Summary

Dean Smith is a high-level sub. He tries not to spread the news around, but it gets pretty hard sometimes.... like around the super-hot dom Dean keeps meeting in the elevator.
Chapter 1

Dean Smith was twitchy.

Part of the problem was the man who had just stepped into the elevator beside him—tall, broad shouldered, hazel eyes, chestnut hair….

… the distinctive markings of a high-level dom, twisting in raised white stripes up his arms.

His strong, muscular arms….

Dean shook his head.

He needed to get out more. It had been more than five weeks since the last time he’d met with a dom, a handsome older man he met at a club downtown. The man had proudly displayed the markings of a medium-level switch, and Dean had been desperate enough to give it a try.

It helped.

A little.

The guy’s eyes had widened when Dean removed his sweater, baring the staccato markings of a high level sub. The switch had let out a low whistle and done his best, but…

Well. It was good, but they’d both agreed that it wasn’t a long-term match.

Dean shivered at the memory, the way he’d felt when the man had cuffed his hands to the headboard, partially immobilizing him-

The tall dom was looking at him, and Dean shuffled awkwardly, trying not to stare back. He checked his shirt cuffs, verifying that even the indefinite markings on his wrists were covered.

They were. He breathed a sigh of relief.

The elevator dinged and Dean was out like a shot, not giving the tall dom so much as a nod before the doors shut behind him.

Three days later, Dean realized he was going to need to alter his plans. He was an orderly man; the
discipline of a routine helped him deal with not having a dom in his life. And yeah, most high level subs needed a high dom in their life, to keep them safe and managed and to run their lives and tell them what they couldn’t do.

Dean was managing just fine without any of that, thanks. He made do with one-night stands and self-discipline. He knew that really, it wasn’t enough- just a glimpse of a high dom gave him shivers, made him wonder what it would be like to be with them, to be controlled and owned that way. He imagined the dom’s voice in his ear, ordering him to be still or silent or vocal or whatever they wanted-

But that wasn’t in the cards for him. Ever since the day the stunted markings had risen on his skin, his father had been damn clear on that point. Dean wasn’t gonna be anybody’s fucking *pet*, cleaning the apartment in panties and cuffs while his dom went to work.

Dean had a career, his *own* career, and he was good at what he did. He managed without a dom. He made strict rules for himself and saw to it that he was punished when he disobeyed- there were a set of short, deep scars down the side of one thigh, permanent reminders of his *egregious* screwups, a daily reminder that deep down he was still weak. Most of the time it didn’t come to that. He punished himself with ice cubes, hot sauce, alligator clips. Little things.

It worked for him.

For the most part.

Or at least, it *had* been, up until three days ago when apparently the tall dom from IT (it was on his polo, Dean hadn’t gone looking or anything, just noticed, that’s all,) had altered his routine and now they were sharing the elevator for the parking garage every damn day and Dean was having a harder and harder time not staring because *fuck* this guy was hot.

He’d started staring at the clock every day when it got closer to quitting time. It’s not that he was *trying* to catch a ride with IT dom, it’s just that he always left at the same time and he hadn’t… quite… managed… to change his routine yet. He should. He knew he should. He just hadn’t. Yet.

And every time he started to think about it he started to get worked up, because time is *linear* and you can’t just move some point forward or backward without rearranging everything else, too, so either he was gonna have to leave *earlier* or leave *later* and he didn’t want to leave earlier because he had work to do and he didn’t want to get a reputation as the guy who ducked out as soon as possible. But he didn’t want to leave later, either, because the Chinese place where he got takeout on Thursdays got really busy right around six and he was usually cutting it close on those days already, any later and he’d have to push through the dinner rush and that would just throw him off *more-*

Dean took a deep breath, trying to bring himself down. There was a pen in his hand and he flipped it around, driving the nub into his wrist hard enough to ground him, though not hard enough to break the skin.

This was happening more and more lately. One of the higher-ups was retiring at the end up the month, which meant a whole bunch of people were about to start shuffling up the ladder. Dean had heard good things about his chances, but nothing definite, and the whole thing had kept him on edge for weeks now.

Sometimes it seems like the best part of his day was the elevator ride to the parking garage.

Dean glanced at the clock.
Four minutes to go.

Subfloor two.

The elevator was stopped on subfloor two.

They knew it was subfloor two because subfloor one was networking equipment and subfloor three was the parking garage, and subfloor two was security systems and did not, incidentally, have elevator access.

So when the elevator shuddered to a stop and they’d made the eventual decision to try to pry the doors open, they were left staring at nothing but blank unmarked concrete.

“Huh,” Dean remarked, because he was pretty sure he’d had a nightmare exactly like this one time. He glanced at the dom, who was looking decidedly unruffled, standing there beside his discarded messenger bag, contemplating the concrete wall with his arms crossed in a way that Dean tried not to find very appealing.

Dude could probably bench press a person, and Dean was officially fucked.

“Press the call button again,” he said, gesturing to the panel that the guy was blocking.

“It’s a continuous alarm, trust me,” the dom said, scrutinizing the useless red button. “They know we’re in here.”

“Yeah but what if they don’t,” Dean insisted. He was resisting the urge to just push the guy out of the way and press it himself. The dom shrugged.

“Then, I give it about ten minutes until people start complaining to maintenance that the elevator isn’t coming.” The dom smirked. “It’s six PM on a Thursday, dude. It’s not like we were working late on a long weekend. Chill.”

And Thursday, it’s a thursday, of course it was thursday, the one day a week that he had a real, concrete deadline and he was going to miss it because he couldn’t just pull his head out of his ass and avoid this stupid smirking giant of a dom.

Dean closed his eyes, breathing deep. He made fists, letting his fingernails bite into the skin of his palms. He fucked up. He’d deal with himself later. Right now, he needed to get out of this damn elevator.

He let out a slow breath.

“Even if it’s redundant,” he said without opening his eyes, “I would really like for you to push the call button again. Humor me.”

IT dom didn’t say anything, but Dean heard the button click. He let out another breath.

Nothing happened.

“Maybe we can go out the top,” he said.

“That’s gonna cause more problems than it solves,” the dom mused. “Hey, are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” Dean spat.
“Gonna be late for a hot date?” the dom asked, and Dean could hear the grin in his voice. For some reason it made him mad.

“No, for your information, I’m not late for a date, I’m late for takeout and another evening working on these damn spreadsheets because someone in accounting doesn’t know how to calculate depreciating interest—”

Dean unexpectedly ran out of air mid-sentence and had to stop.

The guy had just been kidding. He wasn’t looking for Dean’s fucking life story here.

He rubbed his eyes.

“Sorry. It’s been a long week.”

“Longer than that, I bet,” the dom said quietly. Dean glanced sharply up at him.

“What do you mean?”

“How long’s it been since you were with someone on your level?” the dom asked, frowning at him.

“None of your god damn business!” Dean snapped. “Move.”

He practically pushed the dom away from the control panel and slammed the red emergency button again. Then, when that didn’t work, he hit the button for subfloor three, the door open button—hell, even the emergency stop button, the damn thing couldn’t get any more stopped, he might as well—

“Hey,” the dom interjected. And then, louder, “hey!”

“What?” Dean shouted, turning to face him and, okay, he was very close now. He was even bigger from this distance.

“Hey,” the dom interjected. And then, louder, “hey!”

“What?” Dean shouted, turning to face him and, okay, he was very close now. He was even bigger from this distance.

“You’re freaking out,” the dom said gently. “Do you want me to help you?”

Dean closed his eyes, considering. Not that he wasn’t tempted, but—

“Just this once,” he said firmly, meeting the other man’s eyes. “I don’t want anything long term.”

“Probably wouldn’t work out anyway,” the dom agreed, shrugging. “Take your jacket off.”

Dean did, slowly, his eyes not leaving the dom’s face. He folded the jacket into quarters and then simply held it, unsure of how to proceed.

The dom circled him, slowly, his eyes taking in Dean’s body. Dean shivered, waiting for the man’s touch.

It didn’t come.

The dom circled back around to face him. He nodded.

“You’re freaking out,” the dom said gently. “Do you want me to help you?”

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“Suspenders and tie, too,” he concluded.

Dean unclipped the suspenders and pulled his tie loose, stacking them on top of the folded jacket. The dom took it from him, setting it on the ground.

Dean just stood, waiting, his heart going fast as he tried to guess what the dom was up to. It suddenly
seemed very warm, the walls of the elevator very close. He took a deep breath, reminding himself that the air was still there.

“Tell me if you need me to stop,” the dom said, and Dean nodded.

The dom circled back around behind him, and Dean felt the man’s hands on his shoulders, guiding him down. He dropped to his knees, not turning to look. The dom was a solid presence behind him, and Dean leaned back into it as the dom stroked his hair.

“I want you to put your hands behind your back,” the dom told him, and Dean complied—maybe a little too eagerly, but fuck it. He wanted this—needed it.

The dom moved and Dean felt his tie being twisted firmly around his wrists. The dom knew what he was doing— the tie was tight, but comfortable. Dean pulled at it, testing the strength, and it only took him a moment to realize he was going nowhere.

“Sit back now, on your heels,” the dom said, and Dean shifted a little to accommodate the new position. The dom was slotted right up behind him, his hips against Dean’s lower back, and Dean could feel himself getting hard at the proximity.

“I want you to close your eyes now,” the dom murmured into his ear, and Dean did. Everything expanded— the sound of their breathing seemed suddenly thunderous in the silence of the trapped elevator. Dean imagined he could hear the dom’s heart beating in the tiny capsule.

“See?” the dom told him, and his lips brushed Dean’s ear when he spoke. “You have all the space you need. You don’t need to go anywhere.”

One of his arms rose to lock around Dean’s chest, pulling him closer, trapping him against the Dom’s chest. Dean was pulled off balance but the Dom held him steady, taking his weight.

“I’ve got you,” the dom said, and Dean’s breath caught. “I’ve got you, you’re not going to fall. You’re fine— can you feel it?”

“Yes,” Dean whispered. The dom’s free hand rose, the backs of his fingers brushing against Dean’s jaw. Dean raised his chin, letting the dom touch him. His breath came fast, and the dom’s fingertips brushed against his lips.

“Slow, there,” the dom whispered. His hand moved to cover Dean’s mouth, forcing him to breathe through his nose, slow and steady. “The air’s here. Trust it.”

His hand dropped and Dean breathed deep again, the air suddenly cool and sweet in his lungs. The dom stroked his face, moving to cover Dean’s mouth again. This time he didn’t tighten his grip, and Dean breathed deep between his fingers. The skin was rough against his lips, and he felt his cock pressing insistently against the inside of his slacks. God, but he wanted this.

“Please,” Dean whimpered, but the dom’s hand only tightened over his mouth again.

“Sshhh, little sub,” the other man whispered, and Dean almost moaned as he felt the catch of teeth on the shell of his ear. “You’ll take what I give you.”

Yes, Dean thought desperately, letting himself go boneless in the dom’s iron grip. He’d take whatever the dom gave him, take it happily and eagerly and—

The elevator shuddered to life, lumbering down the last ten feet to the parking garage.
The dom released him almost instantly, gathering up the discarded jacket and suspenders and hauling Dean up by one bicep. Dean caught his feet just in time for the elevator doors to open. There was a crowd there, waiting for it’s arrival, and the dom hurried Dean out the doors and through the people before the doors could close and trap them again.

Dean caught several sympathetic looks from the people in the crowd, and he blushed. He wasn’t the only sub working for the company- hell, he wasn’t even the only sub in upper management. But he didn’t spread his designation around. Or at least, he tried not to.

Once they were clear of the people, the dom set to untying him, working his knots open with sure, deft moments.

Dean found himself at a lack for words.

“... you’re good,” he managed at last, and the dom smirked.

“I’m glad you think so. Some people would balk at breathplay in the first scene.”

Dean shook his head, dropping his eyes.

“No, it... it helped.”

“Yeah. I thought it might.”

“So, you...” Dean started, but the dom cut him off.

“Didn’t you have somewhere to be? You were pretty concerned.”

“Oh. Yeah. Uh. I should... get to it, then, I guess.”

Dean fished for his keys a full fifteen seconds before he realized that the dom was still holding his jacket. The man held it out to him silently, letting the smirk on his face convey all that needed to be said.

“Right,” Dean said, finding his keys at last. “So I’ll see you... around?”

“If you feel like braving the elevator again.”

“Yeah, no, definitely,” Dean said, nodding. The dom turned away. In the distance, lights flashed as a car unlocked. Then he paused, like he’d just thought of something. He turned back.

“My name’s Sam, by the way,” he said. “Sam Wesson.”

Later, after the takeout was consumed and Dean had time to reflect on the events of the day, he’d come hard with Sam’s name in his mouth.
It was a one-time thing. That’s what Dean said, and he’d meant it.

He didn’t want- or need- a full-time dom. He was managing just fine on his own. Really.

If anything, he was doing better now because he had a new tool in his inventory. Several times since the day in the elevator, he’d found himself on his knees, his back pressed to the wall, one hand pressed over his own mouth as he took deep breaths through his fingers.

So he had that, at least.

He was fine.

… but on a completely unrelated note, his computer had developed an annoying habit of minimizing all his windows every time he moved the mouse to the right too quickly.

It started off as minorly annoying and quickly developed into a full-blown problem.

He picked up the phone, his fingers hesitating over the buttons. Calls were routed to available techs, he was pretty sure. And there were like, two dozen of them down there. So there was, like, no chance that Sam would pick up the phone. The chances were astronomical.

And it’s not like he was asking the guy on a date, he just needed his damn mouse fixed. There was a perfectly legitimate purpose for this phone call.

That’s what he told himself as he dropped the receiver back onto the cradle for the third time.

Dammit.

He opened his mail application instead, bringing up the intranet address book. T. T for tech support. Nice and generic. No names.

His eyes flicked to the W, wondering if Sam’s direct email was listed here.

He wasn’t gonna look.

He fired off a message to the helpdesk, explaining the problem and theorizing that he might need a new mouse.

And then he went back to work and worked diligently because he was not anxiously waiting to see if it would be Sam who would message him back. He was not.

Sam, as it turned out, did not message him back. Nobody messaged him back.

Instead, just as he was getting ready for lunch, he caught a flash of yellow in the corner of his eye and Sam was there, standing in the doorway of Dean’s office in all his gorgeous, broad-shouldered
Dean started to say ‘hello,’ changed it to ‘hi,’ stumbled over it, and tried to hide the whole bastard attempt behind a cough.

“Three separate people came to my desk,” Sam said brusquely. “To tell me you’d made a request.” Dean swallowed.

“Did they?” he asked weakly. Sam nodded.

“News of our harrowing elevator misadventure seem to have spread.”

Dean blushed, dropping his eyes. Half a dozen people had watched Sam lead him—bound and submissive—out of the elevator. Of _course_ news had spread.

“She doesn’t look for a repeat performance?” Dean asked weakly. Sam shrugged.

“I don’t know.”

He stepped into the office and Dean’s breath caught for a second. Sam filled the space, in a way his sheer size didn’t seem to account for. He watched silently as the dom approached, shifting slightly and trying not to think anything inappropriate.

Sam stopped close—very close. Close enough that Dean could catch the scent of his laundry detergent—or deodorant? Something, in any case, and in a second he was back in the elevator, surrounded by nothing but Sam’s body.

“... was there something wrong with the computer?” Sam said after a second, tipping his head toward the screen. Dean felt suddenly stupid, because of _course_ that’s why Sam was coming over here—to fix the computer, there was something wrong with the computer—

“It does this,” he said, a little hoarsely, and jogged his mouse to the side so Sam could see the weird behavior.

“Yeah,” Sam said after a second. “They put that in with the last software update. Do you want me to show you how to fix it, or just do it?”

“Show me,” Dean said, because he wanted to know more about the machine and not, _not_ because the sound of Sam’s voice was grounding him better than anything he’d done to himself in weeks.

Sam nodded and leaned over, taking the mouse in his hand. Dean was distantly aware that he was opening some settings menu, but most of his attention was focused on the way that Sam leaned down over him, one hand resting on the back of Dean’s chair as he worked the computer. His chest was maybe an _inch_ from Dean’s shoulder, and Dean swallowed as he imagined those hands on him.

“... make any sense?” Sam finished, turning to look at him.

“Yes, sir,” Dean said automatically, because he was lost in those hazel eyes. He immediately realized what he had said, even as Sam’s eyes narrowed in amusement.

“You weren’t paying any attention at all, were you?” Sam murmured. Dean couldn’t tear his eyes away, and so he just shook his head.

“I’m sorry,” he said, just as quietly.
“Sorry, sir,” Sam corrected him gently, and Dean’s felt a flood of heat in his lower belly at the authority in his voice.

“I’m sorry, sir,” Dean repeated. Sam made no move to lean back.

“That’s very impolite of you,” Sam said, his eyes roaming over Dean’s face. “Your dom should teach you better.”

“Still don’t have one,” Dean answered weakly. Sam’s mouth quirked up in a smile.

“And how’s that working out for you?”

_Fine, _Dean opened his mouth to say, because he was fine, he was managing to ground himself and discipline himself and he was doing just fine, _really, _but what he heard coming out was “not great, actually.”

“I can tell,” Sam mused. He reached forward with one hand, taking Dean’s tie and using it to draw the sub closer.

“How would you feel about another one-time session?” he asked, and Dean could hear the smile in his voice.

“Yeah, I think that might- might help,” he stammered. Sam released him, crossing the office in four steps and closing the door. Dean felt another rush of heat through his belly. This was happening.

Sam was the highest-level dom that Dean had ever been with. He’d daydreamed what it would be like to be with someone that dominant- but they didn’t tend to go for casual scening.

He wondered what Sam’s story was.

Dean sat awkwardly, watching Sam watch him, not sure what he should be doing.

Sam crossed his arms, looking Dean up and down, like he was measuring something.

“Stand up,” he said at last. “And walk toward the window.”

Dean did as he was told, taking the two short steps toward the window, standing in the open space. He glanced back to Sam, unable to help himself. The dom hadn’t moved.

“No suspenders today,” Sam remarked, and Dean nodded, not knowing if that was good or bad.

Sam crossed the room, getting up into Dean’s space. Dean held his ground, but Sam didn’t meet his eyes. Instead he focused on Dean’s throat, he hands steady as he untied the windsor knot.

“What’s your safeword?” he said suddenly, as though just remembering.

“Yellow for hold. Red for too much.”

“And full stop?”

“... nickelback,” Dean said, after a second, feeling a little silly. Sam raised an eyebrow, but didn’t ask. He finished with the knot and pulled the tie from around Dean’s neck.

“I’m guessing you just need to spend some time in subspace, correct?”

Dean swallowed, nodding silently. He was fairly decent at giving himself rules, but he couldn’t get
into that mindless place where he could really let go. Not on his own.

“Have you scened here before? Any toys you’d like me to use?”

“No, sir.”

“Hands it is, then,” Sam said. Dean kept his eyes down, his hands at his sides, as the dom circled him. “I’d like to spank you today, Dean. Are you alright with that?”

“Yes, sir,” Dean said, maybe a little too eagerly. He heard a light chuckle from behind him, but he didn’t turn around.

“I’m not going to touch you, yet, but I’d like you to drop your pants now.”

Dean flushed.

“Uh… I’m pretty hard,” he admitted. Then, as an afterthought, “sir.”

“I can tell,” Sam answered dryly, and Dean’s face burned. He fumbled with his belt, letting his slacks fall to the ground. His boxers remained where they were, tenting obviously around the shape of his cock. Dean was torn between dropping his eyes and staring at it, or raising them and looking at Sam.

“Boxers too,” Sam clarified, and Dean hesitated, but complied. They puddled around his ankles, leaving him almost totally naked from the waist down. His cock was comically hard, bobbing up against his stomach like an impatient puppy looking for a treat.

“Sorry,” he said again, but Sam didn’t look upset.

“I like knowing my subs are enjoying themselves,” the dom said, shrugging. “But for my part, I don’t plan on fucking you today. That’s not what this is about.”

“I know, sir,” Dean said, a little too quickly, because he did know. Lots of doms and subs involved sex in their scenes- but lots didn’t, too. It depended on the two of them. Dean, for his part, took it how he could get it. Beggars, choosers, etc.

Sam straightened the tie between his fingers, wrapping it gently around his hands.

“I’m going to tie your hands, now,” he told Dean, his hazel eyes resting on the sub’s downturned face. “And then I’m going to bend you over the desk and spank your ass until it’s a nice cherry pink.”

“Yes, sir,” Dean answered, trying to ignore the way his dick twitched at the thought. “Thank you, sir.”

Sam approached him silently, dropping to his knees in front of the sub, seemingly oblivious to the bulging cockhead only inches from his face. He pulled Dean’s hands together, quickly tying his wrists together with the thin end of the tie. He only used about half of it, but Dean barely had time to wonder before Sam was cupping his balls, drawing them forward. He wrapped the tie neatly around Dean’s entire package, pulling his balls forward and up to meet his ever-more-desperate cock.

Dean moaned at the feel of the silk tightening around the base of his shaft, the way it pulled at his balls. Front and center, like he was presenting them.

A bead of precome oozed from the head of his trussed cock, but Sam ignored it. Instead he stood,
“Bend over,” he said simply. Dean did his best, shuffling closer and trying not to trip over his pants.

He leaned down, letting his chest and one cheek rest against the cool glass surface. His arms were still bound in front of him, hands clasped under his belly. He shifted them, and immediately felt a tug on his nuts.

Sam eased up behind him, dropping into Dean’s chair and evaluating the sub with what Dean hoped was approval.

“A little wider,” he said simply, sliding one hand up the inside of Dean’s thigh. Dean spread his legs as much as his pants would let him, eventually ending up with his feet a little more than shoulder-width apart. Sam continued to stroke him, over his thighs and ass, up the small of his back, beneath his shirt.

Dean closed his eyes, waiting for the stinging warmth of a slap. It didn’t come. Sam just kept stroking him, alternating between the flat of his palm and the tips of his fingers. His short fingernails raked down the inside of Dean’s thigh, and Dean shivered at the light touch.

He shifted his hands, just slightly, surreptitiously drawing the tie tight around his cock and balls.

Sam responded by pinching him, right at the crease where his ass met his leg.

“Don’t play with it,” the dom ordered. “Just wait.”

Dean whimpered, fighting the urge to push back against Sam’s touch. His cock was begging to be touched, the head only centimeters from his fingertips, and Sam’s soft caresses were driving him insane.

Abruptly, Sam withdrew his hand. Dean moaned, but valiantly managed not to move.

“What do you want?” Sam asked him quietly.

“I want to be spanked, sir,” Dean answered, and it was humiliating and he didn’t care.

“Be more specific.”

Dean whined.

“I want you to spank my ass red, sir,” he clarified.

“How hard?”

“Until your fucking arm is tired,” Dean said, too impatient to keep his manners anymore. Sam let out a short laugh and a moment later a crack echoed through the silence. Dean hissed as the warmth of the blow spread through the side of his ass. A moment later Sam struck him again, just as hard, but on the other side now.

“Keep your balls pulled forward,” Sam ordered, just as a rain of slaps began to fall across the backs of Dean’s thighs. Dean did as he was told, pulling slightly forward to keep his sack out of the line of fire. Sam was relentless, keeping up a steady rhythm, moving just enough that each stinging blow just slightly overlapped the one before.

Dean rose up onto his toes, trying to shift his weight to relieve some of the sting, but Sam adjusted, keeping the slaps steady and even. His free hand rested on the small of Dean’s back keeping him
from moving too much.

Dean whimpered, relishing the heat spreading down his legs. The slaps were coming harder, now, and it seemed like his imagination, but it seemed as though they were getting closer together.

A particularly sharp slap caught him along the crease of his thigh, slanted high, hard enough that he actually yelped, tipping his hips up.

“Y-yellow,” he stammered, and Sam held.

God, did he hold.

He kept it right there, right at the edge of too much, with damn near perfect precision, until Dean was sobbing and writhing against the desk, trying to escape and knowing he could do nothing. Sam was methodical, covering every inch of his skin until it seemed that he was nothing but one throbbing heartbeat from belly button to knees.

He whimpered into the cold glass, tears running down his face, too lost in himself to realize that Sam had stopped.

The rain of slaps was over with, and Sam was caressing him again. His hand felt like molten glass, moving gently over Dean’s reddened skin.

“Color?” Sam asked, his fingers trailing down the inside of one sore cheek.

“Green, sir,” Dean whispered, and it was true. He sniffed, suddenly becoming aware of what a fucking mess he was. He would have wiped at his face, if he could reach it.

As it turned out, Sam did it for him, leaning toward his face and wiping the tears gently away.

“The tears bring out the color,” the dom said, and for a stupid second, Dean thought Sam might kiss him.

But he didn’t. Instead he rolled the chair back and stood, heading for the door.

“Stay,” he told Dean, before slipping outside. Dean did, feeling a little embarrassed with his wrists still bound to his cock and his ass spread wide.

He didn’t have too long to ponder it, though, before Sam returned with a bottle of water from the break room. He sat it on the desk and then guided Dean into a standing position.

Dean held it, swaying lightly on his feet as Sam untied him. He started with the wrists, massaging the light marks out of the skin. He took longer than he needed to, leaving the tie hanging from Dean’s neglected cock.

“Hold these behind your head,” he told Dean, and Dean obeyed, lacing his fingers together at the nape of his neck.

Sam dropped his attention, working slowly at the knot beneath Dean’s balls. He rolled and jostled them in the process, and Dean whimpered. He was sure that if Sam just stroked him once he’d shoot, he was that desperate, that close.

The silk slid over the base of his cock, just a flutter-light touch, and then Sam was pulling his pants back up. He even re-did the belt, leaving a rather obvious tent in the front of the fabric.

Sam’s hands ran down the length of his legs, making sure everything was back in place. And then,
satisfied, he picked up the water bottle.

“I want you to drink this before I leave,” he said simply, handing it over. Dean complied, nodding.

“Thank you, sir.”

He drank the water, not realizing until halfway through how thirsty he’d been. The pain was seeping away now, leaving a dull throb and a lingering sense of euphoria.

“You should be able to sit,” Sam said, watching him approvingly as he drank. “Though I have a feeling you’ll be getting reminders of this for at least a few hours.”

Dean nodded.

“Good.”

Sam looked almost pleasantly surprised at the answer, but he quickly covered it up.

Dean finished the water, holding out on the last few gulps. He didn’t want Sam to leave- but the scene was over, he didn’t have a reason to ask him to stay.

“Was it… did that do it for you?” he asked lamely, almost afraid to hear Sam’s answer. Dean had never had anybody keep him on the edge like that, so perfectly balanced along the boundary.

Sam reached out, laying a hand along his cheek.

“You did great,” he said simply, and then dropped his hand. “I should get back.”

“Yeah, okay,” Dean said, looking away. They were coworkers. Sam was helping him out. This once. That’s all.

Sam nodded and turned on his heel, leaving the door open behind him when he left. Out in the hallway, Dean caught a glimpse of another senior marketing specialist, leaning against the receptionists desk. They both watched Sam go, then turned back to Dean with knowing grins.

“Shut up,” he ordered, pointing at them. “Don’t you have work to do?”

Chapter End Notes

Surely, this is the last time these two will meet. It’s a one-time thing. For sure. Hmm.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning for this chapter: Dean has a minor stress-freakout. Spoilers/details available in the closing notes if you're concerned.

In this universe it's not good for subs to be without a dom. Or vice-versa, really.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Other than the comments about finding a dom and finally settling down, the next couple weeks went without a hitch. Dean actually felt better than he had in a long time, as long as he didn’t count the several minutes of mind-numbing terror that accompanied his ride down to the parking garage each day.

The doors would slide open and Sam would inevitably be there, his messenger bag slung over one shoulder and definitely, definitely happy to see him.

Dean would smile, and they’d say “hey” and then Dean would press the garage button, and they’d ride down in silence while Dean practiced the phrase “want to go to dinner, want to go to dinner, want to go to dinner,” over and over until they both stepped out and the opportunity was lost.

As long as he didn’t count that, everything was perfectly normal.

That’s what he managed to tell himself, until the day when the door opened and Sam wasn’t there.

Nobody was there, and it wasn’t until the smile slid off his face that Dean realized how much he’d been looking forward to their stupid, silent, two-minute interaction.

He got in and pressed the basement button and when the doors open he forced himself to walk out.

He was not going to ride back up to the top to make sure he hadn’t missed Sam somewhere along the way. He was not.

He didn’t, but only by a slim margin.

He might have dawdled around the door to the elevator for about five minutes, pretending to work a knot out of his shoulders while surreptitiously keeping an eye on the people filing out.

Eventually he had to admit that he was being stupid. Even if he did see Sam getting out of the elevator, he had nothing to really say and definitely no excuse for being there- anything other than “I’ve been masturbating to the thought of you for the last two weeks and if you’re not busy sometime maybe you can spank me delirious again” and that’s…. Not a great conversation starter.

Still, he couldn’t help spending the rest of the evening in a distinctly distracted state of mind.

Maybe Sam had quit, he realized. Maybe he’d been transferred to another location. Maybe he’d been
promoted and he was working another shift. Or on another floor.

*Or maybe*, Dean’s subconscious whispered, *he just didn’t run into you because there’s nothing between you and you damn well know it.*

Dean couldn’t miss the way his stomach dropped at the thought- it was stupid, losing something he’d *never had*. But still.

“Focus,” Dean muttered to himself. It didn’t work.

He spent a couple minutes glowering at the novel he’d been trying to read, before finally setting it aside.

He was just going to have to *make* himself focus.

Silently, he walked toward the bathroom, flipping the lights on as he went.

He avoided looking at himself in the mirror. The stunted, irregular dashes that covered his torso looked ugly to him, particularly on days like this, when he was unable to escape what they meant.

He stripped out of his clothes, then stepped into the shower. He took several short breaths, steadying himself. He could do this. He *knew* he could. He’d proven that a long time ago.

His cock stayed soft and uninterested between his legs. There was none of the nervous excitement he had before he scened with (*Sam*) a dom. This wasn’t a scene. This was discipline, because apparently, he needed it.

He took one last deep breath and swung the handle all the way over to H.

The water in his building maxed out at a hundred and twenty degrees and he knew that because he’d measured it. The water that came out of the tap was not a hundred and twenty degrees. It ranged between sixty and seventy, depending on the time of day and the ambient temperature.

The cold hit him like a physical blow, sending pins and needles across his bare skin. He closed his eyes, letting the frigid water pour over him.

He didn’t bother counting. On the counter, his phone was counting down the seconds. He didn’t look. He was shivering already, despite the water beginning to warm up.

He kept his hands flat against the glass wall, refusing to let his body twist away from the pounding cold. Beneath the sound of the water, he could hear himself beginning to whimper.

Good.

This was his body learning. He didn’t need a dom to take care of him or run his life- he was perfectly capable of punishing himself. This is what he *deserved*, the cost of being such a needy little *bitch* -

The water turned lukewarm and he grit his teeth. His muscles trembled as they fought to escape and he forced them to remain still. It wasn’t over yet. Barely even half.

Even the warm water felt blistering against his frozen skin, and as it approached the upper limit, he could see his skin beginning to turn pink. It didn’t throb, not that deep pounding warmth he’d gotten when Sam had spanked him-

The train of thought derailed as the water became painfully hot, burning every inch of him as it splattered across his skin. Dean could hear himself crying, now, though the water washed the tears
away. His hands trembled against the glass as he struggled to stay still, to accept the punishment he knew he needed.

The phone beeped and Dean slammed the handle back to the off position. Immediately, the burning deluge stopped and he dropped to his knees. The bathroom air seemed cool against his skin, and he blindly reached for a towel.

That got him through the rest of the night, got him up the next morning, got him dressed and ready for work. It got him through the morning and through most of the afternoon before he started thinking about the elevator again.

And when he said he was thinking about the elevator, what he really meant was, he was thinking about Sam, in the elevator. And what Sam had done in the elevator.

He tried not to watch the clock, not to *obsess* over what he’d say or how the interaction would go. If Sam was there at all, he’d probably say ‘hey’ and then carry on in silence, *like always*, so it’s not like it mattered that much anyway.

By the time he actually got around to pressing the elevator button, he was damn near sick with anticipation. He hated himself for it. This is why he’d never wanted to find a dom. Guy slaps your ass once and bam, that’s the end of it for you. You spend the rest of your life following them around like a lovestruck puppy.

The doors opened on a familiar yellow polo and Dean’s anxiety evaporated.

“Where were you yesterday?” he blurted, too relieved for social graces. Sam blinked.

“Hello to you, too.”

Dean stepped into the elevator, not bothering to push the button for the parking garage.

“I thought maybe they fired your dumb ass.”

Sam laughed.

“Jesus, I wish. Some numbskull decided to test his new routing protocol on a production DNS server. We ended up having to go around to every computer in the damn building and point them manually back to the intranet.” He frowned. “Hasn’t anyone been up to fix yours?”

“Not that I know of,” Dean said, pondering. Sam scowled.

“Fucking Charlie. She’s probably hoping you’ll put in a ticket, which her matchmaking little gremlins can route to my desk. Your computer was assigned to her, I know it.”

“You checked,” Dean said, glancing over. Sam’s mouth opened, then closed.

“Just wanted to make sure it was getting handled.”

Dean’s reply was interrupted when the elevator jolted downward, responding to a call on another floor. Dean snapped out of his thoughts, pressing the parking garage button at last.

It was two days later before Dean made the connection.
Sam came up the day after the DNS incident. He fixed the settings on Dean’s computer and the two of them made idle small talk. Dean didn’t ask for another scene. Sam didn’t offer.

And that was fine, that was expected, because Dean wasn’t looking for a dom. He saw Sam in the elevator, they had a professional relationship, it was fine.

Until Friday afternoon, when Dean was sitting at his desk genuinely working on something unrelated, when all of a sudden the realization hit him like a bolt of lightning.

He paused, going back over their interactions, trying to be sure.

He couldn’t be sure.

Not until he got in the elevator that evening and sure enough, Sam was there.

Dean gave him a nod and stepped in, pressing the button for the sub basement.

“Got weekend plans?” he asked, hoping it sounded casual. Sam shrugged, looking over.

“Netflix, starcraft, and chill. You?”

“No plans with your sub?” Dean pressed, ignoring the reciprocal question.

“Don’t have one.”

Dean nodded.

“That must get rough. High-level like you. Getting by on random scenes must be hard.”

Sam’s face hardened.

“I manage. How goes the search for a dom?”

“I’m not searching. So let me ask you something.”

“Shoot,” Sam answered, keeping his eyes on Dean.

“So the tech offices are on two, right? That’s where you’re normally at, during the day?”

“Yeah, why? Gonna send me a kiss-o-gram?”

“Because I’m on seven,” Dean pushed on, ignoring the jab. “So I’m wondering what route you’re taking that’s passing through seven on the way between two and sub-three.”

Sam’s eyes widened a little, but he recovered.

“There’s an end-of-day report I drop off on nine. This is just on the way back down.”

Dean nodded, pretending to consider.

“Any reason you don’t press the garage button when you get in, on nine?”

The elevator dinged, the doors sliding open to reveal the darkened concrete of the garage. Sam was actually turning red, staring at the floor.

“The first time really was a coincidence,” he mumbled after a second. Dean nodded, stepping out into the cool air.
“And after that?”

“... maybe less so,” Sam admitted, not looking at him. “It’s stalkery, I know. I didn’t intend for it to go the way it did.”

“It’s worked out pretty well for me,” Dean remarked. Sam glanced up at him, and he carried on. “I mean, I don’t scene a lot, but the two I’ve had with you were good. Like, really good.”

*Like maybe the best I’ve ever had,* he didn’t add. But Sam was scowling now.

“You’re fine, don’t get me wrong. But it won’t end well. Trust me.”

Dean nodded, a little disappointed.

“... just ‘fine’?” he asked after a second. Sam rolled his eyes, throwing his hands up in the air.

“Yes, ‘fine.’ For something I put together at a minute’s notice, it was ‘fine.’ But you *have* to know it’s not enough. I know it’s a thrill to scene with a high-dom, but I’m not clear with my markings because I’m trying to score a random lay. They’re a *warning.*”

His voice dropped at the end, and Dean couldn’t help shivering. They were alone now, the elevator having retreated back to the upper levels.

“A warning of what?” He asked at last. Sam’s eyes were hard as the dom looked him over.

“That I want more than you’ll give me,” he said slowly. Dean swallowed.

“How do you know?”

Sam was on him in a second, crowding him against the wall. Sam’s hands were tight around his arms, their bodies almost close enough to touch and the dom leaned forward, speaking directly into his ear.

“You like what I did to you? Because that barely *counts* for me. From the first time I saw you, I wanted those green eyes to sparkle. Just for me.”

“What would count?” Dean whispered. He could feel himself getting hard; another minute of this, and Sam would be able to feel it, too. Sam chuckled, low and dark.

“I want you immobile. Utterly helpless. I want you bound so perfectly that you can’t even writhe as I strap you. I want to keep that thick, responsive cock of yours in a cage, with the key around my neck so I know you’re *always* waiting for me. I want you spread-eagled on my bed, gagged and masked while I map out every inch of your body. I want to know to take you apart, and how to put you back together.”

The elevator dinged, letting a gaggle of accounting interns out into the gloom. Sam stepped back, releasing Dean’s arms, his gaze dropping. The newcomers glanced over, but passed, giving each other clipped ‘goodbyes’ as they separated.

It wasn’t until they were gone that Sam looked back to Dean. His eyes were sharp, obviously already prepared for the rejection he knew was coming.

Dean hesitated. He shouldn’t do this. Sam was probably right. The scenes sounded amazing-everything he’d ever wanted, actually. But beyond that? Sam would probably want him at home, collared and crated and waiting. His current job was almost certainly out of the question, which
should be a dealbreaker and even still, Dean felt his heart racing as he raised his eyes to meet Sam’s.

“Okay,” he whispered.

Chapter End Notes

Spoiler/trigger: Dean gets upset and engages in self-discipline involving cold and hot water. No permanent damage.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Short chapter. Not at all sexy. Boo.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Dean sat quietly and tried not to squirm. The streetlights overhead washed over them, illuminating Sam’s car in periodic flashes.

Sam didn’t look at him. His eyes were focused on the road, his hands sure on the wheel.

The radio played classic rock, the song info scrolling slowly across the LED readout on the dashboard.

Wherever they were headed, it was in the nicer part of town. They’d been on the interstate for nearly fifteen minutes before pulling off onto a darkened off-ramp. Now, peering out the window, Dean watched brightly lit two-stories passing by.

After a few minutes, Sam pulled into a driveway. The house was dark, but Dean could see ivy climbing up one side.

“You live here?” he asked, looking through the glass. Sam raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah?”

“Dunno. Figured you geeks went more for the glass and aluminum look.”

Sam smirked, pushing his door open and flooding the space with light.

“I inherited it. Come on.”

Dean unbuckled his seatbelt, following Sam up the wooden steps to the side door. Sam keyed the door open, stepping inside and kicking off his shoes. Dean followed, not sure of what he should be doing, exactly.

“I’m going to change,” Sam said, walking briskly through the entryway, flipping lights on as he went. “Wait here. I’ll make some food and we can talk about… whatever the hell this is.”

Sam vanished down a darkened hallway. Dean self-consciously removed his shoes, moving further into the house.

It was built with an older-style floorplan, french doors separating smaller rooms. Sam kept the doors propped open, making the space less claustrophobic. Looking to one side Dean could see a living room, overstuffed easy chairs surrounding a flat screen. On the other side, a large wooden table took up most of the dining room. Beyond it, Dean could see a kitchen, antique tiles offsetting modern appliances.

He heard footsteps behind him and he turned.
Sam was dressed simply, worn jeans under a long-sleeve button up. Dean tried not to stare at his hands, rolling the sleeves up over his marked forearms.

He stared. Sam noticed.

“You really like these, huh?” the dom asked, holding one arm up to the light. Dean nodded.

“There… aren’t many of you,” he said, by way of explanation. Sam nodded and walked past him, bare feet silent on the dark wood floor.

Dean watched him go, then followed.

“Sit there,” Sam said, pointing to the barstools lining one side of the kitchen counter. Dean obeyed, sliding into the one closest to where Sam was sitting.

“Got any allergies?” the dom asked, rummaging beneath the stove.

“No. Well. Cephalosporin. But I doubt you’ll need to know that.”

“Hmm,” Sam agreed, finding the pot he was looking for. He carried it to the sink. The water ran hot within a few seconds, and Dean shivered as he remembered what he’d needed to do in the shower.

“I’m not much of a cook,” Sam explained. “Most of this stuff is prepackaged. I wasn’t really expecting company.”

“It’s fine,” Dean said. To be honest he’d been thinking less about the food and more about the way Sam’s ass looked in those jeans. He suddenly felt very overdressed.

“Can I do anything to help?”

“No. You stay right there.”

Dean nodded, which was pretty useless because Sam’s attention was in the cupboard. A moment later, he came back with a jar of spaghetti sauce.

He made the rest of the meal in silence, setting the spaghetti to boiling and slicing up lettuce and carrots for a pair of salads. Dean had no idea what he was supposed to be doing, and so he waited, watching Sam’s sure, precise movements.

“Caesar okay?” Sam asked, and Dean was confused until he realized he was talking about salad dressing.

“Yeah, sure.”

Sam set the bottle on the counter and strained the pasta, pouring the noodles and sauce back into the pot. Within a minute, they were both hot, and he dished them into a pair of bowls.

“Take these to the table and wait for me,” he said, passing them to Dean.

Dean did as he was told, setting them at seats across from each other. He hoped that was okay.

Sam followed a moment later, carrying the salads, as well as a bowl of table grapes. Dean eyed them, but didn’t reach.

“Eat,” Sam told him, gesturing toward the bowls closest to Dean. Almost as an afterthought, he went back to the kitchen and returned with two glasses of ice water. Dean remembered the bottle of water
Sam had brought him before, and realized belatedly that his face was turning red.

Sam didn’t seem to notice. Dean took a bite of his food, trying to cover the blush.

“So how long has it been, really?” Sam finally asked. “Since you were with a dom at your level.”

Dean glanced up.

“I… probably a couple years,” Dean admitted. Sam nodded.

“And you’re not looking for a regular dom.”

“I wasn’t. I don’t… I’m not sure I could handle one in my life right now.”

_or ever_, he didn’t say.

“And you think,” Sam said, keeping his eyes on his fork, “that you can make up for it by overcompensating. That if you let me ruin you every couple of weeks, it’ll carry you through the rest of the time.”

“The thought… had crossed my mind,” Dean said quietly. He glanced up at Sam. “Don’t you need someone to sub for you, now and again? How long has it been since you were with a sub at your level?”

“Never,” Sam answered immediately, shaking his head. “But I’ve tried what you’re suggesting. And I can tell you why it won’t work.”

He raised his eyes now, looking straight at Dean.

“Because it doesn’t carry over. You can’t push yourself past your limit and hope it keeps you stable until the next scene. All it’ll do is hurt you, and eventually, you’ll hate me for it.”

“I know my limits,” Dean answered, maybe a touch too defensively. “I can hold.”

“You think that,” Sam said, gesturing with a forkful of lettuce. “But you’re wrong.”

“And you’d know,” Dean snapped. Sam nodded.

“Yes. I do, actually.”

Dean scowled down at his half-eaten meal, his appetite suddenly gone. This is exactly why he’d never wanted a dom in his life. Cocky know-it-all bastards. Sam wasn’t even his dom, and he was already telling him what his limits were.

“So why bring me here at all,” he muttered, sullen. Sam sighed.

“Because this is a conversation we needed to have, and I didn’t want to have it in the basement at work.”

“You could have just said you weren’t interested. I can handle it.”

Sam put his fork down.

“No, you’re not understanding me,” he said quietly. “The problem is that I am interested. Interested enough that I don’t think I can trust myself not to just… let it happen. If it was just about what I wanted, we’d be having a very different discussion right now. I’m guessing you’re not a switch?”
Dean shook his head, letting out a little laugh.

“Not even a little bit.”

“I didn’t think so. If you’d ever dommed anyone, even at a low level, you’d understand what it’s like to be responsible for someone like that. To have them put everything in your hands.” Sam paused, looking up. “The things I want to do to you could kill you. If I did them wrong. If you couldn’t communicate with me. If you decided to push it.”

Dean swallowed, hard.

“Because it would be completely impossible,” Dean said, sarcasm creeping into his tone, “that a dumb sub could possibly know their own limits.”

Sam looked like he was going to say something, but Dean just kept going.

“This is why I never wanted a dom to begin with. Because we had a scene, like, once and you suddenly think you’re in charge of running my life. You’re not. You don’t know anything about me.”

“So you want me to, what, play it by ear? Just hang you from my ceiling and whip you until you safeword, is that it? Send you home to have a sub drop by yourself?”

“... what kind of whip?”

Sam let out an exasperated sigh, burying his face in his hands.

“Just… eat your food so I can take you home. This was a huge mistake.”

Dean stabbed at his spaghetti, twisting it around the tines of his fork.

“In my office,” he started, already unsure of how he planned to finish. “I said yellow. And you held. You held it right there. Did you… did you want to hit me harder?”

“No,” Sam answered dully.

“’kay,” Dean said, still twisting the fork. “I’m asking because, I’ve never been with somebody who could hold it there. They always either backed off, or kept ramping up.”

Sam groaned, but still didn’t look at him.

“I know where my limits are,” Dean insisted. “So how about you tell me what you want. If it doesn’t match up, I leave. No harm done.”

Sam glanced up at him. For what seemed like forever, the two men just stared at each other.

“I wasn’t talking about a literal whip,” he said finally. “More likely a flogger, or a strap.”

“Where?”

Sam shrugged.


Dean exhaled, very slowly.
“I’ve never done that,” he admitted. “I’ve been caned, but never there.”

“You ever use hand signals?”

“For a safeword? Yeah.”

“Good. I’d want you gagged. Blindfolded. Maybe a full hood.”

“Immobilized, I think you said.”

“Yeah,” Sam agreed, licking his lips. He was getting bolder now, Dean could see it in his face. “I’d use rope, for that. Or a leather harness. Maybe both. Tying you down would probably take as much time as the rest of the scene combined.”

Dean nodded. He could imagine standing in Sam’s bedroom, silent and blind as the dom wrapped him in knot after knot.

“You got EMT scissors?”

Sam blinked.

“Of course. They’ll go through leather. I’ve tested.”

Dean nodded, satisfied. He had another thought.

“What about sex?”

Sam shook his head.

“Not at first. Call me old fashioned.”

“But eventually?”

“Eventually,” Sam agreed, nodding. He glanced up to meet Dean’s eyes. “Eventually, I think I’d like to share you.”

“Another dom or another sub?” Dean shot back, grinning.

“Both,” Sam answered. He shifted in his seat. Dean sobered up.

“I’m not into water play. Bodily fluids other than come. And public humiliation’s not in the book, either.”

Sam nodded.

“But breathplay’s alright?”

“As long as I’m not underwater,” Dean agreed, nodding. “And I don’t do lingerie.”

“Yeah, I could have guessed that,” Sam agreed, looking him over. “What about aftercare. Anything special?”

“I… don’t know,” Dean admitted. Sam frowned at him.

“What do you mean, you don’t know?”

“I’ve never really had someone, you know… do that.”
“Who the hell have you been sceneing with?” Sam demanded, before catching himself and holding up a hand. “Nevermind. Not my business. But that’s irresponsible.”

“I haven’t really done anything too… intense,” Dean said quietly. He caught Sam’s eyes. “But I want to. Really. What I’ve been doing… isn’t really working for me.”

“And you really think this is going to be better?” Sam asked, a little incredulous.

“I think… I’d really like to give it a try,” Dean answered. He was nervous again, his stomach twisting the way it had before Sam had spanked him.

Sam looked at him silently, considering something in his own mind.

“I know better than this,” he said at last. He sighed, then picked up the empty bowls.

“You really serious about this?” he asked one last time, looking Dean over. Dean nodded. Sam turned back toward the kitchen.

“Clothes off. All of them. I’ll be right back.”

Chapter End Notes

For some reason my brain decided that Sam lived in the house where my stepmom lived before she married my dad. I do not know why this is the case. It's in Portage County Ohio, so, there's that.
Chapter 5

Sorry for the minor panic last night when this fic was accidentally marked as complete.

So, some worldbuilding: normally I would try to make this all evident in-fic, but apparently I have failed and that ship has sailed. I was assuming familiarity with a couple tropes.

First off **BDSM AU** in which D/s relationships are totally the norm. In a nutshell, people in these universes look at collars the way we'd look at wedding rings.

Second off- skin markings. This is a trope in which people's designations (D/s, sexual orientation, relationship status, or what have you) is actually physically printed on your skin. It's similar to ABO scents, in that the marks make personal details about an individual obvious to everyone around them, unless they take steps to prevent this. These marks can be natural or artificial (see the movie "Timer" for an excellent mainstream representation of this trope.)

So in this PARTICULAR fic:
In order of prevalence, most people are low-level switches (50%), followed by:
Medium level switches (20%)
Low-level doms/subs (15%)
Medium doms/subs (10%)
High doms/subs (5%)
High switches (Basically unicorns)

A person's designation is marked on their skin in raised lines, similar to scarification (except that they are painless and natural.) Everyone has one, though some people are more private about theirs.

In this universe scening shows up on Maslow's hierarchy of needs somewhere between safety and esteem, depending on the level of the person in question. For a high-level sub like Dean, it falls closer to 'safety' in that, if he isn't dommed regularly, he begins to feel physically unsafe, manifesting in an anxiety disorder similar to OCD.

This isn't Sam's fic, but in his case, not having a regular sub probably drives him to reckless degrees of self-sacrificing behavior. He needs to feel needed and important to *someone.*

Anyway. Most people in this universe meet up with a mutually compatible partner and pair off, but Sam and Dean haven't. Dean, because his father fed him a whole lot of stereotypical bullshit about what being a sub means (barefoot and pregnant, this is a blatant feminist parallel, etc) and is therefore determined to reject the entire institution.

I think Sam hurt someone- on accident, of course. I think someone tried to do exactly what he described in the last chapter- grit their teeth and bear through scenes that were too extreme, to make up for the fact that they weren't happening frequently enough. It didn't end well, and Sam wrote off his chances of finding a partner because he's too much dom for low and medium level people.

So yeah.
Dean watched him go, a little self-conscious now that this was actually… happening.

His fingers slid beneath the cuff of his shirt, feeling the short, raised lines there.

No turning back now.

He shucked out of his jacket, letting his fingers linger for just a second on the silk of his tie.

He could hear Sam doing something upstairs, and he tried not to pay attention as he unbuttoned his shirt.

Moment of truth.

He let the garment drop off his shoulders, catching it in his fingertips as it fell. He felt suddenly very exposed, even more so than the day in his office.

He removed his socks and belt and was about to pop the clasp on his slacks when he heard a sharp intake of breath.

He turned slowly, already knowing what he’d see.

Sam stood in the doorway, a length of dark gray rope over his shoulder. He was staring at Dean’s bare shoulders with his mouth agape.

“You’re…”

“Take a picture, it’ll last longer,” Dean grumbled. He was suddenly very glad he’d left his pants on.

“We still doing this?”

“Yeah, of course, but…” Sam dropped the rope on the table, coming closer. His eyes were still focused on the marks covering Dean’s arms and chest. “Can I…?”

“Go for it,” Dean muttered. He kept his eyes down.

Sam’s touch was light, where his fingers traced over the raised lines of Dean’s designation. He walked slowly around Dean, following the trail across his shoulders and back.

“Why didn’t you say anything?” Sam breathed. Dean snorted.

“Ten minutes ago you were telling me I wasn’t strong enough to handle what you wanted to dish out. Why the hell would I give you more ammunition in that fight?”

Sam glanced sharply up at him, but Dean wasn’t interested in following that line of conversation any further. He raised up onto his toes, catching Sam’s mouth with his.

His hands dropped to his slacks, fumbling the zipper open and shoving them down over his hips.

“There,” he said, when the two of them broke apart. “Clothes all gone. Now what?”
Sam glanced over to the table.

He hadn’t been kidding about the tie.

Dean squirmed against the soft cotton ropes, reassuring himself that they were secure.

Sam had been thorough, and Dean could feel where the rope was looped firmly around his body. He was secured at nearly every joint, his hands bound above his head, his legs spread at the upper thigh.

Those had been the worst. Dean had been blindfolded, his ankles already tied, unable to do anything but lie on the tabletop as Sam had wrapped turn after turn around his thighs. He’d been half hard before that, but now…

Dean blushed as he imagined how he must look, spread eagle on Sam’s dining room table. The blush deepened when he heard a match striking.

“Have you ever played with wax before?” Sam asked him. Dean shook his head, and then realized he didn’t know if Sam was even looking at him.

“No,” he clarified. “But I’ve heard of it.”

Something wet dripped across his belly and he flinched before realizing that it wasn’t even hot.

“Baby oil,” Sam told him from somewhere close. “You’ll thank me later.”

Dean was halfway to thanking him now. More splatters of the warmed liquid were landing on his underarms, his chest, his thighs.

A moment later, Sam’s hands were on him, smoothing the oil across his skin. He started with Dean’s arms, letting his fingers dance across Dean’s upturned palms. Dean moaned a little.

Feedback is important, after all.

Sam worked his way down Dean’s body, smoothing the oil into the skin, the hair beneath his arms, his chest, his belly.

He paused at Dean’s waist, adding a few more drops of the oil directly to the thatch of hair above his cock. This he spread liberally across Dean’s hips and groin, ignoring the way Dean tried to arch up into his touch.

“The candles I have are soy.” Sam told him, and Dean tried to pay attention despite the hands currently massaging his thighs. “They’re specially made for this purpose. When I’ve played with them in the past, they’ve never gotten hotter than a hundred thirty.”

“I can do that,” Dean whispered, thinking of the shower at home. Sam withdrew, and Dean heard him crossing the room.

“Good. I’m going to leave the blindfold on. You won’t know when it’s coming- or where. I can tell you that it will not be your face. I won’t let it pool, but the temperature will vary depending on the amount and the distance I pour from. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” Dean whined, already missing the dom’s touch.
“Good. Now with that in mind- is there anywhere you don’t want me to put this?”

“No, anywhere, just do it, please,” Dean begged. His hair was standing on end as he tried to imagine the feel of the wax on him.

“You’re sure?” Sam asked, and Dean nodded, moaning.

Sam’s hand closed around his hard cock, slick with oil and sliding easily over the full length. Dean groaned and arched into it, whimpering as Sam’s thumb swiped over his slit. And then, quick as it had appeared, it was gone.

“Don’t want it to stick,” Sam said, with a hint of mischief in his voice. Dean opened his mouth to reply, but was interrupted by a string of burning heat across his left pectoral.

For just a moment, it was hot enough to sting, hot enough that Dean almost panicked, but within a few seconds it had cooled.

“What’s your color?” he heard Sam ask.

“Green, sir,” Dean replied.

“Good.”

Another line of heat up the side of his ribs, followed by a succession of slow drips up the underside of one arm. Dean moaned softly, loving the quickly fading pain of it.

A large drop splattered onto one palm, and Dean twitched in response. The ropes held him tight, steadying him, keeping him grounded. He was surrounded. His dom was holding him steady, and he could do this.

The wax dripped across the width of both thighs, and Dean moaned again, settling in to enjoy it.

Chapter End Notes

Wax play!

Not for beginners. Don’t use cheap candles. You can really really hurt someone with this. Sam knows what he’s doing.
“I want to go over it again.”

“You don’t need to, you know it, and if you don’t drop it I’m going to have to gag you.”

“Promises,” Dean muttered, but he let it drop. That was why he’d called Sam, after all. To help him drop it.

He felt something cool press against his lips and he opened, letting Sam feed him the strawberry. He made sure to run his tongue against the pad of Sam’s finger as it retreated. The dom hummed.

This was the fourth time this month Dean had called Sam up to his office. The first time he had been hesitant- he was worked up over nothing, but worked up nonetheless. He could handle it himself, but at the same time, he couldn’t tear his mind away from the way he’d felt after Sam’s spanking.

The second time, Sam had brought a set of padded cuffs up with him. Dean had accepted this without a word and when Sam left, they’d stayed in Dean’s desk drawer.

Now, they were keeping Dean’s hands pinned behind him, clipped to his ankles by a short tether, forcing him to stay mostly motionless on his knees.

Sam sat above him in Dean’s office chair, close enough that Dean could rest his cheek on the dom’s thigh, if he so chose. He couldn’t see what Sam was doing, not with the blindfold on, but he could feel the heat seeping off the taller man’s body.

He heard a soft crack and felt the pressure on his lips again- half a carrot this time.

“Are you stealing my carrots?”

“I’m making them bite-sized. Don’t talk with your mouth full.”

Dean obediently chewed and swallowed, frowning when he heard another crack.

“Now I know why you agree to this. You’re just after my food.”

“It certainly isn’t your charming demeanor.” Another crack. “Has anyone ever told you that you’re the bossiest sub alive?”

“Gimme another strawberry.”

“Carrot first.”

Dean accepted the morsel from Sam’s fingertips, catching them lightly with his teeth.

“Good. That’s all you have to do, understand? No more words.”

Dean nodded, opening his mouth again when a bit of strawberry was pressed to his lips. Somewhere in the back of his mind, a panicked voice told him that he needed to review his presentation again, but he ignored it. He knew the material. He’d run it twenty times since last night, every time flawlessly, only to have that same panicked voice whisper you’re going to forget. You’re going to
Sam’s hand stroked along the side of his jaw and Dean leaned into it, giving himself over to Sam’s control. He wasn’t going anywhere. He could let himself relax.

“I like you like this,” Sam told him, and Dean almost said something sassy before he remembered that he wasn’t supposed to be talking. He accepted a piece of cucumber, eating it silently. He wondered if Sam was watching him, and what his face might look like if he was.

He felt his face warming up. Who cared if Sam was watching him? Sam wasn’t his dom. They weren’t involved. They just had a string of ongoing one-time things. Sam was helping him out. Totally casual.

Dean heard a desk drawer opening, and he ran a quick inventory of the stuff he kept in there, trying to figure out what Sam was going for.

Another piece of fruit was pressed to his mouth, the juice cool against his tongue.

A moment later, he felt Sam’s hands at his throat, unbuttoning his shirt. He shifted slightly, as much as the bindings would allow, but Sam didn’t react. He worked his way slowly down Dean’s body, baring him to the air inch by inch.

“I want you to stay very still,” Sam told him, and he nodded. A moment later, something sharp scraped across his skin, just above his belly button.

“Letter opener,” Dean concluded, and he shivered. It wasn’t sharp enough to cut him, but the pointed tip was doing an excellent job of diverting his attention.

“Open,” Sam commanded, and Dean opened his mouth, taking in another slice of cucumber.

The letter opener flicked across his nipple and Dean winced. His body was tensed, trying to predict where the next scrape would come - but Sam was utterly silent.

He’d wear himself out soon enough, Dean knew. His body would give up trying to anticipate and simply accept things as they came.

He was looking forward to it.

Sam spent the last twenty minutes of their break alternating between the lunchbox and the letter opener, and by the time he was done, Dean was half leaning against one of his knees, too spaced to hold himself up properly.

Dean knew he was a mess, his shirt shoved down around his arms, his skin criss-crossed with thin red scratches. He didn’t care. In this moment he was utterly content.

Sam’s fingertips rested against his jaw, turning his face up, and Dean let himself be moved. His lips parted, to accept whatever Sam had to offer.

The cool flesh of the strawberry mixed with the warm pressure of Sam’s mouth as the dom kissed him, offering him the fruit held between his teeth. Dean took it eagerly, licking the remnants of the juice from Sam’s lips.

And then Sam was gone, and Dean was blinking in the sudden light as his blindfold was removed. Sam’s palm cupped his face, smoothing back his ruffled hair.
“Welcome back,” the dom told him. “Ready for your meeting?”

Dean expected the voice in his head then, the dark one, the one that told him he was weak and pathetic. It didn’t come. He had this, and he knew it.

“Yeah,” he said quietly, and Sam smiled.

Chapter End Notes

Drabble chapter.

We're gonna have a montaaage.

Anyway. My favorite thing about the last chapter, with the wax, was that a couple people asked me about waxplay. I mentioned this to Husband, saying "some people are interested in trying stuff I wrote about."
And he just looked at me in horror like, "no! No one should EVER try the stuff you write about? What?"

I thought it was funny.
He’s not familiar with my newer work.
Chapter Notes

Hello peeps.
So for this one I didn't go too in-depth describing exactly how Dean was tied, because it's not, like, super-important and I've found that too many details really just make people confused. There's a point when it starts to get like a photo of a contortionist where yes, you can see it, but you're really not sure how it works.
On that front.
Please allow me to present a NAKED visual.

This is the pose that Dean's spending most of this chapter in, but I also get the idea that Sam, being a high-dom, is super into shibari. So combine that pose with an absolutely insane amount of complicated knotwork. (MOAR NUDITY) The upshot is, Dean is going nowhere.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sam wasn't his dom.

It was getting harder to tell himself that.

And okay, the first clue should have been when the people on his floor began to greet Sam by name. It embarrassed Dean to no end, but Sam took it in stride, returning their smiles and greetings and not at all giving the indication that he was about to take his belt off and strap one of their officemates bright red.

They were happy for Dean, too. The quality of his work was improving and more than one person told him he looked happier.

Which, okay, was probably because of Sam.

But that’s just because he was being dommed on the regular, heading to Sam’s place after work a couple times a week for the last… what, eight months? Maybe. It wasn’t because of Sam specifically, though. Dean probably could have gotten the exact same effect from random scenes, if he’d had them this often-

The wire brush slipped up the side of his thigh, and Dean writhed, biting down on the thick leather gag. The muscles tensed and relaxed, the whole area lost in static as the electrical current slipped along his skin. Sam was speaking to him, and it took Dean a moment to realize that there was a question in there.

“Gr- green, sir,” Dean mumbled through the gag. He tensed his hand, ensuring that the heavy metal weight still rested in his palm. The sound of the weight clattering to the floor was his safeword, at least for today.

The brush touched him again, trailing fire along the curve of his iliac crest. Dean realized he was sweating, his entire body struggling against the ropes that bound him. They offered little in the way of motion.
Sam continued up his body, dabbing here and there—across his belly, his ribs, his nipples, the thin skin of his underarms. He moved up Dean’s arms and then back down, brushing along his sides and hips. Dean could feel the brush getting closer to his cock—he wasn’t sure if Sam was going to go there. He couldn’t decide which prospect he feared more.

The brush slipped up the seam of his groin and Dean screamed, most of it lost as he clamped his teeth down onto the gag. The brush withdrew and Dean waited for it to come down again, his body flushed and trembling as he anticipated the pain. Tears leaked from his eyes and he whimpered, knowing what was coming and powerless to stop it.

The estim unit clicked off and Dean broke, collapsing into the ropes that held him. His breath came slow and heavy as he waited.

“I’d like to try something,” Sam said. Dean nodded mutely, but he couldn’t ignore the nervous flutter in his stomach.

It strengthened when he felt Sam’s hands on him, huge and firm, stroking down over his belly. His cock had half-softened under the onslaught from the brush, but now it twitched, filling again when Sam got dangerously close.

Dean could imagine those fingers inside him, slick and cool, working him open, and he couldn’t pretend any more that he didn’t want it.

“Do you know what you have in your hand?” Sam asked quietly, and Dean whimpered. He turned the metal weight over in his palm, trying to recognize the shape. It was a metal cylinder, an inch in diameter, a little longer than the length of his hand.

Dean shook his head. A moment later, he felt Sam’s hands at the nape of his neck, unfastening the gag.

“If you had to guess, what would you say?”

Dean frowned beneath the blindfold, because he had a guess and if he guessed wrong he was going to feel very, very stupid. Stupid and needy.

Sam’s lips ghosted against his mouth and Dean took the out, leaning into the dom and kissing him, deep and hungry. Sam was close enough that Dean’s aching cock was pressed to his belly, leaving streaks of precome on the clean cotton of his shirt. Dean didn’t care, he wanted.

Sam broke the kiss, pulling back and leaving Dean to the ropes that bound him.

“What would you guess, Dean?”

Dean took a breath.

“A... a plug, sir?”

“Very good.”

Dean felt Sam’s fingers on his palm and he relaxed, letting Sam take the plug from him.

“And you know what it’s made of?”

“Metal, sir.”

“Good. Care to venture a guess as to why?”
The pieces connected in Dean’s fuzzy brain, and he groaned, straightening in his restraints.

“Because it… it’s electrified, sir.”

Sam leaned in, kissing him again. Dean let him, a little light-headed by the prospect of what Sam was proposing.

“What do you think, Dean?” the dom whispered in his ear, and Dean’s cock twitched back to attention. “You think that you could handle that for me?”

“Yes,” Dean breathed. “Yes, master, I want it, please.”

For a moment, the anticipation of being plugged kept his brain fuzzy, and he didn’t realize what he’d said.

Sam didn’t respond, didn’t acknowledge the slip, but Dean’s stomach dropped.

Sam wasn’t his dom. Wasn’t his master. This wasn’t that. They’d been pretty clear about that, both of them, from the start.

The thoughts disappeared from Dean’s mind when he felt Sam’s hand between his legs, long fingers delving into the crease between his half-spread thighs. There was something slick there, too, easing his way. His fingertips found Dean’s puckered entrance, rubbing softly at the ring of muscle.

“This is where you want it?” Sam asked him quietly. “Yes,” Dean moaned. He tried to roll his hips, to push Sam’s fingers deeper inside him, but he didn’t have the slack. The ropes held him tight and secure.

Sam withdrew a moment later, leaving Dean hanging and unable to follow. He could hear the dom moving, but couldn’t tell what he was doing.

And then, just a moment later, Sam was there, one arm around the back of Dean’s waist, his lips almost pressed to Dean’s ear. The hard tip of the plug nudged against Dean’s hole.

“Think you can take this for me?” Sam asked, and Dean nodded. He tried to spread his legs wider, but he was just as Sam had promised back at the beginning. Immobile.

The blunt tip pushed inside of him and Dean moaned, relishing the stretch of it.

“Relax, Dean. Let it in.”

Dean did, letting the ropes take his weight as he let his body go slack. The plug slid the rest of the way in, and Dean expected Sam to withdraw again, but he didn’t.

Instead, he pulled the plug back out, only part of the way, and Dean realized that it was actually ridged. He moaned low as Sam repeated the motion, plunging it in and then slowly withdrawing it. He whimpered at the thought, at the feeling, and his cock was rock hard against his belly because Sam was fucking him with this toy. No two ways about it.

“May I have the gag back, sir?”

Sam hesitated, stilling with the plug half-out of Dean’s body.

“Of course,” he answered, and then the plug was seated deep inside Dean again, and the thick leather bar was being fastened between his teeth. Dean was grateful. Another minute of that and he
would have been begging Sam to fuck him, and he didn’t want to go there.

Not yet.

He began to tremble as Sam knelt between his legs, fastening the wire leads to the flared base of the plug. He finished it off by pressing a set of adhesive pads to the inside of Dean’s thighs. Dean didn’t know what those were for, but he could guess.

Sam stepped back, and Dean began to breathe hard. Any second now Sam was going to turn on the power and he had no idea how that was going to feel.

“Beg me for it,” Sam told him, and Dean realized that there were tears running down his cheeks. He hung helpless, the ropes holding him like a lover’s embrace.

“Please,” Dean mumbled through the gag. “Please, sir.”

There was a click as the current was turned on.

Dean’s back arched, his teeth gritting tight on the gag, and then the sensation of the electricity was lost as he came.

Chapter End Notes

Yay electrical stimulation!
The last chapter was a little vanilla so I decided to spice this one up with something absolutely insane.*

Disclaimer: I have never used estim for sexual purposes BUT I did have a doctor put some of the big pads on my back after an injury and it was a-ma-zing. I think Sam probably has the voltage turned up a little higher than that, though.

Estim is a lot like waxplay in that it's fun, but you can also really, *really* mess it up so, like... by all means go out and try it, but definitely do your research because you can literally kill someone.

Use bipolar leads if you're going to do anything above the waist because the shortest distance between your nipples is through your heart and boy howdy, you do not want extra electricity running through your heart.
Chapter 8

Dean came down slowly, like drifting through a cloud.

Sam had really outdone himself this time, and Dean had spent the last hour in a complicated suspension tie. Sam had used a fine red nylon, and it supported Dean as easily as a hammock.

Or at least, it would have been easy, except that Dean had been damn near upside-down, knees hooked around a hanging spreader bar, arms bound crossed behind his back. There had been some kind of rig encircling his chest, forcing his back to arch sharply when Sam drew that tight to the spreader bar, as well.

Dean wasn’t quite sure how all of it had worked, but Sam had taken some pictures, so he could figure it out later.

For now, he was content to lay on Sam’s bed, letting Sam rub aloe into the bruising strap marks on his chest and belly. The pressure stung, but it was a reassuring pain, like the deep muscle ache that accompanies a good workout. It let him know he was strong. He’d done it.

He’d hit yellow about 80% of the way through the scene and Sam had held it perfectly, laying the flog across his front in coordinated, overlapping stripes.

Sam’s hands stroked across his shoulders, and Dean felt the dom’s weight above him. He blinked in the sudden light as Sam lifted the blindfold, peeking beneath.

“Hi,” he said simply.

“Hi,” Dean answered. Sam’s face was only inches from him, all he needed to do was lean up and-

“I don’t like this flogger,” Sam said, interrupting his train of thought. “It’s too long, it’s wrapping around. Could you feel it?”

Sam withdrew and Dean sat up, blinking. Now that he was paying attention, he could see the deep red marks where the ends of the tails had flicked across his ribs.

“No, I didn’t… it felt fine,” Dean said absently, staring at the marks. The welts were raised and angry, obscuring even the stunted designation pattern. They shone with the aloe that Sam had applied, but beneath that, he could see some of them bleeding sluggishly.

“I think I can trim them back, so they won’t do that,” Sam said, but he was watching Dean’s face closely. “Or I can get rid of it, if you’d rather not risk it.”

“No,” Dean said. The rope marks on his wrist was still visible when he lifted his hand to probe gently at the wound. “No, I liked it. I like the marks.”

They’re perfect, he thought. They’re punishment and they belong there.

He imagined what it would be like if he could be marked like that all the time, the welts and scabs of a whipping obscuring the ugly high-sub marks. It would still be obvious what he was, but at least it would be clear he wasn’t proud of it. Not like Sam was.
“Do it again,” he said suddenly, looking Sam in the eye. “We don’t need the tie, just, just that.”

He gestured to the flog, lying discarded near the frame they’d been using.

Sam frowned.

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah, mostly,” Dean answered, sitting up. “Except, look. Look how fucking good this looks. You can do it again, right?”

Dean slid off the bed, crossing the room to retrieve the flog. He turned, holding it back to Sam.

“I want you to cover me. Just, go as hard as you can, until it’s raised all, all…”

He gestured across his chest and arms, all the places where his designation marred his skin. He knew how hard Sam could hit. It’d hurt like a bitch but he needed it, he deserved it. If he was going to crave this, to love it, then he was going to do it right-

He pushed the flog into Sam’s hands, backing up and lacing his hands behind his neck.

“C’mon. Please.”

Sam stood, approaching him slowly. The flog remained, discarded on the bed.

Sam’s fingers traced over the sore welts, making Dean wince.

“I’m going to trim the tails,” Sam said firmly.

“Why?” Dean asked, “Why, don’t you like it? Knowing you did that to me, that you can do that to me? That’s what does it for you, right?”

“Not like this. Dean, sit down. I’m going to get some water and a protein bar, and I want you to stay here until I get back with it.”

Dean stared at him for a long second, and then dropped to the bed. His fingers twitched over the flog, but he didn’t pick it up.

Sam disappeared out into the hallway, and Dean watched him go, suddenly angry. He was holding up his end of the arrangement, he’d at least tried everything Sam had come up with. The payoff was that Dean was supposed to be able to set the boundaries.

Whatever fantasies Dean had come up with in the time they’d spent together, Sam wasn’t his dom. It wasn’t his damn responsibility to determine what Dean needed.

Dean scowled, standing again and casting around the room for his discarded clothes. He didn’t need this. He’d handled himself just fine for years before Sam showed up. The flog was great, but if he wanted this done right, wanted to be punished like he deserved, he was apparently going to need to do it himself.

He pulled his boxers on, letting his hands linger over the parallel scars above his knee. They looked like the high-sub markings, but they were in the wrong place. These had come after, they’d been put there on purpose when Dean had needed to be punished and couldn’t find anyone who could do it for him.

He’d done it before.
He could do it again.

He closed his eyes, picturing the straight razor, the way it would feel as it opened him. It would hurt for days, itch and pull for weeks, reminding him that he was a fuckup, that he’d gotten weak.

“Dean?”

Sam’s voice came from somewhere he couldn’t see, and Dean realized he was on his knees. His shirt was clutched between his fists, and he vaguely remembered leaning down to pick it up.

“Dean, look at me.”

Sam’s hands were on his shoulders, and god, they were big, and Dean hated himself for needing them there.

“What?” he snapped, glaring up into Sam’s face.

“You’re dropping,” Sam said, his voice even. “And I want you to sit on the bed and drink this.”

He pushed a bottle of fruit juice into Dean’s hands, the condensation soaking instantly into the shirt. Dean scowled at it.

“I’m dropping because I’m a piece of shit,” he grumbled. “You can’t hydrate your way out of that.”

“I want you to try anyway,” Sam said.

Dean resentfully allowed himself to be manhandled back up onto the bed. He stayed silent while Sam gave him the protein bar and he washed it down with the juice. The taste combination was terrible, but it did help center him. A little.

“I should go,” he grumbled when it was over and Sam was still just… staring at him. “We’re done here, right? Unless you want to go further.”

“I don’t think so,” Sam said, shaking his head. Dean laughed.

“Lucky for you, huh? This is probably a dom’s dream, some fucked-up little shit that’ll take anything they dish out and ask for more. I would have thought you’d jump at the chance to go all-out on some crying little bitch.”

“Is that what you think I’m here for?” Sam asked, and there was a note of disbelief in his voice. “Just looking for someone who’ll let me hurt them?”

“No, I know you want more than that,” Dean snapped, and there was an edge to his voice now because of course there was more. Dean still went home in the morning, he still chose his own clothes, managed his own money—hell, he was even doing well at work. And given the chance Sam would probably take over all of that, as well.

He snatched his shirt up off the floor, pulling it over his head without looking at Sam.

“Can I ask you something? Before you go?”

Dean rubbed a hand over his face.

“Sure. What.”

“You don’t have to answer if you don’t want to. But… how did you get these?”
Sam’s hand dropped lightly onto his thigh, covering the scarred marks residing there. Dean glared at him.

“Just because you don’t want to mark me, doesn’t mean I can’t take it. I’m more than capable of punishing myself.”

Sam swallowed.

“You did it to yourself.”

Dean sighed.

“Yes, Sam, I did it to myself, because random scenes weren’t doing it for me and because I’m capable of handling myself.”

Dean went to stand and suddenly felt himself wrapped in strong arms, dragging him back down onto the bed.

“What the hell? Get off!”

Dean struggled but Sam was stronger, and within a few seconds the dom was straddling him, pinning his wrists to the mattress.

“Tell me you aren’t going to do it again,” Sam demanded. “Tell me if I let you go, you’ll be safe.”

“Fuck you,” Dean spat, fighting against his hold and failing. “It’s not like it’ll kill me. And why do you care? I’m not even your sub!”

Sam’s eyes widened and a moment later, his mouth was crashing down onto Dean’s, bruising his lips against his teeth. Dean kissed him back, hungry and desperate, all of it collapsing at once. He could feel tears rising in his eyes, and he wished he could wipe them away before Sam saw.

But Sam didn’t back away. He dropped lower, letting his forehead rest on the pillow beside Dean.

“Is what you need?” he asked softly. “Do you need to be cut or- or whipped or bruised that way?”

“I don’t know what I need,” Dean answered. His voice was hollow. He wasn’t angry any more- he just wanted to sleep.

“Please tell me you were just angry,” Sam murmured. His grip relaxed on Dean’s wrists, but Dean didn’t move. “Please tell me you know... I’m not just here because I like to hurt you.”

“Pain and control,” Dean muttered, and his gaze was fixed far away now, remembering his father’s words. That’s what they’ll want from you. That’s what subs are good for.

Sam raised his head, staring down at Dean.

“That’s how I seem to you?”

Dean closed his eyes, refusing to meet Sam’s gaze. He wanted to say yes.

But all he could think of was how gentle Sam had been with him, through all of it. Even during their most intense scenes, Sam had been nothing but attentive, attuned to Dean’s smallest sound or movement.
Sam didn’t just wait for a safeword, Sam asked for permission, and that’s what was driving Dean out of his mind. Because it wasn’t what he expected. He’d never had a dom do that for him before.

“No,” Dean whispered, still refusing to open his eyes. “No, you’re different.”

Sam released his wrists, moving to cup Dean’s face, and Dean suddenly had the impression that he was falling. He flung his arms around Sam, clasping hard at his own wrists. Sam didn’t stop him, just leaned in and kissed him again, feather-light touches to his damp cheeks.

“I love you,” Sam murmured, in between the soft touches. “I love you.”

Dean turned his head, knowing he was going to cry and not wanting Sam to see. He buried his face in his shoulder, holding tight.

Sam loved him.

His life was over.
Dean didn’t have anything else to say that night.

Sam just kept kissing him, slow and gentle, occasionally stopping to offer the juice bottle again. Dean took what he was given, not arguing. He didn’t want to drive home. More than anything, he was tired.

Tired, and way too buzzed to sleep.

*Sam loved him.*

The realization sat like an iron weight in his throat, strangling him.

He looked around the darkened bedroom, and he could easily imagine it as his own. He could imagine going to sleep next to Sam. He could imagine sharing meals with Sam and spending holidays with Sam and- god dammit, he could imagine introducing Sam to his *dad*.

He closed his eyes and tried to see himself in a collar, buckling it on in the morning as Sam dressed for work and Dean for a day of- of what? Cleaning the house in handcuffs and a french maid outfit? He scowled.

But he couldn’t get rid of the warm feeling he got in his stomach when he thought of the collar. Of being Sam’s… well. Being *Sam’s*.

The ideas raced through his head, too fast to track, too strong to stop.

He suddenly thought of the shower back home, and the way he usually fought these things.

He dug his fingers into his scalp, groaning.

“Can’t sleep?” Sam asked.

“How’d you guess?”

Sam looked at him for a moment, and then pulled him up into a sitting position. He retrieved the blindfold from the bedside table, where they’d put it after the scene.

Without a word, he slipped it over Dean’s eyes, making sure it was snug.

A moment later, Dean felt his wrists being pressed together- crossed. He exhaled slowly, letting Sam wrap them in a wide silk scarf. The tie was tight, but not painfully so. Dean had the feeling he’d be able to untie himself easily, if he tried.

He didn’t try.

He let Sam finish tying his wrists and forearms, feeling the pressure of the silk working methodically up his arms. By the time Sam reached his elbows, Dean was out cold.
When Dean woke up, he was alone. His arms were still bound, but nothing else, which was a relief because he needed to piss like a racehorse.

He navigated awkwardly into the bathroom, fumbling his boxers open and eventually deciding to just sit down.

He pulled at the silk with his teeth, and within a minute, he was free.

He yanked his boxers back up and wandered downstairs into the kitchen.

Sam was cooking something on the range. It smelled like bacon, and Dean realized he was going to miss breakfasts with Sam.

“Hey,” he said after a second, when Sam didn’t realize he was there. “Sleep good?”

Sam looked over his shoulder, smiling at Dean but unwilling to leave the pan unsupervised.

“Not as well as you,” he answered.

“Yeah. Thanks for that. And for breakfast. And for… well, for all of this, basically. It’s been good.”

Sam turned the burner off, but didn’t turn around.

“You’re talking like it’s over.”

Dean swallowed, his throat suddenly tight.

“It has to be, doesn’t it? After… after yesterday.”

I love you, Sam’s voice whispered, but Dean shut it out.

“It was supposed to be casual,” Dean insisted. “No strings attached. It’s not… this isn’t a relationship.”

That got Sam to turn.

“Why not?” he asked. “Neither of us wanted anything serious, but… Dean, this has gotten serious. Whether we like it or not.”

“That’s easy for you to say! You’re not the one who’s going to have to-”

Dean cut the statement off before it could escape. Subs were supposed to want a dom. They were supposed to want the life their dom chose for them.

It was still hard, sometimes, to admit that he didn’t.

Sam was frowning at him.

“Is this about the sex? Because we don’t have to-”

“No!” Dean interrupted, waving his hand. “No, that’s- that’s fine. That’s good.”

Sam looked puzzled.

“Then what?”
Dean sighed.

“I’m not… I don’t think I was supposed to be a sub.”

“Coulda fooled me.”

“Shut up. I mean, I like the scenes, I even like the sex, but I don’t want that as my life, you know? I like my job, I like the way I look, I don’t…. I don’t want to change.”

Dean dropped his eyes, unable to look at Sam as he spoke. He didn’t want to see the disappointment on his face.

A long silence drew out between them.

“Why would you change?”

Dean groaned.

“Because that’s what subs do! They stay home and… sub,” he finished lamely. “You can’t go to work with a collar.”

Sam frowned.

“Dean, my friend Ian- he’s in the cubicle across from me- has had a collar literally as long as I’ve known him. You have to have seen people wearing collars at work.”

“Yeah, but- look, I just got promoted, and Adler says I’m in the running for regional manager, if I keep up what I’m doing now. I can’t… nobody takes you seriously when you’re a sub. They know they can walk all over you.”

“You don’t even let me walk all over you.”

“You’re different.”

Dean crossed the kitchen, slumping into one of the empty chairs. He stared at the floor, ignoring Sam as the dom came to sit beside him.

“Dean, last night you asked me to whip you bloody. And I get the feeling that if you’d gone home, you might have seriously hurt yourself.”

Dean rolled his eyes.

“‘Seriously.’ Okay.”

“I’m not joking. Dean, did you ever… in high school or whatever, did you ever have one of those safety classes? Or did you ever talk to a counselor or something about how you didn’t want to be a sub?”

“You mean, did I ever go find anyone and whine about how I hated my whiny designation? No.”

Sam sat in silence for a few seconds. Dean could feel him staring. For a breakup, this was going about as well as he could hope. Sam was finally figuring out that he was weak and broken.

“You know, I know Adler,” Sam said after a while. “We’ve had some good conversations. He… they all know you’re a sub, Dean.”
“Yeah, but I don’t advertise it. The best I can do is try to make it clear how much I hate it!”

“Adler says your work’s improved in the last couple months. You focus better. You have ideas that the rest of the team wouldn’t have come up with.”

“So?”

“So, this isn’t bad for your job, Dean. It’s good for it. The scenes- what we’ve been doing- they help your body settle down so you can function. It’s not a weakness. It’s just physiology.”

Dean rubbed his face. He didn’t want to sit here and listen to Sam making excuses for him.

“But you can’t want that,” he muttered. “Having a sub who outranks you? At your own workplace?”

“Well, if I ever get jealous,” Sam said, leaning in and whispering directly into Dean’s ear, “I’ll always have that little key, on the chain around my neck.”

Dean felt his face getting red.

“You were serious about that?”

“Mmm,” Sam answered, pressing a kiss to his cheek. It began to dawn on Dean that this might not be a breakup after all. “Not to mention, from a purely selfish point of view, you make like, three times what I do. We could get a Sybian.”

Dean felt his throat tightening. He was going to cry again, and he wiped his eyes, trying to cover it up with a laugh.

“You only love me for my ass,” he muttered.

“It is one of your better features,” Sam agreed, leaning in. Dean turned to meet him, kissing him gently. “I pity the poor bastard who thinks he can walk all over you.”

This time, Dean laughed for real.

Chapter End Notes

I have got to finish this damn thing before NaNoWriMo starts on Tuesday and OH YEAH HAHA so much for getting a couple quick prompts knocked out.

Damn you, character development.

Oh and here’s a shoutout to my lovely beta GertieCraign who is diligently pointing out grammatical errors, which I am not fixing out of *pure laziness.*

I don't deserve her.
Dean shoved his hands in his pockets and tried not to fidget.

There were more people than he’d expected.

And it’s not like they didn’t have, you know. *Friends.*

He just didn’t think this many of them would actually *come.*

The biggest surprise had been his dad. John hadn’t been too happy when Dean had called him up and made the announcement. John probably would have been perfectly happy going his whole life and never getting *that* particular phone call.

“*Dad, I’m getting collared.*”

John tried to be supportive, but it was pretty clear his heart wasn’t in it. Dean gave him the time and address and changed the subject.

And then… well, and then he met Sam.

John was a pretty big guy, and Dean too, obviously, but Sam… John had all but *gaped* when the dom had come downstairs and introduced himself. And things had been awkward for about five minutes while they made small talk and avoided the elephant in the room (*So, you’re the guy who spansks my son’s ass, huh?*) but then Dean had asked about the car and they were off and running.

Turns out Sam had an appreciation for classic vehicles and by the time they had to actually leave for the ceremony Dean had been worried that John was going to adopt him.

Dean kicked at the dirt and rolled his eyes at the thought of having Sam for a younger brother.

There were a lot of people watching.

Dean resisted the urge to pull his shirt sleeves down over his markings. It had been six months since the first time he dared to go out with short sleeves on, and he still wasn’t used to it. His current sleeves only went down as far as his elbows (Sam had insisted) and Dean couldn’t help but feel that people were staring.

Not that it was abnormal to see a sub at, you know, a *collaring ceremony.*

But still.

Dean glanced around the park, looking for any sign of Sam. He should stand out amongst the small gathered crowd, but Dean couldn’t pick him out. He made a slow meandering circle around the oak tree and hoped no one came to talk to him.

He was nervous enough to be sick just standing here. Luckily, as the sub, he didn’t have to make a
speech. If he’d had public speaking thrown on top of this whole circus, he may actually have died.

“Hey,” he heard Sam say, and when he looked up, the giant dom had materialized out of nowhere.

Dean wished he could say something sappy like ‘he looked into Sam’s eyes and his reservations vanished’ but that is not what happened. Actually, Sam asked him if he was ready and he nodded mutely and tried not to throw up.

Everybody was staring at him and he didn’t know what to do with his hands.

Sam was talking to him- wait, no, this might actually be the actual speech, now. Sam was promising to cherish him and care for him and Dean was just nodding dumbly and agreeing with everything he said.

Sam held his hands out expectantly and Dean realized that they were doing the cuffs now. He shoved his hands toward Sam- a little too eagerly, a couple people laughed. Dean’s face turned red and he tried to focus on Sam and the braided leather bracelets that Sam was fastening around his wrists. These were mostly for show, only the really traditional sorts of subs wore the cuffs and the collar, but they were part of the ceremony so here they were.

Dean had been a little worried, because Sam had picked them out and he wasn’t allowed to see them until it was time to actually put them on. He’d been worried Sam would go for something gaudy or over-the-top like studded black leather bands, but these were… nice. The leather was a soft chocolate brown, and the clasps were worked gold. They fit snugly around his wrists and out of everything, that made him feel better.

He stood there silently for a couple seconds, admiring the leather and listening to Sam talk about gifts and how happy he was to have found someone like Dean and Dean just nodded and let him talk. There was a question coming up and he didn’t want to miss it.

Turns out he was so focused on listening that he almost missed the question for the words, and Sam was just about to repeat himself when Dean caught on and answered back “yes I promise to obey and accept guidance.”

He was so nervous that it all came out in three syllables and people began chuckling again, but Dean figured fuck em, because he had one line and he’d said it, dammit.

Sam was smiling down at him and Dean didn’t think he’d ever get used to the sight of someone smiling down at him. He grinned dumbly back, and Sam chuckled.

He reached out, catching Dean’s chin between two fingers and tilting his head back.

Oh yeah, the collar.

Dean closed his eyes, feeling the soft braided leather settling around his throat. It was snug, but not uncomfortable.

He heard the clasp clicking shut and he reached up, fingerling the unfamiliar material. His hand brushed against Sam’s and he smiled again, looking up.

And just like that, it was done.
Okay there's like one more chapter of this that I'm gonna get out today. I accidentally slept all day yesterday (I blame the bean) but today I'm gonna get some nice smutty smut written and then I'm gonna go be That House That Gives Out The Full Size Candy Bars because that's how I roll.
“It looks beautiful on you,” Sam said, and Dean blushed because even after all this time, he wasn’t used to Sam calling him ‘beautiful.’

For once, Dean wasn’t blindfolded. He wasn’t gagged, either- not really. He was holding a leather paddle between his teeth, but that was about it. He could drop it if he wanted to, but Sam had told him to hold it and he really really really wanted to make tonight good for Sam.

Dean had given this decision totally over to his dom. When Sam had begun making vague, layered statements about preparations for ‘after the collaring,’ Dean had laughed and said it would be fine. He’d done it before.

Sam had kind of stammered for a few seconds and admitted that he hadn’t. With anyone. Like…. ever.

Apparently, he wasn’t interested in partners he didn’t love.

It took Dean a little while to sift through that, but once he had, he handed the decisions over to Sam and told him to be as thorough as he wanted.

And oh, had Sam been thorough.

About ten days before the collaring, he’d presented Dean with a box of five sleek, black plugs. It didn’t take a genius to figure out that they were gradated, but Sam explained the process to him anyway. Sam went through it all very clinically, though Dean didn’t miss the gleam in his eye when Sam said he expected Dean to remain plugged at all times, until the night of the ceremony.

Sam had inserted the first one himself, making Dean lie back on the bed and spread his legs so that his hole was exposed. Sam had lubed up the plug and slid it, very slowly, into Dean’s ass.

The head was long and narrow rather than round, and so when Dean stood up, he was able to move more-or-less normally.

The rest of the plugs Dean had to insert himself, on all fours with his knees spread so that the webcam could get a clear view of what was happening. Every two days, he’d slowly work the old plug out of himself, lay it to the side, and insert the larger one. The whole time, Sam would praise him and tell him how good he was doing, and Dean probably would have come untouched if it weren’t for the damn cage.

The cage was Sam’s other little idea.

He knew Dean was in the habit of going home and masturbating furiously to the thought of the things they’d done together. He hadn’t ever really minded- he probably still didn’t, except he wanted Dean horny out of his damn mind when the thing finally came off.

Dean had spent the last ten days with his cock and balls securely trussed up in a little metal cage,
unable to harden while increasingly-large plugs rubbed at his prostate with every little movement.

So to say that Dean was ready to get fucked was a little bit of an understatement.

Sam, of course, had no such restrictions and had probably jerked off that morning thinking of how helpless and needy Dean was going to be, and Dean was… kinda fine with that.

He leaned back against the ladder, watching the look of concentration on Sam’s face as the dom wound the ropes around his chest, again and again.

Sam had started with his wrists fifteen minutes ago, binding them to a wooden rung high above Dean’s head. He’d practically mummified Dean’s arms in rope before moving to his chest.

The ladder was tipped back against the wall, and Dean could rest against it and let the ropes take his weight. The middle rungs were padded, because Sam was just thoughtful like that.

Sam finished binding his chest, tying the ropes off in a complicated pattern just above his belly button.

He dropped to his knees in front of Dean, looking over the cage. Aside from the collar and the plug, it was all Dean was wearing.

“Beautiful,” Sam repeated, lifting the metal cage in his palm. “Look at you, all soft and sweet for me.”

Dean groaned as he felt his cock trying to harden, only to meet with unforgiving metal. His breath began to come faster.

“I thought this might make you desperate, but I really had no idea,” Sam remarked, looking up at Dean’s face. “What do you think, should I let you come tonight, or should I fuck you caged?”

Dean groaned out a wordless negative, pushing his trapped cock uselessly against Sam’s hand. He could feel his pulse against the tight metal restraints.

Sam withdrew his hands, letting the heavy cage hang again. Instead, he began wrapping rope around Dean’s thigh.

Quickly and methodically, he bound Dean’s ankles to his thighs, drawing his feet up until it appeared that Dean was kneeling on thin air.

He drew out another long length of rope, using it to bind Dean’s knees to the rung just above his shoulders. The result was that Dean’s legs were both pulled up and spread wide. The position was rather self-explanatory and Dean began to shiver with excitement,

Sam stood, taking the paddle from Dean’s mouth and pressing a kiss to his sore jaw. He fastened the silk blindfold around Dean’s eyes.

“I think ten,” Sam said, stroking the paddle. Dean whined, but didn’t respond. Sam nodded. “Yeah, I think you can take ten for me.”

He drew the flat of the paddle against Dean’s thighs, nudging the head of the plug. Dean hissed.

“Would you like the gag, Dean? Or would you like to count for me?”

“I- I’d like to count, sir,” Dean stammered.
“Good. Here we go.”

The paddle landed across Dean’s thighs with a crack and for a moment, Dean saw white. The shock of it was so sudden that he almost forgot what he was supposed to be doing.

“One!” he gasped. Sam’s hand was warm against him, massaging the paddle mark. Dean whimpered.

Sam withdrew and the paddle landed again, across the meat of Dean’s ass, driving the plug deeper, and Dean felt tears rising in his eyes.

“Two,” he whimpered.

The paddle cracked across his skin again, striping his belly and lower thighs. Dean’s chest heaved, and his mind began to fill with the familiar static of subspace.

“Three,” he heard himself say.

Another came immediately, across his upper thighs. It glanced across his cock and Dean gasped, thankful for the cage which had mostly protected him.

“Four.”

The paddle touched him again, softly this time, the flat of it lifting and teasing his balls. Dean didn’t think Sam would hit him there, and his breath came ragged as he considered that he might be wrong.

“What’s your color, Dean?”

“Y- yellow, sir.”

“Good.”

The paddle landed across his chest, the blow slightly lessened by the rope, and Dean let out a sob.

“Five!”

Six came just below it, expertly landing across both his nipples, and Dean could feel tears running down his face.

“Six,” he whimpered. “Thank you, master.”

Sam hesitated for a moment, and then he was kissing Dean’s mouth again, hard and deep, his hands running over the sub’s helpless body.

“You are too perfect for words,” Sam whispered, kissing the salt off Dean’s lips. His fingers traced the edge of the collar, still snug around Dean’s throat.

“Four more, are you ready?”

“Yes, master,” Dean answered, and he counted off as Sam laid them in perfectly-overlapping lines down the length of his belly.

“You were so good,” Sam murmured, returning to his knees between Dean’s legs. Dean hoped momentarily that he was going to unlock the cage, but no such luck. Instead, Sam began pressing kisses to the insides of his thighs, the seam of his groin-
Dean groaned as Sam’s mouth closed over the head of his caged cock, his tongue darting through holes in the middle to tease the trapped flesh with hot little swipes.

The cage became unbearably tight as his cock struggled to harden and couldn’t.

Sam went lower, his tongue running over Dean’s balls. With two fingers, he reached back to tug lightly at the plug.

“Have you been wearing this like I told you to?” He asked.

“Yes, master,” Dean gasped- it was true. He’d only taken it out to use the bathroom and to… well to clean up for this particular adventure. But Sam didn’t need those details.

“Good,” Sam said, and with absolutely glacial slowness he began to withdraw the plug from Dean’s body. Dean whined, struggling to relax and let the toy ease out of him. All he could think of was what was going to replace it, how hot and hard and thick Sam’s cock would be, how it would feel to have that muscular body pressed against his, and god he hoped Sam would take the cage off.

The toy slid free of his body, and Sam set it on the ground with a light thunk.

His tongue darted through the bars of the cage again, and Dean writhed helplessly against the ropes.

“Would you like me to take this off you, now?” Sam asked.

“Yes,” Dean begged. “Yes, please Master, please take the cage off.”

“You don’t want to stay in it while I fuck you? I bet I could make you come soft.”

“Please no. Please. I want to show you how hard it makes me when you fuck me. Please, master.”

“You make a good point,” Sam conceded, and Dean almost sobbed with relief when he heard the little padlock click open.

“Thank you, thank you master, tha-”

Dean’s words caught in his throat when Sam’s mouth closed over his cock again, bringing him fully hard in about three seconds.

And then he was gone.

Dean waited, panting, hanging from his bindings, exposed and achingly hard. Sam was doing something, but it was too quiet for Dean to hear.

Undressing, his mind supplied, and it was only a few seconds after that before Dean felt Sam come closer again.

Dean was already loose and wet from the plug, but he still gasped when Sam drove all the way inside him in one thrust.

This time it was Sam making little whimpers, breath unsteady as he plunged into Dean’s willing body. His mouth closed over Dean’s throat, sucking at the salt of his skin, and his fingers tightened around Dean’s hips, and Dean realized he was already close.

Poor guy probably had a triple-thick condom on, but Dean’s ass was a gift from heaven and he knew how to use it.
Dean tightened down on him, groaning as the head of Sam’s cock slid across his prostate. Sam reached between them, his fingers slick as he jerked Dean’s dick.

He was trying to get Dean off before he gave out, and Dean figured what the hell, it’s his first time, and let him have it.

The sound Sam made was worth it, like a cross between a gasp and a sob as Dean’s come spilled over his fist, slicking his way and getting both of them absolutely filthy.

A few seconds later, Sam was coming too, his hips slamming against Dean’s ass like he was trying to climb in, dick-first.

Sam couldn’t move for a couple seconds, he just stood there, half-leaning against Dean, letting the ladder take both of their weight. Dean thought maybe he was going to say something, but he didn’t, just leaned up and lifted the blindfold.

“Hey,” Dean said, blinking at him through the glare.

“Hey,” Sam answered, and leaned in for a kiss.

Chapter End Notes

That’s it, there isn’t any more, they fucked, mission accomplished, go home.

I wrote 2600 words today, go me!

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