"What The Fuck Is A/B/O?!

by JenSpinner

Summary

A witch unleashes the A/B/O virus... and it changes everything.

Notes

I may not be able to update this for a while - I am trying to finish another WIP, but I started writing this on here so members of the facebook groups following this prompt can have a link now for when I do get to update it.

This will be my first real attempt at an A/B/O fiction, so please forgive me if I get a few details wrong- I will strive not too.

XXX
Dean, Sam, and Castiel watched as the vial in the witch’s hand smashed to the ground... Whatever her spell was... It was out.

Dean suddenly drops to his knees face contorting with pain as he feels his entire lower body boil in pain, it feels like his being torn in half, cracked open from the inside. Sam drops beside him, in some pain himself but nothing compared to Dean. Castiel is bracing himself with an odd pained expression on his own face, as he watches the brothers.

"The fuck is happening to me!?!" Deans voice was almost a scream

Then... He passed out. Overrun with pain, he simply couldn't take it anymore. When he woke, he could feel he was in a bed. He could smell something... Something wonderful - but unlike any food, it was something new... He sniffed, sitting up slightly he groaned and felt a shooting pain up his... Wait? What the fuck...

He slid a hand into his boxers... The blood drained from his face...

"Oh god"

He stumbled out of bed, he had to find Sam and Cas and find out what the hell was going on.
He stumbled out of bed, he had to find Sam and Cas and find out what the hell was going on.

"It's like a secondary gender" Castiel was trying to explain "You are a beta"

"And you?" Sam asked

There was a pause "I am an Alpha. It's called A/B/O"

Dean rounded the corner, gripping the walls as he went and keeping his legs as close together as possible. "What the fuck is A/B/O?" He called angrily

Castiel and Sam looked at Dean and Castiel seemed to sniff in his direction...

He faced Sam "Dean, is an Omega"

"A what now?" Gasped Dean still feeling the pains of his changing body.

Castiel could smell Dean, could smell he was in pain. But it was more than that he smelt... incredible. Pushing his mind forward he stepped towards Dean a sudden and overwhelming urge taking over him 'Protect'.

"Dean you should be in bed, your body is undergoing a far more... difficult change than mine or Sam's"

"Well, that's just great!" Said Dean sarcastically. As Castiel stepped nearer, Dean got a whiff of that smell again, he turned his face slightly meeting Castiel's eyes. That smell seemed to be radiating from Cas, had he always smelled like that? Like clean air with waves of coconut. Castiel met Dean's eyes as he raised a hand to offer his help.

"Don't" Snapped Dean "Just don't. I can walk perfectly fine on my own"

Castiel gave Dean a look like he wasn't convinced but he backed away "You need to rest Dean"

Dean had been on the verge of saying that he was fine, but as Castiel's words reached his ears another wave of pain gripped at him, he doubled over "Fuck" He grunted holding an arm around his own stomach. He tried to turn away from Castiel and Sam and head back to his room but stumbled. Castiel was by his side instantly, holding his arm to keep him upright.

"Please let me help you Dean" He spoke softly

Dean nodded, his eyes squeezed shut as he gritted his teeth through the pain "Fine"

Castiel helped Dean back to his room and helped him sit back down on his bed.

Dean looked tired and grumpy as he lay back "Thanks"

"Do you need anything?" Castiel asked hovering by his bed "Water?"

"Whiskey?" Asked Dean hopefully

Castiel frowned at him "If it's for the pain I can help more than whiskey, I am still an angel"

Before Dean could say anything Castiel had placed two fingers to Dean's head, instantly the pain subsided.

Dean looked up at him "Thanks"
“Of course,” said Castiel looking pleased with himself. “Get some more rest, I'll explain everything later.”

“Cas?”

“Yes, Dean?”

“What happened to the witch?”

“She escaped.” Castiel frowned slightly. “The spell didn't seem to affect her at all.”
Castiel Explains

Chapter Summary

My research for this took me to =  https://archiveofourown.org/works/403644/chapters/665489#main

Alphas, Betas, Omegas: A Primer
By norabombay

A very useful guide that a friend sent me the link to.

Sitting on a chair across the room from Dean and Sam, Castiel sighed heavily "Alright, it's Alphas, Betas, and Omegas. Dean, you are an omega. Sam is a beta and I am an alpha"

"What's the difference?" Asked Sam curiously

"The difference is I've been out cold and in pain for nearly an entire day" Snapped Dean irritably "And you two are fine"

"No. The difference is betas are almost normal, maybe you have noticed a more effective sense of smell?" Sam nodded so Castiel went on "That is primarily the only change that will have happened to you, that and scent glands will have formed in your throat" Castiel points to his own throat to show where exactly he means and goes on "Alphas... are generally larger, can be more aggressive" He paused and looked shifty for a moment, not meeting Dean's eyes as he went on "An alpha in the scent range of an omega in heat will have trouble controlling himself. He will feel an urge to bond with the omega... and own them"

Dean frowned "Bond?"

Castiel swallowed. He'd hoped to skip over this particular subject until Dean had, had time to come to terms with his new body "Mate, have sex with"

Dean was shaking his head "Nope. No. What the fuck?"

"Omega's" Castiel pushed on "Omegas have heats, are generally smaller than Alphas and Betas."

"I'm taller than you," Said Dean suddenly, as if pointing that out could change him into an Alpha "And so is Sam?"

"In your human forms, yes. But my true form is... the size of the Chrysler Building in New York" Castiel looks regretfully at Dean as he continues "Male omegas have a penis, but also a... Well, a clitoris"

"Son of a bitch" Groundout Dean, his cheeks tinted pink, with shame? Sam glanced at his brother, a sympathetic expression on his face that Castiel was glad Dean hadn't noticed.

Castiel knew he should go on, knew he should tell Dean that he could get pregnant now if an Alpha were to mate with him, but looking at Dean now, his face pale under the blushed cheeks, he couldn't. Not only for the reason that he didn't want to further upset his friend, but also because
he knew, he wouldn't let another Alpha anywhere near Dean and he wouldn't ever... well. Dean would be safe with him around.

Luckily for Castiel, Dean was too wrapped up in the shock and for him - the shame of having a clitoris to even think about asking why he would have one. So Castiel changed the topic.

"The question is, why did the witch do this? What would she gain from changing us three like this?"

"Well you let her escape for one thing" Bit out Dean angrily

"I... let her?"

"I was in agony, but you were fine. You could have caught her"

"Why do you assume I was fine?"

"Well, you didn't drop to the floor in pain" Said Dean frowning

"I know. But I am not, unchanged" Said Castiel quietly, knowing he was going to have to elaborate and really not wanting to talk about what happened to him

"What happened to you?" Asked Sam looking at him

"I... " Castiel paused, blinking "I... grew in certain places"

"Excuse me?" Spat out Dean

"I now have what is known as an Alpha's knot, this was by no means - a pain-free experience for me either Dean"

"What's an Alpha's knot?" Asked Dean feeling like Castiel was holding back information

Castiel sighed heavily and cleared his throat, once again unable to meet the brother's eyes as he spoke "My penis grew and I have a knot at the end of it, it's function is to swell if I were to mate with" Looking anywhere but at Dean "an omega"

Dean stared at him. It seemed to go on for hours, but can't have lasted more than a minute in reality "Fucking great. I get turned into... God only knows what and you get a penis enlargement. This is fucked up”

Castiel bowed his head, fighting his urge to go to and comfort the omega "I'm sorry you were in pain Dean, but I was too and I did not willingly let the witch leave"

"I know, this is just... " Dean shakes his head "How do we fix this?"

Sam looked like he was ready to say something but Castiel beat him to it.

"For now, the wisest thing would be to wait here, until..." He looked apologetically at Dean "you have your first heat"

"The fuck?"

"Heats are painful Dean, and it would be unwise to risk getting caught out there if you go into heat. At least here, you are safe and I can leave when your heat starts and Sam will be here to care for you.."
"I don't need anyone to care for me"

"You don't understand Dean," Said Castiel sadly "I've seen this before, from a distance but still... my Fathers first attempt at creating life... Were the Leviathan, do you really think he got it right the second time? No, there were many attempts and angels witnessed from heaven at the time of the A/B/O humanity. Personally, I don't understand why my Father changed it again, but he seemed to think it lacked the 'free will' of the people he wanted to gift to the world. Alpha's in those times were, leaders, rulers. He didn't like it, he believed that people should only look up to one, him. Their God and so he took away their ability to reproduce, eventually, they all died out and he started again. Heats are... Well, you know the pain you felt during the change? Imagine that, constantly, for up to a week. You would be bed bound, unable to care for yourself. Any omega would need help Dean, I am not implying that you are weak"

Dean didn't look pissed off anymore, if anything he looked beaten, sad. And Castiel suddenly longed to wrap a blanket round him and tell him it would be ok, that he would look after him... But he didn't.
Dean Doesn't Understand

Sam knew Dean was pissed, he knew Dean needed his space to be grumpy and annoyed and break things; if that smashing sound was anything to go by this morning. After Castiel had explained the basic's to what the spell had done to them the night before, Dean had asked him and his brother for space.

Sam could understand it, he hadn't really changed, had felt minimum pain and was left still relatively the same. Castiel had suffered some pain, but as far as Dean was concerned having a bigger penis would have been a win... Then there is the fact that Dean's best friend Castiel was now a potential sexual predator and had advised Dean against looking for a cure until after his first heat, which meant he would be stuck with his new body parts for at least a month. So yes, Sam could understand it, Dean being moody and withdrawn. So hoping to find something, anything that might help his brother Sam had gotten up early and was now to be found sat in the library somewhere behind a wall of books.

Castiel was pacing around outside the bunker, trying to breathe in anything other than Dean's scent. He had to get a handle on himself. He knew what he thought it meant, but it couldn't, could it? No. He once again pushed the thought back and was briefly able to find a distraction when a bee flew in front of him, he wandered after it. Watching it land on several small yellow flowers. Then his mind played an awful trick on him and for a split second of insanity, Castiel considered picking some flowers for Dean. He shook the idea from his head. Dean was already feeling self-conscious about having... um, lady parts, so yeah getting him flowers to cheer him up would be a failure of epic proportions. Maybe... Pie?

Dean had smashed his mirror, and if anyone asked he would say he threw it against the wall in anger. Better than admitting that it had fallen off the edge of the bed as he tried to examine himself. The pain was just a dull ache now, so there was no reason he couldn't leave his room, but he didn't want too. He felt, strange. Deflated. So okay, he has always had self-esteem issues but now, he felt low. In every sense, low and moody but also - lower than Castiel and Sam and less like the older brother who looked out for Sam or the friend who tried to help the angel, he felt like... a pawn. And Sam was a knight and Castiel is the fucking king.

And what the fuck is that smell whenever he is near Cas, it's intoxicating. Dean gets these ridiculous urges to bury his head in Castiel's neck and... NOPE - not going there. He takes a deep breath and jumps slightly when he feels his phone vibrating in his pocket. He pulls it out and see's a text from Charlie.

**Big news. Coming to bunker.**

Great, think's Dean. Fucking perfect. Someone else who will no doubt learn that Dean has a... He sighs stopping the anger before it can take hold of him. He left his bedroom and wandered into the library.

"Sam?"

"Yeah" Came a reply from somewhere behind a mountain of books, then Sam stood up and his head popped out above them

"What are you doing?" Asked Dean frowning at him

"Trying to find something that will help you. What else would I be doing? You're not happy, I want to help"
Dean looked at his brother, feeling fond "Thanks, man. Just wanted to let you know, Charlie is on her way here now"

Sam frowned "Is that wise? What if... Whatever the hell this is, is contagious?"

Dean pulled a face "Shit, yeah - didn't think about that. You try calling her and I'll go and ask Cas. Where is he anyway?"

"Outside I think"

Castiel was walking down the stairs as Dean headed to them "Hey, where have you been?"

"Just walking, thinking" Said Castiel as Sam appeared phone in hand, shaking his head. He hadn't got hold of Charlie then...

"Cas, Charlie is on her way..." The bunker door flew open and there stood the red-haired girl looking down at them. "Here..." Finished Dean weakly

Charlie beams down at them from the railing "What's up bitches?" She calls in something close to excitement. Then points to her crotch, where there is a noticeable bulge.

"What the hell..."

"Yes. This, this is what's up. I grew a dick, my very own penis" She sounds proud, like a mother talking about her child.

"You grew a... What?" Says Dean stunned.

Charlie bounces excitedly down the stairs into the bunker and grins at them "Ok, so... I was minding my own business the other night, watching some anime and suddenly felt this horrific stretching pain, it was unbearable. I think I must have blacked out... Anyway, when I woke up - I noticed that I felt like I was being crushed. I was wearing skinny jeans and I just knew, I had a... well ya know. Then I turn on the news, it's been happening all over, like seriously" She looked around at the three men in front of her "I was half expecting you guys to have grown boobs, not gonna lie that would have been hilarious. But yeah..."

"Charlie," Says Sam breaking through his stunned reaction to her having a penis... "Did you say, this is happening everywhere?"

Charlie nodded "Yup, like all over. I came here because I figured you guys would need all hands on deck, given the state of things"

"What do you mean?" Asked Castiel

"Frigging vamps man, and werewolves from what I can tell. Everyone thinks these are just random bad reactions to whatever the hell caused this" She points again to her crotch "But I know better, werewolves have been going crazy, like rabid" Her smile had vanished "Attacking people in broad daylight"

Dean's eyes widen "It's affecting everyone"

"Yeah, kinda surprised you are actually home, to be honest, but I figured nowhere was safer than with you guys" She looks about her and frowns "What's that smell?" Her eyes linger on Dean. Castiel follows her gaze and steps in front of him.

"Dean is an omega," Says Castiel his tone is not friendly "And you are an alpha"
"I'm a what now?"
"Alpha" Repeats Castiel

Charlie looks at him "I've been smelling weird shit all day, but you" She looks at Dean "You actually smell nice"

Castiel's chest rises slightly "Charlie," He says to get her to face him and not look at Dean "Do you understand what's happening here?"

"Not the foggiest," She says "Figured you guys may have an idea"

"Oh more than that," Says Sam "We were there when it started"

"Why am I not surprised" She sniffs in Sam's direction "So what are you?"

"Beta"

She nods "So Alphas, Betas and Omega's?"

"Yes" Said Dean "I can't believe you grew a dick. How long did you pass out for?"

"I don't know exactly, a good few hours. I have never felt pain like it" She said looking serious for a moment before turning to Dean "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine" He said to quickly

"You... smell upset" She blinked "I can smell that?" She directed to Castiel who nodded. She nodded back, before turning to Dean "Come on, let's talk"

"That's not a good idea..." Began Castiel

"Give over" Snapped Dean "It's Charlie" He led her to his bedroom and slammed the door behind them. Before turning to her and blurting out suddenly "I have a clitoris"

Charlies eyes went wild "You're kidding? Seriously?"

"You have a dick Charlie... Why would I be kidding?"

"Right, point taken" She bit her lip "Can I see it?"

"What?" Dean asked

"Oh come on Dean, why else did you slam the door?" She looked at him "No funny business - just an exchange of information, I'll show you mine, if you show me yours?"

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Dean was pulling his pants back up, his face red "So?"

"It's beautiful"

"Fuck off"

"No, seriously Dean. It is. I know I am biased but still" She looked at him "You hate it? Don't you?"
"I feel like a freak" Said Dean, Sammy's voice from years ago suddenly echoing in his mind, he suddenly wished he'd tried to understand better what his brother had been going through.

"You're not a freak Dean, it's happened to other people too," She said calmly "I guess, I was lucky really. I always wondered what it would be like to have a cock. But I'm sorry you're unhappy. Do you think it's just a case of getting used to it?"

"I want to find a cure, but Cas said we should stay here until after I have a heat, whatever the hell that means"

Charlie shrugged "He was really giving me the daggers before, what was that about?"

"You're an alpha... And I'm an omega. Apparently, Alphas lose control when nearby omegas go into heat"

"So, what he thinks I wanna jump your bones or something?"

"No, I think its more a case of me jumping yours..." Dean and Charlie looked at each other and both laughed at the same time

"Yeah, like that would ever happen" Laughed Charlie "You guys are like my brothers... Plus I still like the ladies, so sorry Dean, but no Bradbury dick for you"

Dean couldn't help it, he laughed. He laughed until his eyes watered... and then he stopped laughing, and realized he was just crying now instead. Charlie threw her arm around him and gave him a squeeze "It'll be alright Dean, you'll see"
The Injustice Of It All

After Dean had calmed down, he and Charlie had rejoined Castiel and Sam, who were in the library.

"What happened?" Asked Castiel looking at Deans face 

"Nothing" Said Dean heatedly

Castiel's eyes narrowed "I don't think it's a good idea for Charlie to stay here"

Dean rolled his eyes "But it's fine for you too?"

"I live here. And that's not what I am talking about. Packs that have larger numbers, can live peacefully with more than one Alpha. But that is only when there are more omegas"

"You think I want to what? Claim Dean?" Asked Charlie frowning and sounding very un-Charlie like.

Castiel looked at her but didn't respond. Sam and Dean exchange glances, there was a smell rising up. It smelt like threat, Dean knew this, but he had no idea how he knew.

"Anyway," Said Sam quickly trying to cut the tension down, "I thought I could go with Charlie, check out these rabid vampire reports?"

Charlie turned away from Castiel "The fuck just happened" She said blinking

"You feel Dean is like your family, you feel you are his alpha. I feel the same" Said Castiel not taking his eyes off her.

"That was weird, like I wanted to..."

"Attack Cas?" Asked Dean frowning in concern

"Yes" Said Charlie suddenly looking ashamed "Sorry Cas" She muttered not meeting his eye "Maybe you're right, I should go" She walked over to Dean and hugged him, Castiel's fist clenching behind her going unnoticed "I'll be alright" She whispered to Dean, before releasing him "You coming then stretch?" She said to Sam, who nodded.

Sam turned to Dean "We're going to go back to where that vial cracked, seeing if there is anything left of it. Castiel said it could have some trace of the magic from the spell left over. Like spell code or something"

Dean nodded "Be careful"

Sam smiled and followed behind Charlie to the stairs that led out of the bunker, saying bye to Castiel as he passed him.

Dean looked up at Castiel "So... Spell code? That really a thing?"

"There may be a way to find out what the spell was and if it is meant to be permanent"

Dean nodded and turned away as the bunker door closed overhead.

"Dean?"
"Hmm?"

"What happened, when you were talking to Charlie?"

"Why?" Asked Dean frowning

"I could smell you were upset"

Dean rolled his eyes "I wish people would stop telling me I smell upset"

"What happened?"

"We talked, okay?"

"What else?"

"She showed me her knot" Said Dean blankly

"She what!?" Castiel sounded... furious

"Yeah" Said Dean angrily "And I showed her my..."

"DEAN" Cas cut across him "You can't do that! It isn't safe, she is an alpha"

"So are you!" Said Dean staring at Castiel "Anything you want to try and suggest she is capable of, means you are too Cas. Remember that"

Castiel fell silent. Dean's logic was sound, but Castiel would never hurt him. Not like another Alpha might if given the chance. Castiel would protect Dean at all costs. He couldn't work out, why Dean seemed to be so angry with him - personally.

"What have I done?" He asked

Dean stared at him, what could he say? That he had always enjoyed being the unofficial leader and was jealous that Castiel had somehow taken his place? That Charlie and Sam had actually made him feel a little better and Castiel had just sent both of them away? That, the smell Castiel was emitting was driving Dean crazy and he didn't want to get to close for fear of what this new part of him would give in too? No...

"You didn't do anything Cas, It's not your fault" He sighed and turned away and left Castiel blinking at him as he walked away.

Dean closed his door gently. And flopped down on to his bed. Charlie had said he was beautiful, and it wasn't in a weird or creepy way, he felt she believed it. So why couldn't he? If he could just snap out of this weird mood, he'd be able to help, not to mention be more fun to be around. He thought about the weird tension between Castiel and Charlie, they'd always gotten on so well before. That was unnerving. And what had Castiel said... He felt he was Dean's alpha... Anger bubbled under Dean's skin again as replayed those words in his head.

"I don't need an alpha, I need a cure" He hissed under his breath. Ignoring the little voice that had said, *But if I did want an Alpha, it would be Cas.*

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Two hours after Dean had disappeared into his bedroom like a moody teenager, Castiel sighed closing one of the books Sam had left out to check through. His thoughts were distracted. He and
But you don't want a cure... You want YOUR omega

A banging at the door of the bunker brought Castiel crashing back to the present and he quickly hurried up the stairs to open it, he’d locked it after Charlie had left. He couldn't trust himself with other alphas, near Dean. Even ones he was friends with.

Castiel opens the door and frowns "What do you want?"

"Well, that's no way to speak to a lady who only came to help" Says Rowena passing him and walking into the bunker

"Help? You?" Asks Castiel unconvinced

"Well dearie, I assumed you and those brothers would either be looking for me to blame me or looking for me to help you fix it"

"Fix it?"

Rowena rolls her eyes muttering about 'dense' angels "I'm talking about the magical virus that's been spreading like an STD at new year!"

Castiel frowned at her and unintentionally sniffed the air. Rowena raised an eyebrow at him.

"So you do know what I am talking about. Good. Ok, firstly - It wasn't me and secondly I am here to help find a cure"

"Why?"

"Pardon me deary?"

"Why do you want to find a cure?"

"Have you been watching the news?" At Castiel's blank expression, Rowena nodded "So that'll be a no then" She shakes her head and passes him, walking further into the bunker. She stops outside the library, turns to look at where Sam had been sat earlier and then passes, heading toward the smell of omega.

"Rowena?" Dean sits up straight at the sight of the witch, hastily hiding the hot water bottle he had over his stomach

"Oh," Rowena clasps her hands to her face in shock "It's you. You're the omega I can smell"

Dean flips Rowena the finger and lays down again, face pouty.

"Oh now don't be that way," She says entering his bedroom uninvited and closing the door behind her "Maybe I can help"

Dean looks at her, distrustingly "That would be very unRowena-ish of you"

"Not when we want the same thing deary, and we need to work together to get it"

"What, it?"

"The cure" Dean's interest is instantly given away by the widening of his eyes "So you do want a cure then?"
"Do you have one? I can't smell you?"

"No, well you won't, I'm wearing this" She holds up a tiny vial "Scent blockers, I would have been here sooner but this was tricky to perfect"

Dean shifts and sits up slowly looking at the vial "I'm listening"

"I want to get rid of this magical virus, I want you to help me and for now I can offer you a bottle of this, it will hide that you are an omega" Rowena sighs longingly.

"What?"

"We've been done a great injustice, haven't we? Dean Winchester, an omega? And me... a beta. Please" She scoffed

"What's wrong with you being a beta?"

"Betas are decidedly unremarkable," She said at once "I am a witch, a powerful witch and some kind of magical virus spreads and for me... nothing? No change, no extra powers. All I got was a strong sense of smell. I don't think so. I mean, even you being an omega, is better than being a beta"

Dean frowned "What are you talking about?"

"Think about it, Dean. You are a man who can carry children" Rowena paused for effect "That seems pretty remarkable to me"

Dean's face had paled "You're shitting me, right?"

"Didn't you know? Oh the first thing I did when this all started was bag myself a date with a doctor, wasn't long before I had him telling me everything about what was happening to people. Men who can have babies... I don't know if women should rejoice or be worried... But at least it's something, an ability you didn't have before I mean..."

"Stop talking" Dean had turned light green in shade, "I think I am going to be sick"

Castiel opens Dean's bedroom door and glares down at Rowena, but before he even has a chance to speak Dean shouts at him.

"Did you know? Did you know I could get pregnant?" Castiel sighs and lowers his head. Dean takes this as a yes "Why the fuck didn't you tell me!"
The Way We Are

Dean stares at Castiel waiting for an answer.

"I was going to tell you," Said Castiel knowing already how that sounded "I waited because you were already down about being an omega, I didn't want to add to it"

"That's crap," Said Dean "You should have told me everything, me and Sam have a right to know stuff like that Cas. You can't keep shit from us, OK?"

"I did what I did, because I thought it was what would be best. I apologize Dean"

Dean wanted to shout at Castiel, wanted to show him how angry he was. But how can you justify continuing to yell at someone when they have said sorry and when they had your best interests at heart, he nodded at Castiel. "Tell me about the scent blockers?" He said looking at Rowena

"Well, it's just water, with a smell blocking spell"

"So it's more magic?" Grumbled Dean

"I am a witch deary, not a chemist. But the good news there is I can whip you up a batch anytime, anywhere"

"What about omega heats" Dean went on "Do you think you can do anything to stop those?" Castiel shifted in the doorway but said nothing.

Rowena pulled the hair from the neck of her dress as she thought "I mean it's possible, I could try to formulate some kind of... suppressant, but I wouldn't know until your heat if it worked, you'd be testing it"

Dean nodded "I want to find a cure. But I can't leave the bunker until after my first heat, I guess now we know why" He said with a glance towards Castiel "I just..." He took a breath, he was going to sound childish but he couldn't work it out in his head and he needed to if he was ever going to accept it "I don't understand why I am an omega"

Rowena and Castiel exchanged glances before Rowena spoke "Well, I guess I am a beta because I look out for myself, always have, always will. I'm not looking for someone to complete me. I can be happy alone"

Dean frowned at her, thinking about Sam "What do you mean?"

"Well alphas are always looking for their omegas and omegas are the same. They need someone who will be there's, who would stick by them through anything..."

Dean had a sudden sinking feeling as Rowena's words washed over him. It was no secret how Dean felt about being alone or left behind. And how many times had Sam left, to go off and find his own life?

But even with that, Dean had never had visions of Sam... It was Cas, Cas who had always stayed, who'd always stuck by him, even against heaven Castiel had chosen to protect Dean. And in purgatory - Cas had left him, to protect him, to give him a chance by drawing the leviathan away. But Dean wouldn't leave, couldn't leave without him, he remembers the moment Castiel had vanished from his side, finding his own way out had never even crossed his mind, and then even with Benny saying they should just leave, he'd refused. He would not leave Castiel behind. He
had needed to find him, needed to... and he knows he would be there still - looking for Cas, if he hadn't.

And when he had finally gotten out and a part of him blamed himself for Castiel getting stuck there, he'd had the visions of him. Like they were connected in a deeper way than even he understood. And where had Sam been that whole time? Dean gritted his teeth at the memory of his brother confessing that he hadn't looked for Dean. He had been living with some woman, once again being perfectly OK without Dean, once again, trying to form his own life.

"Cas" Said Dean breaking a silence that he wasn't aware he'd created "You remember in purgatory when you just left?"

Castiel looked surprised and saddened by where Dean's train of thought had led him "Dean, we've talked about this, I explained why I did that, and I am sorry I left you but I thought I was keeping you safe"

"Exactly, I'm not trying to have a go at you. It's just... I just realized" Dean took a breath "Sam always left for himself, I mean other than going to hell for the world that is, but you, you only ever left when it was more dangerous to stay. You left to protect me, I mean you shouldn't have - don't get me wrong, you should have known I would look for you, because..." Dean looked up, meeting Castiel's eyes "Because you are my alpha. You always protected me, you always put me first. I may be a little late in saying this... but, thank you"

Castiel swallowed thickly "I'm your alpha?"

"I guess so" Said Dean piecing together a puzzle in his head. What did that mean? Castiel being his alpha, that he thought of Dean as family, and protected family? Or something more... Dean shook the thought from his mind "Your our pack alpha" He added "And I guess, Sam being a beta makes sense" His anger towards Castiel had been diluted, almost completely gone after he thought of everything Cas had done for him. However, thinking of his brother being a beta, and how Rowena had applied that to herself... Dean felt a strong pulse of rage toward Sam that he hadn't felt since returning from purgatory. Probably a good thing that the beta wasn't home at the moment.
Rowena was working the scent blocker spell on a large bottle of water, Dean had insisted that they would need it when he could finally leave the bunker and start looking for a cure, as well as putting some rabid werewolves and vampires down, the tiny vial Rowena had given him would not be enough.

Castiel looked at Dean "You said I was your alpha, you said you understood why Sam was a beta, but you never said anything about how you felt now, being an omega?"

"What's there to say really? That I have issues with being left alone or behind, that's old news Cas, am I happy about it? No. But what can I do?"

Castiel frowned "Why do you think so lowly of omega's?"

"I don't I just..."

"Think lowly of yourself?" interrupted Castiel, at which Dean frowned "Dean before the A/B/O virus spread did you place more importance on men than women? Did you think women, lower than men?"

"What!? Fuck no, I'm not sexist"

"The main difference between men and women is that women can bear children. The main difference between you now, and you a few days ago is that you can bear children. I don't think you understand... You seem to see it as some kind of personal insult, rather than what it is"

"What is it?" Asked Dean frowning at Castiel

Castiel tilted his head at Dean "A gift. Something that just makes you even more special, than you, already were"

Dean felt his face burn, fuck - was he blushing. He turned away from Castiel quickly. Castiel sighed behind him, Dean could smell him, in fact now that Rowena was in the bunker kitchen and he and Castiel were alone in his room, Cas was all he could smell, it was like he was breathing him in.

"Dean" Castiel's voice broke through the waves of intoxicating scent and reached him

"Yeah?"

"You said I shouldn't keep things from you, that you always wanted me to be honest, even if I knew you wouldn't like what I was saying"

"Yes?"

Castiel sighed "I don't care about finding a cure" He looked steadily in Dean's shocked eyes

"What do you mean?" Asked Dean

"I believe, this could be a good thing, for everyone," Said Castiel "Not least same-sex couples who would want their own children, but people who may have felt before that they didn't belong, may have a pack now"
"I don't think Rowena would agree with you. I'm not sure I do"

"If things went back to how they were before, all we would be doing is taking things away from people, I will help you look for a cure. You have my word. But I don't think it should just be up to us if it is something that would affect everyone. We didn't have a choice the first time, if we find a way to make a cure, we will have"

Dean nodded, that was true "So you're saying some kind vote? Somehow?"

Castiel shrugged "Maybe. Even if we went back to how things were before, everyone would know what they were. You would still know you'd be an omega"

***

Rowena had been permitted to stay in one of the empty bedrooms overnight, she would be leaving in the morning, being a witch it would be possible for her to discover who the witch who had started the virus was and why.

Sam and Charlie had text to inform Castiel and Dean that they had found nothing at the site of the virus's birth and Sam had decided to stay with Charlie and a friend of hers - Eileen, another hunter and also a beta to go to deal with a vampire problem the following night, he would return the following day - all being well.

Castiel had gone for a walk around the bunker, he liked to look at the moon and tonight it was full. He spared a moment to worry about werewolves but resigned himself to the fact that other hunters would have to deal with that for now. He was needed here, he wouldn't leave Dean, not with Rowena and certainly not until he knew Dean would be alright during his first heat. He was going over plans for it in his head. If Sam were not back by the time Dean's heat started... He would need to lock himself away - the angel handcuffs would probably be a good idea. To keep Dean safe from him, before that however he'd have to make sure Dean had supplies in his room enough to not have to leave it for a few days at least - maybe a mini-fridge, stocked with the omega's favorite foods...

***

Dean felt a sense nervous excitement when his bedroom door creaked open, the light crept in and outlined Castiel beautifully as he stood in the doorway. He was outlined in light... but then, he always had been, hadn't he? That solid symbol of a man who would never abandon Dean would always look out for him, who would willingly throw himself in front of the monsters to keep them away from Dean.

Dean slid his arms up the bed behind him and gently sat up, breathing heavily as he looked at his alpha. His skin pricked.

"Dean?" Castiel's voice was soft and low

"Yeah?"

"May I... Would it be alright with you, if I lay with you a while?"

Dean swallowed "Yeah. I think that would be fine Cas"

Castiel smiled, closing the door till just a slither of light broke into the darkness, he bent down, neatly untangling his shoes and took off his trench coat and blazer jacket before lying on Deans bed next to him. A solid warmth next to Dean who had moved over to give him more room. But as Castiel lay on the bed near him, Dean found himself closing the gap between them again. So that
their arms were almost touching, their hands lay on the bed next to each other. The tiny hairs on them tickling each other. They were both lay, facing the ceiling, eyes open.

Dean became aware of how loud his breathing sounded, he felt sure that Castiel would be able to hear it, that and the quickening beat of his heart... Castiel shifted slightly and as he did, his hand brushed against Dean's more solidly, that small touch creating a rippling surge of electric through Dean's entire body... He didn't pull his hand away, somehow, as if it had a mind of its own his hand opened, fingers reaching, searching... Finding Castiel's hand beside his own and just as his fingers gripped around Castiel's...

He woke up, breathing heavy, heart hammering, and the smell of something... Something new. He suddenly realized... He was laid in a wet patch on his bed, oh what the fuck is this? He poked at the warm wet substance between his legs, eyes widening as it dawned, it was coming from him...
A Beta's Questions

Sam crouched low to climb into Charlie's car, pushing the seat right back to create some room for his insanely long legs... He looked over at her.

"So, what's it like?" He asked looking curious.

Charlie looked back at Sam as she fastened her seat belt "At first, it was just pain. Like crazy, crazy pain and I felt like I was on fire, or what I imagine that would feel like anyway. I felt like my body was stretching, and I passed out. When I woke up I was really hungry, sore and obviously, I noticed I had a few extra bits than when I'd passed out. It was just - I didn't believe it at first, figured I must be dreaming or something. But I clearly I wasn't and yeah I couldn't stop looking at it for like... a good hour, like 'what the fuck'" Charlie laughed before continuing "After some strong ass painkillers and a huge sandwich I felt a bit better. After that I discovered I could pee standing up, the novelty of which I can't see ending for a long, long time... There is some other stuff but I don't think you want to hear about that... "

Sam made a face and Charlie laughed again.

"Right, because you wouldn't have had an exploratory play if you'd grown boobs or something... Sure"

Sam's face softens, would he? Probably... Then he was struck with another thought... 'Had Dean?'

"Anyway," He said quickly, trying to steer the conversation in a new direction "What about how you feel, like... as an alpha?"

"I'm feeling pretty strong. But, it's a bit freaky, I mean back there with Cas, that was weird. I don't even... It's like I was me, but not"

"Yeah what the hell was that about?"

"Dean, I guess" Said Charlie clearly trying to work it out in her head as she spoke "I just felt like, I should protect him and trust me I know how that sounds, but it's not like I'm into Dean. I just felt like I need to look after him, you too by the way"

"Me?" Asked Sam surprised

"Well yeah, you are both like family to me. I know Castiel is too, but it wasn't like I was looking at Cas, it was more like - I was just looking at another alpha. I felt all possessive and urgh... It was weird" Charlie shuddered as though she'd been splashed with cold water "It was like, animal instinct"

Sam considered this if it had been about Castiel keeping Dean with him... Why had he let Sam leave? "So... Wait, did Cas just 'give' me to you, so you wouldn't try to 'keep' Dean?"

Charlie laughed, and Sam felt his shoulders relaxing instantly, it was a good sigh - if she felt that was a ridiculous idea "Cas doesn't own you, Sam, or Dean. It's up to you if you want to be part of a pack and who you would want to be your alpha if you do and it's not like Castiel could just give you away, or would even if that were the case"

Confused Sam stayed quiet for a while, thinking over all the new information he'd been given over the last couple of days, one thing that bothered him, was something he didn't know, which was why the hell the witch created and unleashed this virus in the first place?
After a while, Charlie broke the silence "What's bothering me most, right now... " She said thoughtfully "Is that tonight is a full moon and werewolves and vamps have already been going wild and losing control, ya know? What if it's worse tonight, maybe even vampires and werewolves with the best intentions will start to change, gotta be the virus that is affecting them, they already have animal/predator instincts - I can only see the A/B/O virus adding to those - which would make them more... animal than human, right?"

Sam swallowed and nodded "Yeah, that would be my guess too"

Charlie pulled over finally "We're here"

They got out of her car and walked toward the spot where less than two days ago, a witch had released the A/B/O virus. Sam pointing out to Charlie where it had happened and explaining everything to her, how Dean had fallen in pain, how he had dropped beside him, not knowing at the time what was wrong and how Castiel had stood close by, an expression of pain on his own face.

They found nothing, no trace of the broken vial, no clues to where the witch had gone, nothing.

So after searching the area over twice, they got back into Charlie's car and she drove back to her flat, where Sam met Eileen. Another beta, she was deaf and also... to Sam's surprise a hunter. He sent a quick text to Dean and Castiel and together the two beta's and the alpha settled down to look into the possible vampire attacks in the area.

***

Later that night, far away from the bunker and Charlies flat...

Garth stood, face a picture of fear and worry as his eyes focusing on the full moon in the cloudless night sky, become bloodshot and tinged with yellow. The pain hit with the speed and force of a bullet and he dropped to his knees. Lightning bolts of pain cut through him, far worse than anything he had endured before.

He was completely giving over to the wolf inside, and he could do nothing but cry out in pain as his jaw cracked and shifted. His teeth became long and sharp protruding out over his mouth. His hands grew tight as his fingers stretched out and his nails became long, blacked and pointed.

His back broke beneath his skin which was darkening all over, his bones rippled as he reshaped. He desperately tried to keep hold of his mind, to keep hold of his humanity, but his body suddenly sprouted hair, rough and long. His legs folded in under him and he fell on to all fours as he changed into a beast... Just a monster now, a monster that wanted, needed... to feed.

Scenting the air, the large wolf caught the faint trace of an omega, an omega in heat. Weakened. Not a wolf, a human omega. He quickly followed the smell, running along, sniffing the air, hunting. The strong predator hunting out the weak omega...
Dean watches in shock as Castiel comes into his bedroom and puts down a beer mini fridge, leaves again to collect more bags and comes back, over and over... Until his last trip to the car, he comes back carrying one bag, looking sheepishly at Dean.

Castiel holds out the plain black bag to Dean but as Dean goes to take it from him, Castiel withdraws it slightly.

"Dean..." He says eyes darting around uncomfortably "Before you take this bag... You should..." He sighs "This is not something you need right now, it probably isn't even something you want right now, but you will want and need it... When your first heat hits. I hope you will understand, I am not implying anything..."

Dean frowns at Castiel with no idea what he is going on about, he reaches his hand out again to take the bag from the alpha...

***

Twelve hours earlier

Castiel closes the bunker door, coming inside after his walk. He grips the railing tightly as the strong smell of omega slick hits his nostrils. His eyes closing as he comes to understand that this enticing smell is coming from Dean. Trying to breathe through a hot wave of lust building in him is a mistake as he ends up breathing in more of that sweet smell. He looks down the stairs, the stairs that would lead him closer to the source of the smell, he looks back to the door, behind which fresh air and a clear head are available. His fingers tapping on the railing now as he try's to make a decision.

He turns and starts down the stairs, the smell gets stronger and he huffs and turns around again quickly. He doesn't need to leave a note, he'll text Dean. He hurries back out of the bunker and into the night. Heading towards the bunker garage. He slides a finger down the impala's sleek black body, he would be tempted to wait for morning in the Impala, but he knows it would smell strongly of Dean in there and the whole point of staying in the garage overnight was to avoid that temptation, to keep Dean safe, from himself. He found another older car, dusty and scent free. He opened the door and sat across the back seat, pulling out his phone... He checked the time, there would be no point in going anywhere right now, the shops would be closed. He sent a quick message to Dean, saying he was in the garage working on a shopping list for the next day and not to leave his room until he returned.

When sunlight broke through the dusty windows and lit up the garage, Castiel checked his phone again. Another hour and he would be able to go and get the shopping, he'd formulated a list of everything he thought Dean might need in his mind, and repeated over and over in his head, adding to it or coming up with something better.

An hour later he pulled out of the garage and was on his way to the shops.

He picked up a large beer fridge, it was small enough for him to carry without drawing attention to his inhuman strength but larger than a standard mini-fridge. Dean could store a few days worth of food in it easily. He also bought painkillers, heat pads, sanitary pads - he cringed at having to explain those to Dean but they were not going to be his most awkward purchase, he bought a new set of towels, three sets of pajama pants, a magazine about cars, a crossword book, lots of Dean's favorite snacks, including a dozen mini pies, ready to eat. He bought a small pack of beers, no
doubt when the omega hunter saw some of these purchases, he would want a drink... He bought underwear for Dean, in what he hoped would be the right size, he worried about it all the way to the checkout and ended up going back and grabbing two more packs in different sizes, he stocked up on shower gel and shampoo. He bought a box of tissues and then wet wipes - trying to keep his mind clear of the situations in which Dean would need them. He made several trips back to the car, unloading and going back for more.

Lastly, Castiel frowned as he looked up at the sign... This was probably the most important and possibly the most awkward stop on his list. He took a deep breath and walked into the sex shop with what he hoped was an air of confidence...

He walked past rails of ladies underwear, past the sex books, past the naughty costumes straight to the back of the store... To the dildoes and vibrators. He stood in front of the back wall and suddenly felt very small, as his eyes traveled over the countless toys on display in front of him.

"Can I help you?"

He turned to face a pretty sales assistant, a beta he noted.

"I'm... I need a" He gestured to the display

"OK, is this your first?"

"It's not for me," He said "It's for my... um, friend"

"I see" She smiled "A gift?"

"I'm sure you are aware of the change? A couple of days ago?"

She looked at him "Yes, I am. I don't feel that much changed myself but some of my friends... Changed a great deal"

"Well, my friend changed and will need... some help, when his heat comes"

"I... Er" The girl looked a little lost, which made sense really, he guessed most people would be very confused about it. He suddenly felt reassured that at least Dean had him, who knew in advance what he would need. He felt an odd sense of pride at being able to care for the omega.

"It's alright, I know it is confusing, you are a beta. If you have any omega friends, you may want to warn them of heats - they will need... Well, I think you're going to be doing a lot of business from now on" He paused not wanting to be stuck here but wanting to give the girl a bit of information "You may want to tell any of your friends to stay indoors when their heat comes, it will be safer for them"

The girl nodded, but was still clearly confused "What can we do for your friend?" She asked clearly wanting to get back on track.

"I will need lubrication and some of these... I don't know what size, so I will purchase three different ones, a small one, a medium sized one and er... a large"

***

Now

Castiel hands over the bag to Dean, meeting his eyes for one fleeting moment before turning and hurrying from the room, closing the door behind him and leaving Dean with a look of worried
confusion on his face as he grips the mystery black bag.

Dean stares at the door for a moment before sitting on his bed and opening the bag by the two cut out plastic handles, his eyes fall on to the boxes inside it and he snaps the bag closed again... Looking back up towards the door, in quiet - horrified? - shock.

Dildoes. Castiel had bought him - dildoes...
"Dean, I need your help! Something happened last night..." Garth was frantically wiping his face as he held the phone up to his ear "I woke up in the woods, naked... covered in blood and I have no idea how I got there"

"Whoa, whoa, slow down! What?"

"Dean I think I may have done something terrible last night, you have to help me"

"Alright, alright, calm down. I'm on my way"

"Please hurry"

Dean hung up, his thoughts racing. He grabbed a duffel bag and hurried from his room to the armory, grabbing a gun and handcuffs, and chains... He walked briskly back into the hallway and almost mowed into...

"Rowena," He said stopping suddenly "Do you have those blockers?"

"I, yes," She said digging into her pocket for a vial "Here. Where are you going? I thought we were going to work on a cure?"

"We will. But I have to go and help a friend" He said taking the vial and passing her

Castiel appeared suddenly, the smell of upset omega drawing him from the library "Dean? What's wrong?"

"It's Garth," Said Dean "Somethings wrong"

"You can't leave Dean, it isn't safe"

"Like hell, I can't Cas, he is my friend and he needs my help. Come with me if you are so worried"

Castiel eyed Dean, knowing his friend would not be persuaded to stay. His scent was strong with worry and there was something else... maybe fear?

"Alright, I will come with you, we need to hurry and get back here as quickly as possible"

"Fine" Said Dean grabbing a jacket and throwing it round himself

"Text Sam, tell him whats happening," Said Castiel as he passed Dean and walked to the hunter's room. He searched through the bags he'd brought in, dug out the painkillers and walked back to join Dean. "Will you come?" He asked Rowena

"No deary, I know better than to put myself in the path of a werewolf around a full moon," She said pointedly "Will I be permitted to stay and work on the suppressants?"

Castiel looked at Dean, who nodded "Yes"

Rowena smiled.

Dean and Castiel walked out of the bunker. Alpha and omega, side by side. Castiel could smell Dean's strong scent, thick with worry.
"If anything happens to Garth, I'm going to hunt that witch down and kill her," Said Dean seriously, then he looked guilty as he added "I didn't think to warn Garth when this happened"

"It's not your fault Dean, we've had a lot going on"

Dean threw Castiel a look but didn't reply.

Castiel remained silent after that. Getting into the passenger side of the Impala and trying to keep the desire out of his own scent, which was difficult now that he was sat so close to the omega, to Dean.

***

Garth hung up his phone, staring at himself in the mirror, his face was red stained with blood, the taste of it on his tongue. He rinsed out the flannel again, the water tinting pink from the blood and he wiped angrily at his face. His whole body ached, his eyes were bloodshot and tired. He felt like he'd hardly slept at all. He wondered briefly what the hell had happened the night before, why couldn't he remember anything. Why had he woken up naked? He had a horrible idea, but he was trying to come up with another explanation, any other explanation.

He grabbed his toothbrush and emptied half the tube of toothpaste into his mouth, then began furiously scrubbing at his teeth, the roof of his mouth and his tongue. The minty flavor a welcome relief from the taste of blood. Don't misunderstand, to him - the blood tasted wonderful... He almost felt himself craving more... And that more than anything scared him. The need to get rid of that taste came from his kind and gentle soul. The man, not the beast. He wanted to stay in control. So if the beast wanted to taste the blood, the man wanted to deny it that. He brushed and scrubbed along his gums, going over and over until the toothbrush snapped unexpectantly under his grip. He looked up at himself in the mirror, one half of the toothbrush still hanging from his mouth, the other in his hand.

He spat out the toothbrush into the sink... Grabbing a bottle of mouthwash and took a huge gulp of it, swilling it around his mouth before spitting it out into the sink again, then he leaned into the mirror, examining his teeth. They looked normal. He moved back away from the mirror and a flash of gold caught his eyes, coming from his eyes. He blinked and stared at his reflection, his eyes... changing shape? Changing color? No... He must have imagined it...

***

Crowley, during the change...

Crowley was bent over, after having just delivered a quick death to an unruly demon, trying to get rid of the vessel body left behind. He always cleaned up after himself, he wasn't stupid enough to think that leaving a trail of dead bodies was ever a good idea. Suddenly he felt it, a hot tight pain... in his...

"What the bloody hell," He exclaimed loudly, suddenly doubling over in pain. His face screwed up and he clutched at his middle. He fell to his knees, face reddening and mouth clenched tightly.

***

Dean and Castiel arrived at the small farmhouse Garth now called home. The drive had taken over three hours and Dean's scent had become much sweeter... Castiel had opened the window and leaned against the side of the side to get the fresh air blowing into his face if Dean had noticed he hadn't said anything.
Dean had been quietly worrying the whole drive to Garths, worrying about what was happening to his friend, worrying about what his friend may have done last night, worrying about why there was an increasing coil of pain in his... By the time they arrived at Garth's, Dean was sweating, Castiel had opened a window a while back and Dean had been relieved by the cool flow of fresh air for a while, but his relief was short lived. The open window that had seemed to be his friend, had turned on him... Blasting Castiel's scent directly at him. The coil had grown, from a small numb ache to a pain. His knuckles were white from how tightly he'd been gripping the steering wheel. He pushed it all down, mind set on finding an helping Garth.

"Dean?" Castiel looked at him as Dean parked up

Dean turned to face Cas, visibly pale and breathing heavily "Huh?" He managed. Castiel's eyes widened as he took in Dean's face, his smell. Castiel shifted round in his seat, to better face Dean, he reached out and surprised Dean when he grabbed his collar and tugged his face toward his own... He sniffed deeply at Dean's neck, ignoring Dean's angry protests...

"Dean... Your heat has started"
"Where are the scent blockers?" Asked Castiel as he practically dragged Dean toward a barn, further away from Garth's house "Dean? The blockers"

"Here" Grumbled Dean, he held up the tiny vial. Castiel grabbed it, worried the omega may drop it in his state of pain.

"Okay, I'm going to get you into the barn, then you need to put some of that on your neck" Castiel had one of Dean's arms slung over his shoulder. Deans heat had been creeping up on the drive here, and Castiel? Well, he'd stuck his head out of the car window like a damn dog and missed the signs. Angry with himself he pulled Dean up, over his shoulder more, the barn was close now...

***

Crowley...

Crowley had breathed through the worst of the pain, abandoning the body in favor of getting somewhere safe he'd left. Noticing a heavier weight swinging between his legs as he went... When got into a motel room, practically unnoticed by the slumped over motel receptionist who seemed to be in some mild discomfort themselves, not that Crowley cared about them, just interesting to note that their pain seemed to be in the same area as his own, he hurried to the bathroom, splashed some water over his face and then towel dried his hands. Before, unzipping his pants and letting them drop to the floor...

He gasped out loud at what he saw, he... who had literally sold his soul for an extra three inches of cock... Was now supporting a... well...

"Fuck me, it's huge," He said staring at it in disbelief, a Grinch-like smile that reached up to his ears took over his face as his eyes came to land on his own reflection in the bathroom mirror "What does a man with a twelve inch cock have for breakfast" He laughed "Well... this morning I had scrambled eggs"

The next thirty hours or so, Crowley really got to grips with his new, larger than life appendage... When he finally surfaced from his exceptional masturbatory session. He had only one thought on his mind... He was an alpha, in need of a pack and he only had one person in mind...

***

Garth, had paced, trying to remember what had happened the night before. He wrote down what he could remember, as if reading it in his own words would jog his memory... He tried to eat, but the sandwich he'd made himself tasted like dirt... He needed meat. He looked at the contents of the fridge, feeling a bile rising in his throat as he thought about eating any of it... He'd paced, tried to do press ups - feeling an urge to keep himself busy, also trying to tire himself out. He'd realized he felt electrified with energy, buzzing with the need to run... RUN he told himself, not hunt. RUN.

Keeping himself as busy as possible and constantly checking his phone for a message from Dean... he worried away the hours... Until he heard the rumbling tones of the Impala, he rushed to the window, sweet relief washing over him... Until, he caught the scent of something familiar, omega... In heat.

Falling to the floor, his transformation began... "No..." He croaked out "No, No... " His words turned into a growl and he was on all fours, eyes gleaming gold. A wolf, needing to hunt.
Dean slumped back into a pile of straw hay. Face sweaty and his body aching. Castiel turned from him, meaning to go and close the barn door, check it was secured... But Dean's desperate plea stopped him in his tracks...

"Don't leave me"

Castiel turned to Dean, he pulled the tiny vial of scent blockers from his pocket and stepped towards the omega...

A loud and startling crash behind him, made him turn, just in time to see a large wolf, gold eyes fixed on him, with its teeth bared, it lunged at him... Dean yelled from somewhere behind Castiel as he was knocked to the floor... the vial falling to the ground and smashing, the blockers draining away uselessly...
Castiel's eyes flared from Angel blue to Alpha red... Settling on a magnificent purple mix.

He scrambled to his feet, angel blade dropping into his hands as he turned to locate the wolf. He saw the beast, circling him and Dean. Castiel's head was screaming at him 'PROTECT, PROTECT, PROTECT'. He chanced a split second glance to where Dean was still lay on the hay, watching him worriedly. Dean was trying to free his gun from where it was tucked under him into his belt.

Castiel faced down the beast, he growled. And that more than anything else startled Dean, in his heat-induced haze he freed his gun, raising it at the wolf, as the creature made its move toward Castiel, Dean fired... The shot rang out, deafeningly loud and the force of the bullet leaving the gun milked Dean of his remaining energy, he fell back unconscious, not knowing if he'd hit the beast... or even... if he'd hit Castiel.

The wolf whined as the bullet grazed by its front leg, it turned and ran out of the barn, Castiel casting a fleeting glance at Dean, he grabbed the gun and ran after the wolf. Any beast that had threatened his mate... Wait, his friend. Castiel shook his head, anything that threatened Dean... He would end. He chased after the wounded beast. Pushing the barn door out of his way as he ran through it...

***

Dean was laid in prickly hay when he came to, there was a small puddle of blood near the barn door, he tried to will his legs to stand, but he wobbled and fell back to the floor. He felt a burning need within him, what the fuck? How can sex really be on my mind right now? He thought angrily. Cas was gone, and somewhere Garth still needed Dean's help...

Dean froze, as a smell hit him - it was an alpha. He looked up... His vision blurred as a dark figure approached him... His head swam, and his eyes flickered closed as he muttered...

"Take me" He wasn't even sure what he meant, but as he felt strong alpha hands grip at his arms, he calmed. He was with an alpha, Charlie and Cas were both alphas and had both expressed desire to protect him... He must be safe, right? He gave into the darkness and promise of sleep as he felt himself lifted from the ground. Being carried away, bridal style.

***

Castiel was chasing the wolf, he'd lost sight of it, but the scent of blood and beast was strong. He pursued it, eyes still shining purple. Body lit with the desire to protect Dean from the threat...
Finally, he caught sight of the creature, his wounded leg, slowing him. The beast turned as it caught Castiel's scent, Castiel walked up towards it, gun held out. The beast growled, low and deep... And Castiel fired. One single shot.

The wolf crumpled under the force of the bullet, lay panting on the ground, bleeding its life into the grass.

Castiel walked up to it, pocketing the gun. He knelt over the beast, which whined. Castiel raised his angel blade, the wolf's eyes following it, with something like... Fear in them...

Castiel drove the blade down. Through the heart of the beast. Killing it instantly... A second of relief, a second... And then, everything changed... The wolf changed... The hair shrinking back into the body, the teeth retracting, soon the body lengthened out...

And Castiel stood, horrified as he looked down at the body of their friend, Garth.

"No" He whispered as he dropped to the ground, beside the man "No... It can't be..."

Tears of anguish bled from Castiel's eyes... He wiped his face, desperately trying to pull himself together, to tell himself he didn't know... How could he have known? He pulled his trenchcoat from him and laid it over Garth's pale body and lifted him. Carrying him back towards the barn. How would he explain this to Dean? Dean had come here to help Garth and Castiel... had killed him.

He reached the barn door and lay Garth down just outside of it... Wanting to tell Dean, before just presenting him with Garth's body. He felt sick, all he'd wanted was to keep Dean safe, all he ever wanted... was Dean to be safe. He wondered sadly, if Dean would ever forgive him for this...

He took a steadying breathe and walked into the barn... Dean was gone. Castiel looked around, Dean was just gone... and the faint scent of alpha lingered...

Garth, his friend, Dean's friend, was dead... And Dean, well... Dean was gone...

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry... <3 :'(
Sam, Charlie, and Eileen were all huddled in Charlie's car, the ride was cramped and tense and Sam didn't even say anything as Charlie drove way over the speed limit towards the bunker.

Sam and Eileen were worried and sad... Trying to come up with who might have taken Dean... and why?

But Charlie, Charlie was furious. She had barely spoken to the others as she used driving as an excuse not to speak, letting the rage burn within her.

Rowena was waiting in the bunker. Castiel had asked them to pick her up, they would need her to locate Dean.

As Charlie pulled up at the bunker, she turned to face Sam and Eileen "Stay" She growled out as she got out of her car. Neither Sam or Eileen questioned her. Both a little stunned, but obedient. Charlie was, after all an alpha.

Charlie got out of the car, closing the door behind her. She walked up to the bunker and pushed the heavy does open. She descended the stairs coming face to face with Rowena at the bottom.

"We need your help to find Dean," She said

"Of course," Said Rowena, surprising herself at her own reaction to the alpha

"We need some more blockers too," Said Charlie.

"Of course, I put some in a plastic spray bottle, not so easily broken," She said and inwardly berated herself for seeking approval

"And... I need an angel blade"

"They have spares in the armory" Said Rowena at once

"Get me one" Said Charlie

Armed with the angel blade and bottle of blockers, Charlie and Rowena climbed the stairs to the bunker door and walked out towards the car.

No one said anything as Charlie placed the angel blade in the glove compartment. Sam frowned at it but remained silent.

Charlie passed the bottle of blockers to Eileen "Put it on now" She said, and watched and waited while all three beta's in her car sprayed the blockers on their necks. Charlie breathed in deeply through her nose, and once satisfied that her pack was protected, shifted the car into drive and pulled away from the bunker, dead set on finding Dean and bringing him home.

Rowena was sat in the passenger seat, wondering what the was wrong with her... When she'd been face to face with Castiel, she'd felt no desire to obey, to please. But - she glanced at the alpha sat next to her now, Charlie had her submitting without even trying. Maybe, she thought - it was because Charlie was human? And Castiel was an angel? Or maybe it was because Rowena would never allow herself to be submissive to a man? Either way, she felt a strange sense of respect for the alpha at the wheel.
Sam, was sat in the back seat, cramped in next Eileen who kept glancing over at him, and gripped his hand tightly before signing to him 'Dean will be alright', he gave her a weak smile.

And Charlie, Charlie was burning rubber toward the farmhouse. Eyes fixed on the road ahead.

***

Castiel had searched around the barn for a trail of Dean, but he had found nothing. He called Sam and had to replay everything to him. How he had unknowingly killed Garth and how Dean had been taken. He felt numb as he hung up the phone, the idea of having to wait for them to get Rowena and bring her - was torture. Dean was in heat, and an unknown Alpha had taken him...

Castiel looked down at the lifeless body that was wrapped in his trench coat, he knelt beside Garth and lifted him carefully, carrying him back up to his house, where he put some underwear on him before cleaning his wounds and selecting some clothes for him and dressing him. He laid his body carefully on his bed and walked back outside to the barn, getting an ax and chopping some wood, he began to build a hunters funeral bonfire. Collecting handfuls of straw from the barn and tucking it into the bonfire. He finished quickly, taking his anger at his own failure out of the wood he chopped.

Then he went back into Garth's house, cleaned out his fridge. And turned everything off. He'd failed Garth, but at least he could do this, keep his things safe for any family the man may have had.

***

Castiel heard a car parking up outside and walked out of the farmhouse.

Charlie pulled up, her anger having ebbed away none. She got out of the car, leaving the angel blade in the glove compartment and strode with authority towards Castiel, her eyes burning red as she approached him.

On noticing her eyes, Castiel's flashed purple for a split second before he turned and saw Sam, Eileen and Rowena coming up behind her.

"You!" Charlie growled out, bringing Castiel's attention back to her. Her tone was less than friendly "You were meant to be keeping Dean safe"

"I was," Said Castiel anger rising "We were attacked and I eliminated the threat, I had no idea it was Garth"

"You left Dean unprotected to go off and murder our friend!" She yelled, rage on her face. The purple flare behind Castiel's eyes blew and lit up as he realized, he was being challenged "You aren't fit to be Dean's alpha!"
Castiel stepped back, trying to will himself to calm down. But Charlie stepped into his space a pointed finger raising and poking at Castiel's chest, hard.

"You had one job! Protect Dean!" She snarled

"Charlie..." Sams quiet voice called to her from behind and she flashed her red eyes back at him, silencing him.

"You weren't here. You didn't see what happened" Said Castiel in as calm a tone as he could currently manage

"You don't get it" She snapped shoving him forcefully backward "You are an angel, you will have family after family, pack after pack, long after we are all gone. We only get one - and you lost a part of my one family! You are not Dean's alpha, you failed him. You failed Garth. You failed us"

"Dean is my omega" Said Castiel

"NO. Dean is an omega, he gets to decide who, if anyone he wants to be is alpha"

"No" Said Castiel glaring at her "He is MY omega, you do not understand Charlie. Dean is the omega to my alpha... It is deeper than you comprehend - Alpha's and omega's can have true mates. Dean... Dean is mine... I love him"

Charlie's eyes flickered in confusion "We all love him... "

"It is not the same" Castiel sighed heavily, he could feel Sam's eyes on him.

"You... You mean, you are in love with him?" She asked frowning "Why are you only telling us this now?"

"I didn't want to say anything, Dean should be free to choose - as you say. I wanted to see if he would... discover this on his own. How could I say to him, that we were... true mates? He wouldn't understand but if left to consider that on his own, he may accept it"

"You didn't want to push it on him?" Her anger was wavering "You wanted him to... find it on his own?"

"Yes"

***

Dean woke up on sheets of crimson red. His eyes were heavy and there was a deep burning in his groin.

"Dean" A smooth voice broke the silence and Dean looked up.

He frowned "Crowley?"

"How are you feeling?"

"Like I'm in a nightmare I'd really like to wake up from," Dean said wincing as he sat up against
"Where's Cas?"

"Feathers? Dancing with wolves" Crowley stood up and walked over to Dean, holding out a glass of what looked like whiskey "Drink?"

"From you?" Dean almost laughed, then he caught Crowley's scent, alpha. Dean watched as Crowley drank from the glass, and then offered it to him, proving it was safe.

Dean took the glass and downed the whiskey "Where's Cas?" He asked again.

Crowley sighed "I don't know, he went chasing after a werewolf... He left you - unprotected"

Dean frowned, that didn't sound like something Castiel would do... "Why'd you bring me here?"

"To keep you safe, you are in heat. It isn't safe for you to be left unprotected. I also wanted to make you an offer"

Dean frowned at him, none of what Crowley was saying made sense, Cas wouldn't have just left him, and why would Crowley want him?

***

Charlie had calmed down at Castiel's confession. She was still angry, but she could tell Castiel was telling the truth. He was in love with Dean. Castiel had gone back into Garth's house to bring out his body, he rested a hand on Garth's forehead...

"Please, please forgive me," He said quietly "I am so very sorry"

Carrying him outside, wrapped in a blanket, Castiel felt numb. Garth didn't deserve this. Garth was good. This had happened to him, because of the A/B/O virus... Maybe Dean had been right... Maybe they did need to find a cure... But first, he needed to find Dean.

Castiel, Charlie, Sam, Eileen, and Rowena watched as the fire enveloped Garth's body...

Charlie kept glancing at Castiel, who's eyes were misty "I'm sorry" She said quietly "I'm sorry for what I said about Garth. That wasn't fair"

He nodded. Noting that she made no apologies for what she'd said about him and Dean...

After Garth's funeral. Rowena began trying to locate Dean, muttering spells and wondering around the barn.

***

"An offer? From the King of Hell?" Dean would have laughed, had he not been in so much pain...

"Yes. I want you in my pack, I want you to be my omega"

Dean's eyes widened "WHAT?"

"You and I, Dean. Alpha" He pointed to himself "and omega" he pointed to Dean

Dean couldn't even think, his head hammered, his chest was burning, his groin... Was ablaze with pain. He just wanted it to stop...
"Can you make the pain stop?" He asked without thinking

"I can" Said Crowley "But I don't think you really want me too, I want you in my pack Dean, you're strong. But I'm not talking about mating you... For now... You could use this?" Crowley held up a box.

"Mating me?!" Dean questioned as though that was new information to him, then he looked at the box Crowley was holding up "Is that another fucking dildo?" Shouted Dean "Why does everyone keep giving me rubber dicks?"

"This is how you ease the pain" He dropped the box on the bed beside Dean "Try it... It will help. I will be outside, you have my word I won't leave you. Try this, you'll feel better. Then you can consider my offer with a clear head"

"What if I say no?" Asked Dean, waiting for the catch

"Then you will still be in pain" Said Crowley opening the hotel door and stepping out, closing it behind him.

"That was not what I meant" Muttered Dean toward the closed door. He shook his head, then stopped as it ached. He checked his pockets for his phone, missing. No doubt Crowley had it. There must be a catch, he thought to himself, as his eyes came to rest on the box on the bed.

He sighed, opening the box and his eyebrows raised as the long, slender purple dildo slipped out of it, still sealed it in plastic wrapping. Was he really going to do this? Castiel's words came to his mind as he held it up...

'This is not something you need right now, it probably isn't even something you want right now, but you will want and need it... When your first heat hits'

Castiel had seemed to think this would help... Dean found himself trusting that more than anything else, as he looked at the dildo, he could feel the thickness of it in his hand, it wasn't so big, he thought.

***

Charlie was stood in front of the group, angel blade in her hand "I brought this, because for someone to take Dean away from Castiel, while he was in heat, is either really stupid... or has a pair of gigantic balls... I figured it could be, another angel or something else. And these work where bullets sometimes don't. I mean whoever it was, slipped into the barn without being discovered, and risked a run in with an angel alpha and a werewolf... Kinda has me thinking whatever or whoever it is... Is not human"

Rowena who had been muttering her way around the barn, suddenly stopped and looked over at her "Oh you can be sure of it. I know exactly who took Dean"

Castiel and the others stepped forward, "Who was it?" He asked

"My son"
Dean wants to go and lock the door, he wants to leave, ideally. But the fact is, he can't even stand without help. He is weak and sweaty, his whole body aches, he feels something like homesick as he wonders what happened to Castiel and if he is OK. Dean calms himself thinking he would know, he would feel it if something had happened to him.

No, Cas would be fine, probably looking for him if past behavior was any indicator. When it came to finding Dean, Castiel had always been stubborn in his efforts, simply point blank refusing to give up. Dean felt a flicker of a smile cross his face for a moment. He looks around him, realizing he has no idea where he is, he just knows that Crowley is outside the door... He remembers what Crowley had said about mating and the thought alone makes him gag. His tongue sticking out of his mouth as his head shuddered into his neck, eyes closed.

He remembers back to Castiel explaining that Alpha's and Omega's could... bond, mate. He tried to remember his own reaction. He remembered being shocked... but he didn't feel the same revulsion he was feeling right now... The thought of lying in bed with Crowley made his skin crawl, but the thought of lying in bed next to Cas... made him feel...

He smelt it, before feeling it... The wetness, he frowned as he pulled his pants down. He didn't want a big wet patch on his pants, now the spare underwear and pajama pants Castiel had bought him made sense... and the sanitary pads too. To his surprise, he realized he actually wished he had one now. Damn Cas for being right about everything... And damn him, for not listening to him. Castiel had gone out and stocked up on everything Dean might possibly need... and right now... Dean was wishing he'd shown a little more gratitude. Thinking back with a pang of guilt, he realized he'd been so shocked by the dildo's, he hadn't even said thank you for the other stuff...

He really needed to stop taking Cas for granted, he made a mental note to tell Castiel this and apologize when he saw him again. He looked at the purple dildo in his hand, Cas had said it would help, and deciding that it was time to start really trusting the angel, his alpha... he took it from the film wrapper, feeling the smooth surface on his fingers, there is something familiar about it, something that feels safe about it. He remembers looking at the one's Castiel had bought him, he remembers how his stomach had twisted as the image of using one had - for a second - crossed his mind.

 Somehow he now understands what the wetness is... Like he always knew but hadn't accepted it yet, he'd changed... And that was... OK. But his new body had a different process, a cycle and it hurt and he just needed to... fuck... something, anything, so what the hell was he waiting for? Did he really have anything to lose by trying? No...

"Man the fuck up Dean," He told himself "You can do this"

Face set with determination now, He pulls his pants all the way down and off, boxers too. He slips his body underneath the sheets - in case Crowley should come back and see him. He spreads his legs, ignoring the slight feeling of embarrassment he shifts into as comfortable a position as he came find and presses the dildo to his hole... Hesitating for only a moment and then, cautiously pushing it against his hole.

"Feels like a shit traveling the wrong way" He grumbles to himself, until with one last defiant push... it's in and Dean sucks a breath in through his teeth, eyes opening in surprise at the feel of something entering him. He holds it still for a moment, just testing how it feels. He blinks, turning it in his fingers, biting his lip at the slight sting. He is suddenly wondering, how the larger one back at the bunker would feel. He knows straight away this is what he was needing, his body has
already relaxed around the intrusion. He wants no, needs more.

Slowly he fucks the toy into himself, in and out. Biting down on his bottom lip to stifle a low moan at how good it feels... The sensation is so intense and he finds that he is reveling in the carnal need of it. Somehow, he realizes it is helping his pain, sex really is his cure... Maybe him being an omega is right then. And really, wasn't Rowena right? He'd been given something, he hadn't lost anything... Not really, so he may not be the unofficial leader anymore... But nine times out of ten he could get Castiel to see things his way and do what he wanted anyway... Castiel had always seemed to struggle to say no to Dean... Like someone with a crush... He thought suddenly...

Did Castiel... Have a crush on Dean? Or something more... He thinks of all the times Castiel had saved him, the look on his face when Dean got hurt, the tenderness of his touch whenever he healed Dean. Dean hadn't noticed himself moving the toy quicker, he just liked the feeling, and somehow thinking of Castiel calmed him, made him feel better - made IT feel better.

Castiel's face flashed through Dean's mind, then he remembered his purple eyes, the same shade as the dildo... Somehow his mind put's these two things together and Dean gasps as he comes from a flickering image of it being Castiel inside him...

"Son of a bitch, what the fuck was that..." He pants heavily. Then... he does it again. Harder this time, already opened up for the stretch he fucks into himself with the dildo and is breathless and hot and Castiel is laid next to him... His eyes slip shut as he imagines Castiel's hands on him... pushing in him, kissing him...

***

"I guess it's true for you too then"

"What?"

"Once you pop, you just can't stop"

Dean pulls a face at Crowley

"Listen, now you're feeling a bit better, you're free to go - if that's what you want. I have your phone here, you can call your moose and get him to come and pick you up..." Dean frowned at Crowley, face full of distrust "Or..." Crowley went on "you could stay, agree to be a part of my pack and in return... I will close the gates to hell"

Deans mouth hung open in surprise as he stared at Crowley "Why me? How did you even know I'd be an omega?" Asked Dean trying to piece it all together

Crowley gave Dean a look that made him shift uncomfortably - as though Dean was asking a stupid question "Because of Sam of course"

"What? Sam told you I was..."

"No, No the moose and I are not exactly texting buddies - I mean how you are with Sam, you practically raised him. You are his brother, yes - But you also took the roles of his mother and father...You already have the paternal instincts built in"

Dean stared at Crowley, so Crowley went on...

"You are strong, you are the vessel to Michael, you have a wider knowledge of the supernatural than most people, there are other reasons, not least - your looks. Don't get me wrong Dean, I am
not harboring some secret crush on you, but you have to be one of the strongest omega's out there... Perfect for giving me a strong heir. Look... I'm not stupid enough to try and keep you against your will Dean, you may not remember - but in that barn, you asked me to take you, I did not abuse that invitation and have no intention of doing so. No doubt your posey will be on their way soon, so you have a choice to make... Think about it, this virus will be the end for vampires and werewolves, hunters won't tolerate that they can't help it when they lose control, most of them didn't need the virus to be fine with killing people anyway, but the virus will make them reckless - easier to hunt... imagine a world, with no vampires, no werewolves, and no demons?" Crowley tilted his at Dean and backed out of the hotel room, stopping to add "It's your choice" Before closing the doors again.
Lalasa Mishra stared at her television set, shaking her head, her long jet black hair swishing around her shoulders. Another body found. Another vampire attack, of course, the humans didn't know what it was - not really. But she did. Much like she knew it was because of her spell. She hadn't intended this when she'd cast the spell - she hadn't thought that it would affect vampires and werewolves... She'd been so naive, if she had expected it to affect her, a witch... then why wouldn't it affect other supernatural beings? She hadn't wanted to hurt anyone. She was just tired, tired of being alone. She just wanted to find someone. To belong to someone, to have a family... In her search to find love, she'd come across an old book titled 'The Scribes Tales', depicting the soul bonds between something called alphas and omegas. The book seemed heavy with energy. More research and she'd discovered it, it seemed to be like a reset button. Reset humanity to their earliest forms, to their more primal-selves. Where people had felt so strongly bonded to each other, they would die for their mates, they would kill for them... What a wonderful, awful thought... To be loved that much.

***

Castiel was stood next to Sam as he held the phone to his ear.

"Moose" Came Crowley's drawling voice

"Where's Dean?" Demanded Sam

"With me," Said Crowley smoothly "Having the time of his life, oh and safe"

Castiel narrowed his eyes as he listened. Sam shifted next to him smelling the rage coming off the alpha.

"Where? I want to talk to him"

Crowley sighed "Well, I would happily oblige you. But Dean is... eh, working through something right now"

"He is in heat" Said Castiel addressing Crowley "He wouldn't be able to work through..." Castiel stopped, breathing heavily through his nose as he clenched his jaw "Crowley I swear if you've..."

"What? Go ahead wings... If I've what? Treated him with the utmost respect? Taking him out of the danger you left him in, bringing him somewhere safe and comfortable? Provided him with the means to... shall we say self-medicate through his heat? Been a total gentleman and made him a very generous offer?"

"What offer?" Asked Castiel seething

"Why, to be his alpha of course" Castiel could practically hear the smirk in the voice of the demon "If he gives me an heir, I will close the gates of hell. He is actually free to leave whenever he wants, it sounds as though he is giving my offer a-great-deal-of thought"

"We want to talk to him" Said Sam

"Of course. And when he asks for his phone back, which he knows he can ask for, I will be sure to pass on the message" Crowley paused thinking "Oh and moose... if Dean does accept this offer, I will close the gates of hell, and you and I... Well, we'll be brothers"
Crowley hung up and Sam looked at Castiel "What are we going to do?"

Castiel stood silent for a moment thinking everything through before speaking, the others waited and watched as something seemed to click in his mind "We split up, Sam, you, Rowena and Eileen try and find a cure, a way to break the virus. If Dean can't..." He closed his eyes "If Dean isn't an omega, he is no use in Crowley's plan. Charlie and I will go after Dean"

"Wait, what?" Sam looked pissed "I want to find Dean, you think I want to sit back while Crowley does - who knows what to my brother?"

"Sam," Said Charlie "You won't be sitting back, you were there when the spell started you need to show Rowena where that was"

"I showed you!" Said Sam hotly "You can show her"

Castiel looked at Charlie, then Sam "If Crowley gets his hands on you, Sam... Dean will agree to anything to save you"

Sam sighed he knew that was true.

"He will be expecting Castiel, he might not be expecting two alpha's" Said Charlie resting a hand on Sam's shoulder

"Do you think Dean would agree to this?" Signed Eileen to Charlie

"I don't know" Said Charlie

"Of course he would," Said Castiel bitterly "Dean has never shied away from sacrificing himself before. If he believes Crowley would really close the gates of hell... He'd think he was being selfish to refuse"
"Dean Winchester, the human can of Pringles" Muttered Dean to himself, somewhat... proudly? After his fourth go with the slender purple dildo which he'd now lovingly nick-named 'Wilson'. Just for the fun of mumbling 'I'm sorry Wilson' - Tom Hanks style - Castaway, as he slides it back inside himself. His room reeked and the bed sheets were a wet mess of sweat and slick and come. He would care, but Wilson had made him feel almost human again... The pain from his heat burning at a low simmer, rather than a roaring furnace.

He lay on the double bed, completely naked now as he'd worked up quite a sweat the third time and had pulled his shirt off, with a corner of the bed sheet covering up 'the goods'. He heard a knock at the door...

"Fuck off" He groaned

"Firstly" Came Crowley's voice "I can smell you from the opposite side of the building, crack a window. Secondly, I just thought you like to know, I just spoke to your brother"

Dean groaned again, he did not need to be thinking about Sammy right now. But as he was feeling much better, he really should get up... He paused, thinking 'Am I trying to escape?' "I'm getting up, I need a shower"

"I know"

"Fuck off" Dean rolled his eyes, this should feel weirder than it did, he should feel scared? Angry? But he didn't. In fact, all he could register feeling at the moment was sticky. He hobbled, wrapping the bed sheet around his middle as he went, ever so slightly more bow-legged than usual and opened a window. Before turning and making his way to the bathroom. He shut the door behind him and locked it. Letting the bedsheet fall to the floor and turning the water on in the shower before getting in when it was hot enough. Using the miniature hotel soaps and shampoo he cleaned himself up.

Finding all his clothes again in the rumpled and stinking of sex bed was not an easy task. He rinsed Wilson and then wondered if it would be weird to take it with him... It felt like to take a dildo with him Crowley had given him, meant something... And in a way it did, this was the first time he'd... But then there were those Cas had bought him - waiting for him to return to the bunker. He had an odd sensation of it being a betrayal to the other dildo's... Or maybe it just came down to picking Castiel, or Crowley.

He spared a moment's silence for whoever got to clean this room out after they left and walked to the hotel room door. Opening it, to find Crowley waiting for him halfway down the corridor.

"Feeling better?" Asked Crowley looking at Dean "You look better"

Dean eyed him "Yeah. You spoke to Sam?"

"I did" Said Crowley "He wanted to know where you are, he wanted to talk to you, I told him you would call him when you were ready"

"Anyone else?" Asked Dean trying to sound casual

"Anyone else, what?"

"Did you speak to anyone else, apart from Sam"
"Yes. Castiel" Crowley turned to face Dean, who flooded with relief at hearing Crowley had recently spoken to Cas "He seemed to think you were incapable of making your own decisions, or what was it... you couldn't work through anything because you are in heat"

Dean frowned "Don't do that"

"What?"

"Make out like Cas was being... Forget it" Dean sighed "I want my phone"

Crowley looked at him "Have you made a decision then?"

"Is getting my phone back dependant on that?"

"No" Crowley held out Dean's phone to him, "I told you already Dean, I am not trying to hold you prisoner - it wouldn't do me any good. If you don't want to be here now, you are free to leave. My offer stands. Assuming you do not take another mate"

"Wait, what?" Dean looked at him "You'd let me walk out of here right now?"

Crowley rolled his eyes "I have mentioned this, more than once. Go home, think it over, ask other hunters what sort of things they would do for the chance at a demon-free world? You would have everything you wanted, you could still hunt - apart from when you are with child"

Dean internalized a shudder, and wrinkle his nose "You mean... I'd be a kept-man"

Crowley laughed "Is that so bad? Haven't you had to fight for everything you've ever had, and then had to fight again, over and over to keep it? I just want an heir, preferably a boy. And you would get anything and everything you needed" Crowley paused thinking, Dean never really cared much for himself... "And so would Sam"

"What?" Dean frowned

"I would see to it that Sam had protection, while you were pregnant"

"How? If you're shutting the gates, it's not like you've got lackey's to do your bidding"

"No... But I do have Juliette"

"You want to leave your pet hellhound... Never mind" He turned away from Crowley and held up his phone. Wondering whether to call Sam or Cas.

His thumb hovered over the call button a second longer before he hit call, putting the phone to his ear and waiting.

The call answered "Dean?"

"Hey"
All Manners Of Protection

I would have had this finished earlier but my washing machine died... Causing me to have a mini break down as I have a pile of washing I was going to do this weekend... Anyway, a moment of silence for a valiant clothes washer ;-) And now back to your unscheduled story...

XXX

Thank you for all the kudos and comments so far, <3

Castiel stared at his phone for a second in surprise before answering "Dean?"

"Hey"

Just one word... and Castiel's entire body relaxed, just hearing his voice... His eyes closed as a weight lifted from his heart.

"Are you alright?" He asked softly.

"For now, I am still in heat though" Said Dean "Where's Sam?"

"He's fine, he's with Rowena and Eileen. Charlie is with me. Where are you?"

"Where am I?" Dean asked Crowley

"Best Western" Said Crowley

Dean looked at him "You brought me to a cowboy themed hotel?"

"I heard you were a fan"

Dean shook his head and pressed the phone against his ear again "Best Western, it's about an hour from the bunker" He turned to Crowley again as he realized "You brought me to a hotel that was near the bunker!" He frowned at Crowley until a concerned voice shouted at him from his phone. "Dean?"

"Yeah Cas, I'm here"

"Charlie and I will come and get you now, stay there, we will be as fast as we can"

"Thanks. See you soon" Dean hung up the call and turned to Crowley "How long do I have?"

"A week should be plenty of time, you should have finished your heat by then too. But Dean, if you bed anyone else in that time, the deal is off"

Dean nodded "Yeah, yeah. I get it"
Crowley and Dean waited in the lobby of the hotel, Dean giddily flicking through a cowboy magazine as they waited and Crowley giving a passing alpha who had noticed Dean a cold stare, that clearly stated 'keep moving'.

The front doors to the hotel swung open and in strode Castiel, he walked with purpose and his trenchcoat billowed out behind him, his eyes fell on Dean and softened... But then they found Crowley and a flicker of that purple fire ignited in them... Charlie was behind him, looking almost as ready for battle as Castiel. She saw Dean and called out to him in relief.

"Dean" He looked up from his magazine in time to see Castiel march past him, Charlie took Deans hand and pulled him up from the chair he'd been sat in. Dean watched with a slight smile, as Castiel slammed Crowley against a wall and glared into his eyes. Dean's face tilted to the side as he took it in, Castiel's fists twisted in the front of Crowley's jacket. He thought he heard him say something, but his pain was already returning, he just wanted to get home... He turned to the door and followed Charlie to her car.

Castiel was glaring into Crowley's eyes, slamming him roughly into the wall and holding him tightly, his jaw clenched "Take him away from me again, it will be the last thing you ever do"

Crowley smiled. Having no intention of going after Dean again, as he suspected Dean would be coming back to him within the week.

Castiel helped to get Dean in the back seat and then sat in the front passenger seat, he wanted more than anything to sit in the back with Dean, to hold him. But Dean's scent was already getting to him. He was burning with desire to... No. He felt it would be safer for Dean, if he rode in the front with Charlie and opened a window. He looked back at Dean though, eyes scanning his body for any sign of injury.

"He didn't hurt you, did he?" He asked

"No, I'm OK. Really, just tired. Glad to see you" He said looking from Castiel to Charlie "Both of you"

Dean felt exhausted as they arrived at the bunker, he'd almost fallen asleep in the back of the car and Castiel kept glancing back at him, eyes heavy with concern. Dean got out of the car and walked to the bunker, he didn't argue when Castiel hovered unnecessarily close as he went down the stairs, such a thing would have irritated him a week ago, but now... He not only didn't mind, he welcomed the closeness. He felt his cheeks pinken as he remembered what he'd been doing in that hotel room, with Castiel's face flashing through his mind. He turned to the two alpha's as they reached the bottom of the stairs...

"I know you both want to know, well everything. But I need to go and sleep, is that alright?"

Charlie and Castiel exchanged a worried glance. Dean normally survived on around fours of sleep a night, a whilst this wasn't healthy and Castiel was glad that he wouldn't have to nag at Dean to rest, the fact that he'd asked if he could go and get some sleep - was unnerving.

"Of course," Said Castiel, Charlie nodding beside him

"Thanks, just need a couple of hours," Said Dean turning and heading to his room. He closed the door behind him and locked it, searching through the bags Castiel had brought him for sanitary pads and wipes, his heat pain was coming back and he knew he'd be getting slick again soon. He pulled all his clothes off and threw them into the corner of the room, grabbed the bag of
underwear and pajama's and pulled on a pair of fresh boxers, then looked at sanitary pads...

"Son of a bitch" He muttered as he noticed Castiel had purchased Dean pads designed for 'heavy flow'. Dean opened the pack and then undid the individual pad's tab and unfolded it "What the fuck?" He flipped it over in his hands, it had two flaps on either side, what the pack described as 'winged', he had a moment of hysteria where he thought that might be Castiel's attempt at an angel joke. Shaking his head he pulled the sticky wings free from there covers and pressed the sticky side down into his boxers...

"Mother FUCKER" He exclaimed loudly

"Dean?" Castiel's voice came from down the hall "Are you alright?"

"Fine" Groundout Dean freeing a few of his pubic hairs from the sticky sanitary pad "Fine, stubbed my toe"

"Ok" Castiel's voice was right outside his door now and Dean, even though he knew it was locked and even though it was Cas who had bought him these, hid the sanitary pads out of sight, flattened the pad against his boxers and pulled them up quickly.

"Cas?" He called looking at the door "You still there?"

"Yes Dean"

Dean walked over to the door, turning back to check his room was presentable - it really wasn't, he shrugged to himself before unlocking the door and opening it.

Castiel blinked at the sudden appearance of Dean - in only boxers. He felt sure in this moment that the Omega was trying to kill him. Dean's gaze lingered on Castiel's lips for a moment before he met his eyes...

"Thank you," He said softly

Castiel frowned "What for?"

"Everything." Said Dean "Pulling me out of hell, for one thing, getting me all this stuff" He gestured back into his room at the shopping "And... Everything in between"

At a loss for words, Castiel just tilted his head "You're welcome..."

Dean smiled at him and Castiel felt himself melting into a puddle of goo under the wonderful look Dean was now giving him. He tried desperately to keep looking into Dean's eyes, but there was so much skin on display and he couldn't help letting his eyes wander downward, just a little...

Dean picked up on the new scents coming from Castiel, arousal. He blinked stepping back, clearing his throat and trying to think of a way to change the subject.

"Er Cas"

"Yes, Dean?" There was something almost... hopeful in Castiel's voice as he met Dean's eyes again... His eyes seemed to glimmer. His lips were parted slightly as he breathed in Dean's beautiful smell...

"What happened with the wolf? And Garth?"
Blame

Castiel swallowed, face shifting from fond to sad instantly "Well, you were right about us having to find a cure for A/B/O, it... The virus transformed Garth..."

Dean frowned, eyes widening as he understood "He was the wolf wasn't he?"

"Yes," Said Castiel voice shaking slightly... Was he about to lose Dean all over again?

"I shot him," Said Dean remembering "Is he dead?"

"It wasn't your fault Dean, your shot only wounded him... But I went after him and I..."

"No, it is... Even if I didn't kill him. My reaction was wrong, your reaction was right. I knew that I could go into heat, I knew that Garth was experiencing something, which made him dangerous... You warned me, and I refused to listen, throwing myself into a situation where I had no idea what to expect. You only came along to help me... In fact, if you hadn't, I'd probably be dead right now. A wolf attacked us and you did what anyone would have done Cas, you defended us. So yeah... It is my fault that Garth's dead"

"Dean...?"

"I'm going to go to sleep now" Dean turned stony-faced back into his room and closed the door gently, not looking at Castiel's face.

Sliding the lock closed again on his door Dean allowed himself to slide down against it until he was on the floor his back against the wood, ignoring the steadily growing pains in his groin. His head fell into his hands, propped up on his knees as he curled in on to himself, Garth... Dead.

"Dean, I need your help! Something happened last night...I woke up in the woods, naked... covered in blood and I have no idea how I got there"

"Whoa, whoa, slow down! What?"

"Dean I think I may have done something terrible last night, you have to help me"

"Alright, alright, calm down. I'm on my way"

"Please hurry"

Garth's final words to Dean were on repeat in his head, he'd needed help. Why hadn't Dean listened to Castiel and waited? Sent Sam? There were so many other choices which would have been better, could have saved Garth's life. But no, Dean had to go rushing off without a plan and now Garth was gone.

"God damn it" Dean let his head fall back against the door with a dull thud. His head bringing up punishing image after image of Garth, the first time Dean met him, the time he got drunk off one bottle of beer, the awkward hugs, the ridiculous cover story's that Garth would come up with that somehow... Always seemed to work.

Dean rubbed a hand over his face, wiping away the trickle of tears. Garth had been his friend, but even more importantly, Garth was one of the best people Dean had ever known, the embodiment of good. Always ready to help, always cheerful, always, even after he'd been turned - good.
Shaking, Dean pulled himself up from the floor and walked over to his bed. He pulled on the pajama pants he'd laid across it, before lying back on to his pillow. His grief and anger killing his desire to dull the pain from his heat, which had been intensifying steadily. He gritted his teeth and tried to breathe through his pain, both the heartache and the very physical burning. He was warming up, though his hands felt cold. He looked up at the ceiling, frowning slightly as he realized it was blurry to him, he wiped his eyes again, more tears...

Crowley's voice drifted into his thoughts...

"Think about it, this virus will be the end for vampires and werewolves, hunters won't tolerate that they can't help it when they lose control, most of them didn't need the virus to be fine with killing people anyway, but the virus will make them reckless - easier to hunt... imagine a world, with no vampires, no werewolves, and no demons?... It's your choice"

"He was right" Dean muttered to himself

***

Sam, Rowena, and Eileen arrived at the bunker, Castiel had called and told them, when Dean had phoned him.

"Is he alright?" Asked Sam walking quickly down the bunker steps towards Castiel

"He is resting"

"Where?"

"His room" Castiel looked guilty as he faced Sam, "I told him about Garth"

"What?" Sams' eyes widened "Why? I thought we were going to wait?"

"I was going to wait, but he asked me"

"Shit" Sam passed Castiel and hurried along the corridor towards Dean's room "Is that him?" Sam asked as a thick smell of omega heat hit him

Castiel nodded.

They stopped in front of Dean's door and knocked. No answer.

"Dean?" Called Sam "You okay?"

No answer.

"Dean. Open the door or I will break it down" Shouted Castiel, slightly panicked

No answer.

Castiel looked at Sam.

"Stand back" He took a step back and kicked Dean's door, the wood split and cracked, the door flying open. Castiel rushed into Dean's room, hit by a wave of slick scent.
Sam looked at Dean "Honestly Dean, how does someone faint whilst lying down?"

"I believe it's called passing out" Snapped Dean looking pale as he sat up against the headboard.

Castiel and Sam had rushed into Dean's room, through the thick fog of slick scent to find Dean lay unconscious on his bed.

"You need to take better care of yourself," Said Castiel softly, as he unwrapped one of the pie's from Dean's mini fridge "When was the last time you ate?"

"Er..."

"Exactly," Said Castiel handing him the pie and returning to the fridge to collect a bottle of water before placing it on Dean's bedside table.

"So, what happened with Crowley?" Asked Sam eyeing his brother warily

"He wants me to be his omega" Said Dean not meeting either Sam's or Castiel's eyes "He wants an heir"

Sam wrinkles his nose in disgust "Ew"

"Yeah, but he said he'd close the gates of hell... and a bunch of other promises, he wants me to basically be his Stepford wife"

"I must say, I am surprised he let you go when you turned him down" Said Castiel thoughtfully.

Dean chose to take a large bite of the pie instead of telling them that he hadn't actually given Crowley an answer yet.

"Well, we think Rowena will be able to find the witch who started all of this anyway. Once we get her to reverse whatever she did... it won't matter anyway"

Dean swallowed and looked up at Sam "No"

"What?" He asked shocked

"Don't do that"

Castiel looked at Dean "I thought you wanted to find a cure?"

"I did, but I... may have changed my mind. Crowley thinks that this virus will expose all the vampires and werewolves. Seem's he is right if someone like..." Dean paused "If someone like Garth - could attack his own friends without even knowing or being able to control it, imagine what the bad ones are like. Garth never hurt anyone before this, the others won't be able to control it, hunters can wipe them out. Otherwise... All that's happened is one good man will have lost his life, for nothing. We have to make this mean something. No more vampires, no more werewolves"

Sam frowned "They aren't all bad Dean"

"I know. But most of them are"
"So you want to kill all of them?" Asked Sam getting cross

"No, I don't I want to kill the ones that lose control. Also... I just don't want the cure"

Castiel narrowed his eyes at Dean "Why?"

"Well its like you said, all it would be doing is taking things away from people"

"What changed your mind? Or who? Was it Crowley?" Asked Sam worriedly

"No, not Crowley," Said Dean pausing to consider his words "My new friend Wilson" His eyes flicked up to Castiel's face.

"Who?"

"It doesn't matter, the point is" Said Dean "I changed and at first I hated it. But, I've come to terms with it more now. I know it's only been a few days, but I think... I want to stay like this"

"You want to have kids?" Asked Sam eyebrows disappearing into his hairline.

"I want to have the option, it's not one I ever thought I'd have and now that I'm getting used to this new me... I think I like having that choice"

"I did not see that coming" Said Sam

Dean grabbed the water bottle off his bedside table and took a swig from it before turning to Sam 
"There is some other stuff I want to talk to you about but not now. Can I" He paused "Can I talk to Cas alone for a bit"

Sam stood up "Yeah, of course," He gave his brother a small smile before walking out of the cracked door and pulling it as far closed as it will go now.

Castiel who'd watched Sam leave turned sheepishly to Dean "I'm sorry about your door Dean"

"It's fine. I'll move into another room until I can fix it" Castiel nodded "Cas... "

"Yes"

Dean pats on his bed next to him, indicating he wants Castiel to sit, so Castiel sits.

"I'm sorry" Said Dean quietly

"I don't...?"

"About Garth, I got you into that situation and it was because of me that you had to..." Dean took a deep breath "I was meant to help him and I put us all in danger, I am really sorry"

"Dean you went there, with no regards for your own safety to try and help your friend. And I came with you of my own free will. I don't require an apology and you certainly shouldn't require my forgiveness..."

Dean licked his lips "Cas"

"Yes, Dean?"

"I don't want to find a cure"
"I know Dean"

Dean looked at Castiel's face, Crowley had told him not to sleep with anyone if he wanted to take his deal. He wasn't even sure he did want to accept it, but until he was sure one way or another he wouldn't sleep with anyone... But that didn't mean he couldn't kiss anyone? Right? And if in a few days he decided that getting the gates of hell closed was just too good of an opportunity to pass on, he'd kick himself if he never kissed Cas before signing his life over to Crowley.

His eyes flicked between Castiel's eyes and his lips as he leaned forward, hearing the tiny gasp from the big strong alpha that made his heart jump. He pressed his lips to Castiel's. A gentle meeting, his lips parting slightly, Castiel's following them and Dean dipped his tongue into Cas' mouth. Tasting the angels against his own...
Castiel suddenly pulled away. Eyes burning purple as he stared at Dean, who blinked back at him.

"Dean," Said Castiel standing up and stepping backward "We can't"

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have done that" Said Dean quietly

Castiel's knot was tightening in his pants as he looked down at Dean, Dean... who had just kissed him.

"I should go" Castiel's heart was racing and his entire body was screaming at him to stay, to be with Dean. The scent of arousal was thick in the air and Castiel was dizzy with it.

But Dean didn't ask Castiel to stay, didn't tell him that it was what he wanted. He just sat on the bed, breathing harshly. So Castiel turned away from him and walked to the door, he walked slowly, waiting, hoping Dean would ask him to stay, but he reached the door and opened it and the omega remained silent behind him. So he walked sadly through the door, closing it behind him.

"I shouldn't have done that" Dean had said and Castiel knew Dean was in heat - in pain, had he just reached out for the nearest alpha in a weak moment? Castiel walked away wondering, had Dean meant to do that, had it been a mistake? Had he wanted Castiel, or just wanted someone...

Sam, who had lingered in the hallway, thinking his brother had wanted to talk to him again had moved out of sight when Castiel had left Dean's room. He waited for Castiel to disappear into his own room and then moved back toward Dean's... Waiting outside the door for a moment, before knocking.

"Yeah?"

Sam pushed the door open and the look on his face made Dean realize, he'd overheard.

"Are you alright?" He asked Dean

"Yeah" Said Dean unconvincingly

"Dean" Sam pressed

"I kissed Cas" Said Dean frowning "I shouldn't have"

"Why not?"

Dean looked up at Sam's face in suspicion "You don't sound surprised" He deflected

"Honesty, I'm not" Sam Said "Well I'm surprised you stopped there"

"Yeah, well - good job we did, you never know who's listening"

Sam rolled his eyes "You said you wanted to talk to me, I thought you meant now. I wouldn't have stayed..."

"It's alright Sammy, I just can't"
"Why?"

"Because I don't even know what I am doing and kissing Cas is just complicating things and I don't want to lead him on"

Sam frowned at Dean "You're scared?"

Dean considered for a moment, admitting to being scared was easier than confessing that he might not be able to give Castiel anything more than a friendship if he decided to promise himself to Crowley. Kissing Castiel had been selfish, and Dean had let him leave because he didn't know what might have happened if he'd stayed, although he had an idea of what he would have liked to have happened. Dean looked at Sam.

"Yeah, I am. Okay?" It wasn't exactly a lie, Dean was scared, scared they would find a cure and he'd lose these feelings - it had taken the A/B/O virus for him to finally realize how much Cas had meant to him, what if going back meant he'd lose that? He was scared that if he said yes to Crowley he'd never see any of them again, Cas, Sam, any of them. He was scared that Crowley would want to fuck him, want him to have his baby, he was scared that Castiel would never forgive him if he left to go to Crowley, or that he would come after Dean and try and get him back and that Crowley would hurt him, or have Dean explain to him that him leaving had been his choice, that his choice was Crowley and closing the hell gates.

"You don't need to be Dean, do you like Cas?" Sam's voice snapped Dean back into the moment.

"I... don't know" Dean knew the real answer - of course he liked Cas, so much more than liked. But he couldn't admit that.

Sam frowned at Dean "I think you do Dean, and I don't understand why you're trying to deny it but I do know that you shouldn't be kissing him - unless you're sure"

"I know..." Said Dean guiltily

"I mean it, Dean, you can't go leading him on" Huffed Sam wondering if Castiel would be angry if he told Dean what he'd said "He cares about you too much for you to be messing with his head like that"

Dean looked up at Sam "I won't"

"Okay, what did you want to talk to me about?" Asked Sam

"It doesn't matter" Said Dean "Not right now"

Sam frowned but seemed to accept it as he stood up and walked over to the door. He paused in front of it, inspecting the damage "You going to stay in here?"

"I was going to move into another room until I can fix it," Said Dean tiredly

"I can fix it for you, you can go and sleep in one of the spare rooms - I'll fix your door, it needs doing anyway and this way it's done and I don't have to help you move all your stuff into another room"

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Rowena smiled to herself as she looked down at her handy work "I bloody did it"

Charlie looked up from her chair toward her "Did what?"
Excitedly the witch looks at Charlie "I know how to make the heat suppressants" Rowena says happily before getting a dreamy look on her face.

"What is it?"

"I just... I created the blockers for completely self-serving purposes... But anyone could use them, and I'm sure other Omega's would want the heat suppressants... Right now I have two products that no one else has, products which I could sell, on a global scale... But if we find the cure, I have two useless spells" Rowena looked at Charlie "I don't think I want to find a cure anymore"

"You want to sell them?"

"Well why not, I mean - no one else is going to be able to come up with anything that helps, this is a magical virus - it needs magical medicine. Only people wouldn't know that it was. The blockers is just water with a spell on it. All I would need would be some small bottles to put it in. I could start my own business"
Only Thinking Of One Another

Dean

Moved into a spare room, deep in the heart of the bunker, Dean sighed. He'd kissed Cas, it had felt amazing. Hot, intense - he'd wanted more. He lay on his bed a fingertip resting on his lips as he replayed it in his mind. His heat was burning through him and he sat up and pulled the bag of dildos Castiel had bought toward him, he'd brought them into his temporary room, partly so Sam wouldn't discover them whilst mending Dean's door and partly so he could try one out.

Castiel

Castiel was pacing across his own room, his knot still raging in his pants. Painfully so. He'd hoped that by putting some distance between himself and Dean, that his desires would calm. Trying not to think about Dean, after Dean had just kissed him - proved impossible and soon he decided that waiting for his arousal to dissipate was not an option, he took off his blazer jacket and hung it on the back of his chair, walked over to his door and locked it. Before walking back over to his bed and lying down...

Dean

Dean gripped the large dildo between his hands, it felt huge. Much longer and thicker than Wilson had been. He sighed deeply "Maybe next time," He said putting it back into the bag and pulling the medium sized one out, that was more like it, a little bigger than Wilson had been, but not scarily so... This one was ribbed. That would be a new sensation and Dean was nervous and excited to see how it felt inside him. He could already feel his slick, as though his body knew it was in for a treat. He checked the lock on the door, and pushed a desk in front of it, not wanting to be walked in on... He lay himself down on his bed, a hand slipping into his pajama pants, his cock was hard, leaking. He tugged off the pajama pants and threw them to the end of the bed.

Castiel

Castiel's hand finds the zip to his pants and he closed his eyes as he slid it down, he popped the button at the top of his pants and lifted his hips slightly to pull his pants down, taking them off and letting them drop on to the floor beside his bed. He slipped a hand into his tented grey boxers, gripping his swollen cock the echo of Dean's kiss still on his lips...

Dean

Dean unwrapped the toy, feeling its ribbed surface in his fingers. He pulled off his boxers, knelt up on the bed on his knees, one hand holding the dildo underneath him. He felt the end of it at his entrance, it was bigger than Wilson, his eyes closed as he impaled himself on the tip of the toy, letting it push past his hole and enter him, he steadies himself for a moment, then allows himself to sink down on it. A feeling of sweet relief washing over him. Repositioning himself so he can rest his head against the headboard, for balance. One hand holding the toy steady as he brings his body up and then slides back down on it, the other hand gripping his hard cock, stroking it in time with his movements.

Castiel

His knot is strained and Castiel bites his lip as he imagines how it would feel to knot Dean. He gives in and starts stroking his cock under his boxers, his grip is firm and his movements are rapid. He see's Dean in his mind, patting the bed next to him, and he see's Dean leaning in again for the
kiss... But this time, in his mind, he does not pull away, he pushes forward. His hand on Dean's shoulder sliding him back down onto the bed, and Castiel is climbing over him, tongues still tasting at each other as Castiel rolls his hips down on to Dean's crotch. He imagines the feel of Dean, hard beneath him...

**Dean**

Dean does not imagine that the dildo inside him is Castiel's cock, and he certainly doesn't imagine the moans Castiel might make... He doesn't use the memory of the kiss to fuel his sexual fantasy and he does not... absolutely does not catch himself muttering Castiel's name as he begins to fuck down on the dildo harder... When his head shifts on the headboard and some of his hair tugs in the wood, he doesn't pretend in his mind that it's Castiel is pulling his hair.

**Castiel**

Growing frustrated with the confining material of his boxers Castiel pulls them down to his ankles, not even bothering to remove them before his hand snaps back up to his cock... He thinks of how Dean smells, he wishes he could scent him right now, more than that, he wishes he could claim him, mark him. Sink his teeth into that beautiful neck of Dean's and give him the mark that would show the world just who Dean Winchester belongs with.

**Dean**

Dean is fucking down on to the dildo, his other hand still gripping his cock, he's sweat-damp and in some kind of heat haze but it feels so fucking good. He wants to come so badly, needs to. He thinks of Castiel slamming Crowley into the wall back at the hotel, that had been ridiculously hot. Castiel fighting for him, defending him. He came with the burning image of those beautiful purple eyes blazing at him, he came with Castiel's name screaming out in his head. Panting he knew, he just knew... He needed Cas, it would always be Cas, had always been Cas, he'd just been too stupid to realize it before, too scared to even let himself acknowledge it. There was no way he could go to Crowley... He's in love with Castiel.

**Castiel**

In his fantasy world, he has given Dean the mating mark and told him he loves him... and Dean had said it back. And Castiel comes, hard. He pumps himself through his dreamy orgasm and comes, and comes and it is incredible, the intense pleasure, the heat, the thought of Dean ever saying those words to him... All of it.

And then comes the shame. Castiel cleans himself up, feeling guilty - he'd just gotten himself off to a vision of his friend.
Dean picked up his phone off the table. His hands shaking slightly - He wanted to rush and find Castiel, wanted to confess everything to him... But there was one thing he needed to take care of first...

"Hello Dean" Crowley's smooth voice filled his ears

"Crowley" Said Dean shuddering at the thought of if he planned to say yes

"Have you come to a decision?" Said Crowley "Will you accept my offer"

"The thing is Crowley, you want to be my alpha... But" Dean smiled "I already have an alpha. So the answer is no"

"The gates of hell Dean. No more demons, vampires or werewolves, are you really going to turn that down?"

"The way I see it, two outta three ain't bad," Said Dean "Thank you for your offer, but the answer is no"

Crowley was shocked, he had expected Dean to say yes, he had expected the self-sacrificing Dean Winchester to jump at the chance to rid the earth of demons...

"Who is it?" He asked "Your alpha?"

Dean smiled even wider "I belong to Castiel and somehow, I doubt he'd be willing to share, even if I was - which I'm not"

"I think you're making a mistake Dean, but I won't try to force you" Crowley hung up. Disappointed and confused.

Dean looked at his phone, thinking he scrolled through his contacts until he reached Castiel's number and pressed call.

Castiel almost jumped out of his skin as his phone rang loudly, he looked at the screen and felt a pang of horror as Dean's name flashed across it. He felt like he'd been caught in his act of fantasy. He took a deep breath and answered the call...

"Hello Dean" He said trying to control the quake in his voice.

"Hey, Castiel"

"Are you alright?" asked Castiel

"Yes" Said Dean wondering how to say what he wanted to say

"Did you need something?"

"Yeah, I need you"

Silence...

"Cas?" Dean's voice seemed concerned "You still there?"
"I... yes. But Dean I don't think you..."

"Castiel" Dean said firmly "Are you my alpha?"

"Y-yes..."

"I am your omega"

"Dean..."

"Please" Said Dean "Please believe what I am about to say to you, this is not some heat hazed confusion. I want to be with you, I... I'm in love with you"

Castiel closed his eyes, was he dreaming? "What room are you in Dean?"

"Room seventeen"

Castiel appeared in front of him before he could react. Dean blushed as he felt the angels eyes drink in the sight of Dean naked in front of him, the dildo on the bed, the smell of Dean's slick...

Castiel crossed the room at lightning speed and grabbed Dean's face with both hands, gazing at him hungrily "I love you, Dean" He said before quickly closing the gap between himself and his omega, mouths crashing together hotly. Tongue's dancing together in their heated kiss.

Castiel was wearing far too many clothes for Dean's liking and he began tugging at them, Castiel got the message and pulled back from Dean to unbutton his shirt hastily. Dean's dick was already hard again and Castiel's knot was swelling under the fabric of his pants. Dean dropped his hands to Castiel's pants, pulling almost violently at the zip. he pulled them down, boxers and all... Getting his first look at his alpha's cock.

"Shit Cas" He said stepping back, eyes flicking up to Castiel's face. Castiel was hung, and his swelling dick - made Dean nervous.

"Dean?" Asked Castiel concerned

"It's huge" Whispered Dean, eyes wide.

"We don't have to..."

Dean looked into Castiel's eyes as he spoke "Shhh" He said putting a finger on Castiel's lips "I want to, really, just go slow. Do you have a condom?"

Castiel looked at Dean "No..."

"There are some in my room, can you still do that invisible thing?"

Castiel laughed "Yes" He disappeared and for a moment Dean wasn't sure if Castiel was just showing him he could still be invisible or if he'd actually left the room. A moment later, however, Castiel was back with the packet of condoms from Dean's room.

He smiled at Dean "Is this real?"

"This is the most real thing in the world" Said Dean stepping forwards and planting a kiss on his alpha's lips "I love you, Cas"
Castiel gripped the back of Dean's neck as he kissed Dean back with lustful enthusiasm. The two of them standing naked in front of each other, necking like horny teenagers.

Castiel growled in his throat and shoved Dean backward, he fell on to the bed, legs sprawled out and Cas wasted no time in climbing up on to the bed, he bent over, kissing Deans leg, up and over his knee in delicate little kisses.

"You know I have wanted this for a long time Dean?"

Dean looked up at him, breathing ragged "I'm sorry it took me so long to catch up"

"No, you don't have to be sorry. You just told me you want me to be yours, and that you're mine. Do you realize how happy you have made me?"

Dean smiled at him "I always want to make you this happy Cas, you deserve it"

Castiel gave Dean a heartwarming smile as he kiss climbed up Dean's leg toward his groin. Castiel raised his head and brought his knees up the bed under him and settled on them between Dean's legs.

"Oh god" Muttered Dean as he watched his alpha's head lower to his raging dick.

Castiel froze in his decent to Dean's cock and looked up at Dean "I know that is an expression, but it is also the name of my father..."

"Shit, right - sorry" Dean laughed but then stopped at the look on Castiel's face and forced his face into a polite smile.

Castiel narrowed his eyes at him, before refocussing his attention on Dean's cock... Stopping Dean's held back laughter for real as he lowers his mouth over it...

"Fuck" Dean sighs, head falling back into the pillow. Castiel took Dean's cock deep into his
mouth, rolling his tongue around it. Tasting Dean, a hand slipped down and Dean bucked up as he felt a finger make contact with his clit, he hadn't explored this new element to himself yet and hadn't been prepared for Castiel to touch, but once over his initial shock, he melted under the feel of it...

Quivering as Castiel loved his cock with his mouth and his balls and clit with his hands. Dean was practically on fire with need now. Desperately trying to refrain from bucking up into Castiel's mouth.

"Fuck Cas" He purrs "That's... that's... shit yeah" His eyes are rolling back into his head, it's incredible, dare he say that Castiel was giving him the best blow job of his life? Fair enough his body had changed a lot since he'd last had sex with someone but this was just amazing, it was as though Castiel had a checklist of how to get Dean shaking with need and he was casually ticking it off one item at a time... with his tongue.

Castiel let his mouth come up to the head of Dean's dick, swiping his tongue across the slit before lowering his face, hands rising to Deans cock, stroking it as his mouth locks over Dean's clit, causing him to shout out...

"OH FUCKkkkk"

Castiel licks over the tiny pleasure stub and Dean suddenly feels regret at having ignored it during his alone time... It's ridiculously sensitive and Dean can feel every flick of Castiel's tongue as his alpha tortures him with pleasure.

Castiel for his part was now rock hard now. Tasting every inch of Dean's cock had him worked up, feeling ready to burst, but his omega needed to be ready for him, Castiel was well aware that his dick dwarfed the dildos he'd bought Dean, even the larger one was no match for his girth. He felt oddly proud of that, but concerns of hurting Dean overrode his mind, he needed Dean to produce lots of slick, so that he could enter him without causing harm, so he would tease the omega until he couldn't take it anymore, whilst also taking the time to really explore all the new parts of Dean's body he'd be granted access to.

"Fuck Cas... Where'd you even learn all this? If I'd have only known you were the damn master of sex earlier" Dean looked down his at the top of Castiel's head, his spiky black hair all that was visible to Dean right now. Dean brought a hand down on to Castiel's hair and ran his fingers through it, not really pushing down... just feeling it in his hands. Castiel surfaced for air, wiping his mouth and smiling at Dean.

"Your body is amazing Dean, so sensitive and responsive," Castiel said fondly "And beautiful, of course"

Dean DID NOT blush "Cas..." He says in a hushed tone

"Yes?"

"I want you, this" Dean points to indicate what Castiel has been doing "Is amazing, but I feel like if you don't fuck me soon, I may implode"

Castiel narrows his eyes at Dean, and Dean almost jumps off the bed in surprise when he feels a finger poke at his hole.

Castiel can feel the slick leaking from Dean, he was past ready "Okay Dean, turn over"

Dean quickly flips himself over and finds himself on all fours, somehow it just feels right to present his self-lubing weeping hole for penetration, he wants Castiel inside him. He feels as
though he needs it, and he will beg... if he has too.

Castiel rubs his dick between Dean's plump cheeks, such a beautiful ass, he thinks to himself. Once again taking a moment to relish in the fact that this is real... He is about to make love to Dean...

Castiel leans completely over Dean and licks at Dean's neck, scenting deeply "Dean?"

"Mmmph?"

"Do you know what a mating bite is?"

Dean frowned at Castiel "No? But I have had this weird urge to bite you"

"Really?" The joy in Castiel's voice is obvious "I have too. Its something that bonds a pair together, I would bite you, and you would bite me and it would bond us together, we'd be able to feel each other... Like our emotions"

Dean considers this "So I would know if you weren't happy about something?"

"Well yes, amongst other emotions"

"So, I would always know if you needed me?"

"Yes, and I... you"

"Then I'm all for it, I always want you to be happy Cas if this tells me when your not... I can always try to make you happy"

"You already make me happy Dean"

"Such a sappy angel" Laughed Dean, totally not blushing again "If you want to, then I want to"

"I want to Dean," Says Castiel voice leaving no doubt in Dean's mind that this is important to the alpha. Castiel grabs the packet of condoms that lay on the bed next to them and opens it, ripping one open with his teeth and sliding it along his long shaft.

"Let me just..." Dean shifted and Castiel quickly understood what he wanted "I want to see you"

"You like to be on top?" He asked amused as Dean straddled him, gripping the base of his thick cock and lowering himself until the tip pressed against his slick hole.

"It was easier when I used... " Dean looked down at Castiel, whose eyes were twinkling "Shut up" He laughed.
"Ready?" Castiel asked him, eyes shining

"Yeah" Deans voice was a whisper as he sunk down centimeter by centimeter on to Castiel's cock... "Ohhhhh shit"

Dean sunk slowly all the way down, watching Castiel's face as he took him in. He lowered his face to Castiel's kissing him as he rose up and sunk down again, slow and steady. He kissed Castiel with everything he had. It was just natural when his face lowered to Castiel's neck, and he breathed him in, his sweet scent, he licked over Cas' neck as he continued to move up and down on his dick. Castiel made a low moan in his throat and Dean decided that was the time... He opened his mouth wide... Sinking his teeth over Castiel's neck and biting down.

"More Dean" Castiel panted "Bite harder"

Dean pressed down with more force until he felt Castiel's skin break under his teeth.

"Oh fuck Dean"

Castiel thrust up into Dean and made him gasp and pull away from his neck "Yeah!" Said Dean his breath catching "Fuck, yeah! Do that"

Obeying, Castiel began to thrust up into Dean. Groaning and panting. He slammed up into him. Hot and hard and Dean's moans were the sexiest noises he'd ever heard. Dean was hot and warm around his cock, he felt so tight and amazing.

"Oh my fuck, Cas" Dean panted above him, lowering his head to rest his forehead against Cas'. Castiel tilted his head and Dean reacted on instinct, baring his neck to his alpha, and moaning out loud when Castiel's teeth sunk into his neck, drawing blood... Suddenly an awareness washed over Dean, he could feel how amazing he felt, but also - he could sense how happy and turned on Castiel felt and that just magnified everything tenfold...

It all quickly became to much and Dean was almost screaming out as he came on Castiel's chest... "FUCKKKKK CAS"

Castiel could feel his knot, swelling as he reached his own climax, he'd been pushed over the edge by Dean's climax, his body ignited as his knot formed and he came, shooting his seed into Dean - protected of course by the condom but amazing nevertheless.

Dean felt Castiel expand inside him and was jolted into a dizzying second orgasm "Ohhhhh holy shitttttt Cassss" He said as he came a second time.

Dean felt amazing, it wasn't just because the sex was good, hell the sex was fucking awesome -
but it was the fact that it was Castiel lay next to him, still inside him, held together by Castiel's knot, his best friend, his alpha, his lover... It was sickeningly perfect. There was also the fact that being fucked by his true alpha stated him in a way no dildo ever could, the pain of his heat had gone. He felt free, happy and the scent of it filled the room, mingling with the happy and in love smells of Castiel's own scent. They were both riding high on the afterglow and Castiel wrapped his fingers around Deans hand, squeezing it.

"That was fucking incredible" Sighed Dean as he finally caught his breath

Castiel smiled at him "Yes it was"

"Would it be totally lame of me to pass out now?"

"It's alright Dean, you can sleep. I'll watch over you"

Dean smiled at the memory of the first time Castiel had said that to him, how he'd refused the offer - things were so different now. He wanted Castiel to stay, he wanted him to stay, always. He didn't want, Deans room and Castiel's room - he wanted Dean and Castiel's place. Him and his best friend, lovers, omega, and alpha, happy together. Always.

"Stay?" Asked Dean, his eyes weary and tired

"Of course"

Dean's thoughts were running away with him as sleep closed in, as his eyes shut he mumbled out... "I'd have your children Cas if you wanted that"
Lose Ends

One Year Later...

Rowena and Charlie had started their own company, with Rowena's blockers and suppressants. They quickly took off and as the business expanded Rowena hired a fairy, to help with production. Gilda and Charlie quickly hit it off and became an item. Rowena became a millionaire and had many, many pretty boys - that she called - friends. On Dean's recommendation, they got a priest who was aware of the supernatural to bless the water they used for the blockers... Whenever a demon tried to use the blockers they became exposed and if a hunter happened to be in the vicinity that demon was quickly exorcised and had their asses sent back to hell.

Sam and Eileen moved out of the bunker together when Dean told Sammy he should go and find his own life and be happy, they got their own house, Sam no longer hunts and is currently finishing his education, studying Law. Eileen is expecting their first baby - a girl to be called Mary.

Crowley moved out of Hell, (he just wants to be loved)... So following in his mother's footsteps he set up his own business - Supernatural and Single. A dating service with a difference - it was aimed specifically at supernatural creatures - thanks to the A/B/O virus, everyone was set on finding love - making a nice change from trying to take over the world. Witches, wizards, fairies, shapeshifters (of the none murdering variety) and many more creatures found their way to Crowley's speed dating setups. There were two large halls set up. One for magical creatures and one for inquisitive humans who didn't realize it was real. Crowley forwarded the names of every single client to Dean to be tracked in case they ever started killing people.

Crowley also dipped his cunning fingers into the funeral business - providing his clients with food from dead humans - such as bits of brains - so they wouldn't have to kill to survive.

At one of Crowley's speed dating events, of which he attended a great number of - still trying to find a mate, Crowley met a beautiful Indiana witch... Lalasa Mishra. They have been on seven dates so far and Crowley is smitten.

Dean and Castiel continued to hunt together for a while, living together happily in the bunker and humping like rabbits. One day Dean discovered he was pregnant... and he and Castiel had a son, Garth, an adorable little Nephilim. Who's favorite toy seemed to be a small sock puppet that Dean had liberated from his friend Garth's, house after his first heat was over when he'd gone to pay his respects.

THE END

I hope you enjoyed this. This was my first ever A/B/O fic so please forgive me if there are A/B/O inaccuracies.

This was a joy to write and I would like to thank everyone who read and commented or left kudos.

Carry on Shipping <3
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!