A Big Daddy Dean Episode: Everyday Brats
by Deadmockingbirds

Summary

A couple of weekends in the life of the BDD crew. Some regular old, every day bratting!

Notes

This should be considered the last of BDD. The story is over, and I don't foresee any timestamps for it. Thanks for reading!

See the end of the work for more notes

[Come and knock on our door. Come and knock on our dooor. We've been waiting for you. We've been waiting for yoooou. Where the kisses are hers and hers and his, Three's Company too!]

"Three's Company just came to Netflix Cas!" I have to shout, because Cas is in the kitchen and Michael is whining (and also shouting) from my lap.

"I want the Muppet show Daddy!"

"Hang on big guy—I'm getting it. Cas!"
Cas doesn't respond to my bellowing though (funny that) but a Nicky, or at least a someone who resembles Nicky grazes into the living room, bare feet and pajamas, rubbing his left eye with the palm of his hand, his hair badly roostered. "Hey Nickster. You're up."

"How could I not be? It's too fucking loud down here!" Looks like we're all shouting this morning.

I wince, Cas will hear his foul language and he's not going to like that. The man himself walks in from the other side (it's about fucking time), his you're in big trouble young man glare fixed in place. "Nicholas, what did I tell you about swearing in front of your brother?"

"Not to, but he does it." He is me of course.

I get a look from Cas now, but he turns his attention back to Nick. "He is an adult, most of the time, you are a child. Our child. The rule is no children swearing in this house. I've told you before, last warning."

"Well can you tell them to keep it down? I was sleeping. Finally, since I barely got any last night."

It's true. Michael was up for a bit last night and as much as we try to let some people of the house get some sleep, it doesn't happen. I'm not thinking about that now, I'm distracted, unable to help but have worried Italian-mother thoughts, which happen almost every time I look at him, like for instance, Nick still looks to too skinny in those pajamas, so my response is non-sequitur. "Maybe you should eat more too. You're a growing boy."

Before Nick can tell me off and get himself into trouble, Cas puts a gentle hand on the back of his neck. It calms him instantly. "Come Nicky, why don't you sleep a little longer?"

"Daddy! Mup-pets!"

"Michael, Papa says to lower your voice. Your brother is trying to sleep." Cas's voice is stern, but gentle.

Michael looks at him with awe I understand, Cas is pretty magnificent. Also, the Papa thing still seems to throw him a bit. He sees his big brother calling Cas Papa, so he gets it on the one hand, but it's only been a recent thing that we've sat him down and explained to him that Cas is going to be his papa and much like his uncle Sam, Michael seems to be thinking about that. He definitely likes it. Michael had no problem calling me Daddy from the get go, he doesn't have a problem calling Cas Papa, but when he met Cas, Cas was Cas; it's as if he's thinking about that.

Sam's working out all the legal bullcrap. I'm just waiting for him to tell me where I sign. We waited a bit to go ahead with Cas adopting Michael. The first adoption and the marriage was a lot for one month, but once things settled as much as they're ever going to, I got on Sam's ass about Cas adopting Michael and as usual, my brother obliged me. "You too Winchester."

With the tone he's using, I'm pretty sure a spanking is in my future. "Roger, Cas. But look—Three's Company!"

Cas is in no mood. Michael and I are not any less tired, but we've kinda gotten used to the not sleeping. "I'm sure it can be just as exciting without all the bellowing."

"Aw, you're no fun, Cas."

"I'm about to be really not fun if you don't smarten up."

And that's my cue to straighten up, which I heed, even if I pout at him. He guides Nick by his neck
up the stairs and I get the Muppets going for Michael.

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I tuck Nick back into bed, but I don't leave, sitting on the bed, so I can rub his back. It's been a couple of months since we officially became Nick's parents. I wasn't sure how much that was going to mean to him, but as it turned out, a lot. Having a piece of paper went a long ways in providing with him some measure of security. Of course, he thinks getting rid of him is as simple as ripping up a few papers, so it's the natural order of things that we're getting some push back from him, testing us, to see if we really mean he's staying; if he can be less than perfect and we'll keep him anyway; if he's as important to us as Michael is, being blood-related to one of us.

"Sleep as long as you need to, Nicky."

"Yeah, if they can manage to be quiet for five minutes."

"I'll make sure."

I stay to rub his back and I can feel his thoughts by their intensity. "Is there something you want to talk about Nicholas?"

Frustrated, he flips over so he's on his back, his big eyes looking at me like I'm a textbook with all the answers. I have answers, but as he's already learned, not all of them. "Papa?" His voice is hesitant and I know he's afraid to ask what he wants to, but he's too frustrated to hold it in any longer.

"As long as you're respectful, you can ask me anything. Either way, nothing you say gets you evicted," I remind him. "Nothing." I make sure my whole demeanor says solid and will give him assurance.

"You didn't think about me," he says and balls his fists. "I waited for you to stop them and you didn't."

He's angry. I still don't know a lot about what he's been told in past. The standard parent answer, the one on the tip of my tongue of, "I was busy making breakfast, or I would have dealt with them properly," isn't enough. It is what he needs to understand, because as much as I'd like to, I'm not going to always be able to drop everything to stop something like two rambunctious Winchesters, so my answer has to be more.

"I am sorry, Nicholas. I promise I did think of you and I needed to get breakfast done. Sometimes living in a family means interruption, but in this family, everyone's needs are important even if particular individuals are easily excitable and forget themselves. Most important, is communication, it's good for you to learn to speak up when you're annoyed in a way that's respectful of everyone."

"I'm sorry, I am, but the coming downstairs defeats the whole sleeping thing, Papa, so I got more annoyed as I got closer to the orangutans."

"And you were under the impression that you must not be cared about, which made you toss and turn and stuff your head under your pillow."

"Wow," he says amazed. "How did you know all of that?"

"Deductive reasoning, of course. When we entered, I noticed your pillow was egregiously rumpled and askew. You prefer your sheets to have military precision such that, even when you get out of
bed, it's not far off being made, yet they were like a pile of laundry. Put that together with what you told me, and it's elementary my dear Watson," I smile.

That gets a smile out of him. "And you didn't even want to watch Sherlock when I first suggested it—you're practically him."

"Only practically?"

"No British accent and I'm pretty sure you're not a high-functioning sociopath."

"Agreed."

"I do think you could take out Moriarty."

"Now you're giving me way too much credit. When are we starting Series three?"

"Tonight?"

"Matty and Logan are here tonight."

"After they go to bed?"

"Normally, I'd be fine with that, but you've just said it yourself, you didn't have a good night's sleep; I think it would be best you went to bed early tonight." I start combing my fingers through his hair and Nick soaks up my physical affections. He might groan when Dean touches his hair in a similar way, but not with me.

"But I'm going back to sleep."

"Tomorrow night, I can promise you, tonight I can only say we'll see."

He may not be happy with the outcome, but he's comforted by the security my decision gives him. "All right."

"Close your eyes, Nicky."

"A-Are you guys going to eat breakfast without me?"

Of course. How could I miss that one? He doesn't like us doing family stuff without him. Not that we'd ever leave him out, but he's concerned about it just the same. "We might have to feed Michael, but Dean and I will wait for you—it's the least he can do for causing a ruckus. May we have our coffee?" I wink at him.

He nods and yawns. "Yeah. Thanks, Papa."

"Love you, Nicky," I tell him, as his eyes are closing.

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"Winchester, I'd like to see you in the kitchen please."

Fuck. That's not a good, *Winchester I'd like to see you in the kitchen*. "I'm watching Muppets with Michael."

"Now," he says as he glides by like a swan on an ice lake.
God Damn. I groan, but I lift Michael up and set him back down on the couch, telling him to "stay here," even though I don't have to, since the Muppets turn our boy into a television-watching drone. I drag myself into the kitchen where Cas is waiting for me, unimpressed.

"I didn't mean to be loud, Cas."

"You were trying to get my attention and now you have it. Besides, a small reminder will do you good."

"C'mon. Please Cas. Michael's in the next room."

"Michael will be fine," he says tugging me closer and pulling down my pajama pants, as he bends me over the kitchen counter. He's really too good at this.

It really is just a 'reminder to behave' spanking. Cas doesn't pull my pants down far, only enough to reveal my bare (and awesome if I do say so myself) bottom and does a good job warming it. I wince and yelp, mostly because I'm dramatic; I can feel his spanks, but as far a Cas spanking goes, it's mild. If anything, the reminder comes from the act of being taken to task right here in the kitchen. It's embarrassing in a way that's hard to explain—and no, I don't think the embarrassment is ever going to go away— but the aspect of being punished makes me feel so good and whole, it's worth the trade for the discomfort the embarrassment brings. Not to mention, not wanting to feel that embarrassment is one hell of a deterrent. Double hell, even just the thought of the punishment that will come if I push Cas far enough sends a crazy thrill through my body and in most cases, that's enough to make me want to be a good boy.

"I want the chaos meter turned down, Winchester. That's an order. Am I understood?"

"Y-Yes, sir! Ow!"

I get a few more and then he's pulling up my pants and encasing me in his sturdy Cas-arms. "Be a good boy, Winchester. I'm only making breakfast in here. If you want my attention, come help me — Michael's fine in the living room on his own."

"I know Cas." And I probably should help him. We kiss and I run off to peek at Michael (yep, still hypnotized) and return to help Cas with breakfast while we talk about our kids—we're such parents now. "How's Nicky?"

"He'll be okay, but I'm thinking a good spanking for him would be just what the doctor ordered. He's seriously toeing the brat-line, testing me."

"To be fair, Michael and I were the ones causing the ruckus."

"You were, but he can still make choices over his behavior and I've noticed that lately, he's pushing boundaries. I'm led to believe he wants a spanking."

I pause mid-flour pour. "Then why haven't you Cas?"

Silence.

"Cas?"

More silence.

"Oh my god, you have first time spanking jitters with Nick."
"A little, but they are quickly fading. I'm sure more than ever that it's what he needs and I will give him what he needs."

"Oh yeah?"

"Winchester," he says in his you're going to go over my knee for a real spanking voice.

"I'm just sayin', I agree. This whole... this, has really helped me and I think it'll help Nick too."

"That's interesting considering some of the colorful language you used during your last real spanking."

"Yeah, but I can't make it too easy for you. What fun would that be for me? And anyway, I think it will go a long way in showing him that he can 'screw up' and he's still one of us. Plus, the concrete, here is your punishment and you are now forgiven, goes a long way with people like Nick and me."

"People like Nick and you?"

"Yeah, you know this Cas—you wrote a book on it, we're wired this way."

"Oh, I know Winchester, I'm just shocked to see you admit it so freely." He pulls me in by the small of my back for another kiss. "Thanks for the talk—I needed it," Cas says.

That's happened a few times now and I'm shocked that I could have anything to teach a guy like Cas. He almost seems utopian sometimes, because he always seems to know what to do and what's going to happen. I'm awed when I can help him. I still act arrogant as fuck. "That's right. Don't you forget it Cas."

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"Daddy, I doesn't want that seat."

God fucking dammit. He's been better about his car seat, but of course today, when Nick's still pissed at me, he decides to be a pain in the ass. I mean, he's a fucking cute-ass pain in the ass who I love dearly, but pain in the ass he is. I try to Cas him. "Michael, you need to sit in your car seat and that's that."

"No!"

Okay, so my 'Cas' impression needs work.

"You want me to get him in... Dad?"

I get so many warm and fuzzy feelings when Nick calls me Dad. That I can tell he's still a little mad at me and still calling me Dad, makes me happy all over and I smile at him. "Depends, are you gonna pick him up and stuff him in there like you did last time?"

"Worked didn't it?"

"I can do that."

"Then do it. We can't spend all our time reasoning with the three-year-old."

He's right, but, I know he shouldn't talk to me like that. When it was Sammy, and me he lipped me off all the time, but we were brothers, the relationship was different and I could punch him in the
arm. With Nick, of course I'd never punch him in the arm, but I do debate saying something or not. I know Cas would have said something. He's mad at me though and I want him to not be mad at me, so I let it go. I do try to reason with the three-year-old one more time. "I've got cheezies bud. You want some of those?"

"No, Daddy."

"We're going to see Grampa Bobby, remember? And all the cars."

"Cars?"

He likes that. "Yeah, cars. Vroooom!"

"Okay, Daddy."

Thank fuck. I strap him and Ironman into the car seat; Nick climbs into shotgun. Cas decided to walk to his coffee shop after breakfast to check on things and we'll meet him there after we hang at the shop for a bit. I put some music on and peel out of the driveway still conscious of Nick. I'm trying to come up with a way for him to forgive me. "I'm sorry about this morning—you know we were just being us, right? You're not gonna leave us, are you?"

He looks at me like I'm crazy. "N-No. Never."

Ah shit. I shouldn't have said that, should I have? "I suck at this kid."

"Y-You really do, Dad," he says with a cheeky smile and somehow, I know that he's not upset anymore.

"Well, can you forgive me already? I hate you being mad at me."

He laughs. "I'm not mad."

"You were. You looked like a pissed off baby chicken this morning."

"I was, but I'm not now."

"Then what's up dude?"

"What's up dude!" Michael says from the backseat. We both laugh.

"Nothing, I just thought, well I wasn't sure if you—"

"I'm not mad Nicky." As I turn the corner, I lift my hand and ruffle his hair; he pushes it off.

"Not the hair."

"Why? You think they'll be someone at Uncle Bobby's? The new shop assistant is pretty cute." Bobby hired a kid Nick's age to help out, since I'm not around as much for now. I'm staying home with the kids and I come into work sporadically. Bobby also hired another mechanic, a really hot chick called Murphy. Cas is not a fan of how much time I spend talking to her, but she's fucking mesmerizing. All that dark hair and grease on her face. She's a solid mechanic. Not that I'll ever need it, but I'd let her work on the Impala she's so good—that's saying something.

"I don't have a crush on Billy, no matter how many times you try to set us up. And even if I did, he likes girls only Dad."
"Meh, lots of people like one sex only, until they don't anymore—you never know."

"Dad."

"Okay, okay. I'll shut it, but maybe at least friends?"

"Jelena said—"

"I know. I'm sorry." Jelena said he'd make friends in his own time. "I just worry about you kiddo." I do. Like all the damn time. I feel better that the air is cleared. Cas, as always, did a bang-up job with Nick this morning, but I still feel like I'm fumbling, even though Cas is constantly telling me I'm better at some things with Nick than he is. I think he's just being modest and trying to make me feel awesome—Cas is cool like that.

We pull into Bobby's Garage and Michael is stoked because he's, out of "that seat" and he gets to see the cars. We've been here enough that Michael's getting a lot more comfortable around the shop and he's making good friends with Grampa Bobby. It's Saturday and the shop looks pretty busy, which is why I wanted to come in for a few hours. Both boys love coming here and I love teaching them, 'my craft.'

I scoop up Michael and his trusty sidekick Ironman and the three of us head straight for Bobby's office. "Ah, there you boys are. Come in. Sit down a minute and visit with your old Grampa Bobby."

Nick smiles. When Bobby first explained that Nick could call him Grampa Bobby, or nothing at all, Nick bubbled with joy. Bobby seems to know just the right things to say to Nick and Nick loves hanging out with him. He's even asked to come here for time on his own with Grampa Bobby, so a few times now, I've dropped him off on his own. "Got somethin' for yah," he says to Nick. "My lady friend was busy and couldn't finish'em 'till now."

Bobby gets up and passes Nick a box that was sitting on a shelf behind Bobby's desk. Nick's eyes pop wide. "Thank you, Grampa."

"Yah haven't even opened it yet. How do you know you'll like it?"

"I know," Nick says and opens the box to reveal his very own set of coveralls. He's been borrowing a pair of extras we had laying around the shop that were too big for him, but they worked as a temporary solution. Besides, I had an inkling Bobby was going to surprise Nick with a pair. "Wow, they say Winchester on the back."

"It's your last name, ain't it?"

Nick bites his lip and nods, too happy to speak.

"Well go'on put them on and make sure they fit."

"I will, thank you Grampa," Nick says running over to hug gruff old Bobby.

"You and Michael will have to continue sharing a locker for now, but one day, your dad here will invest some money and change the whole back room."

"Oh, I am, am I?"

"I wanna go with Nicky too," Michael says reaching for his brother. We're hesitant to pass Michael off on Nick, because we're doing out best to follow Jelena's advice on that. We're trying to foster an
environment where Nick's not Michael's parent. But it's hard when the two are so used to the relationship they had before us. It's not going to go away. We also don't want to keep them from the other either.

Without thinking about it, Nick takes Michael from me. "I'll be there in a second," I promise feeling guilty, but unsure what the 'right' decision is here.

Bobby must sense my indecision. "I need to talk with your dad here a second. Wait in the break room and don't eat too many donuts."

They're my kids. Of course they're going to eat too many donuts, but I don't say it. When they're gone, so is Bobby's buoyant Grampa demeanor. He crosses his arms at me. "How you doin', kid?"

"Good Bobby. Never been happier."

"Yeah, I know, but somethin's botherin' yah."

"Oh, just dumb household stuff."

He nods. "Well for what it's worth, that kid's come a long way in a short time. Just keep doin' what you're doin'."

"Thanks, Bobby. That was nice 'a you to get him those. I think you made his year."

"Course. Don't thank me too much though, I'm just manipulatin' you intah Winchester and Son's Family Business Auto Garage," he says with a giant smile.

"I already agreed to take over Bobby."

"Yeah, but nothin' wrong with insurance."

Bobby and I go over a little shop business and then I head in to check on the kids, and change into my coveralls. I was gone longer than I meant to be, so by the time I head into break room, which also serves as a change room, Nick's just finishing putting Michael into his coveralls. I push back the guilt I feel over that and pull out my phone to take a pic I can send to Cas. "You two look awesome."

Nick turns in time to see me holding up my phone. "Dad!" Click!

"Got it. Papa's gonna love this." Aaand, send. "Let's do a Winchester boys coverall selfie when I get mine on."

Nick shakes his head and grabs a donut for him and Michael, while I get changed. "Hey, toss me one." Nick does and I catch it, stuffing it into my mouth while I zip into my coveralls. Bobby's been bringing in food more often when he knows the boys are coming. We take our coveralls selfie and I send it to Cas. Cas texts me back, Thank you Winchester. This one's going up in MY backroom. And underneath that, Do not let them eat too many donuts!

I text him back. How did you know we were eating donuts?

Deductive Reasoning. You have donut glaze on your face Winchester and I know our boys' proclivity for donuts.

As if he doesn't like sweet things. I wish Nick had never introduced you to that damn show.

LOL. I'm not sure if Cas is saying, 'laugh out loud', or 'lots of love', which is what he thought it
meant for the longest time. My awesome husband is such a dork.

I decide to go with the latter. Love you too, Cas!

Behave, Winchester.

It doesn't matter how many times he says that and even through a goddamned text; it makes me shiver in good ways that reach out to my special places, then wrap back around me with buzzy sensations. Yes, sir, I return to him, having learned how much he likes that and how those words give him the same feeling he gives me with, "Behave Winchester." It's the world's most perfect exchange.

Us three boys head into the shop. Everyone's here today and the shop is seriously fucking busy. Murphy turns around, her bone-straight, jet-black ponytail spinning sharp as a knife. She always wears some kinda red bandana and deep red lipstick to match. Her dark brown Asian eyes are stunning and I'm sorry, I'm saying it, she's got fucking awesome breasts, which are usually easy to see since she leaves her coveralls partially open. "Lei hóu ma, Nick?" She's been teaching Nick a little Cantonese.

"Hểu hóu, leng loi," he says back. I have no idea what the fuck he's saying.

"Very good, Nicholas. Your accent is improving. How about you come work with me today and I'll teach you more?"

Nick looks back at me to make sure that's okay and I nod. "You're stuck with me big guy, that okay?"

"Daddy, need my wrenches." Yeah, they're his now, according to him. He's so damn cute.

"Yeah, bud. I'm getting your wrenches. You need to give Ironman a tune-up?"

"Fixin' Irunman?"

I laugh. We work the afternoon away, Nick breaks in his new coveralls, while Billy the shop assistant does stare at Nick every now and again, even though he doesn't like boys and Benny shares with us that's he's seeing someone new, but he won't divulge anymore than that. "Wow, this person must be special if you've decided to get off the I-don't-do-relationships-train," I say across the shop.

"I never said I was on any such train," he argues. "I just never met the right person is all."

"When you gonna tell us who it is?" I ask.

"When I can trust y'all not to be idiots about it."

"Hey, don't put us in a category with Dean," Murphy teases. "That's why I won't tell him my Chinese name. I get it."

"I stand corrected, when I can trust Dean won't make a thing of it," Benny clarifies.

"Then why tell us at all? This is stupid." I want to know.

"Jus' to get you used to the idea. I will tell you. Eventually."

"What are you hens cluckin' about in here?" Bobby says coming in with yet more food. He's really taken to the Grampa role.
"Benny won't tell me about his love life."

"Yeah, I wouldn't neither. I'm stealing my grandsons. Who wants to come eat burgers with Grampa Bobby?"

"What do you think, bud? You want to go eat with Grampa?" I ask him.

"C'mon Mikey, you can come with me," Nick says already washing his hands in the sink with Fast Orange and that same guilt creeps in, as before, but I can't say no to them spending one-on-one time with Bobby can I? No.

"Kay! Nicky, Nicky, Nicky," he says to Ironman, which makes me feel better. He sure loves his big brother.

While they head off, I grab a burger from the bag after washing my hands and find somewhere private I can call Sam. "Hey dude, it's called texting you know?" Sam says.

"Sammy? That's my line."

"I know. Sorry Dean. Couldn't resist—you hardly ever call me."

"I do too call you."

"I call you more."

"Believe me, not into winning at this competition, you can have that one. What you doin'?"

"Working."

"On a Saturday?"

"So are you."

"How did you… if you say deductive reasoning I'll—"

"You told me."

Right. My sleep-deprived brain forgets when I do things like that sometimes.

"But to answer your question, I'm working on a Saturday, because my pain in the butt older brother is on my case to have one of his kids also be the kid of his spouse. There's a lot of fucking paperwork for this and do you have any idea how much acrobatics it's taking for me to get this done without a hearing? FYI, you still might have to do the hearing in the end. Oh and by the way, I'm also going ahead and filling out the paperwork for Michael's new birth certificate which will have Cas listed as his other parent."

"Um, you're the best, Sammy?"

"I really am," he says. "Is that why you were calling me?"

"I coulda text you that, Sammy. Don't be stupid. I'm calling 'cuz… 'cuz," I sigh. "I don't know how to say it. Can't you just deductive reason me like Cas does?"

"I thought you didn't want me to do that."

"I don't, but it's better than having to say my feelings."
"Okay, well you're calling me and if it's not about Michael, it's about Nick."

"Yes."

"That sigh implies you don't know what to do about something, I'd recognize it anywhere. You're conflicted."

"But what am I conflicted about?" Maybe this is kind of fun.

He's silent as he thinks about it. I can hear him snap his fingers. "I got it. Dean, don't beat yourself up over whether or not you're doing everything perfect for Nick. Him taking care of Michael is innate, like breathing, a lot like you with me. You're not going to be able to stop every instance; so long as you're not pawning him off on Nick, I'd say you're just fine."

"Okay, how'd you figure that last part out?"

"Lucky guess."

"Fine wise guy, I'll cool it on the worrying. What time you two dropping the kids by tonight?"

"Seven. Thanks for taking them for the night. Gabe and I are really excited, this time we're going to stay in, order Ramen and—"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, I asked what time you're coming by with the kids, not how you were gonna sex up your husband."

"That's so not what I was going to tell you, Dean."

"Sounded that way to me."

He sighs his sigh I know means he thinks I'm ridiculous. "See you later big brother."

"Yeah and Sam? Thanks."

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We've got ramen, we've got chopsticks, we've got wine and cult classics. We're settled in front of the T.V., no kids, ready for date night and starting with The Breakfast Club. Gabe's above me on the couch, his bare feet hanging over my shoulders, while I sit on the floor and take a sip of wine as I watch the screen.

"Hey, how come Andrew gets to get up? If he gets up, we'll all get up, it'll be anarchy."

I love Bender. I'm really into the movie; Gabe has other ideas. He starts kicking his foot against my shoulder. "Gabe?"

"Yeah, Babe?"

"Trying to eat ramen, it's a little hard with you kicking me like that."

"Sorry."

His foot is still. For five seconds. I grab his ankle. "Gabriel." I can't turn to look at him, without disrupting our position; I can't see his face, but I catch a muffled laugh. "Would you rather do something else?"
"No. Nope," then he slurps ramen.

I've still got him by the ankle with one hand. I put my chopsticks down on the coffee table; he catches onto what I'm doing. "No! No! Sam don't, please." He kicks his foot, trying to get it out of my clutches, but he can't since I use my Superman-like strength to make my hand like a vice around his ankle.

"You gonna stop?"

"Yeah, I'll stop. I'm stopped. Sam my ramen."

I release his foot. "Don't spill on the couch."

"You're the one making threats."

"You're the one acting up. Watch the movie."

"I am watching the movie."

We get five more minutes in, when I feel something slop onto the crown of my head. I pat my head at the same time I hear Gabe's hyena laugh start up and yep, ramen. I pull a noodle out of my hair. This time I do turn around, with my hawk-like gaze on him, which Gabe being Gabe laughs harder at, but he gets quiet, as I rise from the floor like the Loch Ness monster. "Give me the ramen, Gabe." It's over for him. I set my hawk gaze to danger.

"No. Forget it, if you want it, you're going to have to risk spilling it on the floor."

"The ramen Gabe, by the time I count to three, you're already getting a spanking."

"A spanking? Oh c'mon. I didn't do anything."

"One."

"I'm not a fucking kid, Sam."

"Really? You're acting like one. Two."

Gabe thrusts his bowl of ramen at me and I place it on the table as he looks for an escape route. There isn't one, so he has no choice but to hop over the top of the couch and almost send me flying into wine and ramen. "That's it! You're toast when I get you."

I chase after him, hearing his laughter trail all the way up the stairs. "Stay the fuck away from me Sam!"

"If you knew what was good for you, you'd get your ass out here right now."

"No chance in hell Samsquatch!"

But I notice he doesn't lock any of the doors—he wants me to catch him. I head for our room first—where I think he went—and don't see any sign of him, so I continue on, into the ensuite bathroom, only to have him jump out from behind the curtains and run. "That's fine Gabe! You're just making it worse for yourself!" When I get my hands on him...

I can hear him cackling as he thunders down the stairs. I slide down the bannister (glad my kids aren't here to see me do that) and catch up with him just as he's heading back into the living room, making a flying leap and catching him by the pant leg. He falls forward on his stomach and I land
behind him. "Sam! Nooo!"

I drag him closer by his foot. "Sam. Sam, I'm sorry!"

"Not yet you're not. You put ramen in my damn hair, Gabe—you were asking for it."

"Yeah, that was awesome." He kicks, trying to seize the opportunity to get away, but I'm not letting him. Gabe loves when I use my size and strength to manhandle him, so I do just that.

I yank his leg hard enough to bring him closer, but not hard enough to hurt him, though we have been known to get a little rough—we both like it that way. I trap him on his belly, by pinning a leg on either side of his torso, him squirming all the while and secure one of his wrists to the small of his back. That means he's got one arm free, but he won't be able to do much with it in the position he's in. I lay some pretty decent wallops down on his ass. He tries to kick and squirm.

"Sorry now?"

"Yeah I'm sorry. Real sorry."

"I don't think you are."

"Fuck Sam, Sam please! No! Fuck off!"

I flip him over, but keep him pinned beneath me. "I'm not finished with you yet." I reach down his pants. Pulling him by the cock, I take him upstairs and continue to tease and spank the hell out of him, before I give him the orgasm of his life.

**

I'm fucking glad Cas and I don't have four kids. It's all fun and games when there are four of'em here on a temporary basis, but all the time? No. Besides, our kids are a handful. Yeah I said it. I fucking love them with all my being, but they need to be handled with care and they're both tired as fuck.

"Okay, bedtime for little boys," I announce when the clock strikes nine—which is past Michael and the twins' bedtime anyway. Cas went upstairs to finish fixing up the blow up mattresses with pillows and duvet comforters. "That means you too, Nick."

He laughs. "Yeah right, Dad." He looks back at the T.V. picks up the remote and starts flipping through Netflix.

"Not kidding, dude. You're going to bed too, you got terrible sleep last night." And it could very well be terrible tonight as well.

"I'm not tired."

"Then read 'till you fall asleep."

"With everyone in our room?"

Yeah guess that doesn't work. "Look Nicky, just trust me on this one, you'll be out soon as your head hits the pillow anyway."

"This is fucking stupid," he says and he still doesn't stop sifting through Netflix.

Whoa. I know Cas wouldn't like that. The swearing part doesn't really bother me, but it's his
disrespectful tone. Respect is a huge house rule and he was just talked to about it this morning. I wouldn't have got on Sammy's case for that though. What do I do? I'll leave it, but something doesn't sit right with me about it. Is he pushing me too, like he's pushing Cas?

Cas comes down the stairs, I love when he's dressed casual, in a grey t-shirt and pajama pants. I often look at his hand, where his wedding ring sits, the one that was Grampa Winchester's. I had it shined up and engraved for him. We've been married almost as long as we've been together, but it's like he's always worn my ring—it looks so right there. "What's the hold up, Winchester? You were supposed to bring everyone upstairs."

I look to Nick, but decide against saying anything. It's a positive I guess—he's comfortable enough to be a fucking brat. "Yeah, sorry Cas. I'm gettin' everyone. C'mere grease monkey." Michael's almost out, all I have to do it peel him off the couch where he's burrowed himself. He gives a weak, demonstrative moan, but curls into me soon as he touches my chest. Cas grabs a twin—Logan—and Matty gets up to follow behind us.

"You too, Nicholas," Cas says.

"I'll brush my teeth after. It's too early for me to go to bed."

Instead of empathetic, like I might have been if he hadn't gotten lippy, I'm giddy, wondering how this show down will take place. The kid needs it. "You're turning off the T.V. and coming upstairs, or you won't be watching T.V. for a very long time."

"Why am I going to bed? Earlier, you said you'd think about us watching some more Sherlock. Besides, I already talked to Dad about it."

Cas glares at me. Why that little… Fine. If that's the way he wants to play, I'll play. "Yeah, why don't you let Papa in on that conversation. Tell him what you said to me when I told you, you were going to bed."

"I said it was stupid."

"That's not all you said."

The look in his eyes changes, some of that 'fuck you' bravery is gone, only some—he's still got enough to be stupid. "I'm too old to go to bed when the five-year-olds do."

"The people of this house go to bed when they're told, no matter their age."

It's true. I'm one of those people.

Nick turns off the T.V., but aggressively. Cas pretends not to notice, but I know he sees all. I head up the stairs with Michael (whose teeth are already brushed) and put him directly into Nick's bed. Since Cas decreed that children should sleep in their own beds, we've kind of been sleeping all over the place. It's not working out, yet, we're still working out the kinks, but one thing's for sure, Michael won't sleep by himself, like not at all. I don't even want to think about the night we tired.

So he sleeps with Nick often, which I know, that's not so great for our, "taking Michael responsibilities off Nick's plate, plan" but it is what it is.

I kiss Michael on the forehead, to which he complains about around his soother and whines incoherently, which I know translates into, *give me Ironman and leave me alone, Daddy*. So I do, just in time for Nick to come storming in from brushing his teeth.
Cas is not impressed. "You are on thin ice my friend," he tells Nick.

Our friend Nick doesn't know just how thin. I'm surprised Cas hasn't done something by now. Nick is lucky Cas is hesitant—no scratch that. I can't say that anymore. Not after experiencing just how much Cas's discipline helps me. There's no denying it, spanking just... helps some of us. Some of us are wired this way and if I'm more honest, it didn't start the day Cas gave me that book—it began when I was young. It's always been a something that made me feel things, or even calmed me, but I didn't know it could be a thing in a relationship 'till Cas introduced it to me. Looking back, I don't think it would have worked for me if I didn't already have it living inside of me.

Sometimes, all I need is the thought of the restriction, or a look, or even (maybe most especially) a warning and my attitude changes in an instant. The turn around still impresses me and it's fucking awesome. I don't know that I can explain for anyone the why of it, other than it's the same reason I like maple walnut ice cream and Cas likes that strawberry basil crap—it just is. Nick deserves the same kind of solace and I want that for him. I know it'll reach that place inside him, like it does me and while spankings are often unpleasant, all the surrounding bits and even the spanking itself, will bring a richness to Nick's life, a full feeling that I'd never want someone wired like me to have to go without. If Cas won't spank him, I will. I might anyway, even if Cas does.

Nick doesn't talk back to Cas like he did me, but he also doesn't adjust his attitude as much as he should.

"Your temper tantrum is only making you look more in need of sleep, my boy," Cas says.

Nick climbs into bed, giving Cas (and me) the silent treatment and I still can't believe Cas is letting him get away with it, but I follow Cas's lead for now and tuck the twins into bed. "Night guys," I say.

"Night Uncle Dean!" That's both of them, in sync.

"Night, night Nicky."

When Nick doesn't answer me, Cas crosses his arms. "Say goodnight to Dad, Nicholas."

"Goodnight, Dad. Night Papa."

Cas looks him over with a keen eye. "I expect your disposition to change by morning, son."

Nick rolls over into Michael, who's already out (I hope he stays out) and Michael curls around him naturally. The air is charged with Cas's displeasure, but he grabs my hand, turns out the light and we shut the door.

**

Of course we don't catch a break and now instead of two tried children, we have four, because Michael did wake up last night and it was all of us playing Winchester poker—which the twins thought was cool. Logan and Matty are groggy and sluggish, but not miserable like our two. To be fair, our kids are missing more sleep than they are. Cas runs a hand through Nicky's hair and he surprises us both by latching onto Cas, like he's looking for something solid, so Cas spends a few minutes holding him and continuing to card a hand through his hair, while I make waffles. I make Michael help me.

"What do we do first, bud?"

"Daddy, we can put cin-min in there?"
That works. Michael likes cinnamon. "Yep. But you tell Ironman no cayenne pepper like he did last time, that did not go over well with Papa." Michael looks at me with that same sort of thoughtful awe that he does when I say Papa.

He looks over to Cas and points. "Papa?"

Cas can hear us. He looks over with a big smile for Michael and I as he continues to give Nick what he needs. It's these small moments I fucking crave. We may be tired half the time and fumbling our way through with two boys who have been through shit I hate thinking about, but these little in between moments affirm us.

Sam and Gabe turn up just in time for waffles and I would be jealous of how refreshed they look, but it's my little brother and I want him to always be so peppy. "Thanks big bro—you ready for us to return the favor yet?"

I take hesitant stock of my broad, which includes an exhausted Cas, an angst-y Nicholas and cranky Michael and shake my head. "Not yet Sammy, but one day."

When they leave, Cas goes into full Head of House mode, concerned for all of our welfares. "Everyone back to bed," he decrees. Even I'm outraged.

"Cas."

"I don't want to hear it Winchester. This house needs sleep."

"This house needs to understand that we're not all a bunch of three-year-olds," Nick says complete with full on glare in Cas's direction.

"That's enough sass from you, young man—final warning—I hear anymore and you're getting a good spanking."

That shocks Nick into silence and even I feel the effect of those words. They don't have to be meant for you to work on you by the way (though they have waaaay more effect when directed a you) and I feel the calm security of them. Nick does too, he's just not quite sure what's happening yet—a feeling I also know.

Without thinking, he picks his little brother up and rubs noses with him. "C'mon Mikey, let's snuggle, okay?"

"Okay," Michael whines. Last night was rough, fucking rough. I'm glad Michael sees Jelena tomorrow. Whatever she does, helps. I know dick-all about therapy, so I leave it to her and do what she tells me and since, it's been a fuck load better. She's encouraged us to just keep doing what we're doing with the kids.

This weekend, it feels like all we've done is try to get some sleep, without much success. When Nick automatically heads for their room, Cas stops them and tugs them into ours. I get fucking excited, I love having everyone warm and cozy with us.

**

We do get some sleep. All of us out cold for a good couple of hours and all of us in better moods. But good moods don't stop Cas on his Head of House rampage, or Nick from being a mouthy little so-and-so.

It's almost time for our weekly Sunday meeting and Nick is having a fit because Papa didn't get
him the agenda in a timely manner and how is he supposed to do his job under these conditions? And by the way, Papa, he would have liked to have been consulted, seeing as he has several complaints to voice over bedtimes for the patrons of this establishment. If that hadn't dug him a big enough hole, much of that was said in colorful, non-Papa-approved language.

In other words, Nick laid down a fucking gauntlet for Cas.

"Winchester, please set up for our meeting. Nicholas and I need to have a pre-meeting chat, so we're all on the same page."

The magic words. Once again, not intended for me, but I benefit from hearing them anyway and I get excited for Nick. He's about to have his world flipped upside down in an awesome way. There's nothing better than having Cas take care of you, even when being taken care of means a good spanking. Sometimes after, I can't stop smiling and fucked if I know why. Of course, sometimes I'm left pouting like a surly teen, but even then, any negative and unsettling, feelings I might have had, are washed away like a sandy shore. The same is about to happen for Nick, even if sitting at the meeting afterward may be unpleasant.

"I don't see why I'm in trouble for saying how I feel," Nick says when we reach the bedroom. Spoken like a true brat.

And there's more—I see it in his eyes and know it's the right time. There's none of the usual Nicholas angst associated with this outburst. This is actually a very, very good thing. He's become comfortable enough to be sassy and even cheeky. He's calling my bluff and wants to see if I'll do it, he wants to see if I'll be there for him in the way he needs. Well my boy, *I am up to the task*, have been just itching to spank his behind in fact. He's one too many times crossed the line of respectful. I have given him the odd swat and I've used other methods of discipline on him, but this will be his first real spanking from me. "Oh, you will be heard my boy, no need to worry over that. First, I believe I have spoken with you several times about your attitude."

"Yeah and I hear you."

"Wrong answer. I expect yes sir when you are being admonished, because you are being admonished in case you missed that part."

"I…" he runs a hand through his hair. "Okay, I get it. I'll stop being a douche. I'm sorry."

"That would not my choice of wording, but thanks to your dad, I do comprehend the context and I will be holding you to improving your behavior. Come here please," I say sitting down on the bed.

"I said I was sorry, Papa," he says with a mild form of dread spreading onto his features. It's not the kind of dread as in when you're scared of something or someone; it's the kind as in when you're not looking forward to whatever's about to take place. Like perhaps if it's your turn to rake leaves.

"I was clear on what would happen if you continued to snark at us and you only think I didn't see how many rude gestures you made over comments both Dad and I have said, but I assure you, I see all. Now Nicholas, before I start counting."

He's oddly curious. If I didn't already agree with Winchester's assessment, I would now. He wants to see what a spanking from a parent would be like, but he's appropriately cautious. He makes his way over to me and before he can think about it for too long, I tug him over my lap. "Do you understand why you're being punished?"
"For… for being a mouthy little jerk."

I wallop his upturned bottom for that. A good one. "Try again."

"For being disrespectful, sir."

"That's my boy. You know better, you're acting out on purpose to see if I'll follow through. Here's me following through." I give him several decent spanks over the sweatpants he's wearing, before I get him to stand up again. His face is pink, but he's nowhere near tears. I yank down his pants and boxers in one go. "Back over please."

"But, Papa—"

"I have a number you're getting in my head for this time, which is twenty-five. Stall and I'll add to that total."

He bites his lip a little, but goes back over my lap. I start in with the first five spanks. "Ouch! Ow!"

"This is mild compared to what you'll be getting if I have to chat with you about this again any time soon, young man."

I lay down another five. "I'm s-sorry, Papa."

"Remind me, I'm getting old, for what?"

"For… You're right I was out of line. I just…"

"Thought you might keep getting away with it?"

"Kinda."

"Well now you know." I finish the spanking, making sure it's a worthy deterrent. It's nothing like I give Winchester, it's not going to have him unable to sit, but it will sink into his psyche enough and he is rubbing his bottom when I stand him up, so I know there's feeling enough. He's red faced now and his eyes are shiny with unshed tears.

Instead of being upset, or indignant like Winchester sometimes is, he looks sheepish. "Something you'd like to say to me?"

"I'm sorry, Papa. That hurt," he says pulling up his boxers and sweats.

"As a spanking should. Also as a spanking should, come here." I open my arms for him and wrap my arms around him. "You're a silly boy and I love you."

"I, I love you too, Papa."

"Good, behave yourself."

The Following Weekend

"What's up with you?" I ask my surly looking brother-in-law. We're celebrating. Sammy did it. He completed and pushed the paperwork through the various phases of the law required and Cas is officially Michael’s Papa. He was already, as far as we were concerned, but now he's all adopted legally and it somehow does matter to all of us. We did end up having to go to court, but Sam was a total pro and slipped us in—some judge who owed him a favor, or something.
Michael doesn't really know what's going on, but Cas is over the moon, so he's got him and they're hanging. Sam's freaking proud of himself, so he's out with them, like he's admiring his work, and of course since Michael's out there, so are the twins. That leaves Gabe, Nicky and I on the couch inside. To the untrained eye, we are just two men and one teen lounging out in a room together, but to the keen eye of a seasoned Top, we are three brats on a couch—that's a meeting far as I'm concerned.

"Nothing's up with me."

"C'mon, you're acting more high-handed than usual. What gives?"

"If you really must know, you're my problem. You've been riding Sam's ass about this adoption thing and he's been stressing over it to the point our interactions have been less than optimal."

"You guys had a date night last weekend." I don't feel sorry for him. Cas and I don't get date nights. Wait a minute. I know that look. "Did he… spank you?" Just saying the word makes my backside tingle and I irrationally think Cas is going to get wind and think I want or need him to spank me.

"Jesus, Winchester. Not in front of," he trails off, nocking his head toward Nick.

"Naw, he's one of us now, aren't you Nick?"

"One of who?" Nick asks.

"Us. Team Fucking Awesome. We have a pact, it's a whole thing, we'll let you in, Nicky."

"Is this okay with Papa?"

"Yeah. It's fine."

"Sounds like trouble to me," Nick says.

"Sometimes, but we can't let the tops gang up on us, it's like… tell him Gabe."

"There's not much to tell—we just… yeah it's usually more trouble and not less, but you should be one of us anyway."

Nick looks between Gabe and I. "Okay, I'm in. What now?"

"We're supposed to talk about super secret brat stuff," I tell him.

"So it's just a group where we talk about our feelings? Papa makes us do that all the time."

"Not just our feelings, but like, Gabe, tell us about your spanking."

"That didn't happen, dude and that's not what we do. This isn't group therapy."

"I, I, Papa did that to me last weekend," Nick blurts out.

"And?" I say. I didn't think this was going to inspire Nick to talk, but I'm glad it did.

"And, well, obviously spankings suck, but it was, good. I felt better. Calmer."

"You did?" I ask.

"As if you don't feel the same way, Dad."
"I do, but how did you get smart enough to figure that out? It took me at least a couple times."

"It wasn't hard. Also, it's pretty easy to decide to mend your ways after that."

It's real cute how none of us can really say the word spanking. I pull Nick toward me and hug him. I never get enough of hugging the kid—yeah, me, I said that—same as with Michael. "Well I'm glad you're so happy about your experience, Nick, but…" Gabe says.

"Spill Gabe."

"Look, I was mad, okay?"

Oh this'll be good. "Yeah, and?"

"You know those frozen fish patties he hates, that I love?"

I think Gabe is the only person alive who likes those things.

"I turned the last Dilly bar into a chocolate frozen fish sandwich." Even Gabe can't help smiling at the memory of it.

"How did you do that?" Nick asks.

"It was pretty epic. I melted a whole bunch of chocolate as I ate the last Dilly bar, which he was guarding and had expressed deep concern over its whereabouts earlier in the week. I let the frozen patty soften enough to slide the bare, Dilly bar stick inside, then took time and care dipping it in the melted chocolate, until it was the same thickness. The most epic part was that I opened the little white package it came in careful enough it could be resealed and used his tabletop sealer to re-seal the thing."

Both Nick and I stare at him in awe. That is fucking epic. "That is awesome—why the long face then?"

"I shouldn't have done it. I was cranky I wasn't getting attention and I lashed out."

"In the best way ever."

"I'm just going to tell him what I did."

"Take it from me Gabe," I say putting a hand on his shoulder, like I am a wise-old, King of the brats. "You're going to get it for this anyway, you might as well enjoy the fruits of your labor."

"I know I should tell you to tell him, Uncle Gabe," —Nick's so cute calling him Uncle Gabe, which was insisted upon by 'Uncle Gabe' upon penalty of the ultimate noogie— "but that is pretty epic. I say go through with it. Dad's right, I think you're in trouble either way."

"He is gonna be ma-ad!" I say. Sam fucking loves his Dilly bars. I think that's his special Dad-memory. "You're devious Gabe."

"This is the worst Brat AA meeting ever. I told you it's just a thing that gets you into more trouble, Nick."

It's at this point in our conversation, proud Papa Cas walks back in with Michael, beaming ear to ear. "He says he wants Papa to change him."

I think he's weird for being excited over a diaper change, but if that makes him happy, perfect. "Go
"We should probably potty train Michael soon," Nick says as Cas passes by and makes his way upstairs.

He's right, but I don't want him worrying about stuff like that. "You just let us handle that bud."
His face scrunches up, annoyed. "Then do something about it. He's far too old to be in diapers."

It's not what he's said, it's the way he's said it that's disrespectful. Part of me wants to be 'cool dad,' and the other wants to whack him upside the head. "We got it, Nick. Just worry about doing you."

"You always say that, but he's mine too."

Great, now he's fucking insulted. With Sammy, things were a bit different. Sure I looked after him and taught him to tie his shoes, but the bigger things were clearly Dad's category. I was too young to change Sam diapers, or even potty train him—I don't even remember much from those days. I'd describe what I did with Sam more as, 'filling in the blanks' versus being the substitute parent, like Nick was.

"Look, we'll talk about this later."

I'm saved by Sam and the kids barreling in. "Is someone going to help me with the burgers. Dean."

"What?"

"This is your house."

"Hey, I did all the prep work!"

"Not the point."

"I'll help you, babe," Gabe says and I give him a knowing look, 'cause yeah, he should try to get as many suck up points as he can before Sam kicks his ass.

Gabe heads off to put burgers on the grill with Sam and their kids, which leaves Nicky and I alone. "Speaking of spanking, Nick, I'm your parent too, I'm Dad. Fair warning, Dad spans. I don't mind you being a little more casual with me, but I want to see more respect, or you can take a trip over my knee, same as with Papa." Saying that was the most nerve-wrecking thing ever. I want him to like me, but I think being a real parent means you're not always liked.

Nick is shocked and I dare say impressed. I take advantage of the shock. "Am I understood?"

He nods. "Yes, Dad. I understand and I don't mean to be a douche."

"Not a douche. Not at all." I pull him into my side and kiss the top of his head. "We're still figuring things out—we're both going to make mistakes."

He nods into my chest and all I feel is grateful—so grateful for him and for him breaking into my damn house. "I love the fuck out of you kid, remember that."

**

It's after work and I'm excited. I've been saving a certain Dilly bar to reward myself with, for a job well done after completing the adoption for Dean and Cas, which, by the way, is not exactly what I do. And did my brother care? Nooo. He rode my ass the whole time, but it was worth it to see the
looks on their faces. Now it's done (thank God) and Sammy's getting a Dilly bar!

I remove my blazer, hanging it on one of the kitchen chairs and loosen my tie as I reach into the freezer to retrieve my prize. I even went as far, as to warn Gabriel at length to keep his cute, but filthy paws off my soft serve treat. Just as I'm pulling it out of the box, Gabe is coming in the door from work. The kids are upstairs in their playroom, still with the nannies.

"Hey babe," he says, there's an odd smile on his face as he reaches in the fridge for a beer. "How was work?"

I work the Dilly bar out of its little white packaging, my eyebrows pinched together in thought. "Something funny?"

"Nope. Nothing funny. Yet," he says so quietly, I only just make out the 'yet'.

"Gabriel, what did you do?"

"Why do you always assume I'm up to something? That's not fair. I'm just a guy, coming home from work, can't I be in a good mood?"

I twist my lips, not buying it, but whatever Gabe is up to, I can spank him for after I finish my Dilly bar, which is going to be awesome. I lean against the counter, studying him, while he actively tries to look away from me, and sink my teeth into the chocolaty goodness... and it, what the? This is one frozen Dilly bar. I break the chocolate off with my teeth and try to sink into the sweet, soft serve portion again and that's when I know something's wrong. That and Gabe is laughing his ass off.

"Gabriel, what, did. You. Do?"

I check out the Dilly bar imposter and see the color of 'breaded'? "What is this?"

"It's, hahahah, i-it's a... oh fuck, it's a fish patty!"

"You did this?"

He nods unable to answer.

"Why?"

"That was amazing," he says instead of answering me.

"I'll tell you what's going to be amazing, is the color of your ass." I toss the Dilly bar in the sink, he runs. "Oh no you don't." I get hold of him before he can make it too far and he must be feeling guilty, because that's all the fight I get out of him. I drag him over to the kitchen table and pull out a chair, which I sit in and leave him standing to the side as I roll up my sleeves. I've learned with my dear husband and some coaching from Cas that a no nonsense approach is what works for us.

He watches carefully as I roll up my sleeves. "Oh c'mon, it was just a joke, Sam."

"No. The Ramen in my hair was just a joke, this is you being a bonafide brat. First you're going to tell me why and then I'm going to spank you."

I start undoing his pants. "C'mon Sam, the nannies are still here."

"Then I guess you should start explaining."
"Okay. Okay. I was ticked because of all the time you've been spending helping your brother lately."

"I have been doing a lot for him, but you know I'm always here to take care of you. You don't need to act out, Gabe." I pull his pants and boxers down for him, baring his cute, bubble bottom then place him over my lap.

For his sake, I start in right away, so that we can be finished before the nannies or the kids decide to come downstairs. I lecture him in between spanks. "If you're upset, or feeling neglected, you're supposed to talk to me, but what did you do instead?"

"Ow, Sam!" he whisper yells.

I smack his cute little tush a few more times. "Waiting."

"I acted like a child, all right?"

"And you let things build up. We have a rule about that."

"Yeah."

"I don't think so," I say, still reddening his bottom. "Answer me properly."

"Yes—ow! Sir."

I stand him up and help him step out of his pants. "Go get the spoon Gabe."

"Sam." It's pure whine.

"It was my Dilly bar, Gabe, the one I told you not to touch, the one you knew I was saving. You did it to get my attention, well aren't you glad? You got it."

"But the… upstairs…"

"You'd better be quick then."

I watch his bare, pink butt walk away from me and admire my handy work. He complains during, always, but after he becomes the world's coolest cucumber—tranquil and mellow. Spanking Gabe is like singing a baby a lullaby and the fastest way to show him I've got him. He's fast and presents me with the spoon. "Back over, please."

"Oooh! C'mon, Sam. I'm sorry."

"One."

"No, wait." He scrambles over my knees; he knows what happens if he lets me get to three.

"Hands behind your back."

"Why are you being so strict?" He's outraged, but he does comply.

Once I have his hands firmly in my grasp, I start in with my spoon. "Mostly so I don't whack your hand like last time, but also because you need it." He does, Gabe needs the firmness; he likes when I'm solid. That more than anything else assures him. I work his ass over with the spoon, 'till he's kicking and cursing me. When I finally do stand him up, he's repent of his ways. His cheeks are rosy (both North and South) and his eyes are just rimmed with tears. I yank him toward me and he
climbs onto my lap, straddling me, so his bottom falls between my thighs. I put the spoon down and place a hand to either nether cheek—they're toasty warm.

I tilt my head back and he leans in to kiss me. "I'm sorry Sam—I'll go out and get you some more Dilly bars."

I smile up at him. "Damn right you will."

**

"Come and dance on our floor!"

"I will spank you Winchester."

"Take a step that is new!"

Cas moves to stand and I shut up, or well, I stop singing, but I am laughing. "I know a certain somebody who has stepped over one too many lines this week and did not get nearly the spanking he deserved."

"I'll be quiet so we can watch, Cas." All is quiet. We have a rare night alone together. Both the kids are in bed. I snuggle into Cas and try not to squirm too much, but something's on my mind and I have to talk again. "I told Nick that he needs to speak respectfully to me too, or I'm spanking him."

"It's about time, Winchester."

"You knew?"

"I did and I knew you'd deal with it on your own time—though if you took any longer I was going to say something."

Of course he would have. I love knowing that. "But aren't you, I dunno, big, bad Papa, Head of House, Cas?"

"I am. And I prefer the decision making to fall to me for the bigger things, yes, but you're his parent too Dean and he needs to respect you as such, by your word and not just mine. You will build your own relationship with him and that will include discipline."

I nod. It makes sense.

"Now will we get to watch the show in peace? You've been excited about this show since last weekend, if I recall correctly."

"Yeah. But before that, let me just say, I'm proud of us Cas."

Cas leans in to kiss me. "For what?"

"I feel like we did something—made a family, even though maybe our family made us?"

Cas's eyes frown, his concerned Darth Vader look takes over. "You definitely need a spanking."

"For being philosophical?"

"The last time you got this philosophical, was your father's birthday and you drank too many beers, resulting in a mildly sprained ankle."
True story. "Okay, okay, there is a spanking in my future, but I'm still damn proud of us."

"A real spanking, Winchester."

"As opposed to a fake one?"

"Winchester." He pulls me over his lap and I go easily, he pulls down my pajama pants enough to lay down five sharp spanks.

"Ow, Cas," I say, laughing. He lets me up and uses my t-shirt to lead me toward his lips. "Okay Cas, I'm behaving."

"That's all I ever ask. That and I think I'm going to make a new house rule about watching T.V. on week nights," he says releasing me; I slump back down next to him.

"Cas!"

"I've been lenient, Winchester. No more. It's led to this sort of behavior."

"You're delusional, Cas," I whine.

"Not a chance, why, I'm thinking clearer than ever."

"You're horrible." Now there's lots of pouting.

"Nonsense. I care about your welfare."

Yeah. He does and it's the best thing. "You know Cas, I think we should save this show for another night. Let's go upstairs and get freaky."

"The only thing you're getting when we go upstairs is a good spanking."

I sigh a contented fucking sigh, better words were never spoken. That doesn't mean I'm making it easy for him. I pick up the remote to shut down the T.V. "I'm sure I will, but you're going to have to catch me first!"

End Notes

Thought I should mention, the Dilly bar thing is a true story of something my friend's dad did to her! Her dad was such a prankster. LOL It seemed very Gabe.

Translation of the Cantonese:

I do not speak Cantonese, but I have had some taught to me. In this story, I used the phonetic pronunciation from a lady who I call my Chinese mom who made me say them over and over until she felt I had them right. I know there are different dialects and even opinions, as I've talked to quite a few on this matter and they each have a different opinion and agreed that whomever I asked would have a different opinion! LOL So I hope no offence is taken--this was meant to be fun. I LOVE Cantonese and Mandarin (I am told my Mandarin accent is better than my Cantonese). I would love to speak these languages fluently one day! :)}
Lei hou ma? = How are you?

Hou Hou = Good, Good (though she always said this is the "rude" or more casual way LOL)

Leng loi = Lady, girl, but she said if said with the "right" pronunciation, then it would mean Pretty Lady. I picture Nick saying it as Pretty Lady ;)

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