great, Melody, thanks.” Castiel smiled. She gave a small bow, and retreated towards the rear of the plane, where Sam assumed there was some sort of galley.

Sam felt himself wondering if there was maybe a bedroom, in the plane. Castiel had said he might allow Sam to come, if he'd been good. And Sam was pretty sure he'd been good.

Sam heard Castiel chuckle from beside him. “Something about the way you're rubbernecking towards the back of the plane makes me think you'd like the tour, Sam.” Castiel pressed a hand against the small of Sam's back and guided him towards the rear of the plane.

There was a fairly narrow corridor, with a couple of doorways. The first was open, and the sharply-dressed... stewardess? Flight attendant?... was preparing plates of food in a small kitchen. She gave the boys a smile as they walked by. A little farther down the hall was another door, which Castiel opened. Sam peeked inside – it was a bathroom, with a spacious shower. At the end of the hall was a closed door, which Castiel opened.

Beyond it was a bedroom, the cream colours accented here with pops of bright red. It was warm and inviting, and the bed looked wonderfully comfortable.

“Sit, Sam.” Castiel gestured towards the bed. Sam sat on the edge, and Jimmy came in, flumping onto the bed beside Sam. Castiel closed the door with a snap and locked it.

Sam felt unaccountably nervous.

Castiel walked to him, nudged Sam's knees apart and stood between them, cupping Sam's face in his hands and tilting it upwards. He leaned down and pressed a kiss to Sam's lips, sweet and chaste.

“You are.” Another kiss. “So perfect, Sam. So good for us.” Another kiss, Castiel murmuring against Sam's lips. Sam felt the tension that he'd been feeling all day drop from his shoulders. “Our good boy.” Another kiss. “This weekend is probably going to be challenging for you. But you needn't fear any reprisals, if you should happen to make an honest mistake. Understood? We only ask that you do your best, like you've always done for us. And your best will always be good enough.”

A little of that hard kernel of dread that had been lodged in Sam's stomach seemed to dissolve. Sam nodded and gave a tiny smile. “Yes, Cas.”
“I'm going to ask your forgiveness, in advance, as well. This trip will probably be as stressful for myself and Jimmy as it will be for you. We may be a little on edge, and lack the patience and balance that we normally have. Remember that your safewords are still in place, and they always will be. If you think for a moment that we're not in the right headspace, to be doing what we're doing, I beg you to safeword, okay?”

Sam blinked up at Castiel. He hadn't ever really thought about it - that perfect Cas, always so calm and collected and in control, could find himself in a bad headspace. But it made a lot of sense, that in a high-stress environment his control might slip a little. Sam nodded his understanding.

“I'll keep an eye out, too. If Cas is being an ass, I'll end the scene. No fear.” Jimmy said confidently from his position on the bed.

“If you do urgently need to speak, you can tap twice, like you always have. One of us will lean down, and you can whisper.”

Sam nodded. And he added the bit, in his head, about not allowing himself to suffer needlessly, unless the point of the exercise was to make him suffer.

“Now.” Castiel smiled.

Sam felt, more than heard, the engines of the plane start up. It was like a dull, throbbing vibration. There was a soft jerk, and the plane started to move. Castiel rolled his eyes, and moved to sit on the bed.

As the plane took off, Sam let the force press him back into the bed, between Jimmy and Castiel. Sam's heart raced, having never been on a plane before, but Castiel's hand on his chest calmed him. The weird pressure and sense of climbing faded quickly enough, and Sam turned his head to look out the window, seeing nothing but blue sky and bright sunshine.

“Now, as I was saying...” Castiel stood.

“LUNCH!!” Jimmy shouted, moving to the door and flinging it open. They heard his voice from down the hall. “Melody! What's for lunch??” A soft voice answered.

Castiel rolled his eyes. “Jimmy and his food, I swear. Well, let's have some lunch, and then resume our discussion afterwards. You can sit in a chair, or at my feet, whichever you prefer, Sam. Raine has travelled with my parents in the past. Melody and the pilot are on staff. No one will be surprised should you choose to kneel.”

Despite Castiel's reassurances, Sam chose to sit beside him at the table. Lunch was pleasant, a variety of dishes which the boys helped themselves to. Sam was particularly enraptured by the different flavours and textures of the assortment of cubed cheeses. There was a pale yellow one that Sam thought was so good that he ate every cube there was of it. The twins grinned at him.

Afterwards, they retreated to the bedroom again, after thanking Melody for the food. Castiel guided Sam to sit, and stood between his legs again. Jimmy flopped backwards on the bed, arms spread.

“So. As I was saying, before Jimmy had to go stuff his face...” Sam turned his head just in time to see Jimmy stick out his tongue at Castiel. “I was saying that you've been so good for us, Sam. And with that in mind, I've got a reward for you. Two, actually.”

Castiel lifted the key to Sam's cage from its spot against his skin with a smile. Sam's heart skipped a beat. He stood, stripping quickly, and sat back down on the edge of the bed. Castiel lifted the chain from over his neck, knelt before Sam, and removed Sam's cage with gentle fingers. Sam began to
harden almost immediately, profoundly grateful to be out of the cage, even if only for a little while.

Castiel set the cage aside, and rested his hands on Sam's thighs, looking up at him. “Do you remember, Sam, the afternoon we spent in that truly awful motel?”

Sam blinked. Yeah, he remembered, but what did Cas...

“OHHHH! Yes!!” Jimmy crowed from beside Sam. “Remember, Sam, Cas guessed wrong when we played the 'whose throat did I just come down?' game?? Remember what you won??”

Sam's eyes widened. *The privilege of fucking Castiel however he wanted.* Sam's breath hitched. “Seriously?”

“I'm yours, to do with what you will.” Castiel smiled and spread his arms wide.

“OhmyGod.” Sam whimpered.

“So tell me where you’d like me.” Castiel stood, toed off his shoes and began to unbutton his shirt cuffs.

“Stop.” Sam blurted out, and Castiel's fingers paused.

“Can... can I?”

“Of course.” Castiel smiled.

Sam got to his feet, his knees shaking a bit. He fumbled with the small buttons, but Castiel simply waited patiently. He slipped the shirt from Castiel's shoulders, hands skimming down Castiel's arms, and lifted his undershirt up and off. Sam knelt, working on Castiel's belt, and pulled his pants and boxers down all at once. Castiel was already hard and leaking, but Sam chose to ignore it in favour of lifting each of his feet, slipping Castiel's socks off.

Jimmy had retreated to a chair in the corner of the room, leaning forward and watching avidly.

A small bottle of lube had appeared on the bed. Sam shifted it off to the side.

“On... on your hands and knees, p-please, Cas?” Sam asked uncertainly.

Castiel moved immediately, crawling onto the bed. He lowered himself onto his elbows and spread his legs, his perfect ass on display. Sam couldn't believe his luck. Couldn't believe Castiel was allowing this.

Sam moved between Castiel's legs, gripping his hips with large hands. A fine shiver ran through Castiel. Sam stroked down Castiel's thighs. And as tempting as it was to label one of those perfect ass cheeks with a glowing red image of his own hand, that wasn't what Sam wanted right now at all.

Sam backed up a little, shifting his hands to Castiel's cheeks, gripped them, and spread them. Castiel's hole was as perfect as everything else about him was, pink and smooth and furled tight. Sam was gonna see what he could do to change that. He leaned down, and licked a long, broad stripe over Castiel's hole.

Castiel shuddered, making the most beautiful noises as Sam licked him open. He alternated wide, sweeping licks with stiff-tongued probing, lapping hungrily as Castiel loosened and opened under his ministrations. He curled his tongue against and inside Castiel, relishing every needy whimper that fell from Castiel's lips, savouring hearing and feeling Castiel coming apart under his tongue.

Sam slipped a finger inside, alongside his tongue, meeting almost no resistance. Castiel groaned
when Sam rubbed a finger against his prostate. Sam slipped in a second finger, rubbing rhythmically, and reached his other hand between Castiel's legs. He stroked Castiel's precome-slick cock once, and Castiel spasmed and bucked against him, spraying come over Sam's hand, his own abs, and the blanket.

Sam froze as Castiel squeezed hard against him. A few more gentle strokes against his prostate and Castiel shuddered and collapsed against the bed, pulling free of Sam's fingers and tongue.

Both Sam and Jimmy stared at Castiel, who was panting heavily into the pillows. He looked dazed, his blue eyes lust-blown and glassy. Sam, rock-hard and not entirely certain what to do, laid down beside him. He rested a hand on Castiel's lower back.

It took Castiel a couple of minutes to regain his coherence, and give Sam a small smile. “That was... wow. Yeah.”

“I'm not done yet.” Sam replied, nudging his cock against Castiel's hip, smearing it with precome.

Sam heard Castiel's breath catch.

Castiel let Sam roll him onto his back. Let Sam spread his legs, propping his knees up. Sam moved between Castiel's legs, leaning down over him, kissing Castiel's loose mouth hard, licking and probing. Castiel was barely able to return the kisses, still pretty out of it.

“You're beautiful.” Sam murmured against Castiel's mouth. “You're fucking gorgeous. I love you. Thank you so much.” Sam sat back a little, reached for the lube and slicked his fingers.

Sam watched Castiel's cock twitch and attempt to harden as Sam slipped two long fingers inside him, watched Castiel squirm and sigh, pressing down onto Sam's hand. Sam squeezed the base of his own cock hard, pushing away his own orgasm. He worked another finger inside Castiel, stretching, eager to be inside him, but having no desire to risk hurting him.

Castiel was half-hard when Sam heard him whimper, “Fuck me, Sam.”

Sam groaned and slid his fingers free, only to push his cock into Castiel's soft, pliant body. Castiel arched on the bed, his hands clenching on Sam's biceps. Sam gave him a moment, before giving a tentative roll of his hips.

Castiel clenched around him, and it was everything Sam could do not to come. Castiel was whispering something, and Sam leaned down to listen.

"More, more, make... make it hurt, want... hard, Sam, God, please..." The words were pouring out of Castiel's mouth, as though every iota of his normally rock-solid restraint had been shattered when he came on Sam's tongue and fingers.

Sam bent Castiel's legs back, pinning them against his stomach, Castiel's feet over Sam's shoulders. If Castiel wanted to be fucked, hard, then the least Sam could do would be to oblige. Sam kissed Castiel again, hard, pulled out, and slammed into him.

Castiel choked out a groan, a guttural noise that Sam had never heard him make before. Eager to hear more of it, Sam pounded Castiel into the mattress with long, hard, brutal thrusts. The groan broke off as Castiel gasped for breath and whined, his broken pleas stopping as Sam gave him what he wanted.

Sam held himself just above Castiel as he hammered into him, his forehead hovering just above Castiel's, breathing his air and his smell and his whimpers and everything about him. He couldn't
help pressing his mouth to Castiel's – panting, sloppy kisses.

Sam's muscles were beginning to ache and burn, and it was totally, gloriously worth it, to see Castiel a fucked-out mess underneath him. “Gonna...” Sam panted. “Gonna come for me... again, Cas? Gonna... come... on my cock?”

Castiel arched underneath him, painting his release across his own and Sam's skin, as though he had been waiting for Sam to ask. The convulsing of Castiel's muscles was too much for Sam, who, after a few more hard thrusts, came explosively inside Castiel.

Sam held himself still on trembling arms as Castiel shook beneath him. He lowered his head, kissing Castiel's sweat-sheened cheek. “Thank you. Thank you so much.” Sam pulled out carefully, but Castiel still whimpered. He lowered Castiel's legs, and half-fell to the bed beside him, his heart rate and breathing slowly returning to normal.

“Fucking hell, that was hot.” Sam heard, from the corner of the room. He peered over, and saw Jimmy with his pants undone, mopping come from his abs with his t-shirt.

Castiel appeared to be completely out of it. Sam gathered him against himself, shifting Castiel to his side and spooning up behind him. Rather than being clingy, like Jimmy could be, Castiel was simply limp and accepting.

Sam chose to take it as a victory, that he had managed to render cool, professional Castiel into a whimpering, begging mess. It meant something, Sam thought, that Castiel had asked for what he needed. Sam only hoped that he'd been able to supply it.

Sam pressed kisses to Castiel's neck and shoulder, his arm wrapped snugly around Castiel's waist. Both of them were slick with sweat and come and lube, but Sam didn't really mind.

It took Castiel several minutes to begin to stir against Sam. It took a few more before he was able to speak.

“If... if that's what happens when I let you out of week-long denial and let you do what you want... we'll be doing that more often.” Castiel's voice was faint. Both Sam and Jimmy chuckled softly.

Castiel turned in Sam's arms, and shifted up the bed a little, so that he was nearly nose to nose with Sam. Sam thought there seemed to be something soft in Castiel's eyes. Something broken open, tender and raw. Sam wasn't sure what it was, but he felt privileged to see it. He thought it might be need. Or love.

Castiel leaned in and kissed Sam softly. “Thank you.”

“Was... did you...” Sam started, uncertain.

“Yes, Sam. Yes. Thank you.” Another kiss. “That was perfect. You're perfect. And now, all weekend, you'll know as you're kneeling that my ass is aching, because of you.” Castiel gave Sam a smile. “Particularly so, when we dine. My mother's expensive antique chairs are uncomfortable at the best of times.”

“When do I get my turn?” Jimmy sulked from his chair.

“Perhaps when we're back at the house. I'll need a couple of days to recover.” Castiel smirked and Sam blushed. He felt a little bad – Sam had never fucked anyone as hard as he had just fucked Castiel. He'd always held himself back, afraid of hurting his partner. Sam was just too tall, too strong, too big to fuck like that. Except, apparently, when he wasn't. Sam was a little astonished that not
only could Castiel take it, but he seemed to love it.

“I meant, when is it my turn to get fucked like that??” Sam distinctly heard longing in Jimmy's voice.

Sam's eyes met Castiel's.

“Well, seeing as he's off punishment, all you need is his permission and mine.” Castiel said lightly.

Sam groaned. He'd never heard two more beautiful words before – 'off punishment'.

“Sweet!! Can he fuck me in my bed at Mum and Dad's?” Jimmy asked eagerly.

Castiel rolled his eyes and grinned. “Yes, Jimmy. If he wants to, he can fuck you in Chicago.”

Sam was already hardening again.

“Can he fuck me on the plane, before we get to Chicago?” Jimmy asked slyly.

“No, Jimmy. He'll need his strength. We can't have him nodding off at dinner.”

Sam turned his head to look at Jimmy, who was looking sulky. Sam wasn't sure he would be able to bring himself to fuck Jimmy like he had Castiel. Physically, there wasn't a lot of difference between the twins, but Jimmy was noticeably slimmer through the hips. He'd split Jimmy in half, if he fucked him like that. But maybe that was what Jimmy wanted.

“Fine, then. Put his cage back on.” Jimmy grumped.

Castiel guided Sam onto his back and stood, retrieving his supplies. Sam stared up at the ceiling as Castiel reattached his cage.

“Do you want the sound, Sam?” Castiel asked softly. “I'll leave it out, if you prefer.” Sam glanced down, and Castiel had the sound in his gloved hand.

It actually felt really strange, to have the cage on without the sound. Uncomfortable. Sam nodded. “Yes, please.” He shivered as Castiel slid it into place.

Something Jimmy had said earlier popped into Sam's head. “Uh, Cas?”

“Yes?” Cas was stripping off his gloves.

“What... Jimmy said I'd be wearing clothes you picked for me. What...”

“Flip over onto your front. Your henna is badly faded, and I'm going to redo it for you.”

Sam flipped, hoping for an answer to his question. He heard Castiel digging through his suitcase.

“You'll be wearing some loose-fitting drawstring pants. I won't lie, they're fairly revealing. But Raine wears a dress of a similar material. You'll be a matched pair.” Sam felt the bed shift, and a moment later, the familiar wet coolness on the skin of his lower back.

How... how are pants revealing? And what about a shirt? Socks? Shoes? “... and?” Sam asked.

“And what?” Castiel answered, already distracted by his work.

“Pants and what else?” Sam clarified.

“Just the pants. Assuming you're comfortable like that. It's what I'd prefer you wear, at any rate. We
could probably come up with a shirt, if we needed to, but I'd rather you show off your henna.”

Jesus Christ. Sam closed his eyes. It wasn't enough that he had to follow, kneel, eat from Castiel's hand, and do it all silently, but he had to do it wearing the bottom half of a set of hospital scrubs, and nothing else? In a mansion?? And this was somehow going to impress his boyfriends' tight-laced parents??

Sam was thisclose to telling Castiel to turn the plane around and go back to Stanford. A soothing hand landed on his lower back, and Castiel spoke softly.

“Sam. Relax. Please. You'll be just fine, you'll see.” Sam shook his head a little, and felt a bounce on the bed nearby. His eyes flickered open.

“Christ, Jimmy, be careful!” Castiel chided.

Jimmy squirmed across the bed, and laid down nose to nose with Sam. Sam stared into Jimmy's eyes, his own eyes wide and frightened. When Jimmy had stilled, Sam felt Castiel applying more henna to his skin.

“You know, Sam.” Jimmy began, brushing Sam's hair back. “If it were me, trying to be a sub in Mum and Dad's house, I'd be spending my life on punishment. My hide would be permanently tanned. My nose would've left dents in the corners. But you're not like me, Sam. You're good. You're so, so good. You don't want anything more than you want to be good.”

Sam nodded. That much, at least, was true. But what if...

“You know that if Cas puts you on your knees, you're gonna stay there. And if he tells you to be quiet, you're not gonna talk. That's all this is, Sam. Him and me are all that matter. You're ours, not theirs. And you impress and amaze us every single day, just by being you. You keep that up, and you'll impress them, too. You can't help but impress them. Trust me.”

Sam blushed and turned his face into the pillows. Jimmy gave a gentle tug on his hair, and he turned his face enough to peek at Jimmy through one eye. Jimmy was wearing a very kind smile, and Sam felt some of his fear vanish. He gave a little nod.

Maybe, just maybe, he could do this. Sam felt a little bubble of confidence grow and push at the fear. If he focused on it, he might just be okay. Jimmy was right, doing what Castiel told him was as easy as breathing. Sam pulled in a shaky breath, and gave Jimmy a small smile.

“There's our good boy.” Jimmy grinned and gave Sam a sweet kiss, before crawling back off the bed and wandering from the bedroom.

Sam relaxed against the bed as Castiel worked on his back, humming tunelessly under his breath. He wasn't sure, but thought the song might have been Rio, by Duran Duran. Sam was privately grateful that Castiel didn't have to make a livelihood singing, because he couldn't carry a tune in a bucket.

Sam was glad Castiel was redoing his henna. He'd been watching it fade with increased anxiety, not wanting to lose the mark of ownership, despite having the collar around his neck now. There was something about having the twins' initials on his skin.

Sam wondered, briefly, what it would be like to wear the henna permanently. He didn't have tattoos, other than the anti-possession mark John had forced him to get. And as important as it was, Sam hated it, simply because he was forced to wear it. But to have the henna mark permanently tattooed—by Castiel, of course—Sam first pictured it in the blue-black of his current tattoo, before revising the vision and making it the gorgeous deep mahogany colour that the henna was, at its darkest. The
thought of it made him smile and squirm, just a little.

“Be still, Sam, please.” Castiel corrected.

Sam felt Castiel's words sink into him, heavy as lead, and stilled immediately. Jimmy, Sam thought, was absolutely right. Obeying Castiel was easy, and Sam was damned good at it. And that was all the twins were asking him to do, really. Just obey.

*Maybe this won't be so bad, after all.*
You guys are nuts. And I thank you all for your patience. This silly story has 252 subs, and nearly 20,000 hits, which is mind-blowing. So... um... thanks. <3

Sam drowsed as Castiel worked on his henna. Jimmy wandered in and out, checking the progress in between bouts of watching a movie on the large television and harassing Melody for snacks.

Sam relished the time Castiel spent working on his skin. It felt like devotion, to Sam. As if Sam was the most important thing in the world to Castiel. And maybe he was – otherwise, why would Castiel spend so much time working on him, labelling Sam as theirs?

Sam actually felt a little pang of sadness as he felt the spritz of cool liquid across his skin that indicated Castiel had finished. It seemed to have been done so quickly, but then, Sam supposed that Castiel was just re-drawing what was already there.

A warm hand touched Sam’s ass.

“Doing okay, Sam? Do you need anything?” Castiel asked solicitously.

“No, thank you, Sir.” Sam responded unthinkingly.

“We’ll still be in the air for some time. I’d like to do another henna piece on you, much larger, as part of a project for one of my classes. If you’re agreeable, of course.”

Sam grinned and nodded against his pillows. More time under Castiel's careful touch? Sign me the fuck up.

“Get up, carefully, then, please. Don’t let anything touch your back. Use the washroom, and have a drink and a quick snack. You’ll be on your stomach for some time.” Castiel stood and stretched, rolling his shoulders and smiling at Sam as he lifted carefully from the bed.

Sam hurried from the room and into the narrow hall, ducking into the washroom. He relieved himself and washed his hands, grinning at himself briefly in the mirror. He emerged back into the hallway and walked towards the living-room like area with the couches.

He peeked into the galley as he walked by, but no one was in there. He walked past, and found Jimmy sprawled out and hogging every pillow from the couch. Jimmy noticed him and whistled, looking him up and down appreciatively.

It struck Sam that he was completely naked, save for his cage. He blushed crimson. Jimmy chuckled. Sam grabbed a bottle of water and a half-full bag of chips from the snack-strewn table in front of Jimmy and perched on the very edge of the couch, after Jimmy moved his legs to make a little room.

Jimmy sat up and pushed gently on Sam’s shoulder, bending Sam over so that Jimmy could better see the henna. “Nice. Does that feel better?” Jimmy asked neutrally.

Sam nodded, but his response of “Much.” was a little garbled around the mouthful of chips.
“You know why that is?” Jimmy leaned back against his cushions, a dark, sharp grin on his face.

Sam froze, his hand in the chip bag. He swallowed. “N-no?” He answered tentatively.

“It's because you exist to be owned. By Cas, and by me. We're your owners, and you're our good, sweet, obedient little comeslut fuck toy, aren't you?” Jimmy's smile widened.

Sam's breath caught. “Yes, Sir.”

“Because I'm feeling generous...” Jimmy sat up and grabbed Sam's jaw in a hard grip – hard enough that Sam hadn't known he had that much strength. “I'm gonna give you one opportunity to modify your last statement.” Every iota of playfulness had vanished from Jimmy's voice, and his grin had vanished, leaving his mouth a hard, angry line.

“Master!” Sam gasped, correcting himself. “Yes. Yes, Master.”

Jimmy let him go, reclining back, his eyes back on the television. “Finish your snack and go back to my brother.”

Sam withdrew his hand from the bag and brushed off his fingers. “Y-yes, Master.” His voice was a little small, and his jaw was throbbing where Jimmy had grabbed him. He was a little concerned that it might bruise. He stood a little shakily and returned to the bedroom, where Castiel was waiting. Jimmy ignored him as he left.

Castiel's eyebrow raised when he saw the change in Sam's demeanour, but he didn't say anything until Sam had settled into the position that Castiel wanted him in, on the bed. It was a strange one, too – face down, Sam's arms out straight from his body, as though he was being crucified. Castiel didn't seem to care too much about where his legs were.

Castiel's hands stroked from the middle of Sam's upper back, across his shoulders and down his arms. When Castiel spoke, his voice was barely a whisper. “Jimmy's trying to help you find your headspace.” Castiel's fingertips touched the reddened marks on Sam's jaw. “This weekend, you're ours, in a very formal way. You know we love you, very much, and we belong to you as much as you belong to us.” The fingers deliberately smoothed along Sam's collar. “But this weekend, you're a possession.”

“Yes, Master.” Sam murmured. Warm hands slid down his ribs.

“Understand me, please, Sam. It's not going to be enough that you kneel prettily at our sides. Our parents will be asking you questions, and you will answer them, truthfully and respectfully.”

Sam stiffened. Questions? He expects me to be able to listen, understand, and THINK while all this is going on??

“I've seen you sink deep into subspace, into your own thoughts, when you're on your knees. And I've seen you kneel with perfect form, while still maintaining your somewhat overdeveloped sense of situational awareness. It's the latter, which will be required in the presence of our parents.”

Sam relaxed a little. Castiel was absolutely right, those were two completely different things. And he could do that, he would do that, for Castiel.

“We'll be sure to set aside time just for us, as well. Times where you can feel free to lose yourself in your submission, and not worry about having to please anyone, and simply feel. Okay?” Castiel's hand stroked through Sam's hair.
Sam, reassured, melted under Castiel's touch against the bed. “Yes, Master.” He murmured into his pillows.

“Now, rest, and be still. I'll likely be applying the henna for most of the rest of our flight. I'm going to begin by making reference marks on your skin, so that everything's where I need it to be. It's just marker, and it'll rinse off in the shower once we're done. If you need a break, to stretch or drink, you may speak to get my attention. Understood?”

Sam nodded, feeling unusually tired. He supposed it must be the stress, and having worked himself up so many times, only to have been calmed back down again. Sam felt Castiel's lips on the back of his neck, a lingering kiss, before Castiel withdrew.

Castiel made some small adjustments to Sam's position, and Sam felt the cool touch of the marker on his skin. He grew pretty alarmed pretty quickly – Castiel was putting marks nearly half-way down his back, and almost to his sides. There were more, on the tops of Sam's shoulders, and on his arms, nearly to his elbows. Dozens of small touches from the marker, over a huge area of Sam's skin.

Castiel moved, straddling Sam's ass, the denim warm against him. Sam felt the familiar touch of the henna, cool and wet, near his spine, a few inches below the base of his neck, Castiel's other hand firm and warm against his back.

Yes. This, all of this, forever. Sam thought happily, as he drifted off.

*

When he woke, Sam was in the exact position he had fallen asleep in, and Castiel was curled against his side, working on Sam's left arm. Sam tried to be still, but he was stiff and a little sore.

“Back with us?” Castiel asked, and Sam felt a gentle hand rub across the narrow strip of back that wasn't covered in henna.

“Yes, Master.”

“Go ahead and have a stretch. Need some water?” Castiel stood.

“Please, Master. Thank you.” Sam stretched with an absolute minimum of movement, and felt much better for it. He was stunned at the amount of henna he felt, tight and dry against his skin. Castiel passed him the water, and he drank thirstily.

“I was nearly finished, just a bit left on your left arm.”

Sam passed the water back to Castiel, who finished it before setting the bottle aside. He settled back into his position, eager for Castiel to resume his work. He couldn't fathom what Castiel could've put on him that needed that much space – Sam amused himself imagining highly verbose declarations of love and ownership, and graphically detailed threats of what would happen to anyone who dared to touch Sam. Maybe phone numbers belonging to lawyers.

It didn't take much longer for Castiel to finish and douse the dried henna with the lemony-smelling spray. It struck Sam suddenly that the henna would have to stay on his skin for several hours, which meant he'd probably be wearing it through dinner. The idea didn't trouble him much, though. Not in the face of everything else he'd be having to deal with.
The intercom crackled to life. “Sirs, we'll be beginning our descent into Chicago shortly. The limo is on standby.”

“Time to get dressed, Sam. While the henna is on, keep your hands in front of you, right wrist in your left hand.” Castiel dug through his suitcase and pulled out a neatly-folded bundle of thin-looking off-white fabric. Sam stood up carefully, not letting his henna touch anything. Castiel passed Sam the bundle. Sam unfolded it, and his eyes widened.

Sam could see the outline of his own fingers, through two thicknesses of the fabric. Through one, when he was wearing them, everything was going to be visible. He froze.

“Sam. Dress.” Castiel sounded impatient, and was pulling on a dress shirt.

Sam couldn't. He just couldn't. His mouth opened wordlessly, eyes fixed on the translucent fabric.

Jimmy walked in, and looked surprised to see Sam still naked. His eyes shot from Sam to his brother, and back, in less than a second. He moved to Sam, gripping Sam's wrists in his hands.

“Sam.” Jimmy's voice was velvet-covered steel. “Look at me.”

Sam's eyes darted up to Jimmy's. Jimmy looked perfectly calm, if a bit disapproving. “You're going to wear these, Sam. You're going to put them on, even if we have to whip your ass bloody first. That isn't how we want to start our weekend off, though. So remember what you are, and put on the fucking pants.”

Sam was still frozen.

“Is this you safewording, Sam?” Castiel had moved behind him, and placed his hands on Sam's bare hips.

Sam's brain presented him with two options. Wear the pants, or safeword out. Sam swallowed hard, making his decision. He shook his head a little, no. “Not... not safewording, Masters.” His voice sounded choked, even to himself. Jimmy released his wrists and took a step back, folding his arms across his chest. Sam bent over and stepped into the pants, pulling them up. Jimmy stepped close again, and Sam felt Castiel tug them down a little in the back, low enough to be safely below the henna. Jimmy pulled the drawstrings from Sam's unresisting hands, and pulled them only tight enough to force the pants to sit low on Sam's hips.

Sam glanced down, wincing as he saw the distinct outline of his cage through the fabric. On the upside, though, the fabric was quite loose, allowing some folds to form and shift. Sam brought his hands together in front of him, left hand gripping right wrist. Having his hands folded that way gave him an extra level of protection from prying eyes.

“Good boy.” Sam wasn't sure which twin had spoken, but Jimmy pressed himself against Sam's front, and Castiel kissed the back of his neck. Under their touches and reassurances, Sam calmed a little.

The twins pulled him back to sit on the bed as the plane descended. Sam's heart was beating hard and fast as it slowed and stopped. Castiel stood and walked from the bedroom, and Sam walked two paces behind. Jimmy followed silently. When they arrived back in the living room area, the pilot and the stewardess gave them small bows, bidding them a good night. Neither said anything about Sam's mostly-naked form.

The door opened and the stairs extended, allowing a blast of very cool air into the plane. Sam shivered a little, and felt Jimmy's hand on his hip, urging him towards Castiel, who was walking
down the stairs. Sam hurried after him, already feeling chilled, and not looking forward to the cold tarmac under his bare feet.

Sam needn't have worried, though – there was a black carpet laid out, from the plane's stairs to the open door of the waiting limo. Castiel walked quickly to it, and ushered Sam inside. Sam decided to kneel, even though the limo was empty.

Jimmy and Castiel joined him, and Castiel pulled Sam to kneel close to him. Sam wrapped his arms around Castiel's leg, his forehead pressed hard against Castiel's knee. Castiel stroked Sam's hair soothingly.

“When you're kneeling at dinner tonight, Sam, you'll be in your display pose, except your hands will be on your thighs, open and palms up.” Jimmy spoke suddenly, as the limo began to move. “Show me.”

Sam pulled back from Castiel, and spread his legs a little wider, straightening his back and his neck. He laid his hands on his thighs as instructed. His palms felt strangely vulnerable, as he was so used to having his right hand in a fist, and his left hand gripping his wrist, behind him.

Castiel leaned down, interlacing his fingers with Sam's, and squeezing. He tilted Sam's face to his, and kissed him. “You're perfect. Beautiful.” Fingers turned Sam's face away, and Jimmy was right there, kissing Sam deeply as well, while his brother's lips brushed Sam's cheek. “You can do this, Sam.” Jimmy whispered. Sam whimpered and wrapped his arms around Jimmy, mindful of the henna. Jimmy held him close until the limo glided to a stop.

“Showtime.” Jimmy muttered, pulling away a little. The door of the limousine was opened, and Jimmy stepped out, turning back to assist Sam up and out. Together, they waited for Castiel. The smooth blacktop was icy under Sam's feet, and the marble stairs in front of the colossal home even more so. Sam shivered, walking his two paces behind the twins, who climbed the stairs side by side.

The door opened as they arrived at it, and stepped inside. A smiling older woman dressed in a white blouse and black skirt greeted them, and ushered them inside. There was more marble here, much warmer on Sam's feet, and a huge entrance hall.

Sam had felt like a country mouse a couple of times in his life, but never, ever to this extent. The house was simply, to Sam, beyond imagining. The twins led him down richly carpeted halls, past formal sitting rooms and a dining room with the biggest table Sam had ever seen in his life. There were at least two sets of stairs, and Sam was hopelessly lost, before the twins stopped in front of a large, deeply-carved wooden door.

“Stay with Cas.” Jimmy smiled, and moved off down the hall. Sam nodded mutely as Castiel opened the door.

Beyond it was a beautifully appointed suite of rooms, which Castiel strode into comfortably. A huge bed was beyond the french doors from the sitting room, and Castiel flung the doors open, striding past it to a large walk-in closet. Sam struggled to keep his position, and sank to his knees when Castiel began rifling through garment bags, looking for a suit.

“You can sit on the bed, if you like, Sam. You don't need to kneel here, in my rooms.” Castiel found the suit he was looking for, and pulled it from the garment bag.

Sam wanted to move, he really did. But he was feeling so cowed, so overwhelmed and outclassed by the house and the sheer amount of money that these people had – Castiel's walk-in closet was bigger than every bedroom he'd ever had, growing up. What could Sam possibly offer to Castiel and Jimmy
that they didn't already have? Sam was dirt-poor gutter trash, completely unworthy of the beautiful twins.

Sam was filled with the absolute conviction that they'd bore of him, eventually, and throw him away. People like Sam didn't get to keep things as good, as sweet, as perfect as the twins. Cinderella stories were exactly that – stories. They didn't happen in real life.

He wasn't even aware he had lowered his head, until Castiel was lifting it. He wasn't aware he was crying, until Castiel's fingers were brushing away his tears, asking what was wrong in a worried voice.

Sam managed to choke out his stammered explanations, that he could never be good enough for them, that he couldn't ever fit in, in their world. That he had nothing to offer, and that it would be kinder if they left him now, rather than later.

Sam had closed his eyes, waiting for the axe to drop. When Castiel didn't speak, Sam opened his eyes again, to see Castiel's eyes filled with tears, his cheeks streaked with them.

“No, Cas, please, don't cry...” Sam reached out to Castiel's beautiful face, swiping at his cheeks, but the tears kept on falling. “Cas, please...”

Castiel shook his head, sniffed, and Sam watched him try to pull himself together. He drew in a couple of shaky breaths, paused as though he was going to speak, and shook his head again.

“This... this isn't how I wanted this to happen. But I think you need to hear it, and you need to hear it now. You already wear my collar, and I've committed myself to you, and you to me. But some day, Sam Winchester, I'm going to ask you to marry me.”

Sam swore that at that moment, every atom in his body stopped moving. The earth stopped spinning, and time stood still, and Sam knelt, gaping open-mouthed at his boyfriend, who knelt before him. In a closet. Both of them still had tears smeared and drying on their cheeks.

“I'm... I'm not asking right now, because my parents would kill me. But I will be asking. You're the one I want to spend forever with, Sam. Do you understand? Do you see how important you are to me?” Castiel leaned forward and kissed Sam soundly.

Married. Sam's brain seemed to be jammed. Married?

Castiel pressed his face into the crook of Sam's neck. Sam felt him tremble. “Say... say something, Sam, please?” Castiel begged, and Sam could hear the fear in his voice.

”Married??” Sam asked, completely baffled.

“Yeah.” Castiel whispered against Sam's skin. “It's what two people who love each other do.”

There was a long pause.

“You... you want to marry me??”

“I thought I'd made that pretty clear. Yes.” Some of Castiel's dry humour crept back into his voice. “And I'd kind of like to know what you might hypothetically say, if I were to hypothetically ask, at some point in the hypothetical future.”

“Don't... don't you have to, like, marry some princess from a foreign land, to secure a treaty between your kingdoms? So to speak?”
“Novak Pharmaceuticals doesn't need to marry their firstborn to anyone to ensure the continued wellbeing of the kingdom. They're more than happy to allow him to fall in love with, and someday marry, whoever he likes. And 'whoever he likes' happens to be you, Sam.”

“Yes.” Sam blurted out, blankly. “Yes. You're fucking crazy, but yes.”

“OhmyGod.” Castiel murmured into Sam's neck, clutching him tight.

And that's how Jimmy (who was sharply dressed for dinner) found them, a few minutes later, when he came to investigate why they hadn't appeared - clinging desperately to one another. “Uh... guys?” Jimmy asked nervously.

Castiel turned watery eyes up to his brother, gave him a shaky smile and nodded, looking like every wish he'd ever had had come true, all at once. Jimmy knew immediately what had happened, and his knees went out from under him, sending him crashing to the carpet. The noise made Sam jump and loosen his grip on Castiel.

“He said yes?” Jimmy asked, his voice shaking.

“Hypothetically. Yes.” Sam answered, his own voice shaking, too, rubbing tears from his eyes.

“I'm glad, I'm so glad. And when we've got time, I'll congratulate you both properly. And I call dibs on the brother. And now, Cas has to dress for dinner, because we're already late, and the longer we make Mum and Dad wait, the pissier they're gonna be.” Jimmy hauled Castiel to his feet, stripping off his shirt and jeans and wrestling him into his suit.

“You two button this shit up, okay? Neither of you say anything to Mum and Dad about it. I'm not seeing a promise ring, so as long as you keep your mouths shut, nobody needs to know anything.” Jimmy was emphatic as he fixed Castiel's tie.

Sam watched Castiel pull on his aura of calm control, and would never had guessed that five minutes earlier, he had been sobbing on his knees on the carpet. Sam and Castiel's faces and eyes were soothed and calmed with a cool, damp cloth.

Jimmy led the way to the dining room, Sam trailing dutifully two paces behind. His mind was whirling, and as overwhelmed as he was by what had just happened, Sam knew he had to pack it away. There'd be time afterwards to discuss why Castiel would be an idiot to want to marry him.

“Mum, Dad, Raine.” Jimmy greeted warmly. Sam lifted his eyes only high enough to see a beautiful woman kneeling beside the twins' father, wearing a gown of fabric identical to his own pants. She was curvy, had flowing red hair, and looked absolutely serene on the floor near her masters.

Is that how I look, when I kneel? Like there's no place I'd rather be?

Sam felt a hand on his hip, and came abruptly back to himself. Castiel and Jimmy had seated themselves, and Sam slipped to his knees between them. He couldn't see Raine, from his spot on the floor. Jimmy touched Sam's shoulder lightly, and gave a reassuring squeeze.

“Welcome home.” Marjorie Novak smiled at her boys. “And welcome to our home, Sam.”

“Thank you, Ma'am.” Sam responded softly, not lifting his gaze from where it was fixed on the edge of the tablecloth. He wanted to make a comment about how beautiful their home was, but didn't dare speak.

“I see you're still being a good boy. I'm glad.” Sam could hear the smile in her voice. He heard her sigh softly, sounding almost wistful. “I must admit, Sam, that initially, I was a little concerned that
our boys had chosen you.”

“Mother...” Castiel's voice was warning.

“Castiel.” Mr. Novak's voice stopped Castiel cold.

Mrs. Novak continued, as though there had been no interruption. “You've barely known each other for, what, three months? And you wear their collar. Quite the whirlwind relationship, but then, I suppose they come by it honestly.”

Sam wasn't exactly sure what she meant, and so said nothing.

“It was the same, when I met Charles. I knew right away that he was the one, but it took me a little time to convince him of that!” She laughed, a lighthearted, tinkling sort of laughter that made Sam smile a little. “But I had my way, in the end. He couldn't resist my girlish charms.”

”Mom...” Jimmy sounded exasperated and faintly embarrassed.

“And when we met Raine, we knew she was meant to be ours.” The love in Mrs. Novak's voice was unmistakable.

“Indeed.” Mr. Novak added.

“And I can see in my boys the same devotion to you that we have for our Raine. I'm so very happy that they've found you, Sam. That you've agreed to be theirs.”

There was a pause. “Th-thank you, Ma'am.”

“It takes a strong person to kneel for another, Sam. Much stronger than most people realize.” Mrs. Novak opined.

“You're absolutely correct, my love. Shall we dine?” Mr. Novak asked.

“Of course. The boys are likely starving.”

Sam stayed rigid in his position while the Novaks dined around him. There was a little light conversation, about school and the house and Castiel and Dean's injuries, but Sam wasn't asked to participate. Jimmy seemed to leave feeding Sam to Castiel, and Castiel was very attentive, giving Sam as much of the delicious food as he wanted. The courses progressed, and over dessert, Sam's luck ran out.

“So. Sam. Tell me. Why law?” Mr. Novak asked.

Sam nearly choked on his bite of cake. He cleared his throat softly before speaking. “I... I want to help make a difference, Sir. I want to help people.”

“Have you considered corporate law? There are a lot of opportunities out there, in that field.”

“Darling, you don't need to recruit the boy. He's completely capable of deciding what to do with his own life.” Mrs. Novak scolded her husband.

“I'm merely sharing market trends.” Mr. Novak replied neutrally. Jimmy snorted. “So, criminal law, then?”

“Yes, Sir.” Sam was finding it difficult to keep his eyes down, to not look at the person he was speaking to. “And... and advocacy. To... to be a voice, for people who can't be heard.”
“Admirable sentiments.” Mr. Novak sounded genuinely impressed. “Any particular flavour of advocacy?”

Sam blushed. “Children's... children's rights. Ensuring they're safe, cared for, and away from anyone who would harm them.” Sam’s throat was tight, trying to get the words out.

“That's sweet, Sam. It sounds like a cause close to your heart.” Mrs. Novak sounded touched. “We'd be glad to set up a trust, if you were interested in establishing an association. It would enable you to help whoever you wanted, in whatever way you felt most effective. We could arrange for the staffing and management, and run it within your vision.”

Sam was momentarily dizzy, and listed a little towards Castiel, who gripped the back of his neck and straightened him. He couldn’t believe what Mrs. Novak was offering – to help Sam help kids... to help them escape the sort of abuse Sam had suffered his entire life.

“Perhaps we could discuss it a little later, when Sam's not quite so overwhelmed.” Castiel suggested tactfully, giving Sam's neck a squeeze.

Sam hoped the squeeze was meant to indicate that Sam didn't have to answer. Because, honestly, what did one say to an offer like that?

“Of course, dear. Of course.” Mrs. Novak sounded understanding, and Sam heard in her voice the same calming tone he'd heard so often from Castiel and Jimmy.

“And what are your intentions with our boys, Sam?” Mr. Novak spoke again.

Sam froze. He didn't know what to say – didn't know what Mr. Novak wanted to hear. “To... to serve?” Sam offered tentatively.

“Clearly. I meant in a slightly broader sense.” There was a pause. “Do you intend to stay with them, or are they simply a flavour of the week, for you?”

“Dad!!” Jimmy sounded indignant. Castiel's hand tightened on Sam's neck.

“I... I'll be with them, Sir, for as long as they'll have me. I don't... I won't leave them. I couldn't.” Sam wasn't even aware that he had broken his form and wrapped his fingers around his collar, until he felt Jimmy tugging at his wrist. Sam lowered trembling fingers back down to his thigh.

“I'm glad to hear it, Sam. Many young men your age are flighty, and when they hear the Novak name, all they see are dollar signs, rather than my sons. My boys have been wooed for their money since before they understood what that could even mean.”

Sam frowned at the concept of that, of how hard it must have been for Castiel and Jimmy. He pictured kids fawning obsequiously over them, simply because of who their parents were.

“But you don't seem the type, Sam. Castiel tells me you had no idea who they were, or what they're in line to inherit. You see them for who they are, and you're clearly devoted to them. For what it's worth, you have my blessing.”

Sam thought that statement had a whole lot more meaning, given the conversation Castiel and Sam had had so recently, kneeling in the closet. “Thank you, Sir.”

“And that extends to your brother, as well, should he choose to become a part of our boys' lives.”

Sam had an intense flashback to Jimmy on his knees, swallowing Dean's come, Dean's cock in his
throat. He wasn't sure Mr. Novak had any idea how much of a part of their lives Dean already was. “Yes, Sir.”

From his peripherals, Sam saw Castiel fold his napkin and place it on his plate. Sam kept his sigh of relief inside, hoping to be permitted to retreat to Castiel's rooms with the twins soon. Sure enough, the parents bade the boys goodnight, and Castiel and Jimmy stood. Sam climbed to his feet on tingling legs, following Castiel, careful to maintain his position.

The walk back to the room seemed long, and when they arrived, Jimmy threw the door open. He walked to the couch and dropped onto it with a deep groan, as though he'd been the one on his knees, being grilled by his boyfriends' parents.

“God, this sucks! Why do we do this??” Jimmy moaned.

“Because we love our parents very much, and their opinions matter to us.” Castiel was loosening his tie.

Jimmy blew a loud, wet raspberry.

Sam had been standing, a little awkwardly, two paces from Castiel. He sank to his knees, unsure what to do with his hands.

Castiel closed the distance between them, and ran a hand through Sam's hair. “I have to say, Sam, I'm proud of you. You handled yourself remarkably well, and particularly so when our father was deliberately attempting to antagonize you. Well done.” Castiel leaned over and kissed the top of Sam's head, before straightening andshrugging out of his suit jacket.

“Can we go to the club, at least, tonight?” Jimmy wheedled.

_Club? We're all too young to drink._

“I don't know, Jimmy. Sam's had a pretty rough day, I'm not sure he'd be up to it.”

Sam pressed his face to Castiel's thigh as his hand sank into Sam's hair.

“And we've never done public play. It isn't something we've discussed.”

Sam's heart skipped a beat.

“Discuss it now, then. 'Sam, are you okay with public play?'” Jimmy snarked, imitating Castiel's stern, serious voice.

“Yes, Masters.” Sam responded quickly, which shut both of the twins up.

“You... you are?” Jimmy sounded uncertain. He got up from the couch, and walked to Sam and Castiel. Castiel's hand stilled.

“Yes. Of course, Masters.” Sam's voice was matter of fact. They couldn't know that almost every experience with BDSM that Sam ever had had begun in a club, or ended in one, or both. Sam shivered. He wasn't a lost lamb, not any more. He hadn't been, for some time.

“And... and you're feeling well enough, to scene in public? We have a playroom here, Sam. There's no need to go out, if you're not.” Castiel sounded concerned.

“But there's _people_ and _music_ out there.” Jimmy begged.
“Whatever pleases Masters.” Sam tried to hide his smug little smile, but the twins saw.

“You cheeky fucker!” Jimmy laughed out loud, and Castiel cuffed Sam lightly upside the head.

“Seriously, though, Sam, you're sure you're okay with this?” Jimmy’s fingers tilted Sam's face up towards his. His eyes held just as much concern as Castiel's voice had.

“Yes.” Sam answered simply.

The grin on Jimmy’s face spread like light dawning. “Then let's go to the club!”
This one, I think, is the longest chapter so far in this entire story. It went places I didn't intend, but then again, these strong-willed boys seem to do that to me a lot.

I'd like to thank each and every one of my readers, and especially my commenters. You guys are the reason I stick with this story.

Again, any feedback, any comments, any kink or scenario prompts are very, very welcome.

Thanks.

Jimmy ran off, to go select an outfit for the evening, and to try to find something that might fit Sam. Castiel helped Sam to his feet and into the en suite bathroom across from his walk-in closet. Sam stood very still at the end of the shower stall as Castiel brushed the dried henna from his skin.

"Good. It's good." Castiel murmured, as more of the greyish crumbs fell to to the floor. Afterwards, Sam's knees got a little weak as Castiel rubbed the fragrant oil in, protecting his work, his hands slick and warm against Sam's skin.

There was a gentle pat on Sam's butt, when Castiel was done. “Go look,” Castiel urged.

Sam stepped from the tub, careful not to trail any henna crumbs after himself. He turned his back to the wide mirror above the sink, looked back over his shoulder, and his jaw dropped.

Wings. Castiel had given him wings, spread wide, as though in flight, long, graceful feathers reaching to his elbows. The wing joint curled up and over the roundness of Sam's shoulders, and his entire upper back was covered with smaller feathers.

Castiel pressed himself against Sam's front, peeking over Sam's shoulder at his reflection in the mirror. His hands moved to Sam's lower back, flanking the vividly renewed mark of ownership. “Do you like it?”

“It... it's beautiful, Cas. Master. Thank you.” Sam reached an arm around Castiel, watching the muscles in his back and shoulder shift, making the feathers seem to move.

“You're an angel.” Castiel mused, his eyes crinkling in the way that Sam knew meant he was smiling. “Your halo slipped.” Castiel kissed the side of Sam's neck, over his collar, lips touching warm skin and warm metal.

“That's not my halo, Cas, that's my promise ring.” Sam grinned at Castiel's reflection before sobering and adding, “... you crazy bastard.” Sam turned away from the reflection and back to the man in his arms, who tilted his face up for a kiss. Sam kissed him gladly, before resting his forehead against Castiel's with a sigh.

Sam felt something inside him break, and he wasn't sure what it was. “Cas, what the hell are you even doing with me?” Sam's voice was a choked whisper. “You can do so much better than me. You
"deserve better than me."

Castiel kissed him swiftly. “Sam, you trust me in all things. Trust me that this is what I want. And as to what I'm doing, I'm here to help you grow into the person that I can see within you. I'm here to help you realize what you can become, and realize how amazing you are. How kind and compassionate and incredibly giving you are. How much adversity you've overcome, and how very strong you are.”

Sam shook his head, not entirely sure why tears were burning in the corners of his eyes. “If you want strong, you want my brother.”

“No, Sam. You might not believe it, but you're a stronger person than he is. You're much farther along the path of self-realization than he is, and that's a hard path to walk. And you suffered so much more, when you were young.”

Sam shuddered violently, and Castiel frowned, not entirely sure what that had been about.

No. Don't even fucking think about it. Sam reprimanded himself for his moment of weakness. He shook his head.

Castiel sighed. “Sam, I won't ever make you stay, if you want to leave...”

“No! Never!” Sam interjected, a little heatedly.

“... but if you stay, I'm going to spend my time reinforcing how amazing you are. I'll do it for the rest of my life, if you'll have me.” Castiel stared up at Sam, his eyes wide and serious.

Sam's words died on his lips. Fairy tales. “So... so if I'm Cinderella...”

“The ball never ends. Midnight never comes, you never lose a shoe, and you don't turn into a pumpkin. And you get to keep the handsome prince.” Castiel smiled and winked.

Sam rolled his eyes. “Cinderella never turned into a pumpkin, you dork. It was her carriage that did.” Sam froze as he realized what he had said. “Uh... Master. Not... not dork. Master.”

Castiel threw his head back and laughed until tears welled in his eyes. Sam grinned awkwardly, not sure if Castiel's laughter was going to be a prelude to punishment or not. It took some time for Castiel to calm back down.

“All right.” Castiel wiped tears from his eyes. “Let's see if Jimmy's come up with anything for you to wear.”

Sam trailed two paces behind Castiel, along the hallway to Jimmy’s room. Castiel knocked and entered.

Sam was convinced that some sort of bomb had gone off – one that had blown every article of clothing out of every drawer, along with the entire contents of the closet. Jimmy was standing in the middle of it, looking bewildered.

“I take it your search isn't going well?” Castiel asked mildly.

“Well, I've got a couple of things he could wear, but I can't find the perfect thing. You know?” Jimmy dropped some sort of silky red item to the floor.

Castiel moved across the room in a sort of skiing motion, through the piles of clothing. “We could
put him in a harness.”

Sam's cock hardened.


“Absolutely not.” Castiel snipped. “You're not going to do to my space what you've done to yours.”

Jimmy rolled his eyes exaggeratedly. “Fine. I'll go fetch a harness from the playroom. I'm thinking maybe the chaps.”

Sam choked. *Chaps?? I'm not fucking wearing chaps!*

“Well, everything we have is going to be too short in the leg.” Castiel said logically. “Perhaps just the harness, and one of the new pairs of jeans. Until we can get him something a little more appropriate.” Jimmy rolled his eyes one last time and left the room.

Sam had a momentary vision of himself in a latex catsuit. He shook his head to get rid of it.

“Sam, wait here, please. I'm going to go change, and I'll bring the jeans I'd like you to wear.” Castiel turned to leave.

“Yes, Master.” Sam was looking around the room, wondering if there was any point in trying to tidy up.

It didn't take long for Jimmy to return, bearing an armful of leather straps and shiny metal. Sam's eyebrows lifted – he'd seen guys in harnesses, and it was hot, but he'd never worn one. Jimmy dropped the pile onto the bed, losing a cuff along the way. Sam picked it up, and added it to the pile.

“All right. Lose the pants. Kneel for me. You stay there, and look pretty, and I'll see what I can do about getting this on.” Jimmy dug through the pile, setting aside four cuffs and organizing the rest.

Sam knelt patiently as Jimmy got the harness on him, muttering under his breath and making adjustments to the buckles. Before he had finished, Castiel had returned. When Sam spotted him in the doorway, his mouth started to water.

Castiel was wearing a simple dark t-shirt, of some silky-looking fabric, over snug leather pants. And heavy, satin-black leather motorcycle boots. Sam's eyes fixed on the boots, as Castiel walked towards him. He watched the toe of one of them place itself between his thighs, and nudge up under his cage. Sam couldn't stop his whimper.

“Looks like our little fuck toy likes your boots, Cas.” Jimmy clipped a strap running down the centre of Sam's abdomen to the ring of his cock cage, and cinched it snug.

“It appears so.” Castiel sounded thoughtful. He withdrew his foot a little, only to lift it, and bring the boot down gently on Sam's cage, with increasing pressure.

Sam shuddered violently. “Ohmyfuckinggod.” Sam had no idea what it was about those fucking boots, but he was pretty sure he was leaking precome all over Jimmy's carpet.

“That's interesting.” Castiel observed, as Jimmy wrapped a leather cuff around Sam's right bicep.

Sam was panting, staring down at the heavy boot against his cage. He couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like against his chest, or his ass, or... Sam swallowed hard.

The matching cuff was wrapped around Sam's left bicep, and Castiel withdrew his foot. He spoke
again. “Sam, kiss my boots.”

Sam shuddered. Jimmy backed away a little, and Sam leaned forward, lowering his head to Castiel's boot, and pressing closed lips against it. He did the same to the second boot, lingering with his lips against the leather.

Sam didn't entirely understand what he was feeling, but whatever it was – it was strong. A heady mix of utter submission, humiliation and searing arousal. Sam lingered just above Castiel's left boot, breathing hard.

Castiel retreated a little, and Sam whimpered.

“Put your cheek on the carpet, Sam.” Castiel directed softly.

Sam didn't understand why, but he did it anyway. The carpet was a little scratchy against his skin, and Sam couldn't see where he had gone when Castiel moved. After a few long moments, Sam felt the hard sole of Castiel's boot on the back of his neck.

Sam groaned and came all over his own thighs and Jimmy's carpet, convulsing, and Castiel didn't lift his foot. Sam whimpered tiny, gasping breaths, feeling pinned and helpless and utterly owned. He heard a long, low whistle from Jimmy.

“Fucking hell, Cas. Those boots are coming back to school with us.”

“Damned straight, they are.” Castiel replied, sounding a little awestruck.

Castiel's boot lifted from Sam's neck, and he shuddered again, kneeling back up slowly, heart racing and breathing hard. Sam watched Castiel sink to his knees in front of him. Castiel's hands cupped his face, and he kissed Sam deeply.

“You didn't even know about that, did you, Sam?” Castiel asked, his cheek pressed against Sam's.

“N-no, Master.” Sam's pulse and breathing had calmed a little, and shock at what had just happened was starting to set in. He'd just come with his face on the floor, and a boot on his neck. John would be fucking appalled.

“It's not an uncommon fetish. Boots can be perceived as dominant, totemic objects. Many subs have powerful reactions to them, as you just did. There's no shame in it, and if you enjoy it, it's definitely something we can explore in the future.” Castiel explained calmly, pulling Sam in for another kiss.


“If y'all are quite done making a fucking mess, I'd actually like to go out some time tonight.” Jimmy huffed impatiently. Sam blushed furiously. Castiel chuckled and stood, pulling Sam to his feet.

The twins got Sam cleaned up in Jimmy's en suite, and finished arranging his harness. When it was done, Sam had straps wrapping around his torso in an X-shape, centred on a sizable steel ring in the centre of his chest – over his shoulders and around his ribs. A vertical strap ran to his cage, and a second steel ring just above his navel anchored another strap which ran around his waist, like a belt. Jimmy had fastened more cuffs, high on Sam's forearms. When Sam let his arms fall to his sides, the bicep cuffs lined up perfectly with the band around his ribs, and the forearm cuffs with the band around his waist. Sam noticed the built-in attachments, designed to hold his arms against his body. He shivered.

Castiel passed Sam his jeans, and Sam pulled them on. Sam had to make a concerted effort not to
look at Castiel's boots.

Jimmy changed into tight black jeans and a perfectly fitted charcoal waistcoat, pinstriped in black. With no shirt. Castiel raised an eyebrow.

“What?” Jimmy asked his brother belligerently.

“That waistcoat deserves better. And you know better.” Castiel deadpanned.

“Fuck you, Cas. You know how hot you get, domming in a fucking dress shirt.” Jimmy snapped.

“Wear what you want.” Castiel said nonchalantly. “But God help you, if Mum or Dad sees you like that.”

Jimmy threw up his hands in disgust, pulled the waistcoat off, and grabbed a white dress shirt from a nearby pile. Sam watched silently as he buttoned it up, leaving the top few undone, and rolled the sleeves. He pulled the waistcoat back on, buttoning it and shooting his brother dark looks.

“There! Happy??” Jimmy sounded exasperated.

“You look fucking hot, Jimmy.” Sam offered fervently, staring with wide eyes.

That stopped Jimmy's annoyance in its tracks. He turned to Sam, giving him a lascivious smile, and walked to him, pressing the length of his body against Sam's front. Jimmy wrapped his arms around Sam's waist, and pressed a kiss to his neck. “How hot, Sam?” Jimmy whispered.

“Hot enough to fuck into the mattress. Master.” Sam answered, and this time it was Jimmy's turn to shudder.

“Thought you wanted to go out, Jimmy?” Castiel asked archly.

"God, Cas, you are such a bitch!” Jimmy shot his brother a withering glare. Castiel blew him a kiss, and Jimmy stormed out of the room, while Castiel chuckled.

“Come then, my come-slut fuck toy.” Castiel couldn't hide his smirk, and Sam looked at him as though he had lost his mind. Castiel paused. “... it doesn't sound right, does it, if it's not coming from Jimmy's mouth?”

“No, Master.” Sam agreed immediately.

“No.” Castiel smiled. He held out his hand. “Come then, my love.”

Sam grinned, took Castiel's hand, and followed him to the waiting limo.

*

The club was nicer – a lot nicer – than any Sam had previously been to. There was still the thumping music and large central play area, but there were several more semi-private play areas around the perimeter, with curtains which could be drawn, should the participants desire a little more privacy. Every play area had a designated dungeon monitor. A curved staircase led to a second floor, where a balcony overlooked the play area, and more deeply shadowed areas were lost to view.
Castiel and Jimmy were greeted warmly by a woman Sam assumed was the host, or possibly the owner of the club. She was a buxom blonde, shoehorned into a leather corset dress, with a leash looped over her wrist, which was attached at the other end to a slender young man wearing a stiff posture collar and nothing else. The man – boy? He looked young – had wild shoulder-length blonde hair, and didn't once look up from the floor.

“My lovely Novak boys! You honour us.” She effused, kissing first Castiel's cheek and then Jimmy's. “And your... lovely pet.” She looked Sam up and down, lingering on the harness and bare skin. Sam blushed.

Castiel had insisted on attaching a long leather leash to Sam's collar, before they had exited the limo. Sam was grateful for it now, as it looked like the woman would be more than happy to sink her teeth into Sam, were he not so clearly marked as owned.

The twins made polite conversation with her, and after twenty seconds or so, Sam slipped into a kneeling position. He saw the naked blonde sub glance at him – bright brown eyes from behind his hair - before returning his gaze to the floor. Sam shifted into his display position, ignoring the boy, and felt one of the twins run a hand through his hair.

“Really. After such a short time?” Sam heard the woman ask.

“Yes. He's very special to us.” Jimmy answered, and the hand in Sam's hair slipped to the back of his neck, squeezing softly.

Sam let the thread of the conversation slip again. He was curious about the blonde boy, but didn't look at him again. He wondered what it felt like, to kneel on the floor, naked and ignored as your mistress greeted guests to the club. Sam had been feeling very self-conscious about the harness and lack of a shirt, but somehow found the boy's nakedness reassuring. At least Sam was allowed pants.

There was a tug upward on Sam's leash, and he jumped a little, surprised. He climbed to his feet, and Castiel led him through the club.

Sam kept his gaze high enough that he didn't walk into anyone or anything, but well below eye level. His quick glances showed him that each nook held a unique piece of equipment, and Sam got an eyeful of some very intense scenes. Castiel led him to an vacant nook, with a metal suspension frame, many bundles of rope hanging in neat rows, and a pair of comfortable armchairs flanking a small table. There was an ice bucket on it, on a silver tray with a bottle of champagne and two tall, narrow glasses. Sam swallowed nervously and his heart began to race.

“If you're game, Sam.” Castiel said softly, laying a warm hand on Sam's bare lower back, right over his henna. “I'd like to do some ropework on you. If you're not comfortable being viewed, we can draw the curtains.”

God yes. “Please, Master. The... the curtains can stay open.”

“Good boy.” Castiel leaned up to kiss his cheek. “Strip for me.” Castiel turned away, selecting the rope he was planning to use. Sam removed his boots and jeans, folding them neatly and setting them beside one of the chairs. Jimmy had settled himself in the opposite chair, and toasted Sam with his glass of champagne before winking cheekily. Sam blushed.

There was a soft murmur from the small crowd that had gathered at the edge of their play area when they saw Sam's cage, and Sam blushed a little darker. Castiel guided him to stand beneath a large metal ring in the centre of the steel framework.
Sam kind of... blissed out, as Castiel took his time getting the rope just right against Sam's skin. There was a wide band across his chest and hips, before Castiel moved to bind Sam's arms behind him. It felt as if there was a ladder of snug ropes, running from his wrists to his shoulders. There was only enough give to allow him to shift a little. Escape, short of a knife magically appearing in his hands, was impossible.

Sam heard the faint whine of a motor, and there was tension on the back of the band around his hips, lifting him so that only the balls of his feet were on the floor. There was a gentle push on Sam's back, and he fell forward, bending, only to be caught by the band around his chest. He was bent over, ninety degrees, most of his weight held by the ropes and absolutely unable to move.

Every bit of Sam's awareness was focused on the sensation of scratchy rope against his skin and the tiny spot of contact that the ball of his right foot still had with the floor. Sam's left leg was pulled, gently, out and back a little, and fixed there. Sam was spread wide open, and a warm hand trailed up the inside of his right thigh, and up the cleft of his ass. Sam shuddered.

Come on, goddamn it... One of Sam's bucket list items was suspension bondage, and he was so, so fucking close...


“No, Master.” Sam managed, praying with everything he had that he'd hear...

The motor started its quiet whine, and Sam's right foot was lifted from the ground. He gasped, reflexively straightening his foot, but he couldn't touch it, not even with his toes. All of his weight was held up by the bands at his hips and chest. Sam groaned deeply, not even hearing the murmurs of the growing crowd near their area.

Sam's eyes flickered open, and the first thing he saw was the wide brown eyes of the naked, wild-haired blonde sub, staring into Sam's in absolute awe, as though Sam was a god descended from the heavens.

Sam's eyes darted to the woman beside him, who was watching with a hungry look on her features. Sam couldn't tell if she wanted him or the twins. It ceased to matter, though, when warm hands touched his hips, and someone moved to stand behind him. Sam let his eyes close, and his head drooped a little.

The warm hands stroked his skin, running over his ass and down his thigh. The fingers on his left leg skipped over the ropes binding him. The hands returned to his ass, gripping firmly. Sam heard the click of a lube cap.

Oh my fucking God. Were the twins – were they going to fuck him, suspended and helpless, in the middle of a crowded club? Sam couldn't decide if he wanted them to or not – until slick fingers rubbed against his hole, slipping inside suddenly and deeply, and Sam loved the stretch and burn. He forgot about the crowd, the club, the leather-clad host and her pet in the rush of pleasure.

“Sam. Look down, back towards me.” Castiel's voice was soft.

Sam let his head drop a little farther, and opened his eyes. He saw his own right leg, straight and
straining towards the floor, and behind it was a raised platform that someone must have placed there. And on the platform were *Castiel's fucking boots*. Sam groaned, and Castiel chuckled. Sam watched precome drip from his caged cock, before closing his eyes again.

“Need to get fucked, toy?” Castiel asked a little louder.

“God, yes, Master, please...” Sam gasped.

There was a pause, Castiel's fingers withdrew and Sam felt a slight tug on the rope wrapped around his chest. A heartbeat later it loosened, and Sam's head was dropped a little lower before the rope was taut again. His hips hadn't moved, though, which meant he was bent forward a little more deeply.

“That you go, toy. Now you won't leak our come all over the floor.” Castiel said obligingly.

“Thank... thank you, Master.” Sam managed, feeling a little red in the face from the change in position. It took a moment before it passed.

“You're welcome. Now, beg for use.” Castiel's hands gripped Sam's ass again.

Sam immediately blushed crimson. “P-please, Master. Please fuck... please u-use my hole. P-please...”

“Only the one?” Castiel asked, slyly mischievous.

Sam stiffened. He'd thought lowering his head was just to stop him leaking – it hadn't even occurred to him that it might be at a good height for someone to use his mouth, as well.

“B-both. Use... use both of my holes, please. Masters. F-fuck me.”

“Awww,” Sam heard Jimmy's mocking voice from beside him. “Does our two-hole come dumpster need both ends filled?”

*Jesus Christ, Jimmy.* “Please. Please, Masters?” Sam whimpered.

Sam gasped as Castiel sheathed himself in his ass, and Jimmy took advantage of Sam's opened mouth to slide his cock in, deep and hard enough that Sam choked.

Sam was rocked back off of Jimmy's cock and onto Castiel's, only to have the process reversed, and have Jimmy's cock slide into his throat. Firm hands on his hips controlled the pace, and Sam couldn't help the garbled moans that left his mouth or the drool that dripped from the corners of his lips. He was swung between the twins, Castiel's hips slamming against his ass, and bouncing him back towards Jimmy's waiting cock. Sam's prostate was mercilessly pounded, and gagging and choking on Jimmy's length only made the pleasure spiral higher inside Sam.

It didn't take long until Sam was groaning and shuddering, rock hard against his cage and spilling come onto the floor. Like it usually did, Sam's clenching muscles set Castiel off, whose fingers tightened viciously hard on Sam's ass as he came. Sam choked a final time on Jimmy's cock, before it was pulled from his mouth. The hand in Sam's hair yanked his head up, and Sam's face was painted with Jimmy's release. Sam felt it in his hair, his eyebrows, dripping down one eyelid and over his cheeks and mouth. He stuck his tongue out, licking up what he could reach, and heard Jimmy panting.

The hand left Sam's hair, and he let his head fall. Castiel withdrew carefully, and Sam was left untouched, save for the rough rope against his skin.
Sam was a little dazed, only peripherally aware of the soft murmuring of the watching crowd. A hand touched the back of his neck, and Castiel's lips brushed Sam's ear as he spoke.

“Colour, Sam?”

“G-green, Master.” And Sam felt it, too, the depth of that 'Master'. The man beside him, his breath warm over Sam's skin wasn't, at that time, Castiel. He wasn't even 'sir'. Sam was tied and immobilized and hanging helpless, fucked open and spent, and the man beside him was his Master.

“Do you want down, Sam? Any tingling or pain?”

“No, Master.” Sam sighed, completely limp against the embrace of the rope.

There were gentle fingers under Sam's chin. A warm, damp cloth wiped the come away from Sam's eyes, while leaving the other splatters in place. Sam blinked slowly, seeing Castiel crouching before him, legs spread wide and smiling. Sam's heart swelled a little, knowing he had made Castiel happy. He gave his Master a small smile in return, letting his gaze drop... to those fucking boots.

Sam closed his eyes and shivered, and Castiel chuckled, knowing what had happened. Sam felt his cock try to harden against the cage.

Sam heard the soft rustle of fabric as Castiel stood. A hand carded through Sam's sweat-dampened hair. Something cool was pressed into Sam's hand. Sam gave it a soft shake, hearing the jingle of a bell. Someone touched Sam's hands and left foot again, and Sam was grateful that his masters were so concerned about the temperature and colour of his bound extremities. He knew first hand how quickly things could go bad, if stuff like that wasn't monitored.

“We're right here, Sam, okay? Right here. You throw the bell, if you can't manage to talk, or can't talk loud enough. It'll get our attention.” Jimmy's hand ran down Sam's spine.

“Yes, Master.” Sam murmured, not terribly concerned. He was too lost in the sensation of the ropes, of the gentle swaying he couldn't stop, of the peace he always seemed to find when helplessly bound, only this time, it was magnified a hundredfold. The soft sound of the twins conversing wasn't much louder than the whispers of the people watching, though it was a little more reassuring.

The twins' voices moved behind him, and Sam assumed they had taken places in the chairs. Sure enough, there was a soft sound a moment later of glasses clinking softly against one another.

Sam floated, a half-smile quirking his lips and his eyes closed.

He wasn't really sure how long he hung suspended for – only that the come on his face had had time to dry to an itchy residue, and that he was starting to ache in his lopsided, asymmetrical pose, and that the room was feeling cooler, as though someone had left a door open. He knew the twins were near, he could hear both of their voices. Gentle hands had brushed his skin intermittently, as well.

Sam knew sub drop well enough to see it coming. He flicked the wrist of the hand holding the ball, causing it to fall with a distinct jingle. Two sets of hands were on him immediately. Jimmy was near Sam's face, kissing him and wiping at his skin with another warm cloth, while Sam heard the whine of the motor, and his right foot was finally back on the floor.

Sam's left leg was the first thing released, and he groaned as it was lowered, the muscles stiff. It didn't take long for Castiel to release the rest of the ropes, and Sam was able to stand upright on shaking legs, the twins' arms wrapped around him for stability.

Sam turned to face Castiel, wrapping his arms around the smaller man and pressing his face into
Castiel's neck. A soft blanket was draped over Sam's shoulders, and Castiel walked Sam to a chair. Castiel sat and Sam straddled his lap, still pressing as much of himself as he could against his Master, who wrapped reassuring arms around Sam's back.

“Beautiful, that was beautiful.” Sam heard a female voice – the host from earlier. “My Lawton was enraptured. Weren't you, pretty?”

There was a choking noise, and a soft, hoarse voice answered, “Yes, Mistress.”

Sam turned his head enough to peek with one eye. The blond sub was still on his knees, and still staring at Sam, but now the woman had a tight grip on his leash, and was pulling it taut. The boy was forced to sit as straight as he could, as the posture collar cut into his throat, under his jaw.

Sam frowned, just a little. Surely the kid's knees had to be aching by now, and that collar was far too tight against the arteries and veins of the kid's neck. Sam shifted on Castiel's lap.

“We'd be happy to look after him, if you have other obligations tonight. Perhaps he'd like to speak with our Sam.” Jimmy said casually.

*You clever bastard.* Jimmy never ceased to surprise Sam.

Another tug on the boy's leash, and another choked-off gasp. “Would you like that, pretty?”

“Yes, Mistress.” Now his voice was a little garbled.

“Open.” The boy heaved a couple of deep breaths as the pressure on his throat was lifted. He opened his mouth, closing it gently when the hostess placed the end of his leash between his teeth. “You mind the Novak boys, now.” She turned and left.

Sam's eyes followed the boy's progress as he crawled across the floor to where the twins were sitting. Sam could tell by the stiffness in his posture that he was hiding a lot of pain – probably from his knees. Jimmy leaned down, and took the boy's leash from his teeth.

“Lawton? Come.” Jimmy patted his lap, indicating he should sit. The boy's eyes widened, seeking Castiel's and Sam's. Castiel smiled and Sam nodded encouragingly. Wincing, he stood and sat across Jimmy's lap, stiff and uncomfortable. Jimmy rubbed his lower back with one hand, and a deeply-reddened knee with the other. Lawton shivered and relaxed a little.

Jimmy made a soft, unhappy noise. “Are you okay?” Glancing to make sure his Mistress wasn't in sight, Jimmy loosened Lawton's collar just a little. He slid his fingertips along where the collar had dug in, soothing the skin, which was reddened and abraded. The boy breathed a little more easily.

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.” Lawton murmured. His eyes flickered to Sam, before glancing back down.

Sam wasn't at all comfortable with what he was seeing. He murmured into Castiel's ear, and Castiel frowned and nodded, getting the attention of the dungeon monitor. The two exchanged a few quick words, and the man bowed, leaving swiftly.

Sam watched from Castiel's arms as several large, fluffy pillows were brought, and made into a sort of nest, along with several soft blankets, between the twins' chairs. The table had been moved out of the way. Sam, clutching his blanket around himself, lowered himself onto the pillows. Jimmy wrapped Lawton in a similar blanket, and urged him to sit beside Sam in the nest.

The closer to Sam that Lawton got, the more he seemed to blush. He jolted when Sam's knee
brushed his own.

It felt, to Sam, really quite private, despite being in a noisy, crowded club. The twins' chairs shielded them from view – not that there were people watching any more. And the twins' conversation with each other gave them the opportunity to speak.

“Hey.” Sam was watching the smaller boy, who was staring at his own hands. “So... uh... are... are you really okay?”

Lawton nodded and said nothing.

“Because you don't look okay.” Sam tried to verbally nudge the boy into a response.

“It's an honour to serve.” Lawton said, stiffly. “Miss Eris has many submissives, and she chose me to serve at her side this evening.” He seemed to perk up a little at the thought, his spine straightening subconsciously.

“Many?” Sam said aloud, really having only meant to think it.

Lawton nodded thoughtfully. “I'm number four of six. It's an honour.” He paused. “But... but you're different. Your masters...” Lawton's eyes darted to Castiel and Jimmy, who were both determinedly not looking or listening to the two subs. “They...” The boy seemed to be struggling for words. “They're devoted to you. You can see it, in their eyes.”

Sam nodded. “They are. And I'm devoted to them. We're very much in love.”


Sam nodded again. “They do. I wear their mark, and their collar. But first and foremost, they love me. And that's what the relationship is based upon. Love and trust.”

The boy looked gobsmacked. “You... you have a contract, though.” He seemed, to Sam, to be trying to bring the conversation back to a level that he could understand.

“No. No contract. Simply growing together.” Sam smiled.

The boy sat back a little, looking confused and a little upset.

“Forgive me if I'm stepping on anyone's toes here, but you really don't seem very happy. And no one should be on their knees like that, for that long, while the person holding their leash ignores them.” Sam winced internally. He hadn't meant that to come out so harsh and judgmental.

Lawton said nothing.

“Are... are you 24/7, with your mistress?” Sam asked tentatively.

“Yes. When she has time for me. I have a room here, that I share with another of her pets.”

Sam's jaw dropped. “You... you live at the club?”

“There is an attached suite, where her favoured are permitted to stay. Miss Eris resides elsewhere.”

Sam's sense of being ill-at-ease increased. “But... you work. You... you have friends, right?” Sam saw Jimmy shift, and glanced up at him to see a worried frown on Jimmy's face.

Lawton smiled mechanically. “The contract specifies that we are to be ready to serve at all times. The
other five are my... my friends.” He paused, before hissing out, “I’m not being held against my will. It's my choice to stay.”

“And would you have somewhere to go, if you wanted to leave?” Sam asked, suspecting that he already knew the answer.

Lawton seemed to freeze. He mouthed soundlessly for a moment, before managing to find his words. “She... she picked me up off the streets. She said I was pretty. I don’t have any family, and I was homeless. This...” He glanced around the club. “This is better than freezing and starving in a doorway.” Lawton's eyes were pleading, as though he was begging Sam to understand.

Sam heard a soft creak, and turned his head, to see Castiel white-knuckling the arm of his chair. Every inch of him radiated a terrifying cold fury. A quick glance at Jimmy showed a similar response.

“And the others. Are they the same?” Sam asked urgently.

“Just... just Marc. He was homeless, too. The others... no. They're here because they want to be.” Lawton whispered.

“Is Marc here tonight?”

Lawton’s eyes crossed the room, to where an olive-skinned young man was sobbing against a St. Andrew’s cross, his back and ass covered in painful-looking welts. “On the cross.” His words were barely audible.

Jimmy stood abruptly and walked off, towards where a tall, thin man was whipping Marc mercilessly. Sam turned back to Lawton. “Cas?” Sam pleaded.

“We're going to get you and Marc out of here. Now. You're being abused and coerced into a lifestyle you didn't ask for. This club will be shut down, and your mistress won't ever have a position of authority in which she can abuse others ever again.” Castiel's voice was flat and deadly, and it clearly frightened Lawton, who whimpered.

“It's okay.” Sam touched the boy's shoulder. “It's okay. I'm... I'm sure that Cas and Jimmy's family will help you get back on your feet, get you a place to stay until you can manage on your own.”

“We absolutely will. We'll help you for as long as you need it.” Castiel added, his voice softer and warmer.

Lawton looked deeply distrustful, as though he thought what he was hearing might be some sort of elaborate joke, or a test of his loyalty. As though kindness came with a price attached. And perhaps, for Lawton, it had.

Just then, Jimmy returned, propping up a very much worse-for-wear Marc, whose face was still glazed with tears, a blanket covering him loosely. Upon seeing Lawton, Marc flung himself into his arms, sobbing.

Sam caught a little of what Lawton was frantically whispering, telling Marc that they were free, that they were leaving. He heard Lawton try to convince him, like Sam had just tried to convince Lawton. Sam heard hope in Lawton's voice.

Jimmy finished a murmured conversation on his phone and pocketed it. He crouched down behind Lawton, and unfastened the wretched posture collar, throwing it aside. Sam had just finished removing a similar one from Marc’s slender neck when two huge, darkly suited men appeared as if
from nowhere beside his Masters’ chairs.

“What’s this, then?” The hostess appeared, a smile fixed on her lips.

“You’ll be hearing from our lawyers. And your pets here are coming with us.” Castiel said evenly, as Jimmy and Sam helped Lawton and Marc up.

She laughed, a high-pitched sound. “I'm afraid that's entirely imposs...”

“I'm going to suggest that you shut your fucking mouth, and get out of our way, before our boys here make you.” Jimmy snarled. Sam glanced at him, stunned at the anger and hatred in his voice.

The woman’s eyes widened. She shut her mouth, turned and walked away.

“Fucking hell.” Sam muttered. Castiel helped with Marc as Sam hastily pulled on his jeans and boots. “Do you guys have clothes?”

Marc and Lawton both shook their heads no. The guards both removed their jackets, and the slender boys both pulled them on gratefully, wrapping them around themselves.

No one – not one person said anything as the seven of them left the club and piled into the limo. Lawton and Marc were huddling together, both clearly frightened of what was going to happen next.

As the limo began to move, Castiel began to explain. Sam was mostly watching the two young men, who slowly relaxed as Castiel spoke in his deep, soothing voice. He watched them take in that everyone here was terribly sorry about what had happened to them, and that nothing would be expected of them. That they would be provided with a place to stay, together or apart, as they liked, and a stipend upon which to live while they looked for work or pursued education.

Castiel fell silent, and Lawton and Marc said nothing. Marc's dark eyes darted nervously between the twins, as though trying to spot a lie, before falling on Sam.

“No... no more b-beatings? No... no more rape?” Marc's voice was small, and he sounded almost afraid to hope.

Sam heard Jimmy swear softly.

“No.” Sam said firmly, feeling heartbroken and trying not to show it. “Never. Just... just a chance to start over.”

“And we can stay together.” Lawton's voice was a little stronger than Marc's. He gripped Marc's hand and held it tightly.

“Yes, of course.” Sam smiled. He leaned towards the frightened boys and spoke softly, confidentially. “These two.” Sam gestured to Castiel and Jimmy. “They might come off as hard asses, but trust me, they’re marshmallows. And they've never, ever lied to me. If they say they're gonna help, they're gonna, and they're not going to ever expect anything in return.”

“Sam, jeez, you're killing our badass-Dom rep, here.” Jimmy rolled his eyes, and Lawton let out a small chuckle.

Marc turned huge eyes, glittering with tears, to Sam. “It's... it's really over...?”

“Yes.” Sam answered simply. Marc collapsed in renewed sobs against Lawton, who held him close.

Arrangements were made to find the boys a place to stay, and to set them up with some basic
necessities. The limo stopped before an upscale hotel, where they could stay until a more permanent solution could be arranged. Both of them were still, at this point, more afraid and stunned than grateful, but Lawton tried.

“I... I don’t know what to say. ‘Thank you’ just doesn’t seem to cover it.” Lawton sounded pained, glancing up at Sam and the twins shyly, Marc clinging to his side.

“I know how that feels. Trust me.” Sam assured him.

“Well, thank you, anyway. Maybe... maybe later, I'll be able to come up with better words.”

Sam gave Lawton a brief hug, before one of the guards helped them from the limo. It had been decided that the guard would stay with them, just outside the door to their suite, to help them feel a little safer.

The ride back to the house was quiet, each of the boys lost in their own thoughts. Sam, for his part, was feeling a complicated mixture of happy and sad, and not simply for what had happened to Lawton and Marc.

“Sam, come here. Kneel.” Castiel spread his legs. Sam slipped from his comfortable seat to happily curl up between them, his head on Castiel's thigh, his eyes closed. “You were amazing tonight, Sam. Both in the scene, and especially afterwards. It's because of you that we were able to save those boys.”

“Can we... can we stay in contact with them? Master?” Sam asked, surprised at how important doing so felt to him.

“Absolutely. I'm sure Lawton, at the very least, will be happy to hear from you.” Castiel brushed Sam's hair back from his face. Sam felt the weight of the evening fall heavily upon him, and he yawned.

“You know that many people – most – wouldn't have sensed something was wrong, and wouldn't have cared, either way. They wouldn't have taken the time to listen, to try to understand.” Castiel murmured.

“People are assholes.” Sam managed, yawning again.

“The point is that you're not, Sam. That boy was nothing to you, and you cared anyway. That's just one of the reasons we love you.” Jimmy explained.

Sam was too tired to think about it, really. He fell asleep against Castiel's leg, simply happy that he had been able to help.
I apologize for how long this took. I'm so very, very sorry.

Sam was feeling a little headachy and tired when he woke with his face still pressed to Castiel's thigh. He thought they must be back at the mansion, because the car wasn't moving, and Castiel was saying something. Sam stretched and shivered, feeling a little chilled.

"Sam, up. Come on." Jimmy was holding out a hand to him, and there was a cool breeze on Sam's bare skin from the open door. He uncurled himself and took Jimmy's hand, letting Jimmy draw him from the car.

Sam followed Jimmy wordlessly up the stairs and into the house, too tired to care much about his position, holding Jimmy's hand tightly. Castiel was somewhere behind him. Sam turned to look, only to find Castiel quite close by. He rested a hand against Sam's lower back, and Sam smiled tiredly.

"Well, unless our pet perks up some, it doesn't look like he's going to be in any shape to take advantage of you." Castiel said softly.

"I know. Let's just get him into a bath and into bed. It's been a really long day."

_Bath, bed. Snuggles?_ Sam yawned.

"Yes, snuggles. All the snuggles you could ever want." Jimmy grinned back at Sam.

_Well, shit._ Looks like he'd lost the ability to control what came out of his mouth. That, in this house, could be an issue.

Sam let the twins lead him up to Castiel's room, and let them strip the snug leather straps and cuffs off. They eased the cage off. Sam let his fingers brush over the rope marks still embedded, though faintly, in his skin. He loved the tangible reminder of another item complete from his bucket list.

Jimmy ran the bath, Castiel holding Sam upright while it filled with fragrant bubbles and warm water. All three of them sank into it gratefully, and both twins were so careful, so gentle with Sam, worshipful touches on his skin and hair.

Sam, for his part, thought it was the best thing ever. He had two incredibly hot boys in the bath with him, absolutely _doting_ on him, and the tub was huge, hot and smelled amazing. He could stretch out, and Castiel was behind him, and at the moment, Jimmy was straddling his lap, his skin sparkling with water droplets. Sam tilted his head up and Jimmy kissed him deeply. Sam heard Castiel's chuckle from behind.

"Careful. You're in trouble, if he gets his second wind." Castiel warned.

"I can't fathom how that could be an issue." Jimmy muttered, after prying his mouth from Sam's.

Sam actually was feeling a little better. He gripped Jimmy's ass hard with both hands – hard enough to force a gasp from Jimmy's lips, and to make his eyes widen.
“Now you've done it.” Castiel sounded smug.

Sam let go with one hand, only to wrap an arm around Jimmy's waist and yank him against his chest. Hard. The water splashed and slopped over the edge of the tub, and Jimmy gasped again, staring at Sam with lust-blown eyes. Sam could feel Jimmy's cock, hard against his abs. Sam's own cock was hardening between his thighs, blissfully free of the cage. Sam reached his hand up and sank it into the back of Jimmy's hair, wrenching his head back and arching and exposing his throat, which Sam licked a long line up, pulling a desperate whimper from Jimmy's mouth.

“What do you want, Master?” Sam whispered, his breath hot against Jimmy's damp skin.

“Oh, God, Sam. Fuck me.” Jimmy gasped out, writhing in Sam's lap.

“Get out then, and go lie face down on the bed.” Sam released Jimmy, who looked, for a brief moment, quite shocked. Jimmy scrambled up out of the tub and towelled off hastily, haring back into the bedroom.

Sam and Castiel took a little time for kisses and caresses, before leaving the tub and towelling off considerably more slowly. They emerged into the bedroom to find Jimmy nearly beside himself with need, rutting against the silken comforter of Castiel's bed, his own fingers in his ass.

“Stop.” Sam said evenly, and Jimmy froze in his spot on the bed, withdrawing his fingers. Sam wasn't even sure he was breathing.

“Should I let Sam fuck you, James?” Castiel asked with a smirk.

“Fuck you, Cas. Sam, please.” Sam wasn't sure he'd ever get enough of hearing such profound need in Jimmy's voice. But he really did need Castiel's permission, which was granted with a wink and a smile.

Sam lowered himself over Jimmy's prone form, his legs between Jimmy's spread ones, his eyes on Jimmy's fucking perfect ass. Sam knelt, pulling Jimmy's cheeks apart, finding his hole slightly pinked and glistening with lube.

“Got started without me? I'm hurt.” Sam asked, amused, slicking his cock with lube.

“There, God, Sam, please.” Jimmy begged. “Just... just fuck me.”

“No prep?” One of Sam's eyebrows lifted skeptically.

“No! Just, please, I need... AAAAGH!” Jimmy howled when Sam slammed his entire length inside him. Sam held still while Jimmy stiffened beneath him, fingers clawed into the bedclothes. Sam waited until Jimmy had relaxed before beginning to move again, glancing down and feeling profoundly glad that there wasn't any blood on his cock. After all, Jimmy hadn't had a whole lot of time to prepare himself.

Sam rolled his hips slowly and gently against Jimmy's ass, until Jimmy started to squirm impatiently beneath him.

“Sam...” Jimmy whined. “Fuck me.”

“I am fucking you. That's my cock in your ass.” Sam leaned down and pressed a soft kiss to the back of Jimmy's neck.

“Harder.” Jimmy thrust his hips up and back, sinking more of Sam into him. “Fuck me like you
fucked Cas, on the plane.” Jimmy begged.

“Ooohh.” Sam feigned knowledge dawning, and smirked. He pulled out, until only the tip was still inside, and slammed back into Jimmy, hard enough to slide him up the bed a few inches. Jimmy groaned, and his arms shot out, bracing himself against the headboard.

“And you…” Sam thrust brutally hard into Jimmy's body. “…you call me a slut. From…” Sam paused, panting, pounding into Jimmy's soft, willing body, slick and tight and searing hot around him. “From where… I'm standing, you're the one begging to be fucked into oblivion.” Sam kept up his relentless pace, watching Jimmy's arms shake under his assault.

Jimmy shuddered underneath him, clenched hard around Sam's cock, and pressed his face into the blankets, breathing hard. Sam knew he had come, and didn't for a half a second even think about slowing, or easing the force. He fucked Jimmy right through it, and out to the other side, where Jimmy whimpered and whined.

“Fucking whore.” Sam growled. “Coming on a cock like a good little bitch.” Jimmy's elbows gave, and he slid forward on the bed under Sam's thrusts, before managing to brace himself again. Sam thought Jimmy was impossibly hot - hopelessly overstimulated, all trembling and sweating skin, using the last of his strength to brace himself. Sam knew he wasn't going to last much longer.

Sam heard a soft groan off to the side, and glanced over. Castiel was sprawled in a chair, his hand on his own cock. Sam shot him a wolfish grin as he pounded Castiel's brother.

“Where…” Sam panted. “Where do you want my come, whore?”

“In... inside me, please…” Jimmy whimpered. Sam could see his arms shaking. He was on the razor's edge of coming, and tried to hold back.

“Where?” Sam snapped, with a vicious thrust of his hips.

Jimmy groaned, deep and guttural. “My ass, come in my ass.” Sam felt Jimmy's heat flutter against him. He wasn't sure if Jimmy was coming again, but it put him over the edge. Sam froze, buried as deep inside Jimmy as he could get. He painted Jimmy's insides with his release, marking him in his own sort of way.

“Sam.” Castiel's voice was like gravel, and Sam turned his head just in time for Castiel to lay a hot streak of come across his cheek, finishing in Sam's panting mouth. Sam swallowed, licking his lips to catch the stray drops.

“Good boy.” Castiel brushed back Sam's hair. Sam felt that familiar warm flush of approval. He pulled back very, very slowly, slipping free of Jimmy's body. Jimmy didn't even react, lying limp, red-cheeked and panting against the bed.

Sam cleaned Jimmy up a little with a warm cloth that Castiel had passed to him, after giving his own face a quick scrub. He picked Jimmy up so that Castiel could put down a fresh blanket, and laid down on his side, pulling Jimmy up against his front, spooning him snugly. Castiel laid down in front of Jimmy, and touched his cheek softly.

“You with us, little brother?”

Jimmy gave a shudder, the first movement he'd made since Sam had finished fucking him. “That...” Jimmy's voice came out as a croak. “That thing should be illegal. My... my prostate may never be the same.”
Both Sam and Castiel chuckled. Sam kissed Jimmy's sweat-damp curls and gave him a squeeze.

“But... it was good, right?” Sam asked, a little nervous. “It was okay? I didn't hurt you?”

“No, Sam, you didn't hurt me. That was amazing. I've... I've never come like that, twice, in such a short time.” Jimmy's panting breathing was easing.

So he did. Sam tried not to pat himself on the back too hard, but he saw Castiel give him a knowing smile.

Sam's second wind seemed to drop out from under him as though it had never been there to begin with. His eyelids drooped, his arm tightened around Jimmy's waist, and he fell asleep.

*

When Sam woke, he wasn't entirely sure where he was, if it was day or night, or what decade he was in. He was sprawled on his back, and there was a warm presence curled up along his left side. He looked down, seeing Jimmy curled up against him, a hand over Sam's heart. A quick glance behind him showed that Castiel was already up.

Sam heard movement from the bathroom, and Castiel emerged a moment later, wrapped in a soft-looking fuzzy robe. Castiel gave him a smile.

“Come.” Castiel gestured for Sam to get up. “I want some photographs of your henna, and the light is beautiful right now.” Castiel dropped the robe, and walked naked to his closet.

Sam shifted away from Jimmy, who frowned just a little before turning to his other side and falling back asleep. Sam quickly brushed his teeth, and was about to step into the shower when Castiel touched his arm.

“No, Sam. Come.” Castiel was holding out a pair of jeans and a warm sweater, a blanket and a camera bag draped over his arm. Sam pulled them on, with a pair of boots. He followed Castiel down the empty halls, seeing what looked like early morning light edging in around the curtains.

Castiel led him to a part of the house Sam had never seen – out a rear door and into a large formal garden. The hedges were neatly trimmed, and the white pebbled paths tidy and organized. There was a large fountain, dry and empty now, that was probably gorgeous when it was running. Sam shivered. It was overcast and chilly, and very definitely early, and Sam followed behind Castiel through the gardens.

It probably wasn't as far as it felt like, to Sam, before Castiel stopped. The formal gardens had ended, and they had walked though a small meadow and towards a forested area. Sam didn't know where they were, exactly, in relation to Chicago, but this was absolutely not the gritty, dirty downtown Chicago that Sam and his family had hunted a vetala in a couple of years ago. No, this was clean and fresh, smelling of crisp fall air. A world away from the filthy warehouse that Sam had nearly lost his life in.

“All right. Take off the sweater, please. And, if you're comfortable, the pants. Keep the blanket close, it's thermal and will help keep you warm.” After Sam had stripped and pulled his boots back on, Castiel wrapped him snugly with the blanket, sneaking a quick kiss.
Sam shivered. “The things I do for your art, Cas.”

“My long-suffering subject. My muse.” Castiel grinned and kissed Sam again. “How can I ever repay you?”

“Get the shots you need, and then get my ass a hot breakfast. With coffee.”

“Young wish is my command.” Castiel withdrew a little and bowed.

For the next hour or so, Sam posed as Castiel directed, skin prickling with goosebumps in the cold air, between bouts huddled under the blanket. Castiel seemed to particularly like the contrast of Sam’s skin against the rough bark of the trees. A lot of the poses had Sam’s arms up, simulating flight. Sam supposed, but after a while his shoulders were beginning to ache, and he couldn’t shake the shivers.

“All right, let’s head back in.” Castiel announced, and Sam gratefully pulled the warm clothes back on, wrapping the blanket around himself for good measure.

The boys traipsed back to the house, through the opulent hallways and back to Castiel's rooms. “I know you want breakfast.” Castiel explained as Sam trailed after him, still shivering. “But there's a chance one of our parents might be there, so we need you dressed appropriately.”

 Appropriately. Meaning the gauzy pants, and nothing else. Sam didn't answer.

“And a warm shower, I think. Unless you'd prefer a bath?” Castiel glanced back at Sam.

Sam, still chilled to the core of his being, nodded.

Castiel ran the bath as Sam stripped with trembling fingers. He climbed gratefully into the steaming water, and Castiel joined him shortly afterwards. Sitting face to face, Castiel's legs straddling Sam's, the boys took their time washing, interspersing touches with soft kisses.

After a time, Sam abandoned his cloth, and reached down between Castiel's legs. He wrapped a hand around Castiel's hard cock, and slid the other over Castiel's perineum, towards his hole. Castiel shuddered, letting his forehead drop against Sam's shoulder. It didn't take long for Castiel to come, Sam's hand stroking him, and the tip of a finger slipping inside.

Sam pressed his lips to Castiel's neck as the smaller boy shuddered against him. It was a moment before Castiel could speak.

“Would... would you like an orgasm, before the cage goes back on, Sam?” Castiel pulled back, chest heaving a little until his breath calmed.

“Whatever pleases Master.” Sam smirked.

“Leave it to you, Sam, to take a phrase like that and make it drip sarcasm.” Castiel rolled his eyes, before pinning Sam in one of those breath-stealing Dom-stares. “I think it would please me to see you get yourself off, while maintaining eye contact with me.”

Castiel shifted backwards, just a little. Sam sat frozen, eyes fixed on Castiel's.

“Well? I rather thought you were in a hurry for breakfast.” Castiel glanced down briefly to Sam's hard cock, and back up to his eyes.

Sam's mouth opened, but he wasn't sure he even knew what he wanted to say. He'd never done that for anyone – no one had ever wanted him to. But Castiel had given an order, so...
Sam reached down to his own cock, giving it a few tentative strokes.

“We're going to be here all day, if that's how much enthusiasm you're going to show in the fulfillment of a request from your Master.” Castiel raised an eyebrow.

“Sorry! I'm... I'm sorry.” Sam blushed, still staring into Castiel's eyes. He stroked a little more firmly, feeling the pleasure rise within him, but it was astonishingly hard to do while staring into Castiel's placid gaze.

“Need a little help?” Castiel smirked. “When we get back to the house, I'm going to strap you down to the table in the playroom, have Jimmy spread you wide with the speculum, and see just how big of a sound you can take.”

Sam choked out a groan, coming hard into his own fist, his eyes not once leaving Castiel's. Afterwards, though, Sam drooped, panting, his head dropping and his hair falling to hide his face.

“Gonna have me what?” Jimmy walked into the bathroom, running his hands through damp hair.

Castiel let the water out of the tub, standing and pulling Sam to his feet. Jimmy threw some towels to them, and Sam just barely managed to catch his.

“Going to have you do a very thorough examination of our pet, just to make sure he's still in optimal health.” Castiel smirked, and Sam groaned.

“Responsible pet ownership is very important.” Jimmy nodded, staring Sam up and down as he towelled off.

“Indeed.” Castiel smirked, hanging his towel neatly. Sam hung his carefully beside Castiel's. If he hadn't just come, he'd probably be begging by now.

It didn't take long for the twins to get Sam's cage back on, and get him back into the low-slung pants. Something about them cowed Sam, reinforcing the mindset he needed in the house. He followed silently behind the twins, as they walked down the halls back to the dining room. When they arrived, it was empty, but Mrs. Novak arrived shortly afterwards.

“Good morning, boys. I thought perhaps we'd eat in the kitchen this morning.” Sam's eyes darted up only long enough to see the warm smile on her face before lowering again.

“Sounds good. The chairs in here are hard.” Jimmy complained. Castiel chuckled, and Sam fought to hide his smirk.

Mrs. Novak led the way to a large kitchen, where a chef in whites, accompanied by an assistant, was working. She greeted them warmly, and led the boys to a table flanked by comfortable padded benches. Castiel sat near the end of one, and Sam slipped to his knees beside him.

“Sam, would you please sit at the table, and dine with us?” Mrs. Novak asked politely.

Sam froze, uncertain what to do. He glanced up at Castiel, who gave him a small nod and a smile. He climbed hesitantly to his feet and took a spot between the twins. Jimmy laid a soothing hand on Sam's thigh.

“Sam, please consider this table as a safe zone. The rules of the house don't apply here. At this table, we're all equals, okay?” Mrs. Novak's voice was kind, and Sam glanced up to see a smile on her face. She seemed so sincere that Sam couldn't help but give her a small smile in return.
“What do you want for breakfast, Sam?” Jimmy asked softly, as the assistant approached the table.

“Anything... anything is fine, Master. Whatever you're having.” Sam whispered.

Rather than try to reinforce that the table was a safe zone, and put Sam on the spot, Jimmy simply requested two chicken and cheese omelettes, rather than one.

Despite of how nice Mrs. Novak seemed to be, and despite knowing the table was safe, Sam just couldn't shake his sense of being profoundly intimidated. Her and Castiel were having a quiet conversation about school – it seemed that Mrs. Novak was an artist, as well.

Sam was perfectly content to enjoy his food in silence as the other three spoke. He wasn't even aware anyone had addressed him until he felt the nudge against his ribs from Castiel. Sam's head shot up. Mrs. Novak was smiling at him.

“M-ma'am?” Sam asked nervously.

“I was asking if there was anything in Chicago you had wanted to see, any touristy-type things, while you were in town.”

Sam froze. “N-no, Ma'am.” Sam's job was to follow.

“He's probably not familiar with the attractions. I was thinking we'd go to the pier, and maybe the aquarium.” Jimmy offered.

“The art museum is beautiful, as well.” Castiel added.

“Those all sound like wonderful ideas. Do be sure to take Erik with you.” Mrs. Novak looked momentarily serious.

“Fine.” Jimmy sounded exasperated. Sam could almost hear his eyes rolling.

“Of course, mom.” Castiel's voice was far more placating.

Erik? Sam finished his food in silence, blotted his lips with the napkin, placed it on his plate and folded his hands in his lap. He kept his eyes down.

Sam heard Mrs. Novak sigh softly. “Well, boys, have a good day. Your father and I have an engagement this evening, so we won't be back until later.” Sam watched her stand and move behind where the boys were sitting. He saw her kiss the top of Jimmy's head, and Castiel's. And after a moment, Sam felt gentle hands on his shoulders and a kiss on the top of his own head. He heard her leave the room.

“Guess you're one of us now, you got the mom-kiss.” Jimmy grinned. Sam didn't answer, though he did relax a little as he heard Mrs. Novak's shoes retreating. Castiel's hand on his lower back and Jimmy's squeeze to his thigh helped with that, as well.

Sam gradually began to feel progressively more self-conscious. He knew he should've been more sociable, he just... hadn't been able to. He tried to explain to the boys, but they shushed him.

“It's all right, Sam. It's perfectly fine. Sometimes it can be hard, to pull yourself from a headspace. We've all been there. Trust me, mom knows.” Jimmy kissed Sam's cheek. Sam nodded, feeling a little reassured.

After retreating to their rooms to dress, the boys, accompanied by a tall, muscular brush-cut blonde in
a sharp suit all piled into the back of a limo, and were on their way.

After a bit of a ride, the first stop was a place that the sign announced as Shedd Aquarium. Sam was about to leave the limo, when Castiel tugged his hand. Sam stopped and turned back to him.

“Sam, while we're out today, we're just Cas and Jimmy and Sam, okay?” Castiel smiled. “There're no parents here, no high protocol. You can talk when you like, or not at all, if you prefer. Erik's just here for security. Okay?”

Sam glanced at Erik, who gave him a small smile. He turned back to Castiel and nodded.

“All right then, let's go!” Jimmy flung the door of the limo open, and ran to the entrance of the aquarium.

Castiel sighed. “I swear, he's like a big kid.” Sam helped Castiel from the limo, and the three walked to Jimmy, who was waiting impatiently at the ticket window.

Sam had an amazing morning. He found all the animals fascinating – he always had. He stood and stared open-mouthed at the sharks for a solid fifteen minutes, his hand clasped tightly in Castiel's. He was mesmerized by the shifting shoals of small fish. He'd never been anywhere like this in his life – John had certainly never taken him, and there was never any money, when it was just Sam and Dean. He felt a little stupid as he stood before the colossal glass walls, staring as the dolphins swam by, buffeted by crowds of little kids, running and shrieking. But Castiel said nothing, simply watching with Sam, as Jimmy bemoaned the fact that he couldn't fit into the penguin costume.

Sam didn't need to know that Castiel was fighting to keep his calm demeanour. That Castiel wished Sam could have been here, making these discoveries as a child, rather than at nineteen. That it hurt Castiel to see such wonder, such simple joy on Sam's face, in response to such a simple thing. But he pushed it away, and smiled warmly when Sam laughed, and pointed, and asked his excited questions.

Jimmy knew, though, and was careful not to stray too far, and always had a reassuring touch or whisper ready for his brother.

The boys spent several hours in the aquarium, with Erik maintaining a safe, but respectful distance. After a while, Sam barely noticed he was there. Once Sam had seen his fill, they returned back to the waiting limo, and headed towards lunch.

Lunch, it turned out, was a food cart on what the twins called Navy Pier. It felt, to Sam, like a giant, permanent carnival – there were food stalls and shops, rides and a colossal Ferris wheel overlooking it all. Despite the cool weather, there were a ton of families there, and the excitement was infectious – Sam couldn't stop smiling. The food was astonishingly good, and afterwards Jimmy dragged Sam over to a shooting game, insisting that Sam win him the fluffy pink stuffed lamb. Sam picked up the battered air rifle, inspecting it critically and noticing that it would very definitely be pulling to the left. Sam compensated, and used his skill to knock down every small target. Jimmy was ecstatic, whooping and hollering, clutching his fluffy lamb to his chest. Sam and Castiel couldn't help but grin. Sam offered to win something for Castiel, but Castiel demurred, saying it wasn't necessary.

Sam was just about to turn away when something caught his eye. He turned back to the stall and paid for another game. He easily knocked down his targets, and the man running the game gave him a suspicious look as he handed Sam his prize. Sam tucked it into his jacket, not quite ready to share it with the twins. They smiled at him, but didn't ask.

The boys wandered through the stalls, looking at the items for sale, and playing some of the games,
but not having a great deal of success. It didn't matter, though, because they were together, and they were in love. They rode the Ferris wheel, sharing kisses at the very top, overlooking the city.

The sky had begun to darken as they decided to call it a day, and headed back towards the limo. Sam had fallen a few steps behind, taking a last look at the pier, when a man sidled up beside him, and Sam felt the prick of a knife against his back, under his jacket.

“Give me your wallet.” The voice from just behind him, a little to his right.

Sam didn't even hesitate, didn't even think. He reacted on pure instinct, swinging an elbow up and back, as hard as he could, feeling contact and hearing a satisfying crunch, followed immediately by a howl of pain. Erik was beside him a moment later, a gun drawn on the prone figure of his attacker.

“Sam!!” Dual voices shouting his name, and the twins running the few steps back towards him.

Sam felt wetness at his side. He lifted his jacket, seeing a long slash in his shirt, and a lot of blood soaking into it. “Well, shit.” Sam didn't think it looked too bad, but it'd probably need stitches. He'd certainly had worse, but both twins were panicking at the sight of the blood, and Erik was speaking quickly into his phone.

Sam pressed a hand hard against his side. “Guys, I'm all right. Just... maybe... maybe a few stitches?”

The twins and Erik helped Sam from the pier, where an ambulance was already waiting. Sam thought it was total overkill, but was also glad he wouldn't be getting blood on the upholstery of the limo. Sam laid back on the stretcher, and Castiel, Jimmy and Erik all piled into the back of the ambulance. It was very crowded, but the twins refused to leave Sam, and Erik refused to leave the twins.

Sam's jacket was pulled off and his shirt cut back. The attendant covered the long slash with a thick bandage, pressing it hard against his side. Sam looked over to Castiel and Jimmy, who were both crying silently, tears streaking their cheeks. Castiel looked frightened, but Sam saw a distinct determination in Jimmy's eyes. “Guys, I swear, I'm okay. Please don't cry.” Neither of them answered him.

The trip to the hospital seemed to take no time at all, and despite a waiting room full of people, Sam was seen by a doctor immediately. Like Sam thought, the wound was mostly superficial, and there was no organ damage. Sam was given a local anaesthetic before the doctor gave him a long line of stitches, wrapping around his side, just below his ribs. Both twins sat silently, and Erik stood near the door. The doctor completed his work and left.

“What happened, Sam?” Jimmy asked, his voice tremulous.

“He wanted my wallet, and I threw an elbow.” Sam answered.

“What... what did you tell me, after Cas got hurt, Sam? Your wallet isn't worth your life!” Jimmy's voice was rising, and he was getting angrier. “You told me never to fight, Sam, because that's how people die!!” Jimmy was rigid with anger, his arms straight and his hands balled into tight fists. “And Erik was right there! You... you didn't need to fight! You could've died!!” Jimmy burst into sobs, and Castiel stood, pulling Jimmy into his arms.

Sam opened his mouth to defend himself. He'd had a lifetime of combat training, after all, and was more than capable of handling a single attacker. But then it struck him – Jimmy was absolutely right. Sam couldn't have known how big the knife was – he could've been dead on the pier right now, in a pile of his own entrails.
Sam swallowed hard. “I... you're right, Jimmy. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.” Sam reached out to them, and both boys came to him, one on each side of the narrow bed, holding him carefully and pressing their faces into his neck. Sam wrapped an arm around each, holding them tight, murmuring apologies between kisses to their heads.

Castiel's silence was worrying Sam – he hadn't said a word since Sam had been hurt. “Cas? You okay?”

Castiel's voice was muffled against Sam's skin, but Sam could hear perfectly well – and Castiel sounded broken. “I... I can't lose you, Sam. I can't.” Castiel's sob was choked, as though his throat was too tight to let it out. “I can't.” It almost sounded as if Castiel was begging Sam to understand.

Hearing Castiel so broken broke Sam, as well, and tears burned in his eyes. He clutched Castiel tight, pressing his lips to Castiel's hair. “I know. I know, Cas, and I'm so, so sorry. Please... please forgive me.”

The door banged open, and the bubbly nurse looked quite shocked for a moment, before pulling back on her mask of professionality. Jimmy and Castiel pulled back a little, both wiping at their faces.

“Mr. Winchester is free to go. I have his pills here, which he'll take for ten days, and then he can have the stitches removed.”

“Thank you.” Castiel's voice was completely steady. He took the small bag from the nurse, and gave her a swift smile.

The twins helped Sam get dressed, borrowing a scrubs-style shirt from the hospital, as his own was a writeoff. His jeans were stiff with dried blood, as was his new leather jacket. With a soft groan, Sam realized that the prize he had won for Castiel was likely stained with blood.

They insisted that Sam ride in a wheelchair back out to the limo, which was waiting in front of the hospital for them. Inside, on the seat, was the fluffy toy he had won for Jimmy. Reflexively, Sam sank to his knees on the floor.

“No, Sam. Up on the seat. You're not in any condition to be kneeling right now.” Castiel's voice was stern, and he and Jimmy helped Sam up onto the plush seat between them.

Sam reclined a little with a soft groan, feeling the stitches pulling a little under the bandages. He'd have to be mindful of them.

“Cas, close your eyes.” Sam said softly as the limo began to move. Cas gave him a curious look, before doing as asked.

Sam fished in his jacket pocket for the item he had hidden, Jimmy watching intently. Sam pulled it out – a small, plush Cinderella doll, with golden yarn hair and blank blue eyes. And a large splotch of blood soaked into the front of her pale blue skirt. Sam sighed. “I'm sorry it got ruined.” Sam took Castiel's hand and placed the doll into it.

Castiel's eyes flickered open, and he stared down at the ruined doll. Sam watched his eyes fill with tears, and watched his throat work. On Sam's other side, Jimmy simply looked a little confused. Sam pulled Castiel gently against his injured side, holding him close. “Please forgive me,” Sam murmured into Castiel's hair.

“Always.” Castiel choked out, curled against Sam's side, his tears wetting Sam's borrowed shirt. He was cradling the ruined doll like it was something precious, irreplaceable.
Sam pulled Jimmy into his other side, and held both twins close for the entire ride home.
Hey, guys. I have a very serious topic to discuss with the 331 subscribers to this story.

What I want is some art. I think, with that many subs and over 28,000 hits, that it's time that this story got some bloody art. I've personally reached out to some of my favourite SPN artists, but only got a response from one, who asked what my budget was, and declined further communication when I couldn't provide a budget for the art. (I honestly have no idea how much such a thing would cost, so I couldn't risk throwing out a number too high or too low.) I'm very definitely not averse to paying for some art by a talented artist - I'm not wealthy, but I think that if I started a GoFundMe for it that we could raise the money pretty easily.

So, if anyone has any idea of what the going rate for commissioned art is, or IS an artist, or knows someone I can reach out to, PLEASE drop me a line at ossewokr@hotmail.com.

Okay, with that said, here's the chapter. :)

Like always, comments are what keep me writing. Y'all are awesome. <3

Mrs. Novak was waiting on the front steps when the limo pulled up, looking chilled and pale and worried, dressed in a strapless floor-length gown of deep cobalt. When the door of the limo opened, she rushed down the stairs. Sam heard her stilettos clicking on the marble.

“Oh my God, Sam, honey, I'm so sorry! Are you all right?” She brushed past Jimmy and straight to Sam, as he was climbing gingerly from the car. Jimmy grumbled indignantly, but let her fuss over Sam.

Her hand was icy when it touched Sam's cheek, and Sam worried about how long she'd been waiting outside for. “I'm okay, ma'am. I'm fine. You... do you want my jacket?” Sam began to pull it off for her, before remembering it was soaked with blood.

“Lord, no, Sam. I'm fine. Come into the house, please. We need to get you comfortable.” Mrs. Novak took Sam's hand and pulled gently, leading him into the house. Sam threw a quick glance at Castiel - Castiel nodded and smiled. Sam followed Mrs. Novak up the stairs and into the house.

She lead him to a small, comfortable lounge, filled with heavily-laden bookshelves and dark leather furniture, a little scuffed, worn in and comfortable-looking. Mr. Novak was sitting in one of the chairs, in a crisp, immaculately-tailored tux. The twins were given instructions to go find Sam some soft, comfortable clothes, and she shooed them out.

Sam perched nervously in the chair opposite Mr. Novak, as Mrs. Novak helped him out of his jacket, her breath catching when she saw his bloodstained jeans.
“I'm deeply regretful that this has happened, Sam. I'm sorry that you were injured, and that Erik failed to prevent it.” Mr Novak's voice was deep and calm, and Sam knew where Castiel got it from.

“It... it wasn't Erik's fault, sir.” Sam jumped to Erik's defense. “I had fallen behind, and... and kind of... I should have reacted differently.” Sam dropped his gaze.

“Perhaps. But given your background, I can understand your reaction.” Mr. Novak gave Sam an understanding smile. Sam was momentarily confused, before he realized that the twins must've told their father a little about Sam's past.

“Yessir.” Sam answered glumly, still staring at his own knees.

Mrs. Novak's hand touched Sam's cheek again, and her voice was soft. “I think, Sam, that given what's happened, we're not going to ask you to maintain a high protocol set of behaviours for the rest of your time here this weekend. You'll need the time to heal and recover, without the stresses of worrying about failing in a role you don't have a lot of experience with.”

A tension that Sam didn't even know he was feeling seemed to unclench itself. “Yes, ma'am.”

“And you could call us Marjorie and Charles, if you wanted to. Or continue to use sir and ma'am, if it makes you feel better.” Mrs. Novak brushed Sam's hair back.

“Yes, ma'am.” Sam relaxed a little further. He appreciated the offer, but it just felt more respectful to him to continue to use the titles.

Castiel and Jimmy returned, and Castiel had an armful of clothes. They helped Sam up and into a nearby washroom, where they undressed him and cleaned the blood from his skin with a warm cloth. They helped him into some (blessedly opaque) track pants and a soft T-shirt, topping it off with a hoodie that was large and comfortable, even on Sam's oversized frame. Sam glanced down, seeing it was from MIT. He wondered vaguely who it belonged to. The clothes were wonderfully comfortable and warm.

“Some dinner, I think, if you're able to manage it. We can order in. And then perhaps a movie, and an early night. Does that sound all right?” Castiel stood close to Sam, wrapping an arm around his waist.

Sam nodded. “Yes, Master.” He paused. “Sir. Cas.” He wasn't entirely sure which form of address Castiel wanted to hear.

Castiel chuckled softly. “Cas is fine.”

“Your... your parents said I didn't have to...” Sam started uncertainly.

“No, Sam. No one's going to expect you to do anything other than rest and heal for the rest of the weekend.” Jimmy spoke emphatically, stepping up behind Sam, putting his hands on Sam's hips and giving them a gentle squeeze. “Doctor's orders.”

“But I can... I swear it isn't bad. I've had way worse.” Sam knew instantly that he had said exactly the wrong thing when he saw Castiel visibly flinch, and felt Jimmy's hands tighten. He tried to backpedal frantically. “I mean... I don't...”

“Hush.” Castiel's tone was so final that Sam's mouth shut so hard his teeth clicked together. “I know, Sam. I know you've been hurt in the past, and I know how desperately you want to serve. I know you want to make a good impression. And you have. But now's not the time, okay? You took care of me when I was hurt. Let us care for you now, all right?”
Sam was utterly still and silent, his mind whirling. He was terrified that by reacting poorly and getting hurt that he had hopelessly screwed up, that the twins’ parents wouldn't think he was good enough, that they thought him impulsive and stupid and...

“Sam.” Castiel moved in front of Sam, taking his face in both hands and forcing Sam to look at him. He spoke slowly and clearly. “This is me deciding what you need.”

And Sam snapped back to that very first time over Castiel's lap, when he first trusted Castiel with his mind and body. When he surrendered his will to Castiel's, and learned to simply accept. Sam forced himself to nod, trying to shove his negative thoughts away.

Castiel stared up at Sam with those incredible blue eyes. Sam thought he looked calm, but a little worried. Concerned, maybe, about Sam's state of mind.

“Would it help...” Castiel began, and paused. “I can imagine that in the past, you had to continue to be strong and fight, even when injured. But right now, Sam, I don't want you to fight, and you don't need to be strong. What I'd like is for you to be my good boy, all right?”

Sam actually whimpered with relief, and his knees shook a little. Yes. Yes, I can do that. “Yes, Sir. Please.”

Castiel's smile was like dawn breaking, and Sam felt blessed that it was directed at him.

“All right. Then I'd like you to try some dinner, and see if you can keep it down. You'll be due for your medicines at bedtime. We'll have a quiet evening in, okay?” Castiel's thumbs stroked over Sam's cheekbones.

“Yes, Sir.” Sam gave Castiel a crooked little half-smile, and it simply made Castiel smile even wider.

“Good boy.” Castiel's words were a balm to Sam's soul. Castiel gave Sam a sweet, chaste kiss.

“I want Rico's.” Jimmy piped up, from behind Sam.

Castiel heaved in a breath and let it out in a long sigh. “Is pizza okay, Sam? Rico's is superb.”

“Of course, Sir.” If Jimmy wanted it, Sam certainly wasn't going to say no.

“Rico's it is. Jimmy, could you handle doing the ordering? I'd like to get Sam settled in and comfortable.”

“Sure. All the vegetables, no olives, no hot peppers.” Jimmy winked at Sam and left.

It struck Sam suddenly that they were still in the bathroom, and the twins' parents were just outside. Castiel took his hand, giving it a squeeze before leading the way back to the lounge. Sure enough, both parents were still there. Mrs. Novak stood when the boys emerged.

“Is that a little better, Sam? A little more comfortable?” Mrs. Novak sounded concerned.

“Yes, ma'am. Thank you.” Sam couldn't fight the urge to keep his eyes lowered.

“You're looking a little peaky. Are you sure there isn't anything you need?”

Sam wasn't sure, exactly, what to do with someone trying to mother him. An older female in a parental-type role, who seemed concerned about his well-being wasn't anywhere in his scope of previous experience. It felt strange, foreign. But he couldn't deny it felt nice. “No, ma'am.”
“All right.” Mrs. Novak gave him a look, sharp and assessing, before she rounded on Castiel. “You mind me, Castiel Novak. You and your brother take care of this boy, you don't let him lift a finger for anything. Understood?”

The side of Castiel's mouth quirked into a smile. “Yes, ma'am.”

Mrs. Novak huffed out a soft breath and rolled her eyes. Behind her, her husband chuckled softly. She pressed a kiss to Castiel's cheek, and to Sam's, before shooing them from the lounge.

The boys were quiet on the walk back to Castiel's rooms. When they arrived, it was quiet and empty. Castiel insisted on making Sam a nest on the bed, borrowing throw pillows from the couch. Shortly after Castiel had Sam settled in to his liking, Jimmy barged in, arms laden with bags of snacks and drinks. Not long after that, the pizza arrived.

The three boys had a picnic of sorts, with the food spread across the bed between them. The twins weren't lying, either, it was really good. A movie was playing quietly in the background as they talked softly. Sam's appetite wasn't great, but he did his best to eat, and Castiel seemed pleased, so Sam chalked that one up as a win.

After what little remained of the food had been packed up, Castiel and Jimmy led Sam to the bathroom, where Jimmy educated Castiel on the finer points of giving a proper sponge bath. They sat Sam on the bench in the shower, and both twins were on their knees before him. Sam had tried repeatedly to insist that they didn't have to, that he could manage, but the twins shut down his protests every single time. So now he sat silently under their ministrations, enjoying the warm cloth against his skin and the feeling of washing away a long day.

Sam was beginning to fade rapidly as the twins were towelling him off. He managed to take his pills, use the washroom and brush his teeth, longing for the comfortable bed. They helped him into it, making sure he was comfortable before settling in themselves.

Sam used the last of his energy to give each twin a kiss before tumbling into sleep.

*

“Sam.”
(No, no, please...)
“Get over here, right now.”
He's not moving fast enough, and gets grabbed by the scruff of the neck and forced over the table. He knows he's made it worse, but it's so hard to go willingly, to walk bravely towards the pain, and he's just a little kid.
“You stay there, boy.”
(Please, no...)
His pants are yanked down, and he hears the slither of a leather belt.

“NO!” Sam lurched upright, breathing like he had been running hard, feeling the stitches in his side pull uncomfortably. On either side of him, the twins were jolted awake.

“Sam?” Castiel sat up beside him, a warm hand against Sam's heaving back.
“What's wrong?” Jimmy's hand near his brother's, on Sam's back. 

Sam struggled to fight his way back to the present, the terror of John too near and too real. *Not here. He's not here. He's gone, and he's never coming back. He'll drink himself into an early grave, and never hurt me ever again.* Sam shook his head, slowing his breathing. Being flanked by the twins helped to calm Sam down further, though he knew realistically that if John were to show up, if they tried to protect him - it wouldn't take John much effort to remove them from the equation. Sam shuddered at the thought of bullet holes between beautiful blue eyes.

*He's not here.* It had just been a horrible memory, and it was long past. Ancient history. He tried to give Castiel a smile, but couldn't quite manage it.

Castiel sighed. “To be honest, Sam, with what you gone through, I'm surprised you don't have more bad dreams.” Castiel ran his fingers through Sam's sleep-mussed hair, and Sam's eyes flickered shut.

It was nice, Sam thought, to be touched gently and with love, instead of with bruising force, anger and disappointment. He could still feel the echo of John's hands on him.

Jimmy lifted Sam's arm and curled up snugly underneath it.

“Would you like to sit up for a while, maybe, Sam?” Castiel asked softly.

Sam nodded, and Castiel reached for the remote.

* 

Sam didn't even remember falling back asleep, but when he woke, the light that was seeping around the edges of the curtains was bright. The three of them were sleeping in a tangled pile, Sam on his back and assorted twin-parts draped over him.

The damage to his side hurt – a long, burning line of pain. He'd had worse. Hell, *John* had given him worse, and then made him train with the injuries after stitching him up. Sam allowed himself a moment to seethe about the abuse that Dean and himself had suffered under John's hand, before shoving it away.

Sam looked towards Castiel, to see him staring back, looking worried. Sam was little concerned about how much of what he'd been feeling had shown on his face, and tried to give Castiel a smile. Castiel's expression didn't change in the slightest, and Sam sighed softly.

The time for that conversation was coming, but it wasn't right now.

Castiel rose and headed for the shower, and Sam roused a grumpy Jimmy with snuggles and kisses. By the time Castiel returned, Jimmy's cock was down Sam's throat, his hands clenched in Sam's hair as he came.

Jimmy collapsed back against the bed, and Sam caught a stray drop of come with his finger, sucking it into his mouth. Jimmy groaned.

“Well, Sam, put on some clothes and brush your teeth. We'll have some breakfast while Jimmy is recovering.” Castiel smirked, and Jimmy flipped him off briefly before allowing his hand to flop back against the blankets.
Castiel insisted on checking Sam's stitches before allowing him to dress. Sam thought they looked pretty amazing – executed with much more skill than John, Dean, or even Sam himself had. No damage, despite the burning pain.

There were more comfortable sweats, a soft T-shirt and the hoodie from the previous night. Castiel knelt to pull Sam's socks on, and it made something twinge uncomfortably inside Sam – it didn't seem right that Castiel should be doing something so... demeaning. But Castiel's smile when he looked up at Sam was soothing – clearly it didn't bother Castiel at all, so Sam tried to not let it bother him, either.

Breakfast was a quiet affair, parent-free, the coffee rich and delicious and the food amazing. Sam took his pills under Castiel's watchful gaze. Jimmy stumbled in when Sam was around half way through his waffles, and stole Sam's coffee and a fingerful of his whipped cream.

“Jimmy, really. Get your own.” Castiel chided. Jimmy ignored him and finished Sam's coffee, which was promptly refilled by the courteous assistant, who also brought him a plate of fresh-made Belgian waffles and his own cup. Castiel looked revolted as Jimmy promptly drowned them in every variety of syrup, compote, and topping the table, covering the sticky mess with a mound of whipped cream. He avoided the selection of fresh fruits entirely.

Even Sam felt a little ill as he watched Jimmy work his way through the sugary mountain.

“You're going to be a joy to be around on the plane this afternoon.” Castiel commented mildly.

“I'm always a joy to be around.” Jimmy managed to get out, around a mouthful of food.

Castiel shook his head and chuckled. “For you, hell will be a huge buffet – filled entirely with steamed broccoli.”

Jimmy shuddered violently, pointing his fork at Castiel and licking syrup from his lips. “That's not even a little bit funny.”

“Young masters?” A soft, melodic voice spoke from behind Sam, who jumped, having not even realized there was anyone behind him.


“Master and Mistress regret that they are unable to be with you today. They were called away on unavoidable business.”

“It happens.” Castiel popped a blueberry into his mouth.

“They send their warmest wishes, and particularly wish to communicate that Mr. Winchester is most welcome in their home again, at any time. They ask me to pass along that it has been their pleasure to have him as a guest.”

Sam blushed scarlet. He wasn't sure what to say. “T-thank you.”

“You're most welcome.”

“Sit with us, Raine, please?” Jimmy gestured to the bench beside him.

Raine sat, moving with a poise and grace that made Sam burn with jealousy. She closed her eyes briefly, and took a deep breath, releasing it slowly before lifting her head, and meeting Sam's eyes.
“I'm going to go pack.” Castiel stood.

“Me too.” Jimmy added. Sam moved to follow, but Jimmy pressed down on Sam's shoulder, indicating he should stay. Jimmy winked and smiled at him.

Sam was staring down at his plate, nervous and uncomfortable, when a gentle hand reached out and took his. He looked up, startled.

“You're a good man, Sam Winchester.” Raine smiled. “Castiel and James are head over heels for you, and it's clear you feel the same. I've never seen them happier.”

“How do you do it?” Sam blurted out, not even having meant to speak.

Raine arched one perfectly sculpted brow. “Serve?”

“High protocol!” Sam gasped out.

Raine smiled again, conspiratorially. She leaned in, lowering her voice to a whisper. “Is it really so very different from how you serve?”

Sam blinked at her, silent, realizing that she was right.

She stood, moving with that same flawless grace to sit beside Sam, turning towards him. Sam mirrored her, turning a little on the bench, careful not to twist and pull his stitches.

“This?” Raine asked, one beautifully manicured finger plucking at the sleeve of Sam's hoodie. “This?” The same on his loose sweatpants. On her own translucent dress. “These are details. This.” She pressed an open hand over Sam's heart. “This is what's important. You love those boys, and you serve from a place of love. When you serve from a place of love, there's nothing you can't accomplish. There's nothing that you could do, in your submission, that would disappoint those boys. You give them everything you have, everything you are.”

“Yes.” Sam answered blankly.

“And I can see their devotion to you, as well. They're good boys, Sam, with gentle hearts. And they're lonely, they've spent their lives lonely. They've been an army of two for as long as they've existed. And now you've come along, and you've brought them immeasurable joy, Sam. You can't imagine how happy it makes me to see them so happy, to see them grow and flourish, and it's because of you, sweet boy.”

Raine lifted her hand, cupping Sam's cheek. Sam saw her eyes sparkle with unshed tears. Sam wasn't sure what he'd done – how he'd earned such kind words from this woman.

“My brother.” The words kind of slipped out.

“Dean, yes?” Raine gave Sam a small smile, looking just a little confused.

Sam was beginning to wonder if there was anyone in this house who didn't know everything about him. “Yeah, Dean and Jimmy...” Sam stopped dead.

“Ah.” Raine gave her enigmatic smile. “An army of four, then. If he's half the man you are, Sam Winchester, the younger young master will be in good hands.”

Sam nodded. “He is. Dean's strong, he wouldn't let anything happen to any of us. He's stronger than me.”
Raine patted Sam's cheek. “I doubt that, Sam. You underestimate your own strength.” Raine stood, tilted Sam's head up, and kissed his right cheek, followed by his left. She smiled a little wistfully down at him. “It's been a pleasure meeting you. I look forward to seeing you again.”

“Me too.” Sam swallowed around the lump that had formed in his throat as he watched Raine walk away.

Sam had a few quiet moments alone at the table, sipping his coffee, before Castiel rejoined him. Castiel sat silently, a warm hand on Sam's thigh, not demanding anything from him. Sam was grateful, and waved the assistant off when she offered more coffee.

“Feeling a little better, Sam?” A gentle squeeze on Sam's thigh.

Sam nodded. He wasn't quite sure if Castiel meant physically, in that pain from the wound on his side had eased, or mentally, in that his chat with Raine had calmed some of his fears. Both were true, so Sam didn't bother to elaborate.

Castiel leaned in and kissed Sam's cheek. “We're going to head back to California soon. I think you'd be more comfortable in the house, with your brother nearby.”

Dean. “Yes, please, Sir.”

“I've already packed your things, and the staff managed to remove the stains from your jacket and jeans. So you're ready to go, I think.”

Sam was intensely glad that the clothes hadn't been ruined. He didn't want anything to be wrecked because he had a moment of stupidity and bled on it. He remembered the stain on Cinderella's blue skirt. “... did they get the blood out of the doll?” Sam shot Castiel an abashed look.

Castiel gave him a crooked smile. “No. I didn't give them the doll. She's perfect just how she is.”

“But I wrecked her.” Sam was uncomfortable at how bad he felt about bleeding on the silly little toy.

“No, Sam.” Castiel shifted a little closer to Sam, wrapping his arms around him, mindful of Sam's injury. “No, she's not ruined. She doesn't have to be perfect, to be... perfect. She's allowed to be bloodstained. She can be scarred, hurt, be frightened or have secrets or struggle with burdens, and still be perfect.”

Sam was still in Castiel's arms for a time as his words sunk in, and Castiel pressed kisses to his skin. Suddenly Sam's arms came up and clutched desperately at Castiel, squashing the smaller boy against him, feeling his stitches pull and sting, even through the painkillers.

Sam's words were whispered in a rush. “I dunno what I ever did to deserve you, Cas, but you're way too good to me. I might have a little good karma on my side, but nothing like this. Thank you.”

“Sam...” Castiel managed to gasp out, and Sam eased his panicked grip and let him breathe. Castiel drew in a couple of deep breaths and smiled. “After what you've been through, you deserve every kindness in the world. It's my honour and my privilege to assist with that.” Castiel tilted his head a little to the side, and something a little darker slipped into his gaze. “Of course, that doesn't at all preclude torturing and tormenting you.”

Sam's eyes widened and his cock twitched in its cage, hardening. Castiel chuckled and moved to stand, offering Sam a hand up. Sam took it gratefully. Castiel led Sam through the house, to where Jimmy was standing near the front door, surrounded by luggage.
This time it was Jimmy that helped Sam into his boots, while he balanced against Castiel. Glancing down, he saw that Castiel was wearing the same boots that he had worn that night at the club. Sam swallowed hard and hardened further in his cage.

The twins helped Sam into the waiting limo, as the staff loaded the luggage into the vehicle. Erik rode in the back with them, silent and grim. Sam hoped that he wasn't beating himself up too badly for Sam's moment of stupidity. Sam was flanked on the long seat by the twins.

The ride to the airport didn't seem to take particularly long, and the same plane that they had ridden to Chicago in was waiting for them. The three boys bade farewell to Erik, and headed back into the bedroom of the plane. They sat quietly together, until the force of acceleration and liftoff had faded.

“All right, Sam. Are you feeling okay? Is there anything you need?” Castiel stood and stretched.

“I'm fine, Sir. Thank you.” Sam smiled up at him.

“Good. Strip.” Castiel watched Sam.

“Sorry?” Sam was momentarily confused, and realized what Castiel had said a fraction of a second after Castiel's hand slapped hard across his cheek. Skin stinging, Sam murmured an apology, carefully pulling the hoodie and T-shirt up over his head. Castiel helped remove his boots and socks, and Sam stood, lowering and stepping out of the sweatpants.

“A little more attention, please, Sam, to what comes out of my mouth, or my brother's.” Jimmy's voice was cool as he sat down at the end of the bed, in the middle. “Fetch a towel.”

Sam hastened to, as quickly as he could without aggravating his injury. When he returned, Jimmy hadn't moved, but Castiel was sitting splay-legged in the chair, in those fucking boots, his fly open and stroking his cock. Sam's mouth watered, and he stared.

A soft, impatient noise from Jimmy drew Sam's attention away from Castiel. Sam saw Jimmy pat his lap, a smirk on his lips. Sam laid the towel over Jimmy's lap, and very carefully lowered himself ass-up over it.

“Now. We don't want you hurting yourself, all right?” Jimmy's hand stroked over Sam's ass, and down the back of his right thigh. Sam's cheek was pressed against the blanket, his gaze fixed on Castiel, who was watching Sam with hooded eyes.

There was a sharp smack on Sam's ass. “Sam! Are you paying attention, or are you watching my brother?”

“Sorry, sorry!” Sam gasped out.

“You have one job here, Sam. You lie there, and you take it. You don't squirm, you don't move, you fucking take it. If you pop a stitch because you can't stay still, I will cane you until you bleed. Understood?” Jimmy's voice was hard, and Sam believed every word.

“Yes, yes, Sir. I understand.” Sam was already panting, watching Castiel work himself up in the chair, soft sounds escaping Castiel's slightly parted lips.

Jimmy ran a hand over the handprint on Sam's ass before putting an identical one on Sam's other cheek. Sam groaned, loving the lack of softer warm-up blows, limp and accepting over Jimmy's lap. Soon Sam's ass and thighs were hot and tingling, and Sam could feel the pre-come wet spot on the towel.
Sam couldn't pry his eyes off Castiel, who was rapidly working himself towards his own orgasm. With a final twist of his wrist, Castiel came with a soft moan, coming into his other hand.

Jimmy's blows on Sam's ass and thighs seemed to intensify, the discomfort cutting through the numbness from the painkillers. Sam fought to stay calm and still, watching with wide eyes as Castiel winked at him and bent over, smearing some of his come across the leather toe of his boot. Sam's heart stuttered.

“Oops. I seem to have made a bit of a mess.” Castiel tucked himself back into his jeans, and walked to Sam and Jimmy on the bed, where Sam was being rocked forward from Jimmy's blows against his ass.

Sam laid utterly still, cheek against the bed, as Castiel put his boot up on the bed, no more than an inch from Sam's face. Sam whined as he watched a drop of Castiel's come make its slow way down the leather of the boot, each strike from Jimmy's hand pushing him closer and closer to orgasm.

Sam was good, though – he was good – Jimmy's good boy and Castiel's good boy, and he knew better than to take. He watched and waited. He wasn't really sure how he hadn't come yet, but...

“Clean up my brother's boot, Sam.” Jimmy stopped hitting Sam, in favour of gripping a bright-red ass cheek hard.

Sam groaned, and the moment his tongue touched come and leather, he came explosively against Jimmy's lap, shuddering violently, his vision whiting out with pleasure.

Sam lost track of things for a few moments, and when he blinked his way back to awareness, Jimmy was rubbing a soothing cream over his ass, while Castiel knelt before Sam's face, a brilliant smile on his lips. Sam couldn't help but smile in response.

“Fuck, you're perfect, Sam.” Castiel sounded a little awed.

“Thank you, Sir. Sirs. Jesus.” Sam brought up a hand, rubbing at his face.

“You're welcome. My hand is going to be hurting for a week.” Jimmy grumped.

Castiel held up a bottle of water, and Sam propped himself up enough to drink deeply from it. The twins helped Sam up to his feet and cleaned him up a little, only to insist that he lay right back down and rest. Sam was glad to, lying bare-assed on his stomach with a twin on either side of him.

He didn't wake until the plane's wheels touched down on the tarmac in California.
Welcome Home

Chapter Notes

Firstly, for anyone who hasn't seen it - marainein has done an amazing bit of artwork for this piece, it's linked at the end of the story. Everyone needs to see it - it's phenomenal. (As are the works inspired by my silly story, also linked at the end of the story.)

Secondly, this chapter is just a smidge on the short side, because I spent the first half of the weekend writing The Cage. (Warning - it's a dark one. Enter at your own risk.)

Thirdly, thanks, to everyone who's kind enough to leave me kudos and especially comments - you guys are why I keep writing this. Thank you. <3

Sam was woken by sweet kisses pressed to his cheek, and turned his face to capture the lips with his. There were several long moments of lingering kisses before Sam started to wake up a little. His eyes flickered open, catching on the narrow red scar high on Castiel's cheekbone.

“Good morning. We're here. Time to head back to the house.” Castiel smiled, his eyes crinkling, and Sam returned the smile.

The twins helped Sam dress carefully, soft sweatpants harsh against his reddened ass and thighs, and guided him from the plane to the waiting limo, where Henrik stood waiting for them. Sam thought Henrik looked a little off – may have shot Sam a strange look – but Sam was still a little groggy, and wasn't entirely sure.

Sam was permitted to sit on the comfortable seat of the limo again, though he'd rather be kneeling between Castiel's legs. Sam understood why, of course, but it frustrated him a little that the twins thought that what was basically just a scrape would prevent Sam from serving.

Something of Sam's thoughts must've shown on his face, because Castiel gave him one of those looks. One of those, 'Sam, smarten the fuck up and do as you're told' looks, that tended to be directed at Jimmy much more often than Sam himself. Regardless, Sam settled a little, knowing Castiel simply wanted him to be good.

The ride back to the house was uneventful, Sam curled up against Castiel's side as Jimmy poked at his phone. When they arrived, the twins helped Sam from the limo, up the front path and into the house.

Dean stood, wincing slightly as he did so, as Sam and the twins entered the open space behind the couch.

“Cutie!!” Jimmy yelled, rushing at Dean and engulfing him in a hug. There was no mistaking it – Dean very definitely winced as Jimmy flung himself at him. Sam's suspicions were immediately raised. What the hell had Dean been up to, to be moving like he was freshly injured?

Dean saw Sam's expression, and shot him one back over Jimmy's shoulder, which Sam read as, 'Let it go.' And then Dean noticed Sam moving gingerly, partially supported by Castiel.

“Sammy?”
Sam heard the worry and the warning in Dean's tone, and knew that Dean wouldn't accept anything short of an explanation of what had happened. “It was a mugger, Dean. I'm fine.”

“Mugger, huh? How long'd it take you to clean his clock, Sammy?” Dean's head was slightly tilted, as Jimmy pressed kisses along his neck.

“It was that move you taught me, you know, after that time I messed up in training – I messed up again, though, misjudged the blade. Shoulda twisted further to one side.” Sam shrugged.

“Well, now you know better for next time, right?” Dean's eyes glanced at Castiel, and whatever Dean saw there made him backpedal quickly. Sam thought he heard Jimmy murmur something. “... what? Oh... uh...” Dean coughed nervously, his arms still wrapped around Jimmy. “Not that there's gonna be a next time, right? Right.”

Dean pried Jimmy off and walked to Sam, giving him a quick, careful squeeze. Sam barely caught his whisper. “Good job, kid. I'm proud of you.” Sam couldn't help but grin, and Castiel glared suspiciously up at him. Sam gave Castiel a quick kiss on the cheek, but Castiel still looked suspicious.

Dean insisted on checking Sam's wound thoroughly, and admired the skill with which Sam had been stitched up. “Nice to have actual, real medical care, huh, Sammy?”

“Speaking of medical care, I believe Sam has a doctor's appointment this evening.” Castiel mentioned nonchalantly, and Sam choked and blushed fuschia.

Dean looked alarmed at the sudden change. Jimmy sniggered, pulling Dean back to the couch and sitting him down, curling up against him and whispering into his ear.

“Tonight? Seriously?” Sam whispered to Castiel.

“Well, you do have classes tomorrow, and we'll want to be sure you're in optimal health before returning to your studies.”

“Are you fucking serious?” Dean exclaimed loudly from the couch, before Jimmy muffled him with a hand over his mouth and resumed his whispered explanations.

“Don't you want to be sure that you're in perfect health, Sam?” Something dark crept into Castiel's tone, something that made Sam harden against his cage and swallow hard.

“Yes... Sir.” Sam's voice was a ragged croak.

“A light dinner, I think. And then we'll head downstairs.” There wasn't any question in Castiel's tone, no room for argument or negotiation. Castiel turned and walked towards the kitchen, and Sam followed unthinkingly, two paces behind and slightly to Castiel's left. Jimmy and Dean trailed in after them.

Marta was pleased to see them, but sternly disapproving that Sam had gotten himself injured. She shot a few dark looks at Dean, as well, but Sam wasn't sure what that was about. She whipped the boys up some fresh, home-made pizzas, which Sam was certain were probably phenomenal, but he barely tasted them, nervousness and excitement thrumming through him.

Sam had barely blotted his lips before Castiel was speaking. “Go downstairs, Sam. Take care on the stairs, and do not rush. Strip, carefully, go into the shower and give yourself a thorough enema. Clean up, and put on one of the gowns in the third drawer down, in the cabinet near the table. Sit on the examination table. Do not open the other drawers.”
Sam blushed furiously at the thought that Marta had heard, swallowed hard and nodded. “Yes, Sir.”

Sam was nearly to the kitchen doors when Jimmy asked, “Can Dean watch tonight, Sam?”

Sam blushed. “Yes, Sir.”

Sam heard Jimmy murmur something to Dean, but it was too soft to catch. He made his way carefully to the stairs, and kept a firm grip on the rail as he took a single step at a time, ensuring his footing was good. He had just climbed down off the bottom step when he heard Castiel's voice from the top of the stairs.

“Good boy. Go get ready, I'll be down shortly.”

On one hand, Sam kind of wished that his heart didn't feel like it was swelling with happiness whenever Castiel directed those words at him. On the other hand, he hoped it never stopped.

Sam did exactly as instructed, stripping carefully and preparing himself in the shower per Castiel's instructions. It felt foreign and strange, embarrassing – but Castiel had commanded it, and so Sam did it. He was glad he was permitted to do it himself, and granted the privacy.

Afterwards, Sam fetched the gown from the cabinet, not even daring to peek into the other drawers. The exam table was covered in crinkly paper, cold against Sam's bare ass as he sat down on it in the too-small gown, dangling his legs off the side of the table.

He hadn't been waiting for very long before Castiel and Dean entered the room, each of them carrying a kitchen chair, which they set in front of the table, facing the side that Sam's legs were dangling off. They were talking softly, too softly for Sam to hear, and they completely ignored him.

Sam watched Dean through his bangs, seeing the stiff lines, the tension running through him that just screamed to Sam that he'd been hurt – though it wasn't likely that anyone else would ever have noticed. Sam was going to have words with his brother, but now wasn't the time.

Sam lowered his gaze, and jumped as Jimmy banged his way into the room.

“Mr Novak, Mr Winchester! A pleasure, as always.” Jimmy grinned, shaking Castiel's hand and then Dean's. Jimmy was in scrubs, a stethoscope around his neck and an ID badge pinned to his pocket. He held a clipboard with some papers on it.

Sam never ceased to be amazed at how Jimmy could be attempting to cram himself into a child-sized penguin costume one moment, and present himself as a serious, thoughtful medical professional the next. He really was phenomenal. Dean was lucky to have him.

Wait, wait... Dean and I are lucky to have him. That sounded much better.

“So your pet's due for another checkup, hmm? And I see a special request...” Jimmy looked at his papers, and made a soft, thoughtful noise. Sam's heart raced. Special request? “Yes, we can definitely accommodate that. It'll be no trouble at all. Go ahead and lie back, pet. Feet up in the stirrups, there's a good boy.”

Jimmy's tone was half-way between solicitous and condescending, and it got Sam hotter than hell. Jimmy helped him lay back and get his feet into position, pulling him down so that he was spread wide and his ass was partially off the table, before reaching for the heavy restraining straps. One crossed Sam's chest and was fastened snugly, pinning him to the table. Another went across his waist, and his wrists were carefully wrapped in cuffs and fastened snugly to the edges of the table. Sam's whimper slipped out accidentally.
“There, there. Nothing to fear.” Castiel handed Jimmy the key to Sam's cage, and Jimmy folded Sam's gown up neatly over the strap across his waist. It took Jimmy some time to work it off over Sam's hardened flesh. It was Jimmy's threats of fetching an icepack to bring the hardness down that let Sam soften enough for it to be removed. The moment the steel was clear of Sam's body, he began to harden again, until his cock was rigid against his belly.

Sam was amazed every time the cage came off how good it felt to be able to get hard. He couldn't believe he'd ever taken it for granted.

Jimmy stroked his cock a few times, and Sam shuddered against the table. “Excellent erectile response.” Jimmy let him go and Sam whined. Jimmy frowned down at Sam. “Needy. Be sure to punish behaviour like that.”

“I will. Of course.” Castiel's voice was laced with disapproval. Sam clamped his mouth shut, and he heard Dean swear softly.

“All right, let's carry on.” Jimmy's fingers were cool and precise against Sam's skin, giving him a brief once-over. Once done the perfunctory exam, Jimmy turned away to the table, and Sam heard a drawer open, the snap of gloves, and something metallic clink against the top of the cabinet.

Sam gasped as cool, lubed fingers rubbed and prodded at his hole, and he tightened reflexively. “Come, now, none of that.” Jimmy chided.

“Sam!” Castiel reprimanded. Sam was certain he was well on his way to earning a punishment of substantial magnitude. It took everything Sam had to relax, to allow Jimmy's probing, slick fingers inside him.

The metal of the speculum was ice cold when it slid inside Sam a few minutes later, Jimmy ratcheting it to spread him open. Sam fought not to shiver. Jimmy patted his leg. “I know, pet. It'll warm up quickly enough.”

Sam heard the wheels of the rolling stool, and knew Jimmy had taken a seat between his legs. He couldn't stop his blush, and heard Dean's hissed exhale.

Sam gasped as Jimmy rubbed purposefully against his prostate, but stopped after only a moment. He caught the whine behind gritted teeth this time, before it could escape.

“Hmm. I think I'd like to do a little more thorough examination, if it's all right with you, Mr. Novak.” Jimmy sounded thoughtful.

“Oh?” Castiel sounded only mildly curious.

“Yes, a full manual exam, I think, would be in order.” Jimmy's tone was decisive. 

*Manual... manual exam??* Sam's heart skipped a beat.

“You're the expert.” Castiel deferred.

“We did skip it last time.” Sam gasped as the speculum was withdrawn, leaving him feeling stretched and empty. Jimmy's fingers replaced it in short order, though, latex slick with cool lube. Three, Sam thought... until he distinctly felt Jimmy slip in a fourth.

“Relax for me, pet. This is for your own good.” Jimmy increased the force behind his thrusting fingers, and Sam groaned softly. He loved the stretch and burn, but it'd have been so much better if Jimmy would just...
An accidental brush of fingers against his prostate pulled a gasp from Sam, and an answering one from Dean.

Jimmy tscked and changed his angle, mindful not to do that again. Sam swore he was going to take it out of Jimmy's hide, some time in the near future.

Jimmy increased his pressure, and Sam felt himself stretch to admit the knuckles of Jimmy's hand, his thumb pressing Sam's perineum. It felt fucking phenomenal, the sense of fullness, and if Jimmy...

Sam shifted his hips, changing the angle just a little, and got a vicious slap high up on his inner thigh for his troubles, latex stinging against vulnerable skin. Sam froze, clenching hard on Jimmy's hand.

“Developing some pretty profound behavioural problems, your pet is.” Jimmy's voice was harsh and judgmental.

“Apparently so. I do apologize, Dr. Novak. Rest assured that his behaviour will be corrected.” The ice in Castiel's voice froze Sam's blood. He wanted desperately to apologize, but thought speaking would probably bring more punishment.

Jimmy brought the matter at hand back to Sam's attention by rocking his hand inside Sam, knuckles brushing against inside of his rim, thumb smoothing over Sam's perineum. Sam's eyelids fluttered shut, and he relaxed, trying desperately not to move under Jimmy's ministrations.

“Just a little more, now, pet. You can take it.” Jimmy's tone was soothing.

Wait, what? Take what??

Sam felt Jimmy's thumb shift, nudging insistently against his stretched rim.

*Ohmyfuckinggod.* Sam would have arched against the table, if it weren't for the straps holding him down. Would have sunk his hands into Jimmy's tousled hair, were his wrists not bound.

Jimmy's hand slid smoothly, retreating a little, knuckles stretching Sam a little uncomfortably. He slipped his thumb into place and rocked his hand backwards and forwards. Sam groaned.

“Come on, pet. Let me in. You know you want it.” Jimmy cajoled.

The knuckle of Jimmy's thumb felt impossibly huge, like there was no way it would ever...

Jimmy gave a final nudge - the broadest part of his hand slipped in past Sam's overstretched rim and settled inside him, seeming to pull Jimmy's hand inside, Sam's abused rim closing around his wrist.

A guttural groan slipped from Sam's mouth. He was overwhelmed by the sense of fullness, by the mindfuck of knowing that Jimmy's entire hand was inside him.

*Cross... cross that one off the list.*

Jimmy's hand was very still as Sam panted heaving breaths against the table. Sam heard Dean curse softly, heard him whisper something to Castiel.

And then Jimmy moved his hand, just a little, and every conscious thought was blown out of Sam's head in the intense rush of pleasure. He was pretty sure that Jimmy's fingers had curled into a fist, and was pretty sure those were his knuckles stroking Sam's prostate, but everything was just heat and pressure, stretch and burn and Sam had never felt more full in his life.

“Good pet.” Jimmy's professional doctor-tone had vanished, and he was panting nearly as hard as
Sam was.

“Jesus Christ.” Dean sounded like he was going to have a stroke.

Sam forced his eyes open, turned his head a little to look towards Castiel, who was the only silent one in the room.

Castiel looked like he might have already had the stroke that Dean was flirting with. He was absolutely still, rigid, perched on the edge of his chair. He was watching Sam with huge eyes blown with lust, the blue a barest rim around dark pupils. His mouth was open a little, the bottom lip red and a little swollen, as though he'd been chewing on it.

Seeing Castiel so far from his normally staid, calm, controlled self, combined with the slightest twist of Jimmy's wrist inside him, sent Sam rocketing over the edge, coming violently hard, feeling his own come land hot and wet on his throat, his cheek, his eyes locked on Castiel's.

There was a hiss of pain from Jimmy as Sam clenched down on his hand and wrist, and a groaned, “Sammy!” from Dean. Castiel seemed frozen.

He felt his release soak into the thin fabric of the gown, cooling wetness in streaks up his chest. He shuddered as Jimmy's hand moved again, and a hand rubbed his thigh gently. Sam laid bonelessly against the table as Jimmy carefully and oh so slowly slipped his hand from Sam's body, leaving Sam feeling cavernously empty.

Sam heard the snap of latex gloves being removed.

“No... no abnormalities there.” Jimmy struggled to pull back on his doctor persona, stretching and flexing his right hand. “Shall we... shall we carry on with your special request?”

Castiel blinked, and blinked again, and seemed to come back to himself. “Yes, please, Doctor.”

Sam stared blankly at Castiel. If fisting hadn't been the special request, then...

Sam heard a small sound from his other side, and turned to see Jimmy opening a familiar, slender black case. Sam shuddered, his eyes closing, feeling his spent cock twitch.

“So you say he's been enjoying progressively larger urethral plugs, hmm?” Jimmy asked curiously.

“Very much so. I'm curious about how large a sound he can take, and would like to train him to take larger.”

Sam and Dean both groaned at that.

“All right. We'll start with one a little larger than last time, and see how well he takes it.”

Sam closed his eyes, his face towards the ceiling. He gripped the edges of the table tight, hearing the familiar sounds of latex gloves, the cool touch of alcohol against his cock, the spreading of his slit and the dollop of cool lube. A gloved hand held his cock loosely as the metal rod slid inside.

For the first few inches, Sam thought it was nothing – not even as large as his plug, but as it slid deeper, the burning stretch that Sam loved so much kicked in, and Sam tried to arch against the straps, hearing them creak. A stuttered groan broke from his lips.

The delicious burn sank deeper and deeper inside of him, and Sam thought he was going to lose his mind. He felt Jimmy's fingers behind his sac, and shuddered when the sound slid against them, fully inside.
“Does it hurt, pet?” Jimmy asked, holding the sound at the depth he wanted.

Sam tried to answer, tried to force words from his tight throat, but couldn't, completely overwhelmed by the stretch so very deep inside of him. He shook his head no.


“Godyes.” Sam gasped out, feeling himself harden against the torturously delicious penetration. Sam knew now that the rod was essentially locked within him – and knew there wouldn't be any coming around this one, wouldn't be any fucking him with it. Jimmy began to rock it gently against his prostate.

“OhmyGod...” Sam shuddered violently, straining against the straps, hands balled into hard fists. Every muscle was tight with tension.

Sam felt a harsh hand sink into his hair, and his head was wrenched to the side. His eyes flew open and he gasped – Castiel's cock filled his mouth. Less than half a second later, Castiel came, and Sam struggled to swallow all of his release as his own pleasure tore through him, Jimmy continuing to rock the sound smoothly and gently.

“Jesus. Can I...?” Dean's voice was shaky. Castiel retreated. Sam looked up to Dean, to tell him yes, but Dean wasn't even looking at Sam – he was looking to Castiel for permission. Sam groaned when Castiel nodded, and Dean unzipped quickly. Sam licked his lips and opened his mouth – Dean came nearly as quickly as Castiel had, and Sam greedily swallowed everything he was given.

As he licked a stray drop of come from the corner of his mouth - he wasn't sure if it was Castiel's or Dean's, and that just made it that much hotter – the pleasure seemed to reach some sort of critical mass within him and splintered – Sam froze and whimpered.

Jimmy noticed the change in Sam's body language, and immediately stopped the movement of the sound. He held it perfectly still, and somehow Sam was softening a little against it.


Sam glanced at the chairs – both Castiel and Dean were sprawled in them, looking shellshocked and pale, belts and flies still undone. Sam's attention was wrenched back as Jimmy began to slowly remove the sound.

Just like last time, Sam was stunned at how much of the metal had been inside of him, and as the tip was nearly withdrawn, a gush of thick white come poured from around the metal, over Jimmy's blue-gloved hand. Sam didn't quite know how to feel – he'd never come after he'd... come, before... if that strange nova of sensation had been an orgasm at all.

Sam lay limp on the bed as Jimmy released him from the cuffs and straps, stripped him of the come-stained gown, and cleaned him up a little with warm, wet cloths.

It struck Sam that Jimmy was the only one of the four who hadn't come. When Sam tried to speak, his voice was a little ragged. “S-sir... did you want...”

“Oh, hush.” Jimmy smiled down at Sam and kissed his forehead.

Sam stared up at him, feeling as though all of his internal walls – the ones he'd spent a lifetime building – had been shattered all at once. “Fuck, you're amazing.”

The words slipped out without Sam having ever intended to speak.
“Thank you. That's very kind, and flattering.” Jimmy grinned. “And I think our brothers are thinking the same about you,” he added in a conspiratorial tone.

Sam turned his head, which was feeling very heavy, towards the boys in the two chairs. They seemed to have gotten their wits about them a little more – their pants were done up, at least – but they were both watching him with expressions he'd last seen on Lawton, in the club in Chicago.

“Thank you, Sirs.” Sam offered.

“Fucking hell, Sammy. I can see why you like this.” Dean sounded stunned.

Sam chuckled weakly. Jimmy helped him to sit up, his ass aching against the table. He supposed it was to be expected. “I... I don't think I'm going to make it up two flights of stairs...”

“We can sleep down here tonight.” Castiel offered immediately.

The twins helped Sam to the bed, which Dean pulled down for Sam to lie down on. Sam very quickly discovered that he was more comfortable on his side.

The twins stripped to get into bed with Sam, and Dean looked a little uncomfortable. “Should... uh... should I just head up to my room?”

Jimmy slithered into Dean's personal space, pressing the length of his naked body against Dean's front and wrapping his arms around Dean's neck. “Stay. Please?”

“O-okay.” Dean grinned nervously down at Jimmy.

“Do you, um... need a shower or anything?” Jimmy asked, eyes wide, and Sam recognized the attempt to lure a naked, wet Dean into a little fun in the shower.

“Uh, no, I'm good.” Dean clearly recognized nothing.

“Yes you do.” Jimmy grabbed Dean's hand and hauled him off to the nearby bathroom.

Sam and Castiel chuckled, snuggled face-to-face in the warm bed, foreheads touching.

“You okay?” Castiel asked, turning worried eyes on Sam.

“Yeah. That was phenomenal. Thank you.” Sam kissed Castiel fervently, pouring his love and gratitude and devotion into the kiss, sinking a hand into the back of Castiel's hair.

When they were both out of breath, they pulled apart enough to speak.

“You were so beautiful, Sam. You have no idea.” Castiel brushed Sam's hair back from his face.

Sam's eyes were already drifting shut, his voice barely a murmur. “Not as beautiful as you.”

Castiel chuckled, snuggled in a little closer, and the last thing Sam heard before he drifted off was...

“Jimmy! Jesus fucking...” followed by a deep groan from his brother.
Scene

Chapter Notes

So, firstly, I'd like to thank all of the amazing people who've done art and companion pieces for this story. cr0wgrrl, SharpieStealr8200, Renezinha, marainein, and Mirianka - you're all amazing, and I'm so incredibly flattered. Thank you.

Companion pieces are linked at the end of the work, and can also be found in the collection called "Sammy's Time at Stanford - Related Works (Sammys_Time_at_Stanford_Related_Works)"

Secondly, I'm still open to kink and situational prompts. Always. I don't guarantee they'll be written (or in the exact context they're suggested), as sometimes these boys have ideas of their own. Hit me up in the comments, or at ossewokr@hotmail.com

Thirdly, I'm really sorry about this.

Sam woke feeling refreshed and well. Castiel was snuggled in against his right side. When he turned to Jimmy, pressed against his left – it wasn't Jimmy, it was Dean.

Dean had an arm slung across Sam's chest, his cheek pressed against Sam's outstretched arm. His mouth was just a little bit open, and he was clearly still out like a light. A peek over Dean's shoulder showed Jimmy curled up against Dean's back.

Sam let his eyes wander over Dean's scarred skin. Dean's scars made him sad in a way that his own didn't – Dean was beautiful, and he deserved better than to have been marked up the way he was. Sam's mouth tightened when he saw the small, round marks on Dean's chest and arm, remembering with anger John's lessons about knowing pain was coming, accepting it bravely and remaining silent.

Kids... we were just little kids.

The dull ache from Sam's ass made him shift a little, which woke Dean. Sam felt him stiffen, and then relax as he realized where he was.

“Hey.” Sam whispered, not eager to wake the twins, who were peaceful and angelic in their rest.

“Hey.” Dean answered, blinking in the dimness of the room, the gravel in his voice doing interesting things to Sam's still-uncaged cock. Dean lifted an arm, rubbing at his eyes, and blinked blearily at Sam.

“Shower? Breakfast?” Sam suggested softly.

Dean nodded, and the brothers carefully extracted themselves from between Jimmy and Castiel. Sam couldn't help but smile as Dean pressed a pillow against Jimmy's chest, watching Dean smile as Jimmy snuggled in against it.

Sam was pleased to find that he was feeling much better – much stronger. Dean was looking at him, a little appraising and a little concerned. Sam nodded, and they moved off towards the bathroom together.
Having grown up sharing small rooms, the boys were quite comfortable with being in each others' personal space. But since Dean had showed up at Stanford... that closeness had taken a turn. Sam was more aware of Dean's proximity, of his movements and his glances. And he was pretty sure Dean felt the same.

Dean was brushing his teeth as Sam turned the shower on to warm it.

“Sho... sho... about lasht night...” Dean tried to speak around a mouthful of toothbrush and toothpaste.

“Dude, spit and rinse. That's revolting.” Sam made a disgusted face.

Dean gave him a wink and a huge grin, his lips foamed with toothpaste, but spit and rinsed as instructed. Afterwards Dean seemed to pause, looking a little uncertain. It made Sam's mouth quirk into a smile – 'uncertain' wasn't something Dean was, with any frequency.

“What??” Sam asked.

“I... uh...” Dean scrubbed his hand through his sleep-mussed hair and blushed.

Sam's eyes widened. Dean... is blushing?? Sam simply waited, to see where Dean was going with this.

“You...” Dean blushed a little deeper. “You... you seemed to be having a really good time last night.”

Ah, so this is what that blush was about. “I was, absolutely. It was awesome.” Sam tested the temperature of the water again – a few degrees short of scalding, just how Dean liked it.

“I...” And now Dean was the colour of a radish. Sam decided to take mercy on him.

“You want to try?” Sam smiled.

Dean's eyes filled with a momentary flash of terror, before settling. He tried to speak, failed, and settled for nodding, just a little, gorgeous green eyes wide and trusting on Sam's.

“With you, Sammy.” It was almost a plea. “It isn't... it's not that I don't trust Jimmy and Cas...”

“I know.” Sam gripped Dean's shoulder, and slid his hand up to gently grip the side and back of Dean's neck. He pulled gently, and Dean moved a little closer, tilting his face up.

Sam kissed him, sweet and chaste, marvelling at how easily Dean had moved under just a little pressure. Normally Dean would have batted Sam's hand off and countered with a punch to the ribs. But now they were standing in the steam-filled bathroom, naked and pressed against each other.

Sam could see the uncertainty, the anxiety thrumming under Dean's skin. He could feel his brother's tension.

“I don't know...” Dean started.

“Hush.” Sam slipped just a little command into his tone, and watched Dean's mouth snap shut. “Did Jimmy tell you about safe words?”

“Jimmy's told me a lot of stuff, Sammy. But yeah.” Dean sounded intimidated.

“All right.” Sam soothed, squeezing the back of Dean's neck, watching Dean's eyes flicker shut with
pleasure. “So. Here's how this is going to go. I'm going to tell you to do things, and you're going to do them. The second that you have a problem with something – I mean, the nanosecond you have a problem, you use your safewords, okay?”

Dean nodded.

“Words, Dean.” Sam tried to keep a straight face, remembering how many times Castiel had said that to him.

“Yeah. Yeah, Sammy.”

“Yes, Sir.” Sam corrected.

Dean goggled at him. “What??”

Sam's hand snapped up and slapped hard across Dean's cheek. Sam watched him tense, heated red blooming across his skin, and prepared himself for Dean's retaliation. But it didn't come. Dean simply stood there, a look of stunned incredulity on his features.

“It's not 'yeah, Sammy'. It's 'yes, Sir'.” Sam explained, his voice carefully neutral. This might be a breaking point for Dean, might make him safeword, but Sam wanted to see if Dean would do it for him.

Sam watched Dean struggle with it. He watched anger and resignation and resentment cross the face he knew as well as his own. He watched Dean's mouth work, as though he had a mouthful of something profoundly bitter.

“Yes... Sir.” Dean finally forced out.

“Good boy.” Sam smirked.

Dean shot him a venomous look, and Sam slapped him, even harder, across the same cheek. Dean looked mutinous, his cheek glowing red, gaze cast past Sam's right shoulder.

“'Boy' is a term of endearment.” Sam spat. “Would you rather I called you whore?”

Dean paused for long enough for it to feel quite significant. “No.”

Sam wasn't sure who he was trying to convince. Sam's hand flew again, slapping Dean a third time, hard enough to force him a half-step sideways. Dean's hand lifted to his cheek, his one eye watering, staring at his brother.

Sam simply stood there, arms folded across his chest, waiting for the light bulb to go off over Dean's head. It didn't take very long.

“No. Sir.” Dean said eventually, lowering his gaze. Sam was amazed at the lack of the bitter resentment he'd expected to hear. Sam's heart filled with pride – he could almost feel Dean letting his ironclad need for control slip. Sam had hoped, but hadn't really expected, that Dean might let go of that burden for a little while.

Sam walked to Dean's side, and saw Dean move to turn to face him. “Stay.”

Dean turned back, facing the direction Sam had left him in, staring blankly ahead.

Sam watched a fine shiver run through Dean's muscles. Stepping behind him, Sam smoothed his hands across Dean's shoulders and down his arms, Dean's skin warm and smooth under his touch,
interrupted by the harsh irregularities of scars. He repeated the treatment down Dean's back, careful in the vicinity of Dean's bandaged stitches. He wrapped his hands around his brother's hipbones, squeezing firmly and getting a shudder from Dean in response.

Sam released him, walking back around Dean, finishing his circle and standing in front of him. Dean lowered his gaze – Sam wasn't sure if it was unconsciously or not. Sam ran his hands down Dean's defined chest and abs, stopping well above Dean's hardening cock. Sam was hard himself, but there wasn't any urgency behind it – he was far too focused on Dean's need, Dean's pleasure. Too focused on making Dean's first time as good as his own had been.

Sam tilted Dean's face up to his with a hand on Dean's chin. Dean's eyes met Sam's – the emerald green glittering in the harsh lighting in the bathroom, pupils dilated.

“You're beautiful, Dean.” Sam stroked a thumb down Dean's cheekbone, Dean utterly still under his touches. Sam's thumb moved to Dean's plush bottom lip, brushing across it. Dean opened his mouth, just a little, breath warm over Sam's hand.

“It's such a shame that you wasted so many years chasing skirts, when these lips...” Sam kept his tone light and mild, but pressed hard against Dean's lower lip. “... these lips were clearly made for sucking cock.”

Dean shuddered, squeezing his eyes shut. Sam decided to press his luck.

“These lips.” Sam forced the tip of his thumb in between Dean's teeth, half expecting to be bitten. Instead he got a tentative brush of Dean's tongue against his skin. Sam had to pause and collect himself. “More specifically, these lips were made for sucking my cock, don't you agree, whore?”

Dean hauled in a shaking breath around Sam's thumb, and Sam pulled his hand away.

“Y-yes.” Dean swallowed hard. “Sir.”

“Colour, Dean?” Sam asked, in a completely different sort of voice.

“Green. Fucking hell.” Dean panted.

Sam moved, reaching for one of the plush towels. He folded it twice, and laid it on the floor in front of his own feet.

“Kneel, pretty whore.” Sam let a small smile form, remembering Jimmy calling him that.

Dean paused for so long that Sam thought he might have decided to back out of the entire thing, before lowering himself to kneel in front of Sam, still breathing hard. He lowered his head, but Sam tilted it back up a little.

“Ever sucked a cock before, slut?” Sam watched Dean through hooded eyes.

Dean had given his head a half of a shake no before he stopped and answered. “No, Sir.”

“A virgin. Well. I expect that what you lack in technique, you'll more than make up for in enthusiasm, won't you?” Sam laid heavy emphasis and a bit of threat on the last two words.

Sam saw the blush creep up Dean's cheeks again, his left still slightly reddened from Sam's slaps. He saw Dean's tongue dart out, wetting his bottom lip before biting it. As hot as it was, Sam had asked a question.
“Dean.” Sam snapped, and Dean jumped a little. “Won't you.”

“Yes. Yes, Sir.” Dean's voice was tight, his eyes fixed on the head of Sam's cock, bobbing inches from his face.

“Good boy. Open.” Sam saw a moment of tension run through Dean, before it passed and Dean opened his mouth, perfect pink lips spread open just for Sam's cock.

Sam managed to not let his groan out, but it was close thing. He took his own cock in hand, smearing the precome-wet tip across Dean's bottom lip, leaving it slick and shiny.

“Taste.” Dean's wasn't the only voice that was tight.

Dean's tongue swept across his lip, and Sam gave him a moment to process the flavour. To his relief, Dean simply swallowed and opened his mouth again, looking up at him with huge green eyes.

“Jesus Christ.” Sam choked out, wrapping a hand around the back of Dean's head, and slipping his cock between his brother's lips. Dean's lips closed around him, welcoming wet heat, and Sam thought he might die.

Sam was careful not to thrust too hard, but had a difficult time with it. Dean took the decision out of his hands – perhaps he'd seen Sam and Jimmy deepthroating, or been with girls who could, and assumed he could, just as easily. He moved his head sharply towards Sam, and when Sam's cock hit the back of his throat, Dean gagged violently and recoiled, coughing, eyes watering.

Sam fought the urge to drop to his knees and comfort his brother, who was wiping his eyes with the back of his hand. Sam tried to stay in character, keeping his voice level. “I appreciate the sentiment, but I'd really prefer that you not vomit all over me. It takes skill and practice – a lot of practice – to take a cock like this...” Sam slapped his cock against Dean's cheek with a wet thwack “... into your throat. For now, just your mouth, please. Open.”

Dean swiped one last time at his eyes, cleared his throat, swallowed hard and opened.

Sam said another quick, silent thanks to any power that might be listening, before sliding his cock back into Dean's mouth. He thrust shallowly, biting his lip, watching his brother on his knees before him.

“Good... good fucking slut.” Sam gasped out, earning a hot swipe of Dean's tongue right under the head of his cock, which shook a shuddering groan from him. Sam didn't even see Dean's hand come up, but felt the firm grip at the base of his cock, the squeeze, and came hard into Dean's mouth, without any sort of warning at all.

Sam and Dean both froze. That was not how Sam had wanted that to happen.

He had planned on giving Dean a warning, instructions, letting him choose whether to spit or swallow – not to just fill Dean's mouth and see how he reacted.

Sam was still having weak, pulsing aftershocks when Dean started to swallow, his mouth full of Sam's cock and come.

“Ohmygod.” Sam felt his knees wobble, and tried to stay standing. Dean leaned back a little, letting Sam's spit-slick cock fall from his lips. Sam leaned heavily on an outstretched arm braced against the wall. It took a few moments before Sam was able to stand on his own.

“Get... get up here.” Sam panted out.
Dean rose to his feet more gracefully than Sam had ever managed, mouth wet and reddened and a little swollen. Sam thought he looked perfect, and kissed him hard, tasting himself in his brother's mouth. He snaked a hand in between them, finding Dean's cock rock hard and slick with precome. He wrapped his hand around it, pulling a groan from Dean, hot against his own mouth.

“Fucking whore.” Sam muttered against his brother's mouth, jacking Dean with firm strokes. Dean panted and kissed messily, his hands on Sam's hips. “Fucking... fucking hard and leaking from being on your knees... swallowing my come.” Sam plundered Dean's mouth, breathing in his soft moans and whimpers. Dean trembled and Sam thought he heard a whispered 'please'.

“Gonna come, slut? Come for me.” Sam gave Dean a long stroke and a twist, and Dean did, slicking both of their bellies with his release. Sam stroked him through it, as Dean shook. He wrapped his arms around Dean and held him tight.

Sam felt Dean's arms come around him, clutching hard. Dean's face was pressed against his cheek, and Sam stiffened when he heard Dean sob, felt Dean's tears wet his skin.

“Dean. Dean? Are you okay?” Sam stroked Dean's back as Dean clung to him. “We're done, okay? Done for now. Dean?”

Sam tried to pull back a little to see Dean's face, but Dean clung to him like a leech. To Sam's immense relief, he heard a snuffle and a muttered, “M'okay, Sammy.”

Despite the bathroom being warm, Dean was starting to shiver. Sam wasn't entirely certain what had happened, but he thought getting Dean warm might be a good idea. Gently, he moved Dean into the shower with him, Dean still clinging tightly. Sam stepped under the water, which was still blissfully hot, forgetting entirely about his own stitches and Dean's.

Dean sighed as the water coursed over him, but didn't loosen his grip on Sam. Sam turned his head, kissing Dean's cheek, tasting warm skin and hot water.

Sam heard a soft noise, and glanced up, seeing both twins at the bathroom door, looking in with some concern. Sam gave them a quick thumbs up and a smile. Castiel nodded and tugged at Jimmy's arm – Jimmy didn't look as though he wanted to go, but Castiel insisted.

Sam held Dean tight until he began to loosen his grip a little. Sam could feel him withdrawing, pulling his walls back together. Before he could, there was something Sam needed to say.

“Dean.” Sam kissed his temple, still holding tight. “I love you. I've always loved you. And Jimmy loves you, and Cas loves you. You... you're part of this... this relationship, okay? This family.” Sam swallowed hard, forcing himself to continue. “It... it's not like it was with Dad. This is good. The best.”

“I know.” Dean muttered against Sam's neck. “Too good to last.”

“No, Dean. It... it's gonna.” Sam tried to turn Dean's face up, to look at him, and Dean allowed it this time, his eyes glittering with tears. “Cas... he, well, kinda but not really... kinda is gonna ask me to marry him.”

That stopped Dean in his tracks, tears forgotten. There was a long pause as Dean stared. “What??” Dean asked blankly.

“Yeah, that was kind of my reaction, too.” Sam smiled wryly.

“Married??” Dean asked, disbelieving.
Sam chuckled. “Yeah, that was my reaction, too.”

“What the fuck.” Dean released Sam, turning into the water and scrubbing his face. His hands stopped moving, and he spoke from behind them. “What the fuck. They know what we do. What we are.”

And Sam heard everything Dean wouldn't say, everything Sam had thought himself – homeless, dirt-poor, gutter trash. Filthy. Unworthy.

Sam rubbed the back of his neck. He didn't bother to try to deny it. “It doesn't seem to matter. They don't care.”

“Crazy sons o' bitches.” Dean's response was a little garbled by his hands and the water, but Sam caught the admiring tone. It made him smile.

“Right after Cas said he was going to ask me, Jimmy called dibs on you, by the way.” Sam mentioned nonchalantly, and Dean froze for a long moment, before reaching for the shampoo.

Sam and Dean finished their shower quietly, and helped each other carefully re-bandage their stitches. Sam noticed that several of Dean's original stitches had been damaged and re-done, but he chose not to say anything about it, feeling it wasn't really a great time.

They pulled on clothes and helped each other back up the stairs. Sam wanted to go straight to breakfast – Dean wanted to go change into fresh clothes first. A quick game of rock-paper-scissors later and Dean huffed exasperatedly as Sam led the way into the kitchen.

The twins were already seated at the table, eating pancakes from a mounded platter of them. Dean groaned appreciatively and took his seat, Sam kissed Jimmy's cheek, and then Castiel's, before taking his own.

“Everything all right?” Castiel asked mildly.

“Fine.” Dean answered neutrally, around a mouthful of syrup-soaked pancake. Marta tsked softly from her spot near the stove.

“What were you two up to this morning?” Jimmy persisted, staring at Dean with some concern.

Dean blushed a little and acted as though he hadn't heard the question.

Sam, not liking secrets, decided to lay it out. “Dean and I did a small scene this morning. Just to see how it would go.”

“Did you.” Jimmy leaned forward in his chair, eyes wide and on Dean. “And how did it go?”

Dean shrugged and didn't answer, carefully avoiding Jimmy's gaze.

“I think Dean needs a little more time to process.” Sam offered tactfully.

“Ah.” Jimmy smiled and returned to his pancakes.

Sam ate quickly, and moved to stand.

“And where do you think you're going, Sam?” Castiel stared up at him, blotting his lips.

“Class.” Sam answered blankly. “At nine.”
“You're hurt, you need time to recover. I think you should take a couple of days off.” Castiel placed his napkin on his plate.

“I'm fine. It's a scratch, and I really don't want to miss class.” Sam frowned.

Castiel frowned as well. “Are you sure you're up to it? I don't want you overexerting yourself.”

Sam kissed the cute wrinkle between Castiel's brows. “Yes, thank you. I'll be fine. I promise if I'm not feeling well, I'll come home early.”

“All right.” Castiel sounded unconvinced, but yielded.

The boys trickled upstairs to finish getting ready, and left together for class. Once they were on campus, Jimmy gave Sam a swift kiss and headed to his lecture. Castiel was holding Sam's hand perhaps a little tighter than he would normally have, and Sam could see he wasn't particularly happy.

In front of the building for Castiel's class, he tried again. “Sam, maybe you...”

Sam kissed him to shut him up. “I'm fine. I promise. I'll see you at the house this afternoon, okay?”

“All right. I love you.” Castiel gave Sam a lingering kiss.

“I love you too, Cas.” Sam touched his forehead to Castiel's, smiled, gave his hand a squeeze and shooed him towards his class. Castiel chuckled and walked away with a wave.

Sam was grinning as he headed towards his first class. He was simply enjoying the fresh air and the sunshine when a heavy hand fell on his shoulder.

Sam tried to twist out of it, but it had an iron grip. There was a wash of alcohol-soaked breath, and he wrenched his head around.

It was John. Sam's blood froze as John grinned at him.

“Come on, Sammy. We have to talk.” John's grip tightened painfully.

“N-no. I have class. I... I have to go.” Sam stammered.

“You don't tell me no, boy. Have some fucking respect.”

Sam could feel the fury simmering just below John's seemingly calm demeanour. He knew what booze did to his father, how violent it made him. Sam simply nodded, trying not to provoke him.

“That how you answer your superiors, boy?” John snarled. His hand tightened hard enough that Sam knew he'd bruise.

Sam caught his gasp of pain. “No... sir. I'm sorry, sir.” The 'sir's were bitter in his mouth.

“Better.” John grunted, pulling Sam along with him.

Somehow, being near John made Sam feel like the helpless little kid that had suffered so much abuse at his hands. He knew he should fight, yell, cause a scene – but something inside him stopped him, made him walk silently alongside the man he hated.

John led him to a large black truck, parked just off campus. Sam balked.

John's hand was still clamped on Sam's shoulder. He opened the passenger side door with his other.
“Get in the fucking truck.”

Every iota of Sam was screaming at him to run. Before he could, he felt the prick of a needle in his neck. He lifted a hand, trying to slap it away, but the damage had been done. A wave of dizziness swept over him, and his legs wobbled. John took the opportunity to shove him into the truck, slamming the door after him.

Sam tried to claw for the door handle, but his arms weren't working properly. His eyes weren't, either, and as he tried to blink away the blurriness, his vision began to darken.

The last thing Sam knew was the roar of the truck's engine, and the lurch as it moved away.
Sam's next several hours were a confused mix of shifting light, nausea, needles and forced periods of unconsciousness. It seemed as though every time he started to come around, when he started to shift, the truck would lurch to the side and screech to a halt, and there would be another needle. Sam thought he might have vomited at some point, but he wasn't certain. And every time Sam's awareness came back online, there was nothing but the sickness and the rough handling – he couldn't remember John saying even a single word.

Sam wasn't sure when it changed, but when he woke next he was no longer slumped upright in the truck – he seemed to be flat on his back. On something relatively soft, at that – though nowhere near as comfortable as his bed in the house, with the twins and Dean...

*John.*

Sam's eyes shot open. He stayed perfectly still and quickly took in his surroundings.

He was on his back on a bed, all right. Naked, with blankets carelessly thrown over him. In what seemed to be every skeevy, run-down motel room of his life. There was carpet-coloured carpet and curtain-coloured curtains, decrepit 70s furniture, and a pair of heavy metal bedframes, doubles, seemingly bolted to the wall, or the floor, or both. A formica-topped kitchen table, with two vinyl-covered chairs. A small refrigerator. The door on the left probably led outside, and the one on the right to a bathroom.

Other than that, the room was empty. No sign of John.

Sam let himself breathe a little more deeply. His mouth tasted absolutely foul, and he almost remembered maybe having vomited. He shifted, hearing a strange, ominous metallic clinking sound. He lowered his legs off the bed, pulling the blankets back, and there was a slithering noise as a pile of chain slid from the bed to the floor.

A pile of chain which ended in a sturdy metal cuff around Sam's right ankle. Padlocked. Sam stared at it, disbelieving. He followed the chain back to its origin, where it was padlocked to the heavy metal frame of the bed.

Sam sat in blank disbelief.

John – his *dad*, had stripped him naked and chained him to a bed.

And Sam knew in his heart of hearts that John would never, *ever* have left Sam a way out. There wouldn't be any forgotten bobby pins or loose nails to be pried from floorboards.
Sam was trapped. His heart pounded in his chest, and he thought he might vomit again.

The door creaked open. Sam jolted violently and yanked the blankets back up, curling up on the bed with a clanking of chain.

“Good. You're up.” John's voice was a low, rough grumble. “Thought I might've given you too much, the last time.”

Sam stared at his father's wide back, at the black leather scuffed to grey at the seams. John was setting down some paper grocery bags on the table.

John turned towards him, removing a whiskey bottle from one of the bags, pulling out one of the kitchen chairs and sitting on it. Sam recoiled, pulling the blankets up under his chin.

John simply stared as he uncapped the whiskey and took a long pull from the bottle, his eyes on his youngest son, who was trembling on the bed.

“You know this is entirely your fucking fault, don't you, Sam.” John toasted him with the bottle before drinking deeply again. “Completely your fault.”

Sam's thoughts were whiting out in panic. He didn't understand – didn't know what John was getting at. What was his fault?? That he'd been taken, that he was chained to a bed?

“You left. You walked out on this family. Your selfishness tore this family apart.” John's mouth was twisted.

*Your abuse tore this family apart.* Sam said nothing, watching John with wary eyes.

“And you're going to pay, and pay again, over and over again, for being the one who destroyed this family.” John lurched to his feet, only a little unsteady, and Sam scrambled backwards on the bed, falling off the far side with a thump, a yank on his stitches and a rattle of chain.

Sam cowered in the narrow walkway between the bed and the wall, back pressed against the nightstand.

“You're the reason Mary died.” Sam watched John stalk towards him from under his hands, trying to make himself as small as possible. “You're the reason Dean left.”

John’s heavy boots stopped right before Sam, who was hyperventilating on the floor.

Sam was simultaneously panicked and hopelessly confused. *Mom? What... what did John even mean?? And it had been John that had left Dean, not the other way around, that was what Dean had said...*

Sam heard John spit. Felt it hit his shoulder, hot and wet, and slide down his skin.

“You're pathetic. You've always been pathetic. Weak, cowering in the damned corner. I didn't raise you to be a coward. Get up.” Sam watched John's boots withdraw a few steps.

Sam hesitated, and John snarled.

*Get up, boy.*

Sam struggled to his feet, weak and shaking, one hand on the wall and the other over his stitches, which were aching and burning. He kept his head and his gaze down.
“Time for some family history, Sam. The results of some research I've been doing.”

Sam glanced up high enough to see the bottle in John's hand, gripped firmly by the neck. He was kind of grateful – if he had the bottle, it meant he didn't have a weapon. Yet.

“I know you love research. It was the only thing you were ever good at. So here's what I've discovered, while you were partying and slutting your way around rich-kid school.” John sneered.

“The demon that killed your mother - it was after you.”

Sam was sickened and horrified at the thought that John had been travelling the country, killing humans – killing kids Sam's own age. That... that wasn't supposed to be what the life was about. They were supposed to save people...

Sam didn't even see the punch coming. John's fist sank into Sam's gut, and all of his air whooshed out at once. Sam crumpled, trying to breathe as John loomed over him.

“What powers do you have, Sam??” John's voice was like steel.

Sam coughed, trying to get his breath back. “N-none. I... I don't...”

The next blow was an open slap across the side of Sam's head, hard enough to make his ears ring. “Lying piece of shit. Those pretty twins. Are they 'CN' and 'JN'??”

The swift change in topic made Sam's head spin as much as the blow had. How... how could John know the twins' initials?!

... the henna. Sam's heart sank.

“And they think you're their property??” John sounded equal parts furious and disgusted. “Is that what this is about??” Thick, callused fingers slipped under Sam's collar and yanked on it. Sam gasped and choked, and John tightened his grip, watching Sam struggle.

“You're a Winchester.” John hissed, as Sam's vision began to fade. “You always have been a Winchester, and you always will be a Winchester. And that means you belong to me.”

John released the collar and Sam hauled in a breath, coughing. John turned and stormed from the room, slamming the door after him. Sam stayed slumped on the floor, and John banged his way back into the room shortly afterwards. Sam risked a glance upwards, and saw the long-handled bolt cutters that had been in the Impala's trunk.

And that was when Sam really started to panic – at the thought of the twins' collar being cut off of him. Sam tried to fight, but he was still weak and woozy from the drugs, and it didn't take much for John to force him face-down on the bed. Sam tried valiantly one more time to get up, to get away, clawing at the blankets, but John's fist impacted the side of his face, and Sam saw stars, falling limp against the bed.

Sam was barely aware of the cold press of the cutters at the back of his neck, of John's soft grunt and the skin-warmed metal of the collar slithering to the bed. It was yanked out from under his throat, and it was then that Sam felt truly naked. Bereft.
“Stay still, boy.” A hard hand pressed against Sam's back, and Sam felt the prick of sharp steel low on his back – where the henna was, where the twins' initials were. There was sharp, slicing pain, and it was everything Sam could do not to cry out. He could feel the shapes that John was carving into his skin – feel the viciousness, the hatred behind the blade, the wicked sharpness, as John overlaid his henna with larger initials – JW, in crude script over Castiel's elegant lettering.

“Better.” John announced, standing up as Sam trembled and bled against the bed. Sam heard movement, some sort of case opening before something was pressed against his lower back – gauze? A bandage? And Sam felt it secured with tape.

“I'm going out. The chain is long enough for you to get to the table, get some food. Use the bathroom. I'll give you your first beating when I get back, and you're going to thank me for it.”

Sam didn't respond, didn't move. He heard John pull on his coat, heard the door open and close. He heard the truck's engine roar.

Sam laid perfectly still for a very long time, until he was sure that John really was gone, that it wasn't a trick. He turned his head slightly, and felt something small slide off the skin of his neck. Curious, he pushed himself upwards, into a sitting position, and searched the ugly flowered blanket for what it might have been.

It took him a few moments, but he found it, and his heart broke. It was part of a link from his collar – snipped roughly in half. A little more searching turned up the other half. Sam clenched his hand tightly around them, and felt his eyes burn with tears.

He tried to push them away – he needed to find someplace safe to hide the pieces, somewhere John would never think to look, and he had to do it now.

Sam gave the room an appraising look. After weighing his options, chose to hide one of the pieces in the top hem of the curtain, on the right-hand side. He had to stand on the bed to reach it, tearing a small hole in the back of the aged fabric and slipping the metal piece carefully inside. For the other, he lifted the nightstand in the corner, pressing the piece above and behind one of the cheap wooden supports in the corner. He set the night table back down, careful to position it exactly where it had been.

When he was finished, Sam sat back down on the edge of the bed, staring down at his own hands, trying not to feel the metal cuff digging into the skin of his ankle. He tried not to feel weak, pathetic, defeated. He knew Dean and the twins would want him to be strong. He wish he'd known how long he was out for, so he might have some idea how far out of Palo Alto he was. Knowing John – it was far.

And also knowing John, he'd have changed the plates on the truck at least twice, so that any security footage from the edge of campus would be just about useless. Sam didn't know where his clothes and bag were, but he was equally certain that John would have ditched his cell phone early on, and probably his clothes, as well.

Sam sighed. As much as he hated John, he did respect the man's skills. He knew how to disappear when he needed to, knew how to drop off the grid completely. It was something John had drilled into both of his boys, and he was frightfully good at it.

Sam hoped that somehow, maybe – maybe the booze had made John slip up. Even if it was only once, and only a little – that might be enough for Dean to find him.

*I'll give you your first beating when I get back.* Sam shuddered.
Dean, please, hurry. Realize I'm gone, and come find me. The light around the edges of the curtain was fading.

Sam closed his eyes.

*

Back at the house, there was absolute uproar. Sam's absence had most definitely been noticed, and a team of professionals had been brought in to handle the investigation, which was being overseen by Henrik. A dozen armed men, speaking softly and working on computers and phones, set up in an impromptu base of operations in the library.

Dean was feeling absolutely helpless. Useless. And guilt filled every fibre of his being. All three of them – Dean and the twins – had watched the grainy security footage of John approaching Sam, watched him lead Sam off campus, seen the quick movement of John's arm and watched Sam slump, before being shoved into the nondescript black truck.

Dean had been ready to tear off to campus, to question witnesses, to try to determine which direction the truck might have been heading, but Henrik informed him that there was already an extensive team onsite, investigating, liaising back with the team in the house.

Henrik, a hand on Dean's shoulder, had explained he was in no condition to be pursuing fieldwork. Which was why Dean was on the couch, leaned forward, his face in his hands and a pale, worried twin on either side of him.

Dean supposed he'd been of some use – he'd given the team every one of John's known aliases that he could remember, and an overview of just how effectively he could vanish. He'd given them Bobby's address, and Pastor Jim's, though he doubted he'd take Sam to either place.

He wished he'd spent more time with John recently, that John hadn't just taken off on him. He didn't know what John had been doing, what he'd been looking into or hunting, or with whom. Dean just didn't know.

He clenched his hands in his hair, and hunched forward a little farther, overwhelmed by his fear for his brother and his own sense of helplessness. On his right, Jimmy snuggled up against him, a warm hand on the back of Dean's neck, murmuring soft words that Dean couldn't be bothered to hear. Castiel had a hand on his thigh, a soft gesture of support, without being too forward.

Dean tried to pull himself together. He knew that being so upset was only going to upset the twins even more, and they needed him. The twins were scared, Dean repeated to himself, and they needed him.

Dean unfolded himself, straightening his spine and trying to shove his terror down, where no one could see it.

“...they'll find him. They will, Dean, you'll see. They'll use satellites and dogs and helicopters and traffic cameras...” Jimmy was whispering frantically. Dean wrapped an arm around him and pulled him close, kissing Jimmy's cheek. Jimmy's words stopped abruptly, ending in a frightened whimper.

After a moment's hesitation, Dean reached out and did the same to Castiel, pulling him close and kissing his cheek. “I'm so sorry, Cas. I'm so sorry.” The words bubbled out of him, completely out of
his control.

“It’s not your fault, Dean.” Castiel's voice was soft but completely without emotion.

“It is.” Dean choked. “I... I should've put a bullet in his head the first time he laid a hand on Sammy. I'm so sorry.”

“You were a child yourself, Dean. This is not your fault.” Castiel enunciated clearly.

“I should have been with Sam. I could've stopped this. I should've known Sam was in danger. I should've been tracking John, following what he was up to...” Dean ranted, until Castiel very firmly placed a hand over his mouth. Dean blinked at him, eyes wide.


Dean pulled his head back, pulled at Castiel's wrist. “I should be helping. I should be out there, consulting the hunter's network...”

“By all means, share any information you have, any contacts, with the team, with Henrik. Your help has already been invaluable. But you are injured, and you must take care.” Castiel's eyes were wide and serious.

Dean swallowed hard before nodding silently.

*Please, Sammy. Please hold on.*

Sam was dozing fitfully, curled in a ball on the floor, and the room was dark before John returned. Sam jolted awake at the sound of the key in the door, and his heart fell at the sound of John's heavy steps, the clonk of another bottle against the cheap table.

Sam sat up, pulling his knees up under his chin, and hid his face against them, clutching his arms tight around his legs.

*Please, please, no.*

“Sammy.”

One word – it had taken one word from John's mouth and Sam nearly vomited. He knew that tone – remembered it from nights he'd spent a lifetime trying to forget.

*No, please, God, no...* Sam tried to remember the plan he'd been working on, before the exhaustion and stress had caused him to nod off. “Dad...” Sam tried, his voice small.

“Get over here. Now.” Sam heard the sound of John's belt buckle.

“Dad... Dad, please...” Sam begged into his own knees.

“If I have to go over there and get you, boy, you're getting double.”

And that scared Sam badly enough that he climbed shakily to his feet, lifting the hated chain clear of
the end of the bed, walking with faltering steps towards the table, beside which he could see John's boots and spread legs, reclining in a chair.

A quick glance at the table showed it had been cleared of the bags of groceries. Because of course it had. Sam walked to the table, thighs pressed against the cool metal wrapped around the edge. He spread his legs shoulder-width apart and bent over a little, pressing his hands to the table's cool surface.

“Remember your special training, boy?” Sam shuddered at the dark lust in his father's tone. He prayed to anyone that might have their ears on for this not to be happening.

Sam jolted as a searing welt was laid across his ass, the crack of the leather against his skin loud in the silent room.

“Yes. Sir.” Sam choked out.

“You're a little bigger now. Ought to be easier to take, ’specially if you're taking it up the ass from those twins.” John sneered.

Sam's composure broke. He sobbed. “Dad, please...”

“Shut your fucking mouth.”

Sam heard the refrigerator door open and close. He clenched his eyes and mouth tight, pressed his hands painfully hard against the table.

The thick, greasy lard was cold as John smeared it across Sam's hole, shoving it inside with a rough finger, and then two.

It had always been cold. Every time.

Sam heard John grunt in pleasure as he slicked himself, as well.

Sam didn't make a noise as his father rammed his cock inside. Didn't make a noise as his thighs were bruised against the table, under John's punishing thrusts. And John was punishing him, with every slam of his hips.

John's words were just as hateful as his actions. “Fucking... fucking demon-contaminated *filth.*” A long pause. “She was my wife. If I'd have known... known what would happen... I'd have aborted you in a fucking heartbeat.” Several more brutal thrusts, and Sam felt something trickle down his thigh. “I'd have put a bullet... between your eyes, in your fucking crib. You...” John's fury seemed to render him speechless. “She was my wife!!”

Sam shuddered as John thrust a final time, coming inside Sam's ass. Without a condom. While he was bleeding. The sensation of needing to vomit rose strong within him again, and Sam was terrified of the diseases John could have just given him.

John pulled out roughly, and more hot liquid slid down Sam's thighs. Sam knew better than to move, knew better than to speak.

“Huh. Guess you're not used to it after all.”

The beating that followed, with John's belt and fists and boots, was the worst he'd received in his life – including all of the ones doled out by the monsters he'd fought. Sam had tried to be quiet, but John seemed to want to hear him scream. And Sam did scream. By the end of it, he was collapsed on the
floor, the skin across his back, ass and thighs broken and bleeding from the buckle of John's belt. His lip was split in at least two places, John had broken three fingers, and he was pretty sure his ribs were broken. At one point John had stomped hard on his right kidney, just below his stitches. He'd felt the stitches tear, and was pretty sure he'd be pissing blood for some time.

If John didn't just kill him first.

Which, Sam thought distractedly, was seeming like a very real possibility.

Sam laid limp against the carpet, his cheek pressed against it, breathing as shallowly as he could.

John's boot pressed down on Sam's bruised cheek. “Tell me you're sorry for what you did to my wife.” There wasn't any heat in John's voice – beating the tar out of Sam seemed to have banked his fury down to embers.

“I'm sorry... for what I did... to your wife. Sir.” Sam forced out, between shallow, panting breaths.

My mother – she was my mother. I was six months old.

“Tell me you're sorry for tearing my family to pieces.”

Sam repeated the words woodenly, verbatim. With the 'Sir' tacked on the end.

“Thank me for the beating. Tell me you deserved it.”

Sam swallowed hard, his throat aching. “Thank... thank you for the b-beating. Sir. I deserved it. S-sir.”

“Damned right you did. Get the fuck back to your bed, before I drag you there.”

Sam listened to his father prepare himself for bed in the bathroom as he dragged his battered body across the floor, leaving a trail of blood behind him. He managed to haul himself up onto the bed, lowering onto his stomach with a groan.

His last thought, before consciousness fled, was

Dean. Please. Hurry.
Bobby was frying hot dogs in his kitchen when his phone rang – the private one – the one nobody had. He picked it up.

“Bobby? He's got Sam. I need your help.”

Bobby put down his fork. “Dean??”

“He's got Sam!” Dean's voice was more panicked than Bobby could recall ever having heard it.

*That son of a bitch.* Bobby took a deep breath before responding, trying to keep his own spike of panic hidden.

“Dean. It's gonna be all right, boy. I'm here. Do you know where they're at?”

Bobby didn't know exactly what John had done to his boys when they were small, but he'd had the two traumatized kids dumped on his front porch enough times – and seen the marks on their small bodies – to know it had been bad. The boys were always welcome at Bobby's home, but the last time he'd seen John, he'd escorted him off the property at gunpoint.

“No! John was driving his truck, drugged Sam and took him.” Dean sounded close to tears. “I need your help!”

“You've got it, Dean.” Bobby reassured. His mind was already whirling with ideas – considering and discarding, prioritizing...

“What... what do we do??” Dean begged.

Bobby kept running ideas through his head, even as he picked his fork back up, poking at his hot dogs. “I assume you're looking for him yourself, too?”

“Sidelined.” Dean sounded grim. “I've got a team on it, with a lot of money behind them. But they're gonna need help.”

Bobby blinked. “How the hell'd ya swing that, boy??”

“Long story.” Dean answered curtly. “Is there any way to... I dunno... pinpoint his location?”

“I'm thinkin'!” Bobby snapped, and Dean was quiet for a long moment. Bobby had considered spellwork, which might give a general location, but for anything more precise... “We're gonna have to summon something.”

“*Summon* something? Something like what??” Dean sounded alarmed.

Bobby sighed. “Something with a lot more juice than I have. I can do it, but I'll be lucky if it doesn't
“I’m going to help.” Dean announced. “I’ll fly out and be there tonight. Can we swing that, guys?”

Bobby wasn’t sure who he was asking, but he heard someone respond.

“We’ll be there tonight.” Dean confirmed.

“Who’s ‘we’, boy?” Bobby was a little wary of strangers.

“Me and... uh... Sam's boyfriends.” Bobby heard some angry whispering, and Dean amended his statement. “... our boyfriends.”

Bobby blinked. He hadn't known either boy had swung that way, but at the same time, he didn't really care. “You trust them?”

“With my life. And more importantly – Sam does.” There was more whispering. “And a bodyguard.” Dean added.

“A bodyguard? You the queen of England now??” Bobby was baffled – what in the Sam Hill had John's boys gotten themselves into??

“Bobby, please. Can we come?” Dean begged.

“Fine. Bring beer.” Bobby hung up on Dean and returned to his slightly-burnt hot dogs.

* 

Sam woke screaming in agonizing pain, crushing, impossible pain from his right calf, hearing John’s chuckle as his screams tapered off into sobs.

“Rise and shine, son.”

Sam turned tear-filled eyes towards John, who was grinning at him with a baseball bat resting across his shoulders, his hands draped loosely over both ends.

Sam turned his face away, closing his eyes, pain radiating from where John had hit him with the bat. Not even two seconds had passed before Sam heard the whoosh - he tried to move, to scramble away, but John was too fast – the bat slammed into the back of Sam’s thigh, just above his knee.

Sam froze as the pain rocketed through him, vision greying, breath stopping in his chest.

“Oooh, that had to smart. If you'd been good, if you hadn't moved, that'd have hit meat and not hurt so much.”

Sam's breath restarted in small gasps. He honestly didn't know if John had broken his leg – his knee – and he was too frightened to move, not with John tapping the bat in the palm of his opposite hand.

There was a long period of silence, broken only by the soft pat, pat of the bat.

“You going to lay around in bed all day?” John asked, perfectly friendly.
Sam recognized exactly what that meant, could clearly hear the threat behind it. He groaned as he tried to roll to his side. Sam didn't even know it was possible to hurt in that many places at once. He tried to push himself to sitting, cradling his broken left hand against his chest, breathing shallowly. He managed it, but it took a while.

“Get up. Shower. You're filthy.” Sam heard the heavy footsteps, and heard the chair scrape across the linoleum near the table.

Sam did make it to the bathroom eventually, leaning heavily against the wall and putting as little weight on his right leg as he could – it hurt like hell, but didn't seem to be broken. He rinsed his mouth repeatedly at the sink, gulped some water, and straightened up, looking at himself in the mirror.

Sam was reasonably sure he'd never looked this bad in his life. His right cheek was bruised, and his eye blackened. Both his top and bottom lips were split and swollen. But more worryingly, his skin had a sort of pale, greyish cast to it which Sam knew couldn't possibly bode well. He’d gotten some sort of scalp laceration at some point that he didn't even remember – his hair was matted with blood.

Looking a little farther down, his skin was marred with the marks from John's belt, some of them still oozing sluggishly. Dark bruising was appearing over his ribs, and the bandage over his stitches was soaked with bright red blood. Sam sighed softly. A slight turn, and Sam could see the footprint clearly outlined on his own skin.

Sam had to prop himself up to use the toilet – sickened and worried at the brightly red urine.

He wasn't entirely sure what to do about the shower. He didn't dare get the bandages on his side wet – if he did, they'd have to be removed, and Sam was pretty sure they were the only reason he hadn't woken in a pool of his own blood.

He settled for sitting on the edge of the tub, running a wet cloth over his skin, wincing as it brushed the raw spots, squeezing the pink-tinged water from it regularly. And the water was cold, of course, because John had beaten him to the shower and used all of the hot.

Sam tried not to think as he scrubbed his own blood and his father's come from between his legs. He rinsed the blood from his hair, did his best to towel off a little, smearing the cheap white towel with blood, grit his teeth and returned to the room. He kept his eyes on the floor.

“Better, Sammy?” Sam could hear the smirk in John's voice.

“Yes, Sir.” Sam's voice was empty of emotion. He stood just inside the room, his hand clenched on the doorframe, waiting to be told where John wanted him.

“D'you clean that slutty hole for me?”

Sam marvelled at how John's words could hurt as much as his fists or his belt. “Yes, Sir.”

“Show me.” Sam heard the bottle hit the table.

Sam was roughly half way across the room when his father spoke again.

“If you don't want me to fuck you dry, then get what you need from the fridge.”

Sam closed his eyes, took a deep, shuddering breath, and changed direction, moving towards the small refrigerator. He glanced up as he approached it, seeing a loaf of white bread and a jar of peanut
butter on the small counter beside it. He fought down waves of memories of eating that – and only that – for days on end, when John had left them and there wasn't any money. Sam was pretty sure he'd rather starve.

Sam fetched the box of lard from the fridge and moved slowly towards the table, chain scraping on the linoleum. He stopped a few steps away, said a silent prayer and decided to risk begging.

“Dad... please...” Sam's words stuck in his throat. “I... I need...” Sam's hand hovered over the blood-soaked bandage.

“The only thing you need is to bend over the table and show me how clean you are.” John responded flatly.

Sam forcibly shut down every thought in his head as he took his place in front of the table and assumed his position, reaching behind himself and pulling his ass cheeks apart, careful with his broken fingers.

John stood, moving behind him to watch. He was silent for a long moment before Sam heard the jingle of his belt and the zip of his fly.

This time, all there was was a smear of cold grease across his aching, damaged hole, and the sound of John slicking himself. Sam's heart skipped a beat.

“Think I can tear you a little more, boy? Make you scream on my cock?”

Sam gripped the edge of the table white-knuckle tight.

Dean.

*

Bobby was deeply, deeply unsure of this.

Everything was set, the herbs carefully prepared and the runes drawn, but Bobby thought there was a fifty-fifty chance that all of them – Dean, the twin boys, and the bodyguard weren't going to make it out of this.

Bobby took a deep breath, lit the match, and threw it into the bowl of herbs, which sparked blue and sent up a plume of smoke.

There was a heartbeat of silence from all five men, before a bemused voice spoke from the couch.

“I take it this isn't the Hilton?”

There was a fairly short, slight man sitting on it, staring around with interest. He had slightly mussed blonde hair and eyes the colour of sunshine through whiskey.

“Your name, trickster?” Bobby asked warily.

The man on the couch turned and grinned brilliantly at him. “You summoned. How delightfully eighteenth century. We have cell phones, now, you know.” The man pulled one from his pocket and waggled it at him.
“Didn't have your number.” Bobby answered neutrally. “Your name. Please.”

The man on the couch rolled his eyes. Dean took a half-step towards him, and the man's eyes fixed on him.

“Dean Winchester.” The man tsked, shaking his head, his eyes fixed on Dean. “The trouble your dear old dad's been stirring up.”

Dean froze.

“Your name.” Bobby insisted.

“God, you're like a dog with a bone. You can call me Loki.”

Bobby managed to turn his choke into a cough. *We're all screwed.*


Loki's eyes tracked to the twins, and he froze for a moment, staring at Castiel, before answering Jimmy. “You watch too many movies, kid.”

“What did you mean, about my dad?” Dean asked, taking another step towards the man on the couch.

“Well, let's just say that Johnny's starting a ball rolling that I'm not sure I want to move. He's not quite all there. But I'm sure you know that.”

Dean nodded stiffly. “We can stop him. But we need your help.”

“And why would I help you?” Loki smirked and relaxed against the couch, stretching his arms out along the back.

Dean walked towards him and dropped to his knees. He addressed the floor between Loki's feet. “Please. He has my brother.”

“Dear little Sammy, yeah. Sammy's okay, by the way. For now.” Loki pressed a button on his phone and glanced at it. “For the next couple of days, at least. Assuming daddy dearest doesn't kill him in the meantime.”

There was a choked sob and a whimper from the twins, but nobody else made a sound.

Bobby could see the gears turning in Dean's head.

“Tell us where they are. We'll take care of John for you, and whatever... whatever you don't want to happen, won't.”

Loki pursed his lips and stared thoughtfully at the top of Dean's bowed head. “All right. With one condition.”

“Anything.” Dean answered immediately.

Bobby managed to keep his groan behind his teeth – that had been a terrifically awful thing to promise to a demi-god.

“If Sammy goes darkside, you kill him.”
Dean's head shot up, a mixture of anger, worry and alarm across his features. “Darkside??”

“You'll know it's happening when it happens. If it does, you kill your brother. If you refuse, I'll kill every single person you've ever met, including these two little angels.” He jerked his head towards the twins. “And then I'll kill you in front of Sam, and kill him myself.” Loki reached into his pocket and pulled out a lollipop, peeling off the wrapper and popping it into his mouth. He grinned at Dean around it. “Deal?”


*

Sam couldn't have known that dozens of men, Dean, Bobby and the twins were on their way to rescue him. All Sam knew was pain, cheek pressed against the cold linoleum of the floor as he shivered uncontrollably.

After John had brutalized him again (he had felt himself tear, and his thighs were streaked with blood), and after a few more love taps from John's bat, John had left the room again, leaving Sam sprawled on the floor.

Sam couldn't really move. He was dizzy and lightheaded, and the floor kept tilting worryingly underneath him. Staying put seemed to be a solid choice. He tried to run a systems check, but some parts of him didn't seem to be responding properly, or maybe he just couldn't process properly. The last blow from the bat had been to his head.

Sam watched the darkness grow in his vision, staring blankly at the table leg near his face. The trembling, he knew, was a shock response. He wished it would quit, so that he could maybe get a little sleep. The floor gave another nasty wobble underneath him, and Sam closed his eyes, fighting nausea.

Despite the pain, the shivering and sickness and dizziness and confusion, Sam tumbled into unconsciousness.

*

Henrik's team infiltrated the town in ones and twos, looking like bikers and college kids and middle-aged men in rumpled suits, in town for some sort of conference. They cast their nets wide, and it was two in a run-down roadhouse that found John, drunk and leering lasciviously at a woman at least a decade younger than him.

Night was falling as he guided the tipsy woman out of the bar and fucked her up against the wall in the alleyway behind it, rough and quick, leaving her there with a torn shirt and a frown on her face. He tottered back to the truck and drove back to the motel.
The information was quickly and quietly relayed, and the noose was drawn around John's neck.

*

“I'm going in with your team.” Dean insisted mulishly.

“That's highly inadvisable.” Henrik replied calmly.

“He's got Sam, and if you try to stop me, I swear to God...” Dean fumed.

Henrik raised a placating hand. “If you insist, of course you can come. Stay behind alpha team, or I cannot guarantee your safety.”

Three armoured and heavily armed men were completing a weapons check. Henrik himself was wearing body armour and a grim expression.

Dean muttered something that Bobby thought sounded suspiciously like, “Fuck alpha team.”, but nobody commented on it. Bobby just hoped Dean wasn't going to rush in head first, guns blazing. Actually, the more that Bobby thought about it, the more surprised he was that Dean hadn't already done it.

*

“Where do you want the bullet, Sammy?” John asked inquisitively, pointing the gun at his son, who lay crumpled on the floor, exactly where he had been when John left several hours earlier.

Sam blinked up at his father, eyes a little unfocused, seeing what he thought might be his dad's Beretta in his hand, pointing directly at Sam's face.

John crouched and pressed the muzzle of the gun to Sam's forehead, dead centre. Sam registered the metal was cold against his skin, but not much else.

“Where? Or should I just put it right here...” John tapped the gun hard against Sam's head. “... and put you out of your misery, you disgusting, contaminated freak? You ready to beg for death yet?”

Dean. Cas. Jimmy.

Sam's voice was a low croak. “N-no. Sir.”

“Then choose, or I'll choose for you.” John trailed the muzzle down Sam's cheek, ramming it in hard under his ear, behind his jaw.

Sam's reasoning was mostly offline – fractured. He knew that he knew the potential survivability of gunshot wounds to the different areas of the body, different parts of the extremities, but he couldn't quite reach the knowledge. But he also knew that if John pulled the trigger now, he'd be dead in seconds.

Sam heard the safety click off.
“Thigh.” Sam whispered.

“All right. Since you asked so nicely.” The gun retreated. John stood, aiming at his boy's right thigh.

Sam closed his eyes.

The gun went off, colossally loud in the small room. There was searing, liquid pain in Sam's right thigh, and almost immediately afterwards there was a second huge sound. Sam flinched, expecting another bullet, but there wasn’t one – instead there was a lot of movement, figures in black and numerous people yelling.

“Sam!!” The last anguished shout had been Dean, and Sam struggled to see him through tear-filled eyes and the press of dark-clad bodies.

“Dean?” Sam's whisper was lost in the ruckus around him.

The wall of black-clad men had backed John into the corner near the fridge, disarmed him and forced him to his knees. Dean rushed over to Sam as they announced all clear.

“Sammy, Jesus Christ...” Dean's frantic hands ran across Sam's pale skin and battered form. His eyes found the bullet hole in Sam's thigh and he pressed his palm hard against the flow of blood. “Are you okay, Sammy? Can you hear me?”

“De.” The one syllable was all Sam could manage, eyes blurred and awareness fading.

His head fell limp into Dean's supporting hand.

*

Dean's eyes ran over Sam's body, and every injury he found infuriated him even further. It wasn't until he figured out what the blood on Sam's thighs meant that an ugly sort of realization clicked into place in Dean's head.

Sam's shyness. His body language, his flinches, his desperate need to not be seen, not to be noticed. By John.

Dean lowered Sam's head gently and stood, pulling his Taurus from the back of his jeans.

John was still on the floor, snarling curses up at the men flanking him until he saw Dean staring down at him.

“Dean. I had to. You don't know what he is, what he's going to become.” John's expression was earnest.

Dean levelled the gun at John's face.

There was a soft sob and swift movement behind Dean.

“D-Dean?” A small, tentative voice behind him.

“Get them out, Henrik. They don't need to see this.” Dean grated out.
A murmured command, and more movement behind him. Dean knew Sam was being moved to the waiting ambulance. The twins' soft voices faded.

“Mr. Winchester. Please do not do this.” Henrik's voice was even and calm.

“You raped him. You raped Sammy.” Dean's voice was choked with fury and disbelief.

“Your brother's a monster. You don't understand.” John snapped.

“How long, dad?” Dean flipped the gun's safety off.

John was silent, staring up at his eldest boy. His legacy.

“How FUCKING LONG??” Dean screamed, and John flinched.

Dean seemed to take his answer from John's silence. His mouth turned up into a bitter smile.

“I take solace in the fact that you're going to spend eternity experiencing the sorts of things you did to Sammy. Rot in hell, motherfucker.”

And Dean fired.

Everyone froze. A small black hole appeared between John's eyes. He looked confused for a moment, before falling forward onto his face, dead.

“Come. The ambulance is leaving.” Henrik's grip was firm on Dean's arm, and Dean allowed himself to be pulled away. Once clear of the building, Dean's focus shifted back to Sammy, unconscious and near death. Dean ran to the ambulance and climbed in alongside the twins, who were both crying silently, clinging to one another.

None of the boys said a word as the ambulance rocketed to the hospital, sirens screaming.

*

When Sam woke, he wasn't entirely certain where he was or what was going on. There were dim lights and soft, rhythmic beeping.

There was warm pressure on his left thigh, and he looked down through bleary eyes, seeing a dark, tousled head. Warm fingers were draped loosely over his hand, which was splinted and bandaged.

*Castiel.*

Sam blinked, gradually making out a clean, comfortably decorated private hospital room. There was darkness beyond the light curtains over the window. He squinted at the dark figure in the chair, seeing Jimmy asleep, curled on Dean's lap. Dean seemed to be out, too, his head against the back of the chair and his mouth a little open.

Sam's mouth quirked up in a half-smile, until the memories started to pour in – flashes of pain and horror. He stiffened, shifting, and the slight movement woke Castiel.

Castiel rubbed a hand across his eyes and blinked up at Sam, who was watching him.
“Hey.” Sam smiled, his voice hoarse and throat dry.

“Sam.” Cas whimpered, standing and moving closer, enveloping Sam in the most careful hug he’d ever received. Sam’s left hand lifted easily enough to wrap around Castiel, even with the splint, but his right arm seemed quite heavy. He glanced down, seeing it was encased in a white plaster cast, from elbow to wrist.

“Well fuck.” Sam commented, frowning down at his arm.

Castiel, his head against Sam’s chest, turned to see what Sam was looking at. “He broke the radius, with some sort of blunt object.” Castiel whispered.

“It was a bat.” Sam remembered, his hand coming up to his own head, where John had hit him with it as well. His fingers brailled out a shaved patch and a bandage.

“I’m so sorry.” Castiel snuggled against Sam, being incredibly gentle. Sam tried to pull him in more tightly, but Castiel resisted. Sam frowned.

“We have to be careful, Sam. You had surgery yesterday, and there are so many stitches...” Castiel’s worried eyes met Sam’s.

“... surgery?” Sam asked, bewildered.

“You... your kidney was so badly damaged – ruptured – they had to remove it. You were bleeding internally... you almost died.” Castiel whispered, eyes wide and frightened on Sam’s.

“... Sam?” Jimmy was blinking tiredly on Dean’s lap. He shifted, and Dean’s arm tightened around him, a small frown crossing Dean’s face before his eyes flickered open.

“Sammy!” Dean gasped, helping Jimmy to his feet and moving to Sam, kissing his forehead and squeezing his shoulder. Jimmy had pressed his head to Sam’s chest, near his brother’s.

“M’all right, guys. M’okay.” Despite only just having woken up, Sam was very tired. He wanted to ask about John, about what had happened. He leaned his head back, just to rest for a moment, and was out like a light.
This one was hard to write, and not only because I'm sick as a dog. You'll see.

The next time Sam woke, the light was bright through the curtains. He squinted against it, trying to make out the figure in the chair. It was Dean – the twins weren't around.

“Sammy, hey.” Dean must've heard him move, because his eyes flickered up from the screen of the cell phone he was holding. He turned it off and pocketed it. “Cas and Jimmy just went to get some food.”

Sam nodded, his throat painfully dry. There was a jug of ice water on the rolling table nearby, sweating condensation, and an empty glass with a straw. He lifted his hand to reach for it – his splinted hand. Sam frowned.

“I'll get it.” Dean hurried to the other side of the bed, pouring Sam a glass and sitting on the edge of the bed. Sam tried to sit up a little, and froze as he became aware of the cushion that his butt was propped up on – keeping the pressure off his ass. Sam flushed scarlet.

Dean saw the blood. Dean knows.

Dean held the straw up to Sam's parched lips, ignoring the blush. Sam managed to get a little of the icy water into his mouth – it was heavenly. Sam sighed, drinking thirstily until Dean pulled the straw away. Sam frowned.

“Seriously, dude. A little at a time, or you'll barf it all back up. You know how this works.”

Of course Sam knew how it worked, but he was still parched and fucking wanted it.

Clearing his throat, Sam tried his voice. It was hoarse and croaky. “Give me the water, Dean.”

“In a few minutes.” Dean sat the cup back down, and Sam's eyes followed it. Dean put a hand, warm and gentle, against Sam's thigh. Usually, it was Dean that didn't want to talk. This time, though, it was Sam, and he'd do anything to avoid the conversation he knew was coming.

There was a long pause, during which Dean stared at Sam and Sam stared at the cup of water.

“Dad's dead.” Dean said, finally. Sam's eyes darted to him, searchingly, as though trying to detect a lie. He wondered if Dean was just saying it to make him feel safer. There wasn't any lie, in Dean's stare – no lie, and no sadness.

“How?” Sam croaked out.

“I put a bullet between his eyes.” Dean answered flatly.

Sam blinked. Cas. Jimmy. “Tell me the twins didn't see.” Sam begged.
“No. They were with you, in the ambulance.”

Sam sighed and nodded. He didn't feel any sadness, either, at the thought that his brother had killed his father. Just a blank sort of relief that the threat was gone.

“I'm so sorry, Sammy.” Dean cracked, his perfect calmness shattering. He choked on his own sobs. “I didn't know. I swear to God, I didn't know.” Dean's grip on Sam's thigh tightened. Dean crunched over, sobbing, pressing his forehead against Sam's leg.

Sam wanted to comfort him, wanted to run soothing fingers through his hair, but his damned hand was broken and splinted. He had to settle for brushing fingertips against Dean's cheek. “I didn't want you to know, Dean. John…” Sam's voice caught. “He... he told me, right from the start, that it was... special training. He said you were good, you didn't... didn't need it. But... but if I told a-anyone... he'd... he'd do it to you, too.”

Dean froze, his forehead still against Sam's leg. Sam wasn't sure he was breathing. A solid minute passed before Dean pulled in a shuddering breath. He spoke into Sam's blankets. “…I asked him. Just before I ended him. How…” Dean choked. “…how long. He wouldn't... wouldn't say.”

“I was nine.” Sam answered softly.

“OhmyGod.” Dean lurched up, and barely made it to the small washroom adjoining Sam's room before throwing up violently. Sam could hear his sobs in between bouts of retching, could see his back heaving. There wasn't much Sam could do about it, though, confined to his bed.

It didn't seem to take Dean long to pull himself together. He spat and rinsed his mouth, gulping some water from the sink. Sam saw him rub a hand across his eyes before squaring up his shoulders and returning to the chair beside Sam's bed. With a shaking hand, he reached for the cup of water, holding the straw still for Sam. Dean's eyes never lifted higher than Sam's mouth.

Sam drank a little more, and pulled back before Dean had the chance to pull the straw away. He settled back against his pillows, feeling weak and exhausted.

An ugly sort of feeling seemed to be growing inside Sam. He wished Dean would look at him – he wasn't quite sure why he wasn't. _Maybe... maybe he thinks I'm dirty. Contaminated, like dad said..._

Sam stilled as he had a vivid flashback of himself, torn, blood and come running down his thighs, his father's hateful words boring themselves into his brain. _Maybe he'd be right to think it._ Sam withdrew, mentally and physically. He turned his face from his brother, who was staring at the bed in the vicinity of Sam's knees, looking traumatized, eyes wide and still filled with tears. The sunshine from the window seemed to mock Sam, putting his own guilt, his own darkness and filth into sharp contrast.

Sam forced himself to speak. “I... I'm sorry, De.”

Dean's head came up, and if Sam had been looking, he'd have seen the expression of profoundly hurt confusion on his brother's face. “What? Why? What could you possibly have to be sorry about??”

“Dad was right.” Sam choked out, keeping his eyes fixed on the window as they filled with tears. “Dad's never been right about a single thing in his goddamned life, Sammy.”

Sam shook his head. It didn't take long for him to explain the research that John had been doing, after he split with Dean. Dean stared wide-eyed at him, horror growing in his eyes.
“No. I don't... Jesus Christ, Sammy, you were six months old. None of this is on you. He was wrong. He was fucking crazy, drunk and stupid and wr...wrong.” Dean reached up and turned Sam's face towards him, heart breaking at the brokenness in his brother's eyes.

Sam didn't answer, and let his tears fall. Dean lunged towards him, sinking his hands into Sam's hair, kissing him hard. “I love you.” Dean murmured against Sam's mouth. “It wasn't true.” More kisses, Dean clutching Sam's head desperately. “It wasn't your fault. None of it. I love you.” Dean pressed his cheek against Sam's, both of their skin slick with tears.

Another terror rose in Sam's heart. “What...” Sam choked out. “What if John had...”

“You're good, Sammy. He didn't. They tested him. He was clean. You're... you're good.”

Sam whimpered, and a little of the tension wiring him tight seemed to dissipate. He was grateful that John abusing him wasn't going to endanger the twins, but he wish he knew for certain whether John's 'research' had any basis in fact. And there was simply no way to know.

The twins returned, opening the door quietly, and seeing Dean clutching Sam desperately. They quickly moved to the far side of the bed, Castiel nearest to Sam's head and Jimmy pressed along his side.

Castiel leaned down, pressing a lingering kiss to Sam's forehead. Sam fought down the urge to push him away for a moment, before it became too overwhelming, and he tried to shift away, pressing back into his pillows.

Castiel gasped, so softly that Sam barely heard it. “Sam?” There was so much pain in the one word, in his own name, that Sam burst into tears.

“Sam, please, no...” Castiel's hand hovered over Sam's chest, as though afraid to touch, afraid Sam would pull back again.

“Cas...” Sam whimpered out, trying to lift his broken arm, squirming on the bed.

“Sam, stop. Cas, Jimmy, can I have a word with you real quick, please?” Dean stood, wiping at his tears.

“Dean, no!” Sam tried to grab for Dean's sleeve, but his splint simply glanced off Dean's jacket.

“I'm gonna tell them, Sammy. They deserve to know. Would you rather I told them here, or out in the hall?” Dean looked down at the battered form of his little brother. Sam turned pleading eyes onto him, but Dean's determined expression didn't budge.

Castiel withdrew his hand, and nudged Jimmy into movement, towards Dean. The three boys trailed out of the room, leaving Sam alone.

Sam closed his eyes, forcing more tears out. He knew... he knew Dean loved him, and Cas and Jimmy, but... Sam clenched the hand of his broken arm, driving a sharp spike of pain up it.

Unclean.

Sam did it over and over again, relishing the distraction the pain brought. As though... as though maybe the pain could burn away the filth. It pulled more tears to his eyes, but he didn't stop, flexing the muscles over the broken bone.

“S-Sam? What...”

*Jimmy*. There was the gentlest touch on the back of Sam's hand.

“Don't.” Sam choked out, but didn't recoil. “Don't... don't touch me.”

The fingers withdrew. Sam stopped clenching his fist.

“Sammy. Please.” Dean begged.

“All of you, get out. You don't...” Sam writhed desperately, trying to escape – escape the bed, the room, the situation... the knowledge that the twins knew exactly how *dirtypatheticfilthyweak* he was. He wanted to run forever, and never look back.

“Sam.” Castiel's Dom-voice slammed through Sam's thoughts, and he stillled on the bed, panting a little.

“This. Changes. *Nothing.*” Castiel enunciated every word, lacing them with threat and love and... Sam wasn't even sure what else. He kept his eyes shut tight and trembled.

“You are *not* weak. You're not dirty, or contaminated, or whatever else that wretched excuse for a human being called you.” Castiel's voice had that same fierceness to it, the same furious sort of love that it did on the day they had collared him. Sam pried an eye open, and saw all three of them standing close, cheeks stained with tears.

“The collar is lost.” Castiel swallowed. “But it was a symbol. Just a symbol of what there is between us. And what there is between us is special, and it's forever, and it can't be broken by anything your father said or did. Do you understand?”

*They... the twins still want me??* Sam pried the other eye open, his gaze locked on Castiel's.

“When we kissed, and parted for our classes... three days ago, I loved you with everything that I have, and everything that I am. And today, here and now – I still do. I love you, with everything I have, and everything I am, Sam.” Castiel's voice trembled.

Castiel reached into his pocket, and drew out a narrow strip of black leather. A collar, with a simple buckle. Over Sam's bed, he passed it to Dean. Dean held it flat in his hands, and pressed a kiss to the inside of it, towards the right-hand side of its length. He passed it across the bed to Jimmy, who did the same, pressing his lips to the inside, towards the left. Jimmy passed it to Castiel, who kissed the inside as well, dead centre, before lowering it a little.

“Will you accept this, Sam? We love you. Always.” Castiel's hands were shaking.

Sam was completely overwhelmed. How... how could they still be there, how could they still want him? They knew... they knew everything, and they still...

“Sam?” A hint of panic had crawled into Castiel's voice.

“Yes.” Sam croaked out, and something in him shifted – the horror of the past few days became just that, the past, and somehow... somehow Sam still had a home, still had the three people who meant the most to him. Sam lifted his head a little, and Castiel fastened the soft leather around Sam's throat, smoothing it against his skin when he finished with the buckle.

“I love you.” Castiel kissed him deeply, a gentle hand in Sam's hair. Castiel backed up a little, and allowed Jimmy to come closer.
Jimmy kissed Sam, as well, lingering sweetness. “I love you, too, Sam.”

Jimmy backed away, and Dean leaned down, taking Sam's head in his hands, and kissing him hard enough that it hurt Sam's damaged lips. He pressed his forehead to Sam's. “I love you, bitch.”

That forced a small chuckle from Sam's throat. “Love you too, jerk.”

Dean bonked his forehead against Sam's, deliberately, just hard enough to smart a little.

“Ow.” Sam tried to mock-pout, but failed, losing it in a small, crooked smile. His splinted fingers came up to brush the soft leather of the collar, snug against his throat. He knew it wasn't possible, not really, but he swore he could feel the kisses that the boys had pressed to the leather.

Sam let his head fall back, profoundly grateful for the safety and security the collar seemed to evoke. He fell asleep wearing the small half-smile.

*

The doctors in Nevada insisted on keeping Sam for a full week. Sam felt guilty that the twins were missing so much school, but they refused to leave his side. Dean only left to eat, insisting on staying with Sam, sleeping in the chair until three narrow cots appeared in Sam's hospital room.

After the first few days, only two of the cots were in use each night, as either one of the twins or Dean himself slept perched on the edge of Sam's hospital bed, back against the cold metal guard rail. Sam's attempts to get the boys to use the cots, insisting that they'd be more comfortable, failed utterly. One of the three always insisted on gently curling up against Sam's less injured side.

The doctors removed the stitches from Dean's shoulder, and Sam was pleased to see that the marks weren't nearly as terrible as some of their other scars.

Sam was pretty sure that his own scars - on his lower back – would barely be visible, too. He had a plan for that, though, but was waiting to tell Castiel and Jimmy about it.

One morning, Sam had woken in a panic, Dean jolting awake beside him, listening intently to Sam's whispers. That had been the only time that Dean had left Sam's side for more than ten minutes – to retrieve the cut links from Sam's collar from the hotel room. They were exactly where Sam had described. It wasn't John's blood, pooled and dried on the linoleum, that had broken Dean's heart – it was Sam's. Henrik had said that they had bought and closed the entire motel – Dean wasn't sure what their plans were for it, but he hoped they involved burning the damned place to the ground.

A doctor and a nurse made the trip back to Palo Alto with the boys on the plane. It was decided that the medical staff would stay on site at the house – apparently there was some sort of guest house that Sam hadn't even known existed, out back near Castiel's carriage house-cum-studio. Marta stayed there, apparently, and Henrik.

Marta burst into tears when Sam returned home, sweeping him into a hug. She framed her hands around Sam's face, looking desperately anxious, pulling him down and kissing his cheek, before pressing the back of her hand against Sam's forehead. She helped him to a chair at the kitchen table, insisting vehemently that he eat anything that she put in front of him.

Sam, for his part, was incredibly glad to be home, and to not need to be in the hospital. There were
annoyingly frequent monitorings of blood pressure and temperature, and blood was drawn so many
times (for the purposes of establishing if his one remaining kidney was up to the task, Sam gathered)
that Sam felt like a pin cushion. His arm was x-rayed weekly, to confirm it was healing properly, and
his assortment of stitches were gradually removed. It was all worth it, though, to be home.

The twins only agreed to return to their classes once both Henrik and Dean had sworn to never leave
Sam alone. Sam's education continued at the house – a lovely young woman named Sarah attended
Sam's lectures and videotaped them for him, making extensive notes. Sam liked her a lot - she was
incredibly bright, and the two of them often had in-depth discussions about the course material. Sam
was permitted to take his tests under her supervision, and he was excelling.

He only wished he was as pleased with his physical recovery as he was with his education. Sam
knew he'd been really, really badly hurt, but it seemed to be taking forever for him to regain his
strength.

A gorgeous treadmill had appeared in Castiel's carriage house, along with the fitness equipment Sam
had asked for, and Sam was determined to make use of it, determined to make himself be stronger,
faster.

Which is why, one day, two weeks after returning from Nevada, Castiel entered his studio to find
Sam shaking like a leaf, dripping sweat, forearm and cast braced against the treadmill's handles to
keep himself upright.

“Sam!” Castiel gasped, rushing over to support him. It was a good thing he had, as well, because
Sam's legs gave out a moment later. Castiel lowered him until they were both sitting on the deck of
the treadmill. Castiel kissed the damp hair over Sam's temple. “What were you thinking?!?”

Sam hoped that Castiel couldn't see the tears, mixed with the sweat on his cheeks. “I... I don't want to
be weak.”

“Sam.” Castiel tried very hard to keep the exasperation out of his voice. “You're not weak. You're
not. You're hurt.”

Sam shook his head mutely, staring at the floor.

Castiel brushed Sam's hair back from his face. “My love. I know you're frustrated, I know. You will
regain your strength, but it's going to take time. The doctors are saying you're doing well. I think we
should get you a physical therapist, so you don't overexert yourself like this again.”

Physical therapist?? Sam snorted. “I don't need a therapist. I need to not be such a little bitch.”

“Sam.”

Sam winced, closing his eyes, knowing that last comment had been just a little too much for Castiel.
He wouldn't stand for Sam denigrating himself, or the progress he had made.

“Kneel and take your pants down.”

What?? But I'm hurt! Sam froze.

Castiel sank a hand into the back of Sam's hair, gripping tight enough that it actually hurt.

“Kneel.” Castiel snarled, shoving Sam forward, albeit carefully, off the treadmill and onto the floor.
Sam went, his legs still trembling a little, his heart racing.
“If you're well enough to run yourself to exhaustion on the treadmill, you're well enough for me to put you over my knee for it. Drop. Your. Pants.” Castiel shook him just a little, by the hair, for emphasis with the last three words.

Sam whimpered, shoving at his pants until they were around his knees, Castiel's hand still harsh in Sam's hair.

“Colour, Sam?”

“Green!” Sam gasped out, the unsplinted hand lifting towards Castiel's.

“Don't.”

Sam was amazed at the amount of command Castiel could put into a single syllable. He lowered his arm back down slowly as Castiel braced his legs a little off the floor, still sitting on the treadmill. Castiel let go of his hair, and his scalp was aching and tingling.

Sam knew better than to hesitate, and lowered himself ass-up over Castiel's lap. He shivered a little as Castiel's finger traced the scarred incision from the surgery, John's bootprint long since faded.

“How many times, Sam?”

WHAM – Castiel's palm full-force against Sam's ass, rocking him forward a little. It hurt, a lot – Sam hadn't been spanked, they hadn't played, since before John...

Over and over again, Castiel's palm slammed viciously hard against Sam's ass and thighs. Tears sprang into Sam's eyes.

“How many times? How many times do we have to go over this lesson? Who decides what you need, Sam??” Castiel didn't trouble to keep the exasperation out of his voice this time.

“You... you do, Sir...” Sam forced out, his throat tight, his skin searing.

“Fucking right, I do.” Castiel kept it up until Sam was sobbing, limp over Castiel's legs.

Sam could hear Castiel panting as his sobs died down. Castiel stroked Sam's reddened skin, pulling shivers from him.

“Who loves you, Sam, more than anything?” Castiel asked tiredly.

“Y-you do, Sir.”

“Who wants to marry you?”

Sam choked, eyes filled with tears and nose running. “Y-you. S-sir.”

“Who thinks you're the most amazing man he's ever met? Strong, kind, and sweet. Selfless and so incredibly brave. So giving. And stubborn as a fucking mule.”

Sam let out a soft, hiccuping laugh. “Y-you do, Sir.”

“Up.”

The boys moved so that they were kneeling, face to face on the wooden floor of the studio. They shared several long kisses before Castiel spoke again.
“We'll get you a physical therapist. They'll help you regain your strength, carefully, safely, and within the limits of your ability. No more of this, all right?”

Sam closed his eyes, resting his forehead against Castiel's, feeling safe, and wanted, and loved. “Yes, Sir.”

“Good boy.”
Progress

Chapter Notes

So.

Firstly, I want to apologize. If anyone’s been reading the comments, they know I’ve had a quite astonishingly large myriad of health issues that I've been plagued with since publishing last, and was seriously ill for over a month and a half straight. I've faced some other challenges, as well, which have taken me about as far out of my writing mindset as it's possible to be.

Still – I want to make it clear that I'm so, so sorry that this took so long.

And also, that I'm so, so thankful for all of your kind words of encouragement, support, and most importantly, patience. Thank you from the bottom of my black little heart.

When I post this chapter, 501 subscribers will be notified. That's the population of a small town, which is insane. I used to envision, when I first started writing this one, that my subscribers were standing around me in my living room, watching me write. Now, I'm going to have to move the lot of you out into the large, grassy, tree-lined courtyard in my apartment complex, as there is absolutely no way y'all are going to fit up here. No fear, I'll provide drinks and snacks. BYOB, though, if you roll that way. And keep it down – I don't want to be evicted.

One last time, for the people in the back – thank you.

Thank you.

(By the way, the amazing cr0wgrrl has a new companion piece up - "Cock Rings Don’t Count As Chick-Flick Moments". Go read it. Now.)

Castiel was as good as his word. In the evenings three times a week, under Castiel's watchful eye in the studio, Sam's physical therapist ran him through strength and conditioning exercises. Sam was almost invariably exhausted by these sessions, but both Tony and Castiel seemed pleased. Sam could feel some of his strength returning, and was thrilled when the splint and the cast were finally removed.

Sam was initially uncomfortable and self-conscious with Castiel's steady gaze on him as Castiel did his artwork, while Sam sweated and strained through the tasks set for him - until one evening, after Tony had left, Castiel very physically showed his appreciation for Sam's sweat-slick skin and trembling muscles. Sam had lain spent and exhausted, sprawled on one of the mats afterwards, as Castiel painted.

After that, it didn't bother Sam quite so much.

Sam still hadn't returned to his classes, though he felt the time for doing so might be approaching. He tried really hard not to feel the spike of panic that happened every time he thought about it. Logically, he knew that John was dead and gone, but there was still that visceral sense that something would go
terribly wrong.

Thanksgiving had come and gone while Sam had been recovering, with no visit from the twins' parents. Sam had let himself stew miserably in his guilt about keeping the twins from their family, until Castiel had exploded on him one evening, demanding to know what was wrong. After it had come out, Castiel had been apologetic and understanding. He explained to Sam that he wasn't sure if Sam was ready, psychologically, to deal with the stress of having Mr. and Mrs. Novak there. Sam had grudgingly admitted that he wasn't sure himself if he could handle it.

The boys didn't have a great deal of time to play or scene as their exams drew nearer. Even Jimmy had been spotted working, which Castiel and Sam ribbed him endlessly about.

Dean, in the meantime, was in and out of the house, working jobs that were fairly local. He refused to travel any farther than would necessitate staying away more than a day or two, and was religious about calling Sam with status updates, and to ensure that everything was fine back at the house. Sam was actually finding it a little annoying, even if he knew why Dean was doing it.

All in all, tensions in the house were fairly high until the middle of December, and the boys had finished their exams. Jimmy was the last one to have one, and returned to the house looking ashen-faced and pale. When he tottered in through the front door, Sam got up from the couch and swept him into a huge hug, kissing him deeply.

“How did it go?” Sam murmured against Jimmy's lips.

“I failed. I just know it.” Jimmy groaned, clenching his hands into Sam's shirt.

“I'm sure you didn't. You're one of the smartest people I know, Dr. Novak.” Sam smiled down at him.

“Ugh.” Jimmy shuddered. “Can we... can we not talk about it? I've already blocked it out as a bad experience.”

“All right.” Sam kissed him again, soothing him, running hands up and down Jimmy's back. Sam felt Jimmy melt against him.

“So what are we doing for Christmas break?” Jimmy's voice was a little squashed, his face mashed into Sam's chest.

“Good question.” Castiel emerged into the lounge, hands wrapped around a steaming mug. His sweats were just a little loose, and he moved to curl up on the couch, bidding the other two to come sit with him. Sam and Jimmy did, Jimmy curling up against Sam's side, and Sam's other thigh pressed against Castiel's.

Castiel offered Sam his mug, and Sam sipped at the deliciously rich hot chocolate that Marta was apparently famous for.

Castiel brushed Sam's hair back, and kept his voice low and calm. “It's up to you, Sam, to decide where and how we spend Christmas.”

Sam shook his head, emphatically, no, and passed the mug back to Castiel. “Nuh uh. I won't... I won't make you miss another holiday with your parents. I won't.”

Castiel sighed, the corner of his mouth quirking up into a small, sad smile. “We wouldn't ever make you do anything that you're not feeling ready to do, Sam.”
Sam lowered his gaze, staring at the edge of the coffee table. Castiel ran his hand through Sam's hair. Sam was torn. He wanted the twins to be able to enjoy Christmas in Chicago, with their family, but... “W-would I have to do high protocol?”

“Not at all, not if you don't feel you're able. No.” Jimmy reassured, snaking an arm around Sam's waist and hugging him tightly.

A lot of Sam's trepidation vanished, just like that. There was still the lingering worry about failing to impress the parents, but Sam supposed that everybody got that way, to a certain extent.

“I'd like... to go to Chicago, I think.” Sam hedged, shooting a nervous look at Castiel, whose face broke into a grin at Sam's words. Sam couldn't help but smile back.

* *

It was decided that they'd leave the following Monday for Chicago, which gave them the weekend to relax and decompress before flying out. Dean was at home, as well – between hunts – and Jimmy had been working on him relentlessly, in an attempt to convince him to come with them to Chicago.

If Sam was uncomfortable with the idea of trying to impress the twins' parents, it was nothing to how Dean was feeling about it. And it seemed that every bit of information that Sam shared just seemed to make Dean more reticent.

And Dean wouldn’t budge, even despite the fact that a few weeks prior, Jimmy had dragged him to the tailor, and gotten him outfitted in a similar manner to how Sam had been. Dean's ragged jeans and holey t-shirts had been replaced, as Sam's had, with comfortable, luxurious fabrics and well-fitting garments. Sam wasn't ashamed to admit that some of Dean's new clothes made his mouth water. The first time Dean had modelled one of his new suits, it had been everything Sam could do not to tear it off of him.

Jimmy seemed to feel the same, and he had a hard time keeping his hands off of Sam's brother. Dean seemed to love it, and was perpetually pulling Jimmy away, up the stairs, and letting Jimmy show his enthusiasm.

It wasn't until Jimmy threatened to cut Dean off entirely that Dean finally agreed to go to Chicago with them.

* *

Sunday night found Sam tied spread-eagled to the bed in the master bedroom, blindfolded.

He had been growing progressively more anxious about the upcoming trip to Chicago the following morning, and Castiel thought that taking his mind off things might help him to relax.

Which, apparently, meant the three of them pleasing Sam mercilessly, mouths and hands on his skin, murmured reassurances of his beauty and how much they loved him. Sam distinctly felt the
cold, wet kiss of ice against his skin and shivered under it, only to have the paths of wet coolness warmed under lips and firm touches.

It seemed to have been going on forever - freezing ice and searing heat - and Sam shuddered under them again, coming painfully and dry, deep in someone's throat. His begging had long ago tapered off into helpless whimpers, and he had no idea how many times he'd come.

He was sticky and sweaty, had felt hot come streak across his skin more than once, only to be chased as it cooled by hot, wet tongues.

He'd lost the ability to think quite some time ago, the worry about the trip to Chicago entirely forgotten. His voice had nearly followed, and he barely managed to croak out “Y-yell...” against someone's lips.

Soft murmurs, gentle hands, and the scratchy rope from the playroom loosened from his wrists and ankles. A warm, wet cloth cleaning him, wiping away the worst of the stickiness, warm bodies against his and a light blanket pulled up over him.

He wasn't entirely sure which way was up, but he knew he was loved and cherished.

*

Sam woke the following morning feeling – most unusually – rested and well. He didn't think he'd been tormented by the nightmares which had plagued him since John... Sam shook his head, pushing the thoughts away.

The light was pale through the tall, narrow windows, and Sam could hear the birds which sang as dawn was breaking, along with his brother snoring softly. A quick glance showed him Castiel on his left, his head on Sam's shoulder, and Jimmy's naked back pressed against Sam's right. Dean had his arm draped loosely over Jimmy's ribs, Jimmy's head nestled under his chin.

Sam stared up at the dark red canopy above him, the deeply stained wooden slats. He didn't move, having no desire to disturb any of the other boys. He entertained himself by imagining how much the fabric of the canopy had cost, whether there were hundreds, or maybe thousands of dollars of blood-red material between himself and the ceiling, serving absolutely no purpose other than to look good.

He still couldn't fathom how he'd fallen from cheap hotel rooms into, quite literally, the lap of luxury. A chance meeting, a random assignment of a dorm roommate, and his life had been permanently changed? But then, he supposed that relationships started out that way all the time. Purely by accident.

Sam swallowed, feeling the familiar tension of the soft leather against his throat. He hadn't taken off the collar since the boys had put it on him in the hospital, not even to shower. Even the thought of taking it off filled him with a sick sort of terror. He knew that he'd have to, eventually – Castiel had said the buckle was rusting – he just wasn't sure he'd ever be ready to.

Sam turned his head, pressing a soft kiss to Castiel's forehead. Castiel frowned, just a little, before his eyes flickered open. He glanced sleepily up at Sam and smiled, stretching and yawning. Castiel's hand slid up Sam's abdomen, his chest, coming to rest loosely around his throat, over the leather. A fine shiver ran through Sam, but Castiel's eyes slowly closed, and his breathing deepened as he slipped back into sleep.
Sam buried his face into Castiel's sweet-smelling hair, and decided that if Cas wasn't getting up, then neither was he.

The hand against his throat was indescribably comforting.

*

Sam and Dean both jolted awake at the gentle knock at the door, instantly alert. The twins continued to drowse.

“Sirs?” A soft, deep voice.

Dean scrubbed his face with a hand, rubbed his eyes, and climbed from the bed, pulling on Castiel's robe before cracking the door open. “Henrik. Hey.”

Sam pulled Castiel a little closer, lips pressed to the top of his head. Jimmy turned beside him, snuggling up against Sam's other side. Sam pulled him close, as well, hearing a soft, happy sigh.

“I'm sorry to disturb your rest, but the limousine departs for Chicago within a few hours.” Henrik's voice was soft.

Dean snorted. “We'll take Baby, we don't need a limo.”

Sam's eyes widened. *Shit. Shit shit shit.* Sam hadn't even thought to mention to Dean that they'd be taking the jet.

There was a pause. “I apologize for the misunderstanding, Mr. Winchester. The limousine is simply to take you to the airstrip...”

Sam saw Dean stiffen. “The what?”

“The plane is scheduled to depart at...”

“Hold up.” Dean opened the door a little farther. “I don't... no. No, we're roadtripping to Chicago. In Baby. I don't... do... planes.”

Sam saw Dean's shudder. He felt Castiel shift, wakened even though the voices were soft. Jimmy sat up beside him, knuckling his eyes.

“Sir...” Henrik began.

Dean rounded on Sam. “We're taking Baby. Tell him, Sam.” Dean's eyes were a little wider than normal.

“Dean, I'm sorry...” Sam started.

“No. *Fuck no.*” Dean took a step backwards.

“Cutie. Please.” Jimmy reached out both arms towards Dean, beckoning him towards the bed. Dean walked towards him, a little woodenly. “Thanks, Henrik. We're up. We'll be ready.” Jimmy added.

Henrik nodded, bowed and retreated, closing the door after him.
Dean stood stiffly beside the edge of the bed. Jimmy pulled at the lapels of the robe, trying to pull Dean down, but he resisted. Dean's mouth was an angry, thin line. He was silent for a long moment, before bursting out, “I'm not getting on a fucking plane!”

“Dean...” Sam tried again.

“No!” Sam distinctly heard the edge of panic in Dean's voice.

Jimmy knelt up on the bed in front of Dean, untying the knot in the robe's belt, pulling it open a little and pressing himself against Dean's front, brushing kisses across Dean's chest, wrapping his arms around Dean's back.

“I'm sorry for the confusion, Dean. It's okay to be frightened of flying. Many people are.” Castiel offered softly. “If you require it, I'm sure we could arrange a mild sedative...”

Dean's hands came up to Jimmy's shoulders, squeezing gently and sliding up to rest against the sides and back of his neck. Jimmy sighed, his cheek against the skin over Dean's heart.

Sam was a little surprised – he knew that Dean and Jimmy were entertaining each other (quite regularly), but he'd never seen his brother be so casually, unthinkingly intimate with anyone. As though his hands belonged on Jimmy's skin. Jimmy's touch – his skin against Dean's - calmed and soothed Dean, too, in a way that Sam had never observed.

Dean nodded, and when he managed to speak, his voice was tight. “Yeah. That... that'd be good.”

“You can take us on a road trip later, cutie.” Jimmy murmured against Dean's chest.

“Yeah?” Dean asked softly, lowering his head, his cheek against the top of Jimmy's head.

“I'd like that.” Jimmy turned his face up, and the two shared a sweet kiss, Dean's hands cradling Jimmy's head so gently you'd have thought he was made of glass. Like Jimmy was too precious for Dean to be entrusted with.

Sam blushed and smiled, incredibly happy to see the obvious connection growing between Jimmy and Dean, the wonderful effect Jimmy had on his brother. The last time Dean had panicked about having to fly, he'd needed to drink himself most of the way into a coma for John and Sam to convince him to get on the plane.

Sam turned to Castiel, seeing the expression on his own face mirrored there.

* 

There was the usual last-minute rushing, of packing and forgotten things, of luggage loaded into the limo (Sam noticed Castiel's black duffel from the dorm being carried by, but said nothing) and Jimmy having to physically pull Dean to it. Dean was the last of them into it, an expression on his face that would've looked at home on someone walking to the guillotine.

Sam privately thought that Jimmy's puppy-dog eyes were even better than his own – how could anyone resist that sapphire blue?? - and the plush, pouty bottom lip didn't hurt, either. Dean had a death grip on Jimmy's hand as the limo began to move.
Jimmy looked as though something had suddenly occurred to him, and moved to straddle Dean's lap, whispering into his ear. Sam watched Dean's panicked expression fade over Jimmy's shoulder, watched Dean's eyes meet Sam's own, something unreadable there.

“I wonder what our dear brothers are plotting?” Castiel's voice was soft from beside Sam.

Sam shook his head, utterly bewildered at the expressions crossing Dean's face.

“Cas! Get over here. You stay there, Sam.” Jimmy instructed authoritatively.

Sam didn’t even consider moving. Castiel gave his thigh a soft squeeze, before moving to sit beside Jimmy and Dean. The three boys consulted quietly amongst themselves, the twins occasionally shooting glances at Sam which made his heart race and his cock harden. Dean's stare went from fear, to confusion, to interest, to a dark sort of intent, one corner of his mouth quirked up into a smirk. It made Sam's mouth dry, his throat clicking when he swallowed.

The boys seemed to reach some sort of agreement, and Castiel returned to sit beside Sam, while Jimmy stayed straddling Dean's lap, happily curled up against him. Dean's hands had slipped under Jimmy's shirt, and were resting on his waist.

Sam tried – he really did – to be grateful that whatever Jimmy had put into Dean's head had apparently blown the fear of the plane right out of it. He did see Dean stiffen, though, as the limo rolled to a stop near the sleek aircraft.

Jimmy pulled Dean from the limousine, and Sam heard Jimmy's stream of soft, reassuring words. Dean still hadn't let go of Jimmy's hand, and had started to hyperventilate a little.

Castiel pressed a hand to Dean's back, once the four of them were outside the car. “Did you want that sedative, Dean?”

“No. You said that if I took one then I couldn't...” Dean's eyes shot to Sam, and he stopped himself.

*Couldn't what??*

“That's true. I promise, though, that it's safe and comfortable and awesome in there.” Jimmy reassured Dean, and Dean let Jimmy guide him to the plane's stairs. Sam followed close behind him, Castiel bringing up the rear.

Sam just barely heard Dean humming “Enter Sandman” under his breath as he mounted the steps into the plane. The greetings from the staff were perfunctory, and Jimmy led the boys back into the bedroom, locking the door.

“Strip, Sam.” Jimmy kicked off his boots, and unzipped the duffel, which had been placed on the floor near the bed. A quick glance at Castiel showed him unbuttoning his cuffs and rolling up his sleeves. Dean was seated in one of the chairs, carefully removing his own new boots.

Sam stripped with trembling fingers, and almost the moment the shirt was up and over his head, Jimmy slipped a blindfold down over his eyes. Sam froze and opened his mouth to protest, but Castiel beat him to it.

“No words, Sam, unless you're asked or they're your safewords. Or this will be a great deal less pleasant for you.” Castiel's voice was calm and even. Sam's mouth snapped shut, and he blindly fumbled off his jeans, giving the other boys an eyeful of his favourite gold panties, his cock hard and leaking behind them.
There was a low, appreciative wolf whistle – Sam couldn’t tell who had done it. He blushed.

The plane started to move, a gentle jerk and sensation of moving forward. Sam heard a whispered curse from Dean and some soft reassurances. Warm hands guided him to sit on the bed as the plane sped up, climbed, and reached its cruising altitude.

“Now.” Castiel. “We’re going to use this time to give you brother a slightly better glimpse into this lifestyle, Sam. You’ve given him a bit of a peek into what submitting can be like, so we’re going to show him the opposite side of the coin.”

A shiver ran through Sam, but he stayed still and silent where he’d been put, breathing a little hard.

“You’re going to do exactly what any one of us tells you to do, when we tell you to do it. Understood?” Sam was pretty sure that had been Jimmy.

“Yes... Sir.” Sam hedged, not sure which form of address the twins might want.

“That will be fine.” Dean’s voice was a little hoarse, but calm and even. Sam’s breath caught in his chest. “On your hands and knees, Sammy.”

Sam was stunned that he didn’t come on the spot. He moved to comply, and gentle hands guided him to where they wanted him. There was a hurried, almost frantic whisper at his ear - “If any of this upsets you, please, please safeword.” - Castiel’s voice, deeply worried.

“I... I will, Cas.” Barely a breath, but Castiel heard him – he could tell by the gentle squeeze on his shoulder. A gentle hand stroked down Sam’s ass cheek and thigh, over the panties.

Sam trembled, but it was more from anticipation than fear. He knew the panties would be staying on, unless he gave explicit permission for them to be removed. He knew that the twins understood that Sam still didn’t think he was ready for any sort of penetrative act – though he had physically healed quite well, the mental scars of John’s treatment of him were far worse. A hot mouth against him was fine, but when Sam though about someone entering him, he flashed on cruel grips and punishing words...

Sam pushed his dark thoughts away. John was dead, and he was in a scene with his two gorgeous boyfriends and his smoking-hot older brother. He heard the echo of Castiel’s voice, ‘Stay with me. I love you.’, and fought to stop thinking and simply feel.

The bed moved beside him, and a warm, rough hand was placed over the fine scars on Sam’s lower back, the other smoothing over his ass cheek. Dean’s voice was still rough when he spoke. “You’re our good boy, aren’t you, Sammy?”

“Yessir...” Sam gasped out.

“And sometimes good boys need spankings, don’t they.”

“OhGodyes.” Sam shuddered violently. There was a vicious smack on his rump. “Sir! Y-yes. Sir.” Sam corrected himself, blushing.

“So, Dean, you know your brother’s a masochist. It would probably be helpful to learn, for future reference, how he responds to different impact toys.” Castiel’s voice was level and instructive. “We know that hand spanking is one of his favourites. If you don’t want him to come right away, we might wish to pursue other options, for now. There are even some here that we haven’t used on him yet, so this may be a learning experience for us all.”
There was a soft grunt of assent from behind Sam, and someone shifted on the bed. There were some soft sounds of rustling, and some whispered conversation, before something long and slender brushed across his ass over the panties.

Thinking it was the cane, Sam lurched forward on the bed, throwing himself flat and getting a faceful of pillows, trying to scramble away, a hairsbreadth from safewording.


Sam's heart hammered against his ribs, seeming to slow reluctantly as he pushed himself back up to his hands and knees, trembling. A warm hand landed on his lower back, rubbing soothingly. Sam's breathing deepened a little.

“A leather-wrapped crop, flexible, fairly broad tip.” Jimmy. “You can strike with the shaft or the tip, and leave different sorts of welts. Generally stick with the meat of the ass, the backs of the thighs. The upper back is fair game, if your target is as muscular as our Sam is, but always avoid the spine and particularly the kidneys.”

Kidneys. Sam could almost feel the echo of a boot slamming down onto him, but the soft brush of cool leather up the back of his right thigh brought him back to the present. There was a light tap against his ass, over the silky fabric, and Sam felt a spike of frustration at the panties. He whined.

“Sam?” Castiel's voice was soft, near his ear.

“Off, take them off.” Sam whimpered, squirming a little.

“Are you certain?” A soft touch against Sam's jaw.

“Please.” Sam begged.

Gentle fingers lowered Sam's panties slowly, as though giving him ample opportunity to change his mind. He didn't, and the next gentle tap of leather against his ass was infinitely more satisfying.

Sam fought to stay still, his cock hard and leaking, as Dean – and somehow Sam knew the crop was in Dean's hand – worked over his ass and thighs. He could feel the stinging welts rise, as Dean's confidence grew, and Jimmy and Castiel continued with their calm instruction.

The crop was followed by a soft flogger, which Sam was pretty sure was suede. He heard Dean grunt in exertion as he brought it down hard over Sam's upper back, and Jimmy explained that a heavier one, harsher, would leave welts and break skin if used with that much force.

The harsher, heavier flogger followed, pulling groans from Sam as his arms trembled. Castiel seemed to be showing Dean the correct way to guide the falls, and Dean's technique improved rapidly as Sam's skin began to burn and throb. A particularly hard, well-aimed strike made Sam's arms collapse, and he landed on his elbows.

“Sammy!” Sam heard the flogger hit the floor, the anxiousness in his brother's voice. A large hand pressed against his searing upper back, and Sam came, shuddering and spasming hard under the touch. Sam collapsed against the bed with a soft groan.

“Jesus Christ.” Dean sounded awestruck, stroking a hand down his brother's back.

“Good boy.” Castiel murmured, kissing Sam's temple. Jimmy's soft touch was smoothing a cool
cream over his myriad of welts.

Sam lay dazed as the other three watched over him, feeling sated and safe.

He slept the entire way to Chicago.
This one is a smidge short, but you'll see it kind of had to end where it did.

Also, for anyone who isn't familiar with hellhoundsprey, she's an incredibly talented writer AND artist. I'm in awe of her work, and if you've never read or seen it, go do so now.

Cheers!

Sam didn't think he'd ever get tired of being woken with soft touches and sweet kisses. He smiled even before he opened his eyes, and was peripherally aware that the plane didn't seem to be moving.

“Time to go, Sammy.” Dean's voice was a little rough, but Sam could hear that the tension, the fear of the flight had fallen from it now that the plane's wheels were on terra firma. Sam was glad that Dean was calmer.

The twins and Dean helped Sam into some comfortable clothes, soft fabrics which still stung and seemed to scrape across his back, ass, and thighs. Sam shivered and smiled, blushing and hardening a little. Castiel smirked, and Jimmy winked.

The limo ride to the house seemed to take no time at all, and Mr. and Mrs. Novak were waiting on the steps for them, his arm around her waist, both wearing warm smiles. As Jimmy pulled Dean from the limousine, Dean seemed to stiffen.

Sam climbed out after him, Castiel helping him up, and saw the tautness in Dean's carriage. He knew immediately that it was Dean's response to an older male in an authority position – stand up straight, square your shoulders, and show some respect. Sam didn't know how to express that the Novaks didn't demand formality like that.

“Boys, welcome home. Sam, please, come in before you get cold. And this must be Dean.” Mr. Novak smiled warmly at the four boys, gesturing them up the stairs and into the house, leading the way, his wife at his side. When they were all inside, Mrs. Novak moved towards Sam, her eyes ineffably sad.

She hesitated a small distance from him, as though not certain he would be comfortable with being touched. Sam felt tears prick at the corners of his eyes, and managed the tiniest nod. She swept him into her arms, into a tight hug. She felt small and fragile against him. Sam heard her soft sob, her cheek pressed against his sternum, and Sam blinked quickly, trying to force the tears back.

“We are so, so sorry, Sam, for what happened.” Mr. Novak's voice was deep and calm. “And so very glad that your recovery is progressing. You're always welcome in our home, and we're happy that you're feeling strong enough to have made the trip.”

“Thank you, Sir.” Sam's voice was a little strangled, around the tightness in his throat from trying not to cry. Mrs. Novak's arms tightened around him.

“And Dean. Welcome to our home.” Mr. Novak smiled at him.
Sam glanced at Dean, and could tell that Dean was feeling the same way Sam had, the first time he'd entered the Novaks' palatial home. He was still wired tight, his shoulders held rigid, and his face impassive. Jimmy was at Dean's side, a hand on Dean's back, and was looking up at him with concern, feeling the tension in Dean's muscles.

“Thank you, Sir, Ma'am.” Even Dean's voice was stiff.

Mrs. Novak peeled herself off of Sam, smiling up at him and touching his cheek gently, before brushing the tears from her eyes. She turned to Dean, who somehow stiffened even further.

“Dean.” She smiled at him, moving to stand before him. As she had done with Sam, when they met, she reached up and touched the sides of Dean's neck, gently pulling him down. Dean's eyes were wide and startled as she kissed first his right cheek, and then his left, and smiled warmly at him.

“Welcome. I'm Marjorie, and this is my husband, Charles.”

Dean mouthed soundlessly for a moment, eyes darting to Sam, who smiled and shrugged.

Mrs. Novak laughed that tinkling laugh again, the one that made Sam smile despite himself. “Or you can call us Sir and Ma'am, as Sam seems to prefer to do.”

“Yes, Ma'am.” Dean looked relieved, relaxed visibly, and his mouth curved up into something that was almost a smile.

The parents led the four boys into a room that Sam hadn't yet seen – a comfortable lounge which seemed to do double duty as a games room. There was a gorgeous pool table, a dart board, and a comfortable, worn-in couch across from two plush armchairs. A well-stocked wet bar occupied one corner. There was the requisite large television, and a fireplace, which Sam thought was gas, which crackled invitingly and filled the room with a wonderful, radiant warmth.

Castiel guided Sam and Dean to take spots on the couch, as Mr. and Mrs. Novak took the chairs. Jimmy moved to the bar, opening a fridge and grabbing an armful of bottles of cool water. He returned, and gave one to each of the three boys on the couch, and kept one for himself.

“Drink, Sam. Flying can be very dehydrating, and it's very important that you take care.” Mrs. Novak smiled.

“Yes, Ma'am.” Sam cracked open the water bottle. He'd honestly had enough of people telling him to stay hydrated - doctors and nurses and Dean and Cas and Jimmy and Marta... even Henrik had been keeping an eye on his fluid intake... but he certainly wasn't going to say anything to the twins' mom. He drank deeply, and Castiel's hand rubbed across his lower back.

There was some quiet conversation, the parents asking the twins about school, about the house, about anything other than Sam's recent trauma. Sam was grateful, and was quiet, for the most part. Dean answered politely when addressed, not seeming to be quite as stiff and uncomfortable as he had been upon arrival.

Mr. and Mrs Novak begged their pardon after a short while, saying that unfortunately, they both had obligations outside of the house, but that they might be back for dinner. Sam and Dean both stood as they left.

Jimmy pulled Dean over to the pool table, insisting that they play. Sam and Castiel trailed after them. Sam chuckled at Dean's utter confusion about the snooker balls, watching him turn a red ball over and over in his hand, looking for the number on it. They settled for playing plain old pool – Team Cas and Sam versus Team Jimmy and Dean – and the game was won narrowly by Team Cas. It
became clear pretty quickly that while Dean and Sam were pretty evenly matched, Castiel was a stronger player than Jimmy, who sulked, pouting, when his team lost. Dean grabbed him in a hug, perched Jimmy's butt on the edge of the table, Jimmy's legs wrapped around him, and kissed the pout right off of Jimmy's face.

Castiel and Sam chuckled, moving over to the dartboard, sensing Dean and Jimmy might be preoccupied with each other for a while. Sam was surprised to find that Castiel was astonishingly good – good enough to make Sam worry that he might not win. And sure enough, Sam had just lost the game, though narrowly, when he heard a soft moan from across the room.

Sam glanced over, and was stunned to see his brother on his knees, Jimmy's cock in his mouth, Jimmy's hands clenched tight in Dean's short hair. Dean's hands were wrapped around Jimmy's hips, and Jimmy thrust shallowly, his eyes locked on Dean's as he shuddered and spilled into Dean's mouth. Dean's eyes flickered shut as he swallowed, and Sam barely heard Jimmy's whispered, “Good slut.”

Sam's cock hardened so fast that he actually felt a little faint. Jimmy pulled back, tucking himself back into his pants and zipping up. Dean stayed on his knees. Jimmy whispered something to Dean, too softly for Sam to hear, his hand stroking gently down the edge of Dean's jaw, and Dean's head turned towards Castiel and Sam. Sam saw the blush rise on Dean's cheeks, but he didn't move. Behind Dean's back, Jimmy gestured to the other two with a finger, 'Come here.'

Sam didn't realize that he had frozen in his spot until he felt Castiel's hand on his lower back, giving him a nudge towards the other two boys. Sam walked towards Dean with a look of stunned wonderment on his face – he couldn't believe that Dean was willingly, voluntarily on his knees for Jimmy. Immediately, Sam began to wonder what had been going on, all of the times that Jimmy had dragged Dean up the stairs and into Dean's bedroom.

“It looks as though your brother could use a little help there, Dean...” Jimmy's normally playful voice was dark with lust.

Dean shifted and turned to face Sam. Still on his knees, he made his way over, his eyes locked on the bulge of Sam's cock behind his sweatpants. Dean's hands lifted to quickly ease Sam's pants down, one hand wrapping around the base as he leaned in, mouth open wide.

Sam groaned and wavered as Dean's hot mouth closed over him, Dean's eyes lifting to fix on Sam's. Castiel wrapped an arm around Sam's waist, keeping him steady. Pleasure surging through him, Sam struggled to bring his brain online for long enough to process that Dean's technique had very definitely improved, and Sam came fast and hard as his cock nudged at the back of his brother's throat. Dean swallowed and pulled back a little, once Sam had stopped pulsing.

“Jesus Christ!” Sam's voice was weak, and Dean smirked up at him and winked. Dean leaned back in to give Sam's cock a final kiss, before pulling Sam's pants back up. Sam panted hard, leaning against Castiel.

All four boys were still for a moment, before Dean shifted to Castiel, and lifted his hands to Castiel's belt.

Castiel's free hand touched Dean's wrist lightly, and Dean froze.

“Dean.” Castiel's voice was rough, gravelly with lust, but he tried to keep it calm and even. “You don't have to do this.”

Jimmy chuckled. “Honestly, Cas – if you think Sam's a slut, he's got nothing on big brother, here.”
Sam blushed – but Dean blushed darker.

“Is that true, Dean?” Castiel asked softly, carding his fingers through Dean's hair. Dean's eyes flickered closed, and he nodded.

“Dean...” Jimmy sounded reprimanding.

“Yes. Yes... Sir.” Dean managed to get out, his voice tight.

“So we have a matched pair of Winchester whores, do we, brother?” Castiel asked lightly.

Sam felt his cock twitch in his pants. Jimmy snickered. A shiver ran through Dean.

“I'd love to have your mouth on me, Dean, if that's what you want.” Castiel's voice was low and serious, his hand gentle on the back of Dean's head.

In answer, Dean's fingers were quick on Castiel's belt and fly. Castiel didn't last much longer than Sam had, before groaning and shuddering and filling Dean's mouth, his hand still gentle in Dean's hair. He pulled back gently, tucking himself away as Dean licked his lips.

“Thank you, Sirs.” Dean's voice was barely a whisper, his lips wet and reddened and perfect, Sam thought.

Sam dropped to his knees beside his brother, grabbed Dean's face, and kissed him hard, tasting Castiel's familiar flavour in Dean's mouth. Sam was stunned, he couldn't believe what Dean had just allowed to happen – what Dean had just actively, willingly done.

“Jesus Christ, Dean...” Sam's words were mumbled against his brother's lips, his huge hands wrapped around the sides of Dean's head. “Jesus fucking Christ. Are... are you okay?”

Dean chuckled, pulling Sam's hands down. “Sammy, you know I have safewords, right? Green, Sammy. Fucking green.” Dean kissed Sam a final time and sat back on his heels, grinning at his gobsmacked brother.

“Thank you, Dean. That was very... pleasurable.” Castiel smiled down at him. “I hope you'll allow me to return the favour, at some point.”

The smile fell off Dean's face, and was replaced by wide-eyed shock as he stared up at Castiel. “You... you don't have to do that...” Dean stammered.

“I'd like to.” Castiel's smile didn't so much as waver, as Dean nodded silently.

Jimmy tugged at Dean's arm, guiding him to his feet. Sam got heavily to his, as well. Sam frowned when he saw that Dean didn't even seem to be hard, in his snug jeans.

Dean grinned, loosening his belt and unbuttoning the fly of his jeans. He walked to stand directly in front of Sam, grabbed Sam's hand, and shoved it down the front of his jeans.

Sam caught a glimpse of some sort of shimmery, pink fabric, before his fingers slid over it. It was hot and silky, and under it Sam distinctly felt...
Dean was wearing a cock cage, welded metal, and his flesh was rigid beneath it. Sam groaned, overwhelmed, not believing in his wildest dreams that Dean would ever, actually have agreed to...

“I said yes, didn't I, Sammy?” Dean whispered into Sam's ear.

Sam was pretty sure his heart had stopped.

“Was there anything else you wanted to show your brother, Dean?” Jimmy's voice was teasing.

Dean flushed fuschia – Sam could feel the heat radiating from his cheek. He took a step back from Sam, and turned away from him. Dean slipped his thumbs into the sides of his jeans, and pushed down his panties and jeans, all at once, to his knees. He stood back up, trembling a little.

Jimmy slipped in front of Dean and shot Sam a wink over Dean's shoulder, before gripping Dean's ass cheeks firmly. Dean whimpered as Jimmy spread them apart, and Sam caught a glimpse of bright metal.

Sam's knees dropped him hard to the floor. His eyes were fixed on the plug in Dean's ass... which was monogrammed.

'Property of JN'

Sam's mouth opened, and he forgot to close it. He wasn't entirely sure what he felt, other than stunned that Jimmy and Dean's relationship had advanced to this point, without him having had even the faintest inkling.

Something stirred inside Sam, and he closed his mouth, climbing to his feet. Dean shot Sam a nervous look, over his shoulder. Sam cleared his throat.

“That's a pretty bold claim, Jimmy. Considering he was on his knees for me, first.” Sam smirked at the look of shock on his brother's face, at the stiffening of his muscles, the way his tongue darted out to dampen his bottom lip.

Jimmy stuck out his tongue at Sam, releasing Dean's ass and wrapping his arms tight around Dean's waist. “Mine!”

“Our’s.” Castiel's voice was heavy as lead, and Jimmy blinked at him. “These boys are ours, and we are theirs.” A smile tugged at the corner of Castiel's mouth, which was mirrored on Dean's and Sam's.

Jimmy pouted.

Castiel raised an eyebrow, and Jimmy stopped at once. “Ours.” Jimmy whispered, kissing Dean's cheek, his eyes still on Castiel. Sam could see the mischief there. “But mostly mine!” Jimmy cackled, clutching Dean close.

Sam let the evil smirk from the night he'd 'raped' Jimmy slide onto his face. Sam watched Jimmy's eyes widen, darting from Castiel's to Sam's own, and heard Jimmy's breath catch in his chest. Sam couldn't see the expression on Castiel's face, but had been on the receiving end of Castiel's Dom-stares enough to know what was likely there.

Dean glanced back over his shoulder at Sam and Castiel, and his eyes lit up. “Now you've done it.”

“I... uh... gotta go!” Jimmy tried to turn and make a run for the door, but Dean had his arms tight around him. Jimmy squawked indignantly, trying to pry himself loose, but Dean really was a great
“James, it seems as though you're due for a thorough lesson in sharing.” Castiel's voice was honeyed poison. Jimmy's eyes widened, and he stopped struggling. Sam saw his lower lip come out in a bit of a pout, before Dean nipped at it.

“Agreed. Who'd have thought that a cock-hungry slut would have the gall to be selfish. Greedy.” Sam sneered.

Jimmy stammered, “I... I'm not...”

Dean chuckled. “I think you should probably quit while you're ahead...” Dean turned, moving and twisting Jimmy so that he was facing Sam and Castiel, Dean pressed tight against his back. Dean lifted the key for his cage over Jimmy's head. When Jimmy opened his mouth to speak, Dean clapped a hand over it.

Sam took a few steps towards Jimmy, until he was right up in Jimmy's personal space, looming over him, Castiel at his side. Sam heard his whimper, from behind Dean's hand. Sam trailed a fingertip down Jimmy's jaw, watching Jimmy's eyes, wide with fear and lust.

“Perhaps we'll head to our playroom, and show you just how wonderful sharing really can be, James.” Castiel's voice was saccharine sweet.

“Mmph!” Jimmy tried to protest from behind Dean's hand, but Dean pulled Jimmy's head back against Dean's own shoulder, baring his throat to the other boys.

“Quiet.” Dean growled, and Jimmy stilled.

“Now. This is Dean's first time in the house, and Sam's never seen the playroom, so why don't you go ahead and lead the way, James?” Castiel suggested, perfectly friendly. Dean let Jimmy go, and Jimmy stood, trembling, on shaking legs. He was silent for a moment, caught in the middle of three dominant presences.

Jimmy managed a small nod, and turned towards the door to the lounge, slipping between Castiel and Dean to head towards it. He hadn't even made it two steps before Sam spoke.

“If you run, we'll make sure you regret it.”

Sam watched the shiver run through Jimmy, who somehow looked a little smaller, a little more vulnerable than usual. He saw Jimmy's tiny nod, and Jimmy led the way, walking slowly down the opulent halls to the twins' playroom.
Hey, all! The lovely Lira_Chimera has written a new companion piece, A Shift in Perspective, which is the shower 'scene' from Chapter 28, from Dean's perspective. I feel it's an excellent view into Dean's headspace, which isn't somewhere I visit with any frequency. If anyone was wondering why he cried - this explains elegantly and beautifully why.

Cheers!

The walk to the playroom involved passing through the large foyer of the house which the front doors opened into. Sam wasn't sure exactly what Jimmy was thinking, but he saw Jimmy's head turn towards the large doors, and he bolted towards them.

Before Sam could even think to move, Dean was haring after Jimmy, was faster than him, and had a hand around Jimmy's wrist before he could make it to the doors. Dean stopped dead, and Jimmy was yanked to a stop with a yelp.

Sam watched with wide eyes as Dean clamped a hand on the back of Jimmy's neck – Sam could see the tension in the grip even from where he was standing. Dean pulled Jimmy against him, and murmured something into his ear that made Jimmy tremble from head to toe. Jimmy opened his mouth to speak, and a look from Dean caused his mouth to snap shut.

Sam was stunned and a little proud – Dean seemed to be taking to the role like a fish to water.

Dean, his hand still tight on the back of Jimmy's neck, gave him a shove back towards the other boys. Sam saw Jimmy's lip trembling, his eyes wide and pleading.

If it weren't a game – if Sam didn't know that Jimmy had safewords – he might've been concerned. As it was, Sam smirked at him, shooting him a lecherous look.

"You were warned, James." Castiel's voice was light and pleasant. "Now, rather than simply going to the playroom and filling you more than you could possibly imagine, we'll need to correct your behaviour, first."

Jimmy choked, his eyes locked on his brother's. "C-Cas?"


Sam saw the annoyance flash across Jimmy's face, but it vanished almost instantly. "I've got something to shut him up with." Sam smirked, and ran a hand over the crotch of his pants, behind which he was already hard. Jimmy shivered, his eyes tracing the path of Sam's hand.

"After." Castiel's voice was even, the pleasantness having vanished. He turned, and led the way to the playroom. Dean gave Jimmy another shove, pushing him down the hall after his brother. Sam took up the rear, and Dean shot him a grin and a wink back over his shoulder, as Jimmy whimpered under Dean's tight grip.
The twins' playroom was gorgeous – similarly outfitted to the playroom in Palo Alto, though with deep purple walls, and much higher ceilings. There wasn't the elaborate suspension rig, and instead only a large metal ring suspended from the ceiling, similar to the one in the club the twins had taken Sam to.

Some of the equipment seemed... smaller, somehow. Built to a different scale. And Sam remembered Mrs. Novak's words about some of it being custom-made, for the house in California.

"Strip," Dean growled into Jimmy's ear, before finally releasing him. Jimmy sagged and began pulling off his shirt. Castiel walked towards the bed at the far end of the room, gesturing for Sam and Dean to join him.

Sam moved to stand beside Castiel, wrapping an arm around his waist and kissing his hair. Dean was right beside him. Castiel smiled up at Sam, briefly, before growing serious.

"I'm thinking we'll blindfold him, cuff him, and string him up from the ring.” Castiel's eyes glanced at it. “Each of us picks a tool, and we give him a bit of time to... consider the ramifications of his behaviour.” Castiel smirked.

Sam glanced back at Jimmy, who was now naked and kneeling, staring at the floor, where Dean had left him near the door.

Sam nodded at Castiel, frowning just a little. “What did you mean by...” Sam began in a soft voice.

“I was thinking Dean and I would doubly-penetrate him, while you used his mouth.” Dean coughed, blushing, and Sam was speechless. “After we're convinced, of course, that he sees the error of his ways.” Castiel chuckled at the Winchester boys' reactions.

“That... that sounds good.” Sam managed to force out, as Dean nodded fervently beside him.

“James!” Castiel barked, and Sam saw Jimmy jolt. Jimmy's eyes didn't leave the floor. “Get the leather blindfold, suspension cuffs, ten feet of rope, and go stand beneath the ring.” Castiel was rolling up the sleeves of his dress shirt.

Jimmy moved to stand on shaking legs, silently pulling the requested objects from the armoires along one of the walls. He stood beneath the ring, his gaze only lifting long enough to confirm his position beneath it, before dropping again, his hands filled with the objects Castiel had told him to grab.

Sam felt a gentle nudge on his lower back – Castiel pushing him towards Jimmy. Sam walked to stand in front of him, looming over, letting Jimmy feel every inch of their height difference. Sam plucked the cuffs and the blindfold from Jimmy's unresisting hands. As he slipped the blindfold down, covering Jimmy's eyes, Sam murmured, “Colour?”

“G-green,” was the answer, barely a whisper.

Sam's touches turned a little more harsh, as he seized Jimmy's wrists and secured them in the cuffs. “You know,” Sam began, his voice raised so the other two could hear him, letting some false annoyance slip into it, “this wasn't even part of the plan, until you just had to go and run. If you hadn't, I'd already have my dick wet, instead of having to string you up.” Sam leaned right in, his lips
brushing Jimmy's ear. “Maybe I'd have even let you come.”

Jimmy shuddered.

Sam unwound the neatly bundled rope, and quickly used it to fasten Jimmy's wrist cuffs tightly together, before looping its length over the ring. Without any warning, he yanked on it, pulling Jimmy's arms up sharply.

Jimmy gasped, “Sorry, I'm...” but he silenced as Sam's hand snapped hard across his cheek.

Sam pulled the rope tight enough that Jimmy was forced up on the balls of his feet, barely able to move. He tied the rope off neatly, leaving a quick-release loop in case they needed to get Jimmy down in a hurry.

Sam glanced at Castiel, who was looking pleasantly impressed with Sam's ability with the knots and ropes. Sam grinned at him. Castiel held a flogger in one hand, and a heavy leather tawse in the other, offering them both to Sam. Sam chose the tawse, thinking that Castiel likely had more experience with the flogger. Beside Castiel, Dean had another crop and a grin on his face.

“Here's how this is going to go, James...” Castiel began.

“Fuck you for calling me James, Cassie.”

The words had been quintessential Jimmy sass, but the uncertainty, the nervousness in his voice was anything but.

Sam slammed the stiff, split leather across Jimmy's right ass cheek, and Jimmy wailed.

Dean slapped a hand over his mouth, cutting off the noise abruptly. “Shut your mouth and fucking listen. Can you do that?”

Jimmy nodded, the barest movement of his head. Dean let go of his mouth, and Jimmy sniffled, but remained silent.

“Here's how this is going to go, James.” Castiel repeated calmly. Sam watched Jimmy's mouth tighten, but he said nothing. “You're not going to speak, unless it's a safeword. No whining, no begging. You can cry, if you like, but do try to be quiet about it. If one of us asks you a question, you may answer. Politely.” Castiel's voice lingered on the last word. “Understood?”

Sam saw it coming from a mile away. The tension in Jimmy's face and shoulders, the set of his jaw.

“Please, go fuck yourself, Sir.” Jimmy's mouth curved up in a smirk, until Dean labelled his left ass cheek with the crop, which knocked the smirk off Jimmy's face in the rush of pain.

Castiel's hand was vicious on Jimmy's jaw. Jimmy whimpered. Castiel's voice was icy. “Enough. Enough, James. You can stop now, or this will be the only way we share you this afternoon.”

Jimmy froze, utterly still. Castiel released him, nodding to the other two.

Together, the three of them used their tools, hard, but not viciously, on Jimmy's helpless form. They alternated at random, moving around him, so he had no idea where the next strike was coming from, or what it was going to feel like. Jimmy twisted and whimpered, trying to avoid the blows and failing utterly. None of the boys attempted to stop his movements, and left the kiss of leather the only touch Jimmy had on his skin.
Jimmy was crying pretty freely, his thighs, ass, back, chest, and abdomen welted brightly red, before Castiel signalled for a pause. Jimmy's breath was catching in his throat, and though he had sobbed and yelped and even screamed a few times, not a single word had left his lips.

“Good boy!” Castiel praised, moving close in front of his brother's twitching form, Jimmy's cheeks slicked with tears from beneath the blindfold, his lips bitten red and swollen. “Do you think, perhaps, that there might be something you'd like to apologize for?”

“S-sorry! I'm so sorry!” Jimmy sobbed out, clearly pretty overwhelmed.

Sam was a little concerned that Jimmy might need some skin-on-skin contact right about now, but trusted Castiel to know his brother's limits.

“Yes, we're sure you are.” Castiel's hand lifted to Jimmy's cheek, cradling it gently, and Jimmy whimpered in relief, turning his face into Castiel's hand. “But what exactly are you sorry for, Jimmy?”

Another relieved whimper from Jimmy, before he started to speak. “S-sorry... for... for b-being selfish. A-and for r-running.” Jimmy's voice was a hoarse whisper.

“And who does Dean belong to, Jimmy?” Castiel's voice was gentle.

“U-us! All... all of us. Y-you and Sam and m-me. O-ours.” Jimmy sniffled.

“Good boy. Much better. We share, in this relationship, don't we, Jimmy?” Castiel's hand moved to card through the sweat-damp curls on the back of his brother's head.


Castiel nodded to Sam, who tugged at the rope, which released easily. Jimmy's arms fell, but Dean was at his side, an arm around his waist and Jimmy snug against him, Jimmy's arm loose over Dean's shoulders. Sam eased the blindfold off, but left the cuffs on.

Together, they led Jimmy to the edge of the bed, which was a little lower than the one in the playroom in California. Jimmy sat gingerly, wincing as his welted ass hit the rich damask. They gave Jimmy some juice, Dean and Castiel flanking him on the bed, as Sam knelt before him, soothing and cleaning his tear-streaked cheeks and swollen eyes with a cool, damp cloth.

Sam wasn't sure if it was the gentle touches and kisses and kind words, the juice, the time to recover, or maybe Sam himself smiling up at him, but Jimmy seemed to perk up a little. He seemed deeply calm, profoundly relaxed, and Sam didn't think he'd ever seen Jimmy sink so deeply into his headspace before.

“Ready to continue?” Sam asked softly.

Jimmy looked mildly confused, but unperturbed, and nodded.

Sam's gentle smile sharpened and hardened. “Ready to get fucked, whore?”

Jimmy's eyes widened, and he stilled. Sam wasn't sure he was breathing.

“You've had two cocks up that greedy hole before, haven't you?” Sam cocked his head to the side a little, and let a little more predator slide into his smile.

Jimmy choked, shook his head, no, his eyes still on Sam.
“Well! If you like being pounded by one cock, you're gonna love taking two.”

Jimmy shuddered, and his eyes rolled back into his head. Precome leaked from him.

Sam stood, undressing quickly, and Dean and Castiel followed suit. Sam pulled Jimmy to his feet and against his chest, wrapping an arm around him, as Castiel and Dean murmured quietly between themselves. Jimmy's skin was searing hot against Sam's. There was a soft sound as Dean and Castiel climbed up on the bed. Jimmy turned his head to look, but a gentle finger on his chin turned his face back to Sam.

Sam was pretty sure he saw just a touch of actual, real fear in Jimmy's eyes. “You're all right. No one's going to hurt you.” Sam kissed Jimmy sweetly. “Well... not in a way that you don't want to be hurt.”

Jimmy whined against Sam's lips, a soft, high-pitched sound.

“Hush.” Sam pulled Jimmy away from him, and grabbed his wrists, clipping the cuffs together in front of him. “Do you want the blindfold back?”

“No, please, Sir.” Jimmy's voice was tremulous.

Glancing over Jimmy's shoulder, Sam saw that Dean had laid down on the bed, on his back, his head off the foot of the bed, just a little, and was grinning at Sam, upside-down. His legs were spread, and Castiel knelt between them, smiling as well. Castiel gestured at Sam to send Jimmy over.

Sam spun Jimmy, who gasped and froze when he saw the two on the bed. Sam nudged him, but he didn't seem to want to move. Sam gripped his upper arms firmly, and guided him to where the other two wanted him.

Jimmy ended up straddling Dean, kneeling, hands pressed against his chest. Dean's hard cock slid against Jimmy's own, slicked by Jimmy's precome, as Jimmy shifted a little above him. Dean pulled Jimmy's arms up, bracketing his own head with them and causing Jimmy to land chest-first against Dean, forcing a soft puff of air from Dean's mouth.

Dean chuckled, kissing Jimmy hard as Castiel spread Jimmy's cheeks and licked a long stripe over his hole. Jimmy groaned against Dean's mouth, and Sam noticed that Jimmy's hands were simply... empty, cuffed closely together, off the end of the bed above Dean's head. He took a step forward, knelt, and pressed the length of his cock against Jimmy's palm.

Jimmy gripped him at once, slender fingers tight against him, and Sam couldn't help the soft groan. Sam fucked gently into the grip of Jimmy's hand, while his twin worked him open with fingers and tongue. Dean's hands had come down to grip Jimmy's ass hard, spreading him open for Castiel's ministrations. Dean and Jimmy were still kissing messily, Jimmy panting into Dean's mouth.

Sam thought it was impossibly hot, watching Jimmy break out into a fine sweat as Castiel prepared him. Sam saw Castiel tap Dean's leg, and Dean lifted Jimmy, allowing Castiel to grab Dean's cock, slick it with lube and slide it into Jimmy's body as Dean lowered him back down. Jimmy and Dean both shuddered at the union, Dean's hips thrusting apparently unconsciously, ever so slightly into Jimmy's tight heat.

Sam wasn't even aware that he had stopped thrusting into Jimmy's hand, until Jimmy twisted his wrist and brought his other hand against Sam's cock, squeezing. Sam resumed his gentle movements, his eyes locked on Castiel's, as Castiel shot him a heated grin, and began to work his fingers into where Dean was already penetrating Jimmy.
Jimmy turned his head, closing his eyes tightly, his face pressed between Dean's neck and his own arm. Dean kissed down Jimmy's shoulder.

Sam watched, rapt, as Castiel worked Jimmy loose, Dean still thrusting into him, deeply, but with small movements. Sam watched for any sign of distress from Jimmy, any indicators of unwanted pain, any tightening of Jimmy's muscles, but Jimmy was limp against Dean as Castiel worked on him.

Jimmy's head shot up as Castiel withdrew his fingers and moved to kneel up between Dean's legs. Dean's voice was a low rumble, his “You're all right.” barely making it to Sam's ears as Castiel's hand gripped Jimmy's hip, and he forced the head of his cock into his twin, alongside Dean's, ever so slowly, a groan slipping from his lips.

Jimmy did stiffen and whimper then, his eyes wide, and Sam wasn't sure if he was going to safeword or not.

Dean choked out a groan, too, stilling as Castiel slid into Jimmy alongside him. “Oh my fucking God...”

Castiel shifted his other hand to Jimmy's other hip, his mouth tight with tension, his eyes locked on his brother's stiff form.

Sam was utterly still, holding his breath. None of the other boys moved, Jimmy panting shallowly, staring straight ahead but seeming to see nothing. Sam couldn't imagine what Jimmy was feeling – he'd had both twins at once, sure, but Dean was substantially bigger than Jimmy himself was.

Sam thought Jimmy might've been on the razor's edge of tapping out, thought it was going to be too much, until he saw Jimmy shiver and move his hips, ever so slightly, pulling groans from both Dean and Castiel.

It struck Sam suddenly that he was meant to be the third part of the 'sharing' equation, and he slipped to his feet. Jimmy's dazed eyes tracked his movements. Sam gripped Jimmy's shoulders, and with Dean's help, managed to get Jimmy a little more upright, Jimmy's fingertips digging into Dean's chest as the two cocks inside him slid as his angle changed.

Sam shifted so that his legs pressed against the bed, feeling a little guilty about Dean's head between his legs, but Dean didn't complain, so Sam didn't spare it much thought. Jimmy's eyes had closed at some point, and Sam used one thumb to angle his cock towards Jimmy's mouth. He tapped Jimmy's cheek with his free hand, and Jimmy's eyes flickered open, fixing instantly on the cock directly in front of his face.

“Sharing...” Sam's voice was a little breathy. “Sharing is good, right, Jimmy?” Sam wrapped a hand around the back of Jimmy's head. “OhGodplease...” Jimmy *writhe*ed, opening his mouth, and Dean's hands clenched bruisingly hard on his hips, Castiel's closing over them.

Sam shifted his hips forward, sliding his cock into Jimmy's mouth, biting back his groan. He wanted to say something witty, something about how pretty Jimmy was when he was filled with three cocks, but the scene in front of him blew language right out of his head.

Dean and Castiel seemed to be having similar difficulty. A glance down showed Dean's eyes wide and glassy, as he leaned up to lick a long stripe up Jimmy's neck. Sam's hand tightened in Jimmy's hair, and he couldn't stop his hips from pressing him forward into Jimmy's throat, overwhelmed at the
Sam wasn't sure what did it, but something shook a rattling groan from Dean's throat, a sound he'd never heard his brother make before. It might've been the swivel of Jimmy's hips, the muttered, “Fuck, fuck...” from Castiel, his hands still clenched over Dean's, or maybe Dean really had felt Sam's cock – Dean's lips were pressed against Jimmy's throat, his mouth open wide.

Dean managed to pull a hand out from under Castiel's, and let his head and shoulders flop back against the bed, reaching up and wrapping Jimmy's throat in a tight grip.

Sam choked, feeling the pressure of his brother's hand tighten Jimmy's throat against him, and Sam came explosively, shuddering and spilling down Jimmy's throat.

As Dean's hand squeezed his throat, and Sam was pulling back to fill his mouth, Jimmy came with a choked gasp, painting Dean's stomach and chest with his come.

Jimmy's come against his chest, and his body crushingly tight and pulsing against Dean's cock set Dean off. Castiel followed not long afterwards, blown away by the pressure and the hot flood of Dean's come, feeling Dean's cock pulse against his own.

Sam was the first to withdraw, dropping to his knees, drained, as Jimmy collapsed against Dean's chest. Castiel was careful as he slipped out of his trembling twin, and all Dean could do was lay there, stunned, under Jimmy's weight.

It took the boys some time to gather themselves. Sam was the first to recover, and he helped a shaking Castiel back to his feet. Sam gathered Jimmy's limbs, helped ease him up and off of Dean, unbuckling the cuffs and picking Jimmy up in a bridal carry, kissing the top of Jimmy's head when Jimmy snuggled into his chest.

Castiel helped Dean up to sit, and then to his feet. Dean had barely managed to stand when his knees went out from under him, and it was only Castiel's grip on him that stopped him from slamming to the carpet.

Castiel gestured with his chin to a door off the playroom, his arms around Dean. “Bath, run a bath. Warm, not hot. I'll bring Dean when he's ready.”

Sam nodded, carrying an exhausted Jimmy in the direction Castiel had indicated. He nudged the door open with his foot, and found himself in a spacious bathroom with a colossal tub. What was it with rich folks and big bathtubs??

Sam had to perch Jimmy on the edge of the tub as he set it to fill, Jimmy clinging weakly to him. Sam kept Jimmy pressed against him with one arm, kneeling on the cool tiles as the tub filled. He stroked a gentle hand against Jimmy's back, which was still overheated from his 'correction'. Jimmy shivered, and Sam figured he was beginning to crash.

“You okay?” Sam murmured, pressing a soft kiss to Jimmy's neck, watching the tub fill astonishingly fast out of the corner of his eye. He felt Jimmy nod against him. “You're not hurt?”

Jimmy laughed softly, his face pressed into the crook of Sam's neck. “Not... not in a way I didn't... want to be hurt. Jesus Christ.”

Sam helped Jimmy into the tub, Jimmy clinging to him like a leech, visibly relaxing in the soothing water. Castiel and Dean entered shortly after, Dean looking almost as shellshocked as the last time Sam had seen him in a pool of his own blood. And almost as pale. The only thing out of place was
the small, soft smile on his lips.

A smile pulled at the corner of Sam's mouth as Castiel murmured softly to Dean, helping him into the tub. When Dean was settled, Jimmy finally released his death-grip on Sam, whispering, “Cutie...” and crossing to Dean, straddling his lap and pressing himself against Dean's chest.

Dean seemed to come back to himself, blinked, and wrapped his arms around the boy in his lap. His voice was a little strangled. “You okay? You're not hurt?”

Jimmy giggled, shook his head and kissed Dean deeply. “No, cutie. I'm fine.” Another kiss. “Great.” Another kiss. “Though I'm regretting teaching you how to best use that crop.”

Jimmy's head whipped to face Sam, and the look on his face made Sam physically recoil. “And YOU! Was... was that a tawse??”

Sam raised his hands in surrender, and he decided to try to deflect. “I... I had the flogger!”

Jimmy rolled his eyes theatrically. “Sam. Please. I know what a flogger feels like, in my brother's hands.”

“In all fairness, I gave Sam the option of the flogger or the tawse.” Castiel offered.

Jimmy shot Castiel a glare that Sam was pretty sure could melt glass. “Cas, you are so lucky you don't sub.”

Castiel chuckled and winked at Jimmy, who huffed, turning his face back towards Sam, pouting. Something seemed to strike Jimmy suddenly, and he pulled back a little, staring at Dean, who was staring back at him as though Jimmy was something miraculous.

“And you.” This time, when Jimmy said it, it was entirely different, and made Dean shiver, his eyes wide on Jimmy's. “What made you think to...” Jimmy's fingers stroked down the length of his own throat, leaving trails of wetness on his pale skin. Dean swallowed hard.

It took Dean a couple of tries to get the words out. “I... I could see Sammy's cock, feel it. I thought he'd... he'd like it. And I knew you would. And if it were me...” Dean blushed crimson. “Me... with a cock in my throat... I'd...” Dean stopped and swallowed hard again. “I'd... like it too.”

Sam felt a little faint at Dean's admission, and was glad he was sitting down. Jimmy grabbed Dean's face and kissed him deeply, whispering into his mouth. Stunned, Sam was also deeply glad that Jimmy had convinced Dean to be open about sharing.

The boys spent a little while longer in the bath, before allowing it to drain and rinsing off, drying with what Sam thought was the nicest towels he'd ever had against his skin. A little worn out, they traipsed back into the playroom and pulled their clothes back on.

They were walking back through the house when Sam heard a faint chime, and glanced at Castiel, who looked a little perplexed. They had walked for a few more minutes when they were approached by one of the staff, a young, blonde woman with a sweet smile.

“Young masters? You have guests.”
Chapter Notes

So. Firstly, thank you all, so much, for all of your kind words and support. Secondly, I am deeply sorry that this chapter took so long. It was really quite personal to me, this one, for reasons that are deeply private. I hope that Peppermint and Handle With Care maybe helped to tide you over.

At any rate, y'all are going to want to be sure to read cr0wgrrl's new companion piece, Contrasts BEFORE you read this chapter. It's really kind of a prerequisite here.

And also, if you haven't read SharpieStealr8200's piece of delightful, unmitigated fluffiness, you really ought to do that, as well. Maybe AFTER this chapter, if you're feeling sad.

The boys followed the young woman back through the house, and to a luxuriously-appointed sitting room, where Marc and Lawton sat, side by side on a cream coloured divan. They stood as the four boys entered the room. Lawton's smile was radiant, Marc's face was serious, and a little assessing.

"Hey, guys!" Jimmy greeted them, sounding, Sam thought, just a little off his normal level of enthusiasm. Sam couldn't really blame him.

"Hey, Jimmy." Lawton grinned at him. "Castiel. Sam." Lawton didn't seem to quite be able to meet Sam's gaze, and blushed. Marc said nothing.

"Dean. Sammy's big brother." Dean shouldered his way between Castiel and Sam, jabbing a not-so-subtle elbow into Sam's ribs on his way by. Sam supposed he really should have done the introductions. He shook Lawton's hand, and Marc's, his trademark grin firmly in place.

Sam had been watching Lawton and Marc fairly closely, and was immensely relieved to see that both of them seemed not only more relaxed, but also more substantial, as though they'd been taking a little better care of themselves, and maybe each other.

"This is a pleasant surprise. Welcome." Castiel smiled.

Lawton look a little taken aback, and Marc's eyes cut to Jimmy, who plastered an innocent look on his face and whistled.

"Ah." Sam was amazed at the disapproval Castiel could put into one syllable, and reckoned Jimmy was probably going to catch hell for not letting the others know he'd invited Lawton and Marc. "Regardless, we're happy to have you here. Perhaps you'd have an early dinner with us?"

"Sure. We'd like that." Lawton smiled.

Sam noticed that Marc was clutching Lawton's hand tightly, and that he hadn't let go once since the four of them had entered the room. There was a tension running through Marc, as well, that Lawton lacked. Sam hoped that Marc was okay.

The six boys made their way to a dining room, and took seats. Castiel sat at the head of the table, and
Sam to his right, beside Lawton, and then Marc. Jimmy and Dean took seats on the opposite side.

Sam still wasn't quite sure how the staff always managed to whip up delicious meals at a moment's notice – particularly for six of them - but the food was excellent. They talked quietly over dinner. Lawton had enrolled at a local college, and was taking some preparatory courses for university, which he was starting the following fall. His plan was to study architecture.

Sam, of course, had to share his enthusiasm for the subject, and Lawton listened attentively, the blush high on his cheekbones.

Marc was mostly quiet, but under some remarkably gentle nudging from Jimmy, shared that he was going to the same college as Lawton, and had begun a four-year program in accounting.

The boys agreed between themselves that none of them had ever been good enough at math to even consider accounting, and shared their admiration for Marc's willingness to tackle a very challenging field. Marc smiled – small, but genuine – for the first time since he'd arrived.

Sam was amazed that these two boys, who had been homeless and hopeless and viciously abused, had been able to build new lives for themselves, with the Novaks' help. Sam thanked whatever powers that existed that they'd decided to visit the club that night, and that the twins had been in exactly the position to be able to help. He wondered if Lawton and Marc would still be there, still suffering, if Jimmy hadn't whined to go clubbing that night, or if they'd have run, or – God forbid – decided it was all too much...

He found himself thinking that the world would be a better place, if only those who had the ability to help others took the time to. If people really, actually cared.

“... Sam?” Castiel's voice was soft, and Sam jolted out of his thoughts. Castiel was smiling at him, clearly waiting for an answer to a question Sam hadn't even heard. “Are you all right?”

“Yeah, yeah, Cas. I'm good.” Sam smiled back at him.

“So would you be okay with that?”

Sam stared at Castiel, and glanced at the other boys. Jimmy and Dean were smiling, and Marc's face was carefully neutral. Lawton was blushing furiously. “O-okay with what, sorry?”

Castiel blotted his lips with the heavy napkin and set it aside. “An impact scene with Lawton. Nonsexual, simply impact play, Lawton subbing. Were you not paying attention?” Just a hint of coolness slipped into Castiel's voice.

“I'm sorry!” Sam gasped out, eyes wide. “I... I was just thinking. I'm sorry. Yes, of course, I'd be okay with that, if it was something Lawton wanted...” And now it was Sam's turn to blush.

Castiel smiled at the two pink-cheeked boys sitting side by side.

There was a fairly short discussion of limits and safewords, and the lot of them trooped back to the playroom.

*
Sam had taken off his shirt, but left his jeans on. Lawton had taken all of his clothes off, hesitantly, as though he wasn't sure this was what he wanted, or as though he was steeling himself. It worried Sam a little.

Sam was a little in awe of the younger boy, as he fastened the leather cuffs on wrists and ankles that were still a little too slender. The hair on his arms and legs was so pale as to be almost invisible, and his skin was milk-white. Sam could count every single rib, and was a little sickened at the faded scars across Lawton's back, ass, and thighs. He felt Lawton shiver as Sam's warm hand brushed against the soft skin on the inside of Lawton's arm.

The other boys had taken seats on a spanking bench, using it as if it were bleachers. Castiel and Dean were sitting on the top, and Marc and Jimmy on the padded ledge where knees and elbows would usually go.

“You sure?” Sam asked softly, glancing back at Marc, who looked worried and a little upset.

“Yeah.” Lawton breathed, barely a whisper. “Marc's okay, he just worries about me.”

“Is this okay?” Sam slid a hand from the cuff around Lawton's left wrist to just above it, closing it around Lawton's slim forearm. Lawton shuddered and bit his lip, staring at Sam's huge hand wrapped around his arm.

“Lawton. Colour?” Sam asked, a bit of urgency in his voice.

“Green! Jesus, green...” Lawton was already breathing hard.

“Get on the cross.” Sam murmured into his ear, releasing his arm, and giving Lawton a gentle shove in the direction of the somewhat imposing piece of gear.

Lawton moved a little shakily to the cross, lifting his arms to allow Sam to snap the cuffs into the heavy steel rings. Sam nudged his legs apart, and fastened his ankles in a similar manner.

Sam could see the tension running under Lawton's skin, but he wasn't sure if it was nerves, anticipation, or terror. Another quick glance at Marc showed a slight frown, and tightness around his mouth. Jimmy had shifted a little closer to him, and Sam caught, out of the corner of his eye, Jimmy lean in and whisper something to Marc.

Sam barely caught Lawton's whisper. “S-Sam? Sir?”

“Yes?” Sam moved close, a gentle hand on Lawton's lower back.

“I...” Sam watched Lawton's adam's apple bob as he swallowed. “I... I know I'm not v-very good at this, b-but I can... I can be g-good for you.”

Sam paused, frowning a little, not entirely certain what Lawton meant.

“Y-you can... y-you can make me bleed, if... if you want. Y-you can gag me, if you don't... if you don't want to hear me scream.”

Sam stiffened, horrified. He wasn't able to respond right away, and Lawton turned his head, just a little, just enough to be able to see Sam's stricken face. Lawton's eyes widened, and he opened his mouth to speak, but Sam cut him off.

“Lawton, no.” Sam's heart broke, and he ran his hand up Lawton's back, feeling each knob of his spine. “No, this... this isn't...” Sam blinked back the tears prickling in the corners of his eyes. “This
isn't about... about being a sponge, and soaking up someone else's abuse. Do... do you even... do you even enjoy this sort of play??"

Lawton nodded, his face serious. “Y-yes. I'm... I'm just not...” Lawton blushed. “When... when they'd break skin, spill blood, and f-fuck me without prep, I... I wasn't v-very good at being quiet, at being still. I... I cried too much. I couldn't... I couldn't hold position.”

“Jesus fucking Christ, Lawton. No one... no one should ever be still, or be quiet, if someone's doing that to them without their permission.” Sam was gobsmacked.

“I g-gave permission. I signed the contract.” Lawton whispered.

Sam was stunned into silence. “You... you agreed to a contract that let strangers rape you? Scar you??”

“N-not specifically. J-just that we were the property of the club, and that we waived the right to s-safewords.”

Sam struggled to keep his face neutral, to keep his horror at how the boys had been treated from it. He took a deep breath. He lifted his hand, stroking it through Lawton's hair, watching as the tension drained from him, and his eyes flickered shut. Sam's hand came to rest, firmly, but not harshly, against the back of Lawton's neck.

“Listen to me. I need you to really, really listen, please, Lawton. Are you listening?”

“Y-yes, Sir.” Barely a murmur.

“What... what you experienced at the club was abuse. Criminal abuse. This lifestyle...” Sam paused again, gathering his thoughts. “This lifestyle is about... gratification. About fulfilling needs. About mutual satisfaction. About intimacy and pleasure and trust and release. And yeah, there can be suffering sometimes, but most importantly, it's consensual. And afterwards, it's about comfort and caring.”

Sam paused again, watching the slender boy on the cross, so still under his hand.

It took a moment, before Lawton gave the tiniest nod. His voice was small. “I... I know. I know the difference. That's... that's how I know I like it. There were... there were a couple of regulars, at the club, who... who were like that. They gave...” Lawton swallowed, clearly hesitating to continue. A gentle squeeze of Sam's hand was all the help he needed. Sam had to lean in to hear him, his voice was so soft. “They gave me secret... secret signals, for if it got to be too much. They didn't just want me to scream and cry and bleed and suffer, like the others did. And they... and they were kind, afterwards. Some... some of them would hold me.”

Sam wouldn't have ever thought that he'd meet anyone more touch-starved than he himself had been, but from the longing in Lawton's voice, it seemed that he had. Sam wasn't entirely sure what to do. Part of him wanted to pull the plug on the whole scene, but another part of him felt Lawton might benefit from it – and especially from the aftercare, afterwards.

Sam let his hand slide back down Lawton's back, a soothing, grounding touch. Lawton sighed. “If we do this, right now, Lawton – if we do this, we're doing it because you want it. We're doing it because it brings us both pleasure, and because I think that you know as well as I do that sometimes pleasure and pain can get a little confused.”

Lawton laughed, very softly, and nodded.
“If we do this, we're doing it with safewords. And you're going to be free to use them, at any time.” Sam had a sudden thought. “One sec, I'll be right back.” Sam moved to Castiel, who climbed down off the bench immediately, moving to him. “Grab me a drop signal, please?” Sam asked, under his breath.

Castiel nodded, moving quickly to one of the armoires and pulling open a drawer, emerging with a rubbery, bright yellow cat toy, which jingled softly as he passed it to Sam. Sam kissed his cheek quickly.

“Everything okay?” Castiel asked softly, his voice neutral.

“Yeah, he's okay. Just... just making sure he's in the right headspace.”

“I'm glad.” Castiel smiled, and moved back to his bench. Sam returned quickly to Lawton.

“Here.” Sam pressed the toy into Lawton's hand. Lawton looked up to see what it was, and frowned a little in confusion. He shook it, hearing it jingle. “I know you're not used to using safewords, so I want you to have this, as well. Cas gave one to me, too, one of the first times we played. You shake it for yellow, you throw it for red, if you can't manage to talk, or you get scared, okay?”

Lawton swallowed hard. His eyes cut from the toy to Sam. “I... I don't want to bleed.”

“Never. I'd never. I promise.” Sam smiled, and stroked a hand through Lawton's hair. “I'll warm you up properly, stick to safe zones, and then only go as hard as you feel you can handle, all right?”

A fine shiver ran though Lawton. “Yes, Sir.” He closed his eyes, and turned his head to face straight ahead, lowering it slightly.

Sam was a little torn – the positioning of Lawton's head seemed awfully formal, awfully rehearsed. Like he was baring the nape of his neck to whoever was punishing him. It looked beautiful, and Sam was definitely going to do it himself, at the next opportunity, but he didn't like that Lawton had done it so automatically. Sam soothed his conscience by stroking gently down it, and giving a soft squeeze. Lawton sighed again.

Sam began with a soft suede flogger, against Lawton's upper back, ass, and thighs. He only went hard enough to pink Lawton's pale skin up a little, guiding the falls carefully, and being mindful to avoid a still-livid scar high on Lawton's right hip, far too close to his kidney for Sam's liking.

Sam thought privately that if he had the person in front of him, who'd left a mark like that on a boy as slender as Lawton, far too close to delicate organs and with clearly too much force – he wasn't sure he'd have been able to control his retaliation.

Sam watched Lawton like a hawk, but there weren't any overt signs of distress. Lawton had squirmed a little, sighing, and stuck his narrow rump out to meet the blows from Sam's flogger, and so Sam thought it'd be safe to choose an implement a little heavier.

When Sam turned to get a heavier flogger, Castiel was already there, smiling and offering him one. Sam was relieved to see that it was still suede, luxuriously soft and heavy. Sam wasn't sure what sort of animal's hide it had come out of, but it was a damned nice flogger. He was grateful that it wasn't leather, or harsh-edged – Sam didn't have any desire to risk breaking Lawton's skin.

At the first blow from it, Lawton stiffened, and Sam paused, waiting to see if he'd safeword. But Lawton simply relaxed back against the cross, letting his head droop a little lower. Sam figured he'd just been startled by the increased weight – in retrospect, Sam thought he really should've told Lawton he was switching implements.
Sam worked on Lawton for some time with it, Lawton utterly limp and accepting against the wood, fingers curled loosely around the toy. He was still arching his lower back to receive the blows on his ass – Sam would've bet his bottom dollar that someone had beat him mercilessly for failing to do so, when he was at the club.

And yet when Sam laid a slightly harder blow, and Lawton arched off the cross and groaned, Sam could see the boy was rock-hard. Sam made a private bet with himself that if he kept up the force he'd just applied, Lawton would come from it in less than twenty strokes.

Sam was right – it took eight, before Lawton full-body shuddered, cock jerking and spraying come against the cross. And then burst into terrified sobs.

“Lawton!” Sam dropped the flogger, rushing to stand behind the shaking boy, who was sobbing uncontrollably. Sam pressed his chest against Lawton's heated back, murmuring, as he reached up to release his wrists. “You're okay, you're okay...”

“I'm sorry, I'm so sorry!” Lawton was clearly panicked. Sam lowered Lawton's arms, wrapping his long arms around the slender boy. He heard the soft clink of the ankle restraints being released, seeing a twin at either of Lawton's ankles. Marc was hovering nearby, clearly uncertain how to help.

Sam turned Lawton, who was still apologizing ceaselessly, in his arms, and pulled him into his chest. “Lawton, hush.” Sam put just a little force into his words, and Lawton's mouth snapped shut. “You're all right. You didn't do anything wrong. You were perfect. You are perfect.”

Tears poured down Lawton's face, but he was silent for a long moment, before whispering into Sam's chest, “P-please d-don't hurt me. It... it was an accident.”

Sam blinked, and managed not to physically manifest the wave of fury that swept over him. It was everything he could do to keep his voice steady and even. “No, Lawton. I'm not going to hurt you. It's fine. It's perfectly fine.”

“I... I can lick up the mess I made...” Lawton whimpered out, still squashed against Sam's broad chest.

Sam allowed himself to grit his teeth very hard, briefly, before forcing the muscles in his jaw to relax. “No, sweetheart. No, I don't need you to do that. It's just fine. You were perfect, okay? Perfect.”

Sam kissed the top of his head, keeping Lawton snug in his arms. “Come on. Let's go lay down, okay? Can you walk?”

A quick glance over at the other boys showed Castiel and Dean wiping down the cross, and Jimmy with his arm around Marc's waist, Jimmy's lips against Marc's cheek. He felt Lawton nod against his chest, and together, they made their way slowly to the bed.

Sam positioned Lawton on his tummy, in the middle, and laid down beside him, as Marc laid down on his other side. Castiel passed Sam a tube of soothing cream, and Lawton laid still, eyes closed, as Sam smoothed it over his reddened skin. Castiel and Dean sat on the edge of the bed behind Sam, and Jimmy sat behind Marc, with a gentle hand on Marc's hip.

When he was done with the cream, Sam cleaned up Lawton's tear-streaked cheeks with a damp cloth. Lawton pried one eye open, to look up at Sam. “I... I really am sorry. I know I didn't have permission, and...”

The corner of Sam's mouth quirked up in a sad smile. “Hush.” And Lawton did.

Sam lowered himself so that he and Lawton were almost nose to nose. Sam brushed Lawton's hair
back out of his eyes. “The fault here is completely mine. I am so sorry.”

Lawton frowned, immediately and deeply confused.

“I should've made it clear to you, in advance, that it was perfectly okay for you to come. And I'm so, so sorry that I neglected to, and that it caused you to become upset as a result.”

Lawton opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out, so Sam continued.

“Believe me, I know what it's like, to be a masochist. I know what it's like, to come under the flogger or the paddle or the whip. It's overwhelming, and it isn't something you can really control, and I'm so, so sorry that I didn't let you know that if it happened, that it would be perfectly all right.”

Lawton blinked at him, blankly uncomprehending.

“No, Lawton, you were perfect. I couldn't have asked for anything more from you.” Sam smiled, resting a hand on Lawton's cheek.

There was a soft whisper from behind Lawton. “See?? I told you, I told you that you were good. So good. She was wrong about you, Law.” Marc's voice was a little raspy with emotion, and he snuggled in a little closer to his friend.

“From what I saw of that scene, any Dom would be thrilled and honoured to have you. That was beautiful, Lawton.” Castiel's voice was low and gentle.

“You sure took that a lot better than I typically do.” Jimmy added, with a chuckle.

Lawton still seemed mostly to be confused, though a small smile was forming on his lips.

Sam leaned in and kissed his cheek, giving him a brief smile before becoming serious again. “If you ever find yourself with someone who punishes you for something you can’t control – you need to get out. That's not BDSM – that's abuse, and it is not your fault. Please. Be... be careful who you trust.”

Lawton nodded wordlessly. He reached for Sam's hand again, pressing it to his own cheek, and closing his eyes. After a moment, he turned his face, pressing a kiss to Sam's palm. “Thank you.” His voice was barely a whisper.

“No, thank you.” Dean spoke for the first time in quite some time. Sam twisted to look at him, and he was looking at Sam with a strange expression on his face – Sam saw lust, and confusion, and respect, and... he wasn't sure what else was there.

“Chicago, excluding the club where you were both treated so abhorrently, and which has since been closed and its offending members blacklisted, does have a highly reputable kink community, Lawton. If you were interested in looking for someone to explore this lifestyle with, we could arrange an escort, a guide, to ensure your safety.” Castiel offered gently.

Lawton nodded at him. “Please. Maybe... maybe not just yet, though.”

“Take all the time you need. The offer will always be open.” Jimmy added softly.

Lawton turned his head, shifting slightly so that he was facing Marc more than Sam. The two boys curled up with each other, the way their limbs tangled speaking of a longstanding intimacy.

Marc kissed Lawton's forehead. “Are you going to maybe start listening to me now? Do you see now that you didn't do anything wrong? That you're perfect the way you are?”
Lawton, who had been brushing kisses across Marc's collarbone, paused. He nodded, dropping more kisses between his words. “I... I get it. I do. It... it wasn't me. The whole time, it wasn't me. She was wrong, and it... it was abuse.” Lawton nodded, his lips against Marc's skin.

Lawton, exhausted and drained, fell asleep in exactly that position, with Marc stroking his hair. Sam and Jimmy stayed close, as well. Castiel and Dean moved quietly around the room, tidying up and organizing things.

The boys let Lawton sleep for a couple of hours, and he woke looking much better for it. They were all generous with their praise and kind words for Lawton, and as Lawton and Marc were heading out a few hours afterwards, back to their apartment, Sam pulled Lawton aside for a few quiet words.

Sam bracketed Lawton's face in his hands, forcing the smaller boy to look up at him. Sam felt tears burn in his eyes again. He rested his forehead against Lawton's, and let his eyes close. “I... I am so, so sorry for what happened to you. None of it was your fault. I'm... I'm glad that... that maybe you're recovering, even if it is only just a little.”

Lawton's voice was a little tight. “I... I could say the same to you.”

Sam's eyes shot open, and he felt Lawton's hand press, gently, over his surgical scar.

Lawton's voice was conspiratorial, his words only for Sam. The other boys were a small distance away, chatting softly. “N-Neither of us deserved what... what happened to us, Sam. It wasn't our fault, and... and it doesn't change that we deserve to be loved. That we deserve to be cared for, and be happy.” Lawton's eyes darted over to Marc, and Sam's followed. Marc's expression cleared and brightened, when he saw Lawton's small smile in his direction.

Lawton's cool fingertips turned Sam's face back to his, and Lawton's expression was serious. “It... it doesn't make us... any... any less of a human being, Sam, just because someone hurt us. It doesn't mean... it doesn't mean that we don't have the right to our own recovery. It doesn't invalidate our pain, our struggles, to move forward, and to want what we want.”

Sam blinked blankly at Lawton. He wasn't sure how much Jimmy had shared, but it was clearly enough. And Sam hadn't seen how similar his and Lawton's situations had been, until Lawton had laid it out for him. Sam nodded wordlessly, his mind whirling.

Lawton reached into his pocket, and drew out the yellow cat toy. He shook it gently in his hand, smiling up at Sam, before pocketing it again. “Our choice, right?” He stood on tiptoes to kiss Sam's cheek and gave him a final hug and one last whispered thanks, before moving to Marc and taking his hand. Sam watched the two boys climb into the waiting limo, and watched it trundle off down the driveway.

Arms slipped around Sam's lower back, and a twin pressed himself snugly along each of Sam's sides. Dean moved to stand in front of him, watching him, but not demanding anything, his hands stuffed into his pockets.

“You good, Sammy?” Dean asked softly.

Sam nodded, just a little, and lowered his head, his eyes filling with tears.

“I'm really sorry, Sam, that Jimmy sprung this on you.” Castiel's voice, from Sam's left. “I know it was a lot to handle, and...”

“Look, I figured they needed a chat, okay, Sam and Lawton.” Jimmy's voice was defensive, from Sam's right.
“Yes, I agree, but it should have been Sam's choice…” Castiel retorted.

“Guys, please.” Sam's voice was a little strangled, and both twins stopped talking. “It's... it's okay. I'm okay. Really.” Sam swallowed hard and rubbed at his eyes. “It's... it's just that... that kid had it so much worse than I did, and he was trying to comfort me, and…”

“Sam.” Castiel moved to in front of Sam, framing Sam's face in his hands and pulling him down for a kiss. “Lawton's suffered, and so have you. And there's no need for comparisons. But I hope that perhaps your time together today has given you a little insight, maybe, into your own situation, your own recovery.” Castiel kissed him again, gently.

Sam nodded. Castiel didn't demand any more of him, and took his hand and led him and the other boys back into the warmth of the house.

Castiel guided them back up to his own rooms, and led Sam to stand in front of the couch. Dean sprawled wide-legged on the nearby loveseat, and Jimmy curled up between his legs, his cheek against Dean's chest, watching his twin and Sam with serious eyes.

“Now.” Castiel tucked Sam's hair behind his ear, and Sam's eyes flickered shut. “I'm going to give you two seating options here. And it's not a trick, or a test. You can choose whichever you'd like, all right?”

Sam nodded, just a little confused. Seating options?? “Yes, Sir.”

“So. You can drop your pants, and lie over my lap, or you can kneel at my feet.”

Sam choked, and his eyes flew open to meet Castiel's.

A movie started, on the large television opposite the couch.

Sam really wasn't sure which one he wanted more. Lawton's words about it being okay to seek his own recovery echoed in Sam's head. His voice was tentative. “S-spanking, and then... and then kneeling?”

Sam felt his heart open, in the face of the smile that Castiel bestowed upon him. “Of course.”

Sam and Castiel settled themselves on the couch, Sam feeling confident enough to lower his panties, as well. Castiel spanked him hard, but not brutally, and stopped when Sam shuddered against him, making an ungodly mess of the front of Castiel's pants. He let Sam rest there for a few moments, stroking a warm hand over Sam's heated skin, pulling shivers from him, before gently encouraging Sam up. He helped Sam with his panties and his pants, before pressing gently down on Sam's shoulder, indicating he should kneel.

Sam slipped to his knees without complaint, lowering his head and closing his eyes. Castiel sat. His hand brushed Sam's hair from the back of his neck, and closed against it, heavy and warm, over the worn and rusting collar.

Sam's head was blissfully empty and blank, free of the maelstrom of thoughts that'd been tearing through it since his conversation with Lawton. His body felt heavy and tired and sated, and most of all, loved. He felt safe and cherished and accepted and protected, and – for perhaps the first time since he'd been taken – unafraid. Somehow Lawton's words had calmed that profound terror in him, the one he'd been refusing to face - that the things that had happened to him, had been done to him, could cause him to lose all of the things he'd found, the things he loved.

Sam cried, but they were happy tears.
The days leading up to Christmas were a little stressful, for Sam. He'd never really had an actual Christmas, and wasn't entirely certain what to expect. His own memories of dank hotel rooms contrasted sharply with the Hallmark Christmases that he imagined the twins had grown up with. Even time spent kneeling, under Castiel's hand, grew far less relaxing than it normally was, and Castiel, of course, could feel it. It came to a head, on the afternoon of Christmas Eve.

“Sam, please.” Castiel’s hand gripped the back of Sam's neck a little more firmly than it usually did. He paused the movie, and pulled Sam between his legs, facing him.

Sam knelt up, wrapping his arms around Castiel's waist, and burying his face into Castiel's lap. It wasn't anything he'd have done if Dean and Jimmy were there, but the two of them had left a few hours earlier. Castiel stroked a hand through Sam's hair.

Sam didn't like the feelings of unsteadiness, of vulnerability, of being in a situation that he'd never had any experience with. With stuttering, halting words, he tried to explain it to Castiel.

When he was finished, Castiel urged him up a little, and cupped Sam's face in his hands, smiling down a little sadly at him. “Sam, the only thing you'll have to do, on Christmas day, is simply enjoy, all right?”

Sam frowned. “Enjoy?”

Castiel chuckled. “Yes. Enjoy the company, the presents, the food. Enjoy. We've got some surprises in store for you.”

Sam recoiled, and his heart raced. “You... you shouldn't have. You... you didn't need to...”

“We wanted to, Sam. It's just fine.” Castiel leaned down and kissed him. “You're fine.”

Sam's eyes flickered shut, as Castiel pressed kisses to his face, murmuring reassurances. Sam calmed, and a smile tugged at the corner of his mouth.

“Now.” Castiel leaned back up and smoothed Sam's hair back. “Perhaps we need to do something to take your mind off of tonight, hmm?”

Sam's eyes flickered open, meeting Castiel's. “Tonight?”

“The gala.” Castiel rolled his eyes. “The soiree that my parents host every year, for the very best of Chicago's elite. We'll be attending, as will Dean and Jimmy.”

Sam stiffened again, and his heart rate ramped right back up. His eyes widened.
“You'll be just fine. You're simply arm candy.” Castiel winked.

Indignation pushed at Sam's terror, and he frowned, which made Castiel laugh.

“Come, let's get loosened up, before dinner and the wretched party.” Castiel urged Sam to his feet, and they left Castiel's rooms, walking through the hallways to part of the house Sam hadn't been to yet. Castiel opened a door, and stepped in.

It was a home gym, though better appointed than any Sam had ever seen. There was what seemed to be a sauna, and a whirlpool, and changing area, with a spacious shower. A large open area was adjacent to the workout equipment, which Castiel led him across. It was padded, under Sam's feet.

The boys changed into some looser workout clothes, Castiel on his knees as he eased Sam's cage off gently. Sam shivered, and Castiel smiled up at him. Castiel stood, took Sam's hand, and led them to the padded area. Sam lingered near one of the walls, as Castiel stood and took a deep breath, letting it out slowly, his eyes closed.

Castiel's eyes opened, and he began to move. It was some sort of martial arts... his arms and legs moving in patterns clearly deeply ingrained. There were blows from fists and feet that Sam wouldn't have wanted to be on the receiving end of, and a kick that had likely been high enough to get Sam in the head. Castiel stopped moving, taking another deep breath.

Sam gawped at him, and was still doing so when Castiel grinned and moved towards him. “What... what the hell was that??”

“A kata. Southern mantis.” Castiel shrugged and smiled.

Sam remembered suddenly that Castiel had a black belt – black sash – in kung fu. He closed his mouth and swallowed hard.

“I thought, if you were feeling up to it, that we might spar,” Castiel tilted his head a little, and smiled up at Sam. “Don't worry, I'll pull my punches.” Another cheeky wink.

Sam nodded, still a little stunned by how graceful and powerful Castiel had looked. Castiel took his hand, and led him to the centre of the padded area. Castiel took a couple of steps backwards, and sank into a ready stance, his mouth quirked up in a smile.

It struck Sam that he was just standing there, staring gormlessly at his impossibly hot boyfriend, arms limp at his sides. He shifted his footing, bending his knees a little, and curling his hands into loose fists, lifting them - one protecting his neck, and the other a little in front of it. It felt a little strange, to not have a weapon in his hand.

Castiel shot Sam a look that clearly said, 'ready?' Sam nodded, and suddenly Castiel was flying at him. He blocked the fist that would have landed on the side of his neck, and in the process, didn't see Castiel's leg move, sweeping his out from under him. Sam crashed to the mat, flat on his back, and Castiel was on top of him, a fist blurring towards Sam's face.

Sam was too stunned to block again, and Castiel pulled the punch that, if it had been an inch farther, probably would have broken Sam's nose. Castiel paused with his hand there, his fingers curled in an odd sort of fist, the first knuckle of his index finger protruding above his other fingers. Sam stared at it, and then up at Castiel, who was grinning.

“Winner fucks the loser. Round two?”

Sam nodded, and Castiel helped him back up to his feet. He hadn't had even the faintest concept that
Castiel could be that fast. Sam shook his shoulders out, moving into a stance that mirrored Castiel's.

This time, Sam was more ready for the speed Castiel employed. When Castiel came at him, Sam managed to snap one of his arms, spinning him, and pinning his back against Sam's chest, Sam's forearm across his throat. Sam squeezed, exerting just a little more pressure, and Castiel tapped his arm twice. Sam let go immediately.

Castiel took a few steps away, chuckling, turning back to Sam. “Now for the tiebreaker, hmm?”

Sam nodded, feeling as though he really, really wanted to win this round. Both boys took their ready stances, and at Sam's nod, Castiel rushed at him again. Sam tried to grab him, but he spun away, blocking the punch Sam aimed at his ribs. Sam managed to sink a hand into Castiel's shirt, pulling him off-balance. The kick Castiel had been aiming at Sam's upper arm went high – Castiel's shin hit the side of his head, hard. Stars burst in Sam's vision, and he dropped like a stone to the mat, dizzy and disoriented.

“Sam! Oh my God, I'm so sorry!” Castiel was right there in front of him, fear and worry in his eyes, cradling Sam's head. “Are you all right? Sam?”

Sam shook his head a little, blinking, and the dizziness faded. “Yeah... yeah, I'm all right.”

Castiel pulled him forwards, kissing the side of Sam's head that his leg had hit. “I'm so sorry, Sam. So sorry.”

Sam's arms wrapped around Castiel, pulling him close and holding him tight. Sam buried his face in the crook of Castiel's neck, kissing warm skin. “I'm okay, Cas. I'm... okay.” Physically, he was, but the dizziness had brought back awful flashbacks of the floor tilting, a ring of cold steel pressed against his forehead, a metal cuff digging into his ankle, and overwhelming pain.

Castiel seemed to know that something had happened, but didn't demand anything of Sam, instead just holding him tight, still murmuring soft apologies, interspersed with softer kisses.

It took some time for Sam to pull himself together, and lean back, rubbing hard at his eyes, which weren't (definitely weren't, absolutely weren't) burning with unshed tears. Castiel smiled, pulling Sam's hands down.

“Gentle. I can't have my trophy boyfriend all red-eyed tonight.”

Sam snorted despite himself, but bit back the self-disparaging comment. Castiel looked as though he knew exactly what Sam had been thinking.

Castiel helped him to his feet, and guided Sam back into the changing room, running a hot shower. After making sure Sam was squeaky clean, he eased the cage back on, watching Sam with worried eyes, but Sam simply trembled, his back against the cool tiles. Castiel lead him from the shower, and they dried and redressed.

“I had one more thing that I wanted to run by you. I'm hoping you'll agree, though if you're not ready, I'll understand completely.” Castiel stroked a gentle hand through Sam's damp hair. Sam stayed quiet, so Castiel continued. “I'm hoping you'll consent to a high-protocol dinner, this evening.”

Sam blinked, surprised. He opened his mouth to agree – and then remembered that Dean would be there, as well. He wasn't sure he could handle being on his knees, while Dean sat at the table. While Sam tried to find a way to decline that wasn't just ‘no’, Castiel continued.
“Dean’s already given his consent, as well. You’d be kneeling side by side.”

Sam stared incredulously at Castiel, and barked out a sharp laugh. “Cas, there is no way that Dean would ever agree to that. Never.”

“He already has. If you choose to sit at the table, he’ll sit at the table. If you choose to kneel, he will as well.” Castiel's voice was soothing, calm and even.

Sam mouthed wordlessly for a few minutes, before coming to the conclusion that Castiel was actually serious. He wasn't sure what to do.

Castiel's hand continued its soothing stroking through his hair. “If you're not ready, everyone will understand, Sam. There's no pressure to do this.” Castiel's hand moved to the back of Sam's head, and grabbed a handful of hair, clenching tightly, pulling a gasp from Sam.

“Of course, Jimmy and I would love the opportunity to show our parents our matched pair of polite, obedient, Winchester whores.” Castiel grinned, his voice and smile sharp and dark.

Sam shuddered, hardening against his cage, the pain and pleasure so very welcome, so familiar. He gasped out, “Yes!” before even knowing he had spoken.

“All right, then, let's get you ready for dinner.” Castiel smirked, and Sam's heart raced.

* 

The rest of the family was already seated – Raine kneeling between Mr. and Mrs. Novak – Jimmy sitting nearest to them, and two spots missing their chairs beside him, when Castiel entered the room with Sam trailing two paces behind him.

All that Sam could see of Dean was the top of his head, the rest of him hidden by the long expanse of table. Castiel led the way around it, and Sam's brain nearly exploded, seeing his brother kneeling beside Jimmy's chair, with perfect posture, eyes lowered and hands open, palm-up against his thighs. He was barefoot and wearing only the loose drawstring pants, as Sam was.

Castiel took his seat, and Sam slipped to his knees between Castiel and his brother, who hadn't so much as moved as Sam knelt. Sam mirrored Dean's posture exactly, breaking his form only long enough to shoot a glance at Dean, who was utterly still.

“Boys, we're so happy to have you here. Sam, Dean, it's our pleasure to have you with us.” Sam could hear the smile in Mrs. Novak's voice. Sam's murmured, “Thank you, ma'am.” was followed a half a second later by Dean's.

Sam had a momentary lapse of attention as he wondered suddenly - if Mr. and Mrs. Novak are sir and ma'am... does Dean call Jimmy Master?? Sam's mind boggled at the very concept. Sam was certain that if someone had a gun to Dean's head, and was making him use that title – Dean would've taken the bullet, before he'd let that word out of his mouth.

There was a gentle tap on Sam's shoulder, and he snapped back into attentiveness.

“Sam?” Mrs. Novak's voice was gentle.

“S-sorry, ma'am.” Sam blushed.

“It's perfectly fine. I was simply asking if you thought you'd be feeling up to joining us this evening, for the party.”
Sam saw Dean stiffen, out of the corner of his eye. Saw his right hand twitch, ever so slightly.

“I... I think so, ma'am.” Sam hedged. What he really wanted was the opportunity to talk with Dean about the entire thing, make sure he was okay.

“If you're not feeling well enough, just let one of us know, all right? And you'll be free to retire for the evening.” Mrs. Novak's voice was soothing, and just a little concerned.

Sam breathed a little more deeply, knowing that he had an out, if he needed it. “Yes, ma'am.”

“And Dean, I hope you're finding us hospitable, and that you'll join us this evening, as well.”

“Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am.” Dean's voice was absolutely neutral. Sam risked another glance over at him, and his face and posture were relaxed and calm. Sam had a brief, wild thought that perhaps Jimmy had drugged him, to get him this calm, and to get him kneeling. Sam noticed Jimmy's hand, on Dean's shoulder.

Mr. Novak cleared his throat and spoke. “Tonight, we gather as a family, and give thanks that we are able to be here together. We are truly blessed to be able to do so, and are immensely grateful that we are all well enough to.”

Sam flushed, and Castiel's hand moved to the back of his neck.

“Sam, Dean – we are so very glad that you've joined us. It's plain to everyone here how much joy you bring to our boys, and your devotion to them is clear. We're happy to welcome you to our home, and to our family.”

Two murmured, “Thank you, sir.”s. A gentle squeeze on the back of Sam's neck.

Mr. Novak picked up his glass. “A toast. To family. Merry Christmas.” Castiel, Jimmy, and Mrs. Novak echoed his words.

*

The dinner was fairly quiet, and Sam was stunned stupid by the delicious food. There were a number of Christmas staples – turkey, dressing, mashed potatoes, vegetables – and it was all amazing. Sam ate without complaint from Castiel's fork, and caught occasional glimpses of Dean doing the same from Jimmy's.

Sam couldn't hide his smirk when dessert was served – there were at least three varieties of pie, and he could see Dean struggling to sit still, and accept what he was given. His fidgeting seemed to annoy Jimmy, who leaned down to him and had some quiet words. Dean responded briefly in a whisper, and Jimmy frowned. Sam only caught a fraction of what Jimmy responded with, but caught, “... as much as you want, later,” in a grating undertone.

Dean settled a little, after that. Sam was amazed what the promise of pie could do to his brother.

Once dinner was finished, Mr. and Mrs. Novak took their leave, to prepare for the party. Castiel and Jimmy stayed seated for a few moments, sipping their coffee, and Sam watched out of his peripherals as Dean craned his neck, looking at the partially-eaten piece of apple pie, on a small plate on the table before him.

Castiel and Jimmy stood when their cups were empty, and Dean just couldn't seem to help himself, standing up with a soft groan. “Seriously? You're not gonna eat that? You're just gonna throw it out??”
“Dean.” Jimmy was frowning at him. Dean stared right back. Castiel looked uncertain, his eyes flickering between Dean and Jimmy.

Sam could see exactly why they were butting heads over this. Dean, and Sam himself, had gone hungry enough times when they were kids to never leave food unfinished. Jimmy and Castiel had probably never wanted for anything. And pie was Dean's all-time, absolute favourite.

Sam wasn't sure it was okay for him to speak, but he felt the need to defuse the situation. “Dean, it's fine. Let it go.” Sam moved to his brother, gripping his shoulder.

Dean's eyes shot to him, and Sam could clearly see the pleading in them.

“I know. Later, okay? Later. Please.” Sam put on the puppy dog eyes, the ones he knew full well that Dean couldn't resist. Dean heaved in a breath, glanced once more at the pie, and turned away from it, to Jimmy.

“Good whore.” Jimmy smirked, and Dean flushed. “Let's get ready for the party.”

Jimmy led the way, Dean following two paces behind, and slightly to Jimmy's left. Sam saw some stiffness in Dean's shoulders, from his position behind Castiel.

Jimmy and Dean continued down the hall, once the four of them had arrived at Castiel's rooms. Castiel ushered Sam inside, a warm hand on his lower back. Castiel closed the door softly behind them, and moved to his closet, where Sam's clothes had been hung, as well.

Sam really wasn't sure if the high protocol was over – wasn't sure if he was allowed to speak. He hesitated in the doorway to Castiel's closet, where he was searching through the garment bags for their tuxes. He opened his mouth to speak, and closed it again.

Castiel paused, looking at Sam with some concern. He abandoned his hunt, and moved to Sam, right up against his front, pulling Sam's head down for a kiss with a hand on the back of his neck, while the other pulled at the drawstring of Sam's pants. Castiel kissed him deeply, and the thin fabric slid to the floor, pooling around his ankles.

Castiel released him from the kiss, and Sam could feel him smile against his lips. “No more high protocol, okay?” Castiel's voice was gentle.

Sam sighed with relief, and smiled down at him. Castiel gave him a wink, and turned away, resuming his hunt for the evening's clothing. It didn't take him long to find them.

Sam was mostly quiet as Castiel helped him into his tux, tugging and smoothing and straightening seams and cuffs. Sam stayed very still under his ministrations, growing nervousness wiring him tight. The need to speak built up within him, until it burst out.

“Cas, I can't do this! I... I don't belong...” A hand was clapped over his mouth, and Castiel was staring up at him, eyes wide and serious.

“You belong at my side, Sam. Which is exactly where you're going to be this evening.”

Sam could feel himself unwind just a little at the sternness of Castiel's tone. Castiel wasn't making it optional – he was making it an order. Sam nodded, just a little, and kissed the palm Castiel had over his mouth.

“Honestly, you'll be fine. You'll have me with you, and I'll shield you as much as I'm able. No one's going to give you a hard time – they value the respect of my parents too much to risk losing it.”
Castiel smirked.

Sam nodded, and watched Castiel dress. He was much faster than he had been when he was dressing Sam... it kind of made Sam wonder about the lingering touches, the unnecessary smoothing of fabrics which were far too fine to need it. Maybe Castiel had a suit fetish... or maybe it was a Sam-in-a-suit fetish. The thought made Sam smile, and Castiel echoed it.

“Ready?” Castiel stepped into Sam's space again, slipping an arm around his waist.

Fear lurched within Sam again. “Never,” he whispered.

“Well, you just smile pretty. Show off those dimples, and make them wonder who you are.” Castiel grinned and winked.

Sam followed him from the room, his hand clenched tight with Castiel's.

*

Sam had a brief, hysterical thought, as they approached the wide-open double doors, from behind which he could see sharply-dressed men and women, and hear the soft sounds of music, that there would be someone in a fussy costume and a wig, announcing their arrival, “Mr. Castiel Novak, and his partner, Mr. Samuel Winchester.”

He was greatly relieved to find that wasn't the case at all, but almost immediately, people began to approach Castiel, greeting him warmly. Castiel looped Sam's hand through his arm, and Sam held on for dear life, forcing on a smile, trying to pretend that he wasn't completely out of his depth. Both of them took glasses of champagne from a passing waiter.

Sam smiled his way through introduction after introduction, as Castiel deflected question after question about who Sam was, and where he was from. It didn't take very long for his face to start to hurt, and to tire of the blinding white smiles, the artificial enthusiasm, and the seemingly endless people wanting Castiel's attention.

A few times, Sam spotted Jimmy and Dean going through the exact same ordeal, on the other side of the room.

Sam was actually surprised by the number of younger people there – kids, Sam supposed, and perhaps grandkids of the twins' parents' friends. Quite a few of them seemed to be about Sam's own age, and they all seemed to look perfectly at home here. Sam had to stop looking, after a while – the others his age were just too perfect, too polished, like carbon copies of their wealthy parents. Sam would've bet his bottom dollar that not a single one of them was covered with scars, under their expensive clothing, like Sam and his brother were.

A surge of not worthy rose within Sam, and he tried his hardest to fight it back, his forced smile feeling even more ill-fitting. He remembered the evening that Castiel had spent finding and kissing every single one of Sam's scars, reassuring Sam of his beauty and strength, and of Castiel's love for him.

There seemed to be a lull of sorts, and Castiel heaved a deep breath. “That's the worst of it, I promise. Come, let's have a bite to eat, and a bit of a rest.” Castiel drained his glass, and Sam followed suit, letting Castiel lead him to a luxurious spread of food along one of the walls. Castiel whispered to Sam what the various items were, and picked some for Sam that he felt Sam would probably like. They made their way to a quiet table, draped with a luxuriously heavy tablecloth, and with an elaborate centrepiece in the middle. They pulled their chairs a little closer together.
Jimmy and Dean joined them a little later, also holding small plates of food. Jimmy flashed a brilliant grin, but Dean looked pale, and a little shellshocked. He sat, when Jimmy pulled out a chair for him and pressed him down into it.

“Dean. You okay?” Sam kept his voice low.

Dean blinked, frowned down at his small plate of food, and then looked back up at Sam. He nodded, and Jimmy scooched a little closer to Dean, resting a hand on the back of his neck. The touch seemed to bring Dean back to himself, and he gave his head a shake before speaking.

“Jesus Christ. How the fuck do you two do this? This is... this is impossible.” Dean seemed to be struggling for words. “Give me a room full of vamps, and I'd be fine, but this??” Dean shuddered.

Jimmy paused. “I don't even have a Twilight joke for that.” The other three boys chuckled.

The four of them ate in relative silence, and Sam was grateful for the quiet, and to allow the smile to fall from his face. In the absence of having to pretend to belong, Sam relaxed a little, and became a little more aware of what was going on around him.

There was a string quartet, across the room, playing at a very pleasant volume, alternating Christmas songs with classical ones that Sam didn't know. People were standing, mingling and talking, some were seated at the tables, and some were dancing on a small dance floor near the quartet's raised platform.

Something kept on triggering Sam's spidey-senses, as the boys were eating. That feeling of being watched, and Sam couldn't shake it. As he wiped his lips, he looked at the people around him a little more closely, and it didn't take him long to find the source of it.

There was a very small girl, no more than five or so, with long blonde hair in ringlets and huge brown eyes, peeking around the back of an adult's chair at him. She was really very cute, and Sam couldn't help his smile at her, his first genuine smile since he'd stepped through the double doors.

The smile seemed to give her courage, and she marched her way over to Sam. She was wearing a long burgundy dress tied with a wide black velvet strip around her waist. As she got to Sam, she smiled and tugged at his sleeve.

“Hi.” Sam smiled down at her. The other three boys noticed the small girl, and quieted.

“You dance wif me, okay?” She asked Sam, all wide eyes and seriousness. She was missing her two front teeth. Sam glanced up, and saw the girl's parents, ready to swoop in, if Sam felt the girl was bothering him. He gave them a smile.

“Of course I'll dance with you. It would be my pleasure.” Sam stood, and the little girl grabbed the baby finger of his left hand, hauling him off to the dance floor, Sam grinning down at the blonde curls. He shot a bemused look back over his shoulder at the other three. Castiel and Jimmy were grinning, and Dean shot him a thumbs-up.

When they reached the small space, the girl took his hands, tiny fists curled around Sam's index fingers, and kind of swayed to the music a little. Sam did, as well, but the girl seemed to get frustrated pretty quickly. She let go, and held her arms up to Sam, clearly wanting to be picked up.

Sam glanced back at the girl's parents, who were smiling at him. He bent down and picked up the small girl, propping her on one hip, and holding her hand with the one that wasn't curled around her lower back.
“I'm Anna. You're vewy handsome. I'm gonna mawwy you, okay?” The girl stared up at Sam, as he continued to sway to the music.

“Of course, I'd love to marry you, Anna. My name is Sam.” Sam grinned.

“Okay, spin me!” Anna tightened her grip, and Sam spun in place and dipped the tiny girl, who burst into peals of delighted laughter. Sam danced with the girl until the song ended, and carefully lowered the girl back to her feet. She ran off, back to her parents, still giggling.

Sam made his way back to the table with the other boys. From his chair, he could hear the small girl excitedly exclaiming to her parents about her impending nuptials with Sam. Dean and Jimmy were grinning, but Castiel looked wounded. Sam blinked at him. “Cas?”

“Sam. How... how could you?” Castiel lowered his head, brushing away tears that weren't there. “I thought we had something special! How could you?!”

Sam blinked, stunned for a moment as Dean and Jimmy burst into laughter. Castiel lifted his head, grinning, and winked at Sam. Sam grinned.

“Do be sure to invite me, on the happy day. I'll rush down the aisle, and profess my undying love to you, whisk you away, and leave Anna devastated at the altar. It'll be the scandal of the season.”

Sam fought not to laugh. “Don't be so sure I'd go with you!”

Castiel clutched his chest. “Mea culpa, I've been replaced. I may never recover.”

Sam leaned in close to Castiel, gentle fingers on Castiel's chin lifting and turning his head, and kissed Castiel deeply. Sam cupped Castiel's cheek, and whispered, “You can be my side hoe.”

“That's what I love about you, Sam, you're just so giving.” Castiel rolled his eyes and chuckled. “By the way, Anna is the granddaughter of the Chief Operating Officer.”

“I'll be marrying into money, excellent!” Sam gloated, grinning, and the other three laughed.

“I think that, at this point, we can relatively safely retire for the evening. We've put in our appearances, shook babies and kissed hands, so to speak. Mum and Dad won't really care if we stay much longer.” Jimmy opined, moving to stand.

“Oh, thank God.” Dean stood abruptly, slipping a finger into the collar of his tux and pulling.

“Stop that.” Jimmy pulled Dean's hand down.

“Hey, you're the one that likes to be strangled, not me.”

Sam blinked, but Jimmy didn't even miss a beat. “Your tux is perfectly fitted. Quit whining, or I'll unleash the wrath of a spurned five-year-old left at the altar on you.”

“You mean the wrath of Castiel, after I boot his ass out of my bed, because my loving wife will be back from the spa soon.” Sam smirked.

“Oh, you are so in for it later.” Castiel hissed, shooting Sam a glare. “If I'm to be a kept boy, I expect that you'll at the very least put me up in some lovely, cozy little loft, and visit very frequently.”

“I think I can manage that.” Sam gave Castiel another swift kiss, and the four of them left the party.
After the party, the Winchester boys were feeling a little too mentally drained to be up to much, so the four of them stripped and spent the evening snuggled together in Castiel's bed, none of them really watching the movie which was playing quietly.

They fell asleep like that, and Sam was deeply asleep when the bed beside him jolted, and a loud, excited voice yelled, “Christmas! It's Christmas!! Santa came!! Guys, wake up!!”

Sam groaned, turning away from the sound and the movement, nestling up against a sleep-warmed body that was also clearly in no hurry to get up. An arm draped over Sam's waist, but Jimmy grabbed his hip with both hands and shook him.

“Sam! Sam! Get up! Santa!!” Each word was punctuated with a shove, and Sam was rocked against the person in front of him.

“S'mmy, f'ck off.” Dean grumped, pulling a pillow over his head.

“What is wrong with you people?!! Santa came!!” Jimmy sounded exasperated and bewildered all at once, and actually climbed over Sam, to get to Dean. He shoved Dean onto his back – Dean groaning in protest – and straddled his waist, yanking the pillow from Dean's face.

“Cutie!! Wake up, let's go see what Santa brought!” Jimmy leaned down, his hands on Dean's chest, and kissed all over the side of Dean's face that he could get to, as Dean had turned his head, and was trying to find a little more sleep.

“Jimmy.” Castiel croaked, from Sam's other side. “It's...” There was a long pause. “Five o'clock in the fucking morning.”

“Which means Santa came!! Guys!!” Jimmy's tone turned pleading.

“You know we don't do presents until after breakfast, and you... you...” Castiel yawned hugely.

“You know the chef doesn't start serving breakfast until six.”

“Which means we only have an hour to get ready!!” Jimmy leaned over Sam, grabbed Castiel's arm, and pulled.

“Jimmy.” Even though it wasn't directed at him, Castiel's Dom-voice made Sam freeze, and his heart race. Jimmy froze, too, letting Castiel's arm go. “I'll give you two options. Either way, you're being gagged.”

“What? N...” Sam's eyes flickered open, and he saw Jimmy above him, wide-eyed and utterly still.

“Shut. Your. Mouth.” Sam saw Jimmy tremble. “Here are your options. You can go fetch a gag from the playroom, and lay down quietly until everyone here's ready to get up, or you can get over here, and show me exactly what your mouth's good for.”
Jimmy looked sulky, but complied nonetheless, moving to curl up between Castiel's legs. Sam shifted to lie on his side, and watched as Jimmy took his twin into his mouth, and then his throat. Castiel groaned, and Sam felt a warm, heavy hand grip his hip, Dean pressing himself along Sam's back, and watching over his shoulder. Sam could feel Dean's cock hardening against his ass.

Sam was hardening, too, against his cage, and a surge of need rose within him - need for his brother.

Sam squirmed, rubbing his ass against Dean's cock, and he felt Dean stiffen.

“Sammy...?” Dean's hand squeezed his hip, but Sam could hear the worry, the concern. Dean's breath was warm against his cheek, his voice barely a whisper.

“De, please, need...” Sam whimpered helplessly, his eyes flickering closed.

“Are... are you sure?”

Sam really wasn't sure if he begged or whined, at that point, but Dean pulled away for a brief moment, and Sam heard the click of a lube cap. Another heartbeat later, and warm, slick fingers were sliding between his ass cheeks, over his hole.

Sam shuddered, and, had his eyes been open, he'd have seen Jimmy pause his blowjob, and two sets of blue eyes watching him.

He pressed back against Dean's hand, and the tip of a finger slid in.

Dean was careful, so careful and slow with his prep, and Jimmy returned to his blowjob, pulling another long groan from his twin. Sam was achingly hard against the confining metal, sticky and slick with his own precome.

“You're sure?” Dean's voice was soft in his ear. Sam nodded, trying to push down his uncertainty.

“Jimmy, fuck...” Sam's eyes flickered open just in time to see Castiel sink both hands into his twin's hair, clenching hard, and spill down his throat. Jimmy swallowed until Castiel was finished, and pulled off.

“Gimme that lube.” Jimmy's voice was wrecked. Dean passed the small bottle to him.

“De, please...” Sam whimpered. He felt the blunt pressure, giving as Dean slid inside him, slowly and carefully, no pain at all. He watched as Jimmy lifted his brother's knees, rubbing glistening fingers over his hole. Sam's eyes slid to Castiel's, which were dazed and lust-blown.

Dean's hand tightened on Sam's hip as he bottomed out, curled behind him, breathing hard. Dean was tense, holding very still. “S-Sammy?”

In answer, Sam pushed his ass back, grinding it against Dean's groin.

“Jesus fucking Christ,” whispered on a breath near Sam's ear, and Dean began to thrust gently. Sam bit his lip, arching his lower back, watching Jimmy hastily prep his twin before lifting his legs and sliding in, hard. Castiel arched on the bed, fingers clawing into the blankets, the tendons in his neck tense and his mouth a hard, thin line.

Sam lifted a trembling hand to Castiel's cheek, and Castiel's head turned towards him. Sam shifted slightly, Dean moving behind him, just enough to allow him to kiss Castiel deeply. Castiel melted against the bed, his mouth on Sam's, as Jimmy fucked him with long, smooth strokes.
Their kiss was a little jostled as Dean's thrusts became a little harder, a little more erratic, just before he spilled inside his brother. Dean stilled, panting hard, and Castiel's hand wrapped around Sam's cage. At the touch, Sam came with a shudder, streaking white across the rumpled blankets and Castiel's skin.

Jimmy thrust a final time, gritting his teeth as he came inside his twin. He lowered Castiel's legs carefully, before collapsing on top of him. Castiel's hand stroked through his hair.

All four boys were silent for a time, Dean softening, still inside Sam, and Jimmy limp across Castiel. Sam was pretty sure he knew what was coming, and started counting the seconds in his head.

At twelve, Jimmy asked, “So... Santa??”

*

The showers were perfunctory, and Jimmy led the way to the spacious kitchen, from which delicious smells were emanating. The boys chose their dishes, and ate ravenously, and as they were finishing Mr. and Mrs. Novak arrived.

“Merry Christmas, boys.” Marjorie made her way around the table, giving all four boys hugs and kisses. Mr. Novak smiled, and took his seat after his wife had taken hers. There was some light conversation over breakfast, but Sam had something on his mind that needed to be discussed with the elder Novaks, because there was no way he'd risk endangering the twins, just to accommodate one of his Christmas traditions.

Sam coughed softly. “Sir? Ma'am?”

“Yes, Sam, dear?” Mrs. Novak smiled at him.

“I... uh...” Sam paused, blushing. “I... kind of have, like, some-something I'd like to do tonight, if... if it's okay with everyone.”

Castiel laid a gentle hand on Sam's thigh, under the table. It gave him the courage he needed to continue. “Every... every Christmas, growing up... well, the ones where Dad... where we got left with Pastor Jim, it was kind of... like, something we did every year. We'd go down to the soup kitchen, and help serve Christmas dinner to the... less fortunate.”

Mrs. Novak smiled, her eyes bright with unshed tears. “That's wonderful, Sam. A wonderful tradition. Absolutely, you and the boys could do that, this evening. We do fund a number of shelters, but it's just so much more personal, to help with your own hands.”

“We'd ask that you take some security along, of course.” Mr. Novak added, smiling as well.

“Of course, Sir. Thank you.” Sam shot Mr. Novak a small, grateful smile.

When the breakfast was finished, the parents led the way to a lavishly decorated sitting room, with a small number of parcels under a colossal tree.

Sam was desperately nervous about what he'd gotten for the twins... it'd been more money than he'd ever spent in his life, and he wasn't sure how it was going to go over. Dean's gift had been a sure thing, but Sam was petrified about what the twins were going to think of his gift. Sam's hand
clenched hard on the small jar in his pocket.

Sam and the twins had decided the order of Dean's gifts, and Jimmy sat near the tree, reaching for Sam's. He passed the heavy box to Dean, who looked stunned.

“Open it, it's from Sam!” Jimmy nudged him.

Dean pulled at the shiny paper, and inside was a gorgeous set of vinyl records – Led Zeppelin, every one that Sam's connection at a music store in Palo Alto had been able to find for him.

“Holy shit, Sammy.” Dean sounded gobsmacked.

“Well, the cassettes in the car aren't going to last forever.” Sam smiled.

“Here!!” Jimmy set the vinyls aside, and put an even larger box on Dean's lap. Dean simply stared at it, obviously completely overwhelmed. “From us, open, open!!” Jimmy bounced on the floor beside Dean's chair.

Trembling hands unwrapped the paper, revealing a sleek box containing what Sam knew to be a very high-end, though quite understated, turntable.

“The Sota Cosmos!” Jimmy continued excitedly. “In Macassar Ebony. The speakers are already back at the house, they were too big to fit under the tree.”

Dean seemed afraid to even touch the box. It made Sam a little sad. Jimmy scooted back to the tree, and picked up another gift, smaller, this time, and plonked it on top of the box on Dean's lap.

“You... you guys...” Sam could hear Dean's objections before they even started. So, apparently, could Jimmy, who clambered to his feet and kissed him soundly.

“It's just a record player, cutie. Here, open this one!” Jimmy carefully took the turntable off of Dean's lap, and set it aside. He held out the smaller package to him again.

“Thank you.” Castiel's voice was soft.
“Ow!” Sam glanced at Jimmy, who had a finger in his mouth, sucking on it and pouting.

Dean sighed, his eyes on Jimmy. “It's important to be able to defend yourself, but you have to be careful with them.”

Jimmy stuck out his tongue at Dean, and retreated back to the tree, after carefully folding his new knife. There was a small package with his name on it, from Sam. He picked it up and stared at it for a moment, before ripping the paper off in a frenzy.

It was a small teddy bear... in a penguin costume. Sam had picked it up at the aquarium they had visited, the one where Jimmy himself hadn't been able to fit into the costume. Jimmy burst into laughter, clutching his toy bear. Sam couldn't help but grin, as Jimmy knee-walked over to him, and kissed him his thanks.

Up next were four small, identical boxes, each with one of the boys' names on it. Jimmy passed them around, and Sam peeled the paper off of his. It was a watch – a Rolex watch, with a sleek black face and leather strap, accented by a pinkish sort of gold. It had a small dial inside which showed the date, and the word 'Cellini', in elegant script.

Sam gaped at it, and heard Dean choke. Jimmy whistled, and Castiel murmured his thanks.

“T-thank you!” Sam managed to get out, his throat tight. Dean nodded, not quite able to speak.

“It was nothing, dear.” Mrs. Novak smiled at them.

Mr. Novak picked up an envelope from the table beside him, and handed it to Castiel. Castiel opened it, pulling out a glossy pamphlet. Sam saw smiling people on the front, skiing, and a picture of what looked like some sort of lodge.

“A week in Aspen, boys, before the next semester starts.”

“Cool! Thanks, Dad!” Jimmy got up and hugged him, and then his mother. She kissed his cheek, and he plonked himself down in front of the tree again.

Dean was frozen in his chair, looking shellshocked. Sam tried to keep a slightly more level head, and thanked Mr. and Mrs. Novak profusely. They waved him off, smiling.

And that left Sam's gift to the twins, along with a couple of much smaller boxes. Sam's heart stuttered.

Jimmy pulled it out from under the tree, sitting splay-legged, with the box between his legs. He read the tag. “To Cas and Jimmy, from Sam... does it matter which of us opens it?” Jimmy looked up at Sam with wide eyes.

The best Sam could manage was a brief shake of his head. His blood seemed to be pounding in his ears, but he tried to stay calm. Castiel moved to sit on the floor, opposite Jimmy, the box in between them.

Jimmy tore the paper off, and his jaw dropped. Castiel was dead silent, as well.

It was a tattoo kit, the best Sam had been able to find. Sam slipped to his knees, and moved to the twins. His hand was white-knuckle tight on the small jar, but he made himself pull it out of his pocket, and unclench, and hand it to Castiel. It was tattoo ink... deep mahogany, the colour that the henna was, at its darkest.
“P-please. I want…” Sam swallowed hard. “I want you to... to redo my henna. Cover...” He couldn't stop the tears. “Cover w-what... what he d-did, to my l-lower back. For real... forever. Please. Please?”

Jimmy clapped his hand over his mouth, crying silently. Castiel's eyes were filled with tears as well, which he seemed to be fighting, before giving in and letting them fall. Sam pulled both of the twins into a tight hug, squashing them both, awkwardly angled over the tattoo kit.

“Yes. Of... of course, Sam, I'd be honoured, to... to do that for you.” Castiel's voice sounded as though he were being throttled.

“Thank you,” Sam whimpered out, holding on to the twins for dear life. It took several minutes before he was ready to let go. He sat back up straight, wiping self-consciously at his eyes.

Jimmy cleared his throat, and wiped his eyes across his sleeve. He set the tattoo kit aside. “Okay. That just leaves these.” He reached behind himself, and grabbed the remaining three small boxes – two identical, and one larger. They were flat and square.

Jimmy handed one of the smaller ones to Dean, who had slipped from his chair, to sit with the boys on the floor, across from his brother. He handed the larger one to Castiel. All three of them were looking quite serious, and Sam wasn't entirely sure what was happening.

“These... these are a set, okay? One from each of us. So... so you'll know.” Jimmy's words were halting, and Sam gave him a strange look. He'd never really known Jimmy not to have the words for what he wanted to express.

Jimmy and Dean handed Sam the small boxes. He unwrapped Dean's, lifting off the lid and revealing a... a bracelet. Brushed rolled steel, around a quarter of an inch thick, with a hinge and the tiniest hex-head screw Sam had ever seen. He opened his mouth to speak, but wasn't sure what he wanted to say.

Jimmy pushed the other small box into his hands, and Sam found it bore an identical bracelet. Castiel and Dean switched places, and Sam sat limp and accepting as Dean fastened the bracelet – the cuff – around his right wrist, while Jimmy did his left. Each boy pressed a kiss to the steel and Sam's skin, when they were done.

Through all of this, all four of them were silent. Castiel had his head lowered again, and was staring at the box in his hands. Dean and Jimmy withdrew a little, taking their spots again in the small circle that the boys made in the middle of the parlor floor. There was a long moment where nobody moved, and nobody spoke.

“I...” Castiel began, his voice rough with emotion. “When... when I arrived at Stanford, never... never in a million years did I think I'd meet someone as special as you, Sam.” Castiel continued to stare at his box. “I didn't even imagine that anyone could be as good as you are. As strong. To have suffered so very much, and to still be so capable of love. To give yourself so freely, when you've had every reason not to trust.”

Fresh tears welled in Castiel's eyes. He looked up, finally, from his box, and into Sam's eyes.

“You're perfect. And all the more so, because you don't see it within yourself, and strive so very hard to be a better man. I love you.”

Castiel put the box into Sam's hands. Sam, knowing exactly what was in it, opened it with trembling fingers.
His new collar was beautiful, the same brushed steel that his new cuffs were. A small, simple ring hung from the front, about an inch in diameter, connected to the collar by a band of similar material. The collar, too, had the tiny screw – the hinge was hidden under the metal connecting the ring to the body of the collar.

Sam wanted to thank Castiel, to thank Jimmy and Dean, but he couldn't quite find his words. Castiel climbed to his feet, and moved to kneel behind Sam. Sam lifted the collar from its box, and passed it to Castiel. Sam lowered his head and sat with his eyes closed for a long moment, until he felt the cool metal against his collarbone, closing to sit snugly at the base of his neck. Gentle fingers brushed the hair from his nape.

It was heavier than he thought it would be – two distinct points of contact where it rested against the bone. He couldn't help himself... he lifted a hand to it, wrapping the first three fingers of his right hand around the smooth metal. It was hard and unforgiving and glorious, and Sam thought that he might actually like it even more than the first one he'd been given.

Castiel's lips were warm and soft against his skin and his new collar. Sam barely heard his whispered, “I love you.”

Jimmy and Dean stood, and Sam let Castiel draw him to his feet. He tried to find his words. “I... I love you guys. All of you. Thank you.”

Sam felt Castiel's hand on the back of his neck, over the rusted buckle of his old collar. He felt the familiar spike of terror at the thought of it being removed, but it was followed immediately by a surge of comfort brought by the touch of steel against his throat and wrists. He managed a small nod, and Castiel's fingers worked the old collar off. Castiel slipped it into his hand, folded neatly, and Sam tucked it safely into his pocket.

“So that was Christmas!” Jimmy tried on a smile, but it wasn't very convincing. Sam snagged his wrist, and pulled him into a crushingly tight hug, kissing the top of his head.

“Thank you. So much,” Sam whispered to him, squeezing him again before letting him go.

Dean was standing nearby, with his smirk firmly in place, so Sam moved to him and punched him in the ribs, before wrapping arms tightly around him.

“Always with the violence,” Dean complained halfheartedly.

“I love you. Thank you.” Sam kissed his brother's cheek, and let him go.

Sam turned to give Castiel a hug, to find him down on the carpet.

On one knee.

With a ring box in his hand.

Time stopped.

Sam didn't seem to be able to get any air into his chest.

“For all of those reasons, and so many more, I love you, Sam Winchester. Forever. Will you marry me?”

It took Sam a long moment to realize that he was actually required to say something, to do something... to accept. He managed a nod, and to force his voice out. “Y-yes.”
Castiel's face lit up, his smile was radiant, even though his eyes glittered with tears. He opened the ring box, and Sam saw a simple silvery band, set with three square gems – two blue, flanking a green one in the middle.

All Sam could do was stare.

“This... this ring was forged with half...” Castiel's voice was tight, and his tears spilled over. “Half of the link from the collar that you committed yourself to us with. It... it's a reminder that there are three of us, always, who love you more than you can imagine.” Castiel pulled the ring from the box, and reached up for Sam's hand.

Sam gave it to him, and Castiel slipped the ring onto Sam's finger. Sam was still speechless. Castiel got to his feet, and took Sam's hands in his.

“Thank you. Thank you for making me the happiest guy on the planet.” Castiel smiled a crooked, watery smile up at him.

Sam pulled his hands free, lifted them to the sides of Castiel's head, and kissed him as though his life depended on it. He was peripherally aware that there was movement, and soft voices around him, but all that mattered in the entire universe was the man in his arms.

He wasn't even sure what he was murmuring between kisses, but he was pretty sure Castiel got the idea. Sam kissed Castiel's tears away, and had his forehead pressed against Castiel's when something pinged, quite suddenly, in his head.

“Cas...” Sam's voice was a hoarse whisper. “Why... why only half?”

Castiel pulled back enough to reach into his pocket, and emerge with a second ring box. Sam was speechless as it opened...

Two square green stones, flanking a blue one. Otherwise, exactly identical to the ring Sam had just had put on his finger.

“The other half. I'm hoping you'll... you'll let me wear it. So that I can remember, too.”

Sam carefully picked up the second ring from its box, and lowered himself to his knees in front of Castiel. It took him a moment to gather his thoughts. The soft conversation around him dwindled to silence.

“I... I don't even have words, Cas, to express how grateful I am. You've given me so much... so much happiness that I didn't even know it was possible to be this happy. You... you say that I'm the giving one, but you've shown me joy that I never imagined I'd ever have.” Sam swallowed hard and tried to keep going. “I'm... I'm going to spend the rest of my life trying to be the man you see in me. You make me a better person, Cas. I love you so much.”

The last bit was choked out on a sob, and Sam reached for Castiel's hand. He blinked away his tears for long enough to be sure he'd gotten it on the right finger, before lunging forward and wrapping his arms around Castiel's legs, clutching him desperately and crying into the front of Castiel's pants. Gentle hands stroked his hair, and Sam wasn't sure he could ever make himself let go.

It took some time, but eventually Sam became aware of two more presences near him, a gentle hand against his back, and an arm wrapped around his waist. He tried to pull himself together a little, and let go of Castiel's legs for long enough for him to slip to the floor. Gentle fingers brushed away his tears, and he managed a small smile at Castiel, who returned it. Jimmy leaned in and kissed him swiftly on the cheek, and Dean gave him a warm squeeze.
The boys helped Sam to his feet, and he stood on shaking legs. Mrs. Novak stood, and walked to him with open arms. There were tears in her eyes, too, as she hugged Sam tightly.

“Congratulations, my darlings.” She released Sam and smiled at the boys. Mr. Novak stepped from behind her, and pulled Sam into a hug as well.

“This has been a wonderful Christmas, one which will be remembered for many years to come.” Mr. Novak gave Sam one last pat on the back, before releasing him.

“Thank you.” Sam's voice was still tight, and he smiled at the twins' parents. Having their blessing meant more to Sam than he'd even realized.

After kisses on the cheek for all four boys from Mrs. Novak, they returned back to Castiel's rooms. Sam desperately needed some quiet time, to try to come to terms with what just happened. Jimmy and Dean took their leave, leaving Sam and Castiel to strip in silence, and curl up together naked in his bed, lying almost nose to nose.

“You okay?” Castiel brushed Sam's hair back.

“You're fucking crazy.” Sam smiled, just a little. He couldn't really articulate what he was feeling. His new collar was hard against the side of his neck, and he reached up to wrap his fingers around it. It was already becoming a self-comfort thing for him - a soothing, solid reminder that he was loved and cherished. Castiel slipped his fingers up under the collar, too, curling them around the steel beside Sam's, the backs of his fingers and hand warm against the base of Sam's throat.

Sam fell asleep in exactly that position. He couldn't have known that Castiel simply watched him for a long time, before closing his own eyes and drifting off, as well.
Guys, look.

There are 682 of you waiting for this chapter, and as you can imagine, that's a huge amount of pressure. Also, between my commute and work, I'm away from my computer for around seventy hours a week, which is exhausting. I had to take my car to the wreckers, so I'm either walking or freezing my ass off (-25 Celsius, lately) for 40 minutes twice a day waiting for a damned bus. I'm still training for my new position, which has been incredibly difficult and stressful. I'm still having to live with my ex, the one who cheated on me, and has monopolized 80% of the apartment, so I live in my overcrowded bedroom. I'm staring down the barrel of my first ever Christmas alone, and even prior to this point, Christmas has been a hard time for me, a time of huge personal loss. And the fact that this story is so bloody long exerts a level of stress, too, when I sit down to write it - I'm terrified I'm going to screw it up.

I'm doing the best I can. I've actually been medicated with hypnotic, antipsychotic sedatives, just so I can sleep.

Please, *please* don't pressure me. Don't ask me when my next chapter will be up. Don't ask me to hurry. Your enthusiasm and kindness is always appreciated, but... just, be gentle with me, okay? I'm trying.

I know this chapter is short, and ends rather abruptly, but I promise you, with what little resources I have right now, I am trying. I'm doing the best I can in an impossible situation.

Happy Christmas, everyone.

Actually...

This might be silly, and I know the request is late, but... hell, I celebrate two Christmasses anyway, so here goes. If you have the time, and the money for postage... could you maybe send me a Christmas card? I think... I think that having something I can hold in my hand, something concrete from the people who've been so kind and supportive... I think that might help me make it through this. Yeah. Anyways, my mailing address is: Sue M., 408-1233 Huron Street, London, Ontario, CANADA, N5Y 4L4.

I love you guys. Thank you.

Sam wasn't sure how long they had napped for, when he woke to a warm body snuggling in behind him, and a kiss to the back of his neck. He tried to turn, to see who it was, but Castiel's fingers were still looped through his collar.

He loosened them carefully, and managed to twist a little, to see a tousle-headed Jimmy smiling at him. “Doing a little better?”
Sam wasn't sure how Dean was feeling about it, but the dirty, gritty Chicago that rolled by beyond the limo's deeply tinted windows felt a whole lot more like home than the mansion did. The four boys were dressed in casual clothes, and even the two bodyguards (Erik and an unfamiliar face, who had been introduced as Vincente, “Vince, please.”) were dressed down, though Sam thought that anyone with an iota of intelligence could see the preparedness and the danger in the two of them.

They arrived at their destination, and as Jimmy had planned, walked a couple of very, very cold blocks to the soup kitchen, around which there was a small group of bedraggled-looking people, clearly down on their luck.

The people running the place were very welcoming, very happy to see the boys, and seemed a little intimidated by the lot of them. Sam supposed that someone must've let them know that the Novak heirs would be coming to help out this evening.

They were quickly put to work. Sam was stationed at the sliced turkey, with Dean beside him at the stuffing. A little farther down, Castiel and Jimmy were at the vegetables and the buns. Erik was stationed at one end of the food counter, and Vince near the door.

The lineup of people seemed interminable, and it made Sam a little sad. He was glad that there seemed to be an amount of food up to the task, and served everyone who came past him with a smile and a “Merry Christmas!” He got several back in return.
Being here took Sam back, nostalgic in a good kind of way for once. It was easy for him to relax here, his brother by his side, engaging in what amounted to just about the only Christmas tradition that they'd ever had.

“You good, Sammy?” Dean's voice was low, conspiratorial. Sam nodded and smiled, a quick glance at Dean showing him more relaxed than he'd been since they'd arrived in Chicago. Dean grinned and chuckled, grabbing Sam's shoulder and giving it a squeeze. “Pastor Jim would be proud, eh, that his lessons took?”

“Sure would.” Sam replied softly, smiling at the next person in line.

Towards the end of the line, when the flow of people had slowed to a trickle and most of the tables were empty, there was one woman in particular who Sam's heart broke for – she had two little girls in tow, perhaps four and six, silent and wide-eyed. She had a spectacularly black and blue shiner over one eye. She seemed intimidated by Sam's height, but gave him a small smile regardless, before taking a seat in the far corner of the room, where there were only a handful of people left.

When the boys weren't needed quite so much, Castiel had pulled Jimmy aside. Jimmy looked distressed, and growing moreso, despite Castiel being almost forehead to forehead with him, talking in a low, calming voice. Sam's immediate reaction was to go to him, and Dean followed suit.

“But... they... they don't even have coats, some of them!” Jimmy was nearly in hysterics by the time Sam and Dean got to the twins. “It's, like, five degrees out there!”

“Yes, I know, but...” Castiel tried to soothe his twin.

“What's the point of giving them hot food if they're just going to go right back out there and freeze?!” The first of Jimmy's tears fell as Dean stepped up to his side, wrapping an arm around Jimmy's slender waist. Dean leaned down a little to press a kiss to Jimmy's temple.

Sam slipped behind him and wrapped hands around Jimmy's hips, giving them a squeeze. Castiel was still right in front of him, one hand resting against the side of Jimmy's neck, a thumb stroking down Jimmy's jaw. Jimmy shook his head emphatically. “This... this isn't right. We can do more... we need to do more. I want... we can fund them to give winter coats to the people who need them. Boots and scarves and mittens and hats.” Jimmy nodded and wiped at his tears.

“Of course. I'm sure Mum and Dad will allocate funding for it, if we ask them to.” Castiel soothed his twin, brushing away a stray tear.

Jimmy turned and flung his arms around Dean, up on tiptoes to mash his face into the crook of Dean's neck. Dean's arms wrapped around him, and Sam could barely make out what Jimmy was saying.

“I... I get it. About the limo. I get it. I'm... I'm sorry.” Jimmy sniffled.

Dean's murmured reassurances seemed to calm him, and Jimmy settled visibly.

The boys were excused from their duties shortly after, and sat down together at a table to eat, rather near the woman and her small girls.

Sam ate slowly and thought about the girls, and about Anna, from the party. These two were too thin, drawn and serious, nervous about everything and everyone around them, where Anna had been full of joy and laughter, brave and unafraid.
Sam watched out of the corner of his eye as the girls became a little more animated as the room emptied further, but they were still far too withdrawn and quiet for kids of their ages.

"You fucking CUNT!!" A voice roared from right behind Sam, and he jolted and spun, seeing a huge man, furious, bearing down on the woman and the girls. "You're gonna take MY girls away from me?! I'll fucking kill you!!" The girls scattered, seeming to vanish, but the woman cowered, covering her head with her arms.

Sam saw his opportunity, and took it. He hooked a foot around the man's ankle, and he wasn't sure if the man was drunk or high, but he was thrown badly off-balance and crashed to the floor. Dean was right there on top of him a heartbeat later, the man's arm wrenched up behind his back, and Dean was saying something to him in a grating undertone that Sam couldn't hear, his face locked into a furious snarl.

Erik and Vince had guns drawn on the man seconds later, as the few remaining people around them fled for the exits. The woman was sobbing, and the twins had hastily stood to find the girls, and were trying to coax them out from under the tables.

Dean snarled one last thing to the man on the floor, before standing and brushing off his hands and clothes, a disgusted look on his face.

Sam was pretty sure he'd heard a death threat in Dean's last words, but no one said anything about it.

The police arrived shortly after, and there were statements and reports and forms filled out. The girls had been returned to their mother, and clung to her. Much as they had been that night at the club, arrangements were made for the woman and her girls to have a warm, safe Christmas, away from their tormentor.

Sam's broken heart shattered into glittering dust as he heard the older girl trying to comfort the younger one, while their mother sobbed. He had to turn away, and his brother was right there, pulling Sam into a crushingly tight hug, and letting him cry into his shoulder.

Sam knew Dean didn't need him to explain.

After the police had taken the man away, and the small family had been seen off to safety, the boys and their bodyguards were left in the mostly-empty space. Sam had stopped crying eventually, his nose and eyes red and puffy. Dean had the whole 'stoic big brother' thing going on (which he'd perfected years and years ago), and the twins mostly seemed concerned.

As they walked back the few blocks to the limo, past an unlit alley, Sam heard the faintest, most pitiful mewl he'd ever heard, the sound nearly carried away from him on the wind.

He stopped dead, and the others followed suit. “Guys...”

“What is it?” Castiel's hand was warm on Sam's back.

“I... I heard...” Sam wasn't sure if he actually had, even, but he grabbed his cell phone and flipped the flash on, flooding the darkened alley with light.

He heard another tiny mewl, and moved towards it, the bodyguards right there beside him.

The source was a tiny kitten, snuggled up against a nearly equally small puppy, in a cardboard box which had clearly been dumped there, with remnants of tape and wrapping paper on it. Both animals were covered with snow, wet and nearly frozen, and not far from death.
“Oh my God!!” Jimmy swooped in, picking up the box. He carefully scooped the tiny kitten from it. “Sam!! Put the puppy under your shirt, against your skin! Quickly!” Jimmy discarded the box as Sam took the puppy. Jimmy yanked up his sweater, nestling the kitten against his chest. Sam did the same with the tiny golden puppy, cradling it with one hand and wrapping his jacket over it.

The lot of them hurried back to the limo, Jimmy murmuring to the tiny kitten, and Sam watching the puppy shiver and yawn. He thought he remembered something about shivering being good, but he wasn't sure.

When they arrived back at the house, there were boxes with soft blankets and hot water bottles, and tiny bottles filled with nourishing milk, which both animals drank hungrily from.

As the kitten warmed up and his little belly filled, he seemed to get progressively more distressed, and all of Jimmy's soft murmurings did nothing to soothe him. It wasn't until Dean picked him up and moved him into the box with the puppy that he finally calmed, snuggling in against his friend. Jimmy grabbed Dean and kissed him hard.

When Jimmy finally pried himself off Sam's brother, he cleared his throat, and announced very seriously, touching the top of the puppy's head. “You are Marx.” And then he stroked a finger down the top of the kitten's head. “And you are Engels.”

Castiel groaned. “Really? Communists??”

“Shut up. They're good names.”

Sam knew Dean didn't have any idea who they had been, and Sam wasn't about to argue with Jimmy, so the puppy and the kitten became Marx and Engels. Jimmy was already clearly infatuated with them, and Sam had a sneaking suspicion that at the end of their winter break, the house in Palo Alto might have two new residents.
Okay.

So, firstly, I'm so sorry this one took so long. I've had my head sunk pretty deeply into one of my other stories, *Solnishko*, and this one kind of got backburnered until I dug out that Sam!Whump itch.

So, again, my apologies for the length of time it took to get this out. My most sincere gratitude to everyone who's been so incredibly thoughtful and kind and helpful... I'm *still* receiving letters and cards and gifts and notes!! You guys have been a source of kindness, warmth, support and joy in a world that's been a little too cruel lately.

Thank you. So much.

It was decided that the trip to Aspen would be taken at a later time, when the two new family members weren't needing quite so much attention. Sam knew perfectly well that the staff was more than up to the task of taking care of them, but couldn't bring himself to just abandon them for a week, just to go skiing. The others firmly agreed.

The two new additions were taken for veterinary exams, and were found to be in fairly good health, apart from nearly having frozen to death. Once Engels' fur had dried, it had been revealed to be an odd mix of calico spots and tabby stripes. She – Engels turned out to be female – was quite vocal, and her tiny mews guaranteed her a nearly inexhaustible supply of attention, which she seemed to love.

Marx, once recovered, turned out to be incredibly affectionate and energetic, and full of kisses for anyone who picked him up. The vet had hedged on identifying what breed he was, stating simply that he may have had some golden lab and possibly retriever in him.

Basically, both of them were mutts, and could not have found a home where they were more welcomed and loved.

The early bond that had formed between the two didn't fade, and when Marx was sleeping, Engels frequently climbed on top of him and nestled into his fur for a nap – when she wasn't already curled on Jimmy's chest.

*  

Sam's initial shock at finding himself engaged seemed to fade, but left a lingering flavour in his mouth, to go along with the strange presence of the ring on his finger. The flavour made him keep on pulling Castiel aside to ask in a soft voice what the hell he was doing, thinking that marrying Sam was a good idea.
One afternoon shortly before new year's eve, things came to a bit of a head, and Castiel had had quite enough of Sam questioning his own worth. Castiel put him on his knees in his bedroom, told him to stay there, and closed the doors. Sam could hear the other three boys' voices from the other room, but they were muffled and Sam couldn't make out what they were saying.

It wasn't long before Castiel returned, hauling Sam up by an arm.

Castiel offered a very terse explanation that since Sam was refusing to listen, that the ability to do so would be removed from him for a time. Castiel put Dean's new headphones over his ears, so that all he could hear was classical music – they were powerfully noise-cancelling. The blindfold came next, and the gag, shortly followed by the soft, rubbery toy pressed into his hand and a reassuring squeeze on his hip.

Sam was manhandled a little roughly down the halls, towards what he assumed was the twins' playroom. He also assumed that Dean and Jimmy were nearby, as the lot of them had been watching a movie on a ridiculously large television, before Sam had begun his most recent bout of whispered questioning to Castiel.

Sam's clothes were removed from him carelessly, and he was stripped naked, save for his cage. Leather cuffs were wrapped around his wrists, and firm hands on his hips moved him forwards. He hit cool wood, an angled beam, chest to groin, and his hands were hoisted up above his head and fastened.

*Whipping post.* Sam trembled, wrapping his fingers around the corners of the smooth wood, the drop signal carefully cradled in one hand. The music stopped, and there was silence for a moment, before he heard Castiel's voice coming from the headphones, “You are so loved.”

Sam blinked behind his blindfold, and jolted a moment later as a slash of pain was laid across his upper back.

Jimmy's voice - “You're so perfect.” And Dean's, “You're so special.” Another stripe of agony across his skin.

It went on and on, gentle words of encouragement and love and searing pain, and somehow Sam felt like the whip was forcing the words under his skin, making him feel the realness of them, making him acknowledge them.

When the blows from the whip finally stopped, it took Sam a moment to realize what was going on. The words continued. He was sheened with sweat, back aching and throbbing in time with his pulse, trembling. His cheeks were smeared with tears from beneath the blindfold, and he was breathing hard through his nose.

“*You're the smartest person I know.*” Dean.

“*You're so incredibly giving.*” Jimmy.

Warm hands on his skin, caressing, kisses and scratchy stubble.

“*You care so deeply.*” Castiel.

“*When you smile, the world is a brighter place.*” Jimmy.

“*You deserve happiness. You deserve love.*” Dean.

Someone's fingers trailed down the crack of his ass, and he shifted, dipping his lower back and tilting
his hips, spreading his legs. Warm slickness rubbed against his hole, and he whimpered around his
gag.

“You're so perfect.” Castiel, and a gentle finger slipped inside of him.

They fucked him exactly like that, all three of them, one after another after another, with caring,
worshipful touches and lingering kisses, and so much gentleness, and the soft words of love and
support echoing in his head.

They took him down afterwards, removed the headphones and the bindings and helped him to the
bed, cleaned and soothed his tearstreaked face and welted back. All three of them stayed close, not
demanding anything of Sam, simply being there.

Sam drifted into sleep. When he woke, the three boys were still there, snuggled up against him, and it
somehow seemed indicative of something bigger, to Sam.

He no longer felt the need to question why Castiel was with him... the three boys had made it very,
very clear.

*

New year's eve passed quietly, with the four boys celebrating with a simple glass of champagne
apiece, and plenty of kisses to go around. Marx (who seemed to have only two speeds: full-tilt and
unconscious) was napping, but Engels had twined her way around the boys' ankles, attempted to
climb their legs several times, and generally been a bit of a nuisance.

They headed back to Palo Alto a few days later, and on the plane Dean had Engels chasing the red
dot of a laser pointer, right up onto Jimmy, who had been snoozing, sprawled onto the couch. Jimmy
woke with a yelp as Engels' needle-sharp claws sunk right through his jeans.

Castiel and Sam had laughed, but Jimmy shot daggers at Dean, off whose face the smile slid, and he
stared wide-eyed at Jimmy, before sinking to his knees.

Castiel and Sam stilled, the atmosphere in the cabin feeling as though it had just dropped about
twenty degrees.

Jimmy shifted to sit, snapped his fingers, and touched a fingertip to the top of his thigh, just above his
knee.

“Look, I'm sor...” Another snap of Jimmy's fingers shut Dean's mouth so hard his teeth clicked
together. Dean clambered to his feet and undid his belt, pulling off his jeans and revealing pair of
satiny black panties.

Sam and Castiel quietly took seats at the dining room table, giving Jimmy and Dean plenty of space.
Castiel wrapped an arm snugly around Sam's waist.

Dean had walked over to Jimmy, and laid ass-up over his lap, burying his face in his folded arms.
Jimmy's hand stroked down the back of one of Dean's trembling thighs. He shot Sam and Castiel a
wink.

“That wasn't very nice, was it, Dean.” Jimmy's voice was flat and even.
“No, Sir. I'm sorry, Sir.” Dean's voice was muffled by his arms.

Sam sat very still, trying to hide his shock.

Jimmy's hand lifted and slammed down on Dean's ass. Sam watched Dean stiffen, before he heard his quiet, “Thank you, S-Sir.”

Jimmy hit Dean over and over again, and with quite a bit of force, Dean choking out his thanks with every blow, until Sam saw the tension drop from Dean's body, and heard him sob. Jimmy stopped, taking a moment to shake out his shoulder and arm before resting his hand gently against Dean's ass. Sam heard Dean's breath hitch.

It was a long moment before Dean spoke again, his voice sounding tearful. “T-thank you for c-correcting my behaviour, Sir.”

Sam could see the bright red of Dean's skin, around the edges of the black panties.

“You're welcome. And forgiven.” Jimmy's voice was much gentler, and Sam heaved a relieved sigh.

Dean struggled back up to his knees, and stood on shaky legs. He tottered back to where he had discarded his pants, pulling them on with a wince. After refastening his belt, he returned to where Jimmy was still sitting, and lowered himself to kneel between Jimmy's spread legs. Dean let his head fall forward so that his forehead was resting on the edge of the couch cushion, and Jimmy ran gentle fingers back through his hair. Sam could see Dean relax under the soothing touches.

Sam started and came back to himself as Castiel gave him a gentle squeeze. Sam was itching to make sure Dean was okay, but he'd never dream of interrupting the scene which was clearly still ongoing. Sam sat silently and watched the two of them.

Melody served lunch shortly after, and when Dean chose to crawl to the table after Jimmy, and to kneel beside his chair, Sam slipped out of his own chair, to kneel beside Castiel's. Castiel's hand was warm on the back of Sam's neck, and Sam caught the small, grateful smile that Dean shot in his direction.

“So you've been teaching your pet nonverbal commands, hmm?” Castiel asked, between bites of salad. Dean blushed scarlet.

“A few, yes. He doesn't always listen very well...” Sam saw Dean's hands tighten against his thighs. “... and the nonverbals help focus his attention.”

“Interesting. Perhaps we'll have yours demonstrate for mine, after lunch.” Castiel's voice was light, with an undercurrent of authority that Sam knew perfectly well that no one at the table was going to argue with. Sam's cock twitched and hardened against his cage.

The rest of the meal passed in silence, and the Novak boys led the Winchester boys back into the bedroom of the plane. Jimmy locked the door behind them.

“Remember your sign language alphabet, Cas?”

“Some, yes. Why?”

“Flash Dean a letter ‘s’.” Jimmy's grin was wide. Dean's attention snapped to Castiel. Sam was staring, somewhat gormlessly.

Castiel thought for a moment, before holding up his right hand towards Dean, a closed fist, with his
thumb curled over his first and second fingers.

Immediately Dean began to pull off his clothes. His ass was perfect - bright red, and more perfect for being so - when he pulled the panties off. Dean was rock-hard, and Sam barely managed to catch his groan behind his teeth. Jimmy turned to Sam, showing him the same gesture. “S is for strip, Sam.”

Sam blinked.

Jimmy’s hand shot out and slapped Sam, hard, across the cheek. He froze, the sting from his cheek tangling with the pain from his swollen cock, trapped beneath unforgiving steel. He came back to himself a little, and Jimmy showed him the ‘s’ symbol again.

This time Sam began to pull off his clothes, still a little stunned and a little shocked that Dean had been taught these commands before Sam himself had.

“I see your pet's going to be a little slow with his learning. Don't worry, his brother was, as well.” Jimmy's voice was overlaid with disapproval, and both Winchesters blushed.

“Dean?” Jimmy got Dean's attention. He tapped a foot against the floor, and Dean moved to a spot two paces behind, and slightly to Jimmy's left. He kept his head up, but lowered his gaze, and held his right wrist in his left hand, behind his back.

Well, that one's easy enough. 'Heel'. Castiel tapped his foot, and Sam moved into position behind him, mirroring Dean's position exactly.

“He got that one quickly enough. A snap of the fingers is a little contextual, it can be a release from a position, or a 'stop what you're doing' command.” Jimmy turned to Dean, and snapped his fingers. Dean shifted into a ready stance, arms loose at his sides.

Sam was still struggling with the fact that it was Dean who was submitting so beautifully, who responded to every command without thought or hesitation. He barely caught the snap of Castiel's fingers, and relaxed his own stance a little.

A single finger pointed down, and Dean immediately moved to kneel before Jimmy. A flat hand, lowered, and he shifted into a display position that was so perfect that it made Sam ache with jealousy. Two fingers down and Dean immediately bent over, still in his kneel, to press his forehead against the floor. A quick snap and a flat hand raised, and Dean stood, his wrists crossed behind his back. Jimmy pointed two fingers to an empty corner, and Dean immediately moved to stand nose-first in it.

“And that's about it.” Jimmy turned to face Castiel and Sam, snapped his fingers and pointed a single one down to his side. A heartbeat later and Dean was kneeling where Jimmy had pointed. “There may be more added in the future, if need arises, but we haven't needed new ones in quite some time, have we, Dean?”

“No, Sir.” Dean's voice was soft.

Sam's ability to think had been blown right out of his head. He didn't even realize that he was staring blankly again until there was a gentle tap on his bottom.

Castiel ran Sam through the commands, and Sam was pretty proud of himself that he didn't get even a single one wrong, even with his brain deep-fried by Dean's obedience and his own aching arousal. He couldn't keep his eyes off of Dean, who remained kneeling, perfectly still at Jimmy's side. Sam knelt at Castiel's side when he was given the final command to.
“Oh, wait, there was one that we forgot, wasn't there, Dean?” Jimmy's voice shifted a little darker, a little more teasing.

“Y-yes, Sir.” Dean blushed scarlet again, and his voice was a little strangled. He stared up at Jimmy, and Sam wasn't sure what all there was in the gaze. Pleading, embarrassment... lust??

Sam watched Jimmy show Dean a sign language letter 'b' – a flat hand upright, thumb across the palm.

Dean's blush stayed solidly in place as he crawled over to the bed and pulled himself up on it, moving to get on his elbows and knees in the middle of it, legs spread and lower back dipped, and he froze like that. Sam could see his chest heaving.

“Jesus.” Castiel murmured, echoing Sam's thought.

Sam also had a flash of memory from forever ago – himself kneeling in the dorm room, and Dean asking how long he'd stay like that for...

_Until I tell him to move._

“So I'm thinking perhaps now we ought to play 'Winchester Marionettes', Cas.” Jimmy grinned and winked.

Sam's eyes were still locked on Dean, and he saw a fine shiver run through him.

“Rules?” Castiel's voice was a little hoarse, and Sam knew that meant he was getting a little hot under the collar.

“One command at a time, from either of us, to either of them. We take turns. You can command them to start, and to stop, or leave it open-ended.”

“Done. Sam? Stand, please.” Castiel knelt before Sam, easing his cage off with some difficulty over his rigid flesh. Sam whimpered, hugely relieved to finally be able to harden. Castiel climbed to his feet, and gave Sam a quick kiss.

“Sam, fetch the lube from the nightstand, and kneel behind your brother.” Jimmy suggested softly.

“That was two.” Castiel raised an eyebrow.

“Bite me.”

Sam did as he was told, bringing the small bottle with him and setting it on the bed. He moved to kneel, sitting back on his heels, behind his brother. Sam couldn't keep his eyes off of him, couldn't stop marvelling at how perfectly he was put together, compared to Sam's stupidly gangly limbs. He noted with some fascination that Dean's freckles were faded, and not quite as visible when his skin was cherry-red.

“Sam, lick your brother open, would you?” Sam could hear the smirk in Castiel's voice, and his breath hitched. He figured that the command gave him permission to touch, and wrapped his hands around Dean's hips. Dean jolted at the touch, but maintained his position.

“Sam, lick your brother open, would you?” Sam could hear the smirk in Castiel's voice, and his breath hitched. He figured that the command gave him permission to touch, and wrapped his hands around Dean's hips. Dean jolted at the touch, but maintained his position.

Sam lowered his face to Dean's ass, licking a long stripe up his perineum and over his hole, which made Dean full-body shudder. Sam flattened his tongue and worked it over Dean's hole, pulling a groan from him. As Dean loosened, Sam alternated the lapping swirls with stiff-tongued probing, and now Dean's breath was harsh and ragged.
“Don't stop, Sam. Stroke your brother's cock. Don't let him come.” Jimmy's voice was roughening a little, as well.

“I could argue that...” Castiel began.

“Shut up, Cas. Jesus.” Jimmy snapped.

Sam slicked a hand with the lube and reached between Dean's legs, wrapping it around his cock, finding the tip already slick with precome. Sam returned his mouth to his brother's ass, gave his cock a few long strokes, and Dean stiffened, a choked “Sammy!” falling from his lips.

“Stroke Dean's prostate with one finger, Sam.”

Sam's hand on Dean's cock stilled, and he slipped a finger inside, alongside his tongue. Dean pushed back against it, just a little. Dean's head dropped when Sam began to rub, and his legs began to shake. Sam stroked him a few times, hoping that because that one had been open-ended, that he'd be allowed to...

“Don't let him come. Take your hand off his cock.” Jimmy finished.

*Dammit*...

Dean whined with need, high-pitched and desperate. Never in his life had Sam heard his brother make a sound like that. It made Sam smile, his mouth still against Dean's skin.

“Work him open, Sam, with fingers and lube, and make sure he can take three comfortably.” Castiel's voice was remarkably calm, all things considered.

Sam heard some quiet whisperings and fabric rustling from behind him, as he did as instructed, but wasn't able to make out any words. Sam tried to avoid Dean's prostate as he stretched him, hoping to calm him down a couple of notches, but it didn't seem to help much.

“Remove your fingers and go kneel in front of Dean, Sam. It's about time someone spit-roasted him.” Jimmy chuckled.

That one made both Winchester boys choke, and made Dean blush brilliantly red. Sam knee-walked around his brother, moving in front of him. Dean moved from his elbows to his hands, his panting mouth inches from Sam's cock.

“Dean, suck your brother's cock.” Castiel instructed, and Sam watched Jimmy kneel up behind Dean, slicking his cock and sliding it into Sam's brother with a groan, as Dean's mouth opened for Sam. Dean's groan was a little garbled around Sam's cock.

Jimmy deliberately bumped his hips into Dean's ass hard enough that it rocked Dean forward onto Sam's cock, and Sam stroked a hand back through Dean's hair. At the touch, Dean looked up at him, eyes wide and brilliantly green. Sam had been carefully positioning himself to avoid gagging Dean, but Dean lifted his right arm and grabbed Sam's hip, pulling him forward as Jimmy shoved him, and Sam slid into the vise of his brother's throat.

Dean winked as a shuddering groan was pulled out of Sam - Sam's hand fisted hard in Dean's hair and tears started from Dean's eyes.

“Jesus Christ, Dean...” Sam panted out as Jimmy pounded into Dean from the other end, and Sam withdrew slowly, letting Dean gasp for air.
“Fill...” Jimmy panted, his thrusts turning erratic, “Fill his throat, Sam.”

As Sam slid his cock back into Dean's throat, Jimmy thrust a final few times and stilled, releasing deep inside Dean. Jimmy pulled out slowly and moved a little to the side, letting himself fall face-first onto the bed with a soft groan.

This time as Sam withdrew to allow Dean to breathe Castiel slid inside Dean's ass, his hands on Dean's hips. Castiel must've been more worked up than he seemed, because it didn't take much time at all for him to come, thrusting hard and forcing Sam's cock down his brother's throat.

Castiel withdrew and moved to the other side, lowering himself to the bed. “Fuck... fuck your brother, Sam, and make him come.”

Sam pulled his cock from Dean's reddened, swollen lips, carefully maneuvered around Jimmy as he climbed off the side of the bed, and moved back between his brother's legs. Dean's hole was pinked and a little loose, oozing come from both of the twins, and it was so searingly hot to see that Sam was pretty certain his brain had incinerated itself.

Sam still lubed himself carefully before sliding into Dean's body, somehow still tight and scorching hot against him.

“Oh my God, Dean...” Sam choked out, bottoming out inside his brother. He braced one hand against Dean's back, and reached underneath with the other – a firm grip and a single stroke and Dean came, spasming painfully tightly against Sam. Sam thrust hard a half a dozen times, wringing the last of Dean's orgasm from him and coming himself as Dean pulsed against him.

Sam collapsed over his brother's back, which collapsed Dean's arms, and Dean landed flat on his stomach, his brother on top of him, both of them panting heaving breaths.

When Dean had caught his breath a little, the first thing he did was to try to shove Sam off of him. “Dude, fuck, heavy...” Dean groused.

Sam rolled off of him, towards Jimmy, who had scooched back a little and made some room. Sam was still panting, and it seemed to be taking a long time for his heart rate to be slowing back down.

“Colour, Dean? Sam?” Castiel asked softly.

“Green.” Sam's voice was a little tremulous.

“Jesus fuck. Green. If this is what it's like to have a train run on you... I'm gonna be walking funny for a week.” Dean's voice was a little muffled, his cheek mashed into a pillow.

“You know you love it.” Jimmy murmured, pulling himself a little closer to Sam, and clearly already half-asleep.

“Yeah, yeah.” Dean flipped onto his back and closed his eyes.

Sam was drifting into sleep himself when a warm, soft blanket was laid down over him. The last thing he heard was Jimmy's soft, happy sigh before sleep swept over him.
Electricity

Chapter Notes

Long time. Long, long time.

I lost where I wanted this story to go. And then I found it. And I'm so, so sorry. For the length of time it took me to get this out, and also for what I ended up writing here.

I love you guys.

(Also - 106,137 hits, and 814 subscriptions?! Are you TRYING to kill me?!? *deadass stares into the camera*)

When the lot of them returned to the house in Palo Alto, the new arrivals settled in quickly and easily. Both Marx and Engels seemed to be very drawn to Henrik, and though Marta thought they were adorable, she banned them from her kitchen. Engels made it her new life's mission to explore and learn every nook and cranny of the one room she was forbidden from. Sam rescued her more than once from Marta's baleful glares.

Sam himself, contrary to what he would have thought, was feeling much more stable, stronger and more centred since the Christmas in Chicago.

Over dinner, about a week after they returned to Palo Alto, Sam cleared his throat. The other three, and Marta, looked to him.

“G-guys. I... I think I want to start...” Sam fought the spike of fear. “... to start going to classes again.”

Jimmy and Dean stilled. Castiel put down his fork. When he spoke, his voice was level and calm. “If you feel you're ready, of course we'll support your decision. If you'd like, I'm sure Henrik would be more than willing to escort...”

“No, I don't... I don't want an escort.” Sam cut across Castiel, trying to show the other boys that he could be brave, even if his voice shook a little. “I'm... I'm good.” Sam nodded resolutely, doing his best to convince everyone at the table... including himself.

Castiel looked deeply unconvinced, and very worried, but returned to his dinner without further comment. The others followed suit, and Sam was beyond grateful – he wasn't at all certain that his resolve to return to campus would hold up under questioning.

*

Sam's first day back went better than he would have thought. His professors welcomed him back, and several of his classmates expressed that he'd been missed. Sam smiled a little awkwardly through this – other than with Cas and Jimmy, he hadn't ever had a place where his presence was actually
He was walking back to the house after his classes, along the sidewalk, looking forward to telling Dean and the twins that everything had gone great when there was a colossally hard blow on the back of his head, which slammed him into unconsciousness.

* 

When Sam didn't return from his afternoon classes, the house once again went on high alert.

* 

Sam woke with a blinding headache, spikes of pain radiating from the back of his head. He tried to move, only to realize that he was strapped down securely on some sort of flat, wooden surface. It felt worn and splintery, under the bare skin of his back and arms. He still had his jeans, but his boots and socks had been removed.

There was bright light through his closed eyelids, and he forced himself to pry an eye open. There was a bare lightbulb hanging from a wire directly above him, and the room he was in seemed to be huge, small noises echoing weirdly.

“You up, buttercup?” A low voice asked from somewhere to Sam's left. Sam turned his head to see who it was, looking over and up, squinting against the light...

Gordon motherfucking Walker. Sam's heart stuttered in his chest.

A long time friend of John's, Gordon had occasionally been called upon to assist in 'disciplining' the Winchester boys when they'd been small, whether they needed discipline or not. Sam had more than a couple of scars, thanks to him. Sam didn't dare speak.

“Sammy. Long time.” Gordon moved towards the table, and his smile down at Sam was lethal. “I imagine you're wondering why you're here.”

There was a scraping noise, as Gordon snagged a battered wooden chair and dragged it over to Sam's table, having a seat on it. Even seated, he still looked down on Sam, which meant Sam's table was quite low to the ground. Gordon leaned forward, his elbows on his knees. He had a bowie knife held loosely in one hand, not really threatening Sam with it, more as an afterthought.

“I know you killed John.” Gordon's voice was musing. He flipped the knife, catching the tip of the blade, before flipping it again and returning its handle to his palm. “And I gotta admit, I was pretty salty about that for a while. But then I started to see things different.”

Gordon leaned back in his chair, spreading his legs. “Me and John killed all those demon-blooded freaks. Every single one of them, except you, Sammy. And I'm not gonna lie, I just about put this knife into your fucking eye.” Gordon held the knife out, sighting along the blade to Sam's own eyes, which were wide and terrified.
“But then I thought, well, what if I had me my own pet freak? Demonic powers on a fucking leash. It'd be sure to help me out, hunting things.” Gordon grinned, feral.

Sam's heart skipped a beat. He tried to force himself to speak. “I... I don't... have... p-powers.”

Gordon's grin widened. “Not yet, you don't.”

*

Gabriel, his limbs intertwined with his beautiful, dark-skinned sleeping lover's, frowned as Sam Winchester apparently dropped off the planet.

Which probably meant it was time for another visit with the one remaining Winchester that he could see. Sighing, he gave her forehead a gentle kiss, and climbed regretfully from the bed.

*

Dean jolted, and nearly fell from his chair when Loki appeared in the library across the table from him. Instantly, there were the sounds of half a dozen safeties being flipped off, Henrik's among them.

“Guys, no, no! Stand down!!” Dean raised placating hands. “A friend, he's a friend!!”

Loki grinned, and made finger guns at Dean (“pew, pew!”) while the multitude of weapons aimed at him were lowered.

“Loki! Where's Sam?!” Jimmy's voice was tearful as he stood up form his own chair, and Castiel followed suit, standing slowly.

Loki pulled out a chair, spun it around and sat backwards in it, leaning against the back. “You know, Sam's one guy. How the hell do you guys keep on losing one guy??”

The twins and Dean sank slowly back into their chairs. The multitude of armed men remained standing, warily alert.

“Where is he, Loki? Please.” Dean's voice was trembling.

“I dunno.” Loki shrugged.

“How... how can you not know?!” Dean's only hope was fading before his very eyes.

“Wherever he is, he's shielded from me. Place must have some pretty serious warding.” Loki noticed the bowl of candies in the middle of the table, grabbed a handful, and stuffed them into his pocket. Eyes darting around, he took one more from the bowl, unwrapped it quickly and popped it into his mouth.

“But... but you're a trickster, you have to know...” Dean began.

“Look, I'm a trickster, sure.” Gabriel's words were a little slurred by the candy in his mouth. “But it's
not like I'm, like, an archangel or something.” Gabriel rolled his eyes. “I'm not all-knowing, all seeing. I only came to let you know he's off my radar, and to quit summoning me, because I'm busy.” Towards the end of the sentence, his voice got just a little smidge whiny.

“So... do you know if anyone else...” Dean's voice was halting.

“Dude! No! Stop!” Gabriel got to his feet. “I can't see him! No one can! Find him yourself!!”

Gabriel looked around the room, every single person in it completely silent. He paused for a long moment, before lurching towards the table, grabbing another handful of candy, and vanishing into thin air.

* 

“So. When the other freaks were near death, some of them manifested some pretty wild shit. Everything from starting fires, to sucking all of the light out of a room, to putting visions in our heads. It all stopped, though, once they were dead.” Gordon mused, still toying with the knife.

Sam opened his mouth, as if to speak, but nothing came out.

“So we'll go ahead and do that, then. And we'll get a little Stockholmy up in here, and you're gonna be my devoted watchdog.”

Rage flared within Sam. “Never.”

Gordon chuckled, and bent over and reached for something on the floor, near Sam's head. Panic spiked through Sam's fury. Gordon lifted an old galvanized metal bucket up, and set it on the table near Sam's head. When he did, some cold water slopped over the edge, splashing Sam's shoulder.

Gordon moved his chair to above Sam's head, grinning down at him and winking. “Just this time, I'll let you see what's coming.”

Sam watched as Gordon pulled a mass of soaking wet fabric out of the bucket, unfolding it and slapping it down over Sam's face, holding it taut.

Sam choked and coughed as water went up his nose, in his eyes, in his mouth... and he couldn't breathe. The fabric was some sort of heavy canvas, and Gordon's arms prevented him from turning his head. Sam thrashed against his bonds and against the fabric, but there simply wasn't any air there.

Sam was fading when Gordon lifted the fabric off of his face, and Sam hauled in a breath, coughing, spitting out water... before more was splashed on him, and the fabric was again taut over his face.

Gordon's voice was a harsh, low hiss in his ear. “Come on, Sammy. Stop me. I know you can.”

Sam's movements weakened, and he felt the darkness pulling at him, before the fabric was lifted again.

One more gasped breath, more water, and the heavy fabric, rough and tight over his face.

Over, and over, and over again.

Sam stopped fighting, stopped struggling, too weak and oxygen-starved to continue to. His
awareness narrowed to the rolled steel pressing against the back of his neck and his wrists, of memories of kisses and laughter, blue eyes and green...

Sam passed out.

After Sam fell limp and unmoving, Gordon lifted the fabric off and tossed it back into the bucket. Sam was pale, but breathing.

Gordon reached for the car battery and cables.

*

Bobby was flown into Palo Alto to consult, and though he tried, he failed to hide the fact that he was stunned stupid by the level of wealth and luxury the Winchester boys had somehow found their way into.

Short of the grainy traffic camera footage, there were no leads. Nothing.

As the days passed, more than once Dean came into Bobby's room at night, and Bobby simply held him as he shook and sobbed.

*

Sam wasn't sure how many days had passed, of Gordon's unrelenting tortures. Gordon had cut his jeans off after Sam wet himself, throwing buckets of cold water over him afterwards. There hadn't been any food, or water. Or any sign of Sam manifesting anything resembling powers.

Every hour that passed, Sam's strength was tested. He didn't want to break down and cry, didn't want to beg Gordon to stop, but everyone has a breaking point.

Today he was bound to the chair, his arms behind him, soaked and dripping with icy water.

Gordon didn't like things too complicated. “The simple things are the best, don't you agree, Sammy?” he asked, touching the steel to Sam's skin, always looking for a fresh, untouched patch to sear. Sam couldn't choke off his screams.

Gordon set the cables down and wrapped a rosary around his right hand, clutching the cross before slamming his closed fist against Sam's left cheek.

Sam choked out a sob, after the third of Gordon's blows snapped his head to the side, knocking out a molar and filling his mouth with fresh blood. Sam spit, let his head drop, and let his tears fall freely.

“Aw, Sammy. Come on. We're just getting warmed up here. Or was there something you wanted to say?” Gordon crouched so that he was at the same level as Sam. He sank a hand into Sam's hair and yanked his head up, his face inches from Sam's own.

“P-please.” Sam's word was slurred, wet through the blood coating his mouth.

“All right.” Gordon's voice was soothing. “Let's get you up, get you cleaned up a little, get you a drink.” Gordon's knife cut the ropes holding him to the chair. Gordon helped him over to the middle
of a tiled-in enclosure, draped with sheets of cheap plastic. He sat Sam down, pulled a cord, and cold water poured down over Sam from a rusty old industrial showerhead.

The first thing Sam did was tilt his head up, getting some of the water into his mouth. The water tasted awful – like it'd been sitting in rusty pipes for years. He spit and rinsed several times before drinking some down, after the worst of rust taste was gone, and the worst of the bleeding in his mouth had stopped. He drank as much as he could, threw up blood-tinged water, rinsed again and drank more, until he managed to get some of it to stay down.

He rubbed a little, weakly, at the blood staining his skin, before giving it up as a lost cause.

Gordon shut the water off and hauled him to his feet, Sam's arm slung over his shoulders. He walked him to a dirty, bare mattress on the floor. Gordon let go, and Sam toppled onto it with a groan.

“See? I can be nice. And if you'd just show me your powers, I wouldn't have to not be nice.”

Sam was too hurt, too exhausted and starved to answer.

“I know you're trying, Sammy. I can see you trying. But this clearly isn't working. I'm not giving you the stimulus you need, am I?”

_Stimulus??_ Sam pried open one badly swollen eye, to see Gordon standing over him with the car battery, watched him set it down and hook up the cables. Sam let his eyes close, trying to prepare himself for more pain.

The scream was wrenched from him when Gordon touched the cables to the bottoms of his feet... and didn't lift them. Sam convulsed, breath stopping in his chest. He felt his heart pound, stutter... and stop.

A few very long seconds passed. Gordon lifted the cables.

Sam was stunned. _This... this isn't happening. This can't be happening. I can't... I can't die like this._

_Cas. Jimmy. Dean._

A wave of molten fury, of disbelief and refusal roared through him, and he used his last breath to scream his revolt to the heavens.

There were loud crashing noises from all around him, a soft grunt, and a wet gurgle.

His heart restarted hesitantly, and it was a few moments before he could draw in a shaky breath, feeling its beat stabilize and slow. He pushed himself up to sitting, forced his eyes open, and froze.

All of the small objects that had been scattered around the room – it seemed to have been an abandoned warehouse, or factory – everything that wasn't bolted down had been blasted away from where Sam lay on the filthy mattress. It was as if a meteor had struck. And the list of objects which had been blasted away included Gordon.

Gordon was flat on his back several feet away, and whatever force it was that had knocked him backwards had been enough to cave his chest in. The gurgle Sam had heard had been Gordon's final breath.

Sam stared blankly at Gordon's corpse. He wasn't entirely sure what to do. Gordon was clearly beyond resuscitation, not that Sam was at all certain he'd have tried in the first place. Sam tried to figure out what he ought to be doing, but it seemed as if his brain wasn't quite firing on all cylinders.
His stomach growled at him. He looked down at it. *Food, yes. Food sounds like a great idea.* Sam looked around, hoping to see some, but all there was was the empty blast radius around his mattress.

Sam frowned. He wanted a cheeseburger (more specifically, one of Marta's cheeseburgers), but he wasn't sure how to go from naked, burned and filthy, in the middle of an empty building, to possessing one of Marta's cheeseburgers.

Every time Sam thought he was making some headway into getting his current situation resolved, the gears in his head kept on slipping, and he was plunked straight back to square one.

He fought to try to bring his reasoning back online. He wasn't sure where he was, but was pretty sure that Marta's cheeseburgers would be out of reach. And seeing as how he was starved, he might need to set his standards a little lower. Pretty much any food would do, at this point.

His eyes lit on Gordon's corpse again. Gordon hadn't looked as though he had been starving, so perhaps that meant that Gordon had food nearby.

Sam held tight to that thought as he climbed shakily to his feet, wincing as his burned soles hit cold concrete. He tottered to Gordon's body, knelt, and patted down his pockets. He found Gordon's wallet, which contained a little cash, a cell phone, and a set of car keys. No food. Sam sighed.

He noticed, on the floor nearby, the tooth Gordon had knocked out earlier, and picked it up. He wondered if there was any way to preserve it, so that maybe it could be reinserted into the empty spot where it had been, but he couldn't remember if that sort of thing was even possible. He tucked it carefully into the wallet, regardless, just in case. Some of the other teeth around the hole felt loose in Sam's mouth, and he hoped he wouldn't lose any more of them.

He climbed back to his feet, and set about exploring the rest of the warehouse. He found where Gordon had been camping out, found a sleeping bag, spare clothes, fresh water, and *food*. They were only prepackaged military MREs, but Sam ripped into them. He was a little bemused, as he watched himself add water to some sort of heating sleeve, and pop a food packet inside it. He wasn't entirely certain how he knew how to make it work without having to read the instructions, but was glad that he did.

The cheese cannelloni didn't taste a whole lot like cheese cannelloni – or much of anything, to be honest – but the warm food was a blessing in his stomach, even if it did hurt against the socket where his missing tooth had been. He nibbled at the crackers afterwards, trying to figure out what his next steps were supposed to be.

He wanted to be home, with Dean and the twins. But he had no idea where he was, and no idea how to get there. Which, Sam supposed, meant that he needed help. He picked up the cell phone, and realized that he couldn't remember anyone's number. He flipped through Gordon's contacts, but didn't see any names that he recognized, other than John Winchester, which Sam knew wouldn't be any help. For some reason, though, his fingers pressed 'call'.

He waited, listening to it ring. Someone picked up, and a deep, male voice answered, “Hello?”

“H-hi. I... I thought John was dead...?” Sam began hesitantly.

“Sam? Sam Winchester?” The voice on the other end of the line grew more urgent, more anxious.

“Y-yeah. Who... who is this?”

“Sam, it's Henrik.” Sam heard raised voices from the other end of the line. There was a moment of quiet, and a voice that Sam knew better than his own came on the line.
“Sammy!” Dean sounded tearful. “Are you okay? Where are you? Don't hang up, okay? Stay on the line with me.”

“I'm... I think I'm okay. I don't know where I am, De... it's cold here. I... I want to come home.” Sam's eyes burned with tears.

“It's okay, Sammy. We're gonna come and get you, okay? You just stay right where you are, and we're gonna come and get you. Don't hang up the phone.” Dean's voice was soothing, and Sam sighed, relaxing just a little bit.

“Okay, De. I'm... I'm gonna get into Gordon's sleeping bag. It looks warm.” Sam unzipped it and crawled in, zipping it snugly around himself. He had been right – it was definitely warm, soft and comfortable against his battered skin.

“Sammy, where's Gordon? Are you in danger?” Sam could hear the tension in Dean's voice.

“Dead. He tried to kill me, but it didn't work.” Sam yawned.

“It... it didn't... hang on a second, Sammy. Cas wants to talk to you.”

There was another moment of silence, and a low, hoarse voice came on the line. “Sam. Oh my God. Are you okay??”

“Love you, Cas.” Sam blinked sleepily and rubbed at his eyes with his free hand. “Why does everyone keep asking me that?”

“I love you too, Sam. You've... you've been missing for days. We've been so worried.” There was a long pause. “Okay, we know where you are, okay? We're coming right now to get you. We'll be there in... in a couple of hours.”

“Okay. I need a nap. Could... could you bring some burn cream? I got... got some spots that really hurt. Love you, Cas.” Sam ended the call, and tumbled into sleep.

The phone rang again, over and over again, but Sam didn't even hear it.
Sam woke to a gentle caress against his cheek. His eyes flickered open, and met Castiel's. Castiel's face was drawn and serious, his brow furrowed with worry. Sam managed a small smile, and extricated an arm from his cozy sleeping bag. He reached a trembling hand to Castiel's face, and brushed the tip of his index finger over the wrinkle between Castiel's brows, which smoothed under his touch.

“Sam.” Castiel leaned down to kiss his forehead.

Sam gradually became aware that there were several more people in the immediate vicinity. Jimmy and Dean were closest, with Henrik behind them, and a number of black-clad men moving about the warehouse. He could just make out what he knew to be Gordon's body, though someone had draped it with some sort of cloth.

“Sammy. You okay?” Dean's voice was tight with worry.

Sam nodded. Despite the warmth of the sleeping bag, he couldn't quite manage to stop the trembling, and he really did have a lot of spots which hurt pretty badly. “Where... where are we?”

“Gordon brought you here. He warded the place, and held you captive.” Dean gripped Sam's shoulder, over the sleeping bag. “We need to get you to a hospital, okay? Get you checked out.”

“Don't need a hospital. Just... just...” Sam yawned hugely. “... can we go back to the house, please?”

“We can, but we need to make sure you're okay first, okay?” Jimmy stroked a hand through Sam's hair.

Sam smiled at him. “‘Kay, Dr. Novak.”

There was stretcher nearby, with two ambulance attendants near it. The boys helped Sam out from the sleeping bag, and mostly carried him the few steps to the stretcher. Sam laid down on it gratefully, with a sigh, glad to get the pressure off his very sore feet.

This time there weren't any sirens wailing, on the trip to the hospital. A ton of electrodes were attached to Sam's chest, and his heartbeat beeping steadily from the monitors was the only sound. The twins and Dean rode in the ambulance, silent and serious. Sam kind of wished they'd cheer up a little.

Sam squeezed Castiel's hand, where their fingers were interlaced. “Guys...” All three boys' eyes moved to Sam's face. Sam's throat was a little dry and sore, but he pressed on nonetheless. “What's... what's the difference between... between a hippo and a Zippo?”

The three of them stared blankly back at him.
“One's... one's really heavy, and the other's a little lighter.” Sam smiled crookedly up at them.

Not one of their expressions budged for a long moment, before Dean barked out a laugh that sounded more than a little forced. “Jesus, Sammy. That was awful.”

Sam giggled, and the twins and Dean smiled down at him. “Okay... okay... what's... what's a ghost's favourite plant?” Sam paused. “Bamboo!!”

Dean groaned and rolled his eyes, and both of the twins chuckled softly.

“For real, though... I'm okay. You don't need to look so sad.” It was hurting Sam to see them so upset, so worried about him.

“We know.” Castiel's voice was soothing. “But you were missing for days, and you're hurt, and we were so worried about you.”

Sam nodded his understanding. “What happened to Gordon?”

A ringing silence fell, broken only by the soft electronic beeping.

“You... you don't remember?” Dean asked softly.

Sam's brow furrowed. “I died. And I didn't want to leave you guys, and I woke up, and... and then Gordon was dead, and I wasn't.”

Jimmy clapped a hand over his own mouth, and Sam saw tears in all three boys' eyes.

“Honest, I don't... I don't know what happened. Did... did I kill Gordon?” Sam's eyes widened in fear. “I don't...”

“No, Sammy. You didn't kill Gordon, okay? He had an accident. An accident.” Dean's voice was firm. Jimmy nodded, but Castiel was still.

“O-okay.” Sam let himself relax, knowing he was safe, and that big brother was watching over him, keeping him that way. He let his eyes flicker shut, and tumbled back into sleep.

*

When Sam woke next, groggy and disoriented, Dean's voice was the first thing he heard, angry and emphatic, though carefully modulated into a whisper.

“... swear to fucking God I'm never letting him out of my sight again. I don't know how many more hunters were in on John's witch hunt, and I won't risk...”

“Cutie, we know, okay? We know.” Jimmy's voice was equally quiet.

When Sam managed to open his eyes, he found himself in another hospital room, surrounded by Dean and the twins. Henrik was standing near the door to the hallway, looking grim, but his host of black-clad men seemed to have retreated for the time being.

Sam was feeling astonishingly relaxed, and completely pain-free, which was A-OK with him. He was even happier to be surrounded by his three favourite people in the whole world. He smiled
brilliantly up at them.

Dean chuckled. “Whatever they gave you must be pretty good stuff.”

“The very best.” Sam grinned. “Are we going back to the house soon?”

“Yeah. The doctors... the doctors aren't sure how your heart isn't damaged, or your brain. They had a dentist replace that tooth you lost. And at first they thought you were gonna need skin grafts for the burns, but somehow, they're healing...” Dean stammered his way through his explanation.

Sam wiggled his toes, and sure enough, there wasn't any pain at all from his feet. If they were as badly burned as he remembered, even though the drugs, he should've felt something. “Guess I'm just that badass.”

Dean's mouth turned up in a wry little smile. “More like miracle of modern medicine, Sammy.”

Sam stretched and yawned. “What did you mean, when you said witch hunt?”

All three boys froze.

“Just... just that we're gonna keep a real close eye on you for a long time, Sammy. We don't know who's out there who might want to hurt you.”

Sam nodded. “That's probably smart.”

All four of them jolted as Loki appeared in the room.

“Hey, you found him! Nice! And in one piece and everything!” Loki moved to the side of Sam's bed and ruffled his hair.

“No thanks to you.” Jimmy muttered under his breath.

“Watch your mouth, kid. A snap of my fingers and I could turn you into a goat.” Loki grinned at him. Jimmy's mouth shut immediately, and his eyes widened. “But there is actually a reason for my visit.”

None of the four boys said a word.

“Sammy, man. You look like you're doing well. Healing up. But I gotta ask, you feeling any murderous tendencies developing?”

Sam stared blankly at him.

“Any urge to kill? Maim? Torture?” Loki narrowed his eyes, as though he was concentrating.

“W-what? N-no, of course not,” Sam managed to get out.

“Sammy'd never! He'd...” Dean's voice was cut off abruptly as Loki's eyes shot to him.

“Wasn't asking you, Deano. Shut it.”

Dean looked indignant, and opened his mouth to speak... but nothing came out. He grabbed at his own throat, and looked as though he was struggling to get words out, but nothing he did had even the slightest effect.

“Sammy. Tell me. Are you angry? Angry at the people who hurt you?” Loki's voice was soft,
considering how he'd just snapped at Dean.

Sam blinked. “N-no? They're... they're dead. And... I'm okay. Maybe a little banged up, but okay. And no one else got hurt, so...” Sam paused.

“Any more telekinesis?” Loki’s voice stayed calm.

Sam was completely baffled. “What...? I can't... I don't have telekinesis. I don't have...” The breath stopped in Sam's chest, and terror clawed at his insides.

_Powers._

It was a long moment before Sam was able to speak again. “Do... do I have p-powers, like... like John said...?”

Loki stood up straight and ran both hands back through his own hair. “Apparently not. Nothing to worry about at all, kiddo. You just keep doing you, and you're aces. One last thing, though.”

Loki reached down and touched Sam's forehead with the tip of an index finger. Sam fell immediately, deeply asleep. Loki addressed the other boys.

“Looks like this was a near miss, gents. I'm not gonna have to murder hundreds of people. Yet. But for the love of Pete, can you _please_ keep a closer eye on him??”

“Can you at least tell us if anyone else...” Castiel began.

“Jesus H. Christ on a popsicle stick, no!” Loki made a face at Castiel, stuck out his tongue, and vanished.

Dean coughed, and when he spoke, his voice was hoarse and croaky. “God, that guy is a fucking _dick_!”

*

When Sam continued to show no signs of serious or lasting physical damage, the hospital was forced to release him. It was still a little painful for him to get around, owing to the lingering burns on the bottoms of his feet, but Sam was grateful that they only hurt when he had his weight on them.

Sam knew that the others were simply concerned for him, though they pretty rapidly learned to replace the concerned frowns with artificial smiles when Sam looked in their direction.

Winter break drew to a close, and the only happy and excited faces in the house were Marx and Engels. Sam was incredibly grateful for both of them – two bright, playful rays of light in a house which was far too serious.

Sarah was called upon again to attend and tape Sam's lectures for him, though a more serious problem came to light pretty quickly.

Sam was having a difficult time remembering. He'd have had a discussion with Sarah about the course material, and then immediately forget what it was they had been talking about. He'd trail off in the middle of a sentence, staring blankly at nothing at all, only to realize a few moments later that he'd totally lost the train of thought he'd been in the middle of.
Anything prior to nearly dying in that warehouse was solidly in his brain. Everything afterwards –
not so much. It frustrated Sam to no end. The others tried very hard not to make a big deal of it, but
Sam just wanted it to be over with.

After the third time Sam tried to write a quiz that Sarah had brought – and failed for the third
consecutive time – Sam broke.

He had run up to his room, leaving a flustered Sarah and Marta in his wake – and curled himself up
into a tight ball around one of his pillows, on his bed, the blankets hiding him from the rest of the
world, sobbing hard.

Sam didn't even care that he was an adult. A grown-up that was supposed to handle things in a
grown-up fashion. He curled up and cried, knowing that the twins were at class, and Dean was out
of the house on a job. There wasn't any solace coming, and that just made him sob all the harder. He
cried until his eyes were so dry that they hurt, and he was a mess of tears and snot, and he absolutely
refused to let go of his pillow.

There was a gentle hand against his shoulder, over his blankets. A soft rub, a gentle squeeze. “Sam.”
Castiel's voice, so soft and filled with worry.

Sam heaved in a shuddering breath, and there was another gentle touch on his hip.

“Sam?” Jimmy's voice, so much smaller than it usually was.

It burst out of Sam without him even having meant to speak, his throat sore and dry. “I... I can't... I
can't!!” Sam broke down into another fit of crying.

“Sam, would it be okay if we came under your blanket with you?” Castiel's very best deep, soothing
voice. Sam forced himself to nod, feeling immediately and deeply embarrassed about what a mess he
was.

“I'm bringing tissues, no fear.” Jimmy's voice had just a touch of his normal humour.

Sam laughed despite himself, and felt the bed move around him. The blanket was lifted a little in
front of him. Castiel laid in front of him, almost nose to nose, and Jimmy was curled up and above
Sam's head, so to Sam, he was upside-down.

A wad of tissues was shoved directly into Sam's face. He chuckled weakly, and cleaned himself up a
little, passing the sodden lump back to Jimmy, who immediately replaced it in his hand with several
fresh tissues.

Sam made himself look at Castiel, who had so much pain in his eyes, so much regret, that it made
Sam start crying again, pressing his face into the pillow and shaking with his sobs.

Castiel cupped Sam's cheek, and Jimmy stroked a hand through Sam's hair. Both of them simply let
Sam cry, waiting until he'd calmed a little, and cleaned himself up again with the tissues to speak.

“Sam. We didn't know, all right? We didn't know.” Castiel began hesitantly. Sam kept his eyes shut
tight. “It's all right. Everything's going to be all right.”

Sam choked out a laugh. “How... how is this all right, Cas? I can't even remember what I studied
five minutes ago!!”

“It's called partial anterograde amnesia, Sam.” Jimmy's voice was tremulous. “It... it happens
sometimes, and it's not... not permanent. You'll get better, I promise.” Jimmy kissed Sam's forehead,
upside-down. “I promise.”

Sam went a little cross-eyed, trying to look up at Jimmy. “How...” his breath hitched. “... how can you know that?”

“Everything else is healing, Sam. It's all healing. It's just... it's just sometimes this...” Jimmy rapped on Sam's forehead with a knuckle. “... this sometimes takes a little longer.”

Sam dared to calm just a little. What Jimmy said made sense. What was worrying him most bubbled up out of him. “But I'm going to fall so far behind, I'll fail the semester, I'll have to redo...”

“Sam.” Castiel cut him off. “The school knows you've had some substantial injuries. You have special dispensation to complete the semester's classes when you're able to. Sarah's going to be here, when you're ready to resume your studies.”

Sam wiped at his eyes with his tissues. “What'm I supposed to do in the meantime? Sit around the house like a houseplant, waiting for someone to feed and water me?”

Castiel gently brushed Sam's hair back from his face. “Not at all. Just like the last time you were injured, we'll get you a therapist.”

“Tony's coming back?” Sam looked hopefully at Castiel.

“Well, that wasn't what I meant, but if you'd like Tony to come back, we can certainly see if he's available. What I meant was a therapist trained to help those with memory disorders.”

Sam frowned a little. “That sort of thing exists?”

“Of course. They can help us ascertain the extent of the problem, and can help take steps to help you begin to recover.” Jimmy offered softly, and kissed the top of Sam's head.

Sam closed his eyes, which were still aching and burning, and let himself breathe just a little more deeply. He let himself be soothed by the fact that even though he was struggling, that there were ways to get help. There was a way forward.

Sam uncurled a little from his tight ball, and released the tear-soaked pillow, setting it aside. Jimmy slipped a clean, dry one under his head, and Castiel scooched a little closer in front of him.

“Ready to come out from under the blankets, Sam?” Castiel kissed him, sweet and chaste.

Sam managed a nod, feeling exhausted, headachy and drained. Castiel lowered the blankets off their heads, and Jimmy shifted to behind Sam, spooning up behind him, being certain to keep him warmly under the blankets.

The fresh air was a blessing, and Sam sighed.

“Sam, you know what it's called when the little one big-spoons the big one, like I am right now?” Jimmy wrapped his arm around Sam's middle.

“... there's a special word for that?” Sam asked, already half-way into sleep.

“Jet packing! WHOOOOSH!” Jimmy giggled against Sam's back.

The last thing Sam heard was Castiel's long-suffering sigh, before he fell asleep, still wearing his smile.
The winter semester passed, and Sam worked with his new memory therapist, Hannah. Sam thought she was amazing – so patient with him, so kind and understanding and non-judgmental. Their sessions went so well that Sam actually looked forward to them, even though they were hard work for him. She'd initially been scheduled for once a week, but when Sam begged Castiel for more time with her, they increased to two a week, and then three.

His ability to retain the information was coming back – slowly, but it was coming back. Between sessions with Hannah, his tutor Sarah came to see him, and they began with the winter course material again. As the months passed, he made more and more progress with it.

Adding to the sense of comfort and security that Sam was feeling was the fact that, first thing each morning, after their showers, Castiel had taken to tying Sam into shibari body harnesses, which Sam then wore under his clothes for the day. The embrace of the rope against his skin was magical – it felt like home, and like love to Sam. Even when the twins were away at class, it was like having Castiel right there beside him.

His burns healed well, hardly leaving any marks at all on him. He wasn't entirely sure why they hadn't scarred as badly as everything else had, but was certainly grateful for it.

Despite no longer attending classes, for the time being, Sam's schedule was astonishingly full, because between the sessions with his memory therapist, his physical therapist, and his tutor – Sam also sat down to talk with his therapist-therapist, as Sam liked to think of her.

They'd tried a couple of male psychologists, at the start, but Sam had a very difficult time trusting them, and opening up to them. Then they stumbled upon a woman who had a family therapy practice, and who was incredibly open to alternative lifestyle and non-traditional family groups. Her name was Zoe, and Sam thought she was amazing.

He dreaded to think how much her time was actually costing the Novaks, but he also knew that they valued him, and his well-being, and as Castiel had insisted more than once – the price couldn't possibly matter less, as long as she was helping Sam.

Sam visited her for two scheduled sessions a week, and she was always open to seeing him on an emergency basis, as well. She was a little older, and quite motherly, and she respectfully, but firmly asked (demanded, really, but no one demands anything of Novaks or Winchesters) that one by one, the twins and Dean attend her sessions with Sam. They seemed to have passed her muster, though, because she didn't see any need for the three of them to come regularly to Sam's sessions.
Zoe was an amazing listener. There were some sessions that she let Sam simply talk and talk and talk, providing little feedback – but what she did provide was thoughtful and insightful, always. There were days where she let Sam scream his heart out, and held him when he cried afterwards, and stroked his hair. There were times when they spoke, deeply and frankly, about the abuse Sam had suffered, and she always acknowledged how incredibly strong and brave he was. He told her things he’d never told anyone – not even Dean, not even the twins.

There were plenty of times when he returned home after his sessions weak, shaking and exhausted... but it was a good exhaustion. It felt relieving, cathartic. And after every session, Sam got a little bit stronger.

When Dean saw how much speaking to Zoe was helping Sam, how much calmer and more centred he was, he asked with halting words if he could have sessions with her, too. Alone. And of course, the Novaks accommodated. And so Dean fit his hunting trips – still local, still close to home – in between his own sessions with Zoe.

It took both Winchesters some time to not only accept the help from others, but to be openly welcoming of it. They’d grown up so completely insular, and had been taught that all that they needed was each other, that opening up to others was a slow and gradual process, but ultimately immensely rewarding.

The winter quarter became the spring quarter.

Sam began attending classes again, and was able to keep up perfectly well with his course material. It was with a pang of loss that he said goodbye to Sarah, but she welcomed him to contact her at any time, if he needed help or had questions. It was a lifeline that, while Sam was glad to have it there, he never needed to avail himself of.

All three of the boys were doing well with their classes, and as May rolled into June, and the three boys were all slightly stressed and snappy about their upcoming finals, Dean suggested that they go to the beach.

“Come on, guys. You're all working too hard! You need to unwind!” Dean had cajoled.

“But cutie, I've got this dissection group project for gross anatomy, and I swear to God Julia doesn't know which end of the scalpel is which...”

Dean swept Jimmy into his arms, cuddling him close. “I'm sure you'll straighten her out. Come on. One afternoon on the beach. We can even get a little hibachi, cook up some burgers and hot dogs...”

“What's a hibachi?” Jimmy looked up at Dean, confused.

“Oh, now – now we're definitely doing it. Come on. Everyone into the Impala. We've got some shopping to do.”

*

Their first stop was to a Walmart. Henrik and Erik, who had followed in the black SUV, seemed alarmed and concerned about the density of people there, and the huge security risk the place posed.

“Come on, no one's gonna knife us in a Walmart. Let's go.”
Castiel was fairly subdued, holding Sam's hand and looking around with interest.

Jimmy, on the other hand, looked like a kid at Christmas – and even more so, when they found the toy section.

“Oh my God…” Jimmy breathed out, his eyes widening like dinner plates. “Look at all this fucking Lego…” Jimmy ran down the Lego aisle, and Erik had to hustle to keep up with him. The other boys followed at a slightly more sedate pace, and caught up to Jimmy when his arms were dangerously full of Lego kits.

Castiel took a few off the top of Jimmy's pile, ensuring the rest wouldn't topple to the floor. “Do you really need all of these??”

“They're all part of the Lord of the Rings set, Cas. They're a set. Of course I need all of them. And my God, they're cheap. Unbelievably cheap. Here, Sam, hold these.”

Sam scrambled to keep the boxes in his arms, as Jimmy hared back to the entrance of the store, returning with a battered blue shopping cart, which he loaded with the boxes from Castiel and Sam's arms.

His jaw dropped when they turned the corner... into an aisle with stuffed toys.

“Two, you can get two.” Castiel headed Jimmy off at the pass. Jimmy shot him a pleading look, but Castiel gave him a Dom-stare, and Jimmy began the laborious process of choosing only two (“I can't believe you're doing this to me, Cas…”) stuffed animals. He ended up selecting an adorable Hello Kitty plush – dressed like a cheerleader, with pink pom-poms – and a Pikachu plush that Sam swore was three feet tall (“Perfect for snuggling!”).

Castiel, a hand on the back of Jimmy's neck, forced him to bypass the rest of the toy section, whose aisles Jimmy cast despairing looks down.

They made it eventually to the camping section, and Dean picked up a medium-sized hibachi, some charcoal, and some starter fluid. Sam added several blankets, some towels, a metal barbecue fork, spatula, plastic plates and cutlery to the cart.

“It's a barbecue? But we have a barbecue at the house.” Jimmy offered, confused.

“You have a gazillion-dollar natural gas barbecue at the house, darlin’.” Dean countered. “It doesn't taste anything like food cooked over coals.”

Jimmy shot him a skeptical look, but conceded.

They loaded the cart up with all of the food and drink they'd need, waited in a seemingly endless line for the checkout (people around them giving strange looks at the two sharply-dressed bodyguards), and paid what Sam thought was a heart-stopping amount for their purchases (it was all the Lego), before trundling their bags back to the Impala.

It was a good thing her trunk was so big, or the lot of it wouldn't have fit.

*
The spot of beach they ended up choosing was fairly secluded. It was early afternoon when they arrived. Despite it being June, and very sunny, owing to the breeze and the currents, it was still fairly cool, and the boys were quite comfortable in their jeans and t-shirts. The bodyguards looked even more out of place on the otherwise empty beach, their crisp suits a stark contrast against the smooth, white sand.

Dean immediately started setting up the hibachi, and warming up the coals. Sam laid out some of the blankets, and even blew up a couple of cheap inflatable pillows for them. Afterwards, he took off his shoes and socks, and rolled up the legs of his jeans. Castiel followed suit. Jimmy had already removed his, and was sitting cross-legged on a blanket, watching open-mouthed Dean's expertise with the small barbecue.

“Walk with me, Cas?” Sam stood, and offered a hand, pulling Castiel to his feet.

“Of course, Sam.” Castiel smiled at him.

They walked hand in hand a ways down the beach, along the strip of firm, damp sand, until Sam turned, and walked towards the water, stopping when it was ankle-deep. It was really quite chilly, and Sam shivered and grinned as Castiel joined him, flinching at the cold water against his skin.

Sam moved to him, taking his face in both hands and kissing him soundly, as the cold water lapped at their ankles.

“This is beautiful. Thank you for this.” Sam broke off the kiss, and smiled at Castiel.

“You should be thanking your brother, it was at his insistence that we came.”

“Yeah... but... but I mean in... in a different way.” Sam shifted a little, and rubbed at the back of his neck. “If... if you'd asked me in... in January, if I'd be okay to do this, the answer would have been no. I wouldn't have thought I could have any of this.” Sam gestured expansively. “School. Life. Any of it. And look how far...” Sam's voice got a little choked, and he stopped speaking. Tears pricked in the corners of his eyes.

“You've made incredible progress, Sam. You.”

“Yeah, but it was because of you!! You're the one who could afford Tony, and Sarah, and Hannah, and Zoe...” Sam insisted.

“Sam, hush.” And Sam did. “Yes, we facilitated. Yes, we helped you find people who would help your recovery, but ultimately, Sam, you were the one who took the steps. You were the one who worked so hard, day after day after day, and made so, so much progress. And I'm so incredibly proud of you.” There were tears glittering in Castiel's eyes, too, his hands held tight with Sam's.

“Thanks.” Sam's voice sounded throttled. A couple of tears fell, but Castiel brushed them away. They shared another sweet kiss.

“Do you think, perhaps, that we could head back now, though? I can't feel my feet.”

Sam laughed despite himself. “Yeah, of course. Come on. I'll warm your feet up for you.”

“OI! FOOD'S READY!!” Jimmy hollered down the beach in their general direction.

“Perfect timing. Let's go.” Sam gave Castiel a final swift kiss, and the two returned to their little campsite.
As they approached, they found Dean flipping burgers, and Jimmy scarfing a hot dog.

“Did Jimmy leave any for the rest of us?” Castiel asked mildly.

“Fuck off, Cas.” Jimmy managed, around a mouthful of food.

Even Henrik and Erik had a seat on one of the blankets, and helped themselves to the food.

Once they’d all eaten as many cheeseburgers (“You know, these are way better than those burgers from that awful diner, Sam.”) and hot dogs as they could, the Winchesters showed the Novak boys how to skewer marshmallows and toast them over the coals.

Castiel was quite good at getting them perfectly golden brown, and so was Sam. They both ate their perfect marshmallows with relish. Jimmy, on the other hand, kept on setting fire to his and blackening them. Dean happily ate all of Jimmy's burnt marshmallows, insisting vehemently that they were better that way, anyway.

The four boys and the two bodyguards watched the sun set over the waves, painting the sky spectacular colours. Once it had darkened, and the stars were beginning to come out, they piled back into their vehicles and headed home.
Okay, I'm spoiling you guys with updates. It's just that I've had the time, and found my motivation, but I don't know how long that's gonna keep up. But I'm hoping you enjoy this, in the meantime.

If the previous chapter was too short (2196 words), then this one is too long (5365 words).

I'm SooOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOo inconsistent!! XD

I hope you guys like it. :D

I love you guys.

The three boys made it through a gruelling exam week, and though it was difficult, they all managed to succeed, with good grades. But it was with relief that they headed into their summer vacation.

Dean addressed the boys, while they were all finishing one of Marta's home-cooked dinners.

“So. I'm taking you all on a road trip.”

Sam blinked. The twins were silent. Sam remembered all of the road trips he'd taken with Dean in the past – just the two of them, sleeping on a blanket on the ground, under the stars, or Dean across the front seat of the Impala, and Sam across the back, listening to rain patter on her metal roof.

His first thought was – where were the twins going to sleep? And his second thought was – there was no way the Novak parents would allow the twins to go on a trip like that without security.

“Me and Henrik got it all worked out. I'm gonna drive Baby, with you lot in her. Henrik's gonna drive our RV, and Erik's gonna drive their RV. So it's gonna be less of a road trip, and more of a convoy, but the spirit of the thing is still there.”

“Two RVs? Why the hell would we need two RVs?” Sam was baffled.

“Well, if our van's a rockin', they won't come a knockin'. You feel me?”

And the logic of the setup clicked firmly into place, in Sam's head.

“So the RVs have already been bought...” Dean started.

Sam spluttered. “Why would we buy RVs, for one road trip??”

“... and we're picking them up today, because we're heading out tonight.”

“This is insane. Why...” Sam looked from Dean to Castiel, who was blotting his lips with a napkin.

“We purchased the RVs because we're not sure if we may need them again. And also, we'd prefer if no one had previously used them.” Castiel cleared his throat.
“Oh. Yeah. I... I guess that's a good point.” Sam tried to swallow down his horror at how much the Novaks had just spent, just so that the four of them could go on a road trip. “So where are we going? Just anywhere, or do we have a destination?”

“Well, me and Cas know, but for the rest of you, it's gonna be a surprise.” Dean grinned.

Jimmy had been watching the conversation, his mouth hanging open. “I don't think it's fair that we don't get to know...”

Sam interrupted, gently. “I'm sure that Cas had to know, to run it by your parents, and make sure everything was okay. But trust me – most of the joy of a road trip is not having any idea where you're going to end up, and seeing awesome new things on the way.” He leaned over and kissed Jimmy's cheek.

Jimmy sat back, looking a little disgruntled, and unimpressed. It made the other boys grin.

“All right, guys, go pack your shit, enough for a couple of weeks. The RVs are going to be here at seven, and I want to be on the road by 7:30, no later. Understood?” Dean stood, tossing his napkin onto his plate.

“Yes, Sir.” Sam answered, with a smirk.

Dean flipped him off, flipped him a grin, and left the kitchen.

* 

Sam was stunned speechless when the two RVs rolled up in front of the house. The larger of the two was colossal, and Sam could see a huge pop-out on the side closest to the house. When he walked around the other side, there were two more massive pop-outs.

Even the smaller of the two RVs was ridiculously large. Both were being towed by huge, heavy-duty black pickup trucks. Sam reckoned that the cumulative cost for the entire setup was likely over a million dollars. For one road trip. Sam swallowed hard.

7:29 pm found all four boys in Baby, the luggage loaded, and the two bodyguards behind the wheels of the pickup trucks. Dean seemed very pleased about the entire situation.

The convoy rolled out, and the boys rolled down the windows, letting the cooler night air whip through the car, as they hit the highway.

Sam was a little grateful, and a little relieved, to leave the lights of Palo Alto first, and then San Francisco behind them. The light faded from the sky as they left the cities, and the huge dome of empty sky, speckled with stars and the moon bright overhead, opened over them. Somehow, Sam was able to breathe a little more deeply.

They had started out with Sam in the front, and the twins in the back. There was Dean's battered green cooler tucked between them, filled with drinks and snacks. Jimmy was leaning with his head near the window, clutching his three-foot Pikachu with one hand, and holding his brother's tight with the other, staring at the sky. Castiel was staring absentmindedly out the window, as was Sam.

Sam wasn't entirely sure why, but every now and again, he felt himself fighting back tears. He wasn't
sure what it was – a longing, perhaps, a wish that it had been like this when they were younger – no John, no Sam in the back seat – just Sam and Dean and Baby, and how much better everything could have been. Dean noticed that Sam was struggling, and gripped Sam's thigh tight, with one hand, after turning the stereo up unbearably loud, which was currently playing Kansas.

Sam couldn't but help his watery chuckle as Dean began to sing, in his exaggeratedly-tone deaf way, “Carry on my wayward sooooooon, there'll be peace when you are doooone...”

“Jesus, Dean, stop, please.” Sam reached for the volume knob.

Dean slapped his hand away. “Oi!! You know the rules, Sammy. Driver picks the music, shotgun shuts his cakehole!” He picked up the song again. “... don't you cry no more!!”

Dean launched into a dramatic drum solo, pounding on the steering wheel, which made all three boys laugh, and made Sam lurch, grabbing for the wheel, only to get his hand slapped away again.

“You're not even watching the road!” Sam complained half-heartedly.

“Shut up.” Dean chuckled. He looped an arm over his brother's shoulders and pulled him in close, kissing the top of his head before releasing him.

From the position of the moon and stars, Sam knew they were headed first north, and then in a general north-easterly direction, the mountains looming ahead of them in the distance. He wasn't sure how long the trip was going to be, or how far they'd be going, but he knew for sure where he'd like to end up.

They drove for a number of hours. Dean did eventually turn the music down, and the boys enjoyed the purr of Baby's engine, and the feel of the road unspooling beneath her tires. The trucks followed at a bit of a distance, so as to not annoy the boys with the sounds of their engines.

In the dark, on the highway, Jimmy started to fidget, and didn't seem to want to explain why. Castiel gave him one of those stares, and Jimmy – ever the adventurous one – admitted that he'd always wanted road head, somewhere someone could see, he added in a conspiratorial whisper.

To Sam's immense shock, Castiel pushed everything else aside, undid both of their seatbelts, undid Jimmy's fly and lowered his zipper. Sam twisted around in his seat to watch. Castiel lowered Jimmy's panties, and lowered his head.

Castiel, Sam discovered almost immediately, though he didn't do it often, was every bit as talented at deep-throating as any of them were. Jimmy's fingers sank into Castiel's hair, pushing him down, making him take it... a quick glance at Dean showed him white-knuckling the steering wheel, eyes darting rapidly between the road and the rearview mirror.

Jimmy came with a moan, down his brother's throat, and laid back against the seat, panting. Castiel sat back up, wiped a stray drop of come from his bottom lip, smiled at Sam, and shot a wink at Dean, who groaned.

Jimmy didn't fidget quite so much after that.

More hours passed, and they stopped just before midnight, for a stretch, a washroom break and a gas fill-up at a small gas station in the middle of nowhere. Jimmy had fallen asleep, lulled by Baby's rumble, his cheek squashed against his plush toy. Dean roused him with kisses and cuddles.

The attendant gawped at the RVs, and seemed intimidated by the lot of them as they wandered around the small convenience store. They picked up a couple more snacks, and Jimmy insisted on
purchasing the hugest possible slurpee, which he filled with what Sam frankly thought was a nauseating combination of flavours.

Once everyone was set to go, Dean had a quiet conversation with Henrik and Erik, and an agreement was reached, which Dean refused to share with the other boys, simply grinning at them when asked.

They piled back into the vehicles, Dean threatening dire consequences if Jimmy should spill his slurpee on Baby's leather. Jimmy promised to hold it tight, and did so, as their little convoy rolled through the night. This time Sam sat in the back with him, and Castiel up front with Dean. Sam had set the cooler and the large plush toy off to one side, and snuggled with Jimmy as he sipped at his disgusting drink, and watched the stars go by.

It was around 1 am when Dean carefully pulled Baby onto the road's broad shoulder. There was plenty of space for the RVs to be set up, and Henrik and Erik worked on getting that done as the boys wandered in a nearby field, tufts of grass and small green plants with yellow flowers, and the remnants of last year's growth.

Once everything was set up, the vehicles and lights turned off, it was very dark, and eerily quiet. As their eyes adjusted, they saw the moon was just barely bright enough to cast the faintest shadows.

The bodyguards produced some lawn chairs and some blankets. Sam and Castiel sat in the chairs, while Jimmy and Dean laid on their backs, looking up at the stars. The bodyguards retreated to their camper, giving the boys some privacy, as the most serious threat to their security out in the middle of nowhere couldn't be any more severe than a curious gopher.

“Wow.” Jimmy breathed out, taking in the spectacle of the Milky Way. Jimmy snuggled up against Dean, and sighted along his arm as Dean pointed out constellations.

Sam held Castiel's hand, and stared at Orion for a long time, a smile pulling at the corner of his mouth. Somehow, it was soothing to him. The Hunter. It was the one constellation he'd always been able to find on his own, and no matter how bad things got, Orion was always there, watching over him.

Castiel nodded off, his head on Sam's shoulder, and Jimmy was snoring softly against Dean, before the Winchester boys called it a night, gathering up sleepy, grumpy twins.

When Sam walked into their RV, his mind was blown straight out of his head. Towards the front, there was a huge TV, above a fireplace. A pair of chairs were opposite a cozy-looking loveseat. There was a small kitchen, with an island, fridge, stove, and microwave. Across the aisle was a dinette. A compact bathroom, and towards the rear a door opened into a remarkably spacious bedroom, complete with a huge king-sized bed.

The four boys stumbled through getting ready for bed, and the twins snuggled in the middle, Sam behind Castiel, and Dean behind Jimmy. There were soft kisses, and the four boys tumbled into sleep.

* *

Sam woke feeling better than he ever had, on any road trip, ever. Jimmy and Castiel were pressed along his sides, but Dean was already up. As Sam was blinking sleep from his eyes, Dean walked
into the bedroom, a towel around his waist, and his hair damp from the shower.

“Skylight in the bathroom's a nice touch.” Dean kept his voice low. “Lets you see just how bad you really look.”

Sam scrubbed his hands over his face. The movement roused the twins. Jimmy was the first of the two to speak. “... is there coffee?”

“I can make you some, sure, darlin'.” Dean bent over and gave Jimmy a sweet kiss. “Make you some breakfast, too – that refrigerator's fully stocked. I could try to make one of Marta's fancy-pants omelettes, but you'd likely end up with scrambled eggs.”

Dean walked out of the bedroom, still in just a towel. The twins and Sam took turns showering, and as Castiel was finishing Sam's rope harness – Sam hard against his cage, at the sensation of the rope on his skin - there were some truly delicious smells emanating from the direction of the kitchen. When he emerged, fully dressed, Sam found Dean grinning in the kitchen, wearing an apron, and nothing else. The twins were in T-shirts and jeans, sitting at the dinette, eating Dean's attempts at omelettes, which really didn't end up looking much like omelettes.

“Dean's our kept-boy housekeeper today.” Jimmy grinned up at Sam.

“Better put some pants on, before Henrik comes knocking.” Sam warned Dean, smacking his bare ass and taking a plate of delicious-smelling food from him.

Dean held up a small walkie-talkie. “No fear. I've already requested some quiet breakfast time.”

Dean made himself some food, as well, and sat with the other three boys to eat. Jimmy pushed away his plate before he had finished.

“I'm stuffed. You made too much.” Jimmy groused.

“Eat it. You're too skinny.” Dean nudged the plate back towards Jimmy, who grudgingly ate a few more bites.

The casual domesticity made Sam smile despite himself.

Once breakfast was finished, the dishes tidied up and put away, and Dean finally into some clothes, the boys emerged from the RV into very bright sunshine. The bodyguards were waiting for them. Sam was glad to see they'd dressed down a little. He couldn't imagine doing a road trip in a suit.

As the RVs were prepped for the road, Dean pulled the boys aside. “All right, the next stage of the trip is through the mountains. If you look to the right, you'll see mountains. If you look to the left, you'll see mountains. It'll probably be all majestic and shit. But we're hoping to hit Reno by this afternoon. Y'all are too young and impressionable to gamble...” Jimmy snorted. “... but... but I've got something planned.” Dean swallowed hard, and Sam saw his shoulders tighten.

Sam instantly knew that was one of Dean's tells that he was afraid, but Dean didn't say anything further, so Sam didn't ask.

They all piled into the vehicles, and were off again.

Dean had been right – the views as they were going through the mountains were amazing. The car was filled with fresh air, hot sunshine, excited chatter and laughter. The shifting embrace of the rope against Sam's skin made him smile, despite himself.
Sam was surprised at the speed with which they made the trip to Reno, but he supposed it hadn't really been that far. Dean drove through the city, and though the boys asked where they were going, he pretended they hadn't spoken.

Eventually they pulled up into a parking lot – and a large sign outside proclaimed they were at “Reno Balloon Rides.”

Dean turned to address Sam and Castiel in the back seat. “I... I thought we could take a hot-air balloon ride. I've n-never been on one, but I tho...” Dean's speech was interrupted by Jimmy grabbing his face and kissing him hard.

“That sounds like so much fun, guys!! Let's do it!” Jimmy jumped out of the car, and headed to the offices.

Sam knew now what that fear had been about earlier, and why Dean's carriage was still tight – Sam knew Dean wasn't too fond of heights. The other three boys joined Jimmy, the bodyguards stayed with the vehicles.

The four of them were informed that it was perfect ballooning weather, clear and calm, and absolutely, they could head up right now, if they wanted to. Sam saw Dean balk, but Jimmy's obvious enthusiasm seemed to help him through it.

The balloon, and its basket, were already ready and waiting for them, when they walked across the tarmac to it. The two crew members gave them smiles and welcomed them aboard.

The procedure was explained to them, and the safety protocols, and then the sandbags holding the balloon to the earth were released... and they began to float.

Sam found it a very surreal experience. Dean had an arm tight around Jimmy's waist, holding him against Dean's front, as Jimmy oohed and aahed at the beautiful vistas that opened up for them as they continued to glide skyward.

Dean's other hand was clenched tight in Sam's own, Sam's other arm looped around Castiel's waist. It was unlike any other experience Sam had ever had – he imagined that this must be what a bird felt, free and unfettered, and open to the air. The sunshine was warm, and combined with the heat from the burners, it was quite cozy for the four boys.

Sam felt Dean gradually unwind the farther they got above the ground. He thought it was a little paradoxical, but was glad Dean was able to relax a little, and join in with their enjoyment of the flight.

Perhaps it was that it was such a different experience, floating gently, as opposed to slamming through the air at just below the speed of sound, in a metal tube. Dean even worked up the courage to ask if they'd let him work the burners for a moment. They allowed it, and Dean whooped when the balloon soared a little higher for him.

Castiel pulled Sam down, and murmured into Sam's ear. “Thank you for trusting me, trusting us. After everything that's happened, part of me wanted to just lock you up where I could keep you safe forever, but I know that's not what you want or need. So this is me, us, here with you, promising to help you soar instead.”

Sam was frozen by Castiel's words, tears burning in his eyes. He turned, and clutched him as tight as he could, tears spilling down his cheeks. When he managed to make his voice work, he croaked out, “Thank you so much, Cas. So, so much. For everything.”
It took him a moment to collect himself, but he was able to give the other boys a shaky smile.

The boys enjoyed the ride for about an hour, before the crew began lowering them earthwards.

Though it had been fun, Sam's knees were a little shaky, and he was glad to be back on the ground. Sam saw, out of the corner of his eye, Castiel press hundred dollar bills into the hands of the flight crew, who were very appreciative.

“Wow!” Jimmy grinned, high on adrenaline, his hair wind-mussed. “That was amazing, cutie!! Thank you so much!” Up on tiptoes, he gave Dean a kiss.

“I think that was a first for all of us, Dean. Thank you.” Castiel smiled.

“I'm glad you guys liked it.” Dean gave them a crooked grin. “Now it's a straight shot down Highway 80 to Rawlins, Wyoming.”

“What's in Rawlins, Wyoming, cutie?” Jimmy looked up at Dean.

“Another highway.” Dean kissed the top of Jimmy's head.

Sam's heart leapt – they were definitely heading in the right direction.

*

The boys had a cookout that night, along the edge of the road. Sam wasn't sure if they were in Utah or Wyoming – after a long drive through the afternoon and early evening they'd been through Salt Lake, stopping only for food and fuel.

As they ate their late supper, Sam wondered to himself if they were really, truly, heading to Bobby's. He'd absolutely love to see the old man, see the house filled with amazing lore and artifacts, and even the junkyard... but Sam was torn between thinking it was a sure thing (why the hell else would they be in Wyoming??) and telling himself not to get his hopes up. He wanted to ask Dean, and yet he didn't – he desperately wanted to see Bobby, but didn't want to ruin the trip, if that wasn't part of the plan.

So Sam kept his silence, in the middle of an empty road, in an empty state, in his lovers' arms.

*

“Welcome to Casper, Wyoming.” Jimmy read from the sign at the edge of town. “The Oil City.”

Beside him, in the back seat, Castiel was poking at his phone. “They have a highly reputable museum of modern art here, the Nicolaysen, that I'd love to see. I'm sure we could all use a bit of time in the shade and air conditioning.”

Castiel wasn't wrong, it was hot, almost ninety degrees. Baby's air conditioning wasn't the greatest, and she was a black car, and the boys had been spoiled by the cool breezes coming off the ocean in Palo Alto.
The three of them rapidly agreed to Castiel's suggestion.

Sam had heard once that art was supposed to disturb the comfortable, and comfort the disturbed. They walked through the halls, taking their time looking at the pieces. Sam had Jimmy's hand, and curiously enough Dean had Castiel's, and kept peppering Cas with questions about the works. Jimmy and Sam were content to enjoy them in silence.

Dean stared open-mouthed at a piece that depicted a group of settlers, called “Beyond the Shining River”. They had a wood engraving, as well, an artist proof owned by Salvador Dali which fascinated Sam, to think it had actually passed through Dali’s hands... the latter was a little too abstract for Dean, though, and didn’t hold any charm for him.

As they were nearing the end of the tour, Sam confided to Jimmy, “I didn't really understand a lot of this...”

Jimmy pressed a quick kiss to his cheek. “But did you feel it?”

Sam nodded. Some of the pieces had evoked feelings he couldn’t name, or put his finger on.


*

The boys had a quick, early dinner in town, before heading back onto the highway. Sam's heart leapt when he saw they were on the 25, eastbound.

Which lead straight to Bobby's.

They drove through the early evening, and set up their camp just outside of Rapid City, South Dakota.

Sam would've been more than willing to just hop in the car and drive straight through the extra five hours, if it meant getting to Bobby’s sooner, but it was hot, and the twins were tired. And if he admitted to himself, around his excitement, he was bone-tired, as well.

Sam wasn't sure he’d ever been more grateful for anything, more than he was that the RV had air conditioning. Rather than stay up late, watching the stars, the boys called it a night very early, and crashed, exhausted, into cool showers, and sleep.

*

Sam woke the following morning, feeling like a kid on Christmas. When he woke, Dean was directly in front of him, grinning at him.

“Took ya long enough to figure it out.”

“Does Bobby know we're coming?” Sam stretched, and rested a hand on Dean's hip.
“You think I'm gonna drag a convoy half-way across the country and *not* make sure he's gonna be home first?” Dean chuckled.

Sam punched him in the ribs.

Dean grabbed Sam, put him in a headlock, and ground his knuckles into the top of Sam's head.

Sam grabbed Dean, on that spot on his ribs that Sam knew was exquisitely ticklish.

The Winchester boys' wrestling and laughter woke the Novak boys, who promptly joined in.

By the time they'd settled down, all four of them were panting and giddy, and very definitely ready to start their day.

*

“How big do you want your pancakes, darlin’?” Dean was cooking again, actually properly dressed this time, and Sam and Castiel were already eating their own pancakes.

Sam was always amazed, every time, when he realized that Dean really could cook. He'd even made pancakes for the bodyguards, who were very grateful for them.

“I don't care.” Jimmy yawned hugely, his hands wrapped around his coffee cup.

When Dean came to the table a few minutes later with Jimmy's, there were several tidy stacks of pancakes on it – each roughly the size of a quarter.

“Oh my God, really??” Jimmy threw his arms in the air, in disbelief.

Dean raised an eyebrow. “You didn't specify. And now, you're being an ungrateful brat.”

Jimmy's eyes widened at the change in Dean's demeanour.

“I cooked for you. I went through the trouble to make them cute and bite-sized for you. And you're *complaining*??”

Jimmy's mouthed wordlessly for a moment, before managing to get out, “I'm... I'm sorry?”

“How about you get on the floor, and we can see if you'll be any more appreciative from there.”

Dean moved the fourth chair out of the way, roughly pulled Jimmy out of the third one by the front of his shirt, and had a seat, and stared pointedly at him.

Jimmy sank to his knees, trembling, staring at the floor.

“Here.” Dean held out a tiny pancake, on the end of Jimmy's fork.

Jimmy took it into his mouth, chewed, and made a face.

“What??” Dean asked, exasperated.

“Needs syrup.” Jimmy said, in a tiny voice.

“My *God*, you're whiny. Here.” Dean held out another, which he'd dipped in syrup first, and which
made Jimmy much happier.

Sam and Castiel sat quietly, as Dean fed Jimmy his tiny pancakes. When they were gone, Jimmy was silent for a long moment.

“Well?” Dean asked, clearly expecting something.

“Thank you for the tiny pancakes, Sir.”

“You're welcome.” Dean pulled Jimmy up, onto his lap, and kissed the syrup off his lips.

“You're an asshole.” Jimmy grinned, after Dean released him from the kiss.

“You know it.” Dean responded.

*

Sam's anxiousness built with every mile closer they got to Bobby's.

The rain started up somewhere between Okaton and Murdo, but Sam didn't mind. It was one of those drumming, sheeting storms that you tended to see in South Dakota – the ones that were fierce while they lasted, but didn't tend to last long.

Dean wanted to stop for lunch, but Sam outright begged him to keep on going to Sioux Falls. Adept application of the puppy-dog eyes got Sam exactly what he wanted.

When they pulled up to Bobby's junkyard, Bobby was standing on the porch waiting for them, wearing a grease-stained 'kiss the cook' apron, and wielding a spatula.

There was no way that the RVs were going to fit onto his lot, so they were parked on the conveniently vacant one next door.

“Well, get in here, before y'all drown.” Bobby was just as gruff as ever.

Sam rushed from the car to him, hugging him tight, greasy apron and all. “Bobby.”

“Hey, boy.” Bobby ran his empty hand up and down Sam's back. “You're all right. Come inside.”

Sam did, followed by the twins and Dean. The bodyguards, having been briefed on how completely the junkyard was actually, invisibly protected, introduced themselves, and then retreated back to their RV.

“I was just makin' some hot dogs. Y'all want some?”

There was a chorus of 'yes'es from the boys, and they ate them quietly, at mismatched chairs around Bobby's battered dining-room table.

“It's good to see you all. Sam, you're looking well.”

Sam swallowed his bite of hot dog, and nodded. “I'm... I'm doing a lot better, thanks.”

“Bobby, while we're here, would if be okay if I stocked up the Impala? I'm running low on lamb's
blood and belladonna and...” Dean began.

“Does this *look* like some sort of supernatural supermarket to you, boy?” Bobby scowled at him, and then broke down into chuckles.

The twins had been staring around, wide-eyed, at the wild selection of items seemingly scattered at random around Bobby's house. On an end-table near Jimmy, there was a screwdriver, a book in what looked like Latin with a dark stain on its cover, a bird skull, and a small fabric pouch, bulging with its contents. Neither twin touched any of it.

As they finished their food, Bobby gathered up their plates.

“You're welcome to stay as long as you want. I'll be in and out. There's a Chevy Nova in the big garage that I'm working on that I could use some help on. I'll need a list of the supplies you need, Dean, so that I can know whether I need to head out to get them.”

He deposited the dishes in the sink, and stared down at them for a moment.

“Boys, I know you've got that fancy house out in California, but this is your home, too, okay? You stay as long as you want.”

“Thanks, Bobby.” Sam's voice was a little choked.

“And if you eat, you wash the dishes.” Bobby nodded.

“Got it.” Dean agreed, with a smile.

*

That night, after dinner and as the sun was setting, Sam found Bobby out on his porch. The rain had finally let up. Sam chose a chair next to him.

“You actually doing okay, boy?” Bobby's hand, heavy and rough, dropped onto Sam's shoulder.

“Y-yeah. It's... it's been a lot to deal with, but I have people I sit down with, and talk.”

Bobby snorted. “A Winchester, gettin' *therapy?* Isn't that one of the signs of the damned apocalypse??”

Sam shot him a bitchface, which just made Bobby laugh that much harder.

“But in all seriousness... in all seriousness, Sam. You've been through a lot, and I'm glad you've got Dean, and those twins, but I'm real glad you're gettin' help, too.” Bobby gave Sam's shoulder a squeeze.

Sam's throat tightened up. He nodded.

“You know that nothin' John did was your fault, right, Sam? That man was just rotten, through and through. Gordon, too.”

Sam nodded again. “I know now. I didn't, for a really long time, but I know that now. We were just little kids, when John started in on us. We didn't know any better. We had each other, yeah, but it
 wasn't nearly enough.” Sam wiped away tears. “Took us more than a decade, but we're... we're learning. How to cope. How you're supposed to be able to trust the people raising you not to hurt you. How wrong what happened was.”

Sam heard a heavy snifflde from Bobby, and turned his head, to see Bobby crying.

“B-Bobby, what...”

“I shoulda stopped him. I should've taken both of you from him. Hid, if I had to. But gotten you away from him.”

Sam gripped Bobby's knee. “No. No, this wasn't your fault. Nobody blames you for what happened. Please, don't.”

Bobby cleared his throat, and sat up a little straighter.

“Other than that car, you gave us the only home I ever knew, Bobby. Please don't beat yourself up. You were there for us, when we needed you.”

There was a long, silent pause.

“Yeah, that's about as much dragging up old regrets that this old man can handle for one night.”

Bobby stood up, knees creaking. “It's about time for bed. Y'all gonna stay in the spare rooms upstairs, or your palaces on wheels, parked next door?”

Sam laughed despite himself. “We'll stay upstairs, if that's okay.”

Bobby turned and walked back inside. Sam barely caught his muttered, “...worth more than my damned house.”
Fete

Chapter Summary

Long time. Thank you so much for your continued support, for the ever-increasing numbers of hits and subscriptions, your support, even through a long absence, has meant the world to me.

I love you guys.

Enjoy.

Sam found himself indescribably comforted by the simplicity of life at Bobby's. It was like sinking into a warm bath, a calmness and a level of familiarity that he hadn't realized how badly he'd missed.

The twins took most of it in with wide-eyed wonder. Everything from the other hunters in and out of the house, from Bobby pretending to be a member of any number of law enforcement teams, to Dean dextrously disassembling an engine block.

Bobby asked Sam for his help with redigging the trenches around the junkyard, carefully relaying the lines of salt and goofers dust before laying the rocky soil back down over them. Dean was working on the Nova, and Jimmy was sipping a lemonade, purportedly 'helping' him, but Castiel joined Sam on the perimeter of the property, with work gloves and his own shovel in hand.

After a few hours of hard work, side by side with Castiel in the silence, Sam took a moment to take a breather. He pulled his sweat-stained t-shirt up over his head and off, and wiped the sweat and grime from his face with a dry patch. He moved to sit on the bumper of a nearby Pinto, resting his shovel beside him.

Castiel took a seat beside him, also slick with sweat and streaked with dirt. The two boys sat in silence, staring off across the field ahead of them.

Sam was a little stunned that Castiel had deigned to dig a ditch, without a moment's hesitation or complaint. He'd never in a million years have imagined the heir to the Novak empire – their crown prince – would be sitting with Sam in a junkyard in South Dakota, baking under the hot sun. Digging a ditch.

Castiel's hand reached out for Sam's, and Sam held it tightly.

A few long moments passed, before Sam heard someone whistling, heading in their direction. He turned, and saw Jimmy approaching in a big, floppy sunhat with cat's-eye sunglasses, a tight little t-shirt and shorts, with a cooler slung over one arm.

“Our saviour.” Castiel's voice was a little rough.

Jimmy plonked the cooler down in front of the two boys, opened it, and passed them icy cold bottles of water, which Sam and Castiel drank gratefully.

Sam tossed his empty bottle back into the cooler, reached out a hand and snagged one of Jimmy's belt loops, pulling him in for a hug.
“Ew!! You're, like, all filthy, and not in a sexy way.” Jimmy tried to squirm out of Sam's grasp. Sam tightened his hold, one hand moving to grip Jimmy's ass cheek hard, and the other on Jimmy's jaw, angling his face up for a kiss.

“Well, you know, you could make yourself useful.” Castiel mused, as Sam kissed Jimmy deeply.

“I'm being useful! I brought you water, and I'm... helping Dean.” Jimmy spluttered indignantly, after Sam released him from the kiss.

Castiel stepped right up into Jimmy's personal space, all heat and authority and shooting Jimmy one of those Dom-glares that Sam knew made one's knees weak.

“Strange. And yet you're not covered in dirt and oil, which one would expect if you'd actually been helping with auto repair.” Sam felt the tremor run through Jimmy. “If I were to ask Dean, he'd aver that you were assisting, hmm?”

Jimmy blinked at his twin, eyes wide.

“That's what I thought.” Sam smirked. “So, seeing as you're not actually being of any use to anyone right now, do you think you could come up with something to assist us?” Sam gripped the side of Jimmy's neck, and felt him swallow hard.

“Here?” Jimmy's voice was small. “It's... it's all hot and dirty...”

“As though that actually makes a difference.” Castiel chuckled. “I'd be willing to bet that you've got lube packets in your pocket, like a good boy scout.”

Jimmy flushed fuchsia, and both Sam and Castiel laughed.

Castiel's hands fished out the lube, and moved to undo Jimmy's belt and fly. Sam kept his hand on the back of Jimmy's neck, feeling him tremble as Castiel pushed his shorts and panties down.

Castiel and Sam were both quick with him, and Jimmy's come dried and crackled on the hood of the Pinto, under the hot sunshine, as they resumed their work on the ditch.

*

The cool shadows in the house, when Sam and Castiel returned to it just before dinner, were a blessing. The cool showers were even moreso.

Sam had almost forgotten what it felt like to do an honest day's hard labour. He must be getting old, though, based on the aches in his lower back and shoulders. From the stiffness of Castiel's movements as they showered together, Sam didn't think he was the only one feeling it.

Both of them eased themselves into chairs at the dining room table, where Jimmy was already seated, squirming a little against the hard wooden chair. Sam shot him a lecherous grin, and Jimmy's cheeks pinked. Dean entered a few moments later, hair still damp from his own shower.

Bobby entered the dining room, bearing plates of some sort of casserole, whose primary ingredients seemed to be hamburger and noodles. The boys thanked him quietly as he took a chair and his own plate.
Sam was a little nervous about how the twins would handle the low-end cuisine, but both ate heartily.

“Thanks for your help with the lines, boys. Much appreciated.” Bobby's voice was gruff.

“It was no trouble, Mr. Singer.” Castiel smiled at him.

“Call me that and I'll get a fat head. Mr. Singer was my father.” Bobby grumped.

“Bobby.” Castiel smiled. “My apologies.”

Bobby waved Castiel's apology away with his fork.

It didn't take long for all of the plates to be empty. Jimmy looked a little relieved when he stood to gather them, and took them into the kitchen.

They spent the evening on the porch, watching the sun set and the fireflies come out. Jimmy hopped down to try to catch some, and Dean joined him as he raced around the yard.

“So,” Bobby began, gruffly. “You settlin' in okay here? Beds in the spare rooms okay?”

Sam nodded. “Yeah.” He let his head droop a little. He was bone-tired, and somehow more at peace than he'd been in a really long time. Castiel rested a gentle hand against his thigh. “Yeah, it's... it's really good to be... to be home.”

Sam let himself lean against Castiel, who was beside him on the old porch swing. Castiel wrapped an arm around him and squeezed.

“Glad to see you've got these two, too.” Sam saw Bobby's eyes on Jimmy and Dean – Jimmy had crawled onto Dean's back, and Dean was piggybacking him around the yard in the search for fireflies. Bobby turned his gaze on Castiel. “You and your brother seem like good people. And you seem like you're taking good care of my boys.”

There was a loud shout of laughter from across the yard, and when Sam looked, Dean and Jimmy were both lying on their backs, looking up at the stars.

“I'm doing my best, sir,” Castiel answered, soft and serious.

Bobby growled at the title, but let it go.

“I... I didn't realize how much of a father figure you were to Sam and Dean, Bobby,” Castiel corrected himself this time around. “If I'd have know, I'd have asked for Sam's hand.”

Bobby sat bolt upright in his chair, staring at Castiel for a long moment, before breaking down in laughter. “Either of you wants to marry either of these chuckleheads, you've got my blessing.”

“Bobby!!” Sam interjected, annoyed.

Both Bobby and Castiel laughed at him.

After a short time, Sam's eyes started to droop. He took his leave, but Castiel stayed on the porch with Bobby, saying he'd wait up until Dean and Jimmy were ready to call it a night. Too tired to worry about it too much, Sam gave him a lingering kiss, and headed upstairs.

He was out nearly the moment his head hit the pillow.
There was a nudge against Sam's ribs, and he groaned and tried to move away from it, squinting his eyes shut against the red light seeping through his lids.

“Dude. Come on.” Dean gave him another nudge.

“Sleepin’,” Sam mumbled.

“No, you're really not. Come on. They're waiting.”

Sam's brain kicked into gear despite him. *They're waiting*?? Who was waiting? Regardless of who it was, Sam wasn't really capable of the rudeness it'd take him to stay in bed. He sat up and knuckled his eyes.

“Good man.” Dean ruffled his hair. “Back yard, okay?”

“Yeah.” Sam watched him leave.

Sam had always kind of wondered why Bobby bothered to keep a back yard at all. It cut into the space for the junkyard, and didn't really serve any sort of purpose. Sam remembered playing catch with him back there when he'd been little, though. So maybe that was why.

He got up and headed to the washroom, sorting himself out a little. He pulled on a t-shirt and jeans, and his boots, and headed downstairs.

Castiel was waiting beside the back door, looking a little stiff and uncomfortable, but giving Sam a smile regardless. He held out a hand, and Sam took it. He opened the back door, and ushered Sam out.

Someone had taken wire, a lot of it, and bent it into a large archway, and then twined wildflowers around it. Bobby stood in the middle, and Dean and Jimmy to each side. Sheriff Jody Mills was to Dean's left, and Bobby's neighbour Marcy to Jimmy's right.

Every single eye was on Sam, who froze. “W-what is this?”

Gentle fingers on Sam's jaw turned his face back to Castiel. “I've almost lost you far too many times. Far too many, and though this isn't official according to the law, it's something I've wanted desperately to do.”

Sam blinked at him.

“We'll still have the official one later, have the big society wedding my parents want, but this is for you and for me, okay?”

Sam's mouth opened, but he wasn't sure what he wanted to say.

“You did agree to marry me, did you not?” Castiel's mouth quirked up into a smile.

“Y-yes, of course, but...” Sam started, ready to begin another round of explanations about why it was a bad idea.
Castiel cut him off at the pass. “Not the time, my love. Come, our guests are waiting.”

Castiel tugged him by the hand, leading him towards where everyone was standing. He stood directly before Bobby, and turned to face Sam, reaching for both of his hands and smiling up at him.

Bobby cleared his throat. “Now I know this don't count for much, but everyone here knows how happy Castiel and Sam make each other, so we're doin' this.”

Sam couldn't help his smile. He should have known better than to think Bobby would begin with a 'dearly beloved'.

“I know Castiel has some words prepared, and I'm bettin' Sam has something to say, so let's go ahead.” Bobby turned to Castiel.

Castiel gave Sam's hands a squeeze. His eyes were glittering with tears. It took him a moment to speak.

“Sam. From the moment you walked through the door to our dorm room, I knew you were special. You've faced incredible adversity, and yet you were able to open up, to give your love and trust so freely and lovingly. You've been a blessing to me, to us. It's been an honour to watch you grow and blossom. I treasure this life we're building together, and look forward to continuing to do so, as long as we both shall live.”

Sam watched Castiel's throat work as he swallowed hard, and smiled a crooked smile up at Sam.

“Sam?” Bobby's voice, rough with emotion.

“I...” Sam wasn't sure where to start. “I love you, Cas. You and Jimmy mean the world to me. You've been so kind, so generous, and I never expected to love anybody the way I love you. I couldn't... couldn't do this without you. Your support has meant everything to me. Everything.” Sam paused. “I promise... I promise to try every day to be the man you see in me. I love you.” Sam fell silent.

“We got rings?” Bobby looked to Dean and Jimmy.

Jimmy tugged Sam's sleeve, and Sam turned to him. “Take off the engagement ring, and put the wedding ring on. We put the engagement rings back on after,” Jimmy whispered to him, slipping a ring into his hand. Sam nodded his understanding and turned back to Castiel.

“Samuel Winchester, do you take Castiel Novak to be your husband?”

“I do,” Sam managed to force out of his tight throat. Castiel slipped Sam's engagement ring off, and slid a simple platinum band onto Sam's ring finger. Sam blinked back the tears burning in the corners of his eyes.

“Castiel Novak, do you take Samuel Winchester to be your husband?”

“I do.”

Sam's vision was a little blurry, but he managed to get Castiel's ring off, and get the wedding band – which matched his own, from what he could see of it – onto the right finger.

“By the power vested in me by no one at all, I pronounce you married. Y'all can kiss now.”

Sam's tears finally fell as he swept Castiel into his arms, into a deep kiss. He was vaguely aware that
there was clapping all around him, and Jimmy hooting and hollering, but Sam held tight to the only person in the world who mattered.

It was a long while before the two boys let go.

When they finally managed, Sam half-turned and Jimmy flung himself at him, kissing him deeply. Sam squeezed him tight, chuckling after releasing him. Dean was right there afterwards, murmuring congratulations with a hug and a pat on the back. The sheriff and Marcy hugged him and congratulated him, as well. Bobby's hug was lingering, and with whispered wishes for only the best.

“All right, let’s get this party started!!” Bobby rubbed briefly at his eyes, smiled, and moved to the barbecue.

It was a brilliantly sunny afternoon, not a cloud in the sky, as the small group of happy people chatted and ate the delicious food, celebrating two boys who had found love, and kept it, despite all of the obstacles in their path.

Fin.

(But stay tuned for oneshots, in a continuing series.)

Works inspired by this one:

Sam Winchester Is Not as Discreet as He Thinks He Is by cr0wgrrl, 

Sammy's Time At Stanford AU: A fic based on a fic by SharpieStealr8200, 

Please submit by Mirianka, 

[Art] Sam & Castiel & Jimmy (Sammy's Time at Stanford) by marainein, 

Sammy's Time at Stanford - ART by Renezinha, 

Dean Winchester Is a Puzzle, Wrapped in an Enigma, Inside a Taco by cr0wgrrl, 

[Art] Cinderella by cr0wgrrl, ZoyciteM, 

Cock Rings Don't Count As Chick-Flick Moments by cr0wgrrl, 

A Shift in Perspective by Lira_Chimera, 

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